

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Seattle, Washington welcomes DEFIANCE as the Climate Pledge Arena is hyped for DEFTv 199! 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!

FRASIER VS. NILES, FUSE VS. FUSE

SIDESHOW BOB VS. CECIL

JERMAINE VS. TITO, FUSE VS. FUSE

NO MORE FALSE ANTI-HEROES

RESIST THE LIZARD PEOPLE

URIEL CORTEZ IS A LOUSY FATHER

BALLYHOO DOESN'T NEED PANCAKES

SIGN ARCHIMEDES

GEE GOLLY THERE'S A BEE IN MY BONNET

DID YOU GET THAT REFERENCE?

FUCK YOUR PANCAKES

SEA-TAC UP AND WRESTLE

RAIN CITY RONIN SKIPPED OUT ON RENT WHEN WE LIVED IN CAPITOL HILL — THE MOST SEATTLE THING POSSIBLE

LORD PROTECT DAN LEO JAMES

SONNY SILVER SECTION

NAH, FAM(ILIA)

BUTCH VIC, KICK HENRY'S DICK

GIVE ME SIX OF THE ED WHITE SHIRTS AND THREE OF THE "I BASHED FLASH", PUNCHY!

To the announce team!

FAMILIA FIRST

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to Night Two of DEFtv! And before we get to the action that ties into our first match - Titanes Familia's newest member, Killjoy, against a former ally that recently helped them, "The Texan Dragon" Jun Izuchi - we have to talk about what happened two weeks ago on DEFtv when we saw the end of a friendship that spanned four years. I'm talking about Uriel Cortez, Titaness, and their newest member Killjoy - attacking Mil Vultas right nearby at the interview stage.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez and Mil Vultas - then known as Minute - came together and defeated The Fuse Bros in their first match as a team in early 2020. In only their third match, they defeated The Stevens Dynasty for the Unified Tag Team Titles at DEFCON 2020 and held the titles on two occasions. They formed the successful Los Tres Titanes stable with Titaness, then becoming Titanes Familia when they took in their BRAZEN protege, Dan Leo James!

DDK:

And in the span of two months... we've seen James attacked and kicked out of the group at DEFIANCE Road and we haven't heard from him since. Then, of course, what happened with Mil Vultas. It's deplorable.

Lance:

Hoping to get some answers after evading questions from Chris Trutt following that attack, our own Jamie Sawyers sat down with Cortez and Titaness earlier this afternoon. Let's go to this interview. We'll hear the couple address their recent actions... as well as a challenge issued by Mil Vultas on last weekend's DEF Radio!

The feed switches to a studio setting with "Earlier Today" appearing below. A slightly uneasy Jamie Sawyers is seated in a brown chair and dressed in a gray suit as he prepares to ask some uncomfortable questions with a pair of volatile monsters.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Jamie Sawyers. Right now, I'm being joined by the husband and wife tandem of Titanes Familia. Uriel, Titaness... welcome.

Sitting across from him on a plush red couch are "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez and his wife, Titaness. Cortez, clad in black dress jeans, a dark blue dress shirt, dark sunglasses, and red Ojo bracelet on his right wrist. Titaness is sporting dark leggings, a gold blouse, gold earrings and gold glasses of her own. Just one look tells the fans the body language of the two is vastly different than before; now sitting with their arms interlocked and acting like a pair of happy newlyweds.

Uriel Cortez:

Thanks, Jamie. It's a nice day outside, don't you think?

Titaness:

I can't lie... they've all been pretty great lately.

The two share a quick kiss which makes Jamie slightly more uncomfortable, but tries to remain professional.

Jamie Sawyers:

I guess we should get right to the elephant in the room. A couple weeks ago, Titaness attacked Mil Vultas and was subsequently thrown off the stage by Titanes Familia's newest member, Killjoy...

Uriel Cortez: *[interrupting]*

Ahhh, I'm gonna stop you right there, Jamie. Let me put this out there for you and any budding armchair reporters... he's not a "member" of anything. This isn't some club and he didn't need a decoder ring. This isn't a stable. We may be genetic thoroughbreds, but we aren't horses... THIS is Mi Familia... no, Nuestra Familia. We are a FAMILY.

Titaness:

Get it right, Jamie. Killjoy... is our brand new bundle of joy. He's OUR Familia.

Jamie Sawyers: *[slightly flustered]*

Very well. You are... Familia... now. Which brings me back to my first question. You've spoken about why Dan Leo James is no longer part of the grou... excuse me... family. But... why Mil Vueltas? Why attack him? Uriel, Titaness... with all due respect, you guys were like brothers.

For the first time, there does appear to be a slight hint of something resembling regret on his face.

Uriel Cortez:

...You're right. And... that was a tough one. We WERE family. We achieved a lot together, he and I. Two time Unified Tag Team Champions... no easy feat in a tag team division as competitive as ours. But did I do this... or did HE? Everyone seems to think this shift happened overnight... HE was the one with attitude problems in 2023 around DEFCON time, if you remember that. HE was the one who wanted to branch out and start his singles career. He stopped being Minute and renamed himself Mil Vueltas and he had our blessing. But, think about this, Jamie... while he was out getting the singles career he always wanted, rubbing elbows with guys like Alvaro de Vargas and Oscar Burns... when my mom was attacked by Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i... was HE there to stop it?

Jamie Sawyers:

If I recall... I don't believe he was present that night, no.

Uriel Cortez:

When T and Danny were constantly outnumbered by the Most Precious Gems and I had to honor commitments as the Favoured Saints Championship... was HE there to stop any of it?

Jamie Sawyers:

Respectfully... there were times YOU were nowhere to be found in all that.

Titaness:

Excuse me?

Sawyers stops the second that Titaness leans forward in her seat.

Titaness:

My husband was trying to PROVIDE for us, Jamie... and it took me a while to see what he was talking about. I wasn't happy with him at the time, but... Uri was right. My career hasn't gone the way I've wanted it to. Sure, right now I'm one half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions with a talented young badass, Brooklynn Rivera. A few weeks ago, I took Corvo Alpha to the limit for the Southern Heritage title right before my husband fought him! Uri and I were lucky enough to get married the night we won the Unified Tag Team Titles in 2022, but we only had them for less than thirty days before the Lucky Sevens ROBBED us of those titles and instead of doing something about it... we got pulled into issue after issue after issue, spinning our wheels with idiots like Tom Morrow in a never-ending cycle. I'm done spinning, Jamie. Spinning sucks, anyway, I'm a powerlifter.

Titaness pulls up a sleeve slightly to show off her bicep.

Titaness:

In case you haven't noticed, Jamie... I'm pretty powerful. My husband is the largest man in this promotion. We're two of the most powerful people in this organization and that's fact... and I'm done pretending I can't go farther. I'm not going to sit back and be content. The Familia needs to EARN. The Familia needs to change and that's what we did... that's what *I* did. I could never ask my husband to attack Mil. That was his brother... so I did it for him so he wouldn't have that blood on his hands.

Uriel looks at his wife and then puts a fist in his chest.

Uriel Cortez:

Right here in the feels, Jamie. This is a ride-or-die. And hey... you know what, T? You ARE Pretty Powerful! And I'm saying that with capital letters. That should be your thing now.

Uriel points at his wife.

Uriel Cortez:

You see her? She is PRETTY! She is POWERFUL. She combines beauty and strength into one dynamite package and from this day moving forward, whatever she wants, she is taking! The First Lady of The Familia!

Titanness:

Hey, that IS good. Writing that down.

She takes out her Samsung Ultra S23 to jot down a note as Jamie Sawyers continues.

Jamie Sawyers:

And Killjoy... what about him? Can you tell us more his inclusion and how he managed to become a part of the... family.

Uriel Cortez:

I can... I recruited Killjoy specifically. He was always looking for the opportunity to break out. He grew up as a member of the Shoshone tribe... powerful, but treated like an outcast. Like me, like T... he was ridiculed because of his size growing up... because people were jealous. of his physical gifts just like people are of us. The only man in BRAZEN to hold its main championship twice, and he was relegated to being a bodyguard for a bunch of wrestling nepo babies. Killjoy did all he did without a famous mommy or daddy. He TOWERED over Archer Silver, High Flyer IV and Kazuhiro Troy, but they somehow managed to overshadow him with their collective egos. I knew he was capable of a lot more. I knew that, again like us, all he needed was an opportunity... And that's why we accepted him into our Familia as our own; so he could do just that. He teamed with Mil in Tag Party IV and I wanted them to get along... I did... I really did...

He trails off.

Uriel Cortez:

But what happened, happened. I can't change that and there's no going back. There's only forward now and that's the direction that Titanes Familia is going.

Jamie nods.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, I guess the only question left is... I take it you heard Mil Vueltas and his challenge to you for a one-on-one match at DEFCON?

Uriel Cortez:

I did.

Jamie Sawyers:

He's not cleared tonight due to the attack from last week, however, I was told earlier today that he will be cleared by DEFtv 200 and would be in action. I figured you may want this time to address him directly... are you going to accept his challenge for DEFCON?

Titanness looks over at her husband and awaits his answer.

Uriel Cortez:

I do.

Uriel looks up.

Uriel Cortez:

Mil... if you're watching this right now... I'm not afraid of anyone on this roster and I will never shy away from a challenge: **I ACCEPT.**

Titaness holds his arm and looks proud of her man.

Uriel Cortez:

But, Mil... I need to you think and I mean... REALLY think about what it is you're asking. As a proud father, I think it's only fair to lead by example and give you a chance to change your mind and recall this idea. What we did... that hurt me more than you know, Mateo. It hurt me a lot... and the thought of having to go beyond that... That's why I want you to take these next two weeks to think about this... you can move on, you can go about your business, and as long as you stay out of our way, you can still go about your business.

Jamie Sawyers:

And if he doesn't change his mind?

Uriel slowly rises from the couch, then stands up to his full stature. He glares downward at Jamie, eyes still hidden behind his sunglasses.

Uriel Cortez:

...Then I'll look him in the eyes and tell him what he has coming.

Titaness joins her husband.

Titaness:

That's enough of this crap. Killjoy has his first match as a member of the DEFIANCE roster against Jun Izuchi and we aren't missing that for the world. Let's go, babe.

Uriel Cortez: *[smiling happily]*

Gladly. Our kiddo's first match. Can you believe it, T? Crazy.

Arm in arm, both walk out of the studio and leave Jamie Sawyers all alone. The scene switches to the ring for the first match of the night about to start!

KILLJOY vs. JUN IZUCHI

DDK:

I can't believe what we just heard... at DEFCON, it's gonna be the former best friends... one on one. Uriel Cortez against Mil Vuelas.

Lance:

This is so unreal... but hey, we have to switch gears and get to this match now!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is your opening contest of DEFtv and is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

The arena is greeted with darkness. The all-too-familiar whistling intro sounds out and out from the back, a man in blue trunks, tights, a lasso, and a cowboy hat tilted down to obstruct his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, weighing in at 265 pounds... **"THE TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI!**

The Seattle Faithful gives a nice reception for the former Massive Cowboy as he heads to the ring and points at a few fans before high-fiving a few others. He reaches the ring, walks up the steps, then makes it into the squared circle. He takes off his hat and hangs it and his lasso on the nearby post. His face can't hide the conflict he's feeling right now.

Lance:

Izuchi has been largely silent since what happened to Dan Leo James and Mil Vuelas, but tonight he demanded a match with any member of Titanes Familia... and Uriel offered this match to Killjoy.

DDK:

How'd we even get here? Not long ago, Izuchi was trying to even the odds for Titanes Familia against The Most Precious Gems! He helped Titaness out of a jam on more than one occasion!

The music shifts to the latest tune of the Familia as the lights shift to black... then an eerie gold hue shines brightly over the stage.

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

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

"The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez and the newly minted "Pretty Powerful" Titaness appear on stage, still dressed in their attire from their interview but as soon as they appear, one more spotlight shines on the stage...

The MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crowd and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans and a sleeveless shirt... and a gold "Familia" belt buckle.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by Uriel Cortez and Titaness, representing Titanes Familia... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVEN POUNDS... he is, and I quote... "Titanes Familia's great bundle of joy"... **KILLJOY!**

With Cortez and Titaness behind the 6'10" monster, Killjoy slowly walks towards the ring with the haunting theme playing behind him. The fans are in awe of the monster as he towards over the masses. Once he reaches the ring, he looks out to The Faithful and then steps over the ropes.

Lance:

Look at the size of this monstrosity! I hate saying this, but Uriel Cortez recruited a game changer here. As he touted when he was first introduced, this is the first and only member of BRAZEN to have won the BRAZEN Championship on more than one occasion!

DDK:

And we're about to witness his debut!

Killjoy stands stoically across from Jun Izuchi, who refuses to be intimidated. As the music stops, Brian Slater is about to call for the bell, when he's stopped from outside by Uriel Cortez with a microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

Wait... Jun. Remember when a little while back, I told you to your face that you weren't Familia? Well, in spite of that... you did what you could and tried to protect my wife from The Most Precious Gems when I couldn't be there, so... it's only right that I owe you something for that.

He and Titaness look at one another, then he hands the mic to his better half.

Titaness:

Jun... cause of what you did for me, we're offering you a one-time pass. You can leave and forfeit this match to our brand new bundle of joy and we'll get him a brand new opponent... and if I were you, I'd take the deal.

Jun motions for a microphone from ringside and gets one of his own. He looks over to the couple.

Jun Izuchi:

Ma'am... Respectfully, after what you two did to Danny and Mil... stick your deal where the sun don't shine. I ain't running! I'm here to knock some sense into somebody! I don't care who it is!

That gets a big cheer from the Seattle Faithful! Titaness herself looks displeased. Uriel... is angry. He looks up inside the ring at Brian Slater... the very same referee he attacked several months ago.

Uriel Cortez:

Ring the damn bell, Slater, unless you want to get dropped by me... again.

Slater stares down Cortez for a moment, then resumes business and calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

The Familia are continuing to throw their weight around... and here comes Izuchi right out of the gate!

The Texan Dragon, 6'4" and 264 in his own right, looks fairly small compared to Killjoy but attacks the debuting monster full speed ahead! He throws a number of punches in the corner and attempts to rock the big man with Killjoy trying to block some shots, but others making it through! He runs back a few steps, then he charges forward with a big corner clothesline that rocks Killjoy. Titaness looks a little concerned, but Uriel is simply watching.

Lance:

Look at Jun go! He's refusing to be intimidated by the likes of this brute!

He steps back a few more steps for space and then charges in with a running shoulder thrust aimed at the stomach of Killjoy! The Future of the Familia gets rocked again but doesn't go down. Izuchi charges back a third time and The Faithful are getting behind him as he tries to spoil his debut. The Texan Dragon charges...

THWACK

...And just ONE big open-handed chop knocks Jun completely off his feet! The Faithful collectively cringe while Titaness and Uriel look proud!

DDK:

Good Lord! We heard that chop all the way up here! That shot was unreal!

Lance:

And Jun is no pushover! He's been on a bit of a win streak lately in singles and tag matches! He defeated Reeves of the French Connection not long ago in singles action, but this... I don't like his chances!

Killjoy kneels over to grab Jun. He rolls him over onto his stomach, but instead of some great technical maneuver, he picks him up by the head and SLAMS him face first into the mat! Not once, not twice, but several times! When Brian Slater tries to restrain him, Killjoy snarls at him and even has DEFIANCE's largest referee backing off a little bit.

Lance:

It's not every day you see someone get to Brian Slater like that! There's a reason he tends to referee the matches with DEFIANCE's larger opponents!

DDK:

I don't envy him at all! Now where's Killjoy taking him?

Killjoy pulls the former Massive Cowboy up by the neck and underhooks him to his feet, then brings down a VICIOUS forearm club to the chest that knocks him back to the canvas!

DDK:

Ooh! That forearm club looks a lot like Uriel's Big Business move, only he uses the chop. Like father, like son, I guess is the appropriate expression here.

Lance:

I still can't believe this is what Titanes Familia is now. This group used to be thought of as fairly wholesome.

Killjoy goes for no pinfalls whatsoever. He picks up Jun once again and then takes him by the arm. He picks him up once again in a vertical suplex, only to hold him up in place. Killjoy walks around the ring for a few moments, then simply lets him fall to the canvas with a big crash!

DDK:

Izuchi is getting brutalized! I don't think he's got much more in him. I'm surprised Killjoy isn't going for pinfalls.

The Faithful try and cheer on the modern day cowboy, but that doesn't seem to be working much as Killjoy grabs him by the hair... but Jun fights back! He tries several punches to the gut, but Killjoy cracks him with a big forearm club to the back!

Lance:

Oooh! Got snuffed out before he could even fight back!

DDK:

And here comes a whip to the corner. Killjoy charges... no! Izuchi gets the boot up!

Izuchi staggers the big man! Uriel and Titaness watch as Izuchi climbs the middle rope and then takes flight with a shoulder tackle off the middle rope! The Future of the Familia doesn't get knocked down, but does get staggered backwards!

DDK:

Here we go! He's got a chance!

Izuchi desperately makes it to his feet and then goes back to what was working before. He charges off the corner and hits a big splash in the corner that rocks Killjoy. He slowly staggers back, then runs at the corner and this time connects with a big boot to the chest!

Lance:

He's doing it! He's trying to chop Killjoy down to size!

The Faithful cheer on Izuchi as he has the monster staggered! Now Uriel and Titaness are starting to look concerned as he tries to scoop the big man for what could be his finishing move, the Tokyo, Texas Stampede! But before he can attempt to pick him up, Killjoy shakes himself to life and SMACKS Jun with another big forearm! Instead, he picks him up and immediately drops Izuchi across the nearby ropes with a huge snake eyes!

DDK:

No! Snake Eyes counter by Killjoy! Now what's he doing?

Killjoy picks Izuchi up and then hoists him in a back suplex before simply THROWING Izuchi across the ring like a rag doll! He crashes to the canvas and gets jeers from The Faithful as Uriel gives him the "wrap it up" symbol. Killjoy nods and then snatches Jun by the throat. He looks out to the crowd, then hoists him from a chokeslam to a powerbomb position before DRIVING him into the canvas!

DDK:

FREEFALL! THAT'S IT!

Killjoy puts his forearm over a lifeless Jun and goes for the first and what could be the only pinfall of the match.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

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

Killjoy stands back up to his feet and doesn't let Slater touch him. Instead, Uriel Cortez walks into the ring and Killjoy allows The Man of the House to do it for him!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **KILLJOY!**

DDK:

A successful debut win for who has been anointed as The Future of the Familia! Jun is one of the bigger men on this roster and Killjoy just ran roughshod.

Lance:

I have to ask this...what kind of nightmare has Titanes Familia unleashed upon this roster?

The Familia collectively leave the ring. Cortez and then Killjoy both step over the ropes and out to the floor with Titaness behind them. She mouths something to the camera near her and holds up one finger, mentioning something about one more piece of business.

DDK:

What a showing by Titanes Familia tonight... and I have to ask. Does Mil Vueltas know what he's asking for, wanting a singles match with Uriel for DEFCON?

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024

FIST of DEFIANCE
Dex Joy (C) vs. Malak Garland

ACE of DEFIANCE
Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse

VAE VACUUM

The double doors leading to the Vae Victis private suite -- colloquially known as The V-V-I-P Room -- stand silent and foreboding.

A bronze placard on the wall next to the door has etched words that read "PERISH ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE". A post-it note stuck below it provides the addendum "UNLESS YOU BRING THE PANCAKES!!!"

The end of a wooden stick wavers into the shot and lightly taps the surface of the door.

KNOCK... KNOCK... KNOCK...

Somehow, the door resonates the taps into loud, booming thuds that echo for several seconds.

The stick quickly withdraws off camera. After a moment, the door creaks open a crack, and SCOTT HUNTER sticks his head out. He looks left. Looks right. Sees nothing.

He's about to dip back in, when a happenstance glance below him causes him to whip his head twice in a double-take.

The camera pulls out, revealing a large, squat wooden GOAT STATUE has been placed outside the door to the suite.

Scott Hunter: *[pointing excitedly]*

A goat!!

It's a rudimentary, hastily made work of art -- irregularly-sized planks assembled into something meant to resemble a horned goat. A set of casters have been attached to the base to give it some added mobility. For some reason, holes are in place of the eyes, suggesting it's hollow on the inside.

After a brief inspection, Scott spies a piece of paper with a hastily scrawled message taped upon the caprine construct's oaken beard, and snatches it with a flash of his hand. He dictates while he reads...

Scott Hunter:

"Dear Vae Victis dudes. Accept this generous gift as a gesture of our fealty to your interplanetary superiority. Please bring this into your secret lair at your earliest convenience. Signed, 'er-ry-bud-dy' in the human race."

Hunter looks inquisitively between the note and the goat statue, before ultimately shrugging his shoulders and taking hold of the length of rope conveniently connected to the front of its base and tugs it into the suite.

Scott Hunter:

Scotty had a little goat, little goat, little goat. Scotty had a little goat. He's handsome but he stiiiiiinks.

Before it disappears inside, two BLOODSHOT EYES can be seen peeking through the other side of the goat statue's eyeholes. One can almost hear the sound of palms being rubbed together from within...

BRAZEN ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL (C) vs. TRIPP WISE

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got a rare BRAZEN title match coming to DEFtv, courtesy of a young man that has been garnering some buzz in the last few months. The BRAZEN Onslaught Champion, Punch Drunk Purcell, defends that very title against main roster star "Wise Ass" Tripp Wise!

Lance:

I like this guy, and it's not just because he sucker punched DEF Radio host Scotty Flash. Two weeks ago, attempting to rebound in a loss to Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIANCE, we saw "The Socialite" Edward White declare that the old DEFIANCE was lost and attempted to start up his own open challenge, answered by Purcell himself!

Stills from the match play with Edward White offering money... then Purcell connecting with the Punch Drunk Love!

DDK:

That he did! And instead of wrestling after the bell rang, White attempted to do what White does and that's buy people off. It seemed all was well and good... until Purcell tossed the money away, caught him with his pop-up right hand called Punch Drunk Love and then pinned the former FIST in his DEFtv debut!

Lance:

Purcell said it on DEF Radio - the kind of money he likes is money earned and he's not going to be bought! He's been riding high with momentum and made a lot of money on DEF Radio selling his new "I Bashed Flash" and of course, the "Ed White Caught A Right" shirts! And both those shirts came off victories he earned in a wrestling ring!

DDK:

Punch Drunk Purcell seems to be against the loudmouths of the sport and Tripp Wise... well, he'll say whatever he wants. So let's get to this title match up next!

Three ringing bells echo throughout the Climate Pledge Arena...

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite ♪

Once he comes out, the former boxer gets himself a surprising ovation! He even looks slightly shocked at the reaction and smiles. He is wearing the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship around his waist and in either hand, he unfolds two shirts that each get loud cheers!

"I BASHED FLASH"

"ED WHITE CAUGHT A RIGHT"

On the way to the ring, he throws out each shirt to either side of the arena as free merch for somebody to take home! Purcell reaches the ring and then balls his fists together. He nods along to the smooth sounds of his theme and then climbs into the ring. He holds out the bronze-plated BRAZEN Onslaught Championship, then puts his mouthguard into his mouth as the music shifts...

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out from the back comes a man wearing black trunks, knee pads and boots... oh, along with a sparkling purple bow-tie and collar, not to mention sparkling purple with tux tails on the back! He carefully poses to the side on the ramp and has a microphone in hand.

Tripp Wise:

All right, all right, cut the music, cut the music.

It fades out as Purcell watches Tripp Wise coming down the ramp slowly.

Tripp Wise:

Guys... I know comedy. Trust me, I do. And THIS big slob with the big right hand... this guy takes a cheap shot on the AMAZING, TALENTED n Edward White, makes a t-shirt off of it and now he thinks he can hang on the main roster? Now THAT... that's peak comedy, Punchy! Peak!

Booing for the wrestler/comedian as he reaches the ring now.

Tripp Wise:

I'm gonna tell you what I'm gonna do, Punchy! It's NOT gonna be a joke when I PIN you, take that BRAZEN Onslaught Championship, then I go hand-deliver it to Edward White. He truly IS The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE and I, for one, am not going to tolerate disrespect for a man that helped make all of this possible!

He shakes his head and then climbs into the ring. Purcell wants to go for a right hand now, but Tripp makes Rex Knox keep him at bay. He does so and Tripp comes into the ring as Darren Quimbey calls for the bell.

Lance:

What the hell...? Since when does Tripp Wise kiss backside like THAT?

DDK:

Since he probably figured that doing something for Edward White could reward him beneficially?

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall and it is for the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship! Introducing first, the challenger... from Tacoma, Washington weighing in at 233 pounds... **"THE WISE ASS" TRIPP WISE!**

Booing as he takes off his bow tie!

Darren Quimbey:

And in the corner to my right, from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at 351 pounds! He is the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... He is THE ROUND MOUND OF GROUND AND POUND... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

Purcell hoists the title to cheers from The Faithful! He hands it over to Rex Knox and he raises it high for The Faithful to see. The Onslaught Title is handed off to a ringside attendant, then Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound gets in close and has his hands up ready to throw down. Tripp Wise gets ready to grapple... then moves away right away when Purcell prepares to throw a punch!

Lance:

Wise moves quickly! No doubt he was one of many that saw Edward White get knocked out by that right hand! He wants to avoid that at all costs!

Tripp Wise gets in between the ropes and tells him to get away. Purcell backs off and then Tripp quickly goes low for a quick kick to his left knee! Purcell flinches and then Wise grabs him with an arm wringer! He snatches the arm and brings it down over his shoulder!

DDK:

That's good strategy here by Tripp Wise! Try and take away the arms and compromise the punching power of Punch Drunk!

The big Atlanta native gets his arm cranked a second time before Purcell pushes him back into the ropes. He sends Tripp across the ring, but the Wise Ass comes back with a running forearm to the jaw! The blow staggers him once, allowing Wise to hit the ropes again and come back with a running jumping hip attack to the side of Punchy's head! He stumbles back a step, but the signature strike of The Wise Ass only seems to anger Punchy.

DDK:

What is Wise thinking? We've seen him use these hip attack variations, but Purcell doesn't look amused.

Wise hits the ropes again, only for Purcell to come out swinging with a HUGE back elbow that knocks Wise off his feet! The Faithful cheer for the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion, then picks him up by the hair.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Big counter shot by Purcell! This man is about as wide as a fridge, but I've been told he's worked on trying to be a more well-rounded striker against all types of wrestlers... but going with what works with that big body jab!

A big jab catches Tripp in the chest and he's left sucking wind in the corner! Things go from bad to worse for The Wise Ass when he catches a series of jabs to the chest and stomach! He tries covering up, but the shots are coming too fast to block them all! Once The Wise Ass has been rocked in the corner, Purcell plays to the crowd and gets them fired up with a roar!

Lance:

Good moves by Purcell so far. He's looking good!

The BRAZEN Onslaught Champion whips Wise, but fakes him out and sends him back into the same corner he just left. He hits the corner and then gets CRUSHED with a big running back splash in the corner! Wise is sucking wind and stumbles out of the corner when Purcell turns around and SMACKS him with a big clothesline as he leaves the corner!

DDK:

He calls that the 1-2 Combination! Purcell looking good with striking Wise from any direction he wants!

Lance:

That he is! He may want to go for a pinfall!

But instead of that, Punchy is having fun right now. He picks up a stumbling Wise by his hair once again. He sends him flying to the opposite corner. Once he lands in the corner, he charges forward, but Wise gets a leg up. Punchy catches the leg, but Wise brings up the other one and rocks the big man with a jumping enzuigiri! The blow sends Punchy back a step when Wise quickly climbs to the top rope. He measures up Purcell and then hits a top rope flying uppercut that knocks the big man off his feet!

DDK:

There we go! The Dave Coulier Special connects!

Wise gets up and has the crowd jeering when he gestures and yells out...

Tripp Wise:

Uppercut... It... Out!

Then makes the cover!

ONE...

TWO...NO!

Purcell POWERS out and Tripp is shocked!

DDK:

Wise caught Purcell unaware off that flying uppercut, but wasted time entertaining himself with these witticisms!

Lance:

He's got Purcell down, but for how long?

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound is starting to get back up to his feet when Wise catches him with a standing hip attack to the side of his head, but the blow only seems to anger Punchy further. He tries again. Then again. Then again! Three solid boots each catch the side of Purcell's head, but the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion manages to get back to his full height with Wise. He smacks Purcell with a BIG running clothesline that knocks him off his feet! The Faithful pop wildly as Punchy throws up a right hand!

DDK:

Good grief! Wise tried to wear him down with boots and hip attacks... but Purcell not having it!

Lance:

Not tonight, he's not! By all accounts, Purcell is a laid back guy, but it's clear he has no tolerance for loudmouths and bullies!

Purcell grabs Wise by the side of the head and then stands him up before The Round Mound of Ground and Pound hits the ropes. Wise tries to stop him with a big chop coming off the ropes, but Purcell runs through it off one side! Off the other side, he tries to hit a clothesline, but Purcell once again runs through it only to come back and SMASH right through Wise with a big running body block off the ropes! Wise goes crashing hard!

DDK:

And that one is the King Hippo! Wise tried to stop him coming off the ropes both ways, but just got smashed!

With The Faithful cheering on Punchy, the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion snatches Wise up by the back of his head and then sends him into the ropes. When he comes back, he gets popped up in the air and SMASHED with a massive right hand on the way down!

Lance:

OOOH! Ed White felt the same thing two weeks ago!

DDK:

He's calling that pop-up into the right hand Punch Drunk Love! This one is it!

Wise is out cold as Punchy goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match and STILL BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

After climbing back to his feet, Purcell retrieves his championship belt from Rex Knox and his his arm raised!

DDK:

A second win in as many weeks on DEFtv for this BRAZEN rookie! He does the unthinkable and pins Edward White! He successfully retains his Onslaught Title!

Lance:

Ed White caught a right! He bashed Flash! And now, Wise got one across the eyes... or something! He can probably market it better than I can.

Purcell looks pretty pleased as the first part of his name when he holds up the title to cheers from The Faithful...

♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪

...until they change to MASSIVE jeers with the sound of a few notes.

All eyes turn to the big screen- we see a familiar, lavish study. The walls are filled with books, fine leather furniture and one big, gaudy desk behind which sits a leather office chair with it's back turned to us. After a few beats the chair spins to reveal none other than "The Socialite" Edward White. He's dressed in his usual crisp white suit with all the usual rich guy adornments- watch, cufflinks, etc. He rests his elbows on the desk and steeple his fingers as he scowls towards the camera- down at Punch Drunk Purcell. From stage left looms the seven foot former mafioso, Ed's long time bodyguard and "Foreign Investments Manager" Nicky Corozzo. From stage right steps the sultry submission vixen and Ed's personal financial associate Jane Katze. The trio wait a few beats and let the expected jeers from the Faithful die down before any word is spoken-

Ed stays silent, seething- his lips pursed, his eyes focused in front of him.

Jane Katze:

Congratulations Mr. Purcell on another ill-gotten win.

Ed White: *[mumbling to himself]*

Cheap shot artist-

Jane Katze:

It's clear to Mr. White that you perfectly represent the SAD lack of standards associated with this company's developmental efforts in the form of BRAZEN-

Ed White: *[still mumbling]*

Damned mongrel-

Jane Katze:

Seeing as the health of DEFIANCE Wrestling is dependant on BRAZEN being a source for properly trained talent- Mr. White sees it as a personal crusade to RID this place of YOU- and anyone like YOU that feels like they're entitled to a place on the hallowed main roster of DEF.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Socialite finally stirs-

Edward White:

Thank you Ms. Katze-

He breathes a heavy sigh.

Edward White:

Listen here Edmond- *I refuse to call you "Punch Drunk"*- hell, a fellow Ed. The least of the things we have in common, ain't it boy? Both started from the bottom with not a penny to our names, both kicked and clawed our way into the wrestling business, both with that glint of green and gold in our eye pulling us ever forward to overcome the next

obstacle. As you're so apt to say- our wrestling careers are geared towards that ol' pay window, ain't that right Edmond?

It's clear White's use of PCP's real first name is getting under his skin. Purcell paces around the ring and spits the mouthpiece out from his maw. He takes a microphone.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Yeah, money makes the world go 'round, Eddy! Thing is... like I said... I like to *EARN* my money *LEGALLY*. Personally speakin'? Sittin' around a six foot by eight foot cinder-block room for eight friggin' years sounds like a real drag...

Lance:

PCP with the verbal receipt for the "Edmond" nonsense- Ed bristles anytime anyone brings up his stint in prison for tax evasion- *among other fun financial crimes*.

The Socialite sneers.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I already knocked your old ass out cold on day ONE on the main roster... if you're lookin' for round two, Mr. Moneybags? I'm always game! I will put your name on ANOTHER t-shirt!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful like the sound of that, and as one they let it be known.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I think they like the sound of that, Eddy! You down, my man?!

The scowl of the so-called "Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE" deepens.

Edward White:

No. Not yet- if I lay hands on you again it'll be on the biggest damn stage I can find. For what you did to me? For barging onto *MY SHOW* and attempting to make of fool of *ME*- you deserve every ounce of pain and suffering me and mine can possibly dish out. Which is exactly why next week- if you have the *BALLS*? You'll be facing this man-

Edward points to his left to the absolutely massive Nicky Corozzo. Black turtleneck, black slacks- the former enforcer for the Tuttoro crime family loudly cracks his knuckles and pops his thick neck. The forty five year old has only ever been a punisher in the wrestling ring- a weapon thrust upon people when Ed really wants to make a clear, concise- and often violent point.

Nicky Corozzo:

Imma hurt'chu, Mr. Boxer-man- just so damn bad.

The giant man emits a frightening sound from his chest we deduce must be a laugh.

PCP doesn't hesitate.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Me and Italian Herman Munster one on one? Another chance to embarrass you three jamokes at the biggest DEFtv of the year? I SAY YOU'RE ON, BABY!

The Socialite smiles.

Edward White:

Now DEFtv 200 is going to be a very special night- it'll be the night Edward White and Associates begin to set things RIGHT as it pertains to the latest crop of "stars" from BRAZEN. Startin' with you, Edmond. Startin' with by God *YOU*.

With that in mind, how about we sweeten the pot a little- seein' as Nicky meets the physical requirements and all. Why don't you put that pretty little BRAZEN Onslaught title on the line if you're so damn-fire sure of your damned chances against my man here!

Again PCP doesn't hesitate one second.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

This title... it means everything to me considering it's my very first title in pro wrestling. I found out today my big ass already has the longest reign with this title and I will keep it as long as I can... all that, buddy, is to say If I can't beat a seven foot, dry-aged stack of crap like Nicky Corozzo? I don't deserve to hold this strap- SO BRING IT!

PCP mounts the nearest available turnbuckle and holds the brutal Onslaught title aloft to a raucous reaction from the Faithful! White simply smiles and allows the big former boxer to have his moment in the sun. He gestures to Nicky and Katze and the associates head to the back.

DDK:

WOW! What a match between two super heavyweights for the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship! DEFtv 200!

Lance:

Edward White's quest to enforce his will on BRAZEN runs through Punch Drunk Purcell! Can he stop the gigantic Corozzo? We'll find out in two weeks!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



YOU TALKIN' TO ME?

Normally things would be going great for the team of M4NTRA. They defeated the Rain City Ronin at DEFIANCE Road and they racked up another win ... but you would not be able to guess this as the trio are walking through the hallways sipping kombucha teas but not looking happy about it. Nathan Eye, Declan Alexander and Makalya Namaste are walking with Tom Morrow (not with kombucha tea).

Tom Morrow:

What ... what ... how? How?

Nathan sips his tea ... very angrily.

Nathan Eye:

This is a joke right? Tommy, buddy, you gotta tell me this is a joke. My ginger ale kombucha tea tastes mostly like disappointment with only a small hint of kombucha! I read through every single page of my own *500 Pages of Shared Success* but all it's filled with are mostly useless platitudes and nothing about why we don't get a title shot?

Morrow looks flustered.

Tom Morrow:

It's not a joke ... because Rain City Ronin are from this coffee-soaked armpit of the Pacific Northwest, the idiots who make these matches decided *they're* getting the Unified Tag title shot against the Pop Culture Phenoms!

Makalya Namaste is confused.

Makalya Namaste:

But ... we spread good vibes, like, everywhere! I've been bringing the right rocks and using the right essential oils. What do the Rain City Ronin have that we don't? Aside from having the unmistakable scent of grunge and boring.

DEC4L:

This tag team title shot... TOTAL cap. The Favoured Saints HAVE to be trying to cancel us because our 500 Pages of Shared Success is outselling their branded merch and they're not getting a cut of our massive proceeds. This isn't Favoured Saints... this is HIGH-KEY Favouritism!

The Queen of Clicks snuggles up next to Declan in agreement.

Nathan Eye:

You're both right! We spray good vibes only! Everywhere! From the window to the wall! I'm pretty sure those rules aren't in the Tom Morrow Division! In fact, I'm pretty sure the rule is "we get the belts because we are the most enlightened men and women on this roster." They're breaking the rules, Tommy! They're breaking the rules!

Tom Morrow:

I know ... I know! I'm gonna fix this, I promise you! You guys beat the Lucky Sevens! You beat Rain City Ronin! You shouldn't just be in the conversation ... *all the talk* should be about you guys being the next Unified Tag Team Champs!

DEC4L:

Tom, there is one thing you can do to try and fix this. I've noticed when we walk out to the ring... you're not M4NTRA raying hard enough. How we expected to get these people to buy into our rebrand if you're out there draggi-

Makayla suddenly jolts the PogChamp causing him to immediately stop talking. All their 12 of their eyes narrow when approaching them are the challengers for the gold tonight, the Rain City Ronin!

Nathan Eye:

Hey! We have a bone to pick with you two unenlightened "wrasslers!" M4NTRA ... we earned that Unified Tag Team

title match tonight! I only see four eyes between the two of you! Do you even enlighten, bros?

The eyes of Burnett and Daymon lock on Nathan Eye but Tom Morrow gets in between his clients and their rivals.

Tom Morrow:

Look look look ... I know what this is about. You're feeling salty cause we took your tag team match last week. You're salty about losing at DEFIANCE Road. I *should* have had both of you arrested for what you both did to our locker room! But you know what ... I have given this some thought and I have a simple solution that I think is going to make everyone happy.

Morrow puts an arm around Declan's shoulder.

Tom Morrow:

You ... Leo Burnett against my guy here ... DEC4L! Singles match next week between the two of you! If you can somehow get past DEC4L - not at all likely - but I'm *so confident* in Declan here winning that you guys can have a rematch with my guys at the time and place of your choosing and you can have it in *any* type of match you want! How's that sound? That get you talking?

Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon look at each other and they both look at Tom and nod.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, don't you nod happily just yet! Your buddy here, young Zachary, is barred from ringside during that match! Those are our terms! Take it or leave it cause that's the only way next week's match is gonna happen!

The other shoe has dropped. Leo and Zack silently look at one another as if they can read the other one's mind. After Zack seems to give Burnett his blessing with another nod, he points at Declan and seems to accept.

Tom Morrow:

There you go! We have a verbal agree ... okay we have *an* agreement! Camera guy over here saw everything so no takesie-backsies! Good luck out there tonight and remember guys ... if you win, M4NTRA are the last guys that beat you so we get the first shot! Let's go! Maybe I'll finally try one of those kombucha things ... with some bourbon.

Nathan Eye:

I mean I'll try anything once, but the only thing I want to drown my sorrows in right now ... is 500 Pages of Shared Success!

Tom Morrow, Makalya, Declan and Nathan all walk past the RCR so they can prepare for their title match. Leo and Zack watch them leave and go about their business.

HENRY KEYES vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

We've seen successful debuts tonight in both Killjoy of Titanes Familia, as well as BRAZEN Onslaught Champion Punch Drunk Purcell successfully defending his title... but up next, we've got the second of three matches for Butcher Victorious in what is being called by Oscar Burns as the VVG: Vae Victis Gauntlet!

Lance:

Butcher Victorious has been in the doghouse after he lost the Favoured Saints Title some months ago. He's done everything he can to prove himself to his mentor, Oscar Burns. He's turned his back on a helpful Mil Vueltas and Thomas Keeling to try and stay loyal to Oscar, but Oscar puts him through this gauntlet to prove himself to the rest of Vae Victis.

DDK:

Butcher took on VV's associate Scott Hunter and gave it his all, only to succumb to Hunter's Figure Four Leglock and tonight, he won't it any easier... the longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion of all time, Henry Keyes, stands across from him.

Lance:

We've seen Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy aka The Besties In The World have their issues with The Saturday Night Specials and those issues have only gotten worse, but tonight, Keyes steps into the ring to test the mettle of Butcher and see if he's worthy of regaining his full-time membership with the group! Let's go to ringside.

Darren Quimbey starts to speak to the audience but before he gets one word in edgewise...

Oscar Burns:

Darren, Darren, Darren... I got this...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

On the top of the ramp, none other than "DEFIANCE Himself" Oscar Burns stands proudly, dressed in a dark green dress shirt, black pants and loafers (he ain't a laces guy unless it's wrestling boots), along with THE PLATINUM SHOVEL! He has a microphone in his other hand and lets the Seattle Faithful make their noise...

Oscar Burns:

-CHER! Let's hear it! Butcher! Butcher! Butcher!

And...shockingly enough...

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

The entire arena joins in with Oscar leading the charge.

Oscar Burns:

In fact... since we're in Seattle... I'll go ahead and let another GC take care of this...

And with that... the crowd goes NUTS!

Vae Victis' advocate and OFFICIAL Spokesman, SONNY SILVER steps out from the back and nods to Oscar before taking in the loud reception!

DDK:

Sonny Silver from right here in Seattle! He co-runs the Silver Lining Gym and Wrestling Academy with his brother, retired wrestler Steven Silver!

Sonny takes in the ovation...

Sonny Silver:

Shut the hell up. I hope you all get stuck in traffic on I5 or I405 on the way home. God help you if it's the I405!

Half-booming, but mostly laughter from The Faithful.

Sonny Silver:

Of course I wasn't gonna miss tonight! When DEFIANCE Himself asks me to come to my hometown and introduce a motherfucker, I will come to my hometown and INTRODUCE a motherfucker! Now, all of you, the DEFIANCE/Oscar Burns Faithful to make some noise for a man who could truly be the next member of Vae Victis again... seriously?

Burns nods emphatically, then points to an index card for the VV Spokesman.

Sonny Silver:

Whatevs... he's one of the bosses. Let me introduce you to... *[reading the card]* "THE ONLY AND THEREFORE, GREATEST PROTEGE OF OSCAR BURNS OF ALL TIME! WELCOME... BUTCHER..."

He sighs.

Sonny Silver:

...Victorious...

No music once again, but Oscar moves to the side and waves The Platinum Shovel for Butcher to come out! Once again, he's wearing his "VV Trainee" (that's not a typo) tank top and white wrestling gear with a single burgundy-colored line and similar-colored wrestling boots.

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

Butcher takes in the reception. He turns to Oscar and extends a hand, then Oscar takes it! He holds one out for Sonny Silver to shake, but he keeps his hands in his jean pockets and tells Butcher to get in the ring. Butcher chest-bumps Sonny anyway and almost knows him over! As Oscar helps him, Butcher speeds towards the ring for what may be the biggest match of his career in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

These people are shockingly getting behind Butcher Victorious tonight... but what is Oscar Burns getting out of this. Not long ago, he was literally ready to throw Butcher out permanently, until he used him further in his prior issues with Mil Vueltas.

Lance:

I don't know, but if Butcher is willing to stand toe-to-toe against one of the most dangerous men in our locker room, then being Vae Victis once again means everything to him.

Butcher is in the ring and fires himself up before waiting on the arrival of Keyes as Sonny pops the bones in his neck.

Sonny Silver:

And his opponent... he is the LONGEST-REIGNING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION IN DEFIANCE HISTORY AND THEREFORE MAKES ALL OTHER TITLE REIGNS LOOK LIKE USELESS DOG SHIT! HE IS 249 POUNDS OF WALKING WOOD CHIPPER THAT BUTCHER VICTORIOUS IS BEING THROWN INTO! HE IS THE COIN-SWINGING, PANCAKE-SLINGING PHENOMENON! PRAY TO WHATEVER DEITY YOU BELIEVE IN CAUSE IF YOU STAND ACROSS FROM HIM IN A RING, IT WON'T MATTER...

He points to the curtain.

Sonny Silver:

HENRY "THE BY-GOD KRAKEN" KEYES!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

V A E V I C T I S

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Henry Keyes has a bright pink bomber jacket with a matching blue leather cap - if not the Red Baron, perhaps the Pink Baron? - and he looks just so excited. He hustles up to his Bestie and they exchange an elaborate and impressive insiders-only handshake! Lindsay Troy has the Milo Flynn Cup in hand. They nod and exchange fist bumps with Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver as they all head to the ring. Once Keyes reaches the ring, he climbs inside. The bomber jacket is off and a look that could kill is now on.

DDK:

Do you think Butcher has any idea what he's in for?

Lance:

Knowing him, probably not... but like we said, he's proven himself immensely loyal to the VV crew and Oscar Burns even when they have not treated him kindly in return.

DING DING

After the bell rings, Keyes stands motionless in front of Butcher. The protege/lackey of Burns approaches him.

Butcher Victorious:

Hey, handshake between former Belt Buddies!

He has a hand out. Keyes looks at

THWACK!

And CHOPS the stuffing right out of Butch Vic with a vicious Propellor Chop! Burns and Troy both look at one another and collectively wince while Sonny belly laughs like a happy kid!

DDK:

Good grief! Keyes is one of the best choppers in this game today and he just took down Butch Vic in one shot!

Keyes seems to be in little, if no mood, for games. He picks up Butcher again and CRACKS him across the chest with a second chop that brings him down to the canvas again! There's very little room for pause as The Kraken grabs Butch Vic by his mangled mohawk and pulls him up before a THIRD Propellor chop brings him down again! Victorious is reeling on the canvas and welts are already starting to form on his chest!

Lance:

Butcher got a jump start on Scott Hunter and fought evenly through the match two weeks ago... but I don't get the feeling we'll be seeing the same thing here! This feels like it's gonna be a mugging!

Keyes grabs Butcher by the waist as he tries to stand, only to lift him up and dump him casually on the mat with a waistlock takeover as if to say this is gonna be a cakewalk. LT is watching her tag team partner while Burnsie is trying to rally the Seattle Faithful behind Butcher and Sonny tries to plead with them not to cheer. Keyes grabs Butcher by his hair once again and sends him right towards the closest corner. Butcher hits with a thud and then Keyes charges...

DDK:

Keyes incoming with a clothesline... NO! Butcher catches Keyes with a European uppercut first!

Before he can hit whatever he was going to, Butch Vic shocks him with a European uppercut! He looks out to Burns on the outside and then has a toothy grin before he slides past Keyes and lands a big leaping enzuigiri to the blind side of The Kraken's head! Keyes stumbles backwards and as he's in the corner, Butcher charges in and rocks him with a corner uppercut!

DDK:

Butch Vic just landed IT... that corner uppercut that is! And here he comes off the side... another running uppercut!

Butches has to quickly catch his breath after the second shot! Oscar keeps cheering on his protege with Lindsay Troy giving him some slight side-eye since you know... fellow Bestie in the World! Butcher hears the cheers from the Faithful and hits a third corner uppercut on The Kraken! Keyes is sufficiently stunned from the succession of strikes! Butcher gets going off the ropes! He tries for a fourth uppercut... but Keyes gets a knee up and catches Butcher in the back!

DDK:

Victorious going to the well one too many times and gets countered!!

The best (and of note, ONLY) Burns protege is stunned when Keyes pushes him into the ropes, then DRIVES him across his back with a massive tilt-a-whirl backbreaker on the way back! The Seattle Faithful let out a collective groan of pain as Keyes checks his jaw!

Lance:

Oooh! The comeback gets shut down by The Kraken! Both men former Favoured Saints Champions, but Keyes remains one of only TWO in the history of that title to successfully cash in and win the Southern Heritage Title, which he held for a record 447 days!

DDK:

And it's that aggression that helped carry him all the way to those goals!

Keyes checks his own knee after the impact while Butcher is gasping for breath off the massive backbreaker. The Kraken looks over at both Lindsay and Oscar on the outside. Troy looks amused with Oscar giving Butcher a thumbs up in support. Sonny is just happy to see Butcher get taken to the proverbial woodshed. Keyes grabs Butcher by the throat and shoves the 214-pound Texan right into a corner. He backs up a step or two and then charges in with a jaw-rocking uppercut of his own! Before he can slump over, Keyes takes Butcher and then THROWS him out of the corner with a release German suplex!

DDK:

Big uppercut by Keyes in the corner followed by a big suplex! He's quite the user of that move as well and that's gotta be a receipt for the flurry of running uppercuts from earlier.

Before Butcher even has a chance to recover after the landing from the suplex, Keyes is already on him for his next move. He gutwrenches Butcher right off the mat and Butch Vic gets CHUCKED with another suplex, this time a release gutwrench! The former Favoured Saints champion is writhing in pain on the canvas with Keyes kneeling over him, almost taking his time with the beating being administered.

Henry Keyes:

Come on! You want to be a part of this group? Fight back! Show me something!

Butcher is on his knees when Keyes tries to pick him up again... but he gets his wish when Butch Vic catches him with an elbow smash out of nowhere! Butcher hits another one and tries to get to his feet when Henry kicks his knee! Butcher collapses to a knee and as he's standing, he hooks Butcher in a suplex and DEADLIFTS him up and over into a vertical suplex that wows The Faithful!

DDK:

What the...? Keyes suplexed Butcher from off the mat! That's insane strength!

After the suplex spree is over, Keyes rolls over and covers Butcher by putting his weight on his chest with a forearm.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Keyes looks at the official like he's gone mad, but Jonny Fastcountini is holding up two fingers. Troy tries to tell him that was three, but Oscar looks impressed with his protege and encourages the crowd to support his protege!

Lance:

Henry Keyes wasn't expecting that kickout! He's been dominant in this match, but I'm a little surprised as well!

DDK:

I gotta hand it to him... not a lot of people these days want any part of Vae Victis in a wrestling ring, but Butcher has jumped into this gauntlet with both feet!

Wanting to wrap this up because there may or may not be pancakes involved at the after party, Keyes grabs Butcher in a full nelson. He starts to hoist up Victorious for a full nelson slam... but Butcher frantically kicks and kicks until he slips free and rolls forward taking The Kraken with him with a quick arm drag! Keyes scrambles quickly to his feet, but Butch Vic is quick... er and leaps up onto his shoulders before shifting his weight into a twisting cradle!

DDK:

Victorious with the Victorious Roll!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

No! Kickout by Keyes!

Keyes kicks out and now it's Butcher's turn to hurry to his feet. He lands in the corner when he sees The Kraken ready to blow his stack. He charges with intention to smash him in the corner, but Burns' protege slips through the ropes and leaves Henry hitting nothing but the turnbuckle! Much like he did to Scott Hunter a couple weeks ago, Butcher manages to trap a leg of Keyes and before he knows it...

DDK:

LOOK AT BUTCHER! HE DID THIS TO SCOTT HUNTER A FEW WEEKS AGO! GRAPS OF WRATH! HE HAS THE OCTOPUS STRETCH IN THE ROPES!

The Faithful are CHEERING Butcher on as the submission is locked in! Troy looks surprised as anyone else until Jonny Fastcountini gives Butcher the five-count to let go! He lets go as a pained Kraken starts to lurch out of the corner. Butcher heads back inside the ring. He charges at Keyes and hits a tilt-a-whirl... back into the GRAPS OF WRATH!

DDK:

HE'S GOT HIM! TILT-A-WHIRL INTO THE GRAPS OF WRATH

Lance:

The Kraken locked up in an Octopus Stretch! How's that for irony?!

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

BUTCHER!

DDK:

LISTEN TO THESE PEOPLE! I THINK THEY WANT TO SEE A BIG UPSET TONIGHT!

The Faithful are LOUD as Butcher has the hold locked in! The Graps of Wrath is locked in TIGHT as Keyes is now left struggling! Butcher is cranking on the arm of The Kraken and for his worth, the technique seems to make Oscar proud. Sonny looks perplexed and Troy is calling for her co-Bestie In The World to get to the ropes! Henry continues to struggle in the hold, but his power advantage allows him to carry forward! He charges forward and collapses into the ropes, forcing Butcher to break the hold again! Burns bites his lip and shakes his head.

Lance:

No! No! Butcher Victorious had The Kraken all tied up before he made the ropes!

DDK:

I thought we were on the verge of a major upset tonight!

Butcher wonders what to do next while an ANGRY Kraken starts to pull himself up! Butcher then jumps! He tries to go for another submission hold... this time, a guillotine choke!

DDK:

Fifty! Is he trying Oscar Burns' Fifty submission?!

He tries to hold on tight, but The Kraken is fueled by RAGE for almost being shown up moments ago and THROWS Butcher overhead out of the hold with a belly-to-belly suplex! Victorious crashes on the mat as Keyes storms over. He grabs Butcher and snatches him up as fast as he landed. The full nelson is locked in and then he's WHIPPED over with a release dragon suplex that bounces him off the canvas to loud groans from The Faithful!

Lance:

Wait... did he just use Brock Newbludd's Shock and Awe? Was that a shot at Newbludd?!

Not done punishing Butcher, The Kraken snatches a pained Butcher up. He has no fight left to give when he gets PLANTED into the mat with a vicious reverse STO!

DDK:

IRISH GOODBYE! NO MISTAKING THAT! SHOTS FIRED AT THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!

The Kraken could go for a cover... or he could quickly grab Butcher by both his left arm, then his right... knee to the face! TWO knees to the face!

DDK:

COIN! TWO KNEES TO THE FACE! THIS ONE IS DONE!

A VERY irritated Henry puts two firm palms into the chest of an unconscious Butcher Victorious for the cover.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"THE KRAKEN" HENRY KEYES!**

Eyeing the jeering crowd, Keyes stands up to his feet and doesn't even wait for the official to raise his hand. LT goes to celebrate with her Bestie and looks to Oscar.

Lindsay Troy:

At least he tried.

Sonny Silver:

That little shit had some fight in him... not impressed, but surprised.

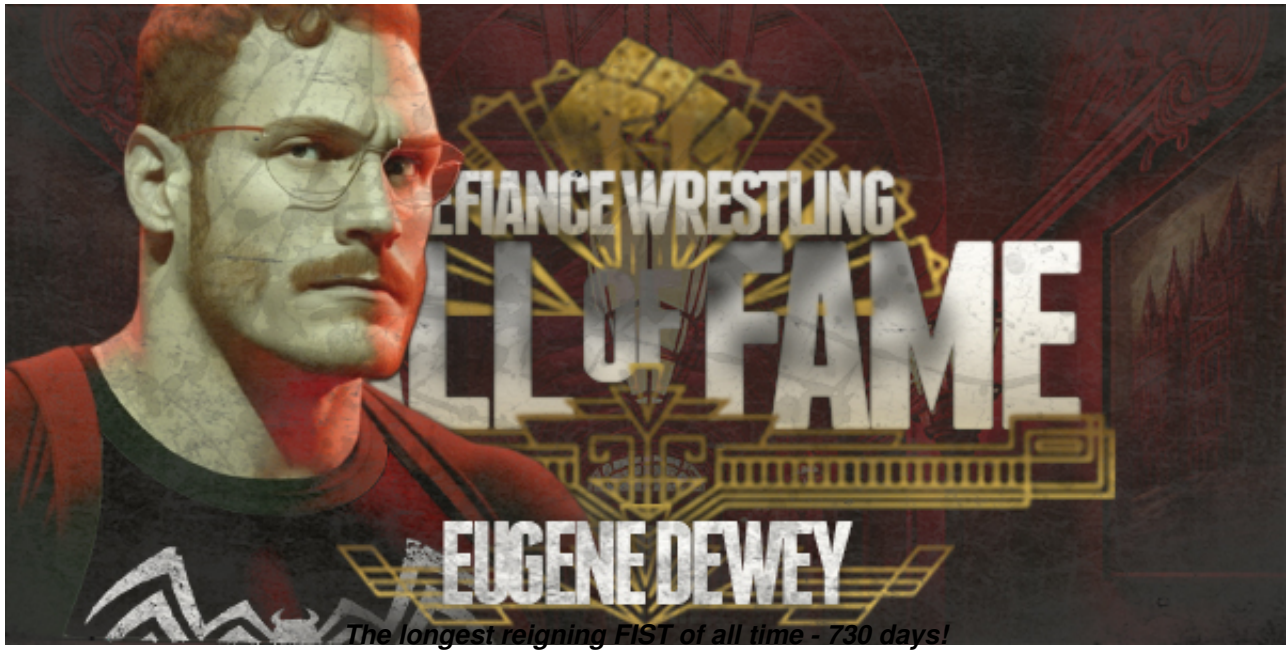
LT accompanies Keyes up the ramp while Burnsie is shaking his head. He walks over to go check on his protege, who has been knocked out cold with the second Coin looking like it might have busted the lip open of Butcher!

DDK:

I have to hand it to Butcher... he hung in there with one of DEFIANCE's most dangerous stars, but that last flurry of offense did him in. He's 0-2 with one more match to go... and we know who that will leave eventually... "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

And using the SNS' own signature moves in this match? I have no doubts that Troy and Keyes heard what SNS had to say on DEF Radio and their challenger for DEFCON! In fact, I believe they're heading towards the interview stage now! We may get an answer from the Besties in the World!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

OH BROTHER

The scene begins during a live sit-down interview behind a DEFCON backdrop. Already in their seats... to the right hand side, the rather chippy, easy-going, relaxed look of Conor Fuse. He wears lime green Adidas track pants and a Nintendo 64 retro navy blue gaming shirt. On the left hand side, the stoic, emotionless and callous looking Tyler Fuse, who unlike his brother, isn't slouched in his seat. He sits perfectly still, wearing black jeans and a plain black shirt. In the middle of them is interviewer Jamie Sawyers sporting a black and white DEFtv interview suit with a red FIST tie.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gentlemen, brothers if you will, I wanted to thank you both for agreeing to meet me here tonight in Seattle!

Yes, the cheap pop goes over with the crowd.

Jamie Sawyers:

I didn't get the opportunity to interview the two of you last DEFtv but I understand. It most certainly wasn't about me during the reveal, the official match for DEFCON where the ACE of DEFIANCE will be up for grabs for the first time ever in a singles match. AND, for the first time ever we will see brother versus brother, Tyler versus Conor.

Jamie lets the moment breathe. Conor nods along in his happy-go-lucky way. Tyler doesn't do shit.

Jamie Sawyers:

So let's start there, shall we? The two of you in a match with a hell of a lot on the line. I wanted to get your thoughts on sibling rivalry because you both have handled it rather differently than most wrestling brothers would. Eventually, and I'm just going to call it out, this industry has typically pitted brother to stab brother in the back. Yet at the end of our reveal segment two weeks ago you two were seemingly... okay?

Sawyers opens the floor to Conor but the younger Fuse just keeps on nodding, until he realizes the other two were waiting for him to respond.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, my bad guy, my bad. LOL!

Tyler's first reaction of the night: he hangs his head briefly in shame. Conor "gun-clicks" his left hand towards Jamie and starts the ball rolling.

Conor Fuse:

So I like your jam, Jamie. You're damn right, this industry is scum. Brother stabs brother, friend stabs friend but that ain't gonna be us. Sure, I ripped on him two weeks ago and damn right, he ripped on me, too.

Conor leans forward to look at Tyler directly.

Conor Fuse:

And I saw that head shake, bro. So I say "LOL" and I was kinda in my own world. That's me man, that's me.

Conor brings his attention back to Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

But whatever we end up saying to each other tonight, or whatever we end up doing to each other during these next few months, we ARE going to be cool, Jamie. Even if Tyler put me in a Mercedes Benz laced with thumb tacks - I mean, mom is gonna be mad about that but let's face it, she kinda knows this guy over here is a reckless sillyface stone cold killa.

Fuse shoots that same gun at Tyler. Then he grins.

Conor Fuse:

Shots fired bro. You go.

Tyler merely sits there so Conor picks it back up and brings his attention to Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

Anyway, the reality is we are going to be fine. We're fighting for the top of DEFIANCE but it's not that big of a deal. Listen, if I wanted to be pissed, I'd have ample reason. Dude walked out on me after we lost the Tag Team Championships to Malak Garland of all people. Guy didn't back me up when Arthur Pleasant put me in the hospital. But then again, that's the pact we have. Tyler doesn't NEED to be "big brother", I can fight my own battles, be my own guy. Tyler, clearly, is his own man. And this brother over there, he's damn good. He's right on the cusp. He's finally living up to that potential. But Jamie, between you and I...

Conor leans over like he's pretending to tell a secret, one Tyler clearly can't hear but definitely does.

Conor Fuse:

I'm better.

Conor is about to do The Office "shots fired" pew pew thing again but this time Tyler is ready to reply and squashes it.

Tyler Fuse:

I hate to admit it but this annoying little clown is right.

Conor straightens up, proud of himself.

Tyler Fuse:

I would be disappointed in myself if I stabbed Conor in the back. I'm stronger than that mentality. The wrestling industry won't break me.

Tyler pauses.

Tyler Fuse:

I'll break it.

Conor points a finger in the air.

Conor Fuse:

Oh and you will, bro!

Jamie wants to ensure he plays a role in this interview so he moves his body towards Tyler Fuse.

Jamie Sawyers:

"Break", that's an interesting concept. Dare I say the winner of the ACE of DEFIANCE will face the winner of the FIST of DEFIANCE DEFCON match: Dex Joy, the current champion or Malak Garland.

Both Conor and even Tyler's facial expressions suggest a pukey face when Malak's name is first mentioned.

Jamie Sawyers:

So Tyler, I'll start with you. You have a history with both men. "Break"... you BROKE the SOHER Championship when you thought you defeated Dex Joy for it a few years ago. You have sworn to murder Malak Garland on live TV if he ever gets in your way.

Sawyers switches his body position to Conor.

Jamie Sawyers:

And Conor, you have a history with both men. It was Dex Joy who beat you for the number one contendership LAST DEFCON. Your history with Malak Garland is obvious.

Conor nods, Tyler smirks.

Tyler Fuse: *[playing along]*

Jamie, you're telling me this guy over here already lost one of these "ACE of DEFIANT" matches?

Conor claps back quickly.

Conor Fuse:

Guy, it wasn't for the ACE.

Tyler Fuse:

Whatever. Number one contender.

Conor Fuse:

And Dex is real good. You lost to him, too.

Tyler Fuse:

I had Dex PINNED.

Conor Fuse:

After smashing a title over his head and CHEATING.

Tyler Fuse:

You need to take every opportunity and ANY opportunity. There's no pictures on the scorecard.

Conor Fuse:

That first sentence was dumb, you can win with honour. The whole "picture on the scorecard thing" sounds like something I would say.

Tyler Fuse:

It's true, though.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, well, I-

Jamie interjects or else he realizes this will get out of hand like the last time. He leans forward and pushes his arms out, one to each brother.

Jamie Sawyers:

Boys, sorry I to reel it in.

Conor is cool with it. He slides back in his chair and smiles. Tyler cracks his wrists.

Jamie Sawyers:

We talked about not stabbing each other in the back. We talked about what you both are wrestling for. I wanted to ask you two to say something nice about the other.

Clearly Conor is the first one to go. He pipes up from his chair.

Conor Fuse:

My brother, my dearest brother...

Tyler rolls his eyes as Conor hams it up.

Conor Fuse:

He's really f'n good, Jamie. He's a better wrestler than me. He might be pound-for-pound the toughest and he's only a few pounds heavier. He is excellent and would make a fine FIST of DEFIANCE.

Conor winks.

Conor Fuse:

I'm still faster and way more agile though.

Tyler shakes his head once again.

Tyler Fuse:

And you had to take that shot in there, didn't you?

Conor Fuse: *[playing dumb]*

Dude, what shot?

Tyler Fuse:

You're faster and agile. Like that matters.

Tyler looks at Jamie.

Tyler Fuse:

You'd think I would've been the one who took the shot first.

Back to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

But I won't. I'll be bigger. So this guy over here, Conor, he's a former THREE TIME World Champion in elsesworlds and yes, he is extremely fast and super agile. Here's one positive no one else talks about... he's a lot smarter than he lets on.

Tyler stops for a second, ensuring his thoughts are well put together and he's not speaking so randomly like his younger brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Inside the ring, Conor knows what he's doing. He doesn't screw up a hell of a lot in the squared circle. Is he reckless at times? Yes. But that's not a shot. He knows his skills, he has to put his body THROUGH you.

Tyler fake "dusts off his hands" and falls back into his chair, mimicking Conor. He even shoots Jamie a Conor Fuse look (shifty eyebrows, something out of Dr. Wily in Mega Man) which catches the both of them off guard to see the OG Player show the ability to... well, do something other than nothing.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well said, Tyler.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah buddy, yeah buddy! You didn't even take a shot.

Conor nudges Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

He didn't even take a shot!

Jamie agrees. He's about to speak when Tyler sits upright again.

Tyler Fuse:

Now that we're done here for the night, I'm no dummy, either.

The former FS Champion looks into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

Gage Blackwood, big man, big speech, big attitude. You pissed I took your legendary manager out?

Conor looks a little worried but giggles at the same time mouthing something along the lines of "Jack isn't a manager".

Tyler Fuse:

I'll take you up on your offer. DEFtv 164, January 6th, 2022, back in New Orleans you beat me, Gage.

Conor is the one who rolls his eyes now and mumbles under his breath again "this guy remembers everything."

Tyler Fuse:

You want to join your teammate on the shelf? Be my [censored] guest.

The interview sounds like it's over but Conor wants to add a thought.

Conor Fuse:

By the way, thanks for killing my hero. Jack Harmen was my favourite wrestler of all time.

Tyler Fuse:

I know he was.

Conor Fuse:

And you hate him.

Tyler Fuse:

I know I do.

Conor Fuse:

Simply because he got me into wrestling which gOt yOu iNtO wReStLiNg.

Tyler Fuse:

Yep.

Conor Fuse:

That's a dick move.

Tyler Fuse:

Yep.

Conor Fuse:

I kinda respect it, though.

Tyler Fuse:

Okay.

Conor Fuse:

But I-

Tyler cuts Conor off.

Tyler Fuse:

If he was your hero, why didn't you save him?

Conor Fuse:

Bro, I'm not gonna come in-between my hero and my brother. Also, I wasn't around TO save him. Calamity Conor was there instead of meeee.

Tyler's had enough. He stands up.

Tyler Fuse:

Jamie, thanks for this.

Before Tyler leaves, an additional thought comes to his mind. He looks over at Conor.

Tyler Fuse:

By the way, aren't you still part of The Comments Section?

Conor needs to think about it. Then he remembers and slowly nods a reluctant yes.

Tyler Fuse:

Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box have declared war on The Comments Section.

Conor points at Tyler.

Conor Fuse:

Pretty sure Gage just declared war on you, too.

Tyler shrugs and walks away, leaving Conor to stand there and contemplate further with Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

Hmmmmph, I'm kinda in a tough spot. I technically can't support Blackwood or Box when pitted against my brother but I don't support The Comments Section, either. And like, I'm not standing beside Tyler during that match. He'd murder me, he doesn't need MY help. Do I just like... stay in the back and watch the nonsense unfold before my amazing little eyes?

Conor answers before Jamie can even say a word.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, proolly.

Conor starts to walk away from the interviewer but keeps on rambling.

Conor Fuse:

Then again, I'm a pop'n'fresh guy, I can't see why any of them wouldn't want me around...

With both Fuse's out of sight, Jamie Sawyers pitches back to DEFtv.

Radio program, you undoubtedly understand why I am wearing this rag I found at a flea market.

He again shows off the “Seattle’s Best” shirt to a chorus of boos.

Ned Reform:

As promised, I will be hosting another former DEFIANCE wrestler on tonight’s edition of Office Hours. And for those of you who tuned in last weekend, you know that I had a specific name in mind. Well, I’m happy to report children: success! I cast the line, and now I am set to reel them in!

This news causes a growing and anticipatory stir among the Faithful.

Ned Reform:

And those who know me well know that I DESPISE adieu... so, without any further, allow me to introduce my guest tonight... THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG, MR. KERRY KURO...

♪ “Smiling and Dying” by Green River ♪

The music interrupts Ned, and it takes a second before the owner of this theme song registers with the crowd (it’s been a while)... but then the Climate Pledge Arena EXPLODES!!!

DDK:

WAIT... **WAIT!**

Lance:

I don’t think this is who Ned had in mind!!

Indeed: Reform has frozen in place mid-speech. He looks around to the fans who are going BANANAS before slowly turning his head toward the ramp. His eyes appear to be seconds away from bugging right out of his skull. He silently shakes his head no.

At the top of the ramp, a very familiar figure appears! Jean shorts, black “Sub Pop” t-shirt!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Until...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Of course it isn’t the real Scott Douglas, you marks. In fact, it appears to be a disheveled, middle aged, and rather confused balding man. He IS dressed like Douglas, though, and while his eyes are noticeably glazed over, he does an admirable job of imitating Scott Douglas’ mannerisms as he pauses at the top of the ramp to look out to The Faithful.

DDK:

And yet again, we’ve been had.

Lance:

Look at him. He enjoys playing with The Faithful’s emotions.

In the ring, Ned has gone into over acting mode as he puts on a show of being worried. He looks around to the Faithful as he bites his nails and wipes away imaginary sweat. “Scott Douglas” slowly drags himself down the ramp and toward the ring, his deadpan expression never changing. He gets into the ring while Reform paces, rubbing the back

of his neck in “despair.” “Scott Douglas” marches right up to him, getting in the Good Doctor’s face as Green River fades out. Reform makes a “back up” motion with his hands.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Douglas, your halitosis... please, step back.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned looks shocked.

Ned Reform:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is “Sub Pop” Scott Douglas! A local legend! A true pillar of DEFIANCE! He’s your hometown hero! Please... refrain from booing him.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Well, that’s unfair. You seem displeased. Perhaps you’re doubting the legitimacy of Mr. Douglas here? Why? I mean... if, purely hypothetically, I had gone to downtown Seattle to find a homeless individual and dress him up like Scott Douglas... be honest: could you really tell the difference? Absolutely hypothetical, mind you.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform shoots a look to the camera reminiscent of Jim from The Office. He then puts the act back on as he addresses Fake Scott, who hasn’t moved throughout this entire ordeal.

Ned Reform:

Now, Scooter... it must be strange for you to be back in a DEFIANCE ring after all this time, yes?

Reform acts like he’s going to give him the mic, but then pulls it back before “Scott Douglas” can say anything.

Ned Reform:

I mean, it’s been years since the same b-tier actor whom I soundly defeated weeks ago defeated you, embarrassed you, and sent you packing, is it not?

Again, he pulls the mic back before he can get a response.

Ned Reform:

I’d always imagined the shame of defeat and failure would keep you away forever. And yet, here you are. Truly brave, Mr. Douglas, truly brave. But now that I have you in front of me, there has been a query that has always hounded me... what exactly is “Sub Pop”?

Reform puts the mic toward the fake Douglas, and the man even gets so far as to open his mouth before The Sage on the Stage yanks it back.

Ned Reform:

AH! Perhaps a typo, yes? Perhaps you were going for “Sub Par”? I can see why you’d never correct them on the matter. An apt description nonetheless. So, Mr. Douglas... here you are. You clearly answered my call. You’ve heard my claims, I make no bones about it: you are one of the biggest representatives of a company... nay, of a CULTURE... that I despise. DEFIANCE has always been the place where the mediocre crawl to die, and your career is a prime example of that. I have no doubt you are to defend DEFIANCE’s honor, yes? So Mr. Douglas...

Reform taps his chest with his free hand.

Ned Reform:

Here I am. I will even give you the first shot.

Ned drops the mic and spreads both his arms - exposing his chest. Fake Douglas' eyes go wide.

DDK:

This is a farce.

Reform eggs on the fake Douglas to take the shot. The imposter's eyes grow nervous, and he looks from side to side to the crowd as if for some guidance. Even though this clearly is NOT Scott Douglas, The Faithful nonetheless urge him to punch The Good Doctor right in the nose. The man seems to consider, and the camera on the apron is close enough for us to hear what is being said despite the mic being on the mat.

Ned Reform:

This is your chance, Mr. Douglas. Relive your glory days. Show me that I'm wrong about DEFIANCE!

"Scott" hesitates.

Ned Reform:

Do it! Prove to me that you are the coward I truly know you are!

"Scott" hesitates.

Ned Reform:

Do it for DEFIANCE, Mr. Douglas! SHOW ME I'M WRONG!

The crowd POPS as the imposter draws back his fist...

...and then BOOS when he quickly draws it back and leaps through the ropes to the floor. He begins to scurry up the ramp as in the ring Reform shakes his head in disappointment. The Sage on the Stage reaches down to pick up the mic.

Ned Reform:

Disgraceful! Don't run Mr. Douglas! Your people are counting on you!

But his words fall on deaf ears as the Douglas imposter stumbles a bit but then recovers and darts through the curtain and out of sight. Ned points and again shakes his head, turning to the people.

Ned Reform:

That's your man, Seattle!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Well. I proved my superior ability over Stalker. I reminded everyone once more of Scott Douglas' cowardice. And guess what children?

Ned moves in to lean over the top rope, grinning toward the hard cam.

Ned Reform:

In two weeks time we will celebrate the 200th edition of DEFIANCE television. Yes, feel free to cheer! What a milestone! The fact that this program has survived to two hundred episodes is nothing short of a miracle! And to

celebrate, we will even return to our home cesspool of New Orleans! And I promise you this: I will once again host another edition of Office Hours. In fact, this will be the biggest edition of Office Hours... with the most important guest... that there ever has been. I'm digging way back into the dirt for this fossil, children, and you will be shocked. It is time to get to the very root of DEFIANCE... to make sure the weed never grows back.

DDK:

Who could he be referencing?

Lance:

I have no idea. Please tell me we're not doing this again.

Ned Reform:

And here this, children: in two weeks time... DEFtv 200... Doctor Ned Reform promises you that you are in for a show that you will never... ever... forget.

Reform spikes the mic and leans off the rope as his theme again begins to play.

Lance:

Well, he's not wrong about one thing: we are only two weeks away from DEFtv 200!

DDK:

I don't like his tone, Lance. This is going to be an important milestone in this company that means so much to us all, and if he finds a way to ruin that I don't think I'll ever forgive him...

Lance:

I don't know, Darren. We WILL be in New Orleans and there WILL be many legitimate former DEFIANCE stars in the area... I think Mr. Reform here might be careful what he wishes for...

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

POP CULTURE PHENOMS (C) vs. RAIN CITY RONIN

DDK:

What an amazing two nights we've had here in Seattle, Lance. What do you think you'll remember the most about DEFIANCE's trip to the great Northwest?

Lance:

This might sound like I'm trying to get a cheap pop but the Faithful at this moment right now. They know what time it is. It's time for the main event and the hometown boys are getting their shot at gold.

DDK:

You ain't lying. This place is BUZZING. I feel like any second the roof could just blow right off of this are-

Blackout.

"Yo Attitude!"

"Talk to me!"

"We got some bustin' ass marks out here claimin' some muthafuckin' place they ain't never seen!"

"Huh... sellout!"

"Boy, this is the S-E-A-T-O-W-N, clown!"

"Forever!"

"Seatown!"

"Yeah, and that's from the motherfuckin' heart! So if you ain't down witcha hometown, STEP OFF PUNK! Mix, tell these fakes what the deal is..."

A soundwave appears on the DEFIATron, undulating to the beats of Seattle native, Anthony L. Ray. A cascade of green and blue lights fill the stage, accompanied by a blinding row of silver fountain pyros.

When the silver light recedes, "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett are standing in the entry-way. They step out onto the stage and pump their arms to a massive hometown reaction.

♪ "Seattle Ain't Bullshittin'" by Sir Mix-a-Lot ♪

Both are sporting gear in the Seahawks-standard college navy and action green. Zack's t-shirt reads "SEA-TAC UP AND WRESTLE". Leo's shirt reads "I'M FROM CHICAGO, BUT THIS CITY IS VERY NICE."

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, now coming to the ring, weighing in at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty pounds... hailing from SEATTLE, WASHINGTON... Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett... the RAAAAIN CIIIIITYYYYY ROOOONIIIIINN!!

RCR stride down the aisle, side by side, slapping hands with friends and fans alike. The emotion is visible on the face of young Daymon, in what could be a career-defining moment in his hometown..

DDK:

What an ovation for the tandem of Daymon and Burnett! The Ronin have truly come home to Rain City!

Lance:

Skyfire and the Iceman are looking confident and energetic tonight. This is without a doubt the most high-caliber

match they've had since coming up from BRAZEN.

DDK:

Their record as longest reigning BRAZEN Tag Team Champions still stands to this day at two-hundred and forty-three, but there's no doubt that they're eager to prove they're ready for a reign as the Unified Tag Champs of DEFIANCE!

Zack and Leo slide into the ring, post up on opposite corners, and pump their arms overhead. Silver and green pyros explode in the rafters. Sir Mix-a-Lot thumps over the PA. Seattle's Faithful go apeshit.

"YOU DESERVE IT!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap

"YOU DESERVE IT!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap

"YOU DESERVE IT!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap

"YOU DE-

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Another chaotic roar escapes the crowd as the normally massively popular Pop Culture Phenoms are greeted with a mixed cheer and boo. It becomes apparent as soon as The D leads the way out into the Seattle Faithful with a shocked look on his face. However, Elise Ares skips past him completely unphased holding the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship above her head.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents from Hollywood, California. They are the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions. The D and Elise Ares... THE POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOMS!

The duo hold their championships high above their heads at the top of the aisle as the Rain City Ronin stare them down from inside the ring. The D fans off Ares as she drops her cropped leather jacket to the floor and throws the title over her shoulder. Her LED glasses read "AND" and "STILL!" as she struts her way towards the ring.

DDK:

The Tag Team Champions... suspiciously absent last DEFtv, Lance. Any word on that?

Lance:

Actually yes, I did some asking around and found out after their brutal match at DEFIANCE Road the three of them took a spa retreat to heal their broken and battered bodies. The Pacific Mist Spa at the Kingfisher Resort, to be exact.

DDK:

So it's safe to say the Pop Culture Phenoms are well rested, if anything.

Lance:

Oddly enough, except for Klein. He ran the Vancouver Lake half marathon this weekend and won't stop talking about it.

The D holds the ropes open for Elise Ares as she enters the ring as suggestively as possible. They go back to back in the middle of the ring under a bright spotlight holding their DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships in the air before eventually handing them over to Carla Ferrari. Ares launches her LED sunglasses into the crowd, where a very vocal section of the Faithful try to convince the recipient to throw them back... but to no avail.

DDK:

A hometown advantage here tonight for the Rain City Ronin for sure, Lance. Do you remember the last time the Pop Culture Phenoms have been booed by a vocal portion of the Faithful?

Lance:

Only for like... five years.

The D looks to be starting this thing off against Zack Daymon.

DING DING

D circles Zack, sizing him up. Before they lock up...

The D:

Man, your skin, you look so young. You've got to tell me your dermatologist.

Zack takes a moment and pauses. Lance stutters.

Lance:

I... I think D thinks this is Rocko Daymon.

DDK:

Perhaps that should come as no surprise, given how years ago, the Pop Culture Phenoms battled the original iteration of the Rain City Ronin -- that team being composed of Zack's father, and former DEFIANT Kerry Kuroyama.

Lance:

Who?

DDK:

...

Lance:

...

Both commentators burst into laughter.

DDK:

Anyway... the action starts off fast, as Zack lunges into The D, right into the lock-up! The D getting some forward momentum, gets Daymon into the ropes... no, Zack pivots and swings him around into the turnbuckles!

The crowd is roaring behind the hometown-favored Zack Daymon, delivering a flurry of rights and lefts to The D's ribs while he's trapped in the corner. The D covers up, but doesn't stay put once Daymon snags him by the arm.

DDK:

Daymon with the Irish Whip--The D with the reversal! Zack, off the second turnbuckle, into a springboard press--turned right into an armdrag by the A Lister!

Lance:

Watching these two is like watching a match on fast-forward!

DDK:

The D is looking for the armbar... but Daymon reaches up with a legscissor, and rolls him over! No, The D somersaults to his feet... counters with a PELE KICK!

Zack gets his hand up in time to absorb the blow, but is nevertheless rocked by the impact and sent stumbling into the ropes. They give him some added momentum as he charges back and spins himself around for a little sauce.

DDK:

Here's Daymon coming back with a discus forearm--ducked by The D, who goes around and lifts him up with a back suplex... Zack lands on his feet!

Lance:

Reversals, left and right in the early goings of this match-up.

DDK:

Zack goes right into a headlock--and The D pushes him off into the ropes! Leapfrogs Daymon on the rebound... waiting for the return with the hiptoss--BLOCKED by Daymon! Daymon pivots, attempts his own hiptoss--BLOCKED by The D!

The D sweeps behind Zack and locks up his other arm with the two back to back, pitching forward for a classic backslide attempt. But Daymon fights against the pull and works The D back the other way with his shoulders mere inches away from touching the mat.

Lance:

Zack Daymon is evidently Seattle's local limbo champion! But he's got strength and willpower on his side here tonight.

DDK:

Both competitors, battling with backslide attempts... now Daymon with the leverage, trying to pull The D over--NO!! The A Lister rolls through to his feet!

Zack rears up, but instinctively rolls back following a spinning hook kick that nearly buzzes off his nose. He rolls to his feet just as The D follows through with the kick... and the action comes to a sudden pause. Sea-Town pops.

DDK:

Finally a break in the action, as these two competitors find themselves at an impasse!

Lance:

The Seattle Faithful are giving both men the respect they deserve.

DDK:

Lance, this could very well be a coming out party for the Rain City Ronin here tonight.

Lance:

Zack and Leo both know what's at stake tonight.

Back into another collar and elbow tie up. The D powers into a side headlock. The Faithful boo as the D eggs them on. The D yells at Carla that Zack's grabbing his hair. Zack pulls the D into the ropes and tries to shoot him off, but the D drops to his knee and holds his ground. Zack swats twice at D's ribs and slips out, hooking him in a rear waist lock. The D into the ropes, tries to hook them but an odd miscue allows Zack to roll him up.

One.

The D kicks out. Daymon rushes at the D who sidesteps and schoolboys Rocko Jr.

One.

Another quick kickout. Another quick rush as the D tilt-a-whirl's Zack, but Zack keeps the momentum and catches the D into a crucifix pin.

One.

Two.

The D gets a shoulder up. Elise yells at Carla from the apron about Zack and gains her attention for a moment. Just then, Zack charges at the D, who does a showcasing split...

...before Johnny Cage'ing Daymon's private parts.

DDK:

Oh that's not fair!

Lance:

The Faithful are letting PCP know it! They're firmly in the corners of the Rain City Ronin.

DDK:

PCP Lance, they don't really care if they're booed or cheered, they've always used these less than heroic tactics, mostly to their advantage.

The D gets to his feet and soaks in the jeers, just as Carla questions the prone and groin clutching Daymon. D pleads innocence, grabbing Daymon and tossing him face first into the PCP's turnbuckle. He tags out to Elise, and nods to the Faithful before letting loose with a bunch of kicks into Zack's midsection.

Elise then interjects, and the two kick until Carla gets to four, where the D steps out. It's here where Elise tags the D back in, and the two do the whole routine in reverse.

DDK:

The PCP's patented Blacklist. It's not going to win you a match Lance, but it'll certainly wear you down.

Lance:

And that's what the Phenoms are going to have to do. The D is over 40, Elise is... well she won't tell us, but she's not nearly as young as the Rain City Ronin.

After two more rotations, the D remains in the ring as Elise exits. The D snap mares Zack into the center of the ring and then just locks in a plain ol' headlock, staring toward Leo in the corner. The D just smirks toward the corner where Leo is. He gives him a wink, as Leo tears into the ring. Carla's there to stop him, but Leo keeps protesting, trying to push through. So the D lets go of the headlock, kicks Zack once, and walks to the PCP corner. Elise climbs up to the top as the D claps above his head loudly. Elise then leaps with a perfect form moonsault. She quickly spins and locks Zack into a headlock, as Leo finally relents and Carla returns to see Elise in the ring. She looks at the D, who claps again above his head.

DDK:

There was no tag Lance!

Lance:

They could have tagged too... I don't get it.

DDK:

It's almost as if PCP are feeding off of this rabid Seattle fanbase. Remember, the last time PCP was dealing with Seattle... It was their Best.

Lance:

I can't believe what Ned Reform tried to tease a Scott Douglas appearance.

DDK:

I know!

Darren and Lance continue talking about the big return, as Elise syncs the hold in further. Zack slowly starts pushing to his feet, using his rare size advantage on the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. After three solid elbows, Elise loosens the lock and Daymon flies off the ropes.

DDK:

Blind tag!

Lance:

And here comes "The Iceman", hitting the ring like a house of fire!

DDK:

That... doesn't make any sense!

Leo tears into the ring, and Ares is promptly scoop-slammed onto her back. The D senses the tide turning and hits the ring to put a stop to it, but receives a scoop slam of his own. Elise rallies herself up, hops into the ropes, and springboards her way into another moonsault, but only makes Burnett's job easier when she lands directly onto his shoulder and entraps herself into a running powerslam. The D uses the ropes to pull himself up, but puts himself in the perfect position for a clothesline to the outside.

DDK:

The powerhouse half of the Rain City Ronin, Leo Burnett, going on an all-out rampage now that he's finally in the ring!

Lance:

This young team is truly as tenacious as they come!

DDK:

Burnett scoops up Elise Ares now... front facelock into a SUPLEX... HOLDS HER... HOLDS HER... HOLDS HER...

Lance:

Letting all the blood rush to the head of the Queen of Sports Entertainment style!

DDK:

And Leo FINALLY follows through on the vertical suplex! What a drop the ex-SOHER just took! And now Burnett makes the cover!

One!

Tw--NO!

Ares rolls over and gets the shoulder up, but Leo puts his mat technique on display by rolling her the rest of the way onto her belly and burrowing his head beneath her. Before she can react, "The Iceman" stands to his full height with her trapped on his shoulders in the fireman's carry. He drops her straight into a gutbuster across the knees, blasting the wind from her lungs.

DDK:

Burnett with a FIREMAN'S CARRY GUTBUSTER!

Could that be the one that does it? He rolls Elise Ares over onto her back, and hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Lance:

But Burnett stays on the attack! PCP, being a characteristically fast-paced team, don't often face off with anyone that can match up with their pacing on this level.

DDK:

But the Rain City Ronin are young, fully of moxy, and have something to prove tonight in the "Rain City"!

Once more, Leo scoops Elise off the canvas, with the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE gasping for air and feeling the effects of the frequent slams. Burnett reels her in and, with ease, lifts her onto his shoulders for a powerbomb. At once, Ares comes alive and peppers his exposed head with rapid-fire jabs. When he won't drop her, she counters with a hurricanrana that sends him hurtling into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Burnett connects with the corner after Ares counters out of the powerbomb attempt... Elise is now waiting with the ENZUIGURI--Leo DUCKS! Hooks the arms... DRAGON SUPLEX with a BRIDGE!

One!

Two...

The D breaks it up!

BOOOOOO!!

Before Burnett can defend himself, he falls victim to a deluge of stomps from the D. Carla swiftly orders him out of the ring. Daymon protests from the Ronin corner, but the damage has been done. Ares, with the chance to recover, catches the unsuspecting Leo with a running knee strike on her way to the corner to make the tag.

Lance:

The Phenoms are really leaning into playing the villains here tonight.

DDK:

Tag is made, and now the tag champions have a chance to bring things back under their control. The D stops Burnett before he can make it to the Rain City Ronin corner... and a stiff neckbreaker takes "The Iceman" to the mat!

The D pops back to his feet and springs onto the ropes. After taking a moment to flex, drawing the ire of the Seattle Faithful, he takes a bounce and lands in a springboard elbow drop that hits Burnett in the sternum like a dart. He forces his way back onto his feet, but walks straight into a boot as soon as he's up.

DDK:

TRIPLE D-DT!! The Phenoms with a chance to win this, as The D hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

Burnett kicks out!

Lance:

The Ronin have to fight hard to keep their chances alive at this point.

DDK:

The D forces Burnett up, and sends him **HARD** right into the post in his own corner! Tag made to Elise Ares, who goes straight to the top rope... and there's a **DIVING DOUBLE STOMP** to Leo's exposed back while the D holds him in place!

Burnett's face shows agony as he reaches for his back and collapses to the mat. Triumphant, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE struts her stuff in a lap around the ring, drawing a decidedly mixed reaction from hometowners and the idolaters alike. She gets into Burnett's blindspot as "The Iceman" slowly works up to his feet, striking when he finally rears up and throwing herself over the top rope.

DDK:

CUBAN NECKTIE over the top rope! Leo Burnett is left gasping for air after that one... and a **HIGH KICK** over the ropes by the D adds insult to injury!

Lance:

Daymon didn't like that one bit!

The kick to the face drops Burnett onto his back. Infuriated, Zack looks ready to jump into the ring, but knows it will only make the situation worse. Elise ingratiates her presence at the ringside barricade who apparently traveled a long way just to see the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. Then she climbs to the apron and flips forward to reenter the ring, bringing the leg across Leo's face.

DDK:

ROLLING LEGDROP on her way back into the ring! Ares makes the cover!

One!

Two!

Thr--NO! Burnett kicks out... but Ares makes the tag to the D!

Lance:

The champions are working like a well-oiled machine right now. They're keeping Burnett isolated from his corner, and preventing him from catching a breath.

DDK:

Ares pulls Burnett back to his feet...

SLAP!

Lance:

GOOD GOD!

The backhand slap across the face of Leo Burnett echoes across the arena, quickly followed by murmurs across the Faithful in reaction to the vicious noise. Leo Burnett stumbles towards the corner only to be picking up and dropped with an inverted atomic drop by The D. Burnett bends over in pain and Elise leap frogs him from behind and into the arms of D who then tosses her up onto the top rope. Ares jumps backwards with a moonsault, but twists halfway through the air to land across Leo with a cross body. She quickly rolls out of the way for The D, who is now back on the apron, jumps over the top rope with a front-flip senton and a pin.

One!

Two!

Three?

No!

DDK:

Burnett kicks out again!

Lance:

Unbelievable!

The D immediately questions Carla's counting skills before he looks down at Leo Burnett. Leo is still on his side in obvious pain from the last exchange.

The D:

You missed your mark! THIS TIME WITH FEELING, CARLA!

He makes the pin.

One!

Two!

Thr-

Carla Ferrari makes sure to emphasize the two count into the face of The D as much as she can as he pulls Burnett up off the mat in frustration. He drags Leo Burnett into the middle of the ring before placing him in a front headlock. The Netflix A-Lister makes a choking motion around his own neck to call his shot. The Faithful give a mixed reaction.

DDK:

He's going to do it, Lance!

Lance:

The D is calling for his new patented guillotine choke!

DDK:

What's it called, Lance?

Lance:

I walk into these jokes too often to fall for that one.

The D goes to tighten up for the choke but suddenly he's thrown backwards with a northern lights suplex. The Faithful explode as Zack Daymon begins to throw his arm in the air and bang on the top turnbuckle. Both men lie on the ground for a moment before The D begins rubbing the back of his head after an awkward landing. This gives Leo time to slowly crawl across the ring. The Faithful grow louder and louder as he inches closer to his tag partner.

DDK:

He's going to make it!

Quickly, The D comes to his senses and grabs the boot of Burnett and drags him back to the middle of the ring. The Faithful groan as the Director of DEFIANCE looks back at Elise, still holding the boot of Burnett. He turns his body and starts reaching for the tag to Ares.

The D:

We've been doing this WAAAAAY too long to fall for this silly trope-

Out of nowhere Burnett suddenly spins his body and flips the D over, who lands right back on his feet doing a modified cartwheel of sorts. He looks into the Faithful and points towards his head to show them all how smart he is. During that Leo hot tags to Zack.

TAG.

RRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

"Skyfire" launches himself over the ropes and throws himself upon the D with a barrage of rights and lefts. The A Lister is left staggered, with the flurry being capped off with a discus forearm that lays him out on his back. Across the ring, Ares hops the ropes to head him off at the pass, but Zack spots her first, and streaks across the ring with a running single-leg dropkick. His heel connects, sending the longest reigning SOHER flipping back over the top rope.

She almost hits the floor, but instinct causes her to grip the top rope by her fingertips at the last second.

DDK:

Zack Daymon back in the ring, and he is on a roll! He's got all of Seattle at his back! Now has the D by the head...

Lance:

Phrasing.

DDK:

Never gets old, does it? Daymon bulldogs him into a jump off the second rope... SPRINGBOARD DDT!!

The impact leaves the D swiveling on the canvas for a moment like a top, before he settles back onto his feet in a total daze. He walks straight into Daymon's waiting arms.

DDK:

DAYMON WITH THE JUMPING REVERSE STO!!

Lance:

That's his go-to move! They're about to get a win over the Unified Tag Champs!

DDK:

Zack hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

Three--NO! The D got the shoulder up! How in the heck did he do THAT?

Lance:

It was a picture perfect combination of moves from Zack Daymon, but not enough to put away the D, a survivor of countless tag team epics. Beating a champion is no easy task here in DEFIANCE, and Daymon is likely going to have to dig deeper to put this one away.

The A Lister is allowed to get up on his own power while "Skyfire" sets him in his sights. Daymon connects with a toe kick to the abs to double the D over and pulls him into a standing headscissor. He hooks both arms and looks into the crowd

DDK:

Zack Daymon, shades of his father Rocko, going for the--NOOO!! ARES WITH THE AMETHYSTATION OUTTA NOWHERE!!

Mid-lift, the sudden superman punch catches Daymon on the jaw and sends him onto his back. The D follows through and flips himself over into a jackknife.

DDK:

The D with the PIN!!

ONE!!

Burnett charges across the ring, but Ares takes the bullet...

TWO!!

The spear nearly breaks her in half, but she nevertheless leads herself into the ropes, causing both to tumble out to ringside...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The crowd explodes in a mix of anger and surprise. Zack pops free from the jackknife, but a second too late. He is stunned. Bereft. Quimbey's voice comes in over the PA to make it official.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match, by pinfall... the Unified Tag Team Champions of DEFIANCE... the POP... CULTURE... PHEEEENOOOOOOMMMSSSS!!!

DDK:

We have witnessed an overnight classic here tonight!

Lance:

Rain City Ronin have nothing to be ashamed about what they brought into this match-up, but in the end, veteran instinct came through for the reigning champions!

The D looks around trying to find his tag team partner to celebrate only to find her in a heap outside of the ring along with Leo Burnett. He slides out of the ring, much to the dismay of Carla Ferrari who attempts to raise his hand in

victory. The Director of DEFIANCE is heading towards his tag partner when he's given the Tag Team Championships by a staffer. The D pulls Ares up off the concrete and puts the championship over her shoulder, which she immediately grasps like Gollum holding the one ring. However, as she does so they both look into the ring to see Zack Daymon standing. He makes eye contact with the Pop Culture Phenoms and extends his hand.

DDK:

What an amazing match, Lance, and the Rain City Ronin are trying to find out if they've earned the respect of what may perhaps be the greatest tag team in the history of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

I wouldn't say "showing the proper respects to their opponents" is in the Pop Culture Phenom handbook. As big of a deal as this may be to a phenomenally talented young team like the Rain City Ronin, I think it's probably never even been considered by either of the Phenoms.

Curiously, The D stares back at Daymon still standing in the ring. Elise immediately tugs at D to go towards the backstage area but the Director of DEFIANCE doesn't budge. In fact, he tugs back and rolls into the ring. Elise reluctantly follows her fellow Phenom as they walk over to, and then size up the gesture. Exhausted. Behind them, Leo Burnett enters the ring as well, enacting a huge ovation from the crowd as he walks around the PCP to stand next to his partner and extend his hand as well.

"SHAKE THEIR HAND!"

"SHAKE THEIR HAND!"

"SHAKE THEIR HAND!"

The commentary team elects to be silent and allow the Seattle Faithful to take the mic. As such the chants slowly begin to mutate...

"SHAKE THEIR HAND!"

"THAT WAS AWESOME!"

"SHAKE THEIR HAND!"

"THAT WAS AWESOME!"

"SHAKE THEI-"

A chaotic gasp incites a cacophony of screams. Ending the moment like a razor across the throat of the Faithful.

SOMETHING FOR THE DEFtv 200 REEL

Elise gets TACKLED to the ground courtesy of a spear from out of nowhere! Fists rain down on the FACE of DEFIANCE in rapid-fire fashion from out of nowhere!

DDK:

WHAT... TITANESS?!

The First Lady of Titanes Familia drills Elise with the rights until The D jumps in and tries to tackle her to the ground! Both members of Rain City Ronin try and intervene, all until they get forcibly dragged from the ring by their legs...

DDK:

URIEL CORTEZ! KILLJOY! TITANES FAMILIA ARE HERE! BUT WHY?

Daymon gets THROWN into the steel steps, courtesy of the monstrous Killjoy! Burnett gets picked up by Uriel in a bearhug and then RAMMED into the ring post!

Lance:

WHAT IS GOING ON?!

Both of the Titans nod at each other as The D sees what's happening on the outside! He jumps off Titaness and tries to run at Killjoy as he gets into the ring, only to get snatched by his throat and shoved violently across the ring! Titaness gets up and checks her jaw before resuming her attack on Elise Ares by kicking her out of the ring! She puts her finger up to her ear and has an evil smile on her face as The Faithful let the Familia have it!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

These teams are spent after that epic that they just put out here tonight for the Unified Tag Team Titles! And Titanes Familia are picking the bones!

"The Pretty Powerful" Titaness leaves the ring and grabs Elise. She has nothing left to defend herself when Titaness picks her up and presses her over her head before SLAMMING her down across the timekeeper's table outside, sending the timekeeper and crew scattering!

Lance:

WHERE'S SECURITY?!

Elise is sprawled out in the wreckage with Titaness now

Titaness:

Table for one, bitch!

She rolls inside the ring with The D...

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

IT'S KLEIN! KLEIN IS HERE!

The third member of PCP and co-Unified Tag Team Champion rushes in and attacks Killjoy, trying to save his partner! He goes after the masked monster with lefts and rights!

Lance:

Klein going after Killjoy! These two were rivals in their BRAZEN days! They traded the BRAZEN Championship

between one another!

Klein gets a big cheer as Uriel comes at him, only for Klein to duck and catch the Tall-Father with a right! He goes after Uriel, but as he turns... he gets SNATCHED by the throat from Killjoy... FREEFALL POWERBOMB!

DDK:

KLEIN TRIED TO SAVE THEM, BUT JUST GOT JUMPED BY BOTH GIANTS!

Uriel finally looks at The D, who tries to jump over to save Klein. He signals to Killjoy.

Uriel Cortez:

Chuck him.

The Future of the Familia nods to the father of the group! The D catches a hand to the throat from Killjoy, then gets pressed overhead...

Lance:

No, don't do this!

Killjoy runs forward...

AND THROWS THE D OUTSIDE THE RING AND RIGHT INTO THE FIRST ROW OF THE CROWD!

DDK:

NO!

The crowd is at a riotous fever pitch, BOOING the family of monsters for picking their spots and unleashing the violent assault upon everyone in their path! Titaness points at Killjoy... then they each collect what both teams were fighting for.

DDK:

This... THIS WAS ABOUT THE GOLD! TITANES FAMILIA WANT THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES!

Titaness holds up the titles and soaks in the MASSIVE jeers from The Seattle Faithful over the destruction caused. Uriel has a big grin on his face, pointing to both the "mother" and "son" of the Familia.

Lance:

A great moment tonight has just been ruined by these monsters! This is beyond uncalled for!

DDK:

Folks, we are sorry to end the show this way, but we have to wrap things up! We hope to get some order restored tonight, but for Lance Warner... I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! We will see you in two weeks for the TWO-HUNDREDTH edition of DEFTv! Good night!

The final images of the show are the complete Titanes Familia holding the gold... and all the bodies left in their wake. .

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.