

**AFFICHER OUVERT**

[♪ "The Defiant" by Skillet ♪](#)

We remain in FRANCE at le LDLC Arena in Lyon for DEFTv 229! 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!

**JOE EST VIRÉ  
JE SUIS LE PARTENAIRE MYSTÈRE DE LINDSAY TROY  
PRIME IS NUMBER ONE  
DEFIANCE IS NUMBER ONE  
DEFIME? PRIMEFIANCE?  
SERREZ-VOUS LA MAIN OU BATTEZ-VOUS AVEC LES LADS!  
DÉFIANCE NUMÉRO UN PAR DÉFINITION  
BATES LE VISAGE DU JEU  
COUPE LA TÊTE DE NIGEL  
APPELEZ-LE SIMPLEMENT CORVO ALPHA  
PEUT-ÊTRE QUE LA LUTTE, C'EST COMME LES AMIS QU'ON RENCONTRE EN CHEMIN.  
PEUT-ÊTRE QUE MALAK EST VRAIMENT MORT  
DEX + DABS = ALLONS-Y PUTAIN  
ALORS-NOUS**

We go to the top of the stage!

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: 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, I QUIT MATCH**

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

**CAREER vs. MASK**

**Corvo Alpha vs. MV2 w/ Lord Nigel Trickelbush**

**AMBULANCE MATCH**

**Ned Reform vs. Reverend Black**

**"DEFIANCE's Favorite Son" Scott Douglas vs. "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vuelas**

**"Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday vs. "The Socialite" Edward White**

**Lumberguard Match**

**The Big Boss Dan vs. Punch Drunk Purcell**

**AND much more!**

## VIVA LA REZISTANCE

*Earlier today...*

As the words fade, we cut to the LDLC Arena's loading dock earlier in the evening. Right away, we see Doctor Ned Reform and Levi Cole of the reunited Honor Society walking through, weaving around the half dozen teamsters hauling equipment into the building.

**TA Cole:**

Uh... I know that I'm not usually the guy to do the planning around this kind of stuff, Doc, but... are we in the right place?

**Ned Reform:**

Your guess is as good as mine, Mr. Cole. The morse code message I received was sloppy, but legible enough to make out. I believe this is the location.

They leave behind the dock area for a nearby row of numbered bay doors. Nodding with confidence, the Good Doctor begins counting them down.

**Dr. Ned Reform:**

Here we are... *un, deux, trois...*

He walks along the row, looking for the right number.

**Dr. Ned Reform:**

Quatre... cinq...

The sixth bay door suddenly flies open, revealing a young man in a beret who immediately begins making hand gestures.

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

*SIX SEEEEEEPT HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUE!!*

**TA Cole:**

SABOTEUR!

Cole is ready to throw hands, but Reform puts up a hand to stop him.

**Ned Reform:**

At ease, soldier. It's young Mr. Poultry McWhiteMeat. You know, the playful little scamp.

**TA Cole:**

Wait... Chickentenders?

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

*Gentle-monsieurs...*

Grinning, Chickentenders gestures into the open storage bay.

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

Allow me to like welcome you, or like, as they say here, Ben Venue, even though I don't know who that is, but like anyway let me welcome you or whatever to the heart of La REZISTANCE...

He turns and goes in. Exchanging glances, Dr. Reform and Cole follow him in.

The "heart of La REZISTANCE" looks exactly as one would expect an underground resistance headquarters would

look under the leadership of young Chickentenders. One wall is occupied by a lazy and half-hearted looking Pepe Silva wall with several photographs and innocuous post-it notes spread around in no particular pattern. The other wall holds an array of old-fashioned radios and signal transmitters, most of which look broken or inoperable, with the sole exception being Christophe's phone charger. The flatscreen mounted over it is currently idling on the Black Ops 7 pause menu.

In the back of the cramped storage unit, obscured by a rather conspicuous looking white sheet, we can see the outline of a large vehicle.

**Ned Reform:**

...do you take this with you all around the travel loop?

**TA Cole:**

Where uh... where is everybody?

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

I mean yeah, like, things have been slow as of late, cuz Suzie's been doing magic stuff with those wizard bros, and I think some surfer dudes came and stole Brodie Hellyeah, but like I can assure you dudes that La REZISTANCE has been hard at work in the shadows, AND in the sheets huehuehuehuehuehue seriously dudes I don't know why the chicks here in Spain are so into me.

**Ned Reform:**

Your rapier wit, no doubt.

**TA Cole:**

So what're we doing here? Are we joining in the Rez-istance or...?

**Ned Reform:**

You BANISH that thought from your head this instant.

Reform turns to Chickentenders.

**Ned Reform:**

Christopher... have you procured... "it"?

The smile on young Chickentenders' face widens. Cool, confident, and utterly clueless.

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

Well dudes, or like as they say here in Luxemburger or whatever, *mecs*, I am like totally one step ahead of you there, cuz I've got "IT" just right over here, hidden under this totally not obvious looking white sheet that doesn't stand out in any way, which I'll pull off right now, so long as you don't ask where the stains came from huehuehuehuehuehue!

Chickentenders pulls the sheet aside, revealing...

...a French ambulance!

Reform's eyes go wide to accompany a sly smile. He slaps the vehicle a few times.

**Ned Reform:**

Yes... yes... this will do nicely. Behold, gentlemen. I give you: Erik Black's cocoon. Insert one self righteous hypocrite and exit one insane but somehow noble scoundrel.

The contemporary European meatwagon bears a fresh coat of purple paint. The Good Doctor gets right to work, checking the trim, peeking into the cab, and looking under the hood like anyone would when giving a vehicle a thorough examination.

Popping the hood and looking at the engine, Ned frowns.

**Ned Reform:**

Hmmmm... no. No this won't do at all. I'm going to need to make some... modifications to this fine French craftsmanship. My concern, gentlemen, is that this will take time. And in that time, it's quite possible for that reprobate and rancorous reverend to discover my plans and sabotage them.

Hearing this, Chickentenders thoughtfully ponders to himself.

To the very best of his ability, in any case.

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

Like I think I get what you're insulating, Professor, cuz like your science work and stuff is going to require like time and concentration and all that super smart stuff, which means we can't have any interruptions, or else Operation: Make Rezin Badass Again would be a bust, and that would totally suck, my *mecs*, but like fortunately, I think or at least like I'm pretty sure I have a plan for that...

He thumbs his chest and grins like an idiot.

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

Cuz you see like while you guys are fixing this thing into like a super awesome badass-maker, I'll be keeping that douche nozzle occupied in the ring with my new badass wrestling skillz that he won't see coming, just like all those chicks I was with in that *menagerie trois* the other night huehuehuehuehuehuehuehue seriously, dudes, I'm like a Belgiush legend or something, a bona fide Don Jon De Chickentendro huehuehuehuehuehue...

Unamused, the Good Doctor and the Loyal Pupil stare back at young Chickentenders in silence.

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

Uhh but like anyway, I better go get ready or whatever, but like also, Viva la Rezistance, and stuff.

Chickentenders exits the storage bay. Cole shuts the overhead door after him as Doctor Reform gets to work...

## LES MISERABLE

Back to the arena and the crowd is restless. Murmuring, of the french variety (the worst kind), has overtaken the building just as the lights dim.

♪ “Electric Funeral” by Black Sabbath ♪

Le boo.

**DDK:**

Pardon, s'il vous plait... we are being joined, it seems, by the Lord Nigel Trickelbush.

Indeed, Lord Nigel emerges through the slow rolling plume of dreadful dark smoke atop the stage with a contrasting bright grin on his plasticine face. Gliding down the ramp, his gaze sweeps the crowd with perverse interest.

**Lance:**

Folks, we now know that at DEFIANCE Rising, it will be Corvo Alpha against Masked Violator #2 for the FINAL time. For Alpha, his CAREER will be put on the line. For MV2? His MASK. I don't know if the stakes have ever been higher for either man!

**DDK:**

Either man, the SAME man, who knows? Well, THAT man, Lord Nigel Trickelbush claims to know! He insists that his MV2 is the SAME MV2 that teamed up with MV1 as the Masked Violators nearly a decade ago... Alpha believes deep down in his battered, tormented soul that \*HE\* was Masked Violator #2 and that this new masked man is a fraud. Will we finally learn the truth – or something closer to it – at DEF Rising?

**Lance:**

I hope so, partner. For everyone's sake.

**DDK:**

Throughout this, Lord Nigel's influence has been spreading like a plague through DEFIANCE. He's been injecting himself into the interests of Victor Vacio and Los Caidos as of late!

**Lance:**

And as we saw two weeks ago, Jack Harmen and Victor Vacio have recently found common cause! Imagine what that collection of talent might accomplish under the guiding black hand of Lord Nigel!

**DDK:**

With MV1 essentially announcing his retirement from the sport several months ago due to repeated injury, Trickelbush has been threatening to add more “like-minded gentlemen” to The CROWN and what we have seen may indeed be just phase one in that plan.

Nigel climbs the steps up to the interview stage as if he were ascending to heaven itself; eyes closed in reverence, a hand placed delicately over his heart.

**Lance:**

Always with the melodrama.

Laying his closed umbrella on his left shoulder absently, Lord Nigel produces a microphone from a coat-jacket pocket and raises it to his thin, gray lips.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Bon jour!

You're familiar with waterfalls, right? Just an avalanche of pounding water, smothering and relentless. Consider, if you



can, a waterfall of BOOS. That's right. An unending torrent of discontent, just being DUMPED. No moisture, just malice. That's what's happening right now, mon ami.

Nigel grins, laying the tip of his umbrella on the stage and leaning on it as a cane. He does a fanciful half spin.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Merci! Merci!

Cackling as the waterfall of woe (and no) continues, unabated, Nigel's beady eyes find the camera.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

There are no peoples less cultured, less refined, with less decorum... than the FRENCH.

A chant takes hold, hard at first to distinguish... until it is impossible to ignore.

COUPE LA TÊTE DE NIGEL!!!

COUPE LA TÊTE DE NIGEL!!!

COUPE LA TÊTE DE NIGEL!!!

**DDK:**

What are they saying, Lance?

**Lance:**

As you know, I attended three years of culinary residency in France. They are saying, quite literally, **OFF with Nigel's HEAD!**

Lord Trickelbush fumes as their rejection.

COUPE LA TÊTE DE NIGEL!!!

COUPE LA TÊTE DE NIGEL!!!

COUPE LA TÊTE DE NIGEL!!!

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

With every vile, uncouth word spilling from your ugly mouths, you prove my words to be true! With every foul UTTERANCE, you show me to be in the right!

Nigel flashes a putrid smile.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Juuuuust lllllllkke Corvoooo Alphaaaaa!

He sings the last sentence as if it were his "hey jude". The crowd hates him for it.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Just like the painted FREAK whose days in this sport, whose time inconveniencing and DEFILING my life are quite NUMBERED, I'm pleased to say! Corvo Alpha wants to win the mask of MV2 at DEFIANCE Rising. He says he'll be "taking it back"! But I declare that FALSE!

Nigel jabs a bony index finger at the camera lens, disjuncting its focus for a brief moment.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

That mask never belonged to you, Corvo. You never WORE that mask. I simply told the world you HAD. And the blank-slate, simple-minded FOOL that you are, you started to believe it! Even \*I\* was taken aback by the depths of your stupidity! But soon, quite soon, these dark days will be behind us. Your story will FINALLY be over.

A flush of faux-sentimentality nearly bowls the frail old man over as his histrionic theatrics kick into overdrive.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

I... I found you on the side of the road like a dying dog, do you know that? Do you remember? I... I took you in. I had to domesticate you. And oh, the job I did. You owe me so much, do you know that? I gave you an identity. I gave you PURPOSE. I gave you a LIFE. A CAREER.

His voice sours. His expression tightens.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

And at DEFIANCE Rising, I am going to take it all away. Back to your cage. Back to your addiction. Back to the streets. Back to NOTHING! That is where I am sending you! THAT is your only future! And THAT is where my MV2 is going to—

A disruption near the rampway captures the attention of the crowd and finally Nigel's. He recoils in horror as the energy in the building surges!

**DDK:**

LOOK!

**Lance:**

Corvo Alpha is HERE! He has heard enough!

It's true! Alpha LEAPS over the guardrail and CHARGES towards the interview stage. In a blur, he is there, vaulting up the steps. Before Lord Nigel can fully grasp what is happening, he is in Alpha's clutches.

**Lance:**

Nigel is in TROUBLE!

**DDK:**

Where's that army he's building we were just talking about?!

The fresh paint on Corvo's face (yellow slashed with blue) drips down his beard and onto Trickelbush's suit. Eyes stretched and intense, he pulls Trickelbush close to him. The microphone, trembling in Nigel's enfeebled hand, captures Alpha's growling voice.

**Corvo Alpha:**

No... more... LIES!

Screaming the last word, he violently JERKS Trickelbush by his jacket lapel. Nigel goes limp, cowering in fear, his own eyes clenched shut.

**Corvo Alpha:**

TELL THEM!

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

I— I don't know what you MEAN!

Another violent SHAKE to the decrepit manager. His bowler cap tumbles off his head and off of the interview stage.

**Corvo Alpha:**

It's time you told the TRUTH! TELL THEM!

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

B-but... b-but, I— Don't do this! Please! I BEG of you!



Alpha's hard-etched scowl deepens, he slowly pulls Nigel closer – lifting the infirm man up off his polished shoes.

**Corvo Alpha:**

TELL THEM who I am! DO IT!

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

I... yes, of course, I'll tell them whatever you'd like, I–

Another WRENCH.

**Corvo Alpha:**

Tell them the TRUTH!

Nigel nods.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

I'll tell them! I'LL TELL THEM!

Alpha SHAKES him again.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Y-yes... The truth is that... all this time... all along... You are–

**DDK:**

OH NO! WAIT!

**Lance:**

HERE COMES MV2!

In an INSTANT, the canary-masked man is on the stage. Alpha must have felt the temperature in La Stadium shift because in that same instant, he PIVOTS–

**DDK:**

DAGGER KICK!

–and sends MV2 SPRAWLING down the steps and CRASHING to the arena floor!

**DDK:**

Corvo Alpha just DARTED MV2 in the throat! Off with HIS head, eh?!

Seething and suddenly very aware that he is exposed, Corvo Alpha spins around defensively on the interview stage – ready for another assault. The Faithful Francais are rabid for the moment, giving him all of their energy to feed off of.

Lord Nigel scrambles backwards on his ass, his OWN eyes looking all around for more help. Help that hasn't come. Corvo gives him a lingering, threatening glare before stalking down the stage-steps towards the masked man.

MV2 crawls forward, using the struts of the high stage to help him find his footing and suddenly Alpha is on top of him. Alpha BLUDGEONS him with clubbing overhead blows to the back and kidney area. Followed by heavy boots. A falling elbow. MV2 quickly finds himself outmatched.

**DDK:**

Listen to this crowd! This is what they wanted to see! Alpha is laying MV2 to WASTE! There might not be anything left ahead of DEF Rising!

Alpha starts clawing at MV2's mask; pulling, yanking, stretching, tearing.

**Lance:**

He wants that MASK! The mask he says is his by right!

Alpha JERKS MV2 upright by the right eye-hole of his mask-

**DDK:**

OH! LOW-BLOW by MV2!

**Lance:**

That might have been the only thing he could have done to give him ANY chance of saving his mask, his self, and Lord Nigel! Let's see if it's enough!

Spoiler: It isn't.

**DDK:**

Both men are dazed!

We see Lord Nigel dusting himself off above them on the stage. He barks an order at MV2. #2 glances up at him, then grabs Corvo by his hair.

**DDK**

CORVO! Throws an elbow! Another!

**Lance:**

Here comes DEFsec!

**DDK:**

MV2 slaps on a sideheadlock, but Corvo ducks BEHIND it - ALPHA CLUTCH! ALPHA CLUTCH!

The modified katahajime is LOCKED in and Alpha grapevines his mirror-image and brings them BOTH to the floor! Above them, on the stage, Nigel is apoplectic! He screams at DEFsec to do their job. God bless them, they try.

**Lance:**

As security tries to break these men apart...

**DDK:**

And Alpha releases the hold! I think even HE knows that if he's REALLY going to end things, he has to end them at DEFIANCE Rising!

Security is between all parties, pushing Alpha backwards up the stage. Corvo howls and the crowd answers him. On the interview stage, Lord Nigel tries angrily brushing the yellow and blue paint from his suit but only streaks it.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Son of a...

**Lance:**

At DEF Rising, one way or another, we will ALL know the truth! And that truth is either that Corvo Alpha is FINISHED in DEFIANCE and in this sport... or we may just learn WHO MV2 is... if he isn't who he SAYS he is!

**DDK:**

It's going to be a match to remember when it's CAREER vs MASK! ONLY At DEF Rising!

## ARCHER SILVER vs. CECILIA RYAN

### DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv! We've reached the second part of our France tour here in Lyon from the LCLD Arena! And we have reached our final stop before DEFIANCE Rising! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always, we have Lance Warner as my broadcast partner in crime!

### Lance:

And here's a unique statistic to make this show memorable! Tonight, we have a HECK of a main event! The three-time FIST of DEFIANCE and Henry Keyes' next challenger for said title, Dan Ryan, goes one-on-one with a former DEFIANCE World Champion and current PRIME star, "Cool" Cancer Jiles! Right now, Ryan's own daughter, Cecilia Ryan of the Heirs to the Throne will be in our opener against Archer Silver of LET!

### DDK:

That's quite a great statistic AND segue! LET have been at war with The Heirs to the Throne for months now with LET antagonizing the Heirs at every turn! Kaz Troy FINALLY had enough and submitted High Flyer in record time two weeks ago! Tonight, the other halves of each team are in action when, as you noted, Lance, the ferocious Cecilia Ryan takes on the dangerous Archer Silver! We're going right to the action... now!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

### Darren Quimbey:

The following is your opening contest of DEFtv and is a singles match scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Legacy" by Daphne Wells ♪

Right at the music drop, Cecilia Ryan shoves her way through the curtain and stalks her way out onto the stage, with cousins Kazuhiro Troy and Ami Troy following behind her. She stops in the middle and throws a fist down to the stage. As her hand hits the floor, purple and gold pyro erupts behind her, running from left to right, then back again.

As the last one booms, she straightens up and stalks directly toward the ring, her eyes never moving from straight forward. The cousins follow just behind.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by Kazuhiro Troy and Ami Troy, representing Heirs to the Throne... from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 185 pounds... she is the **MURDER DAUGHTER, CECILIA.... RYAAANNN!!!!!!**

As Cecilia Ryan gets close, she takes off in a sprint and dives in under the bottom rope, then races to a turnbuckle and raises both arms high overhead as the Faithful cheer. Kaz and Ami join her inside, and the three of them huddle up as the music fades.

♪ "Good L\_ck, Yo\_'re F\_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The opening trumpets to the arrogant start to blast throughout the arena. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim! Basking in the jeers of the Lyon Faithful, arms wide open, he then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in.

### Darren Quimbey:

Representing Les Enfants Terribles... being accompanied to the ring by High Flyer and Ms. Massacre, from Seattle, Washington weighing in at 243 pounds... he has asked to be referred to from here on out as **"THE PRINCE OF PRICKS"... ARCHER! SILVER!**

A sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood, but his eyes aren't visible to The Faithful. In what has become the signature LET "I BOO YOU!" shirt, High Flyer walks alongside Archer hyping him up and the sinister Ms. Massacre on the other side, looking ready to hurt someone at a moment's notice. Archer climbs up the steps, through the ropes, then sits on the top rope facing the backstage area. Silver unzips his jacket and tosses it down to the floor for High

Flyer to catch. The Prince of Pricks gets ready to go after the Murder Daughter as Carla Ferrari calls for the bell...

**DING DING**

Right away, Archer goes for a running high kick, only for Cecilia to duck the move!

**DDK:**

That was close! Archer trying to do to CeCe what Kaz Troy did to High Flyer and end this quickly!

Archer turns around and eats a big palm strike from Ryan! The Murder Daughter throws some stiff shots to the side of Archer's head to back him up into the corner. As he remains there, she crouches, then leaps and cracks him with a big bicycle kick as he's in the corner! With Silver stunned, Cecilia lands a stiff back elbow to the side of Archer's head, then takes off to the adjacent ropes before coming back to drive her boot to the side of his head with a running bicycle kick! Ryan plays to the cheering Lyon Faithful as The Prince of Pricks is disoriented from the strikes! The Troy family at ringside cheer on their partner!

**Lance:**

Cecilia Ryan is taking the fight to Archer Silver!

**DDK:**

That series of bicycle kicks in the corner has Silver stunned! German suplex coming up next?

She pulls Archer out of the corner for a German suplex attempt, but he senses the danger looming and kicks his legs to keep from going over! Silver catches CeCe with an elbow of his own and then whips her to the ropes. He tries for a high kick, but she ducks and hits the ropes. Cecilia comes back, but Archer catches her and in one fell swoop, turns the move into a bridging fallaway slam!

**DDK:**

What a counter by Archer! Cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Ryan kicks out, but Archer now has the advantage. He grabs onto Ryan and shoots her off to the ropes again before driving a HUGE kitchen sink knee that sends her crashing back to the canvas! Instead of going for the cover on The Murder Daughter, Archer gets in her face.

**Archer Silver:**

Come on, mUrDeR dAuGtHeR! Try and mUrDeR mE NOW!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Once again, Archer Silver not endearing himself to anyone! That bridging fallaway slam was brilliant but he should be following up and not giving in to his anger issues.

Kaz watches on as Ami cheers on Cecilia, but the second-generation star is getting rocked on the mat when Silver pulls her up and lays into her with a series of crossface forearm strikes! Ryan gets pulled up, but manages to catch Silver with another surprise palm strike! Silver is knocked back a step, leaving his leg open for Ryan to kick the leg! After stunning him, she tries to whip him to the corner, but the larger Silver uses his size advantage to whip her into the opposite side. Silver charges at CeCe, who catches him with a thrust kick to the stomach followed by another palm strike!

**DDK:**

Cecilia Ryan with some great fight on display right now!

She kicks Archer low at the leg and once he's doubled over, she fires off a hard series of Kawada-style kicks to the face! Silver is held back and knocked into the ropes with the Lyon Faithful behind her!

**Lance:**

I have to admire Cecilia Ryan's heart! She's showing some heart tonight in the face of this remorseless bully!

Cecilia Ryan gears up a move that dear old dad made famous and swings for the fences for the Hammer of God roaring elbow... but Archer moves a hair faster and ducks the elbow! CeCe gets spun around and dropped with a big thrust spinebuster!

**DDK:**

No! Archer had the Hammer of God elbow scouted! He hits the thrust spinebuster and now he's got Ryan by the waist... OOH! Belly-to-back suplex!

The Murder Daughter is taken high into the air and dropped with a STO legsweep! He gets a thumbs up from High Flyer and a thousand-yard-stare from Ms. Massacre that he also takes as a sign of approval. Silver sits up and crawls over to hook the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Lyon Faithful cheer as Ryan gets the shoulder up! Silver stands up to his full height and towers over Carla Ferrari, but she's not intimidated and tells Archer it was a two-count!

**Lance:**

This is some punishment that Cecilia Ryan has been subjected to, but she's not going to quit! After all the sneak attacks, derogatory comments, and everything in between Les Enfants Terribles have subjected the Heirs to!

Silver keeps getting in her face, but feels a hand pull him back... CeCe catching him with a roll-up pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Silver rolls back to his feet and beats Cecilia to her feet before catching her and planting her with a side belly-to-belly suplex! After planting Cecilia, he uses the moment to look over at Kaz and signal the double tall man! Kaz returns with two middle fingers of his own and Silver shakes his head in disgust before focusing back on The Murder Daughter!

**Lance:**

Archer Silver is burning daylight here by taunting Kaz! He's gotten under his skin on more than one occasion doing this, but he's not in that ring - Cecilia Ryan is!

**DDK:**

Silver has Cecilia measured up... buzzsaw kick... NO!

Ryan ducks the buzzsaw kick from Silver! As he turns around, he gets CLOCKED on the chin with a Hammer of God roaring elbow! Then gets picked up and dropped with a HUGE release German suplex that has The Faithful on their feet!

**DDK:**

The buzzsaw kick missed, but the Hammer of God didn't the second time! Ryan buys herself some time with that German suplex!

**Lance:**

She's finally taken Silver off his feet, but what does Ryan have left?! She's taken a lot of punishment!

The Family Troy cheer Cecilia on from one side of the ring while High Flyer starts pointing at Silver to look out! As Silver gets back to his feet, he's met with a running forearm off the ropes from Cecilia Ryan!

**DDK:**

Ryan's back on her feet! And she's attacking from any angle she can!

She comes off the ropes and runs into Archer with another running elbow smash! Silver gets struck with another shot! He takes the shot and tries to fire back with a swing of his own, but Cecilia ducks the clothesline and catches him with a jumping neckbreaker that takes him down again! Cecilia gets back up to her feet and the rowdy Lyon crowd are in her corner. She leans back and waits out Archer Silver. As he tries to get back to his feet, she runs full speed ahead...

**DDK:**

FLYING DOUBLE KNEE STRIKE! THAT'S LINDSAY TROY'S QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

The Lyon Faithful erupt in cheers as the flying double knee strike lands flush to the face! Silver crashes to the canvas and Cecilia Ryan crawls over into the cover with a hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

At the count of a very, VERY close 2.99, Silver has his shoulder up! Ryan is frustrated and thought she had the win, but sees only two fingers from Carla Ferrari.

**DDK:**

The Queen's Gambit almost had it!

**Lance:**

Cecilia Ryan might be closing in on the victory, though! She's got Archer looking glassy-eyed right now!

As Archer fights his way up to his knees, The Murder Daughter unleashes another flurry of Kawada-style kicks to soften up the Prince of Pricks for whatever she has in mind next.

**DDK:**

More kicks to the face! She has a finishing maneuver called A Drink For My Darling that she may be softening him up for!

Ryan does indeed look for the pumphandle lift into the knee strike. She tries to set the move up on Archer Silver, but High Flyer jumps up on the ring apron!

**High Flyer:**

Carla, Carla, she's breaking the rules! She's uh... those shoes are loaded!

Having enough of Flyer's nonsense, Kaz Troy grabs him by the leg and drags him off the apron before he starts raining down the punches on the fourth-generation high flyer! Ami cheers him on as Carla tries to break up the fight ringside!



**Lance:**

KAZ HAS HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! HE'S GOING RIGHT AFTER FLYER!

In the ring, before Cecilia can try to secure the move, Silver catches her with a rake of the eyes! Ryan holds her eyes, but turns right into a HUGE spear from Ms. Massacre that goes undetected by the official!

**DDK:**

MS. MASSACRE! SHE SNUCK IN AND HIT THAT SPEAR SHE CALLS THE DISEMBOWLER!

**Lance:**

CARLA FERRARI WAS DISTRACTED BY THE RINGSIDE FIGHT AND DIDN'T SEE IT!

Ami sees what's going on and shouts at Carla to turn around, but the damage may have already been done! Ms. Massacre rolls out of the ring and casually walks away from ringside as Archer goes to pick the bones! He leans back and waits for Ryan to get up, only to land his own signature flying knee strike!

**DDK:**

ARROW IN FLIGHT BY ARCHER SILVER! HE'S GOING TO STEAL THIS ONE!

He hooks the leg and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING****♪ "Good L\_ck, Yo\_'re F\_cked" by Celldweller ♪*

Kaz stops pummeling Flyer and looks up immediately, realizing what's just happened!

**Darren Quimbey:**Here's your winner of the match... **ARCHER SILVER!**

Kaz and Ami Troy both rush into the ring to go right after Archer, but Silver sees them coming and nopes his way out from the opposite side! Ami is checking on Cecilia Ryan as Archer rushes over to go help Ms. Massacre pick up her brother. High Flyer has been roughed up, but even he laughs in triumph!

**Lance:**

LET have once again stolen another victory from The Heirs to the Throne tonight! Flyer provided a distraction, allowing Ms. Massacre and Archer Silver to steal the win from Cecilia Ryan!

**DDK:**

She's proven to be a real equalizer in the past few weeks since joining the group! And... hey!

The VERY PISSED Kaz Troy has a microphone as Ami tends to a hurt and frustrated Ryan on the canvas.

**Kaz Troy:**

Hey! HEY!

LET had been making their way up the ramp, but all three stop and turn back to the ring once they hear Kaz's voice.

The Heir Apparent leans over the top rope and points, infuriated, at his former stablemates.

**Kaz Troy:**

I've had it with you two assclowns and the shitty Hot Topic cashier you call a sister, Flyer. We said that this is over when we say it's over, and I'm making sure we end it at DEFIANCE Rising. Trios match. Anything goes. I'm gonna split each one of your skulls open to prove there's nothing there and then drop you on your empty heads just to drive the damn point home!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!*

**DDK:**

That young man is fired up!

**Lance:**

I'm getting word in my ear that Favoured Saints says this is a go! LET versus the Heirs to the Throne, one more time, to settle the score once and for all!

Archer and Flyer are jaw-jacking with Kaz, while Ms. Massacre glares menacingly from her spot between them. Cecilia and Ami are back on their feet and join Kaz in some trash talk right back!

**DDK:**

Folks, we need to take a commercial break, and hopefully when we come back we'll have some order restored and the ring will be cleared. Don't go anywhere!

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: BRAZEN**



## THE LADS MEET WRESTLE HOUSE

**DDK:**

We're being told Christie Zane is standing by backstage with two of the most colorful groups in all of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

**Lance:**

"Colorful" is such a judicious way of describing them all.

**DDK:**

Christie?

We're backstage outside one of the talent locker rooms with the camera initially zoomed in for a closeup on Christie Zane. She's smiling from ear to ear with zero trepidation or fear in her eyes.

**Christie Zane:**

Thanks Darren. Gentleman?

She looks from side to side as the camera pulls out to reveal the two white-hat babyfaces flanking her. And the absolute cavalcade of characters they each bring with them. On Christie's left "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday dressed in full baby-blue and red ring gear. His manager Douglas Doubleday and The MASSIVE Cowboys, Gordy Lovett and Jun Izuchi. On her right is none other than Dex Joy, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray!

**Christie Zane:**

You two were paired up by virtue of each of your ongoing, separate issues with Edward White and Bronson Box. Who on the last episode of DEFtv laid out this challenge for a tag team match tonight. A challenge you both accepted almost instantly. What can we expect tonight from Dex and Dabs, the tag team?

Dabs politely holds out his hand in a polite "if I may, sir" gesture towards Dex, who smiles and nods.

**Dabney Doubleday:**

Ms. Zane. Lemme just say to Dex here what an honor it is to get to step up to the plate tonight and prove myself a reliable partner against those two ne'er-do-wells. Two men who he and I each separately have tussled with in one form or another time and time again. And Christie? You know what's happened in most of those tussles? Big Dex and your bud Dabs have consistently come out on top, leavin' both of them lookin' like fools. I mean, Dougie and I are the reason Boxer had to find himself a new Spike... sein' as we melted the last one!

Big Dex claps Dabney on the shoulder with a huge smile.

**Dex Joy:**

That's right! Ever since Bronson Box came out to get in my face a few weeks ago, all he's shown me is that he's just the toughest-sounding cheap shot artist DEFIANCE Wrestling's ever seen! That kind of thing's on-brand for dear old Edward White, but Box? You? For weeks, them checks you've been writing with that paintbrush-covered flapper get canceled immediately. Do you have the nerve to point the finger at everyone else and question their toughness? Pally, Dexy Baby was made tough! Fighting the likes of the blackest of black hearts like Scrow and Arthur Pleasant, forged in iron by fighting and beating the best of the best like Kerry Kuroyama, Henry Keyes, Lindsay Troy, Oscar Burns, lower or upper case and even that buddy next to you, Ed White, who can tell you first-hand what the Dex Joy Wrexperience is like! As great and as tough as you are, Boxer, I am not afraid of you.

Dex throws an arm over Dabney.

**Dex Joy:**

And tonight, things are gonna from "pretty damn bad" to "a whole lot worse" when you and White mix it up with Dex and Dab! D & D! Best Paliases in World! Slap whatever's clever on a shirt and send it up the chain to marketing for all we care! Tonight, you are going to call us the winners of the match!

As the Biggest Boy talks we notice the also built-wide "Texas Stampede" Gordy Lovett clearly marking out being this close to a Dex Joy promo. It's about then we finally notice the cut-off, sleeveless Dex Joy t-shirt he's sporting and the huge foam Dex Joy foam finger on his hand.

It looks like Gordy is about to butt in but Dougie jumps out in front of the interruption.

**Douglas Doubleday:**

Can you imagine what these guys can accomplish together? The Lads and Wrestle House! Dex and Dabs! The DEX N' DABS CONNECTION! Oh we're printin' a run of those immediately...

**Gordy Lovett:**

AND... and if'n you all ever need a place to stay, the actual Wrestle House down in NOLA is a BIG ol' place. We got ourselves a couple pull out sofas, one don't even got no mattress stains! We could cook ooout, swap road stories! Heh, shoot. Good ol' time, man.

Douglas turns and gives the currently blushing East Texan with stars in his eyes a look of death.

The casual, chaw chewing "Texas Dragon" Jun Izuchi pats his tag team partner on the shoulder and sort of puuuuulls him back a little. Giving Dougie a little nod of "I got 'im. Go on now."

**Dabney Doubleday:**

What my brother and Gordy mean to say is, we all've got your back tonight. There's no kind of shenanigans those two creeps can throw at us we won't have covered. You can count on us.

The Biggest Boy smiles and claps his tag team partner for tonight on the shoulder.

**Dex Joy:**

Tonight, I got my Lads! Dabs' got his Wrestle House.. ers ... Wrestle House Truthers? Wrestle-Friends?

**Janna Ray:**

Wrestle Buds?

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC ... don't have anything for this!

**Christie Zane:**

Bronson Box has shown over the years he'll go to any violent length. And he's clearly painted Ed White into a corner. He's clearly desperate to prove his worth to the Wargod. Are you two truly ready for what's about to happen tonight?

**Dex Joy:**

Oh yeah ... tonight, I've been wanting to lay these meathooks into Bronson Box's temples and tonight, I'm gonna do just that. If Ed White wants to get Wrecked by Dex, that Dex Joy Wrexperience, that's gonna be rated E for Everybody, Christie! Right now, we shake hands cause later tonight, Box and White ... we're gonna throw hands!

All Lads and Wrestle House members go in on a hand signal! Dex and Dab shake! Butcher and Gordy do the same and Janna and Izuchi shake! Dex then shakes Gordy's hand!

The smile on Gordy's face is as wide as Texas itself. He looks down at his hand.

**Gordy Lovett:** *[whispering]*

I aint never washin' this hand ever again!

**Dex Joy:**

Let's get ready Wrestle-Lads! These boots ain't gonna wedge themselves betwixt Blood Diamond buns themselves!

## BRONSON BOX & ED WHITE vs. DEX JOY & DABNEY DOUBLEDAY

The lights in the LDLC Arena continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIatron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor. The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

**BIG**

Another lightning bolt!

**DEX**

Another lightning bolt with a word that brings the fans to their feet!

**ENERGY**

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The lights flicker on and the words form to create an oldie but a goodie for the people of Lyon ...

**NO ONE  
WREX  
LIKE  
DEX**

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

### Darren Quimbey:

This next match is a tag team match set for one fall! From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds ... representing the Lads, he is the DEFIANCE Triple Crown winner ... THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYYYYYY!!! DEEEEEEEEXXXXXX JOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!

Standing on the stage, wearing a white body suit covered in blue and red lightning in honor of the flag of Franceh! Dex Joy looks out to an energetic and jam-packed arena!!!! His eyes move all around to really take in the capacity crowd and then shouts to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to make noise! Once he reaches the ring, Dex Joy is ready for tag team action and waits for his tag team partner of the evening!

♪ ["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 massive reaction from the Faithful.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing Dex's tag team partneeeer, accompanied by his manager Douglas Doubleday ... from Mayo, Florida, weighing in at 221 pounds... "FAIR PLAY" DABNEY DOUBLEDAAAY!

The Brothers Doubleday march down the ramp, all smiles. As they make a loop around the ring the brothers take as much time as they can to slap hands with as many of the Faithful as possible. Finally, Dabs rolls under the bottom rope and pops to his feet beside Dex and the two men go about preparing for the war to come.

The lights in the arena are once again bathed in darkness.

♪ ["O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic](#) ♪



With every beat of the song a new black and white photo of Bronson and Ed's history within DEFIANCE flickers across the screen. Over a decade and a half of violence played out in moments, images from the DEFIANCE archives. The list of names that have come and gone is staggering. A who's who of the pro wrestling world... finally three words in a glittering diamond-like text.

### **DIAMONDS. ARE. FOREVER.**

Blood starts flowing down the glimmering letters until they loom over the entrance tunnel in a dark and foreboding DEFIANCE-red. First out of the entrance tunnel, welcomed by a tidal wave of negative emotion from the Faithful, is an uncharacteristically focused looking "Socialite" Edward White. No entourage, no backup. Ed breathes deep, his jaw set as he looks out over the ravenous DEFIANCE crowd.

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

The hatred and derision is amplified tenfold as his partner slowly plods out behind him and ever so slightly shoulders past him, taking the lead.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents... BRONSON BOX AND EDWARD WHITE!

The sheer wall of noise making it hard to hear all of Quimbey's introduction.

Like anyone watching this show needs an introduction to these two men.

Bronson takes a half step, one Ed seems to follow but Box stops and turns to his longtime friend and tag team partner and has a private... very tense word with Ed. To his credit, White nods to the affirmative to whatever is said and the duo continue their short trek towards the ring where Dex Joy and Dabney Doubleday are currently waiting patiently.

### **DDK:**

Folks, there's a lot of story behind this one. A lot of criss crossing threads we'll attempt to recap here before we get started. We all remember Ed's high profile feud and subsequent loss to Dex months and months ago. So there's no love lost there... Ed has also been somewhat tormented by Dabney and company, for as Dabs' brother Dougie puts it "Ed's a bully, we don't like bullies."

### **Lance:**

That sentiment applies to Boxer as well... the brothers MELTING Bronson's original, terrifying weapon, his original Spike at a foundry. Forcing the Wargod to "quietly" forge another one. Baptising it with Douglas' blood at DEFcon! Something tells me in Boxer's eyes, they haven't quite paid for that sin, me thinks...

### **DDK:**

Of course now we have Dex and Bronson on something of a collision course! Animosity on all sides, partner!

All four men are now present in the ring with Box and White talking strategy on their end! Once the referee is ready, he calls for the bell.

### **DING DING**

Dex Joy and Dabney Doubleday dab up but Bronson Box and Ed White are looking to start the party early and attack both men in their corner!

### **Lance:**

Oh come on! We can't even expect a clean start to this match when they have Ed White on their side, can we?

### **DDK:**

Something something ocean front property in Arizona Lance!

Box and White both slug Dabney Doubleday from behind and they both throw him out of the ring so they can both focus on the Biggest Boy! The referee's doing everything that he can to try and get some order for this match, but the War God and the Socialite are not listening! Bronson and Dex have picked up where they left off a few weeks ago with Bronson clawing at his eyes! When he's sure that Dexy Baby has been weakened enough they both whip Dex at the opposing corner. White grabs Box and he sends Box with a spear in the corner!

**DDK:**

You can hate how they conduct themselves, but this is sound strategy by the Blood Diamonds!

White kisses his knuckles and then throws some classic good old fashioned punches to the skull. There are no fancy flips here when both former FISTs of DEFIANCE work over Dex with punches in bunches.

*"DEX JOY WREX!!! DEX JOY WREX!!! DEX JOY WREX!!! DEX JOY WREX!!!"*

**Lance:**

Listen to this place! The LDLC Arena is lending their support for one half of tonight's Dex and Dab tandem!

The chants are already in full force and the match has just gotten underway but the chants don't deter the Blood Diamonds. Box and White both set up Dex against the ropes and double irish whip him across the ring. They both try a double clothesline but Dexy Baby hits an unexpected cartwheel that breaks up their interlocked arms! When they turn around Bronson Box is knocked clean off his feet from a spinning wheel kick by the Biggest Boy!

**DDK:**

What a comeback that was from Dexy Baby! Box is down!

White tries to suckerpunch his old rival Dexy Baby, but Dex catches the fist and spins him around!

**Lance:**

And look who's back!

The Socialite turns around just in time to be greeted from Dabney Doubleday letting loose with precision punches to the head with some Doubleday flair thrown in! The last jab backs him up into the ropes and Dabney follows with a running clothesline sending Ed White up and over out of the ring along with Box! After turning things around Dex Joy and Dabney Doubleday celebrate by shaking hands like Wrestle Lads!

*"RRRRAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"*

**DDK:**

Dabney Doubleday just took out Ed White!

Dabney makes room for Dex Joy who looks like he has a move in mind! The Wrecking Crew/DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful know what it is!

**Lance:**

I think that Dex Joy is about ready to fly!

Dex and Dab both get the crowd to build up a steady "WHOOOOOOAAAAA" chant ...

WHOA-PE SUICIDA ONTO BRONSON BOX AND ED WHITE!!!

**DDK:**

Dex Joy picks up the seven ten split with the WHOA-PE suicida! Three-hundred plus pounds just landed on top of both Ed White and Bronson Box!

Dex Joy is the first man up to his feet. Ed White gets picked up and then throws him back inside the ring. Dex slides in

too and grabs White! White tries to struggle in the face of the old but Dex has him restrained when Dabney Doubleday gets the tag. The Biggest Boy hits the biggest scoop slam on White and then Dab gets a chance to fly off the top with a diving fist drop right on top of the Socialite's dome! White recoils in pain!

**DDK:**

Right on the forehead with Rise and Shine!

**Lance:**

Things are looking good for Dex N' Dab after turning things around on the Blood Diamonds!

One Swell Guy tries to earn himself one swell win by pinning White!

One ...

Two ...

No!

White has a shoulder up, but Dabney grabs his arm. He controls the arm with an arm wringer to control the rest of White's body. Dabs pulls him into a couple of shoulder shots to work over the arm. He tags Dex Joy and holds White upright! White shakes his head and doesn't want the smoke, but ends up taking a fiery slingshot shoulder block from the Biggest Boy!

**DDK:**

Dex and Dabney are doing well for their first outing as a tag team!

Bronson Box is still nowhere to be found. Dex tags Dabney again and Dabney grabs onto the arm of White as he's trying to beg off. He gets hit with a Miracle Whip right into the corner!

**DDK:**

And there is the Miracle Whip from Dabney Doubleday! He and Dex are really taking the fight to the Blood Diamonds!

**Lance:**

Come to think of it, I haven't even seen Bronson Box anywhere since he took that WHOA-PE from Dex!

Dex reaches out to Dabney for another tag but this time when Dabney tries to get it, Dex gets pulled off the apron by his leg from the Wargod! Before Dexy Baby can react Box pushes him at the ring post!

**Lance:**

I didn't mean to jinx them! I didn't mean to jinx them!

**DDK:**

Where did Box even come from?!

The quick thinking Hall of Famer is fed up with Dex Joy's mere presence! He grabs his neck and DDT's him on the floor! Dabney is shocked but with the referee's attention taken squarely away from Ed White, that allows the Socialite to score with an uppercut low blow! Dabney falls limply to his knees and when the referee turns around White is also clutching below so the referee can't suspect what he just did!

**DDK:**

There's no way! Bronson Box and Ed White took control again just like that! And Dex could seriously be hurt! We know about his prior history with neck injuries and there's no doubt Box is aware of that!

**Lance:**

That's what happens when two of the most dangerous and conniving minds that we have ever seen in DEFIANCE

Wrestling work together!

For now the two man engine in charge of the Blood Diamonds seems to be running smoothly. Box barks at White to meet him on the other side of the ring. White then tags Box. The Wargod goes crazy right on Dabney Doubleday by quickly hurling him over the top rope sending him outside.

**DDK:**

Bronson Box looks like he's about to take weeks worth of frustrations out on Dabney Doubleday!

That statement could not be any more correct. Dabney is irish whipped right into the barricade at a high velocity!

And he is not done. Dabney is barely able to stand but Box forces him back to his feet. He grabs him again and then another high-powered whip sends him back first into the barricade for the second time!

**Bronson Box:**

You ain't fookin' done son!

Dabney is thrown for the third time into another barricade! Box has to roll under the ropes to restart the ref's count and then a fourth and final trip around the ring is completed!

**DDK:**

Doubleday is being dismantled! And now he's back in the ring and Box has some more bad idea.

Dex Joy is still hurt outside the ring after Box's DDT and he's no help for Dabney right now. Box grabs Dab and Dab takes a kitchen sink knee strike to the gut. He spins over and hits the canvas. Box looks like he's going to for a cover but instead he just kneels on top of Dabney and unleashed some grit-fueled headbutts to the face!

**DDK:**

Box is going wild but at some point the referee has to step in!

The referee does try but Box's scowl only leads to the conversation ending quickly. Dabney is picked up and thrown at the corner. Box gets in the referee's face and starts barking at him, but it is all a diversionary tactic for White to start choking Dabney using the tag rope! Dabney's arms flail around wildly trying to break White's grip.

**DDK:**

And some older fans complain about the tag rope not being used enough, but this is ridiculous!

White stops when the referee turns around. Dabney is in the corner trying to catch his breath and White pretends to not know what his problem is. Box comes over and scrapes his boot across the face of Dabney and after about four scrapes he runs backwards and then smacks Dabney with a really nasty kick across the face.

**Lance:**

The Wargod and the Socialite are looking good now and they have the advantage here! Tag by Edward White!

The man who lives by the code of "By Any Means Necessary" does just that. He turns around and then applies a head lock and gouges the eye of Dabney just out of the referee's line of sight. Dabney is hurt but he gets hit with the Trickle Down Theory!

**Lance:**

That's the Trickle Down Theory! That hangman neck breaker had extra force behind it!

**DDK:**

Since DEFCON last year, White has been embarrassed by Dabney Doubleday and the Wrestle House! He's finally trying to right those wrongs tonight and he can do it with a win here!

White shoots the half!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Dabney throws a shoulder high but White goes back to simply two-handed choking the life out of Dabney! Dabs kicks his legs frantically to try and get free but he's been beaten too severely by the opposing team to make an escape! The referee notices the choke and tells White to stop. He does but then applies a face lock and starts fish hooking Dabney and tries to pull his face apart. For the first time Box looks pleased by the efforts of Ed White.

**DDK:**

Dabney is being worked over by a Hall of Famer and a Hall of Fame-worthy force right now! And Dex is just now coming around!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful see Dex Joy gutting out the pain he's clearly in and gets back up to a corner, but Dabney is too far away to make any difference. White gets up and points at Dex.

**Ed White:**

What are *you* gonna do, big boy?! You gonna eat your feelings cause you can't help ...

But Dabney makes White regret taking his eye off the ball with a school boy!

One ...

Two ...

White kicks out just in time. Dabney is trying to get back to his corner, but White grabs his leg and then he's back in the corner. Box with another tag but he stares at Ed in the face before he climbs in the ring ready to take his head off for his mistake of almost letting Dabney free.

**DDK:**

That was a big mistake by Ed White! He had Dabney down on the ground but he recovered!

Box grabs Dab again and starts to *bite his forehead!* Dabney is screaming and he's in pain with the referee warning Box again but Box disregards any verbal threats from the ref as his only focus is hurting Box. Dex worries for the state of his partner when he is picked up ...

**Lance:**

Dabney fights back! He's hurt but he clearly surprised Box with that punch!

Two more punches have Box looking hurt. Dabney hits the ropes but he runs right into a huge one-armed side slam from the Wargod! Box looks offended more at the fact that Dabney dared to strike back than anything else and makes the kid pay with more grounded head butts showing no regard for own well being if it means the other guy is hurt worse!

**DDK:**

How much more can Dabney take?

**Lance:**

Not much more! He needs to find a way to get away from the Blood Diamonds but they are not making things easy!

White is given the tag by Box and then Box signals that he needs to finish the job. White has Dabney across the

shoulders!

**Lance:**

Is he thinking Stock Market Drop?! That's gonna be it!

**DDK:**

It could be! He's going for a running start ... but Dabney makes like a bar of soap and gives him the slip!

Dabney turns around, but White strikes fast and first with a punch to Dabney's midsection. He recoils into the ropes but just when it seems he's free, Dabney recoils off the ropes into a Blond Bomber! Dex and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are elated and Box looks like steam is about to shoot out of his ears!

**DDK:**

Dabney did it! Dabney did it! The Blond Bomber just took White's head off!

**Lance:**

And now he's gotta get to that corner!

Ed White is looking up at the lights and is trying to follow the sounds of Bronson Box's endless swearing in a very deep Scottish accent! White is to his corner first and tags Box, but the Wargod isn't quick enough to stop Dab from also tagging!

**DDK:**

BOX AND DEX COLLIDE!!!

The War God and the Biggest Boy are tossing shot after shot at each other and it looks more reminiscent of a bar room brawl than a traditional wrestling match. Every time Box hits Dex, Dex is able to return the shot in kind and neither man gives an inch. Not a single person in the LDLC Arena isn't making noise right now watching two big meaty men slapping meat!

**Lance:**

Listen to this place! Listen to these people!

Box looks like Dex is getting the better of the brawl because he blocks a shot and the larger Biggest Boy hits him back! He punches Box several times, but Box counters out of possible desperation with eye gouge!

**Bronson Box:**

Celebrate *that* you twat!

Dex is reeling from being gouged by Box with his one good eye. Box hits the ropes and signals a clear intention to use a lariat to detach Dexy Baby's neck from Dexy Baby's body.

The problem in that is Dex uses his one good eye to run to the ropes next to him! Before Box can make any attempt to correct his course, Dex *smashes* into him with Dexy's Midnight Runner!

**Lance:**

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!! DID YOU SEE HOW FAR BOX FLEW?!?!

Dex pulls Box to the middle of the ring and goes up to the top rope with no hesitation. There isn't any playing to the people especially for a foe of Box's caliber. He jumps off the top ...

**DDK:**

JUMP FOR JOY!!!

The diving headbutt hits the center of Box's chest! Dex makes the cover!



One ...

Two ...

WHITE WITH A KNEE DROP!

**Lance:**

Saved by Ed White! I don't know if Box would have kicked out of Dexy's Midnight Runner and Jump for Joy back to back, but Ed White wasn't fixing to find out either!

Dex grabs the back of his head and White is quickly trying to help Box back to his feet! White jumps on top of Dexy Baby and lays into him with big shots but Dex is able to fight back!

**DDK:**

Things have escalated out of control here! It's two on one and the referee can't keep these men apart!

Dex is picked up by White and then hit with a Laissez-Faire head butt right onto the jaw! Dex is doubled over and Box is able to take advantage of the situation by muscling up Dex Joy right into a pulling pile driver!

**DDK:**

Box with a pile driver! After that DDT from earlier can Dex kick out of this?!

Box is satisfied with putting Dex Joy away! He goes for the pin and hooks Dexy Baby's far leg!

One ...

Two ...

Dabney Doubleday drop kicks Ed White and he goes flying backwards into Box to break up the pin!

**DDK:**

No! Dabney is back! I don't know where he came from, but both partners are trying to break up this clash of DEFIANCE titans!

Doubleday looks like he can barely stand but he goes right after White as Box hones in on Dex! White kicks him back and while the referees tries to break things up, White has what looks like a ring bell hammer out of his boot!

**Lance:**

Where ... where did Ed White even get that from!

White charges holding the hammer in his forehand!

Dabney moves ...

BOX DOESN'T!!!

**DDK:**

WHITE TAKES OUT BOX WITH THAT RING BELL HAMMER!!! HE JUST STRUCK HIS OWN TAG TEAM PARTNER!!!

White's faces looks the color of his last name! He realizes what he has done, but Dabney Doubleday makes sure to get him out of the ring by grabbing him and throwing him outside of the ring! Box is out and Dabney gives Dexy Baby a thumbs up as he is back up

**DDK:**

Dabney Doubleday has just cleared a path! Box is down!

Dex lands a running senton across Box's chest to ground him and make sure he is down! He hops back up and then climbs up the turnbuckle. He steadies himself up to and then backflips with a top rope moonsault right onto Bronson Box!

**DDK:**

MOONSAULT! JUMP FOR JOY PT 2!!!

The Biggest Boy hooks a leg and the head for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Dex Joy slams his fists towards the canvas and then he hops to his feet, but still feels the effects of the earlier piledriver. He's holding his neck but looks better off than Bronson Box! Dex and Dabs both shake hands and then hug one another for the big win!

**Quimbey:**

Your winners of the match ... DABNEY DOUBLEDAY! AND DEX JOYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

**Lance:**

DEX JOY HAS JUST PINNED THE WARGOD BRONSON BOX!!! EDWARD WHITE'S BOTCHED ATTEMPT AT INTERFERENCE JUST COST THEM DEARLY!!!

Dex Joy looks down at Bronson Box and celebrates with Dabney. The two men exit the squared circle and then celebrate in the front row with the people!

**DDK:**

That's going down as a massive dub for Dabney Doubleday and Dex Joy! But what was Ed White thinking?!

Dabs and Dex bail from the ring, all smiles and high fives. Their respective crews meet them at the top of the ramp for a little cross-faction celebration.

Back down in the ring however

Ed is still holding the ring bell hammer as Bronson Box slowly gets to his feet. A small trickles of blood oozes from the Original DEFIANT's forehead. We hear the Wargod shout at Edward "GET ME A FOOKIN' MIC"... a request the Socialite quickly acquiesces to. Bronson snatches the stick and gives White the iciest look we've ever seen between the two men.

**Bronson Box:**

DEX JOY.

The Biggest Boy stops the celebratory backslapping and turns back towards the ring.

Boxer makes sure he's holding Dex's gaze.

**Bronson Box:**

DEF RISING. MERRY FOOKIN' CHRISTMAS YA' FAT BASTARD.

We hear Dex shout over the din "YOU'RE ON" with a huge, confident smile on his face as the crowd goes apoplectic.

**DDK:**

Dex Joy versus Bronson Box all but confirmed for the PPV, Lance!

**Lance:**

Oh, this is... wait...

After the crowds pop for the match announcement subsides, Bronson Box turns eeeeeever so slowly around to face his tag team partner. Edward White visibly gulps as Boxer plods over to him. Once within spitting distance, Box reaches up and wipes some blood from his forehead and slowly, deliberately wipes his hand on Ed's shoulder.

He leeeean in with his lip curling, causing his mustache to twitch ever so slightly.

**Bronson Box:**

You and me? We need to bloody talk... *partner*.

*PFFFFT*

Boxer drops the microphone unceremoniously at Edward's feet and books it to the exit to the side of the ramp. Seeing as Dabs, Dex and company are still up there celebrating their win.

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: DEFonDEMAND**

## GAME FACE CYRUS vs. CRESCENT CITY KID

With the Crescent City Kid receiving the jobber's entrance, we go to the top of the stage...

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

"Game Face" Cyrus marches out. He's sporting waaaay too much eye black under his eyes along with the same getup from two weeks ago, a neon pink and green onesie, complete with an arcade machine coin dispenser attached to his hip. Looking like he's ready to take on an aerobics class, or something outta the 80s, the newly dubbed 'GFC' starts limbering down the rampway, as the ring announcer makes the introductions.

**Darren Quimbey:**

This match is for ONE FALL!! Introducing first... from Forth Worth, Texas... weighing two-hundred-forty pounds... he is GAME FACE CYRUS BATES!

After the announcement, Tyler and Conor Fuse emerge from the back. Tyler is wearing his typical black jeans and a plain black t-shirt, while Conor is dressed more formally. He is wearing faded blue dress pants and a navy blue button-up shirt, with his blonde hair slicked back.

**DDK:**

Well, we know the Fuse's have no intention of wrestling these days.

**Lance:**

I'm told it's not happening until Conor Fuse gets his hands on the Kael family at our PRIME-DEFIANCE joint show in January.

**DDK:**

I suppose that would make sense.

**Lance:**

Also since taking out Malak Garland, it sounds like the brothers are set on establishing the rest of the group, Outer Heaven, and are taking on more of a "leadership role".

**DDK:**

Apparently.

Bates reaches the end of the ramp. He stops and looks back at the Fuse Bros., who remain deadpan. Game Face nods to himself, rather eager to please as he leaps onto the apron and rolls his shoulders back. His theme song comes to a close.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And inside the ring... from New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing one-hundred-eighty-three pounds... he is the CRESCENT CITY KID!

This introduction does not sit well with Conor Fuse, who, from the middle of the rampway, breaks his stoic demeanor. He points towards Quimbey and starts to question the ring announcer as to why this idiot "NPC" was announced to the audience last!

**DDK:**

You know, for a guy who says he's "grown out" of video games, isn't it contradictory for Conor to use the term 'Non-Playable Character'?

**Lance:**

I have a feeling there are going to be a lot more hypocritical things the brothers will end up doing over this short amount of time.

**DDK:**

Amen to that.

Bates slips into the ring and looks ready to go. However, referee Mark Shields is waiting to call for the bell, allowing Conor to continue berating the ring announcer as Darren makes his exit.

Finally, it looks like we're ready to go when...

**Conor Fuse:**

W. T. F!

Conor states the abbreviation as The French Faithful are in awe. Someone is coming through the crowd!

The younger Fuse's eyes grow wider and wider with each passing second. If he was pissed at Darren Quimbey, well... Conor Fuse is about to blow a fucking gasket now!

Whoever is causing such a ruckus is slightly caught by the cameras. He's making his way through the floor. Black hair, laced with dark red streaks, while lots of it dangles in front of his face. His shoulders are slumped forward. He moves with a sense of sadness. And finally, as he brushes his hair away from his face... the sullen look upon him. Does he even want to be here?

**DDK:**

Hey... that's Sutler Reynolds-Kael!

**Lance:**

Speak of the devil!

**DDK:**

The adopted son of Max Kael. The two Kael's are going to wrestle the Fuse Bros. in January!

**Lance:**

Perhaps our viewers don't know, but there's a ton of history between Sutler and Conor. Both are around the same age. I believe their ascents in High Octane Wrestling on the main event scene happened at the same time.

**DDK:**

Bitter rivals.

**Lance:**

Very.

Sutler Reynolds-Kael stops at the front row, directly across from where Tyler and Conor have taken up real estate. There's an empty seat beside Sutler but before he does anything else, SRK gingerly holds up his right hand and reveals a mobile ticket on his phone. Conor has maintained his WTF demeanor. Fuse leans forward and peers into SRK's phone.

The ticket looks legitimate.

**Conor Fuse:**

Bullshit!

Sutler takes his seat as Conor motions to his deadpan brother.

**Conor Fuse:**

That. That's the gothic, emo, pencil dick mamma's boy I've been telling you about for YEARS.



Tyler remains stoic.

Anyway, inside the ring, GFC decides it would be a good time to CLOBBER the Crescent City Kid with a clothesline and then ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM. Mark Shields is all “oh shit, yeah, there’s a match to call”!

**DING DING**

**STOMP, STOMP, STOMP.** There are tons of them as Tyler watches on, but Conor keeps looking at Sutler.

**Conor Fuse:**

Where the hell did you get your seat? Ticketmaster? StubHub? SeatGeek? GameTime?

Bates lifts CCK and tosses him to the ropes. He looks for another clothesline but the Crescent City Kid leaps to avoid it and lands a backstabber on Bates.

**DDK:**

That’s one big man The Kid knocked down!

Crescent City hits the ropes and lands a missile dropkick into Bates’ face, smushing Cyrus’ eyeblack around in the process. The Kid peels GFC off the mat and looks for a roundhouse kick, when Bates catches the leg and tosses it up in the air.

The Crescent City Kid flips in the air, going with the momentum. It’s a total 360 as he lands on his feet, so CCK looks for another roundhouse kick and catches Cyrus under the jaw!

Bates stumbles into the ropes while CCK comes racing in. He leaps but GFC moves, sending Crescent City into the ropes and then out of the ring entirely as he stumbles upon them.

**DDK:**

Look out!

The Crescent City Kid is falling directly towards the Fuse Bros. Tyler sees him but Conor Fuse continues to just stare a hole into SRK’s forehead. Meanwhile, Sutler barely acknowledges anything.

**WHAP!**

Conor is hit in the shoulder upon Crescent City’s landing. It’s more of a nudge than anything else, it doesn’t particularly hurt or knock Conor over. It only pisses the former gamer off.

Fuse cracks his neck, shouts and then snatches the Crescent City Kid by the back of the neck, tossing him into the steel steps!

**CRASH!**

**Conor Fuse:**

OUT OF MY WAY!

The fans boo, but Mark Shields isn’t gonna do anything about it. Probably because he doesn’t know he can.

**VIREZ-LE!**

**VIREZ-LE!**

**VIREZ-LE!**

**Lance:**

I believe that means BOOT HIM OUT!

**DDK:**

Well, Mark should, dammit! Conor directly got involved in the match and that's not allowed!

Cyrus exits the ring, walking towards the fallen Crescent City. In doing so he passes the Fuse Bros. and thanks Conor for the help. In response, the FORMER Ultimate Gamer merely scoffs at the notion and goes back to pouting in Sutler's direction.

**Conor Fuse:** [to SRK]

I dunno if you know this or not douchebag, but I'm a grown-up now!

Sutler doesn't look like he cares.

GFC collects CCK and tosses him into the ring. Bates climbs the apron, and then he starts to climb to the TOP ROPE!

Once up, he looks over at Conor Fuse.

**Game Face Cyrus:**

This one's for you, brother!

Bates LEAPS off and aims for a HEAD STOMP. In the process, however, Conor is preoccupied with continuing to rip on Sutler!

**DDK:**

The HIGH HIGH Head Stomp... MISSES!

But Bates lands on his feet.

**WHAM!**

Doesn't matter. The Crescent City Kid comes flying off the ropes with a wicked looking spinning heel kick that lands right under Cyrus' chin again.

**DDK:**

We have a cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

As always, no one can get a read on Tyler Fuse outside the ring and Conor Fuse hasn't stopped mouthing off to Sutler. Conor isn't paying attention to a thing inside the squared circle.

**Conor Fuse:** [mid trash talk]

...And tell your daddy he's beyond insane for flying you out to France! Well then again, I can't blame him now, can I? I actually like the guy! It's you, it's you and your stupid looking face I CAN'T STAND. I wanna MANGLE IT!

The Crescent City Kid drags Cyrus Bates off the mat and delivers a few swift knees into the gut.

**Conor Fuse:**

...But I'm not gonna MANGLE you because I am a grown-up now and I have other people doing my bidding.

Conor points to inside the ring.

**Conor Fuse:**

SEE!

But it's The Kid who has control of the match and it's pissing Conor off. Crescent City is delivering superkick after superkick after superkick, working Bates into a corner of the ring at the fan's delight!

Conor is about to blow a fuse, as it's the only time Sutler even remotely does anything (looks like for a millisecond he's amused).

**Lance:**

Maybe now is as good of a time as ever to remind those who are newer Faithful that the Fuse's and Gulf Coast Connection -and in particular The Crescent City Kid himself,- have a longstanding history with Tyler and Conor, building to a brutal match at DEFCON in 2019 where the Fuse's were victorious.

The Kid whips Bates into the ropes and delivers a hurricanrana into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

BARELY A KICKOUT!

Conor was about to have a stroke!

Yet Bates is on his feet first. It looks like he's remerged with a GAME FACE as he ducks a kick from Crescent City and then tackles the Gulf Coast member to the mat.

...Unleashing a ton of elbows and punches to follow!

The crowd boos. Tokens fall out of Bates' coin dispenser. The Crescent City Kid is trying to breakaway but he's having a hard time doing so.

Outside the ring, Conor Fuse is finally pleased. He has his arms crossed and a smirk on his face as he looks into the ring and then back at Sutler. However, the pleased look slowly fades when he realizes Reynolds-Kael might be more deadpan than his brother.

Or, in this case, Sutler is simply dead inside.

Bates pulls Crescent City off the mat. He's looking for a spinebuster slam when CCK escapes! The Kid runs into the ropes, jumps HIGH into the air and lands right across GFC's shoulder.

Flying tornado DDT!

Bates is DOA! The crowd is alive! Cyrus' game face is all over the canvas mat, there's eyeblack rubbed in everywhere! Even Bates' coin dispenser fell off his belt buckle in the process of that ring-shaking DDT!

Conor's eyes bug outta his head as The Kid goes to the top rope and measures Cyrus Bates for the end, The Kid's frog splash finisher...

Crescent City Kid points to the sky. He hammers his chest. He leaps off.

When.

**PING!**

**DDK:**

What the hell!?

**Lance:**

Conor! I believe Conor got his hands on that coin dispenser. It fell out of the ring when Crescent City hit Bates with the DDT... and Conor Fuse just THREW IT full blast, hitting the back of the Crescent City Kid's head when he jumped!

There's no frog splash, just a SPLAT. Because Lance Warner is right. Conor had one shot. He HURLED the dispenser at the back of Crescent City's head, hitting CCK right in the skull, potentially knocking The Kid out mid-jump.

The replays show it.

**DDK:**

I hate to say it, but that's a hell of a throw by Fuse!

A few tokens popped out upon impact, as Cyrus Bates is back on his feet. He looks down at the Crescent City Kid and then over to the Fuse Bros. He nods. He knows what to do.

GFC peels CCK off the canvas and places him upright. Bates points to outside the ring and again mentions 'this one is for Conor'. Cyrus hits the ropes and JUMPS.

HEAD STOMP.

**DDK:**

It's over.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

***DING DING DING*****Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... GAME. FACE. CYRUS!

However, there is no theme music that accompanies the victory, as a furious Conor Fuse is already in the ring, coin dispenser in hand. It only takes one quick nod to Bates and Bates is unloading on the Crescent City Kid!

**Conor Fuse:** [popping out token after token]

COIN. COIN. COIN. COIN. COIN.

After Fuse has about twenty of them in his hands, he tells Bates to lift the Crescent City Kid up. The two of them rip open The Kid's mask so they can better get at his mouth...

And then Conor starts funneling all of the tokens straight into CCK's mouth.

**DDK:**

C'mon guys, enough!

With about twenty+ tokens in there, Conor takes a couple of steps back and looks over in Sutler's direction.

**Conor Fuse:**

YOU SON OF AN INSANE LOOSE CANNON ASSCLOWN, this is gonna be YOUUUUUUUUUUU!

**WHAP!**

A superkick from hell, as the Crescent City Kid's head goes sideways and the tokens spew out like water shooting from a hose.

Conor grins, he's feeling pretty god damn good at the moment. Big brother marches up the steel steps, too.

Might Conor do MOAR?

Suddenly, the crowd starts cheering! No, it's not because SRK has done anything (he hasn't). Instead, there's someone else repelling down from the rafters!

**DDK:**

IT'S KLEIN!

**Lance:**

Klein intervened two weeks ago and it looks like he's going to do it again!

The second Klein places both feet in the ring, he unhooks himself. Conor Fuse comes racing in but Klein takes Conor down with a right fist. Next, it's Cyrus Bates who bursts forward! Although Game Face gets in a couple of early shots, it's Klein who ends up coming back with a few of his own!

The Box Man sends Bates into the ropes... and upon return...

**DDK:**

Oh my god!

The Faithful pop! They know Bates' kryptonite!

**DDK:**

Uranage!

**SLAM!**

...No!

Tyler Fuse with the save. He absolutely destroys Klein with a running, leaping knee to the side of the box. It's just one move... but it stuns Klein enough for Bates to regain his composure, look over at Tyler with a nod and then bounce off the ropes.

AXE KICK.

Klein is down and out. Things are seemingly over, as Bates and Tyler start to walk away...

Until a recovering and vicious Conor Fuse enters the picture. He leaps right on top of Klein and starts delivering ruthless forearms and punches!

**BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!**

Conor looks over at GFC. Fuse DEMANDS Bates come back and lay into Klein. Conor removes himself from the situation as Bates takes Conor's place and unloads with rights, lefts and forearms to even more jeers from The French Faithful.

**DDK:**

Just disgusting.

**Conor Fuse:** [shouting at Klein]

I am a GROWN-UP NOW! You respect your god damn elders, kid!

**DDK:**

Kid? KID!? Klein is older than Conor!

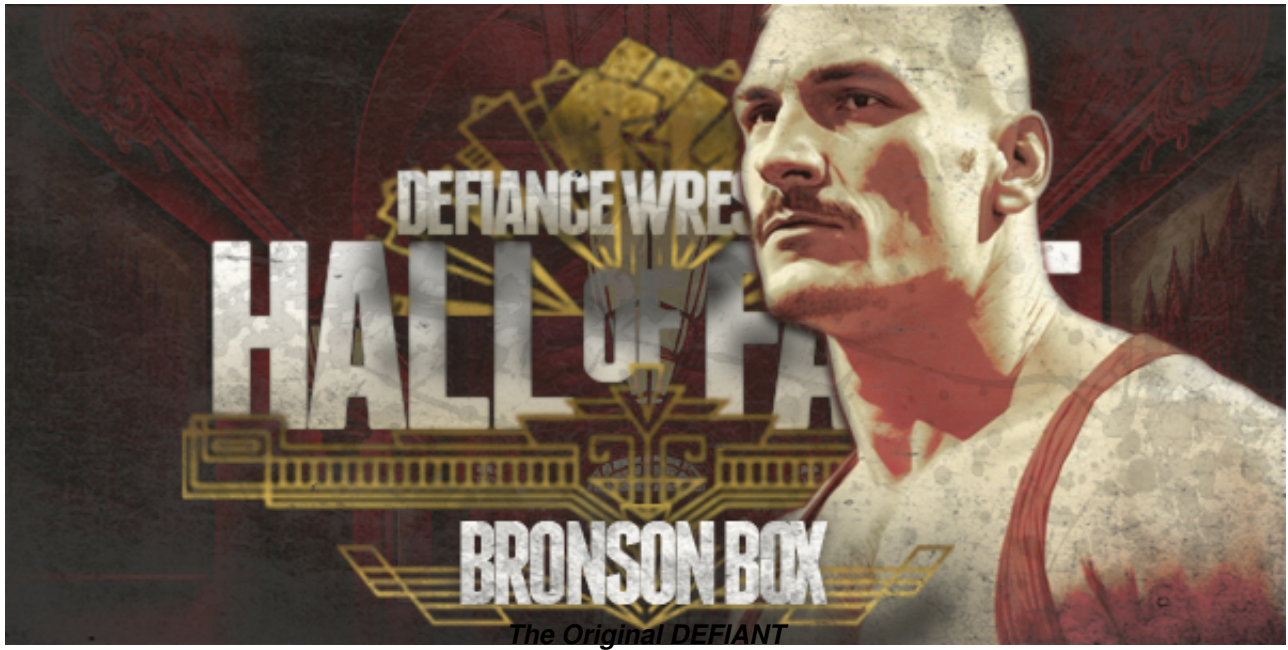
Bates screams at the top of his lungs as he continues to unload on Klein. Meanwhile, Conor dusts himself off and relocates his own game face as he glances towards Sutler Renyolds-Kael.

But SRK is nowhere to be seen.

Conor shakes his head in frustration. It's only now that he tells Cyrus to stop beating on Klein. GFC does as he's told, but not before pushing off Klein as he stands. The Fuse's and Bates make their exit, with the "performance based" attack now over.

Boos reign down as they make their way up the ramp, leaving a stunned referee in the middle of the ring to check on Klein. But it's Mark Shields, and he's useless, so he doesn't check on anyone.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX**

## UNALIVED

At the commentary booth Darren Keebler and Lance Warner come back from the commercial break.

**DDK:**

We've got some big tag team action coming up in just a few minutes, but speaking of tag teams ... we have to talk about what's been going on with M4NTRA and Kill Or Be Killed.

**Lance:**

Things have gone off the rails between everyone's favorite Gen Z tag team and La Familia's monsters! It was M4NTRA who would hand Kill Or Be Killed their first ever loss as a tag team during the semifinals of the Ace of Tag Teams tournament. The following night against Triple 7s in the finals, the Killers returned the favor through a violent assault.

**DDK:**

Since that time, M4NTRA have almost not been able to catch a break. They set a trap for the duo a few weeks ago on DEFtv 226 with that Beta Blocker Plus spray to the eyes of Killjoy. But it has all been down hill from there! On 227, Kilgore beat Nathan Eye in a singles match and then attacked Declan Alexander after the match. Then last week ...

Some footage plays of M4NTRA trying to attack the Killers after their match against Atomic Punks only for both teams to end up beaten and bloodied at their feet.

**Lance:**

Both men needed medical attention after that attack. They have not been cleared for competition tonight and aren't expected to be ...

**Nathan Eye:**

Lyon!

*RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!*

**DDK:**

Looks like we spoke too soon!

There's no music and there's no dancing and there is certainly No Good Vibes right now. Declan Alexander has on a black tank top. Nathan Eye is wearing matching clothes and has stitches on his forehead. Makayla Namaste is behind them and looks worried for them, but the M4NTRA boys are in Lyon!

**DDK:**

They weren't scheduled to make an appearance but I guess that's out the window ...

The trio are on stage.

**Nathan Eye:**

Lyon ... next time we're in town, we owe you all a Good Vibes Only party. But tonight ... M4NTRA's gotta get ...

**DEC4L:**

Deadass. No cap.

Nathan Eye points up at the screen.

**Nathan Eye:**

You all saw what happened to us two weeks ago at the hands of Kilgore and Killjoy. Tonight, M4NTRA aren't cleared to compete. We gotta realign our minds. We gotta re-strategize and reenergize ... but that don't mean we're gonna *stay down!*



Nathan Eye doesn't have his book for once and points to the lack of his book.

**Nathan Eye:**

Ever since we *beat* the two of you in the Ace of Tag Teams, you've been out for our blood. And two weeks ago, my blood got spilled.

**Declan Alexander:**

You tried to cancel us and I'll be the first to admit, you hurt us and hurt us real bad. But you know what you didn't do?

**Nathan Eye:**

You two big unenlightened idiots didn't kill us!

**Declan Alexander:**

That's right! You think you killed us, but I'm dead that you think that! Y'all got that brainrot if you think we're done and that's just big yikes for you!

Cheers are starting to build!

**Nathan Eye:**

For our lovely French M4NTRA Rays ... Nous sommes toujours debout, putains!

OOOOHHHHHHH!!!

**Nathan Eye:**

Let's do a quick mental and physical wellness check, M4NTRA Rays. You still here, Declan?

DEC4L gets the mic.

**Declan Alexander:**

On God.

**Nathan Eye:**

You still here Makayla?

Makayla takes the mic.

**Makayla Namaste:**

Bet.

**Nathan Eye:**

Sounds like to me that we aren't finished! I don't even need my *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* to tell me that this needs to end. M4NTRA! Kill Or Be Killed! DEFIANCE Rising!

The Faithful cheer the announcement!

**DDK:**

I respect where they're coming from, but I have to wonder if this is w....

**???:**

Sounds like you idiots have a death wish!

The DEFIatron flickers slowly, then flashes to life. Standing backstage is Siofra, wearing a form-fitting black and gold body suit and boots with her hair tied in a ponytail with a black crown holding the front of her hair back.

**Siofra:**

You guys sure love rousing speeches, don't you? You love giving rousing speeches full of a bunch of Gen Z garbage, but uh... those speeches didn't stop Kilgore and Killjoy from breaking you both in half in front of Makayla, did they?

The question is purely rhetorical.

**Siofra:**

Those speeches didn't stop you from bleeding your own blood two weeks ago, did they?

Another rhetorical question. But her voice starts to go higher.

**Siofra:**

They didn't stop you from having the Ace of Tag Teams ripped from your fingertips like you did to us?! They didn't stop you from looking WEAK and IMPOTENT every time that you cross us...

She stops shouting and has a chilling half-grin.

**Siofra:**

...did they?

The camera backs up and on either side, Killjoy and Kilgore tower over her, but Siofra grins.

**Siofra:**

But let's get to it. You're right. As fun as it is watching M4NTRA get turned into chew toys for the Familia's Attack Dog and for Papa Tez and Sis' Good Son, we want to move on to bigger and better things like the Unified Tag Team Titles. So... on behalf of the Killers... we'll see you at DEFIANCE Rising.

She starts to turn away from the camera backstage, but snaps a finger.

**Siofra:**

OH! Just wanted to clarify one little thing... cause for a guy that talks about how enlightened you all are... you're a little slow, Natty Eyce. You're taking the name a little too seriously. Of COURSE, you can't KILL anyone in wrestling. You... you kinda go to jail for that, then you can't wrestle any more... but this is a kill or be killed business. Stay strong or G-T-F-O! It's our "mantra"! Get it?

She laughs, but when she doesn't get the laugh she wants in return, she shakes her head. The Fury of the Familia holds up a pinky.

**Siofra:**

Hell... you know what? Before I accompany Sis and Papa Tez to the ring for their match later, I'll pinky swear, okay? I pinky swear that at DEFIANCE Rising, none of you are going to die. Okay? Happy? Or as you might say... you won't be "unalived."

But she smiles.

**Siofra:**

But when my Killers are done with you...

Kilgore finally speaks up next to her.

**Kilgore:**

You're gonna WISH you were.

Killjoy gives one last unsettling look behind the trio and then the feed ends.

## MIL VUELTAS & THE BIG BOSS DAN vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS & PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

Once M4NTRA clears out, the camera heads on over to The Commentation Station.

### Lance:

The DEFIANCE Rising card only continues to grow, Darren! M4NTRA and Kill or Be Killed in a rematch from Acts of DEFIANCE! But are M4NTRA going to be 100% going in?

### DDK:

They say they'll be cleared, so good luck! Switching gears, we've got one final stop tonight before we hit DEFIANCE Rising! And it runs through tonight's DEFtv! DEFIANCE's self-proclaimed Biggest Hero, Mil Vueltras has made an enemy of "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas after multiple attempts to quote-unquote "help" Douglas become a bigger hero have been rejected, forcing Mil to attack him on more than one occasion!

### Lance:

And things have escalated with Punch Drunk Purcell and The Big Boss Dan... fka... DLJ. Dan has been acting as a self-proclaimed Shield for Titanes Familia! He's been instrumental in keeping Punch Drunk Purcell away from the Southern Heritage Title, not to mention he holds a victory over Punchy in a Tables Match from two shows ago. And as accepted earlier this week...

A graphic appears on the DEFIAtron!

### Lance:

It will be a Lumberguard Match! A bunch of hired guards will be at ringside between the two big men for DEFIANCE Rising! Similar to the match Purcell was in against Uriel Cortez back at DEF Row in October, The Big Boss Dan is looking to rid the Familia of their Purcell problem!

### DDK:

Mil Vueltras and Scott Douglas! Punch Drunk Purcell and Big Boss Dan! Who will walk into DEFIANCE Rising with momentum on their side? We'll find out... next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey as the Lyon crowd cheers!

### Darren Quimbey:

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

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

The rock remix of the Bonnie Tyler hit gets jeers from The Faithful. The camera lingers on the entrance of a gold lettering of "DLJ" flashing over and over again... The camera finally flashes up somewhere high in the crowd on the steps. Making his way through the concourse dressed in a burgundy-colored trenchcoat, black sleeveless turtleneck, black cargo pants and dark shades, The Big Boss Dan wields a retractable baton in hand and points towards the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by Brooklynn Rivera... from Salt Lake City, Utah, weighing in at 275 pounds... He is the Shield of Titanes Familia... **THE BIG! BOSS! DAN!**

DLJ aka BBD looks towards Brooklynn Rivera in her black and white gear, standing by in the audience. Dan nods towards Rivera, then puts a finger to the earpiece in his ear. He gives an all-clear and the music fades, leading to...

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Lyon Faithful are already at a fever pitch of hate! A white spotlight shines up in the arena. Standing in said white spotlight, being taken to task by The Faithful is none other than the man who took OSCAR BURNS out of action at Acts of DEFIANCE and followed that up with a win over "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy (via countout...)

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his partner, From Tijuana, Mexico and currently residing in... your hearts... weighing in at 180 pounds... He is the man who rid DEFIANCE of OSCAR BURNS... He is The Man of a Thousand Flips! He is The GLOAT! And he is DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero...

Pause.

**Darren Quimbey:**

**MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL... VUeltasSSSSSSS!**

Yelling to The Faithful like they were cheering him on (hint: They aren't. At all.), the GLOAT walks down the steps heading down towards the ring, dressed in all-white mask, baggy pants-length tights and boots all decorated with gold and silver rhinestones, along with a fur coat! The Big Boss Dan and Brooklynn Rivera all head towards ringside and occupy the ring. As he steps over the ropes, DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero waves and blows kisses to The Faithful, then poses on a corner of the ring...

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!**

...sparkling pyro erupts from the other three turnbuckles before Mil leaps into the ring and sheds his cape.

**PUNCH.  
PIN.  
PAY WINDOW.**

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

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents... first, representing The Lads... from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring! Tonight there's no playtime! The big man heads towards the ring... THEN ROLLS RIGHT INSIDE AS MIL AND THE BIG BOSS DAN TRY TO JUMP ON HIM!

**Lance:**

We're starting fast and furious here tonight! Purcell's not even waiting for Scott Douglas to make it out here!

The boots come flying, but Purcell goes right in and SHOVES Mil away, going right for The Big Boss Dan by running him into the corner! Mil Vueltas immediately goes right after the big man. Darren Quimbey abandons his announcement and leaves the ring.

Suddenly, Scott Douglas bursts through the curtain, running full speed to the ring.

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

His music lags behind a beat and is almost ready to cut off before it really got started.

**DDK:**

Scott Douglas is coming in hot!

Douglas hits the ring as soon as Mil spins around, then TACKLES him to the ground, raining down punches! Hector Navarro calls for the bell!

**DING DING**

Douglas goes right after Mil while in the other side of the ring, Purcell leans back and lands a HUGE clothesline on The Big Boss Dan, sending the ginger giant tumbling over the ropes and out to the floor!

**Lance:**

There goes Dan from the ring!

Meanwhile, Mil gets picked up and rocked by a standing dropkick that knocks him out of the ring right next to Dan on the floor! Inside the ring, both Purcell and Douglas fire up the Lyon Faithful as they prepare for their next move!

**DDK:**

And there goes The GLOAT!

**Lance:**

When this challenge was issued, both Scott Douglas and Punch Drunk Purcell promised that punks would jump up only to get beat down! And so far, they're making good on that promise!

The GLOAT and the Familia's Shield are both trying to recover on the outside with Brooklynn Rivera trying to help them back up to their feet. Purcell is near the ropes and signals to Douglas for whatever they're going to do next. Douglas takes the hint and then runs off the ropes for the Brick Hithouse to LAUNCH him over the ropes with an aided hip toss into a tope con hilo that wipes out both Vueltas and the Familia's Golden Children!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!*

**DDK:**

For a first-time team, it's clear that Scott Douglas and Punch Drunk Purcell were both ready for tonight's match! They just took out the more experienced Familia!

Purcell heads outside the ring along with Scott Douglas. Both men, each, grab an arm of Mil Vueltas, who is pleading for his career. They both hit a double hip toss and send Mil flying back INTO the ring through the bottom and middle rope! The GLOAT is left hobbling around the ring while Douglas and Purcell both bask in the cheers of The Faithful!

**DDK:**

Lordy! They just PITCHED Mil Vueltas back into that ring! Things aren't looking good for The Familia right now!

The DEFIANCE Legend and the 2024 Rookie of the Year both head into the ring. Purcell is the ring and waits as Mil tries to get back up, only to rush at him with a charging clothesline that spins him around before he hits the canvas!

**Lance:**

How many times did Mil flip before he hit that canvas! Looked at least one and a half!

Purcell grabs onto Mil and the Brick Hithouse has the 180-pound luchador at his mercy in the ring. He makes the tag to Scott Douglas and the DEFIANCE legend...

*RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!*

Douglas whips Mil across the ropes and when he comes back, hits a drop toe hold! Mil faceplants on the canvas, but things go from bad to worse when DEFIANCE's Favorite Son quickly hits the ropes and catches Mil on the side of the head with a sliding dropkick! He covers Mil quickly!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Mil kicks out and tries to roll out of the ring, but Douglas has him by the leg! Mil goes into panic mode and scrapes the canvas before being pulled back to the corner by a leg! Purcell gets the tag as Douglas picks Mil up and doubles him over with an abdominal stretch to give Purcell a free shot!

**DDK:**

And here comes Purcell... OOH! Body blow from the former boxer!

The GLOAT gets gut-checked by the big man with a huge left jab! Mil is doubled over, but things go from bad to worse when Mil is picked up and then pulled up in the ropes! Purcell has the crowd cheering loudly when he gets ready!

**DDK:**

Oh, no! Here comes Hitting the Bag!

He starts raining down the clubbing blows across the chest of Mil Vueltras in the ropes as The Faithful count along!

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SI- BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

He only gets to the halfway point when The Big Boss Dan catches Purcell with a running elbow to the side of the head! Mil is then escorted to safety from ringside by Brooklynn Rivera as Mil saves himself! Mil has had enough and waves his hand towards the people and starts to bail.

**Mil Vueltras:**

A REAL HERO KNOWS WHEN TO WALK AWAY, CABRONS!

Purcell isn't having that and starts to leave the ring to go after the trio trying to leave ringside!

**Lance:**

Titanes Familia sure like to start fights, but hate it when they aren't winning them!

Purcell drops down from the apron, but Hector Navarro cuts him off and orders him back inside.

The distraction gives The Big Boss Dan the opening he wanted all along. He circles behind Purcell and clobbers him with a heavy forearm between the shoulder blades before shoving him headlong into the ring post.

**DDK:**

Purcell just got blindsided!

Dan muscles the big man back into the ring and follows, dragging Purcell toward La Familia's corner. He stomps away until Mil tags himself in with a big slap to Dan's back.

**Lance:**

Of course, Mil wants in now that the table's been set. This guy is unbelievable.

Mil struts into the ring and poses before taking a running start and firing off a basement dropkick to Purcell's jaw. He makes a dramatic, over-the-top cover.

ONE!

TW --

Purcell powers out and throws Mil halfway across the ring.

**DDK:**

The power of PURCELL!

Mil scrambles back, horrified, and immediately tags The Big Boss Dan in. Dan steps in and keeps the advantage before Purcell can make it to his feet. He lays in a couple of heavy forearms before ushering PDP back into the Familia corner.

Short lariats and body blows keep the big man trapped while the Lyon Faithful cheer him on to break free and make a tag.

Brooklyn jumps to the apron ...

**Lance:**

What's this now!?

From the other side of the ring, Scott Douglas, holding the tag rope ... cries foul. Hector takes notice ...

... and with his back turned, Mil springs up onto the top rope and lands a diving stomp to Purcell's shoulder while Dan holds him in place. Hector turns around just in time to find Mil back on the apron and DLJ pulling Purcell up from the mat.

**DDK:**

Purcell is rallying! Scott Douglas... leaning as far out as he possibly can for the TAG!

Punch Drunk plants his feet and tries to shove Dan off of him, but to no avail. BBD cuts him down again with a short side kick to the knee that instantly collapses Purcell.

**Lance:**

That one landed right on the joint!

**DDK**

Dan Leo James ... knows how to pick a man apart!

Purcell clutches his leg, trying to stand, but Dan scoops him up and drives him back down with a shinbreaker across his thigh. Purcell hits the mat hard, grabbing his knee in pain.

Dan takes the short step to the corner and offers Mil the tag... he eagerly accepts.

**Lance:** *[in disgust]*

Ohhh, of course...

Mil hops over the top rope and immediately blasts the knee with a running basement dropkick. Purcell shouts and rolls toward the ropes.

**Lance:**

They figured out the game plan. Cut the leg and keep the big man grounded.

Mil grabs Purcell's ankle and yanks him to the center of the ring, twisting the foot and wrenching the knee straight into the canvas. He stands, snaps down with a second stomp to the knee, and then a third.

Scott Douglas reaches in, slapping the turnbuckle, begging Purcell to move toward him.

The crowd rallies behind him.

Mil steps through and locks in a half-crab, sitting deep and torqueing Purcell's leg back toward his own shoulder. Purcell grits his teeth and digs deep... dragging their combined weight toward the ropes.

**DDK:**

Listen to this place. They want Purcell to get to that corner in the worst way!

Mil shakes his head instantly and tries to keep him from the rope break. Purcell digs in and gives it his all ... nearly reaching the ropes. Purcell swings around and kicks his leg back!

**Lance:**

Purcell kicks the GLOAT away! But The Big Boss Dan makes the tag!

The Big Boss Dan makes the tag, but before Purcell is able to get to his feet, BBD MOWS him down!

**DDK:**

There's the Gold Rush from the 280-pound James!

Douglas kicks around the mat as Big Boss Dan makes another quick tag to Mil! As he's down, Mil leaps up and connects with a springboard 450 splash on the big man!

**DDK:**

GREAT combination from La Familia! Cover by Mil!

He jumps on top of Punchy and hooks a massive leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Mil makes the kickout and Punchy gets launched off of him! The left leg is slowing him down, so The GLOAT goes right back to the leg and continues to stomp on the knee!

**Lance:**

Two-count by Mil Vueltas, but a great comeback here!

Mil waves at Douglas, who tries to get into the ring only to be stopped by Hector Navarro. The Man of a Thousand Flips leans back and tries to catch Punchy with a superkick... only for Purcell to catch him and ROCK him with a Bald Bull headbutt! Vueltas' body goes stiff and he falls backwards to the canvas while The Faithful cheering!

**DDK:**

THAT BALD BULL HEADBUTT WAS ON POINT! CAN HE MAKE THE TAG?!

Douglas looks ready! He has his hand out as Purcell holds his head in pain. Big Boss Dan points and gestures over to Mil to try and get him back to his corner, but Mil is in a daze!

*RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!*

**DDK:**

AND HERE COMES SCOTT DOUGLAS!

Sub Pop heads to the top rope with the quickness as The Big Boss Dan tries to warn Tio Mil! Mil turns around only to eat a diving crossbody from Douglas, who rolls right up to his feet and catches Dan on the apron with a dropkick to the leg! Dan goes off the apron and Douglas goes right on the attack by hitting a HUGE slingshot plancha onto The Big Boss Dan outside the ring! The rabid Faithful continue to cheer on Douglas as he gets back to his feet and slides back into the ring!



**Lance:**

Scott Douglas is hitting anything that moves right now! And he's back in!

Once back inside the ring, Douglas runs right through Mil with a big running clothesline! As The GLOAT tries to scramble back to his feet, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son comes off the opposite side and hits DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero with another big clothesline! He picks up Mil and wastes no time throwing him across the ring before colliding with a corner forearm smash that rattles the jaw of Mil! Douglas then grabs him by the neck out of the corner and takes him up and over!

**DDK:**

Bridging Northern Lights by Dougla... NO!

Taking advantage of the size difference, Douglas impressively rolls through and takes Mil back up to his feet before connecting with a second bridging northern lights suplex!

**DDK:**

Rolling northern lights by Douglas! Can he and Purcell win this one?

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

**Lance:**

Great sequence by Scott Douglas! I thought he had it!

**DDK:**

Like him or not, we've seen Mil Vueltas tangle with the best of the best in DEFIANCE! Whether it's tag or singles!

Despite the onslaught, Mil gets the shoulder off the canvas! Douglas gets back up and grabs The GLOAT by his neck before setting him up on the top rope. He goes to pick him up on the top rope and then spins his hands to signal that he's looking for a top rope hurricanrana! Once he's up on the top rope, he measures up Mil. He points to The Faithful just as Brooklynn Rivera tries to climb onto the ring apron!

**DDK:**

No! Douglas gets rid of Rivera!

He jumps off the middle rope and knocks her off the ring apron with a flying clothesline! He goes to pick himself up, but doesn't see Big Boss Dan come back and slip Mil something that quickly gets tucked in through the eye hole of his mask!

**Lance:**

What was that!

Punch Drunk Purcell comes back and attacks The Big Boss Dan and the two big men start trading body blows at ringside!

**DDK:**

I'm not sure what that was... Douglas back up!

Mil is perched in the corner when Douglas cracks him with a chop to the chest! He climbs to the top rope and tries to hook the leg of The GLOAT...

**DDK:**

No way... NO WAY! Are we going to see a Sub Pop... SUPERPLEX?!

Douglas gets ready... but Mil SMACKS him with a headbutt! But the headbutt almost knocks DEFIANCE's Favorite Son loopy! He falls off the middle rope and barely stands as Mil does the same in a daze, barely landing the ring apron catching himself on the ropes.

**Lance:**

Big Boss Dan handed him SOMETHING! Mil loaded up that mask!

Mil then poses all heroic-like on the top turnbuckle and springboards into flying (loaded?) headbutt right to the face of Douglas, knocking him off his feet!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Lance:**

THAT MASK IS LOADED, HECTOR!

Hector's none-the-wiser as Mil quickly reaches through his mask and throws what looks like a small hunk of metal towards Rivera, who conceals it in her jacket! Mil hooks the leg of Douglas!

**DDK:**

Kick out! Come on!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are your winners of the match... **THE BIG BOSS DAN AND MIL VUELTAS!**

**Lance:**

NO WAY, DARREN! NO WAY! MIL VUELTAS HAS JUST PINNED SCOTT DOUGLAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

**DDK:**

WHAT KIND OF A HERO USES AN ILLEGAL WEAPON TO WIN A MATCH!

Mil Vueltras taps his arm to tell Hector Navarro to raise his hand as Brooklynn Rivera joins them! Punch Drunk Purcell tries to get into the ring, but from behind, The Big Boss Dan CRACKS him in the back of the head with the retractable baton! Soon, it's a three-on-one over Punch Drunk Purcell as well in the ring with Rivera and Mil attacking the bad knee with stomps and The Big Boss Dan slamming the baton into his midsection!

**DDK:**

Come on! That's enough! Purcell and Douglas have both been laid out!

Once Purcell finally stops moving, Mil DEMANDS that Navarro raise he and Dan's arms! He does so to LOUD jeers from the Lyon Faithful as Mil grins.

**Mil Veltas:**

BUENOS NOCHES, PARIS!

After getting the city wrong (on purpose), Mil, Brooklyn and The Big Boss Dan pose over the fallen bodies of Scott Douglas and Punch Drunk Purcell before leaving the ring to celebrate!

**DDK:**

Douglas and Purcell were on the verge of victory tonight before dirty tactics help Mil Veltas and The Big Boss Dan secure this win!

**Lance:**

I guarantee you that they aren't going to be so lucky at DEFIANCE Rising! Scott Douglas and Punch Drunk Purcell will remember this!

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: UNCUT**

## URIEL CORTEZ & TITANESS vs. LINDSAY TROY & ???

### DDK:

We've already seen a lot of big matches go down tonight and halfway through tonight's final show before DEFIANCE Rising, we have a big one coming up right now with big stakes! Our co-Southern Heritage Champions aka The SO-US, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez and Titaness, are in tag team action against "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and a partner of her choosing!

### Lance:

This match came about after our main event two weeks ago! Titaness defended the SOHER/SO-US against Lindsay Troy! After a back-and-forth match that looked like Lindsay Troy may have been on the cusp of victory and the Southern Heritage Title, Cortez would attack Troy to help the co-champions retain the gold! However, Troy would not be denied!

### DDK:

The challenge was made with tonight in mind! Lindsay Troy and a partner of her choosing against Cortez and Titaness! If the champs win, Troy won't have any more title shots as long as they have the gold. However, should Troy win, she will have a title match against Uriel Cortez at DEFIANCE Rising!

### Lance:

The co-champions were pretty confident that Troy may not be able to rely on Vae Victis. Kerry Kuroyama's attention has been pulled away due to the recent issues with High Flyer and Victor Vacio, while FIST of DEFIANCE Henry Keyes and his challenger, Dan Ryan, have been involved in their own issues. We'll see who LT has in mind because this match is right now!

The camera cuts to DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey in the ring to introduce the teams for this massive tag team match!

### Darren Quimbey:

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

*Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal  
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia*

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

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg in stained-glass colors! In the right spotlight, the form of "The Fury of The Familia" Siofra, donning a black and and gold dress. And in the center, the tallest figure with gold-tinted sunglasses, black vest, pants and gloves. And an arrogant sneer.

### Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra at a combined weight of 539 pounds... they are the... in their words... the parental figures this place DESPERATELY needs...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

### Darren Quimbey:

They are YOUR SO-US Champion! She is "THE PRETTY POWERFUL"... TITANESS! He is "THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Siofra cackles into the camera following the trio ringside while Titaness holds her arms out to loud jeers. Behind her, Papa Tez himself simply pops the bones in his neck and gets ready for a fight. Once they reach the ring, Siofra is elevated onto the ring apron by Cortez himself. Uriel, Titaness and Siofra pose to jeers, then address the camera at ringside.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Who you got, LT? Ker-Bear? Murder Dad doing double duty? Bring your Bestie! We don't care!

**Titanness:**

Cat one! Cat two! Cat twenty-five! Bring ALL the cats! 36-on-2 Handi-cat Match for all we care! Let's go!

The insufferable husband and wife wave their SO-HIS and SO-HERS title belts in the air. Siofra cheers them ringside.

♪ "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. White, pink, and blue spotlights snap to the entrance way as the Lady of the Hour saunters out onto the stage, microphone in hand.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Y'know, I'm sure you three must think you're pretty clever with your "old lady spinster with a million cats" jokes, but in addition to being delusional, you also need your eyes checked. My name isn't Siobhann Cassidy - oh, sorry, *Siofra*, or Teri Melton; I've never been a sad, lonely, little attention-seeking try-hard, and I don't feel the need to put my private life out on full display anymore. Besides...

She smiles.

**Lindsay Troy:**

...everyone knows I prefer dogs to cats anyway...

Now hit that fuckin' guitar.

The impeccable combination of southern twang and metal hits the speakers right on time with a familiar black pick-up barreling down the road on the big screen. Strobe lights flash, the truck turns, and we all get a look at that license plate:

**BAD DOG**

♪ "Too long, and too little,  
Tell me when you gonna bring it on.  
Small fights, and big stages,  
Never terrified enough to run." ♪

The crowd lifts and roars as the Old Sonnuva Bitch himself walks out, his wide-brimmed drifter's hat tucked over the eyes. The music wails, and Wade Elliott steps forward to stand next to his Queen, shooting her a grin before lifting his hat to the crowd.

**Lance:**

OH, MY GOODNESS! DARREN... THAT'S WADE ELLIOTT!

Perhaps more notable, is the finger tape on one hand is most definitely, certainly, and begrudgingly...pink.

**DDK:**

WADE ELLIOTT IS THE TAG TEAM PARTNER OF LINDSAY TROY! HER OWN HUSBAND AND A FORMER DEFIANT HIMSELF!

Wade gives the Lady of the Hour a nod. She nods in kind, and the two march their way to the ring. The Bad Dog tosses his hat to the side before they hop onto the apron, fists in the air as the chorus hits. Uriel Cortez and Titanness are cautiously watching The Bad Dog and The Queen of the Ring head on down the aisle!

♪ "ALLLLL LIIINED UP AND BUILT FOR PRESSURE!

(STEP UP! I'M ON IT!)

SAAYY YOOOUUUR PEACE LIKE IT'S THE END!!

(STAND BACK! WE'RE MOVIN'!!)"♪

The pair reach the ring with Wade Elliott staring a hole right through the insufferable co-SOHER. Lindsay Troy smirks and looks proud of her mystery partner pick tonight! Titaness and Uriel do a quick rock, paper, scissors with Titaness winning first. Seeing this on her side, LT offers to start for her team. Wade gives her a nod as the two ladies are kicking off this match!

### **DING DING**

Starting things off, Lindsay Troy is in the ring with Titaness!

### **DDK:**

What a surprise by Lindsay Troy! Several years ago, Lindsay Troy and her now-husband, Wade Elliott, made up two-thirds of the Big Damn Heroes in DEFIANCE with Lindsay's ex-husband Tyler Rayne! Wade's a former Southern Heritage champion and one of PRIME's toughest men! A former Intense Champion and a PRIME Hall of Famer in his own right!

### **Lance:**

But more to the point... it's husband and wife versus husband and wife! Lindsay Troy is fighting fire with fire!

The better halves start things off with both ladies trading shots, picking up where they left off in the main event in Marseille two weeks ago!

### **DDK:**

We witnessed a great clash between Titaness and Lindsay Troy in Marseille two weeks ago, only for the SO-US to get themselves disqualified!

Lindsay Troy is the more experienced striker and evades a forearm to double over Titaness with a quick strike. Troy runs off the ropes for a move, but Titaness surprises her by BARRELING right into her with a running shoulder block that takes the Queen of the Ring off her feet in one shot! With Troy on the mat, Titaness takes a moment to hit a double bicep! Outside the ring, Siofra cackles like a crazy person! The Faithful start booing as Titaness walks over and flashes a heart towards the titanic Cortez, who makes one back with his hands. The LDLC Arena is full of jeers right now as the lovey-dovey duo nauseate everyone.

### **Lance:**

These two are too much for arguably the most romantic locales in the world. Let that sink in for a second.

Titaness goes back to antagonizing the Queen of the Ring. She runs off the ropes for a lariat in mind, but Troy shoots up and doubles Titaness over with a spinning sole kick to the midsection followed by a shot to the chest, followed by a quick step-up enzuigiri to the side of the SO-HER's head! LT rolls up to a knee and flashes a heart with her hands towards Wade on the apron, and then flips Uriel the double birds!

### **DDK:**

Troy makes the comeback! Big stakes for this match tonight for both sides!

With Titaness scrambling, Troy makes the tag to Wade Elliott and the 'Bama Bruiser sees action in a DEFIANCE ring for the first time in several years! Troy and Elliott launch Titaness into the ropes and put an arm around the other's shoulder before they knock her down with a double big boot on the return! With Titaness down, Troy hits the ropes and comes off with a front-flip leg drop across the throat of The Motherly Saint! Troy leaves the ring and Wade follows up with an elbow drop across the chest of one-half of the SO-US!

### **Lance:**

Wade Elliott gets the cover! Remember, if either Troy's team wins, a SOHER title shot is up for grabs at DEFIANCE Rising!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

**Lance:**

Kickout by Titaness! But Wade's got other ideas!

After Titaness gets the shoulder up, the PRIME Hall of Famer tries to pick her up, but The Motherly Saint quickly surprises him with a jawbreaker! The Faithful cheer her in kind as Wade is stunned, leading to Titaness tagging in her husband! Cortez, unamused by the state of things, climbs over the ropes.

**DDK:**

And we've got a HOSSFITE incoming!

After checking his jaw, The Blue-Collar Brawler turns around and looks up to an angry Man of the House. The air in the arena starts to grow thick as the two big men start talking trash to one another. Cortez taps his face.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Come on... BAD DOG. Bring i...

He doesn't wait for an invitation and SMACKS the giant with a big right hand! Cortez reels back from the shot as LT leans forward against the ropes, highly entertained. Titaness yells at her husband to chop him and Siofra is pointing to let him have it! He obliges...

**THWACK!**

...and counters with one of his signature chops! Wade is hunched over, reeling for a moment...

**DDK:**

Good GRIEF! Wade Elliott took that full force!

...then spins around, daring Cortez to hit him again! Cortez wears a very incredulous "WTF" look on his face seeing this!

**DDK:**

Wade Elliott may be the most life-experienced of these four competitors, but his ability to take a hit AND throw a hit are the stuff of legend!

Cortez gets angry at Wade and goes for another chop... Wade ducks! He then goes wild on Familia's father figure with a series of big soup bones upside the head! Cortez reels backwards after each shot, then Wade hits the ropes! When he bounces back, The Man of The House SMACKS him with another chop, but The 'Bama Bruiser keeps going and SMACKS into Cortez with a running big boot to his chest that knocks him back into the ropes! The 'Bama Bruiser is feeling as he guns right for Cortez and fires away with lefts and rights in the corner against the big man!

**Lance:**

That's CRAZY! When is the last time that you saw ANYONE take a Cortez chop and keep going?!

**DDK:**

I don't recall! And now he's teeing off on the big man!

Wade surprises Cortez with a big headbutt to the side of the face and follows with some good ol' mudhole stomping to the midsection! Cortez is hunched over in the corner as Wade backs out of the corner at the insistence of Hector



Navarro, lest he and LT get disqualified!

**DDK:**

The fight's being taken to Cortez and Titaness tonight and neither one can believe it!

**Lance:**

It was natural to assume Lindsay Troy was going to select a member of Vae Victis but that choice was never limited to just DEFIANCE's roster!

LT watches Wade from the corner as he goes back to going after Cortez, only for the big man to kick at the leg of Elliott and then THROW him through the ropes and out of the ring!

**DDK:**

Uriel Cortez is certainly not above taking a cheap shot, but it's not often we see him do it! He usually doesn't have to!

With Wade down on the ground, Lindsay shows the first signs of concern since the match started. Lindsay is on her corner watching her husband try to get back to his feet on the outside. Cortez tags Titaness and the SO-US co-holder waits and then takes flight, taking The 'Bama Bruiser off his feet with a flying Lady Lariat off the ring apron!

**DDK:**

Wade Elliott has a nasty lariat in his arsenal called the Southern Hospitality, but it's not often that he's on the receiving end of one!

Titaness picks herself up off the mat and then quickly rolls back into the ring. Quick tags are the name of the game as she tags back to her husband. Cortez climbs off the apron slowly, then turns to Lindsay, telling her to watch his next move. Cortez shows some remarkable movement for a man of his size and rounds the corner before SMACKING right into the PRIME Hall of Famer with a brutal running shoulder tackle that sends him into the guardrail! Elliott is knocked down when Cortez gets in his ear!

**Uriel Cortez:**

Shoulda taken your Metamucil before messing with us!

Cortez then throws The 'Bama Bruiser back into the ring. He climbs over the ropes and then starts stepping on Wade while he's in the ropes!

**DDK:**

Titanes Familia is done playing around! And... oh, good grief...

The "good grief" is Cortez exchanging a kiss with Titaness on the ring apron. Lindsay Troy is no longer in any good mood compared to the beginning of the match as she has to watch the co-leads of Titanes Familia pick apart Wade!

**Lance:**

Tag to Titaness!

Cortez pulls up Wade, but the fight in his eyes is still there as he catches Cortez with another headbutt! Uriel reels back a step, but he doesn't see The Motherly Saint coming when she hits a chop block to the knee to bring him down!

**DDK:**

Titaness with the chop block on Wade Elliott! As legendary as the toughness of Wade Elliott is, the Familia have cut the ring in half!

Titaness turns around and then KICKS Wade square on the jaw with a running pump kick! After he goes down, Titaness heads to the top rope as quickly as she can before taking flight with a diving leg drop across the neck of the Blue-Collar Brawler!

**DDK:**

Great sequence of moves from Titaness! Will they shut Lindsay Troy out of Southern Heritage Title contention tonight?!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

**Lance:**

Whoa! Wade with some grit in him still!

Wade FORCEFULLY kicks out! Titaness can't believe it, but doesn't show panic and instead, makes another sudden tag to Cortez who steps over the ropes. He goozles Wade with both hands on his throat and pushes him back into the corner. After being pinned there...

***THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!***

The 'Bama Bruiser may have eaten the previous chops, but he's starting to feel them now! Siofra is on the outside waving her own hands and cackling as Wade is pulled out of the corner and SMACKED with the Chop of Ages!

**DDK:**

Those chops had extra VENOM, including that Chop of Ages! That's gotta be it!

Cortez kneels down and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Wade kicks out again, but Cortez goes for the neck and starts to lock in a front facelock to ground him down!

**DDK:**

Wade Elliott has put up a hell of a fight, but Cortez and Titaness have now taken control! And now he's got a 340-pound man latched onto his neck!

Lindsay Troy watches as Wade tries to fight! He wildly swings and throws a few shots into the midsection of The Man of the House, but Cortez fights through the shots and SWINGS him around in the front facelock before grounding him back to the canvas!

**Lance:**

Whoa! That's one way to wear down the fight out of someone! He just swung a 255-pound man with ease!

Cortez continues to hold the front facelock with Wade continuing to struggle. Despite being taken back to the canvas, Wade STILL fights back wildly! With little other option, he throws some more haymakers into Uriel's midsection again with the people and even LT cheering him on from ringside! He almost makes it to his feet, but when he does, The Man of The House doubles him over with a knee lift!

**DDK:**

No! Cortez cuts him off!

He swings for a short-arm clothesline, but Wade DUCKS! He hits the ropes and when he comes back, Cortez misses with a wild elbow on the way back! Wade gathers up some speed and SMACKS Cortez, finally knocking the big man off his feet to a ROAR from the Lyon Faithful! Titnaess jumps up in her corner in shock while Lindsay Troy finally has a

chance to get the tag!

**DDK:**

That's the Lariat I mentioned earlier! Southern Hospitality! He got speed off those ropes and nearly took Uriel Cortez's head off!

Wade is down, as is Cortez! Titaness shouts at her husband to make the tag, but he's loopy from the big-time lariat! Troy has her hand out with Cortez able to tag her in first! The Motherly Saint tags into the ring...

AND SO DOES LINDSAY TROY!

**DDK:**

HERE WE GO! LINDSAY TROY IS FINALLY IN!

Troy meets Titaness and it's a reset as the two trade shots! Chops are flying everywhere between the two better halves in the match and The Faithful are going crazy!

**DDK:**

This action is crazy! All four of these heavy hitters are showing out tonight with a Southern Heritage Title shot on the line at DEFIANCE Rising!

Troy switches to her fancy footwork and a shoot kick doubles over Titaness! Lindsay fires back with another series of alternating kicks to the legs and then scores with a big roaring elbow to the side of the head! One-half of the SO-US is rocked and sent back in the corner where Troy rushes forward to CRACK her upside the head with a running high kick! Titaness goes cross-eyed when Troy pulls her out of the corner! Troy leaps to the middle rope and moonsaults off the middle rope, landing a huge reverse DDT in one fluid motion!

**DDK:**

Backflip off the middle rope into the reverse DDT! Can Titaness punch her ticket to DEFIANCE Rising?!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Titaness gets the shoulder up! LT looks up at the official holding up two fingers, but keeps on the attack knowing what's at stake!

**Lance:**

That was close! Lindsay Troy might be closing in on the Southern Heritage Title shot if she keeps this up!

The co-founder of Vae Victis heads to the ropes and has Titaness in her sights! She gets ready and charges towards her!

**DDK:**

HERE WE GO... QUEEN'S GAMBIT KNEE ST... WAIT!

She tries to run at Titaness for the double knee strike... but Titaness BLOCKS the move with sheer power! She hoists Troy from a powerbomb position into a fireman's carry and DRILLS her with the running DVD!

**DDK:**

Titaness countered the Queen's Gambit into a Clash of the Titaness! Is Titaness going to take this one!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

The shoulder goes up and Titaness is reeling! She decides enough is enough and sees Uriel Cortez on the ring apron in his corner, ready for a tag!

**DDK:**

Cortez is back!

Titaness tries to reach out for the tag... but out of nowhere, Wade Elliott comes out of nowhere and grabs Cortez by the leg to pull him down from the apron!

**DDK:**

NO! THERE GOES URIEL CORTEZ AND WADE ELLIOTT!

Cortez pushes Wade Elliott back towards the ring post and swings for a chop, only to hit nothing but the ring post! The Man of The House howls out in pain as Elliott goes full speed ahead at the co-SOHER!

**Lance:**

Elliott takes out Cortez! Titaness is on her own!

With Troy still down and the husband duking it out at ringside, Siofra rushes at ringside and snatches up both sets of SO-HIS and SO-HERS belts before tossing in the SO-HIS belt! Hector sees what's happening and immediately warns Titaness before he picks it up!

**DDK:**

What's Siofra doing?!

Hector takes the one title away, but Siofra slides in the other! With Hector distracted, Titaness charges towards her with the SO-HERS belt...

BUT GETS NAILED WITH A ROLLING KOPPU KICK TO THE HEAD!

**Lance:**

NO! TROY WAS PLAYING POSSUM! ROLLING KOPPU KICK CONNECTS!

The kick connects and catches Titaness! Troy looks at the title on the ground as Hector Navarro is still reading Siofra the riot act outside the ring! She shrugs... then plants Titaness with the Final Judgment right onto the SO-HERS title!

**DDK:**

TITANESS' PLAN JUST BACKFIRED! TROY JUST PLANTED HER RIGHT SQUARE ON HER TITLE BELT!

Troy gets rid of the evidence quickly and pushes the title out of the ring! Cortez sees what's happening and tries to get into the ring to save his wife, but Wade Elliott runs from the apron and kicks him in the face with a boot, knocking Cortez back as Lindsay Troy hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Put 'Em In The Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are your winners of the match... **LINDSAY TROY AND WADE ELLIOTT!**

Having pulled a fast one of her own, Lindsay Troy slowly gets back to her feet and joins Wade Elliott in the ring and the husband and wife celebrate!

**DDK:**

What a tag team match! We know Vae Victis will do what it takes in the name of victory, but it only happened after Titaness tried to introduce the title as a weapon first!

**Lance:**

And with that, Lindsay Troy now has what she wants! A one-on-one title match for the Southern Heritage Title against Uriel Cortez at DEFIANCE Rising!

Outside the ring, Cortez is seething as Siofra goes to check on Titaness. Inside the ring, Lindsay Troy holds up the SO-HERS Championship to say she's got her sights set on the title! She then throws it out of the ring towards the trio! Cortez barely catches it, but looks pissed with the state of things as Troy and Wade both bask in the moment!

**DDK:**

We're going to see a first-time-ever match between The Man of the House and The Queen of the Ring! And he better get serious and not underestimate Lindsay Troy otherwise the Southern Heritage championship may end up back with Vae Victis!

## FRIENDSHIP ALWAYS WINS

DEFTv returns to the air with a match graphic for DEFIANCE Rising, featuring Brock Newbludd on the left and a silhouette with a question mark on the right. Written above them is the following...

“ACE of DEFIANCE Match: “Milwaukee’s Beast” Brock Newbludd vs. ??????.”

### DDK:

Welcome back to DEFTv, everyone! With DEFIANCE Rising right around the corner, the card is shaping up to be absolutely stacked. But one match we still don’t have finalized is for the coveted ACE of DEFIANCE. More specifically, just who has Brock Newbludd chosen as his opponent?

### Lance:

One month ago, Newbludd held “open interviews” for the roster, and there were some real heavy hitters that showed up for it. Elite-level talent like Dex Joy, Ned Reform, Reverend Black, and MV2 all vied for the chance to take on Newbludd. Though I don’t think MV2 is in the running any longer, judging from how his interview ended.

A quick highlight is shown of Newbludd and MV2’s impromptu backstage brawl from DEFTv 227 that ended with Corvo Alpha making his presence known by saving Brock from being taken out by MV2 and Lord Nigel Tricklebush.

### DDK:

I’d have to agree with you there, partner. While many were expecting Brock’s decision to be made two weeks ago, Newbludd didn’t make the trip overseas with the rest of the roster.

Footage shows Newbludd entering the Favoured Saints’ offices in New Orleans, a serious look on his face.

### Lance:

No, he did not, DDK. That’s because he had a meeting with upper management. A meeting to discuss who he chose as his opponent, I’m guessing.

More footage is shown, this time of Brock leaving the offices with a huge grin on his face and a folded piece of paper clutched in one hand.

### DDK:

An important meeting, indeed. And judging from Newbludd’s expression afterwards, I’m going to guess it was a success for him.

### Lance:

Whatever the outcome, it was important enough for Brock to hop on the first flight to France to announce his opponent for DEFIANCE Rising here tonight. In fact, I’ve been told that we’re all going to find out in just a few minutes.

A quick cut shows Christie Zane waving to the fans as she makes her way out onto the stage and heads over to the interview area.

### DDK:

We’ve waited long enough for this match to be finalized, and I, for one, don’t want to wait any longer. Take it away, Christie!

The picture transitions over to the interview stage, where Christie Zane stands at the ready, microphone in hand. After flashing the camera a quick smile, she turns to address *Les Fidèles*, otherwise known as The Faithful.

### Christie Zane:

Mesdames et messieurs! DEFIANCE Rising is on the horizon, and it’s shaping up to be a stellar card with many high-profile matches already announced. Among these is a match to determine who will be the next ACE of DEFIANCE as Brock Newbludd...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

**Christie Zane:**

...squares off against an opponent of his choosing. After hosting open interviews a month ago, I've been told that a decision has been made. A decision that the Favoured Saints have formally approved! A decision that will be announced right here and right now!

As the crowd lets out another cheer, Christie turns her attention to the stage and extends an arm.

**Christie Zane:**

Joining me at this time to reveal his opponent at DEFIANCE Rising, please welcome "The DieHard DEFIANT"... "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd!

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

The LDLC Arena lets out a cheer as a fired-up Brock makes his way onto the stage and raises a fist to the people. Clutched in that fist is the same piece of folded white paper he was seen leaving the DEFIANCE offices with in the footage just shown. After playing to the crowd for a few moments, the star of Born Over heads over to Christie.

Having interviewed Newbludd plenty of times, Zane offers the microphone to him before he can take it from her. Brock grins and nods his head in appreciation as he takes it from her and turns to the frenzied Frenchmen.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Bonsoir, mes amis français! Je veux vous entendre!

Newbludd takes an exaggerated breath...

**Brock Newbludd:**

BAAAALLLLYYYYY!!!

No translation needed for the good people of Lyon.

**Les Fidèles:**

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Brock laughs and pumps a fist in appreciation.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Shit oui, Lyon! That's what I'm talking about! Let's go!

Grinning from ear to ear, The DieHard DEFIANT hands the microphone back to Zane and unfolds the piece of paper in his hand.

**Christie Zane:**

Well, Brock, the last time you were with me, you determined that the best way to pick your opponent was to hold open interviews for the whole DEFtv roster.

**Brock Newbludd:**

That's right, Christie. I pride myself in being an equal opportunity employer at Ballyhoo Brew, and I didn't think this situation was any different. So, interviews were held and lemme tell ya, the competition was stiffer than a Margot Garland old-fashioned.

Brock raises his hand and sticks a finger up.

**Brock Newbludd:**

I had everyone from Dex Joy...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Brock pauses and nods his head in agreement with the fans.

**Brock Newbludd:** *[terrible French accent]*

Oui! Oui! Dexee is very sexee and is mon frere! A match with him would be muy buongiorno!

Realizing that he managed to butcher three languages with only two sentences, Newbludd quickly moves on and raises another finger.

**Brock Newbludd:**

That right there is why Jean Claude Van Damme did the French dub for Born Over, Christie. Me no speaka the French very good. Moving on, then we had Reverend Black deliver a riveting sermon stating that Jesus Christ himself wanted him to be my opponent. And when the big man upstairs sends a messenger, you better believe I'm gonna listen, considering how much sin I got on my ledger. Plus, Born Over is a massive hit with 2nd Amendment Christians, and I had to take that into consideration...I mean, I don't want to be the guy who "treads" on them, right?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Newbludd raises an eyebrow and looks out to the jeering masses.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Take it easy! It's not gonna be the good Reverend! I'm looking to have a wrestling match, not a holy war!

**Christie Zane:**

Which leaves MV2, Ned Reform...and Sgt. Safety? Though I'm sure we can cross him off the list, right?

Brock frowns at Zane.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Hang on now, Zane. Don't underestimate our friend, Sgt. Safety! He's the only one that gave me an actual cover letter and resume! He's got more of a shot here than that bastard MV2, I'll tell ya that much!

**Christie Zane:**

Things definitely escalated quickly between you two after Nigel Tricklebush's proposition, that's for sure. One might think you'd want to get even with...

Zane is cut off by Brock, who holds a hand up to her as he shakes his head.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Sacrebleu, Christie! Don't waste your breath talkin' about him! Honey, MV2 is a dead man walkin'. Corvo's explained to me in pretty graphic detail all the things he's gonna do to MV2 come DEFIANCE Rising, and believe me, that masked dipshit's days are numbered. He ain't gonna be nothin' but a pile of bones when my man Corvo's done with him!

The Faithful cheer in agreement with Brock's prediction for MV2's fate at DEFIANCE Rising. Zane and Brock both raise a single finger up.

**Christie Zane:**

Which leaves only one man left. A man that you know just as well as any opponent you've ever faced. Dr. Ned Reform...

Slowly, a smile grows on Brock's face, and he nods his head. The Faithful begin to buzz, and he looks out to them,



taking in their reaction.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Make no mistake about it, there's nothing I'd like more than to lock up with Reform again. Gold or no gold, we're still tied 1-1, and I'm thinking maybe a rubber match over the ACE doesn't sound too bad at all.

Brock puts a hand to his chin and thinks for a second.

**Brock Newbludd:**

And I'll give credit where credit is due when it comes to Reform. The fact is, despite all his bullshit, the man backs it up in the ring, and I do not doubt that we'd tear down the house if we had the chance. He's earned my respect inside the ring, Zane, and if I'm being honest, he's starting to gain it outside of it too as he attempts to atone for said bullshit. And how fitting it would be if Ned Reform's quest for redemption led him right back to me...

**Christie Zane:**

Sounds to me like you've made your decision! Will it be Newbludd vs. Reform III at DEFIANCE Rising? And if so, how does that impact his scheduled match against Reverend Black?

The crowd's buzzing intensifies at Zane's question, and she tilts the microphone back to Newbludd. His grin turns from devilish to apologetic as he leans in.

**Brock Newbludd:**

As good as that all sounds, Christie, that ain't gonna be happenin' because Ned's got a bigger challenge in front of him than getting even with me. The truth is, there is actually something I would like more than having that rubber match with Ned...and that's for Rezin to come back...

An instant cheer at the mention of the devil hiding somewhere inside Reverend Black.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Reform promised us that he would find a way to bring him back, and I sure as shit gettin' in the way of that! No way, lady! Saving a man's soul trumps the ACE of DEFIANCE eight days a week, and as weird as this is for me to say...I'm actually rootin' for Reform to pull it off.

Hearing the words coming out of his mouth causes Brock to frown slightly and shake his head in disbelief as he looks at the folded piece of paper in his hand. The camera zooms in to reveal that the tri-folded paper is an official-looking document with an unbroken wax seal that keeps its contents hidden.

**Brock Newbludd:**

No, Christie, it ain't gonna be any of those guys. In fact, it ain't gonna be anyone currently employed by DEFIANCE!

The confused Zane quickly pulls the mic back.

**Christie Zane:**

"Not employed by DEFIANCE?" What's that mean!?

Chuckling, Newbludd pulls the mic back towards him.

**Brock Newbludd:**

It means exactly what I said, Christie. Keep up with me here. Not once did anyone say that my opponent had to be an active roster member. It only said that whoever I picked had to be okayed by the top brass, right? Christie nods her head in agreement, and Brock's grin returns.

**Christie Zane:**

Yes, but!

**Brock Newbludd:**

But nothin'! I didn't make the rules; I just found the loophole. And once I found it, I knew exactly who I wanted to face at DEFIANCE Rising.

Brock waves the piece of paper in front of Christie.

**Brock Newbludd:**

This piece of paper here is why I was a little late gettin' across the pond, Christie. Two weeks ago, instead of being in France on DEFTv, I was in New Orleans meetin' with the big bosses to plead my case for who I wanted to wrestle for the ACE of DEFIANCE. Now, they weren't too happy about my pick at first, but a friendly reminder about where those Born Over profits that they love to line their pockets with comes from quickly opened them up to considering my proposal.

Brock raises his arm into the arm-wrestling position.

**Brock Newbludd:**

And a quick mention about some of their outstanding bar tabs at Ballyhoo Brew put me over the top, baby. They did their boy a solid and gave their approval!

He raises the sealed piece of paper to Zane, and she takes it from him, looking slightly confused as her eyes drift to the wax seal.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Don't ask me why they made it look like one of those contracts people get when they make a deal with the devil. Instead, how about you crack that seal and tell the world just what's going down at DEFIANCE Road. Crossing his arms, Brock watches in satisfaction as Christie snaps the wax seal and unfolds the piece of paper. Keeping it at eye level with one hand, she raises the microphone to her lips with her other.

**Christie Zane:** *[reading out loud]*

We, The Favoured Saints, formally approve and make official that the match to determine the new ACE of DEFIANCE at DEFIANCE Rising will be a singles contest between Brock Newbludd and his chosen opponent... Her eyes go wide in surprise, and she quickly looks at Brock before looking back at the piece of paper.

**Christie Zane:**

...former DEFIANCE employee...PATRICK CASSIDY!

*Les Fidèles* erupt in cheers of shock and approval! Newbludd feeds off the crowd's energy and pumps a fist in the air. He grabs the microphone from the stunned interviewer and turns to the crowd.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Oui, oui, baby! That's right, Black Out is back! And I hope you didn't think I'd fly all the way over here just for Christie to read a letter! If there's one thing I learned from GVP, it's that you never leave a brother behind!

Newbludd points to the stage. From behind the curtain emerges Pat Cassidy, dressed in jeans, "SNS" t-shirt, and Boston Red Sox baseball cap. Cassidy looks a far cry from the "strung out at the end of his rope" look he was sporting when he was last on DEFIANCE television, and in fact he appears pretty put together and even... happy?

**DDK:**

This... this is unexpected to say the least!

**Lance:**

That's putting it lightly! Pat Cassidy was released from his contract months ago after a very public breakdown that involved the assault of a DEFIANCE official. How in the world could he be Brock Newbludd's opponent?

**DDK:**

I guess he took the contract that said "opponent of your choice" quite literally.

Cassidy walks up the ramp with a twinkle in his eye. Brock stands in front of him. The two former Unified Tag Team Champions lock eyes. Two smiles. And they hug to a big crowd reaction!

**DDK:**

To quote a former FIST of DEFIANCE... you love to see it!

**Lance:**

I don't know. I'm not sure I'm comfortable with this. Cassidy was terminated with cause. This loophole doesn't make any of that right.

**DDK:**

Maybe we should give him a chance to explain himself?

Cassidy holds out a hand toward Christie. She takes it, and he gently kisses the top of her hand. Shaking her head in amusement, she hands him a mic. Turning away from his two friends, Cassidy looks toward the French Faithful. He appears to get a little choked up before raising the mic.

**Pat Cassidy:**

So... how we doin'?

A small reaction for that nonchalant greeting. The smirk on Cassidy's face tells us he gets the disconnect between the phrase and the potential seriousness of this situation.

**Pat Cassidy:**

Unlike this guy ovah hea, I didn't learn any French. I'm sorry. I was busy! Hey! Listen! I had stuff going on, ya know? But look: I, Patrick Joseph Cassidy of House Cassidy and the city of Boston, stand befoah you today to say loud and proud: I *[BLEEP]*ed up.

A pop for self reflection!

**Pat Cassidy:**

I'm not gonna make excuses. I'm not gonna let myself off the hook. I was undah pressure, and I cracked. I let myself down, I let my friends down, I let the Faithful down, and most of all...

A quick shake of the head to signify repressed extreme emotion. Only the slightest voice crack.

**Pat Cassidy:**

I let my family down. I've got an eight month little girl at home, and I wasn't the fatha I want to be. Someone she can grow up lookin' up to. I let the pressure of fatha-hood just build up in my head. Gnawed at me. I felt like I was failing. Like I wasn't ready. And I took it out on people who didn't deserve it. I took it out on you...

Cassidy turns to motion to Newbludd. Brock flashes him a thumbs up.

**Pat Cassidy:**

...but you and I have already had ow-uh long conversation. I've talked with Ophelia, and tried to square things away at home. And the first thing I did when I got heah was personally apologize to Fastcountani. Hell of a guy he is. He was moah gracious than I would have been, that's for damn sure. And so while I owe apologies all around, I want to make it right with... all of you.

Pause for the appreciation rumble.

**Pat Cassidy:**

We've been on this crazy journey for almost six yeahs now, and for most of it we'd have a pretty cool thing goin'. And

I'm the one who ruined that. So: I'm sorry. And we started making it right at DEFIANCE Rising.

Brock steps forward.

**Pat Cassidy:**

Two best friends... two BROTHAS... facing off. No hahd feelings. No tantrums like a child. The best man wins and when it's all said and done... one of us will be the ACE of DEFIANCE... a guaranteed shot at the FIST and glory... and the otha one will be shaking the winnahs hand. And I say this: win, lose, or draw... it's up to the Favored Saints whether or not ol' Pat Cassidy gets to be a regular member of the DEFIANCE rostah again. I wouldn't blame them if they said no. So if this is my last shot, I'm sure as hell gonna make it count.

Smiling at his friend, Newbludd sticks his hand out, and Cassidy takes it.

**Brock Newbludd:**

I know you will, brother. You bring everything you've got to DEFIANCE Rising, and I promise I'll do the same. May the best man win, and as always, winner buys drinks after.

The Saturday Night Specials' shake hands.

**Pat Cassidy:**

You got yahrself a deal.

The Faithful cheer in approval, and SNS raise fists to them.

**Christie Zane:**

It's official! At DEFIANCE Rising it will be Brock Newbludd facing Pat Cassidy for the ACE of DEFIANCE! Let me be the first to wish both of them the best of luck in what is sure to be an exciting match!

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, ANGUS SKAALAND**

## WANNA PLAY A GAME

**DDK:**

Folks. Ummm... well, the DEF offices were sent an actual *VHS tape* this last week. I'm sure you all saw on the last episode of DEFtv, Dr. Sato and the Atomic Punks they... well, they *abducted* my former commentary partner, Angus.

**Lance:** *[stifled snort laugh]*

With another one of Sato's knockout gas contraptions!

More muffled laughter from Lance Warner.

**DDK:**

Upon reviewing the footage it was decided... well, lets just let you folks see for yourselves. We'll address the fallout of what you're about to see afterward. Roll it, fellas.

The grainy video flickers to life to reveal a stark cement room, a windowless door it's only defining feature. At the center of the room is a passed out cold Motormouth of Malcontent, DEFIANCE Hall of Fame former color commentator Angus Skaaland. His red blazer covered in dirt, his platinum blond hair mussed. For a few moments he remains still, finally, slowly, he drags himself into a sitting position and rubs his eyes... it takes a few moments for Dr. Sato's gas to completely wear off. When it does Angus scrambles to his feet and rushes the door, pounding away.

**Angus Skaaland:**

YOU CRAZY LITTLE BITCH, LET ME OUTTA HERE! *Do you know who my friends are?!* I know like ten different crazy moth[censored]ers that would drown you in a goddamn lake for this insane bullshit! LET ME OUT!

A tinny, scratchy sounding speaker tucked away somewhere hidden clicks to life.

The cackling laughter tells us exactly who's on the other end.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Awwwww, did Sleeping Beauty finally get her kiss from Prince Charming? Well, in any case... let me tell you exactly where you are, puny mortal... you are in my one-of-a-kind, DUNGEON OF DOO-

The mad scientist's tirade is suddenly cut off by some tinny whispering, until she indignantly continues.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

WHAT?!? What do you *mean* that phrase is trademarked? Stamford, Connecticut? What the hell is in Stamford, anyway?

**Angus Skaaland:**

Hur dur, lets tap the fourth wall, hur dur... LET ME OUT OF HERE YOU WRETCHED LITTLE CU...

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Watch your mouth, Mr. Skaaland! I don't think you're in any position to bandy about derogatory language like that considering where you are and who holds the KEY to that door!

The Motormouth of Malcontent takes a moment to breathe and force a slightly more friendly tone.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Ok... ok Sato. Fine. FINE. What are we doin' here? Is a little puppet goin' to roll in here on a tricycle and make me rummage through old hypodermic needles or somethin' come on, spill it. I've got far too many irons in the fire to deal with this silly bullshit.

A soft, bitter tut-tutting can be heard on the other side.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Oh, Angus, what do you take me for, a stock villain of a played-out film franchise? Come on, now... I was hoping you'd give me at least a *little* credit. I'm heartbroken!

She chuckles on the other end.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

But that's quite alright... after all, I just wanted to treat you to lunch!

As if on cue, a cart slowly rolls out of the darkness, with three covered plates, shining in the slight light of the room.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Why don't you take a look?

Angus stares, dumbstruck, at the cart, before gently raising the lids off each plate, revealing what appears to be... a breaded lump on each one?

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

I hope you're hungry for some boneless wings... it's a traditional Sato family recipe that you should find quite... flavorful!

Laughter from the Motormouth.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Wings? WINGS?! And not even wings, gorram TENDIES. You know what?

He holds out his hands palms out.

**Angus Skaaland:**

I've worked in this business far too long not to know when to go with the flow.

He reaches down with a snug smile and pops the first chicken nugget into his mouth with a dismissive shrug.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Toots, I lived in New Orleans for YEARS working at the WrestlePlex... I've had my share of hot food, alright? I mean Jesus, what a let down. I was expecting you to pull some real EEEEVIL super villain bullshit after all the smoke and goddamn built up...

The hidden speaker crackles to life again.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Please Angus, continue.

He reaches down with the same dismissive smile, chuckling as he tosses the second sauce soaked nuggie into the air catching it deftly in his mouth. As he begins to chew his smile fades considerably. He coughs and pulls on his shirt collar a little.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Problems?

He sniffs and coughs a little more.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Oh nooooo, its hoooooot. What exactly is it you're trying to accomplish with this farce, huh? It'll make for great TV, I bet Warner is out there pissin' his big boy britches with laughter but you know what, BITCH? I know what you WANT... and you aint GETTIN' IT.

He reaches down defiantly and snatches up the third and final chicken nugget and pauses a moment, looking at it closely before popping it in his mouth.

**Angus Skaaland:** *[whispering]*

*Oh Jesus hobbled Christ...*

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Aaaaaaaaand there it is.

His face gets so flushed and red and sweaty we all fear for a moment he's having a cardiac event. He braces himself against the cart before violently shoving it away as a SCREAM escapes his lips.

As do a few other choice words and phrases we, well...

**Angus Skaaland:**

*[censored]* IN THE *[censored]* WHEN *[censored]* IN YOUR *[censored]* YOU STUPID *[censored]* *[censored]*...  
*[censored]* *[censored]* *[censored]* IN THE *[censored]* UNTIL YOU *[censored]*!

He drops to his knees. His face still beet red.

The absolute agony Angus is experiencing is as clear as the snot *flowing* from both nostrils.

From the darkness we hear the slowly clip clop of shoes on concrete.

Dr. Ayumi Sato herself emerges from the shadows... holding in one hand a tall, cold glass of milk. Behind her we see the Atomic Punks lurking back in the wings clearly keeping an eye on pained Angus.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Well, well, well. It appears that porridge is just a *little* too hot for Goldilocks, eh?

She leans in, gleaming with delight as she gets into Angus' ear.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

I can set you free from your own self-inflicted, capsaicin-soaked hell, you know. I just need something in return.

A pause.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Your boys. Mine. *DEF Rising*.

Angus pulls at his shirt collar as he looks up at Sato with clear hatred behind the tears of pain running out of his eyes. It's clear as the nose on his face he knows he's got got. His lip curls as he opens his mouth, sucking back drool from his throbbing tongue.

**Angus Skaaland:**

FINE. DONE.

He wrenches the glass of milk out of her hands and gulps down as much as he can as fast as he can. He gargles as he gets to his feet... spitting the frothy milk phlegm down at Sato's feet. The Punks both take a half step, but Sato holds up a hand.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

No. He's suffered enough. Come on boys.

Fission and Gigaton step up on either side of Dr. Sato as the trio head for the door.



**Fission:**

Gotta say, doc... only you could take a little hot sauce and use it to get whatever you want. But, ahhh...

**Angus Skaaland:** *[from off camera]*

WHY DOES IT STILL HURT. FUUUUU *[censored]* ME.

Fission looks back at Angus, desperately licking up the spilled milk from the floor.

**Fission:**

...you know *almond* milk doesn't do anything on hot stuff, right?

The Mad Science Queen smirks devilishly as they finally depart.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Oh, I know... but does he?

Cut.

## REV. ERIK BLACK vs. CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS

### Darren Quimbey:

*Mesdames et Messieurs, le concours suivant est prévu pour un automne...*

**DDK:**

DEEEYAAAAMB, DARREN!

**Lance:**

When did he have the time to learn how to speak French so well?

♪ “Moving in Stereo” by The Cars ♪

Heralded by the euphoric sighs and screams of young French mademoiselles in the audience, all 170 pounds of Chris Chickentenders comes strutting through the curtain, wearing denim fatigues, a novelty LA REZISTANCE beret, and a set of shades that somehow scream both desperate and BADASS at the same time.

### Darren Quimbey:

Voici tout d'abord, originaire de la Nouvelle-Orléans, en Louisiane, aux États-Unis, et pesant soixante-dix-sept kilogrammes... le LEADER de LA REZISTANCE... LE COQ BLANC... CHRISTOPHE CHICKENTENDERS!!

**DDK:**

We've got a singles match-up coming up next, fans! Chris Chickentenders, once a mere fan and now a wrestling hopeful, is making his return to the DEFIANCE ring!

**Lance:**

It's raining garters, Keebs...

### Christophe Chickentenders:

HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUE!!

**DDK:**

And the young Chickentenders seems to be enjoying the attention... but given his last appearance, I can't help but wonder if he should be more concerned developing his in-ring skills.

**Lance:**

Kid is as smart as a box of rocks, I'm afraid...

Chickentenders slides into the ring, where he further swaggers and struts, further working up the swooning European ladies.

Then...

OOOOUUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Lance:**

What the... is something riding a rollercoaster somewhere?

**DDK:**

No, Lance, that's not "whee!" we're hearing. It's something MUCH worse, I'm afraid...

♪ “Light & Day” by The Polyphonic Spree ♪

Blinding white light fills the stage. A human figure comes charging blindly through the pale.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

*O O O O U*

### Darren Quimbey:

*Et voici mon adversaire, originaire d'Indianapolis, dans l'Indiana, aux États-Unis, et pesant quatre-vingt-treize kilogrammes... L'AGNEAU SACRÉ... LE BERGER DE LA SOCIÉTÉ CÉLESTE... RÉVÉREND ERIK BLACK!!*

**Rev. Erik Black:**

*O O O U U U U U U U U I I I I I I I I I I ! ! ! !*

Mic in hand, Reverend Erik Black is sprinting down the rampway, pumping a fist over his head and grinning ear to ear like a youth group counselor on a coke binge.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

*O O O O U U U U U U U U U I I I I I I I I I I ! ! ! !*

Lyons responds to his attempts to pump them up as they are wont to do.

*LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

**DDK:**

The fans are jeering, and I am reaching for my bottle of Excedrin, which can only mean that the devil in white, “Reverend” Erik Black, is making his way to the ring!

**Lance:**

The founder of the REZISTANCE... and now, a representative of the very power they were formed to fight! A money-hungry wolf in sheep's clothing, now using religion to mask and justify his ambitions of grandeur!

**DDK:**

Well, we'll see how long it lasts. If Dr. Ned Reform is meant to be believed when he says he intends to "destroy" the monster he created, then the "Reverend" could be in for an unpleasant experience in their upcoming Ambulance Match at DEFIANCE Rising!

Reverend Black slides into the ring, immediately waving off the curly-haired rookie official and brandishing the mic once more.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

CHRIS! CHRISTOPHE! LISTEN! LISTEN! Come on, now... how LONG have we known each other! I took you under my WING, Chris! I brought you in out of the SEATS, with all the NOSE-PICKERS and TUSHY-SNIFFERS, and brought you here into the RING! To live out your DREAM, of being the BADDEST of BOOTIES in ALL of WRESTLING! CHRIS! You're like a SON to me! And I'm like a SECOND FATHER to you, Chris! That's only ONE REMOVED from your ACTUAL father, who, I should remind you, STILL needs to funnel those funds down into the Cayman Islands! CHRIS! In the name of LOARD GAWD, I am IMPLOING you to leave this "REZISTANCE" nonsense behind! It was a GRIFT! A CON! It was NEVER REAL! But what EYE am offering you, CHRIS, IS VERY REAL! It's BEYOND REAL! It's IMMORTALITY, Chris! JOIN ME, Chris! I NEED YOU WITH ME, Chris! OLVIR AND THE TWINS ARE STILL IN ABU DHABI, CHRIS! DO YOU KNOW HOW LITTLE JAYZUS THEY HAVE IN ABU DHABI CHRIS! Now COME ON! Take that silly hat off, and JOIN MY FLOCK, Chris! Don't say no! Don't even say YES! Just say ONE SINGLE WORD, Chris...

He throws his head back.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

[illegible]

LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Chickentenders takes a moment to ponder the choice before waving for the mic. The Good Reverend hands it over and backs away, hands folded in front of him and grinning entreatingly.

**Christophe Chickentenders:**

Um, like... eat my butt, or wahtever.

*LE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!*

Reverend Black's face turns as WHITE as his bodysuit.

His shock briefly morphs into seething rage... and a moment later, seemingly switches to bemusement, as he turns away and shakes his head with a chuckle.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

Ooooooooo LOARD... have mercy on this foolish, FOOLISH boy! This PROFANE, PUBESCENT NICOMPOOP! This VILE, VULGAR--KYEEAAHH!!

Black EXPLODES into his deadly spinning heel kick!

**DDK:**

CHICKENTENDERS DUCKS!

The Reverend twirls around, off-balance. Chickentenders effortlessly boots him in the gut, pivots, and three-quarter nelsons the head.

**DDK:**

CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS with a TENDER CUTTER OUTTANOWHERRRE!!

*LE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!*

**Lance:**

Rookie official Brutus Higgenbottom wastes no time signalling for the bell!

***DING DING***

Reverend Black flops and flounders on the mat, stunned and stinging. Chickentenders pops to his feet and moonwalks across the ring, getting the ladies to screech like he's Elvis on Ed Sullivan.

**DDK:**

What a way to start off the match! Reverend Black thought he'd jump the gun, but Chickentenders was thinking one step ahead!

**Lance:**

Though he might not want to get too invested in the showboating. He's still got a match on his hands.

Chris forms his thumbs and forefingers into a box as he frames the former Goat Bastard in his vision and sizes him up. Black awkwardly jerks and jukes as he struggles to his feet, only to turn straight into--

**DDK:**

SUPERKICK!!

The Reverend corkscrews wildly through the air, landing in a heap on the canvas. Chickentenders turns his attention back to the crowd and flashes a cocky smirk of triumph.

*VIVA LA REZISTANCE!!*

**DDK:**

What is HAPPENING right now?!

Muscle memory forces Reverend Black back onto his feet, but on rubbery legs and looking through rolling eyes. Discombobulated, he swings wildly. Chicktenders smoothly slides from side to side, evading every sloppy swing with graceful ease.

**Lance:**

He's moving like he's on ice skates in there! This is unbelievable!

Chickentenders ducks a final punch and counters with a quick shoulder strike to Black's abdomen that doubles him over. In a flash, the Reverend's feet leave the mat as "Le Coq Blanc" scoops him up into a Fireman's Carry!

**DDK:**

DEATH VALLEY TENDER!! And HE MAKES THE PIN!! THIS MAY BE IT!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--

KICKOUT!!

**Lance:**

What a HUGE upset that would've been!

Clawing and thrashing in a desperate attempt to get away, Reverend Black slips out from under Chris Chickentenders, grabs the ropes, and drags his sorry ass out to the ringside floor.

**DDK:**

Reverend Black to the outside, in desperate need of a break after that surprising opening salvo!

**Lance:**

Clearly, this match hasn't gone how he expected. To be fair, though, I don't think anyone suspected this from Chris Chickentenders...

Rookie official Brutus Higgenbottom begins the standard ten count. Black is a sputtering and slobbering mess when he eventually finds the wherewithal to get to his feet. But rather than going back into the ring, he heads toward the aisle.

**DDK:**

Well, maybe the "Good" Reverend is having second thoughts here!

**Lance:**

He's had enough? He's barely started! What does he think is waiting for him at DEFIANCE Rising!

The ten count continues. Black stumbles toward the base of the rampway. In the ring, Chickentenders shakes his head in refusal, and runs into the opposite ropes.

**DDK:**

I think Chris Chicktenders has other ideas! Look lively, Lance!

**Lance:**

He hasn't even taken his sunglasses off!

Chickentenders comes running back with a head full of steam... and the crowd POPS as he leaps up and clears the ropes!

**DDK:**

## GOING FOR THE DIVE TO THE OUTSIDE!

Reverend Black spins around, and LOOKS UP IN SURPRISE AS--

*SPLAAT!!*

Chris Chickentenders bellyflops the ringside floor, several feet short of where the Sacred Lamb is standing.

**Lance:**

Oof...

**DDK:**

Aaaaaaaaand reality comes crashing down.

**Lance:**

It was good while it lasted.

The official has reached the count of seven. Eight. Shaking his head in pity, Reverend Black walks around the splayed-out remains of Chris Chickentenders and rolls in at nine.

*"TEN!"*

Reverend Black cackles in triumph. The rookie zebra signals to the timekeeper.

***DING DING DING***

♪ “Light & Day” by The Polyphonic Spree ♪

The official goes to raise Black's arm. The Reverend instead runs by him, running a victory lap around the ring while pumping his arms overhead in triumph.

### Darren Quimbey:

*Le vainqueur du match... RÉVÉREND ERIK BLACK!!*

**Rev. Erik Black:**

*O O O U U U U U U U U I I I I I I I I I I*

*LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

**DDK:**

Well, unfortunate as it may be, the bizarre Reverend Black has notched himself a “hard earned” victory here tonight over the upstart Chris Chickentenders.

**Lance:**

He literally did nothing to win that...

**DDK:**

The sole surviving member of the REZISTANCE may very well be his own worst enemy. But we bore witness to some strange flashes of competence in the young Chris Chickentenders, and I can't help but wonder if his training is beginning to pay off in some way!

**Lance:**

Maybe. For now, DEFMed is going to make sure the kid didn't break his neck...

A team of buxom French nurses gurney Chickentenders (who looks way happier than he ought to be) back up the rampway. Reverend Black stands tall in the ring, having retrieved his Bible and a microphone.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

WITNESS THE POWER OF THE LOARD GAWD, YE FAITHFUL!

*LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

**Rev. Erik Black:**

WITNESS what AWAITS the NONBELIEVERS that DARE CHALLENGE ME! This is EXACTLY what awaits YOU...  
RRRRRREEEEFOOOOOORRRRMMM!!

*"C'EST LE DOCTEUR REFORM!!"*

The Reverend shudders beneath the deafening crowd correction.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

"DOCTOR?!" HA!! Doctors photos of his BALD HEAD, maybe!

Black runs a hand through his toupee.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

Why if he were HERE RIGHT NOW, do you know what I'D SAY TO HIM?! I'd say--

*♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪*

**Rev. Erik Black:**

WHOOOAAAH SHUCKS!!

Black tumbles in surprise as if hit by a sniper's bullet. He quickly scrambles up to his feet, yanking the official by the shirt and pulling him into the path of... anything.

**DDK:**

Looks like he's about to get his chance!

**Lance:**

But now the cat's got his tongue!

Black warily looks to the entry-way while the music plays and Honor Society's video package loops endlessly. But when nobody comes out right away, he realizes something is amiss.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

A-HA!! Think you can outsmark ME... NNNNNYED!?

He circles around and scans the crowd, anxiously looking for a set of familiar faces.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

OBVIOUSLY, that's just a DIVERSION! A half-hearted attempt to draw my attention away from a COWARDLY AMBUSH! But EYE can't be FOOLED by your old tricks, NNNNYED!! Because the STUDENT has become the MASTER!

Behind him, rookie official "Brutus Higgenbottom" inadvertently removes his glasses and takes off the curly-haired wig he's wearing, revealing he was in disguise and in the ring from the very beginning!

**DDK:**

DOCTOR REFORM IS HERE, and was IN THE RING THE WHOLE TIME!

**Lance:**

How did I not realize that was him? "Rookie official" my foot! E tu, "Brutus"?

Hearing the reaction from the fans, Black frantically keeps searching the crowd with growing desperation. Unbeknownst to him, the man he's searching for is standing immediately behind him.

Then it clicks for the Reverend, and his face fills with dread.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

Ooooooh shucks...

Reform pounces!

**Rev. Erik Black:**

SAVE ME, LOARD!!

The Good Doctor's fingertips JUUUUST MISS grabbing the Reverend by the scraggly wisps of his naturally black hair, but the Sacred Lamb goes from zero to a hundred like a cartoon roadrunner and sprawls out of the ring in the blink of an eye.

**Lance:**

Never seen anyone get out of the ring so fast!

**DDK:**

Or run up the aisle, for that matter!

Reverend Black is a panicked mess as he scrambles back up the rampway, with Reform pursuing him in a slow, calculated walk. Ned wears the smile of a man who knows his trap has been sprung.

**Lance:**

Doctor Reform doesn't look like he's in any particular hurry!

**DDK:**

Unless, of course, there's more than meets the eye here! Let's see if we can get a camera back there...

The feed cuts to a series of backstage cameras, catching Reverend Black in action as he frantically runs through Gorilla...

**Rev. Erik Black:**

SHUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

Through catering...

**Rev. Erik Black:**

--UUUUUUUUUUUUUU--



Through the locker room...

**Rev. Erik Black:**

--UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

Through the boiler room...

**Rev. Erik Black:**

--UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

And finally, into the parking lot, where he skids to a halt.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

--UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCKS!!

The Reverend stands there huffing and puffing for a few moments in an effort to catch his breath. After long, he chuckles.

**Rev. Erik Black:** *[wheezing]*

Heh heh... HA HA... HAHAAHAHAHA!! GAWD be PRAISED for DELIVERING ME unto EVIL! "The DEVIL may be CLEVER, but the HOOVES of the LAMB run EVER FASTER!" USAINBOLTIS 46:2!

Right then, a set of HEADLIGHTS cut through the murk behind him...

A purple AMBULANCE quietly rolls out of the shadows like a lion emerging from tall grass just before the kill. The lights on the dashboard reveal a grinning Levi Cole at the wheel.

Reverend Black, realizing he's not yet out of the woods, gives the camera a prolonged Timberlake stare as it zooms in on his face. In disbelief, he shakes his head.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

...JAYZUS... thou has forsaken me!

Cole kicks on the flashers and slams on the gas. The tires of the ambulance SQUEAL as it barrels forward.

**Rev. Erik Black:**

SHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU...

Black goes right back to running, screaming in terror and arms flailing wildly over his head while the ambulance is hot on his tail, filling the air with that iconic European emergency siren.

EEE-000-EEE-000-EEE-000-EEE-000!

The Reverend lights out of parking lot like a bat out of hell, and the purple Honor Ambulance chases him out into the streets of Lyon.

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: DEFIANCE SPOTLIGHT**

## THE VVINGS OF THE RING

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Damnit, Scott... you know what really grinds my gears?

**Scott Hunter:**

People who put beans in chili?

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

...well, now that you mention it, yeah, they kinda do. But another thing that grinds my gears?

He points to the canvas beneath his feet.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Promos in the ring.

Kerry Kuroyama stands in the ring with a mic in hand, alongside his Vae Victis compatriot Scott Hunter.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Saint Tillinghast, please forgive my pure wrestling fighting spirit for having the audacity to interrupt this ongoing sporting event. But everyone out here knows I wouldn't be standing in this ring with this thing in my hand tonight if I didn't have something serious to say. And well, ladies and gentlemen, lately...

Kerry looks to another camera, perfectly timed with a cutaway and a smash zoom on his narrowing eyes.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

...things have been *gettin' serious*.

Kuroyama turns back to the regular camera.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Victor Vacio... two shows ago, you robbed me of what was meant to be a good, honest challenge for the Favoured Saints Championship. And Jack Harmen... you accepted his help. Then two weeks ago in Marseille you robbed this man right here of the very same opportunity...

He thumbs over to Scott. Just to further emphasize the point, Scott thumbs his own chest as well.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Tell me something here, Scott... do these guys honestly know who they're fucking around with? Are they not familiar with the legendary VVingmen of Vae Victis? Do they not know what we do when we stop goofing around and...

Another quick cut to the side cam. Another smash zoom as Kerry squints dramatically.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

...*get serious?*

Back to the regular cam.

**Scott Hunter:**

Not only do they not know what we do when we stop goofing around, but they also don't know what happens when goofing around stops, or when it doesn't begin, or even when it stops beginning!

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

All of those are mostly good points, Scott. Mostly. In any case, I really think an example needs to be made of these two. Consequently, here we are, in a wrestling ring. Called such, and not anything else like "promo ring" or something stupid, because it's a place of *wrestling*. And, as it just so happens...

He points to the other end of the ring. The camera pans over slightly to catch Hector Navarro standing by, looking awkward and out of place.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

...we have a referee here in our midst. Almost as if he's here to call a match. Which would be happening... if only we had opponents. Fortunately, I can think of a couple of dipshits who fit the bill.

Kerry points down the hard camera.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Vacio... Harmen... drag your asses out here and face us in the ring. Bring the whole spooky family with you. Stand toe to toe with the VVingmen in a plain, honest match -- the very thing you refused to grant either of us these past few weeks. Prove you can beat us, and Vae Victis will call this square. Otherwise, the two of us will roll up back there and bring you out here ourselves. But I will be double goddamned if either one of you think I got dressed and walked out here into the ring to *talk on a fucking microphone*.

Kuroyama pitches the mic through the ropes and into the hands of the timekeeper. He and Hunter roll their shoulders and loosen up, intently staring down the curtain...

Suddenly, the Faithful's attention is drawn to movement on the stage.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush saunters out from behind the curtain with his umbrella tucked underneath his arm to facilitate his slow pantomime of applause. Nigel is followed closely by Jack Harmen, Victor Vacio, and the masked Corey Nunez of Los Caidos.

**DDK:**

This can't be good.

**Lance:**

It never is. We saw Lord Nigel get embarrassed by Corvo Alpha earlier tonight and while he has certainly seemed eager to eliminate Alpha from DEFIANCE... he has been equally eager to swell the ranks of his odd little army!

At center stage, Trickelbush stops his mocking clap and takes his umbrella in one hand while reaching out with the other. His black suit is streaked with yellow and blue paint from his earlier clash with Corvo. Corey Nunez rushes a microphone into his open hand, and Vacio takes notice, furrowing his brow.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Ah. There it is... the moment every good evening requires. Two men in a ring, chests puffed, voices raised, convinced the universe has conspired specifically against them!

He lifts a brow, almost amused.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Or in this case... Victor Vacio and Jack Harmen.

Jack Harmen tilts his head like he's not sure if he should be offended or flattered. Vacio doesn't move, but the furrow in his brow deepens and twists as he side-eyes Nigel.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

You see, gentlemen, it is a curious thing... how loudly you proclaim your misfortune, how theatrically you frame yourselves as the aggrieved parties, when the reality is far more mundane.

He taps the umbrella lightly against the stage.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

You were outmaneuvered. That is all.

He smiles as though delivering a kind, simple truth. You get the sense that if no one else does ... he believes it.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

Victor, as he is wont to do, acted. Harmen, ever the opportunist and wily veteran... acquiesced. Los Caídos ensured efficiency. These are not crimes. These are not conspiracies. They are simply the predictable outcomes of men who remain prepared... while others, shall we say, have lost the plot...

Tricklebush takes a beat to let his smugly delivered blows sink in...

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

... too busy with superfluous shenanigans and theatrics instead of focusing on the matter at hand. The sport of it all!

A wave of boo's builds and rings through the arena. Nigel basks in it as Harmen grins. Vacio, as usual, shows no emotion, and Nunez's face is completely covered, so your guess.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

Now, as it pertains to "getting serious..." as you so eloquently put it.

**DDK:**

Hold on ...

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

Things are, in fact ... about to get serious...

**Lance:**

... is that?

It's LIPS and Hugo, coming over the guard rail and slipping into the ring. With Hunter and Kuroyama's attention focused on their would-be opponents, they never see it coming.

**DDK:**

For the love of...

LIPS blindsides Scott Hunter with a lariat to the back of the head as Hugo does the same to Kerry Kuroyama. Both men are laid out and the masked pair from Los Caidos put the boots to them.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:** *[chuckling]*

Once again, gentlemen ... you've been outmaneuvered!

Nigel turns to Victor and Harmen and motions toward the ring.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

Go on, gentlemen. The CROWN has a victory to claim.

Vacio rolls his eyes, Harmen shrugs his shoulders, and the pair head down to the ring. Corey Nunez attempts to follow but is stopped abruptly by an umbrella across the chest.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

Not you, son.

In the ring, Hugo and LIPS hit the floor and stalk toward Hector Navarro. The official instinctively backs up with his hands raised, as the two masked luchadors pressure him to get in the ring and start the match.

**DDK:**

This is a disgrace...

Victor Vacio and Jack Harmen take the steps up to the apron, and Harmen enters the ring. Vacio stays on the apron, one hand casually taking up the tag tope as if this were any normal sanctioned contest.

**Lance:**

Kuroyama and Hunter did ask for this match, but ... I mean, come on, this is beyond the pale!

On the outside, the two big men of Los Caidos are successful in pressuring Navarro into the ring. The official slides under the bottom rope, shaken but present. He looks at the downed VVingmen on either side of the ring and looks to Harmen to protest.

**DDK:**

They can't possibly think this can still be a fair and sporting competition.

Harmen looks around, confused, but then suddenly you can see it on his face... he's got it. He approaches Scott Hunter, lying near the ropes. He grips the top rope and, putting his boot on Hunter, leverages Hunter under the ropes and to the floor.

**Lance:**

I don't think they honestly care... this seems to be all one big joke to them!

Harmen looks toward Navarro again, but the official still has obvious issues with ringing the bell. Harmen's face lights up once again, and he points to his head, signalling he's got this figured out. He approached the stirring but slumped Kerry Kuroyama near the corner.

**Jack Harmen:**

Ok, ok .. ring the bell, Navarro!

Jack shouts at the ref as he pulls Kuroyama to his feet, only to get kicked square in the balls. Navarro looks surprised but also a little bit amused. Harmen does not. Navarro shrugs and rings the bell.

## **THE VVINGMEN vs. JACK HARMEN & VICTOR VACIO**

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

I don't think that's how Harmen saw this going ... but here we go nonetheless!

Harmen, doubled over, reaches out to the ropes to steady himself. Kerry Kuroyama wastes no time as he storms across the ring and drills Harmen with a stiff forearm that snaps High Flyer's head to the side.

The Faithful pop as he gets his just desserts and is sent stumbling back into the corner. The Emerald Apex follows closely and stays on him with a flurry of body shots, elbows, and a deep shoulder thrust to the cut that folds Harmen over again.

**DDK:**

Kerry Kuroyama is ALL OVER Jack Harmen ... and he has nowhere to go!

**Lance:**

It's a no-fly zone for High Flyer!

Kerry backs off just enough to let Jack stagger out of the corner on rubber legs.

**DDK:** *[sighs]*

... this is why no one likes you.

Kerry meets his dazed opponent, nearing the middle of the ring, and grabs him around the waist.

**Lance:**

What?

Kerry launches the sizeable Harmen up and over with a Belly to Belly suplex, sending the original High Flyer sliding across the canvas.

**DDK:**

BIG BELLY to BELLY! Kerry Kuroyama said things were about to get serious, and I think he MEANT every word of it!

Kerry stalks toward the downed Harmen, briefly glancing to his corner and finding Scott Hunter now recovered from the pre-match ambush and up on the apron.

**Lance:**

I have some follow-up questions, Keebs ... but for now I'm going to stay with the action in the ring.

Harmen, hurt but not out, pulls himself up by the ropes only to be met by Kuroyama. Kerry grabs the wrist, leans in with the shoulder, and whips Harmen across the ring. Harmen hits the far ropes and returns to catch a back elbow to the face. Harmen hits the mat, and Kerry instantly drops down with an elbow.

**Lance:**

Kerry isn't messing around here -- HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

Harmen kicks out, well before the two, but if this keeps up -- he may not be able to again.

Kerry looks up to Hunter, calling for the tag. Kerry obliges, but not before helping an ailing Harmen to his feet and to the VVingmen's corner.

Kerry makes the tag. Scott Hunter comes through the ropes, and with Kerry holding Harmen's arm up -- nails the veteran in the ribs. Kerry exits before Navarro can warn him while still capitalizing. The blow, as well as all the previous damage, leaves Jack Harmen slumped in an unfriendly corner.

**DDK:**

Smart tag team wrestling by Kuroyama and Hunter here. Isolate Harmen, wear him down, and keep Vacio out of this match... AND hope that keeps Los Caidos out of it as well!

Hunter grabs Harmen by the head and leads him out of the corner a bit before snatching his slightly smaller opponent in the front chancery.

**Lance:**

OH! Big ... STALLING ... Vertical Suplex here by Scott Hunter!

**DDK:**

Very impressive!

After a beat, Hunter drops Harmen down to the mat hard and floats over for the cover.

ONE!

TW --

Vacio steps through the ropes, but Harmen is able to kick out once again.

**DDK:**

The VVingman are off to a hot start, rallying quickly after Los Caidos got the jump on them before the bell!

**Lance:**

Serious wrestling is trumping the chicanery of the Favoured Saints Champion for the time being!

As soon as Lance says this, Harmen, in the process of being raised up by Scott Hunter, suddenly sees a spot of dirt on the side of his opponent and quickly reaches up to wipe it away.

**DDK:**

THUMB TO THE EYE by Jack Harmen! You spoke too soon, Lance! Good going, you JINXED him!

**Lance:**

What? HOW?

Harmen grabs Hunter by the back of the head and drops to his knees with a textbook jawbreaker. Scott flies back off the impact and bumps the mat with the grace of a drunk raccoon being thrown out of a Virginia liquor store. Sparing a moment to crank his neck, Harmen regains his bearings and breaks into a run.

**DDK:**

Harmen--RUNNING SHOOTING STAR FIST DROP!

**Lance:**

How does a man of that age pull that off!?

The Favoured Saints champ gives Hunter the boots, medium style, forcing the mullet-headed superstar from the small fishing village of Miami to work his way back up. Before he can get off his knees, Harmen snakes an arm around his head, kicks off the near turnbuckles, and puts him back to the mat with a Tornado DDT!

**DDK:**



What do you mean by “that age”, Lance? The man is twenty-nine!

**Lance:**

Twenty-nine years a wrestler, yes, but--

Harmen hurries to his corner and tags out. Victor Vacio hits the ring and immediately traps Hunter into a front facelock. As the Lost Cause tightens his grip and cuts off the blood flow to Scott's head, his VVingman Kuroyama watches on in concern from across the ring.

**DDK:**

See what I mean? This... this is right here.

**Lance:**

I'm just trying to state facts...

**DDK:**

How about trying to focus on this match instead?

**Lance:**

I was just--ugh, nevermind...

In a burst of energy, Hunter pushes off the balls of his feet and bullrushes Vacio into the corner. A few shoulder presses to the sternum while Victor is posted against the turnbuckles ends up being enough to loosen his grip and escape the hold!

**DDK:**

Hunter is free! Now he's trying to fight back! Up to the second rope and going for the punches!

*“ONE!*

*“TWO!*

*“THREE!*

*“FOUR!*

*“FIVE--”*

**DDK:**

LOW BLOW by Vacio!

**Lance:**

I'm grateful we didn't reach those next two numbers, but how did Navarro not see that?!

Because Hector's attention has been drawn away from the action by Jack Harmen, who is insistently trying to tell the ref that the ring apron hasn't been properly furlled. Navarro is struggling to explain back that LED screens don't “furl”.

**DDK:**

Vacio has Hunter by the legs as he now comes out of the corner... BIG SPINEBUSTER! Floats over into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Hunter kicks out!

Kuroyama slaps the top turnbuckle to get the crowd clapping and rallying behind the mulleted maven from Miami. Meanwhile, Vacio takes Hunter by his golden locks, leads him across the ring, and dumps him into his corner before making the tag.

**DDK:**

Here comes the young Jack Harmen back into the action! Right away, the Favoured Saints Champion climbs to the top... and FLIPS FORWARD into a DIAMOND DUST that absolutely ROCKS Scott Hunter!

**Lance:**

Things are looking bleak for Hunter right now...

**DDK:**

Harmen with the pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

T--NO!! Shoulder up! Bleak, but not over yet!

Harmen slaps the mat in frustration, running both hands through his hair. He looks to Navarro, who insists it was only a two. Hunter rolls away from Harmen toward the ropes as he tries to get his wind back, selling his neck.

**Lance:**

Hunter could be in trouble here if Harmen can follow up!

Jack grabs Hunter by the hair and pulls him back to his feet. The Favoured Saints champion attempts to whip Scott into the ropes but the former's leg buckles and he drops down to a knee. Harmen, never one to waste an opportunity, runs toward Hunter ...

**DDK:**

Harmen charging in ... looks like knee strike here -- NO!

Scott Hunter suddenly drops flat, and Harmen's knee hits nothing but air as he flies over Hunter's head and catches himself in the turnbuckle.

The Faithful pop for this mishap and what it may bring.

Harmen bounces out of the turnbuckle, stunned. Hunter, now running on instinct alone, slams into the wily veteran with a forearm, sending the champ back into the buckle once again. This time chest first. The recoils off the impact and stumbles backward into Hunter's grip.

**DDK:**

BACK SUPLEX! That just folded Jack Harmen up like a suitcase!

**Lance:**

The question is ... can Scott Hunter capitalize!?

Hunter crawls inch by inch with his hand desperately outstretched.

**Lance:**

He's so close!

Harmen rolls in the opposite direction and reaches out to Vacio in his own corner. Vacio reaches from the apron, standing on the bottom rope.

**DDK:**

This *just* might come down to who makes this tag!

Just as it looks like Harmen is going to make the tag, with the camera tight on him and his side of the ring... he is suddenly yanked out of frame. The Faithful explode!

The production team scrambles to pull back to capture the action, but instead has to switch angles. From the other side of the ring, it's obvious that Scott Hunter had turned back and, rather than make the tag himself, opted to stop Jack Harmen from doing the same.

Vacio is livid, taking to the ring, but is quickly cut off by Navarro, and the two begin to argue. Though indignant, Vacio is ushered back out of the ring and relocated to the apron. Behind the nihilist and the official, Hunter whips Harmen into the VVingman's corner, following up with a back elbow smash and a ...

**Lance:**

TAG to Kuroyama!

Big pop.

Kerry vaults over the top rope and immediately catches Jack with a boot to the gut.

**DDK:**

GUTWRENCH SUPLEX!

Vacio hits the ring to put a stop to this. Kerry narrowly ducks a hook coming for his head and traps victor into a full nelson before throwing him back.

**DDK:**

DRAGON SUPLEX!

Harmen pulls himself up, shaking his head to clear out the cobwebs. Kuroyama immediately slips up behind him and traps him into a waistlock.

**DDK:**

GERMAN SUPLEX!

The Emerald Apex is a house on fire, leaving behind Harmen to peel Vacio back off the mat

**DDK:**

EXPLODER SUPLEX!

**Lance:**

ALL the suplexes!

The Lost Cause rolls out of the ring, stunned. Meanwhile, Kerry readies himself into a squat and patiently waits for the Favoured Saints champ to get back to his feet.

**DDK:**

Kerry Kuroyama has Jack Harmen in his sights!

The moment Jack is up, Kerry charges forward and lifts his boot to head level.

**DDK:**

YAKUZA KIWAMI THREE SLASH DARK TIES KICK!!

Miss!

**Lance:**

Harmen ducks!

**DDK:**

No way he's falling for his own move! He may be young, but he's not gullible!

**Lance:**

That's... nevermind.

Kuroyama sprawls off balance and crashes into the turnbuckles. Bouncing off, he stumbles straight into a toe kick to the abdomen.

**DDK:**

Harmen with the COLD SNOW!

**Lance:**

Killer impact off of that implant DDT!

Jack Harmen kips up to his feet and pumps his arms, whooping victoriously, much to the ire of the French Faithful.

What he neglects to see happening behind him is Scott Hunter returning to the apron, reaching in, and tagging Kuroyama's hand while he's laid out on his back.

**DDK:**

Hunter tags himself back in!

**Lance:**

And the Lunatic is too busy grandstanding to take notice!

Hunter immediately scales the turnbuckle. Harmen turns around, presumably to finish the job on Kuroyama, but his jaw suddenly drops at the sight of Scott flying off the top!

**DDK:**

DIVING CROSS BODY by Scott Hunter! Jack Harmen was caught completely off guard!

**Lance:**

And he floats over right to the legs...

**DDK:**

Yes! He's going for it! FIGURE FOUR LEGLOCK! He has it LOCKED IN!

Harmen howls in pain and fans his arms for leverage, but Hunter keeps him pinned in place as he cranks harder on the hold. Outside the ring, Victor Vacio sees what's happening and tries to slide in to put a stop to it...

Suddenly, a giant grey, fuzzy mass overtakes his masked face.

**DDK:**

KERRY KOALAYAMA OUTTA NOWHERE!!

**Lance:**

Where'd that drop bear come from?!

Vacio falls back to the floor, pawing at the extremely stoned marsupial clinging to his face. Seeing that the cavalry isn't coming, Harmen has no choice but to submit.

*TAP-TAP-TAP***DDK:**

IT'S OVER!

Navarro cues for the bell.

***DING DING DING****♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪*

Hunter releases the hold and pops to his feet, pumping his fists. Then he sees the remainder of Los Caidos charging down the rampway and realizes it's time to book it. He quickly grabs both the human and koala Kerrys and gets out of the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... THEEE VVIIIIIIINNNGMEEEEENN!!!

**DDK:**

A successful tag team outing for the VVingmen, Hunter and Kuroyama, in their first match teaming up together in DEFIANCE! Though I'd be hard pressed to think this settles things between them and this new alliance between Jack Harmen and Victor Vacio!

**Lance:**

And with Lord Nigel Tricklebush stepping out of the shadows and making his presence known, I can't help but think some sort of scheme is in the works...

**DDK:**

What did Nigel mean when he said "The CROWN has a victory to claim"? Where will all of these competitors end up at DEFIANCE Rising? WHO will Jack Harmen defend the Favoured Saints Championship against? Hopefully, we'll get the answers sooner rather than later! But for the time being, ladies and gentlemen, DEFTv has to move along! We have trios action and a killer main event still to come, so don't go away!

Hunter backs up the rampway, cradling Kerry Koalayama in one hand and shouldering Kerry Kuhumanyama in the other. The Emerald Apex still looks shook from the DDT he received. The Eucalyptic Apex looks high as ever.

In the ring, Harmen is livid, brandishing his FS championship belt as he unloads his frustrations on Vacio and Los Caidos, who stand stewing in disappointment.

**COMMERCIAL: PRIME REVIVAL!****CATCH PRIME REVIVAL BI-WEEKLY!**

## GAME ON

We are backstage in the Outer Heaven locker room, where Game Face Cyrus sits at the far end of the bench. Beside him are Alex Pietrangelo and Martin Evans-Everett VI who look to be congratulating Bates on his recent victory streak.

However, on the other end of the locker room, Conor Fuse paces back and forth, seemingly ready to burst at a moment's notice.

**Conor Fuse:** [talking to himself outloud]

How did he even get a ticket!? You're meaning to tell me the dipshit flew ALL THE WAY to France just to see ONE BLOODY match and then leave!?

Conor's blood is boiling.

**Conor Fuse:**

I hate him. I hate him with the passion of a thousand suns! I am a grown-up now, I shouldn't be holding grudges but yet here we are, god dammit!

Martin and Alex look at each other and then over to Conor. Their body language suggests they'd like to reach out and calm Conor down. They also know they might get their heads ripped off if they try anything.

Conor stops pacing back and forth. He closes his eyes...

**Conor Fuse:**

DAMMIT, CYRUS!

Conor opens them, staring across the locker room, directly into the Game Face's game face.

...

Conor suddenly realizes he shouted, so he calms down.

**Conor Fuse:**

Sorry, Cyrus. You did good, you're not the problem. I mean... I would've liked you to be on offense the entire time. It would've made Sutler suffer a lot more, having to watch my team, my group, my stable, be successful... as he's the visitor here, but I digress. He saw your victory. He knows I mean business. And come the PRIME-DEFIANCE joint show that isn't named... the Fuse Bros. will destroy the Kael Fam once and for all!

There's a sour look on Fuse's face.

**Conor Fuse:**

But the Box Man... that moron. He's another NPC. He wants to get into our business!?

The locker room door opens and Tyler Fuse walks through it. Tyler gives a slight nod to his brother, which brings a smile upon Conor's face.

Conor beams in Cyrus' direction.

**Conor Fuse:**

This is the start of my grown-up-ship. We are only scratching the surface. Cyrus, my brother informs me it's official. You're the first one in line here, in our newly formed team. The first one who's getting the spotlight shined down upon. At DEFIANCE Rising, you'll go one-on-one with Klein and we will send a DIRECT message to everyone in this locker room that there are serious repercussions for actions against us.

Conor pauses.

**Conor Fuse:**

As for Tyler and I? We will be taking the show off. The bad blood between Sutler and myself has been bubbling for years! Now that he's decided to finally reappear by his father's side... well... I need to be at one-hundred-percent. Nothing is going to get in my way.

Bates nods along.

**Cyrus Bates:**

No problem at all, sire. That makes one hundred percent completionist sense! Save your game. Send it to the cloud, even. I will protect it with my life. These PRIME goombas don't know what they have coming. After I bop Klein, I'll be sure to hand out GAME OVERS to anyone else that gets in my way.

Conor initially looks disgusted at the video game references but then lightens up after Bates shuts his mouth. Conor's about to leave the locker room alongside his brother, but stops right before vanishing from sight.

**Conor Fuse:**

Just remember, get the job done. Or there will be a uranage with your name on it.

The Fuse's leave. For a brief moment there, worry crosses GFC's face before Alex and Martin pat him on the back and DEFtv goes elsewhere.



## RAIN CITY RONIN & LONNIE LUCK vs. THE TRIPLE SEVENS

**DDK:**

It's not going to be long now before the Rain City Ronin lock up with the Triple 7s at DEFIANCE Rising! The first-ever tag team I Quit match for the Unified Tag Team titles! Before we get there, though, the RCR join forces with the Triple 7s own cousin, Lonnie Luck, to take on the Triple 7s who are competing in a six-man tag team match for the first time!

**Lance:**

What a match this is going to be! The Triple 7s and Tom Morrow thought they had the upper hand on Rain City Ronin two weeks ago when Morrow declared they would be using the Ace of Tag Teams contract for a I Quit match, only to be attacked in a set-up from the Ronin and Lonnie Luck that had to be broken up by DEFsec!

**DDK:**

That's why we aren't going to waste your time because all six men want to get a piece of ...

**TALKING HEADS ... SHUT UP NOW!!!**

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

The commentary booth is cut off by Tom Morrow power walking from behind the curtains to yell at the fans of Lyon!

**Tom Morrow:**

Before my Seven Foot Savages make Daymon and Burnett *beg* for their careers at DEFIANCE Rising and *relinquish* the Unified Tag Team titles to them via an I Quit match ... both them *and* the great betrayer Lonnie Luck are going to get what's coming to them tonight! Introducing the three-eyed monster of this division and the Gods of the Tom Morrow Division! Max The Jacked! Mark The Spark! Mase the Headcase! Led by ME!!!

Morrow turns around to show off the name on his blue leather suit.

"Tom The" then a picture of a Bomb emoji.

**Tom Morrow:**

TOM THE BOMB!!! The man that pulls the button ... CLICK ... and DETONATES the bomb that's going to destroy this division!

The LDLC Arena lights fade completely. Tom Morrow speaks in the darkness.

**Tom Morrow:**

THE!!! TRIPLE!!! 7S!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The sounds of angry heavy metal pump through the PA! When lights return, there are three giants standing on stage, wearing matching black leather hooded vests and black pants, all kissed with green, red and orange flame designs. All three have their backs turned to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and hold the Winning Hand up.

**DDK:**

The temperature's rising, Lance!

**Lance:**

And this is going to be the first look that we get at all three of the Triple 7s in action at once!

Booing rains down for the Triple 7s when they reach the ring. Tom Morrow stands in front of the ring and on the other three sides, Max, Mason and Mark all climb over the ropes easily. Tom The Bomb makes it inside and he poses in front of all three giants. They toss up the Winning Hand as a giant logo lowers from the ceiling behind the ring in the shape of a "7" before it and the arena lights up with red and orange to simulate flames! After all this fancy pomp and

circumstance, they leave and wait for the other team to make their entrance.

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

Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring with a white coat on. With a laser focused loon on his face Lonnie hastily sprints to the ring like his life depends on it! He stops short of sliding into the ring with Mark Luck in particular looking to single him out.

**Mark Luck:**

Get in here and fight you little bitch!

Even as headstrong as Lonnie is he won't move in and waits for his tag team partners first!

♪ *"Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow w/ Run the Jewels* ♪

The music hits. Blue, green, and white lights flash intermittently in time to the beat. Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett stride through the curtain with the Tag Team Titles strapped around their waists and ice cold expressions etched on their faces. They waste no time marching down the rampway to the ring, walking lockstep and staring daggers at their challengers waiting in the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Now introducing the opponents... the team of LONNIE LUCK, ZACK DAYMON, and LEO BURNETT!!

**DDK:**

The Tag Champions have arrived with scowls of determination and focus!

**Lance:**

The Rain City Ronin waited a long time and listened to many, many words from Tom Morrow and the Lucks.

**DDK:**

Tonight, however, they finally have the chance to step between the ropes and show the ACEs of DEFIANCE just what it is they do best: WRESTLE.

**Lance:**

And fighting alongside Lonnie Luck, for once, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett won't be outnumbered against the Triple 7's.

Daymon and Burnett reach ringside. Leo nods to Lonnie as they pass by him, indicating that he should follow. With the estranged member of the Luck family in tow, the Rain City Ronin scale the steps and enter the ring.

The Rain City Ronin unstrap the belts as they walk to one side of the ring, treating the Triple 7's as if they were ghosts. With Lonnie pumping his fists between them, they raise the title belts to the crowd.

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!*

**DDK:**

The French Faithful are showing their support to this trio of young athletes!

They turn and cross over to the other side of the ring. Along the way, Zack shoulder-checks an in-the-way Max, who nearly lunges after him were it not for Morrow and the official stopping him first. Paying him no mind, Lonnie and the RCR pose to the other side of the arena.

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!*

Daymon and Burnett hand over their titles to the timekeeper and promptly go to the corner, where they wait in silence

for the official to make his final checks. Instead, Lonnie does the lion's share of talking, taunting his extended family members from across the ring while they point threateningly back at him.

**DDK:**

I wouldn't say it's wise to work up the Triple 7's before the match...

**Lance:**

Lonnie Luck is headstrong, if anything. But with the Tag Team Champions backing him up, I would say he has every reason to be feeling confident.

**DDK:**

Looks like it's Lonnie and Mark starting this one off! The ref signals for the bell to get this underway!

***DING DING***

The bell rings and Lonnie Luck charges at Mark Luck. He kicks at Mark's leg to chop the giant redwood down, but Mark pushes Lonnie back. Lonnie picks himself back up but the former Favoured Saints champion catches a boot to the chest and is knocked off his feet. Mark flexes for the jeering DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then he talks some trash to Lonnie!

**Mark Luck:**

We could have been like cousins in law my dude! Sorry you gotta get stomped!

He tries literally stomping Lonnie, but he rolls out of the way of the first stomp. Mark tries again but the second verse is the same as the first and he evades that before getting to his feet. Lonnie hits a jumping drop kick to the chest but the best it does is teeter Mark the Spark. Lonnie gets a head start off the ropes, but Mark hits an open handed chop to the chest that once again knocks Lonnie to the canvas! Mark enjoys putting Lonnie through the pain and he reaches through the middle rope to fist bump Tom Morrow at ringside.

**Tom Morrow:**

Get him! Get the little troll and put him back under his bridge in a body bag!

Mark Luck picks Lonnie up again and corners him. He strikes Lonnie twice with some back elbows to the side of the head!

**Lance:**

I get that Lonnie is feeling some type of way about Max and Mason turning their back on him and going with Morrow. I get that he hates Mark Luck for replacing him among the group. But the size difference is too great for him to just be running right ahead at Mark Luck!

**DDK:**

David and Goliath and all that, but David didn't go charging blindly.

Lonnie is whipped into the ropes but Leo Burnett makes a blind tag behind him! Mark does not see the tag and Lonnie is able to slide under a big boot and wave out to Mark from the floor. Mark is distracted and gets hit with a low tackle to the knee from Leo Burnett! Mark Luck is taken down to his knees as Leo makes a quick tag to Zack Daymon! Daymon follows with a high angle running drop kick and knocks the giant onto his back!

**DDK:**

Quick tags are going to be how Rain City Ronin get around the size advantage, but they may not be able to do this at DEFIANCE Rising!

**Lance:**

They need to worry about getting through tonight, but they're doing a good job of that so far!

Another tag goes to Leo Burnett. Mark is on a knee, but the Iceman runs in and hits a running shoulder block to the man he beat a couple weeks ago in singles action to knock him flat to the canvas!

**DDK:**

The Tag Champions are working well together like they always do!

Max and Mason are both too far to get to their brother in law for the tag. Lonnie Luck makes a tag and then jumps to the top rope. He calls a play for Leo Burnett to get a quick boost and helps Lonnie fly off the top with a rocket launcher style splash onto Mark!

**DDK:**

And now even Lonnie Luck is getting in on it!

Lonnie is going for a lateral press!

One ...

Tw ...

Mark shoves Lonnie before a full two count! Lonnie is up in shock but he realizes that he's gotta stay attacking Mark. He runs at Mark again but he gets picked up! He is on Mark's shoulders before he throws him in the air with a standing flap jack!

**Lance:**

The Triple 7s are just too strong for Lonnie! And now they're in control!

Mark Luck tags Max Luck, who looks like he doesn't want to hurt his cousin at first.

**Max Luck:**

Walk away Lonnie. Walk away. Take the countout loss and we'll let you walk outta here.

The Beast of the Bright Lights even opens the rope with his foot. Lonnie sits up and he sees what his cousin tries to do. He looks at Mason who is also telling him to take the deal. Lonnie walks over ... and then reaches up to slap Max across the face!

**Lance:**

Lonnie's standing defiantly! Pun intended!

But for his DEFIANCE (also pun intended), Max hits Lonnie right on the jaw with a big boot! Now seeing that there isn't a choice any more, he looks like he is going to attack Lonnie but then he turns and kicks Zack Daymon in the face! Zack is on the floor and Leo goes to check on his tag team partner!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

**DDK:**

How the heck is he supposed to get away from Morrow's monsters?! They've got Lonnie cornered now!

Max makes a tag to his twin brother. Max takes Lonnie up and drops him using a scoop slam and then quickly follows the move with the big Box Cars elbow right to his heart! Lonnie is reeling and rolls over onto his stomach, but Mason Luck comes off the other side and hits a leg drop to the back of the head!

**DDK:**

Lonnie Luck is being picked apart! We have seen this kid just take some brutal falls in his DEFIANCE Wrestling career! He's the longest reigning Favoured Saints champion in history but right now he's in there with monsters who have no value for careers other than their own!

There is no pin fall attempt from Mason Luck. Instead the 175-pound Lonnie is picked up into the corner of the Triple 7s and then Mason puts a hurt on him with big chops to his chest!

Four of them to be precise!

**DDK:**

Four of a Kind from Mason Luck! They're systematically taking Lonnie apart tonight!

Mason backs up from his corner and Mase the Ace is cupping his ear to encourage the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to jeer him even more!

**Mason Luck:**

*Our titles!*

Zack Daymon is finally back up to the ring apron with help from Leo Burnett, but Mason notices the opening so he runs over and lands an elbow smash on the Iceman! Mason walks away laughing and the referee warns him about a potential disqualification if this keeps up! Mason blows a kiss towards Zack Daymon and lets out a sickening laugh then tags Max to continue the beatdown on their cousin and erstwhile teammate.

**DDK:**

That's the second cheap shot in a row from the Triple 7s! They're torturing Lonnie but they know full well who is on the other side of the ring!

**Lance:**

Things aren't looking good for Lonnie!

Lonnie is flipped turned upside down as if he was in Bel Air. Mason and Max both have him in a double suplex and then hit a double release suplex on Lonnie!

**DDK:**

That's the Coin Toss and it's a good thing that he landed more tails than heads or that could have been disastrous!

Max is finally ready to put a bow on things. He tries to pin Lonnie.

One ...

Two ...

But an angry Zack Daymon launches back into the ring and he attacks Max Luck with lefts and rights!

**DDK:**

Zack Daymon makes the save, but he's playing with fire!

It takes the official yelling at Daymon to get him away and back to his corner. When that doesn't work he threatens a DQ!

**Lance:**

Things are really getting heated from all sides! This pressure cooker could be ready to go off at any moment if it keeps up like this!

Max checks his lip for blood but sits up and he looks more of his sadistic self. The Seven Foot Savages have their way with things as Max picks up Lonnie on his shoulder. He runs at the corner and slams Lonnie into it and then tags Mark Luck! Mark underhooks the neck of Lonnie then turns and drops a leg!

**DDK:**

Cut the Deck by Mark Luck! That might do it!

Mark hooks the leg!

One ...

Two ...

This time, Burnett makes the save! He plays it more cool than his partner and goes back to his corner but looks across to Mason and Max as he hasn't forgotten what they did moments ago.

**Lance:**

Burnett jumps in before the three count! Lonnie Luck hasn't had any answer tonight against these giants!

Mason and Max wave at him and yell at Leo to get back to his corner. Mark Luck has grabbed Lonnie and then throws what looks to be his limp body at the neutral corner. He runs for a jumping splash in the corner, but Lonnie moves last minute and Mark hits the corner! Lonnie jumps to the top turnbuckle and leaps off to hit the Bluff Catcher off the top rope!

**DDK:**

Lonnie Luck with the Bluff Catcher! That variation on the diamond dust might have given him the time he needs to get to his corner!

Both Daymon and Burnett are ready for a tag! Mark checks his jaw and tries to make sure it is still intact before he sees Lonnie just mere feet away from making the tag!

**DDK:**

Mark Luck dives to cut off Lonnie...

TAG!

**Lance:**

He made it!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!*

Zack Daymon springboards over the top rope, catching Mark off-guard with a dropkick that connects with his face and knocks him onto his back! Seeing the tide turn, Mason steps into the ring and charges, but Zack greets him with a basement dropkick that topples him over and tumbling into the ropes.

**DDK:**

The champions are finally back in the action, and going right on the attack!

From the apron, Burnett seizes Mason by the head, pulls him the rest of the way through, and DDTs him off the hardest part of the ring! Once he's back up, Daymon tags him in, just as Max comes into the ring next. Burnett enters, and narrowly ducks a lariat from Max before trapping him into a rear waistlock.

**DDK:**

Look at this, SUPERKICK by Daymon--into a MASSIVE GERMAN SUPLEX by Leo Burnett!

**Lance:**

I've never seen Max manhandled that way!

Max rolls from the ring. Daymon goes back to the apron and receives another quick tag from Burnett. The both of them immediately get to Mark just as he's pulling himself back to his feet and push him off the ropes. Mark rebounds, and

suddenly counters whatever the Ronin are attempting with double clotheslines! He continues running, taking a bounce off the next set of ropes.

**DDK:**

Here comes Mark with DOUBLE BOXCAR ELBOWS...

**Lance:**

Nobody home!

Zack and Leo simultaneously kip up to their feet at the last second, and Mark's elbows are left to hit nothing by the canvas! While he lies on the mat stunned in pain, Daymon rolls him over while Burnett hooks his legs. Leo lifts Mark into a wheelbarrow as Zack hits the ropes and returns to land a bulldog!

**DDK:**

What a maneuver! The Rain City Ronin are proving what makes them the Unified Tag Team Champions of DEFIANCE! Cover made by Daymon!

One!

Two!

Thr--ALMOST!

Undaunted, Daymon grabs Mark by the head and pulls him up before tagging in Lonnie. Hooking Mark into a three-quarter nelson, Zack runs up the turnbuckle and drops Mark with a shiranui DDT! On cue, Lonnie vaults over the ropes!

**DDK:**

Springboard senton by Lonnie Luck off of the Sliced Bread by Zack Daymon!

**Lance:**

Lonnie's getting into the RCR's groove!

**DDK:**

Lonnie makes the pin, looking for the three!

One!

Two!

BROKEN UP by Mason!

Mason relentlessly stops Lonnie, ignoring the official's commands to return to the Triple 7's corner. Burnett steps in and begins throwing shots at Mason. Sliding back into the ring, Max grabs Burnett and gives him a few shots of his own. Then Daymon gets in on the action. The arena fills with raucous cheering as order collapses and the four of them relentlessly brawl in the ring.

**DDK:**

Here we go! We could be seeing a preview of DEFIANCE Rising right here! Champions and challengers going at it, tooth and nail!

**Lance:**

The Triple 7's are monsters that are used to other teams fearing them! But the Rain City Ronin are showing they aren't afraid to bring the fight right to them!

Size and power begin to pay off for the towering Luck brothers as they gain ground on the champions, backing up both Zack and Leo to the ropes. Max and Mason send them into motion, only for both members of RCR to hook their arms over the top rope to stop themselves from coming back.

**DDK:**

Here come Mason and Max, charging after the Ronin with running lariats... NO! Zack and Leo pull down on the top rope at the last second, sending the Lucks spilling out onto the ringside floor!

**Lance:**

Absolutely relentless! If they keep this pace up at DEF Rising, the Triple 7's won't have a chance to make either one say, "I quit!"

Mason and Max struggle to get to their feet. Meanwhile, Burnett pushes Daymon off the ropes to send him running. The Lucks are back on their feet as Zack vaults over the top rope with a flying body press!

**Lance:**

Caught by Mason and Max!

**DDK:**

But here comes Leo Burnett! SUICIDE DIVE through the ropes!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!*

With Daymon still held in their arms, the Luck twins are defenseless as Burnett comes sailing through the ropes like a missile, latching onto his partner's back and using their shared weight to drop the Lucks onto the floor! The Ronin immediately pop to their feet and pump their fists, getting another huge pop from the fans seated at ringside!

**DDK:**

Astounding teamwork on display by the tag team champions, and now it's only the legal men left in the ring!

**Lance:**

They've given Lonnie Luck the perfect opening to put this away!

Mark Luck goes swinging for Lonnie Luck with a knee and then has Lonnie on the shoulder. He runs at the corner for the aptly named snake eyes but Lonnie slips and Mark hits the corner! Lonnie has his chance and goes low by grabbing Mark and hitting up the turnbuckles ...

**DDK:**

Here comes the Pocket Ace!!!

The big cutter out of the corner connects in the middle of the ring!

**Lance:**

I think that's it!!!

Lonnie tries to cover Mark!

...

But there is no referee! Morrow yanks them out of the ring!

**DDK:**

What the heck is Tom Morrow doing?! Lonnie Luck should have had the pinfall!

Tom Morrow gets in the referee's face! He turns around but walks right into Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett!



**Lance:**

Look out!

Mason Luck runs and he tries to hit them with clotheslines! They duck but the referee doesn't!

**DDK:**

The referee's out! The referee's out!

The referee isn't completely unconscious and is aware enough to call for the bell!

***DING DING DING DING DING DING*****Darren Quimbey:**

Your winners as a result of disqualification ... the Rain City Ronin and Lonnie Luc ... !!!

Quimbey has to move out of the way because an enraged Max Luck jumps Zack Daymon from behind and throws him directly in the direction of the time keeper's area!

**Lance:**

The Triple 7s are going crazy! They lost by disqualification, but I don't think they care!

Lonnie Luck runs to the aid of Leo Burnett in a scuffle with Mason Luck at ringside, but two pairs of hands reach in and drag him back into the ring! Mark Luck is back up and *drops* Lonnie with the Winning Hand Slam from over seven feet in the air!

**DDK:**

Lonnie's down!

Daymon fights his way back up, but the same fate awaits him! He grabs his face with the Winning Hand ...

**WINNING HAND SLAM THROUGH THE TIME KEEPER'S TABLE!!!**

Max poses over folded up body with the Winning Hand extended to the sky!

**Lance:**

DAYMON! DAYMON IS HURT!!! AND BURNETT'S ALL ALONE NOW!!!

Leo Burnett is the last man standing and now finds himself trapped between Mark and Mason Luck outside the ring. Max starts heading that way as well. The Iceman realizes the odds are against him but he starts swinging anyway! He lands some shots on the Triple 7s, but eventually the Seven Foot Savages overpower him as well and the beat down continues outside of the ring!

**DDK:**

Leo Burnett is down! The Triple 7s have swarmed him like wild animals!

***DING DING DING DING DING DING***

The bell rings again continuously, but it falls upon deaf ears! Burnett gets thrown into the ring then Max and Mason!

**Lance:**

Where's security?!

Leo Burnett is picked up by Max with a Winning Hand and Mason wraps his hand around his throat ...

**DDK:**

SEVEN STARS!!! BURNETT IS DOWN, TOO!!!

Too little, too late as DEFSec are descending upon the ring with Wyatt Bronson leading them! They try to break things up, but the damage has already been done! Tom Morrow poses over Burnett and Lonnie Luck inside the ring. Security and trainers attend to Zack Daymon outside. Mark Luck has the Unified Tag titles and brings them in the ring for the three giants to hold high!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

**DDK:**

The Triple 7s were willing to throw tonight's match out the window just to dish out some damage to the champions ahead of their I Quit match! What's gonna happen when these two teams collide?!

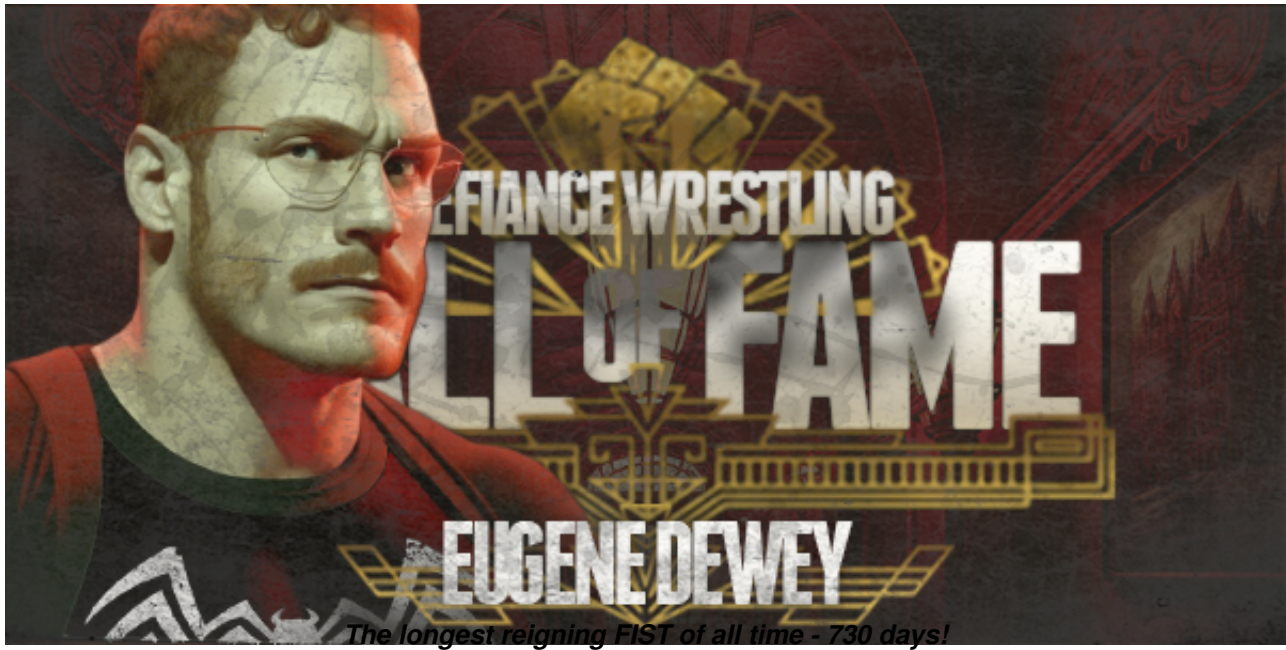
**Lance:**

Rain City Ronin better hope that they have a game plan! They're gonna need it!

The departing Triple 7s drop the titles on the chest of Leo and then leave the ring at once with DEFSec ushering them out! Max and Mason both slap hands with Mark and then Tom Morrow.

**Tom Morrow:**

Triple 7s! Top of the mountain! And Rain City Ronin ... you're gonna plummet to your *doom!!!*

**PAUSE PUBLICITAIRE: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY**

## DAN RYAN vs. CANCER JILES

The show cuts back to ringside.

**Lance:**

Well Darren, dream match up next?

**DDK:**

Let's see. It's the MAIN EVENT. It's The DEFIANT Hammer of the Gods going up against PRIME's Cockiest of Roaches, and there's no love lost between them. Uh, yeah, sounds about right to me, Lance.

The lights slowly draw to a dim.

A COOL breeze makes its way throughout the audience.

Up on the Crumbotron, the coolest montage of superkicks this side of the astral plane plays. Lindsay Troy, Bronson Box, Eric Dane, Jeff Andrews, Brandon Youngblood, Cecilworth Farthington, Brian Hollywood, Darin Zion, Dan Ryan, you name him, or her, and they're a part of it.

Then, a guitar riff capable of bending both space and time hits like a category five hurricane named Screamin' Jay...

"I'm the one your mama warned you about,"

"When you see me, I will leave you no doubt."

"I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth,"

"I've been the coolest since the day of my birth..."

Up at the top of the ramp the PRIME Hall of Famer and former DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion, Cancer Jiles, emerges with his lovely and always vivacious Valkyrie, Vicky Hall, in tow.

"...I AM THE COOL!"

Jiles is wearing his signature salt-white wrestling boots, and his significant other has on an electric-blue jumpsuit.

**Lance:**

The last time we saw Cancer Jiles inside a DEFIANCE ring he was superkicking Lindsay Troy into oblivion. However, before that, his last match of record if you will, was a tag match on October 20th, 2015! It's been over a COOL decade since he last competed inside a DEFIANCE ring! Even crazier, on that same night, IN THE MAIN EVENT, DAN RYAN, acting as guest referee, DISQUALIFIED LINDSAY TROY in her bid to dethrone Eugene Dewey as the FIST of DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

Easy there, Scott Stevens.

**Lance:**

Hate to say it, but Jiles does look the part. I imagine for him, this is just another day at the office-- another MAIN EVENT against another TITAN of the industry. However, I wonder how long it will take him to shake any potential ring rust off, seeing as he hasn't competed since August? Hopefully for his sake it's not very long. It's only going to be an angry Dan Ryan he's competing against.

**DDK:**

How is his hair so perfect? It's.. dare I say it, perfection.

The lovely couple starts to slowly make their way down the entrance ramp. Along the way, Jiles takes a moment to exchange pleasantries with a few of the patrons sitting along the aisle. The Philadelphia native even goes out of his way to belittle a fan wearing a defunct CSWA t-shirt.

**Lance:**

That type of behavior is uncalled for! We here at Defiance do not endorse it! You should never touch a fan!

**DDK:**

Yeah, I don't care how old he is and if he has a helmet on or not. Totally uncalled for on Vickie's behalf.

Upon reaching the ring, King COOL enters by sliding under the bottom rope, while his significant other takes the classy route via steps. The King of COOL and his Valkyrie then hit a pose to die for, to which....

*BOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!*

The crowd's reaction brings an even bigger smile to Jiles' face. He then finds his corner and begins to negotiate the rules with Benny Doyle while awaiting his opponent.

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

Lightning crackles on the screen, and an intermittent strobe effect in the arena flashes in sync. For a moment, it's the only light, until a spotlight follows Dan Ryan stepping out onto the stage. As the rap verse starts, he heads down the aisle.

In the darkness behind him, Henry Keyes emerges, silently following him down, yet making a detour toward the broadcast position.

**DDK:**

Dan, as always, is all business, not much fooling around with the fans, eyes focused on the ring.

**Lance:**

Like I said, you should never touch a fan.

**DDK:**

You're so wise.

**Henry Keyes:**

Gentleman. Lance.

**DDK:**

Our FIST of DEFIANCE, Henry Keyes - welcome to the booth. Any predictions for this epic encounter?

**Henry Keyes:**

Just one. *Pain*.

Ryan reaches the ring and, with a single hop, jumps up onto the apron. Without hesitation, he climbs in through the ropes and rushes to a corner, jumping up onto the second turnbuckle and staring out into the crowd.

*RAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!*

After a couple of moments, he turns his head and sees an unimpressed Cancer Jiles waiting for him, so he hops down and waits in the corner as the music fades.

**DING DING**

There they are.

On the one side of the ring...

... ..Dan Ryan.

On the other side of the ring...

.....Cancer Jiles.

Time, indeed, is a flat circle.

Oh, and no cardboard props to boot, so you know they mean business.

**Lance:**

Most people tremble with fear when faced with the fact that the person standing across the ring from them is Dan Ryan -- especially after that person superkicked a member of Vae Victis in the face -- but not Cancer Jiles. No, he's quickly moved to the center of the ring and is challenging Dan to a test of strength!

**Henry Keyes:**

The balls on this guy.

It's true.

Jiles is now in the middle of the ring calling out to Dan, daring him to indulge him. He's not being polite about any of it either.

**DDK:**

I suppose when you've escaped certain death as many times as he has...

On the other end, Ryan, much to Jiles' chagrin, is not falling for his taunting; even if he wants nothing more than to tear Jiles in half like a piece of cardboard. You see, Dan has been around the block as many times as Cancer has, probably more to be honest. He knows there's zero point zero chance King Crumb has any intentions of going through with it, and it's probably all a ploy so Jiles can try to kick him in the nuts.

Brains and brawn.

As such, Dan slowly inches forward, eyeballing Jiles the whole way.

Then...

In a flash, he lunges forward.

In fact, Jiles did not plan to kick him in the nuts.

He planned to kick his head clean off the top of his neck.

Just as Ryan leans in, Jiles throws a Terminal Cancer superkick that misses Dan Ryan's jaw by mere millimeters as Dan pulls to the side and out of the way. Thinking he successfully baited Jiles in, he turns and spins into a Hammer of God rolling elbow, but Jiles even more deftly ducks to the side and both men find themselves falling back into their respective corners again...

Right where they started.

Jiles runs his hands through his hair, cool as ever. Both men took a big swing, just in case. Neither really expected it to land. Ryan, for his part, is smirking in the corner, waiting for the next pitch.

**DDK:**

And now they beat each other to death.

**Henry Keyes:**

And now Dan beats Cancer to death you mean.

**DDK:**

Of course that's what I mean.

Not before long, it is Dan Ryan who stalks his way towards the center of the ring. There he stops, and stares Jiles down nice and good. Then, he slowly raises an arm in the air as if to say it's his turn to challenge the other in a test of strength. Jiles, to his credit, remains forever unimpressed, but blames a pop-up cramp in his calf from the prior exchange for as to why he's not as eager to test himself for this go around.

**Henry Keyes:**

Oh look, all of a sudden his balls are missing. Maybe he lost them during the prior exchange as well?

Ha.

**DDK:**

Do you think Vickie has the master set in her purse?

**Lance:**

I don't think she carries a purse, and if so, where?

**Henry Keyes:**

Definitely a no on the purse, but it's for sure a "yes" on the master set. Just look at her.

All three, along with the camera shot, pan to Vickie. She does not disappoint. She's hugging the ringpost with death in her grasp. Her eyes are bulging with rage. Her fingernails are growing sharper by the second. Her shrill scream is visceral, majestic, and unnerving. She's like a Valkyrie getting ready to head into battle.

**DDK, Lance, Keyes:**

Jesus.

Back inside the ring Jiles shakes off the calf cramp by spitting on Dan's boot, and then running for his life while Dan chases him about. Eventually, King COOL ducks under the bottom rope and to the outside of the ring. He finds Vickie, and starts to head up the ramp like he's done for the night.

Or so he thinks.

Ryan, enraged, or just annoyed, or both, steps between the ropes and follows intently behind. He catches up to the lovely couple about halfway up the ramp, and reaches out to escort his prey back to the ring. Jiles, at the last second, sees Dan up on the Crumbotron and pulls Vickie in between them. Ryan pauses, and in that moment of hesitation, Jiles is able to jab him in the eye with his thumb.

**Lance:**

Did Jiles just pop Dan's eye out of its socket?

**DDK:**

Wouldn't be the first time he's done such a thing.

Somewhere, Bronson Box continues to forever wink.

Ryan reels back in agony clutching at his face. Jiles and Vickie take a quick moment to share in a kiss. Someone

sitting near them throws up so you can assume it's of the ridiculously open mouth nature. Jiles then dodges a wild, half blind clothesline attempt from Dan, and quickly chops him down with a shoulder block to the back of his knee. The short clip doesn't bring the behemoth all the way down, but he does go to a knee.

**Lance:**

Hate to say it but Ryan looks to be in a little bit of trouble here, guys.

**Henry Keyes:**

He'll be fine. But. Note to self, if this idiot goes outside, don't follow him.

**DDK:**

Good thinking.

**Henry Keyes:**

Thanks, Keebler.

**Lance:**

Surely though, you and Dan have gone over some strategy for when Cancer Jiles inevitably bends the rules?

**Henry Keyes:**

Shut up, Lance.

Ryan, one hand clutching at his aroused retina while the other clutches at his clipped knee, is defenseless. As such, Jiles starts to go to work. Back rake. Toe stomp. Inverted fishhook. There's even a series of chops, an OPEN hand slap to the face, and a few measured closed fists.

The crowd is in shock.

The booth is in shock.

Jiles is having his way with Dan Ryan.

There are no signs of rust.

He is hitting all his beats.

Then, the unthinkable happens. King COOL goes for Terminal Cancer again. However, as before, he is unsuccessful. He doesn't miss, though; instead, Dan catches his foot mid-kick. Barehanded, too.

The King of COOL's eyes pop with surprise.

As do Vickie's.

**DDK:**

Say goodbye to the JV parlor tricks.

**Henry Keyes:**

It's time to go Varsity, Crumbo!

Ha.

Ryan grabs Jiles' thigh with his non-boot holding hand and then, with relative ease, swings/launches him a few some odd feet into the barricade.

It sounds as you might imagine.



Painful.

The aftermath looks like you might imagine.

Also painful.

**Henry Keyes:**

That's better.

Worst of all, for Cancer anyway, Dan never let go of Jiles' salt shoe. He held through impact. Being so, the Hammer of the Gods simply decides there is no time like the present to drag his opponent back to the ring.

The image of Dan Ryan hanging onto Jiles' shoe and Jiles draped upside down over his shoulder, being dragged like Santa drags a bag of presents, is a sight to behold. Jiles' eyes are wide, his arms flailing to grab onto something, anything to get loose.

**Henry Keyes:**

That might be the worst present I've ever seen. It's like the DEFIANCE equivalent of getting plaid socks.

Ryan pulls him up the steps, the back of his head clanging on each one as they ascend, then finally steps through the ropes and whips Jiles through, where he ends up dumped unceremoniously on the mat.

Ryan waits, stalking his way forward as Jiles shuffles backward and gets to his feet. As Ryan gets close enough, Jiles tries an eye rake, but Ryan blocks it with his forearm and fires back with a vicious Muay Thai leg kick to Jiles' thigh.

Jiles stumbles, clutching his leg, but retaliates with a closed-fist punch to Ryan's jaw. Ryan barely flinches, glaring down at him.

**Lance:**

Oh, I think that only just pissed him off...

Ryan charges forward with a clothesline, nearly decapitating Jiles. The faithful roar as Jiles rolls out of the ring to regroup. Meanwhile, Vickie screeches up at Benny Doyle, drawing Dan Ryan's attention away just for a moment. But it's enough of a moment for Jiles to quickly slide into the ring from behind and sneak in a low blow while Doyle is distracted.

Ryan doubles over, giving Jiles the opening to hit a neckbreaker. Jiles quickly climbs the ropes and lands a top rope splash, hooking the leg for a quick pin attempt.

ONE...

But Dan Ryan powers out at one.

**DDK:**

He just pressed Jiles right off of him there, but I don't think he expected that to work so early anyhow.

**Henry Keyes:**

Yeah, not a chance.

Jiles follows up on a rising Dan Ryan, but Ryan snarls, grabs him by both sides of his head, and practically throws him into the ropes. Jiles hits, comes back, and is planted by a spinebuster. Quickly following up, he pulls Jiles to his feet and plants him with a jumping DDT.

**DDK:**

What a flurry of offense from Dan Ryan!! A dominant display here in the last few minutes!

Jiles, ever the opportunist, reaches up and gouges Ryan's eyes again as he leans over to pull him back up, then clips his knee with a picture perfect knee clip™. Ryan collapses to one knee.

**Lance:**

Say Darren, I'm just realizing that Vickie doesn't have the old DEFIANCE Heavyweight Championship on her person? Think she forgot it or something?

**Henry Keyes:**

Shut up Lance, I'll take it from here. That's because she knew the FIST was going to be out here and she didn't want to disrespect him. That's why. I read about it in Cracking News.

Oh look, a cricket has landed on the commentator's table.

**DDK:**

Yeah, it's probably in her purse with Jiles' balls.

Again, Jiles quickly climbs to the top turnbuckle and leaps off with a missile dropkick. Still, Ryan lunges forward and catches him in mid-air, adjusting his grasp, then countering with a devastating overhead belly-to-belly suplex.

Ryan goes over to Jiles, who isn't able to offer much resistance this time, pulls him up, and hits a dragon suplex, followed by a release German suplex in short order, tossing Jiles around like a ragdoll.

Ryan pulls him back to his feet, and in an act of desperation, Jiles staggers to his feet and goes to try another Terminal Cancer, but Ryan ducks it, runs the ropes, and smashes Jiles with a yakuza kick that nearly takes his head off.

**Lance:**

Talk about a free haircut! Jiles could be done for! What an impact!

**DDK:**

You ain't kiddin-- HEY! What the hell is Vickie doing under the ring!?!

**Henry Keyes:**

She's probably looking for a new cockroach to kiss now that Jiles has been decapitated...

Before long, Vickie reemerges from underneath the ring, and when she does, she has the old DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP in her possession.

**DDK:**

So it wasn't in her purse.

The crowd, sensing the end, rises to their feet as Ryan backs up and prepares another attempt at the Hammer of God, but a small contingent notices Vickie with the belt and tries to yell up to the referee about her shenanigans.

**Henry Keyes:**

OH NO SHE DOESN'T! NOT ON MY WATCH!

The FIST hastily exits from commentary. Dan's eyes roll into the back of his head like a Great White.

Shark.

Jiles is lying on canvas, motionless. Cooked. Vickie Hall, with the old belt in her grasp, slides into the ring ready to jump on top of a hand grenade for her man. Benny Doyle sees her, and probably smells her, too. He goes to intervene and stop her from interfering in the match, but for his trouble, he is shoved to the side by her Valkarian strength.

**Lance:**

BENNY DOYLE IS DOWN!

**DDK:**

DO SOMETHING HENRY! KILL HER!

Keyes is now in the ring. He confronts Vickie, telling her to drop the belt and leave, and that she can pick up her boyfriend's remains at the morgue. This enrages her and causes her to charge at him with the belt as her battering ram. She lunges. Keyes ducks, and standing behind him, eyes still rolled back, ready for the kill, is Dan Ryan.

**Lance:**

Dan never saw it coming!

The Hammer of the Gods reels back, woozy and off balance.

Vickie jumps out of the ring.

Keyes gives chase.

Benny Doyle is stirring.

And Jiles, well, he's been waiting for this opportunity for years now. He reaches up, still very much a corpse, and with all he has left, rolls a very unsuspecting Dan Ryan up. Benny is lying right there, in perfect position to make the count and not see the handful of trunks Jiles has a hold of.

ONE!!!!

**DDK:**

Oh my not like this!

TWO!!!!

Keyes realizes what is happening, does an about-face, and darts towards the ring. He slides under the bottom rope, and just before he can reach out and break up the pin...

THREE!!!!

**Lance:**

Cancer Jiles just beat Dan Ryan.

**DDK:**

....

**Lance:**

Cancer Jiles just beat Dan Ryan.

**DDK:**

....

**Lance:**

Someone needs to check on Lindsay Troy.

KEYES IS SHOCKED.

DAN IS SHOCKED.

THE COCKROACH VICKIE KISSED UNDER THE RING IS SHOCKED, but for different reasons.

EVERYONE IN ATTENDANCE IS SHOCKED.

Well, everyone except for the returning King of Crumbs and his Valkyrie. They are scurrying up the ramp as everything happened eggsactly how they drew it up.

**Lance:**

What a shit show ending. Dan had this match locked up.

**DDK:**

Damn cockroach.

In the ring, Dan stares a hole right through the back of Henry Keyes' head. Henry is looking at Jiles, and doesn't notice Ryan's face turning about three shades darker red. The crowd starts to take notice, with a buzz starting at the prospect of Vae Victis imploding before their eyes. But just then, Henry spins around and sees what's up.

**DDK:**

I don't know, partner. I'm wondering if Dan Ryan was just about to take the FIST of DEFIANCE's head off.

**Lance:**

Well, he clearly blames Henry Keyes for that miscommunication.

Ryan's ears practically have steam coming out of them, but suddenly he turns, hits the mat, and rolls out of the ring. Hands on his hips, he rounds the ring, face staring intently at the ground in front of him, and heads for the exit.

In the ring, the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE shakes his head.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***