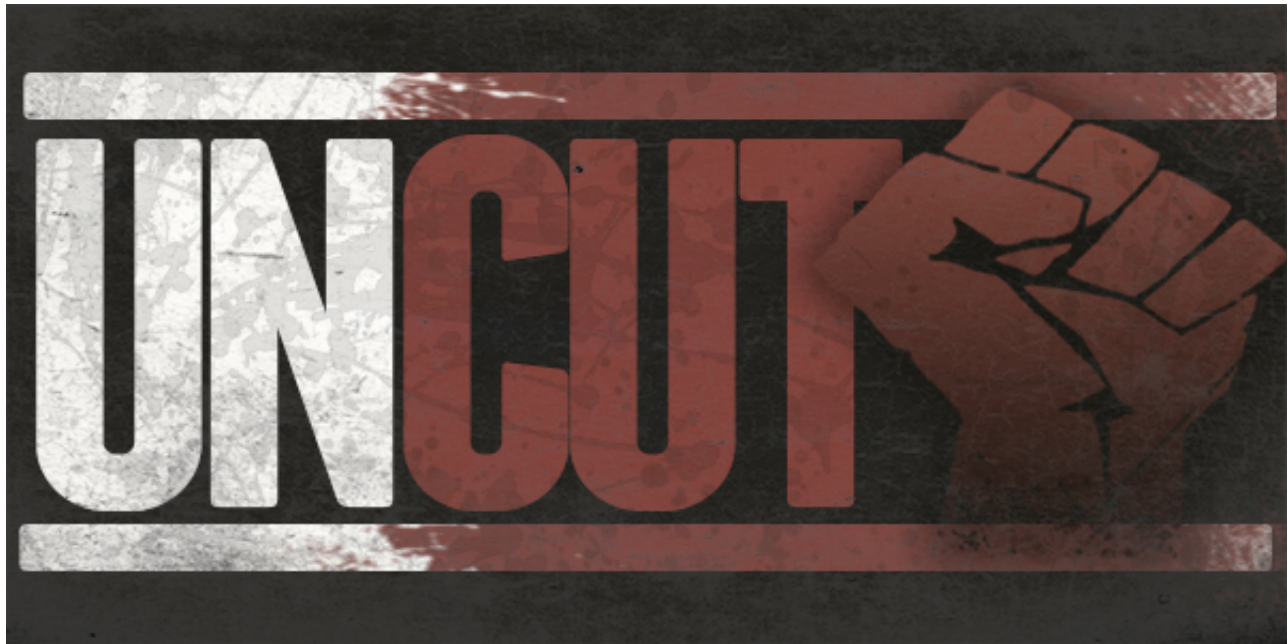


SHOW OPEN



JANNA RAY vs. KYLE SHIELDS

DDK:

We've got a big opening match on tap that stems from a match we saw on DEFtv three weeks ago! The Lads defeated the unlikely pairing of Gentlemen's Agreement and Kyle Shields in a mixed eight-man tag match. The Lads would win handily after Kyle rubbed his teammates the wrong way.

Lance:

And now, "The Lass of the Lads" will go one on one with Kyle Shields after he demanded a rematch. From what we hear Janna Ray will go this match alone!

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

When the music hits, out comes the powerful strawberry blond woman standing on the entranceway and her size quickly gets the attention of the masses! With attire consisting of a bright yellow and blue jersey with "RAY 01", yellow shorts and wrestling boots, Ray points towards the ring and then high fives a few fans on her way down to ringside.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! She hails from Miami, Florida! Weighing in at approximately One Brick House ... she is the 'Ray of Sunshine' JAAAAANNNNNNAAAAA RAAAYYYYYY!!!

Ray enters the ring! She stands at around five-foot ten and has a look on her face to suggest she's ready to kick the stuffing out of Kyle Shields.

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Her opponent ... from Kansas City, Missouri weighing two-hundred thirty-seven pounds ... KYLEEEEEEE SHIELDSSSSSS!!!

The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp. He has a microphone in hand.

Kyle Shields:

Hey! You! You cost me the chance to have some actual human shields ... er, you cost me a chance at making friends with Gentlemen's Agreement! That shit wasn't cool!

Janna Ray holds a hand out and starts yawning as Kyle keeps ranting.

Kyle Shields:

That's why we're having this match right now! The sooner I beat you, the sooner I can go backstage, crack open some beers and share some more cropped disgusting memes with my brother! You know ... Mark Shields the greatest referee in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

The Ray of Sunshine calls for a mic too.

Janna Ray:

I'm not gonna pretend I'm Butch Vic with this stick, so let's get to business ... either shut up and fight or I'll shove this mic up your ass and your mic up down your throat until they both meet in the middle!

The Scotiabank Saddledome becomes a Big Gulp for a second cause there's a huge pop from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Kyle Shields:

What ... what? No one is going to Eiffel Tower me with microphones! Let's go! Ring that bell ref!

Kyle is in the ring now and Janna Ray braces herself as he tries to attack.

DING DING

Kyle Shields runs right in the direction of Janna Ray who quickly moves out of his way. Kyle smacks into the corner and on his way out he stutters backwards. Janna moves off the ropes and then manages to catch him on the return with a running cross body knocking Shields off his feet. She starts throwing punches in bunches right into the temple of Shields to cheers from the Calgary fans.

Lance:

An interesting way to kick off this show, Darren! Janna Ray has been putting together a string of victories on Uncut and she'll be in action next week with Dex Joy and Butcher Victorious against members of the Honor Society!

DDK:

That she will and we don't know which three either!

Janna stands up and then gets some appreciation from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. The attention goes back on Kyle Shields but before she knows better, Kyle stands up and hits a knee to the midsection and then snaps her down to the canvas with a mat slam by the back of her head!

DDK:

Uncalled for! Kyle is about to steal the win!

He goes for a quick cover on the Ray of Sunshine.

One ...

Two ...

Janna kicks out but he attempts a second quick cover.

One ...

Two ...

Janna kicks out again!

Shields is angry with the ref's counting because it's not his brother as the referee tonight. When he tries picking up Dex Joy's protege, Janna reverses that into an inside cradle of her own.

One ...

Two ...

Lance:

Janna Ray almost got one over on Kyle again!

DDK:

Quick pinfalls exchanged by both!

But Kyle is quick on the draw. When Janna gets up to her feet she is greeted with a big knee from the larger Kyle and then an Irish whip leads her to the close corner. Kyle follows in and then this time he finally catches up with her by hitting an elbow and then follows that up with a big snap suplex from the corner. Kyle Shields doesn't bother trying to make a pin fall and instead he starts talking some trash to the main roster rookie.

Kyle Shields:

Gentlemen's Agreement won't even return my calls! Probably because I don't think they own a phone, but also because you and the Lads ruined this for me!

He grabs onto Janna Ray and then throws her where he thinks is going to be out of the ring. Instead, she lands on the apron as his back is turned.

Lance:

Kyle shouldn't be taking his eye off Janna Ray right now!

When Shields turns around, he sees Janna who is waving at him from the apron. Kyle runs at her but he ends up catching a big slingshot spear through the ropes for his trouble!

DDK:

But he did and he just paid for it with Into The Light!

After hitting the slingshot spear and knocking down Shields in the process, Ray is now in the process of firing herself up by slapping herself lightly. Getting herself psyched up, she sees that Kyle is trying to get back up. When Kyle takes a moment to get back to his feet, she grabs him by the arm and jumps up before she falls back and brings her foot up into his jaw!

DDK:

And she follows that up with the Best Foot Forward!

Once she has landed the inverted stomp face breaker, she grabs Kyle around the waist and then gathers all the power she can to hit a released german suplex on Kyle! The strength on display gets the attention of everyone watching!

Lance:

What a suplex there! Kyle's in that corner!

DDK:

And Janna Ray has Kyle right where she wants him!

Janna Ray is the complete opposite side of the ring and then lets a howl right out! She runs at the corner and hits a cannon ball senton!

Lance:

She hits that cannon ball just like Dex Joy used to do in the early part of his career before his neck issues!

Kyle is out on his back once Janna pulls him out from the corner. The Brick House climbs out of the ring and then is on the top rope. She looks both ways ...

Then hits a big diving body press off the top rope!

DDK:

Janna Ray with Catch Some Rays! This one has to be over!

She lands on the chest of Kyle Shields and then reaches over to hook the leg as tightly as possible!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

After racking up another win, Janna Ray throws her hands up in the air delighted to add to her winning streak!

Quimbey:

Your winner ... JANNNNAAAAAA RAYYYYYYYY!!!

Janna Ray gets her arm raised first and then climbs up against the ropes. She points out to a sign in the crowd for the Lads and then heads out to the back.

Lance:

Kyle Shields attempt at revenge thwarted tonight by Janna Ray and her unique offense! She has this unique style aimed at throwing herself as hard as she can at her opponents and it's paid off!

DDK:

That it has! We don't know who yet that the Honor Society are selecting to fight against Janna Ray, Dex Joy and Butcher Victorious but they better choose wisely! After TA Black's recruitment drive and Ned Reform's inflammatory comments about Dex Joy, they better watch out.

BRAINWASHING IS UNUSUALLY COMMON IN DEFIANCE AS OF LATE

We go backstage, to the view of a cameraman hot on the heels of Kerry Kuroyama. The Emerald Apex marches along the hallway at a brisk clip, like a man in a hurry to find something.

Or rather, some one.

He stops outside the door leading to one of the arena's private dressing rooms. The paper sign taped at eye level reads "Los Caidos". Steeling himself for a potential confrontation, he goes in without knocking.

The camera follows, soon finding Kuroyama standing alone in an uninhabited room, staring at a circle of empty folding chairs facing inward. Much to his frustration, Victor Vacio and his crew have disappeared from the arena without a trace.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Damn... where are you, Scott?

Shaking his head, Kerry turns to leave... only to be surprised when he finds three figures have appeared in the doorway.

Chris Chickentenders:

SUP, buttmuches?

Smug and self-assured as ever, Chris Chickentenders enters the room and poses in triumph. A second later, his mega-amigo Brodie Hellyeah walks in as well.

Brodie Hellyeah:

HELL YEAH! This room is PERFECT!

Lacking the panache and enthusiasm of the previous two, not-so-lovely Suzie enters to round out the trio.

Suzie:

I am here also, or whatevah...

Kuroyama looks among them, 20% in surprise and 80% in confusion. It's the first time the last remaining dregs of the erstwhile Rezin's "REZISTANCE" have made an appearance in over six months.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...Chris?

Chris Chickentenders:

Oh hey, like, what's up, Kurry Kumonyomama, long time no smell and stuff, cause it's been like a while since the REZISTANCE has been seen in DEFIANCE and whatever, but that's just cause we've had issues getting from town to town, cause Brodie's car kept having trouble getting started all year, so we've always been like one week behind the DEFIANCE tour, but then Suzie was like, "Why don't we just take a bus?", and at first I was like "Dude, like a school bus? Number one, school sucks, and number B, who's going to drive it? Ms. Frizzle?", but then instead we got tickets for a coach bus, which is a really weird way of describing it, because like, I didn't see any basketball or football players, let alone any coaches, but it was cool that it came with a john in the back, cause the trip was like super long, and I don't know if I could hold in the huge dump that was in me through all that, but like, it was all worth it, cause at long last, the REZISTANCE has finally caught up with DEFIANCE, so we can continue our mission of like, bringing our fearless leader Rezin back into the void so he can save the planet from for alien invaders, or whatever, right guys?

Brodie Hellyeah:

HELL YEAH!

Suzie:

Eh.

Chris Chickentenders:

So like anyway, is this room, like, already taken by Vae Vintus, or whatever?

Kerry Kuroyama:

What? No, it's not taken. Or it was, but not anymore. Look, it doesn't matter, because I'm only here to look for--

Chris Chickentenders:

Oh, BADASS, dude, well in that case, is it, like, cool if we use this for a base of operations, or are you, like... interested in joining the REZISTANCE?

Kuroyama balks and throws up his hands.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Whoa, slow down here... only reason I'm here is--

Chris Chickentenders:

Cause like it would definitely be a huge help having a BADASS on our side, like when we had that viking dude, but now I guess he's lame or whatever like all the others in the Honor SUCK-ciety, and yeah, I know what you're thinking, cause like there's just the three of us and you might be like "Oh man, these guys are totally pathetic" or whatever, but I can assure you, Kurry, the REZISTANCE has like several secret agents out there working within the shadows, and we've diligently been setting the stage for like, a HUGE power play, and having you on our side will TOTALLY help!

Brodie Hellyeah:

HELL YEAH!

Suzie:

[coughs, and puffs off her cigarette]

Kerry shakes his head again, this time out of annoyance.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Um... I appreciate the offer, Chris, but I'm a bit preoccupied trying to help out someone else who's been brainwashed into becoming something they're not.

Chris Chickentenders:

Oh wow, dude, that seems to be really common around here lately, but like, no problem or whatever, we'll keep searching, but on that note, can we, like, borrow your pet koala bear some time?

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'll... think about, Chris. Kerry Koalayama could certainly use the exercise. But if you'll excuse me, I got somewhere else I need to be right now.

Kuroyama moves around them and leaves the room, leaving Chickentenders, Brodie, and Suzie alone and looking deflated.

Brodie Hellyeah:

HELL NO, Chris! I thought we had him!

Chris Chickentenders:

No, it's cool, dude, cause like, the important thing right now is that the REZISTANCE is here, and when the people start getting behind us again, just like all the chicks in my life, the BADASSES are gonna come flocking to us, but to get that to happen, we need to get us a MATCH tonight!

Brodie Hellyeah:

HELL YEAH! But, um... do you think they'd book us on the spot?

Chris Chickentenders:

I don't know, Brodie, my dude, but if Rezin taught me anything, it's that you should never give up when the ships are down, but I don't know what that means, unless he's talking about boats on low tide, or something, but I think the point is that we just keep trying and not let our spirits get broken, so c'mon, let's go find ourselves a match, and while we're doing that, not-so-lovely Suzie will get the room ready.

Brodie Hellyeah:

HELL YEAH!

Readjusting his red headband of rebellion, Chickentenders leaves the room with Brodie in tow. Suzie stands alone, smoking her menthol Pall Mall and looking with disinterest at the frugal furnishings. Putting forth the least amount of effort possible, she nudges one of the folding chairs with her foot, and shrugs.

Suzie:

There. Mission accomplished, or whatevah.

RISK AND REWARD

The private back room of Edward White's Black Pelican Club down in the French Quarter in New Orleans is bustling with a few nameless faceless business associates of the Sophisticate, enjoying the amenities afforded special members. The leather sofas, the walls covered in books and expensive this and that all screaming Edward's usual constant, shrieked message of *"I'm so rich, do you see how rich I am, please acknowledge how rich I am."*

Tucked away in one corner nursing a glass of scotch is one of the most recognizable ugly mugs in professional wrestling. That of the Original DEFIANT, the DEFIANCE Hall of Famer, the singular Bombastic Bronson Box. Dressed down in black slacks and a black turtleneck the usually piercingly loud individual is understated, blending in with his surroundings. His eyes are closed but he's not sleeping.

Meditation? The Wargod? What could be mistaken for a small placid smile starts to develop on his scarred, mustachioed face... well, until one of Ed's random normie business associates wanders by. The lanky crypto bro with all the trappings of tacky fresh money drunkenly swaggers into Bronson's purview and plops down in the chair across from him.

Crypto Bro: [he slurs]
Hey! I fuckin' know you.

Boxer's bloodshot brown eyes flicker open but he doesn't move another muscle.

Crypto Bro:
Yeeeeeah, you're one of Eddy's wrestling dudes, haha! Fuckin' nice... God, what's your name. B-something, Bobby, Boris, Bolin...

Apparently in good enough spirits to engage.

Bronson Box:
Bronson. *Bronson Box*.

The annoyingly drunk individual slurps more of his Old Fashioned and points at the same time.

Crypto Bro:
YES! God, I think I remember watching you when I was like 12, 13 years old man! You like kidnapped a kid and shit, that's WILD my man! Screamin' and stabbin' motherfuckers, God that's sick. I bet DEFIANCE has killer lawyers...

That garners a very small snort from the Wargod.

Bronson Box:
They do indeed. I've needed their services several times in my career. I tend to, in the words of my current employers, "take things too far."

The bro thinks on that for a second.

Crypto Bro:
So, question. I know there's like, bigger purses for winning and shit but... you do get paid either way, right? Risk and reward I get man, I'm in the finance game, gotta hang your dong out there if you wanna catch any fish, you know? But why push it like *that*? Fuck their feelings or whatever, but you can't make that money if they boot you, my man. That's a lot of risk for... what, exactly?

A voice from over the man's shoulder grabs his and Bronson's attention.

That of the Wargod's Herald.

Angus Skaaland:

Because in this business if you want to be truly special you have to risk everything. Your life, your well being, your friends and relationships. Everything. This crazy old bastard has probably given more of himself to build his legend than almost anyone I've ever worked with. There's a lot of legendary old farts walkin' those halls. Guys and gals with decades of history, endless lists of titles and tournament wins, impressive accolades and classic feuds... but none of them mean to DEFIANCE what this man does. He's made himself indispensable, *undeniable*. He makes points loud enough everyone hears, even those that don't want to listen. When Bronson Box pushes that envelope hard enough they all come runnin'... dance partners fallin' out of the woodwork to lock horns with the Original DEFIANT.

Angus sits down next to the finance bro.

Angus Skaaland:

And there's nothin' the Favoured Saints dinks can do but cringe and count the stacks of money the man earns 'em. Which is a goddamn lot, by the way. Like I said... *undeniable*. Boxer.

The Motormouth of Malcontent waggles his eyebrows at his client and kicks back on the sofa.

The finance dude is about to speak, Angus physically puts his finger to the man's mouth.

Angus Skaaland:

See those two *enormous* men over by the bar way over there?

He points across the room where the BRAZEN tag team champions "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne are perched at the bar having some cocktails. Adrian's arm around his beautiful wife, Felton talking up a couple enamored ladies admiring his musculature.

Angus Skaaland:

You go ahead and leave my client alone or those two big ol' boys are gonna dislodge your block from your chain... or whatever, I don't know shit about cryptocurrency.

The moron just verbally launches himself at the opportunity to talk money without even thinking.

Crypto Bro:

Oh man, it's easy money my man, you just...

Angus Skaaland turns in his seat and makes a little gesture with his hand. Felton raises his head across the room in acknowledgment.

Crypto Bro:

Or I could totally leave you two fine dudes alone, my bad. If you're ever in the market to make a quick buck I... yeah, here ya' go my guy.

He nervously fumbles one of his business cards from his coat pocket and scrambles away as fast as he can. Angus gives Felton a thumbs up from across the room. The massive man cracks a wry smile and turns his attention back to the lovely, enamored young ladies currently poking and prodding at his large biceps and pectorals.

Alone finally, Angus turns back to Bronson.

Angus Skaaland:

The artist formerly known as Mushigahara is really campaigning to get his hands on you. Heard tell he even talked to the board about it. I know you're all chuffed about Ryan stickin' his nose in and opening his fat fuckin' mouth and everything but... well, thoughts?

The Wargod ponders for a second, cradling his drink.

Bronson Box:

An embarrassment of riches. A powderkeg of their own design I'll gladly toy with. But honestly, lad? I'm feelin' bloody generous. If the tubby bastard wants a match? Well, let's fookin' give it to him. The pushy maskless prick.

Skaaland raises his eyebrows again.

Bronson Box:

Risk and reward, like that awful fella said, lad. Risk and reward. Mushigahara? Him I know. But this Henry Yamazaki... the man with no face? I don't know him from Adam. Need to test the measure of the big bastard for one thing.

A genuine smile creeps across Bronson's mustachioed face.

Bronson Box:

Let's see just how much ol' Henry's willin' to *risk* to get the revenge he wants to bloody bad.

The Motormouth pulls out his phone from his coat pocket.

Angus Skaaland:

I'll make the necessary calls. *This should be fun.*

Fade.

CRESCENT CITY KID vs. CUNNING CURT CUNNING

DDK:

We've got a return to singles action coming up next for the Crescent City Kid! Returning to active duty after spending three months on the shelf due to a wrist injury at the hands of Kilgore, CCK will be taking on former BRAZEN Star Cup champion "Cunning" Curt Cunning!

Lance:

A battle of masked men! Can CCK return to action with a win or will Cunning play spoiler? We take the action in-ring with Darren Quimbey up next!

The camera heads over to the ring with the other Darren standing by!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Crescent City, accompanied to the ring by Theodore Cain and "Wingman" Titus Campbell, representing The Gulf Coast Connection... weighing in at 183 pounds... **THE CRESCENT CITY KID!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up by throwing purple and gold beads to The Faithful. "Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents! All three pose near the ring apron before CCK bumps fists with The Faithful then leaps over the ropes to pose in the ring! He waits for his opponent.

♪ "Who Are You?" by The Who ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from The Great State of Noneya Bidness... weighing at 216 pounds... **"CUNNING" CURT CUNNING!**

The masked Cunning comes out and doesn't pay attention to The Faithful. He wears a one-sleeved wrestling singlet and black mask over his face as he approaches the ring. He climbs inside and taps his hands on the side of his head as if he's already got a good game plan ready to go. The masked competitors both circle one another...

DING DING

It's CCC that goes low to attack CCK first, sweeping him to the mat with an ankle pick before standing over him laughing and then tapping the side of his head again to point out to the booing Faithful. After the quick takedown, The Cunning One hits the ropes. He charges towards CCK, but The Kid lays flat with a dropdown. When Cunning comes back, he ends up the victim of a quick arm drag from CCK showing off that his wrist is all healed up now!

Lance:

It seems that wrist isn't bothering him at all now! He got a clean bill of health just a few days ago!

Triple C hops back to his feet after the first arm drag, only to be taken down by a second arm drag. When he climbs back up to his feet, it's CCK that takes the fight to The Cunning One using a quick dropkick to the chest! Cunning rolls out of the ring and tries taking a powder, but when he turns around, he comes face to face with both Theodore Cain and Wingman Titus Campbell.

DDK:

Whoa! I bet Curt wishes that he had his own entourage out here from BRAZEN, the Curt Cunning Experience.

Lance:

Which is just two more masked guys that look just like him.

Cunning heads back into the ring, but a triangle dropkick from CCK catches him in the side of the head that knocks him out to the floor! Right after Cunning falls to the floor, he's stunned on the outside while CCK braces the top rope. He flips around and leaps over the ropes to wipe him out with a slingshot plancha!

DDK:

CCK flies with that massive plancha!

Lance:

Crescent City Kid is looking great right now! You can't even tell he's coming back from a serious injury!

With some love being thrown at him from the Calgary Faithful, Crescent City Kid walks over and high-fives a few fans in the front row. He grabs Cunning and rolls him back into the ring before he takes his time and climbs back up the steps slowly. When he gets back near the ropes, he starts to climb through the ropes...

Until Cunning grabs his left arm and SNAPS it over the middle rope first! Both Cain and Campbell at ringside show worry for their masked buddy as he favors the wrist.

DDK:

No! Cunning baited him and he just snapped that wrist on the ropes! He caught him good with that move!

With CCK left in a vulnerable state, The Cunning One registers a smile under his own mask. He grabs CCK and then hammerlocks his arm behind his back before pushing him into the corner.

DDK:

Now Cunning has found his target! He's going after that wrist!

With a chance to go on the attack, he grabs the arm and then connects with a double knee armbreaker! CCK is hurt and then rolls him up into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

CCK gets the shoulder up, but "Cunning" Curt Cunning goes to pick him up by the neck. A pair of european uppercuts take CCK into the corner. When he hits the corner, he charges and hits a corner elbow smash followed out of the corner by a quick double arm suplex. Cunning rolls out of the suplex and floats right over into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

And there's another kickout by The Kid! But he's got that arm now! And in a seated arm bar!

The armbar is locked on and Cunning is honed in on the bad wrist again! He yells under his mask for the other masked man in the ring to tap out, but CCK won't do it! He shakes his head and climbs towards the ropes.

Lance:

Can The Crescent City Kid find a way out of this hold?

He tries to get to the ropes and scurries there...

He gets his foot under the ropes!

DDK:

CCK makes his foot under the ropes to break up the hold!

Rex Knox warns Cuning to either break the hold or get counted out. He holds on for four extra seconds and then lets go! After he lets go, he shakes his head and then pulls CCK back up towards the ropes.

DDK:

Cuning looking for this superkick that he calls the... hooo boy, the Cuning Linguist Kick...

He swings...

AND A MISS!

CCK slides under the superkick attempt and dropkicks him in the back, sending him into the middle rope! CCK is up favoring his left arm, but shakes the feeling back into the limb then charges at the ropes. He swings through the ropes and lands both feet into the face of Cuning!

DDK:

CCK hits the CCT! That swinging DDT through the ropes! He goes down!

He gets to the top rope...

Lance:

And he's about to finish this!

DDK:

He sure is! CCK connects with the Flambeaux Fly splash!

After connecting with the big splash, he hooks the legs of Cuning!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Who Are You?" by The Who ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **CRESCENT CITY KID!**

Celebrating the return win, CCK gets picked up and back to his feet! Theodore Cain and Wingman Titus Campbell each take turns holding his good arm up! Cain tries to go for the bad arm, but The Kid jumps back and then gives him his good arm.

Lance:

What a return to form right here for Crescent City Kid! A big win here tonight!

DDK:

Looking good after a three-month layoff!

The victorious Kid leaves the ring with Cain and Campbell to go celebrate the return win!

SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 9

The seedy saloon. Back room.

The lights sure could use replacing here but that doesn't stop a scantily clad woman from bustling about, moving glassware from shelves to cabinets and whatnot. Meanwhile, Malak and cOnOr approach the empty bar. The buzz from the main bar is muffled here at best. Malak takes a seat.

Malak Garland:

This is the VIP section, cOnOr? Looks like an abandoned part of the bar no one comes to drink in anymore.

cOnOr wags his head.

cOnOr fReiGhT:

Now listen here and listen well. This is who you need to talk to. Forget about everything else.

Malak eyes the lady up and down. Sure, she's stunning but that probably means she also scores high on the crazy-hot matrix.

Malak Garland:

Hi there, can I get your name? Maybe a drink? Maybe a trip out of this hell hole?

Turning his attention to the damsel, Malak's attempt to make contact falls on deaf ears.

Malak Garland:

Did she hear me?

Malak leans in and tries once more while the woman does not stop working.

Malak Garland:

Did you hear me-!?

With his neck exposed, Malak quickly finds the cold steel of a blade held up against his skin. The woman dropped her work so fast, he didn't have time to react. cOnOr backs up and puts his arms up innocently. The woman looks menacingly at Malak, like she's ready to cut him into squares at any moment.

Woman:

I hear everything. You a patron? What'll be it? Top lips or bottom? I'm running a special for my fur bag right now. Lots of men can't resist. You look like a full price guy either way.

Completely panicked and not wanting to die on this day, Malak gently reaches up and pulls the woman's hand away from his neck.

Malak Garland:

Uhhhhh ummmm, I'm sorry, I don't quite follow but I can tell you I'm not here for the VIP services! Ain't that right, cOnOr? Help me out here! I'm only good at dealing with trolls online, from behind a screen where they can't get me!

cOnOr steps up.

cOnOr fReiGhT:

Yeah, that's right. Listen toots, we're here because he's ready to play the 'game'.

The woman immediately loosens up and stows her blade. She twirls her hair as she speaks.

Woman:

Sorry 'bout that. Just had to check in on your business intentions. You never know 'round these parts, hun.

She extends a hand to be shaken. Malak obliges.

Malak Garland:

I'm Malak.

Woman:

The name is Teresa Ames.

It wasn't until Malak heard the name did he finally put two and two together.

Malak Garland:

Shit guy, shit.

Teresa Ames:

That's my line.

Malak Garland:

I thought you looked familiar but it would've been hard to pick you out of a crowd seeing the getup you're in and all. Plus, that voice. Accent is terrible.

The feelings of knowingness, however, aren't shared.

Teresa Ames:

I've never seen you before in my life but I feel like that's irrelevant to the conversation at hand, yeah?

Neither here nor there, the last thing Malak wants is a knife to his throat again.

Malak Garland:

Fair enough. Look, what do I have to do to conquer this world? What's my mission? What's my quest? There's gotta be something going on in these trainyards for me to do so I can get out of here.

Teresa Ames:

Fancy you be asking me 'bout that. I have just the task for you.

Teresa unfurls a beer stained, edge burnt piece of paper from the back of her corset and slams it on the table between her and the men.

Teresa Ames:

Do you see the image on this here paper?

She points to it. A purple gemlike item is displayed.

Teresa Ames:

This here is the Arryth Crystal and bandits done stole it. I need it back. It helps me. In certain ways. You see, not only does it help me procure "business" because its ultrasonic light makes my skin appear younger, but it also returns all my memories to me. Steal it back from the bandits and you will be handsomely rewarded. I promise.

She may or may not allude to certain body parts on herself with her hands at this point.

Teresa Ames:

But be warned, it sounds easier than it is.

Malak snatches up the page, eyeing the image of the Arryth Crystal over and over like it's his only purpose in life.

Malak Garland:

Okay. Consider me on the case, especially if it will bring your memories back.

Teresa disappears under the bar for a moment before sprouting back up. She slams some more items on top of the bar.

Teresa Ames:

Take these with you. A musket and a revolver. They should help you both in your quest.

Malak looks back at cOnOr who is still very much afraid.

cOnOr fReiGhT:

Oh heck to the no. I'm not going on this quest. I'm just a lowly NPC. Malak, you will have to go it alone but for some reason, I feel compelled to tell you that the bandit camp is northwest of here. Up in the dune hills.

Malak grabs the musket and pockets the revolver.

Malak Garland:

Then I guess it's time to go Arryth Crystal hunting, isn't it?

Teresa smiles devilishly, cOnOr shudders, and Malak, well he isn't quite sure how to use a gun but he's willing to learn through trial by fire.

OPEN CHALLENGE: BROOKLYNN RIVERA vs. ???

DDK:

We've reached tonight's main event and the next match is an open challenge from "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera!

Lance:

Next week, Rivera has a singles match with "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas after she and Titaness attacked Bonita en Rosa I and II, the lady friends of Mil and DLJ respectively since they joined the GC Universe!

DDK:

The GC Universe made enemies of Titanes Familia and things have just escalated! And on the tear that Titanes Familia have been on since DEFCON, I would tread carefully for anyone answering this challenge! We're gonna take it to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the main event!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in-ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is an open challenge set for one fall! Introducing first...

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

...representing Titanes Familia, being accompanied by Titaness... from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 178 pounds..."**LA ANGELITA" BROOKLYNN RIVERA!**

DDK:

La Angelita, aka The Little Angel of Titanes Familia. She's made a really big impact in a short amount of time, that's for sure.

Lance:

And we'll see who has the fortitude to take her up on her challenge tonight!

Booing fills the Scotiabank Saddledome as Brooklynn Rivera stands on the ring apron with Titaness next to her. The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia opens the ropes with her foot and lets her fellow six-foot star into the ring. Brooklynn yanks the bandana off her face and throws her arms out ready to fight. Titaness walks over and demands a microphone be placed in her hand.

Titaness:

Next week... our sweet Angelita has a match next week with... ugh... Mil Vuelas.

She spits at the mention of the name.

Titaness:

So tonight, she wants a warm-up. I don't care how big or how small you are. Chances are you're already taller than Mil anyway so hey! Today's your lucky day! Who's stepping up tonight to take her on?

Brooklynn jumps next to Titaness and into the mic.

Brooklynn Rivera:

YOU GONNA GET YOUR HEAD PUT THROUGH THIS MAT! I DON'T CARE WHO IT IS! LET'S GO!

Titaness looks proud.

Titaness:

That's our babygirl! Get 'em, hon!

Titaness stands next to her regular tag team partner while Brooklynn starts shadowboxing, but with elbows, so... shadow-elbowing, I guess.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent...

♪ "Moving in Stereo" by The Cars ♪

A slender silhouette appears on the stage. Even backlit, we can see the individual wearing sunglasses and a jacket with a clearly popped collar. When the stage lights come up, Chris Chickentenders is revealed, now with a red bandana! At his side, he has his regular partner in crime, BRAZEN's Brodie Hellyeah and Suzie!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent, accompanied to the ring by Suzie and Brodie Hellyeah, hailing from "your mom's bedroom" by way of New Orleans, Louisiana, and weighing in at one-hundred and forty-three pounds... the last surviving member of THE REZISTANCE... please welcome... **CHRIIIIIIS CHIIICKEEEEEENTEENDEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSS!!!**

Titaness looks completely nonplussed with what's in front of her. She glances over at Brooklynn.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Yo... ain't he a minor? Can I even whoop his ass?

DDK:

Not the challenge that Brooklynn Rivera was expecting, but I guess we're gonna have this match!

Lance:

Funny enough, Chris Chickentenders' last match was with -- of all people -- Mil Vuelas himself back in November.

As the last remnants of the REZISTANCE are at ringside, Titaness pats Brooklynn on the back.

Titaness: [snickering]

Good luck.

She leaves the ring and stands at ringside with Suzie and Brodie Hellyeah there to cheer on Chris Chickentenders.

DING DING

Lance:

To say this is a mismatch... well, understatement.

Santa Muerte looks down at Chris Chickentenders who has his dukes up, until he looks up at Brooklynn...

Chris Chickentenders:

HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUE! Hey, grrrrrrrr! You like your Chickentenders mild... or spicy?

Her response?

A quick judo takedown!

Chris Chickentenders is now staring up at the arena lights! As Suzie and Brodie Hellyeah go to check on the last

member of the Rezistance, Brooklynn Rivera goes over to her corner and looks down at Titaness.

Brooklynn Rivera:

What the hell is this?

Titaness simply shrugs because her guess is as Rivera's is.

Lance:

This is all fun and games for Chickentenders, but to get into the ring with someone as dangerous as a member of Titanes Familia.

DDK:

And Rivera is already at work!

La Angelita grabs Chickentenders and throws him into the corner. She starts pelting him in the chest with a STIFF series of hard kicks to his chest! Chickentenders can barely catch his breath when he gets yanked out of the corner by his arm then gets hit with another judo toss! Chickentenders is hurt and holding onto his shoulder in pain right now but things go from back to worse for him when the larger Rivera grabs him by the side...

DDK:

Oh, my goodness! What a gutwrench suplex on Chickentenders!

Lance:

A sentence I didn't have on my bingo card in the year 2025!

Rivera points out of the ring at Titaness and makes a heart motion with her hands towards Titaness, who returns in kind to loud jeers! Rivera crawls over and goes for a light cover on Chickentenders.

ONE!

TWO!

But the shoulder comes up!

Lance:

That was a lax cover from Brooklynn Rivera!

Chris sits up, realizing he's in a fight.

Chris Chickentenders:

HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUE DUUUUUUUUDE I KICKED OUT I'M A BADAS... OOOOH!

But said badass gets KICKED square in the chest with a huge penalty kick from Rivera! La Angelita stands over the hunched-over Chickentenders while he's holding his chest.

DDK:

Chris has yet to even get offense going against Rivera! This striking and judo combination of hers makes it more difficult for even more experienced competitors to contend with.

Brodie Hellyeah tries to motivate the young star while Suzie sits back and watches rather noncommittally. Rivera stands over Chris and starts lightly tapping the side of his head with her boot.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Get up! Come on!

When Chris isn't able to recover as fast as Rivera wants, La Angelita hits the ropes looking for another penalty kick... but somehow he DUCKS! He even catches her by the leg and tries to take down the six-foot Rivera with a school-boy... er, a school-MAN pin!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Rivera gets PISSED and bolts right up after the cover before putting a knee into Chris' chest to knock him over! Titaness rolls a finger outside the ring telling Brooklynn to wrap it up.

DDK:

Chris Chickentenders ALMOST caught Rivera with that pin! And she just made him pay for it!

Rivera throws Chris into the ropes and tries to go for her signature Harai Goshi throw, but Chris hangs onto the ropes. Rivera charges, only for Chris to catch her with both feet to the face! The impact sends Chris BARELY scrambling over the ropes and landing on the apron awkwardly, but effectively! Brodie Hellyeah tells Chris to go to the top rope so he does! He climbs up quickly and comes off the ropes with a diving shotgun dropkick! Rivera is knocked off her feet and the crowd is on theirs! Both wrestlers are flat on their backs in the middle of the ring with the Canadian Faithful cheering on the young Chickentenders!

Lance:

Chickentenders is doing it! HE'S DOING IT!

Chris Chickentenders: [in pain]

THAT... WAS... BADASS... HUE HUE... OW.... HUE.

He slowly gets back up while Rivera holds her ribs. She's on her knees when Chickentenders hits the ropes and NAILS her with a springboard DDT off the middle rope !

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD DDT FROM CHICKENTENDERS! HE'S GONNA DO IT! HE'S GONNA DO IT!

He goes for the upset win over Brooklynn Rivera!

ONE!

TWO...

NO!

Rivera kicks out in the nick of time! Chris looks up and around to referee Carla Ferrari with three fingers up, but she calls it as she sees it and holds up two!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas almost underestimated this kid a while back in a similar situation! Rivera almost made that mistake!

Chris waits for Rivera to get up with Brodie Hellyeah insisting he try for a second springboard DDT while Suzie remains indifferent to everything. He jumps...

RIGHT INTO A GOODNIGHT KISS FROM RIVERA!

DDK:

OHHH NO! BROOKLYNN RIVERA CAUGHT CHRIS WITH THAT SPINNING BACK ELBOW IN MID-AIR!

Dazed and confused, Chickentenders has no idea where he is when he gets picked up and then DRIVEN down with a northern lights driver! Done having any sort of fun tonight, Rivera goes for the cover.

DDK:

And there's the NYKO! I think you can count to a thousand here!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BROOKLYNN RIVERA!**

She stands over Chris Chickentender and simply rubs her heels on the mat before leaving the ring. She jumps at Carla Ferrari trying to raise her hand and then leaves the ring for Titaness to have the honor of raising her hand!

Lance:

A good effort by Chris Chickentenders tonight, but that inexperience reared its ugly head against a dangerous competitor like Rivera. Next week, she takes on "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas in another battle of GC Universe vs. Titanes Familia.

DDK:

Indeed. And for Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler saying good night! We'll see you next week on DEFtv LIVE from Rogers Place in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada!

Chickentenders is being Chickentended to by Brodie Hellyeah, who tries to help him out of the ring... but as he does, he gets SPEARED by Titaness for good measure!

DDK:

HEY! COME ON!

Suzie doesn't want the smoke and flees ringside while Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera now stand over the last members of the Rezistance, basking in the jeers as the show ends!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.