

SHOW OPEN

San Diego, California welcomes DEFIANCE as The Pechanga Arena is hyped for DEFtv 222!

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!

FAMILIA 4EVER

CASSIDY IS INNOCENT! HE WAS WITH ME THE WHOLE NIGHT!!

PAT CASSIDY PAID MY BAR TAB

TOM MORROW WAS BEHIND THE WHEEL

CASSIDY'S BAIL MONEY CUT BORN OVER'S BOX OFFICE PROFITS IN HALF

ZERO LUCKS GIVEN FOR THE TRIPLE SEVENS

SAN FRANCISCO DOESN'T REPRESENT US FUCK YOU KEYES

JANNA IS MY FAVORITE LAD!

I WANT TO BUY TICKETS FOR UNNAMED DEFIANCE PPV 2025

WHEN'S SATOWEEN II

After completing the sweep of signage, we land on The Commentation Station just off to the side of the stage where none other than "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are seated to run down the action in this... well, rundown of the action.

DDK:

Welcome, one and all, to DEFtv 222, LIVE from the Pechanga Arena in sunny San Diego, California! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always, my broadcast partner-in-crime, Lance Warner!

Lance:

Thanks, Darren! Now that we've all had a little time to catch our breath following an AMAZING two-night Maximum DEFIANCE! Henry Keyes retained the FIST over a VERY game Conor Fuse in a main event that had to be seen to be believed! Rain City Ronin retained the Unified Tag Team Titles against three hungry teams! Brock Newbludd would retain his Southern Heritage Title against tag partner and best friend, Pat Cassidy, but Pat refused to shake his

friend's hand! And Lonnie Luck would retain the Favoured Saints Title against THREE different competitors!

DDK:

Somehow, all champions retained their titles, but who will come knocking next?! Between now and Acts of DEFIANCE, the tag team division has the chance to shine! The Ace of Tag Teams tournament kicks off when newly-made fan favorites, M4NTRA, take on the powerful Money Talks! And later tonight, Jamie Sawyers will run down all eight participants of the Ace of Tag Teams! AND I'm being told we'll also find out who Rain City Ronin's next challengers are while this tournament is ongoing!

Lance:

We also have a Familia Reunion! After "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez defeated OSCAR BURNS in a Lumberjack Match thanks to a betrayal by Mil Vuelas and Dan Leo James, what will happen next?

DDK:

And speaking of shocking betrayals... Ned Reform kicked OUT of the Honor Society! We're gonna hear from TA... excuse me, HEADMASTER Black! And find out more about why this happened?!

Lance:

All this and SO MUCH MORE! But first... we kick things off with the FIST of DEFIANCE Henry Keyes!

Henry Keyes FIST Spectapalooza, Sponsored by IHOP

We find ourselves in the parking lot of San Diego's Pachenga Arena. It's unclear why we're here, until we hear a powerful revving of an engine.

Coming into the camera's view is a pristine white limousine with gold-plated wheels, apparently with the loudest motor money could buy - its revs are annoyingly loud in the echoing chamber of this concrete structure.

After the limo parks, the driver's door opens - and out steps a man wearing a dapper white and gold driving jacket, slacks, and a Plague Doctor mask. He wears a name badge that reads "Driver Plague Doctor" and looks trim and tidy.

Driver Plague Doctor efficiently strides a few strides until he reaches the end of the limousine. He opens the door, and we can see that there's some wild blue and pink velvet lining in the seats, on the floor, and on the ceiling. The first person that emerges is an extremely dapper Kerry Kuroyama, fitted with what appears to be a brand-new custom-fitted purple military outfit. Lindsay Troy steps out next, equally slaying in a black faux fur coat and shimmering pink cocktail dress. Finally, the Kraken, Henry Keyes steps out in a long black faux fur coat of his own, matching Troy, with black slacks and a bright pink Vae Victis tee. Henry in particular looks absolutely giddy.

DDK:

DEFIANCE Faithful watching at home may or may not recall that when Henry Keyes held the SOHER, he had a real proclivity for throwing ostentatious celebrations with a lot of pomp and a lot of pancakes...and well, we've been made to expect a little more of the same tonight.

Lance:

Whether it was the last "Spectapalooza", whatever THAT word means, or the "Short Stack Battle Royale", or an "Open Challenge Invite-a-palooza" - Henry Keyes has developed a pretty firm reputation as someone who's not just a nightmare in the ring, but a nightmare to deal with outside of it, too.

DDK:

I overheard a young fan near our broadcast booth use a phrase that sounded right, do you remember what it was, partner?

Lance:

She called him "extra", Keebs.

DDK:

EXTRA! That's it!

The camera has continued to follow the three Plastics of Vae Victis as they march from their limo through the backstage area - a few Plague Doctors are holding silver platters stacked with bacon, eggs, hash browns, sausages - some of which gets sampled by the trio, others of which are ignored. Soon, the cameraman positions themselves behind the trio, as they approach the curtain leading to the stage.

They pause.

And music hits.

♪ "God Is a DJ" by Pink ♪

The trio chuckles to themselves and share fist bumps. As the opening chords and "yeahhhhhhs" give way to lyrics, they step through.

The boos are SUFFOCATING.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Viewers at home finally get to see a scene that, presumably, the fans in the arena have been subjected to for at least a few minutes now:

Pink and blue. Pink and blue *everywhere*.

It's on a carpet that stretches to the ring, it's on the ring apron, it's on the mat - pink and blue patterned velvet in swirls and tiger stripes and gears and tentacles and any other innumerable obnoxious artsy allusions to Henry Keyes's career that one could imagine. The ramp towards the ring is lined with at least a dozen Plague Doctors on either side, each holding a silver cloche. The trio begins a slow walk towards the ring, and as they approach each Plague Doctor, they lift their respective cloches.

First, it's a stack of pancakes with a tab of butter and a small, tasteful jug of maple syrup.

Next, it's a stack of pancakes topped with blueberries.

Next, a stack of pancakes covered in strawberries and whipped cream.

Next, a stack of pancakes with bananas and walnuts.

You get the picture. It's an absolute pancake wonderland. If you can imagine the topping, it's represented. Each Plague Doctor holds a white towel with the IHOP logo over their left arm.

The trio each take moments to sample from the platters that appeal to them, and even offer some of each stack to the nearby Faithful - upon receiving conclusive and full-throated boos, they begin tossing these pancakes directly in the crowd. It might be construed as a kind gesture, until we start to see just how messy and gross these fans become as fruit slop and butter and pancakes get all over their faces and hair and clothes. Keyes and Troy in particular smirk to themselves when an extra-hateful fan gets a fat dab of whipped cream right in the left lens of their glasses.

They finally make it to the ring, which once again, has been adorned with pink and blue patterned velvet. There is a long table set up in the middle of the ring with a blue tablecloth draped over it. Pancakes are stacked high all around the ends of the table, and in the center, there is a particularly large golden cloche that remains closed.

Keyes snatches a microphone from a ringside attendant.

Henry Keyes:

WELCOMMMME, ONCE AGAIN, DEFIANCE! TO THE GREATEST! PARTY! YOU'RE EVERRRRRRRR GOING TO SEEEEEEE!

BOOOOO!

DDK:

Man - I guess San Francisco really was an anomaly, huh?

Lance:

San Diego does NOT feel the love for Henry Keyes, that's for sure!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Henry Keyes:

The last time we were here before you, throwing the SOHER Spectapalooza, we were celebrating a truly tremendous-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Henry Keyes:

A TRULY TREMENDOUS, ACHIEVEMENT! Our last Spectapalooza honored ME, THE KRAKEN, HENRY KEYES,

as I prepared to become the LONGEST, REIGNING, SOHER, EVERRRRRRR! Haaaaahahaha, YOU STILL SUCK, ELISE ARES! YOU STILL SUCK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Good GRAVY!

Lance:

WHAT?

Henry Keyes:

And now that I am the reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE, now that I have finally earned the influence over this place that I deserve, and now that I've successfully sucked allllll the wind out the sails of ol' Player Two, Conor Fuse-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO~~

Keyes lowers the mic and puts a finger to his ear - one wonders if the sheer volume is hurting his eardrums. If it hurts, it hurts so good, as Keyes can't help but smile wide. Both Troy and Kuroyama look smug behind him.

Henry Keyes:

THAT'S RIGHT, I TOOK THAT LYING SONOFABITCH TO THE WOODSHED AT MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

BoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo!!!

Henry Keyes:

So now that my reign as FIST has kicked off IN EARNEST, I thought - hey Henry, remember how much money you made for this company when you turned the SOHER pink? Do you remember how many headlines you pulled, and how you took an oft-forgotten championship from the depths of Scrow to the heights of the damn main event?? And I thought, yeah, Henry, yeah I do remember! Who else does??

No one in the arena likes what is happening. Even the pancake eaters who might have found some ironic joy in getting splattered with breakfast food by the former Airship Pirate have started making their way out of their seats and towards restrooms or concession stands, seeking paper towels to clean off.

Henry Keyes:

No one has done more to bring eyes on the DEFIANCE product than Vae Victis, no one has sold more pay per views than Henry Keyes, no one has staked their claim as the most dominant athletes in the most important stages in professional wrestling more than the three people standing in this ring RIGHT NOW, and do you know what that means for people like us? It means we get to CELEBRATE, EVERY DAMN DAY IF WE WANT TO!

Off-mic, the Queen of the Ring looks out to the fans and shouts *"And we're going to!"*

Henry Keyes:

Aaaaand weeeeeee're GOING TOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

I just...I think I'm tired, Keebs.

DDK:

Tired? What do you mean?

Lance:

Vae Victis had carried on this reign of terror for so long, and I was starting to think that maybe, just maybe, we had finally started moving into a new dawn, but - I look at what's happening in the ring, and I'm starting to think we may be doomed to do this forever.

DDK:

Ah, yeah, well - I think that may be a fair assessment. This is the most commanding version of Henry Keyes I've ever seen, and I don't know that anyone in DEFIANCE has an answer for him just yet. And lest we forget - let's say someone DOES get him...Kerry Kuroyama is right there. Lindsay Troy is right there. Scott Hunter. I've even heard there's something of a Teen Titans situation with some of the younger crop that hangs around Vae Victis. Vae Victis isn't just interested in controlling the present - they want their tentacles wrapped around the future, too.

Lance:

Aw, don't remind me about THAT.

Keyes might be as happy as we've ever seen him in his whole life. He slowly inches towards the center of the long pancake-adorned table, towards the huge gold-plated cloche. LT excitedly claps her hands.

Henry Keyes:

You know, DEFIANCE, after everything I've done for you over the years - whether it's been in the sacrifices I've given of my body and my spirit, or the coaching I've given our best and brightest young talent, or the spotlight I've given our product with my sheer *aura*, I've learned that my instincts might just be the most pure fire that professional wrestling has ever encountered. I am WELL AWARE of the impact Vae Victis has, not just in DEFIANCE, not even just in PRIME, but in the entire professional wrestling landscape!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Henry Keyes:

And so, I felt it was high time that the FIST of DEFIANCE itself, the symbol of what was always meant to be the very best this historic company has to offer, actually reflected the heart and soul of this place once and for all.

He places a hand on the handle of the enormous gold cloche.

Henry Keyes:

So let me introduce to the world - the next boundary to be pushed beyond its limits! The next step in the greater vision that brings DEFIANCE to new heights! The new look for the FIST! Behold! BIG!

BLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU~

He lifts the cloche!

...

...

There's nothing underneath!!

DDK:

There's nothing underneath the lid thing!

Lance:

The cloche!

DDK:

Whatever it's called, yes! There's nothing there!

Keyes goes bug-eyed. Upon lifting the fancy giant gold cloche, we see that there is a small stand designed to display championship belts - but as commentary notes, no belt sits upon it. Keyes looks under the table, he looks behind stacks of pancakes, he turns towards Troy and Kuroyama. The panic escalates, and suddenly he's barking at the Pancake Attendant Plague Doctors, who drop their platters and begin searching - under the ring, around the timekeeper's table, behind the barricade, anywhere they can look. Nothing is turning up.

Henry Keyes:

WHERE IS IT??

Kerry and Lindsay look at each other. This isn't good.

Keyes bolts out of the ring and starts looking underneath the ring apron - no dice. He frisks a couple Plague Doctors, as if he thought it might be hidden under a robe. Nuh-uh.

In a huff, he sees that a few of the platters of pancakes held by Plague Doctors are still full, and so he grabs them and HEAVES them into the crowd, showering the Faithful in pan-fried batter and slop! He marches up the ramp, absolutely fuming, with Kuroyama and Troy following behind.

The Plague Doctors begin to shrug to each other - this is not how this was supposed to go. They were sure there would be more musical bits, maybe some dancers, maybe some fireworks or something - but with the big reveal of Henry Keyes's new vision for the FIST of DEFIANCE championship belt now ruined, everyone is stuck in an awkward limbo.

♪ "God Is a DJ" by Pink ♪

Henry Keyes:

NO NO NO NO, DON'T PLAY THAT MUSIC RIGHT NOW, THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS MATTER! WHERE IS BIG BLUE? WHERE IS THE FIST??

The music cuts.

Nobody is answering his call out from the top of the stage.

...

Henry Keyes:

BAHHHHHHHH.

...

He turns and leaves.

...

♪ "God Is a DJ" by Pink ♪

The Plague Doctors begin an awkward shimmy-dance to the music, having not been given better instructions for how to manage this sort of unpredictable scenario.

Lance:

Well...a bizarre situation, to be sure. It looks like the Kraken was planning on unveiling a new design of the FIST of the DEFIANCE, perhaps a blue version, much like his pink design of the SOHER...any theories as to what happened, Keeps?

DDK:

I'm at a loss. I'm being told we will receive updates on this developing scenario as they become known, but for now, it's time to clean up this mess that Vae Victis left, it's time to get rid of all this obnoxious pink and blue velvet - it's time for DEFtv to show off why it's the best wrestling program in the country!

A few cameras follow Vae Victis backstage.

After a few beats, we pan back to the announce booth.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

PARDON THE INTERRUPTION

DDK:

I wouldn't want to be the poor soul who stole the FIST of DEFIANCE. You're about to be hunted by a Kraken.

Lance:

Whoever was behind this caper, I'd suggest - hey!

A burst of static as Warner is cut off mid sentence. In haste, the camera cuts to the commentation station where we see a flustered Lance Warner has been muscled out of his seat. Darren Keebler has stood up in surprise and looks over at the man who both snatched the mic off Lance and put it on his own head... "Black Out" Pat Cassidy. But man - Cassidy has seemingly seen better days. His hair is unkempt, his beard is longer and less taken care of than usual, and there appear to be large bags under his eyes.

Pat Cassidy:

Sorry, Keebler... but they wouldn't give me mic time in the back, so sometimes a man has to take things into his own hands.

DDK:

Pat... are you okay?

Cassidy doesn't address that - instead he looks directly into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm speaking right now to the Southern Heritage Champion, because I know he's back there-ah watching the show. I'm talking about my friend, my brotah...Brock, please come out here. I know the way things ended between us left a bad taste in everyone's mouth and I want to settle this right now.

DDK:

Are you sure this is a good idea?

But Cassidy isn't listening. Instead, he's thrown the headset down and is making his way over toward the very front of the stage entrance.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize... first we learn that the FIST of DEFIANCE has gone missing and now it appears our program has been hijacked...DEFtv 222 is a runaway train right now! It appears Pat may have broken Lance's headset...we'll try to get a new one out for him momentarily...

On the stage, Cassidy stands, running his hands through his hair and pacing. Finally, to a POP (but a slightly subdued one because the crowd is a little confused), Brock Newbludd walks through the apron. He's not dressed to wrestle and he doesn't have the belt with him...but he is holding a mic. He approaches Cassidy with caution and concern.

Brock Newbludd:

Cass...listen, man. I don't know what's going through your mind right now, but...

And out of nowhere - Cassidy embraces Brock in a rather intense hug! Brock is as caught off guard as anyone, but with concern in his eyes he returns to gesture. After a few manly slaps on the back, Cassidy breaks the hug. He motions to borrow the mic and Brock obliges.

Pat Cassidy:

Brock...I'm sorry. The way I acted after our-ah match at Max DEF was fuckin' stupid. Childish. I was pissed, brotha, but it had nothing to do with you.

Brock nods. He knows.

Pat Cassidy:

But man...we had a hell of a match, didn't we? Tore-ah the fuckin' house down. And you deserved the win, no doubt...but we both know it coulda gone either way. I needed that win, man, and I fuckin' blew it. And so I ask yah...I'm standing heah...to ask you for one more chance.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is asking for another shot at the SOHER??

Brock sighs. He looks torn. The crowd voices their approval (they want to the match, naturally) but Brock doesn't look so sure. Cassidy says some things to him off mic, and finally Brock takes the stick back.

Brock Newbludd:

I'm gonna ask you this only cause I love you, man: are you okay? No no no calm down... I'm serious. I'm worried about you. I know the DEF brass is worried about you. And Ophelia is sure as shit worried about.

This makes Cassidy angry, and he starts to mouth off something intensely which Brock cuts off.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't get hot. Look - I get it. You want a shot at the belt? I say let's fuckin' do it. And let's do it...tonight!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Brock Newbludd:

But Cass, I need you to hear this: this is it. I can't keep giving title shots to my best friend, man. There's other contenders and I need to do the right thing. You understand?

Cassidy, now breaking out in a wide smile, aggressively shakes his head in the affirmative - he understands. He extends his hand for a shake and Brock takes it. The two shake hands and share a brief bro hug before the mic gets dropped and Brock's music begins to play.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen...while we work to return Lance to the broadcast team, it seems we have ourselves a main event! For the third consecutive time, Brock Newbludd will defend his Southern Heritage Championship against Pat Cassidy! But Cassidy seems to be growing more unhinged... and one has to wonder what might happen if he doesn't win the title here tonight

GENERATIONAL CLASH

DDK:

We're back from commercial break, and what a scene we just saw to kick off the show! The FIST belonging to Henry Keyes has gone missing! Pat Cassidy interrupted our show moments ago, and he'll get one more shot at his own best friend and tag team partner, Brock Newbludd, for the Southern Heritage Title later tonight!

Lance:

I know! And we're just minutes into the show! Up next, we're scheduled for an interview with Archer Silver and High Flyer! Two men who both came within inches of becoming the new Favoured Saints Champion after a wild scene!

DDK:

Indeed! What was supposed to have been a singles match between Lonnie Luck and Archer Silver got out of control to kick off the show! Silver and Flyer arranged a pre-match attack that was soon thwarted by Jack Harmen! Lonnie challenged everyone at once to an impromptu four-way match for the title that Lonnie would soon win!

Lance:

Indeed! And now...

???:

BULLSHIT!

What has become a familiar voice rings out over the PA. Dressed in a Seattle Kraken hockey shirt, dark blue jeans, and white Adidas shoes, an enraged Archer Silver goes barging through the curtains and onto the stage with High Flyer behind him, dressed in a BRAZEN-brand classic black and green LET shirt and black jeans.

DDK:

And speaking of...

The Prince of Pricks and The Lowest of High Flyers both storm the ring.

Archer Silver:

BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT, BULL... SHIT!

The jeering from the San Diego Faithful tries to drown out Archer, but the Strong Style Nepo Baby ignores it all.

Archer Silver:

I SHOULD BE YOUR FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION RIGHT NOW!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

High Flyer produces his own mic.

High Flyer:

I wasn't even supposed to be there, so it's not a valid pin. If I challenge Lindsay Troy and Count f'n Novick joins the party for an impromptu non-sexy threeway... and I pin HIM! I can't REALLY say I beat Lindsay Troy, can I now? Lonnie is just a Lucky hack no talent dickweed. -- So instead... tonight on what should be a celebration for Sonny's greatest Nephew... all we get is a quick little interview? Neither of us are in action tonight? We don't even get THEME music? No apology or explanation on why Lonnie Luck can suddenly book matches? What are we doin' here Arch? What is wrong with this world? Feels like this company and these FAITHFUL don't have any FAITH in us. This all seems like a conspiracy against us, don'tcha think, Arch?

Archer Silver:

I believe me yelling "bullshit" repeatedly at the top of my lungs covers it, yeah?

High Flyer nods.

Archer Silver:

Flyer and I showed up to beat someone's ass. We showed up so *I* could get the rightful one-on-one Favoured Saints Title match that I was **ORIGINALLY** scheduled to have at Maximum DEFIANCE!

The Faithful continue to jeer the two.

DDK:

And whose fault was that, Archer? You attacked Lonnie Luck before the bell and caused the series of events that led to the four-way happening!

Archer sneers up towards the direction of the backstage area.

Archer Silver:

And what do we get told as soon as we get here? "Hmm... what's next for you?" Answer Chris Trutt. Well, Chris Trutt... off is the direction that you can fuck! We dismissed him because I'm not here for an interview... High Flyer isn't here for an interview! We are here because this company has ignored us **ENOUGH!**

More booing!

Archer Silver:

Apparently, you can just get a title shot by bugging your best friend over and over again, like Pat Cassidy just did even though he got beaten twice. But when *I* don't get the title shot I'm rightfully owed, **I'M** in the wrong?!

High Flyer:

Not only that, we were **SHUNNED** and disrespected when we were omitted from the Ace of Tag Teams tournament... we've won tag team matches right before **MAXDEF**, and we're told there's no room for us? **US?** Three-time **BRAZEN** Tag Team Champions? One of the best teams this company has produced? **G-T-F-O. F-A-F-O.**

The mention of this gets Archer even angrier than before.

Archer Silver:

A few months ago, I **TOLD** people that when I was left off this year's **DEFCON**, I would **NOT** sit through the disrespect anymore, but we show up to work today and we get a nice heaping helping of extra-large disrespect! So, here's what's gonna happen... **SOMEONE** in charge back there is going to fix this right the fuck now... **OR** we're going to go back there and **WE'RE** going to "fix" someone until they do! So **DEFIANCE...** what are we gonna do here?

Silver and Flyer wait in the ring with the only sounds being a jeering crowd who came to see some wrestling and not a pair of **DEFIANCE** nepo babies talk about their issues. High Flyer waves around a regular-sized hammer as if he's intending to fix things with strikes.

Lance:

I will give it to them. I was somewhat shocked that Les Enfants Terribles were not involved in the Ace of Tag Teams. I have heard rumors that the decision was made due to Archer's recent behavior, but... then they do something like this.

DDK:

And that just reinforces your point. Someone needs to get them out of the ring so we can finally begin this show!

Archer and Flyer get no response from anyone. Archer goes to raise his mic...

"Get What I Came For" by The Phantoms

The unfamiliar tune cuts Archer off before he can get another word out, and his already sour expression becomes even angrier as someone else gets music instead of him and Flyer.

Lance:

Well, it sounds like someone heard you, Darren, but the question is, who is it?

Mister Warner doesn't have to wait long for an answer as Ami Troy skips out to the stage with a big ol' grin on her face. She's not alone, though, as right behind her is someone *very* familiar to Les Enfants Terribles, and someone they're about to *become* very familiar with.

"The Heir Apparent" Kazuhiro Troy

and

"The Murder Daughter" Cecilia Ryan

DDK:

Oh my word, what a surprise this is! We haven't seen Kaz Troy in over a year, not since he lost the BRAZEN Championship to Felton Bigsby.

Lance:

We briefly saw Cecilia Ryan when her father returned to DEFIANCE. She's been mostly competing in Mexico and Japan.

DDK:

I'm being told that they're competing in the Milo Flynn Cup tournament this year, which was won by Kaz's mother, Lindsay, and Henry Keyes a couple years ago.

Lance: (*groaning*)

Ugh, please don't remind me.

The DEFIANCE Faithful give the cousins a very warm and appreciative welcome because anyone who can shut Archer up for two seconds is pretty okay in their book. Ami waves at the boys in the ring as Cecilia and Kaz both smirk. A production guy is kind enough to hand the Merry Mischief Maker a microphone. She taps it a couple of times and grins.

Ami Troy:

Hi Archie!!! Hi Fly Guy!!!

Another BIG BEAM from the Tiny Tornado.

Ami Troy:

Gosh, isn't this neat? You guys are down there, throwing your big baby boo boo bitchfit, being all "WaAaAaAh tEh DiSrEsPeCt!!1!!11!~!" "WaAaAaAh HolSTeD bY oUr oWn PeTaRd" and then me and my big bro by two minutes and our baby cuz get to come out here and be like "Oh hey guys what's up long time no see been a few years oh by the way STFU BIMCH!!!!"

Cecilia holds up a finger to make a "shush" gesture over her mouth, while Ami points right at Archer's dumb, stupid face to emphasize her point.

Ami Troy:

Throwing a tantrum isn't cringy at all, Archie. I'm sure Sonny's real proud of you right now.

Archer and High Flyer look flustered from the shocking return of a man they once called a stablemate back in their BRAZEN days.

Archer Silver:

Look, Ami... I don't know how much Monster you swilled before the three of you came out to interrupt us... but now ain't the goddamn time.

Silver inches closer to the ropes.

Archer Silver:

Kaz, long time, no see. CeCe... pleasure. So I'll ask this as nicely as I can out of respect for our past time together... who the HELL do you think you are showing up NOW after all this time? Last I recalled, Kaz, you lost the BRAZEN Champion a little over a year ago and went to Japan or someplace to "find your smile" as some of the old-timers back there like to say. Not like me... I found mine. Flyer found his.

Flyer throws an arm over Archer's shoulder, and the two show off their pearly whites.

Archer Silver:

We found ours by beating the shit out of anyone who decides they're going to disrespect us, even if it's people we once called a teammate before they bailed on us. So unless you want to see how happy we can REALLY be... I suggest the three of you turn around, go right back through that curtain, and Ami go "tee-hee" elsewhere.

High Flyer:

Tee-Hee. Nice. Sonny is so proud of us.

Cecilia is the first to register a response, as we see a confused and intrigued frown on her face. She doesn't have a microphone in her hand, but the one Ami's holding catches her voice as she turns to Kaz.

Cecilia Ryan:

So, quick question... You know them better than I do. How do they go from complaining for fifteen minutes about being ignored to bragging about how they beat the shit out of everyone? Is there like a switch on the back of their necks or somethin'?

Kaz Troy:

Arch has being full of shit down to a science. Runs in the family.

Cecilia Ryan: *(nodding)*

Oh, okay, gotcha.

Kaz Troy:

And Harmen must've left his brain wherever he left his hair.

Ami Troy: *(into the mic)*

He does kinda look like the tip of a poodle's tail now.

Cecilia Ryan: *(pointing at Flyer in recognition)*

Oh right! He's the one that dad threw off a cage once! That was great, he got like twenty feet of air. He really was a high flyer that night...

Harmen Jr. in the ring climbs onto the second rope and leans over the top rope.

High Flyer:

That was basically domestic abuse. I wouldn't be proud of your dad for assaulting a kid! You're lucky I never pressed charges. But hey, I was 17 years old... featured on the biggest show of the year. By the way, I guess we should welcome you to the show, guys! Thought you'd never make it.

Flyer nudges Archer's side and laughs at his own quip.

High Flyer:

Listen, I know we probably got on your nerves back when, but we were SOMETHING special in BRAZEN. This doesn't have to go the way it's going. Or, we can keep up with the quips and lead up to the fists. Up to ya'll. We ain't scared.

Kaz, Cecilia, and then Ami turn to each other in a mini-huddle. Ami mutters something...

Ami Troy:

They ain't scared.

Kaz Troy:

Right, that's what he said.

Cecilia Ryan: *(with a wave)*

Okay, let's go.

As a unit, they turn and head briskly toward the ring.

High Flyer:

Wait. Quick. Run away!

Silver chucks the deuces up, and as soon as Troy and Ryan storm the ring, Silver and Flyer take a powder and dip from the other side!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What's the meaning of THIS? These two were complaining about NOT being booked and wanting a fight, and now... they bail?!

Lance:

We've seen these two on a tear lately, but they don't seem to want any part of Kaz Troy and Cecilia Ryan!

The Heirs dare the remaining members of LET to finish what they started. Silver is quietly (for once) fuming while behind him, High Flyer is telling the Prince of Pricks not to make eye contact and just walk out. As they start to leave, Silver slowly torques his neck. Without warning, he spins around and sprints back... but stops short of the ring, looking up particularly at Kaz. Kaz stares him down right back, and he's ready to fight, too!

DDK:

Are we about to see another generation of Silvers and Troys going at it?!

High Flyer pulls Archer back from the ring, and the two start heading to the back with the San Diego Faithful jeering them on the way out! Flyer in particular points to a fan and shouts, "I BOO YOU!" as they walk away.

Lance:

I guess not.

The disappointed San Diego crowd will have to wait on this clash another time as Les Enfants Terribles disappear behind the curtains, leaving Kaz, CeCe and Ami to greet the Faithful before they, too, take their leave from the ring.

LOS CAIDOS vs. ONLYFLIPS

Cut back to the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, already in the ring... accompanied by Liz Icarus and Asi Orochi... the team of Kenny Yi and Lee Laz... ONLY FLIPS!

The Faithful give a mixed but energetic reaction.

Only Flips are already in the ring, striking exaggerated poses to the hard cam while Liz Icarus films on her phone and Asi Orochi flicks her hair at referee Carla Ferrari. Kenny Yi flips backward off the second rope and points at himself. Lee Laz slaps the turnbuckle and mouths "PREMIER CONTENT" while chewing gum with his mouth wide open.

DDK:

Well, there's no shortage of confidence in the ring right now. Only Flips, calling themselves the Premier Content of BRAZEN, have brought their entire entourage tonight.

Lance:

That's one word for it. Another word might be unprepared, considering who's about to walk through that curtain.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

The lights dip. A slow, methodical swell of piano fills the arena.

DDK:

Here they come.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... accompanied by Gerardo Villalobos... representing Los Caídos... the team of Corey Nunez and Hugo Gonzalez!

A louder, but more negative response from the Faithful...

Lance:

Los Caídos. Hugo Gonzalez. Corey Nunez. And trailing just behind them... Gerardo Villalobos. No Scott Douglas in sight, Darren.

DDK:

Yes, indeed. After what went down at MAXDEF, everyone has been speculating on whether Douglas' actions were DEFIANT or just a mistake.

Corey Nunez tugs his wrist tape tighter. Hugo walks heavily and slowly. Gerardo brings up the rear.

Lance:

It's tough to call it one way or another, but Douglas not being here... that has to say something, right?

DDK:

Possibly, but Vacio isn't here either.

Hugo steps in to start for Los Caídos. Carla Ferrari checks both corners, then signals for the bell.

DING DING DING

Kenny Yi opens with a pair of snappy leg kicks. Hugo doesn't react. Yi backs into the ropes and slingshots forward with a running elbow. Hugo doesn't budge.

Yi tries again, but this time Hugo catches him out of the air and drives him into the mat with a thunderous powerslam.

DDK:

Yi just got planted.

Lance:

They might need to go back to their content creator careers after that one.

Yi groans and crawls toward the corner... Hugo is unfazed and allows it. Lee Laz tags in. He springboards in with a flying forearm that connects clean across Hugo's jaw. Hugo takes a single step back. Staggered ... but not for long.

Lee hits the ropes and charges again with a big crossbody. Hugo catches him ...

Hugo takes a step backward into his corner, where Corey Nunez tags his shoulder and climbs to the top rope.

DDK:

Nunez up top now.

Hugo launches Laz across the ring with a fallaway slam. As Laz hits the canvas, Nunez comes crashing down with a frog splash.

Yi tries to get back into the ring, but Hugo charges and knocks him off the apron. Nunez hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... COREY NUNEZ, HUGO GONZALEZ... LOS CAÍDOS!

DDK:

Just like that.

Lance:

Fast. Dominant. No Scott Douglas. No Victor Vacio. But the storm is still brewing.

DDK:

And something tells me it is far from over. These ... Fallen ... that we have known before this as the Barrio Boys, have a WORLD of talent... tonight proves they don't need the cheating, or power in numbers to win a good clean match!

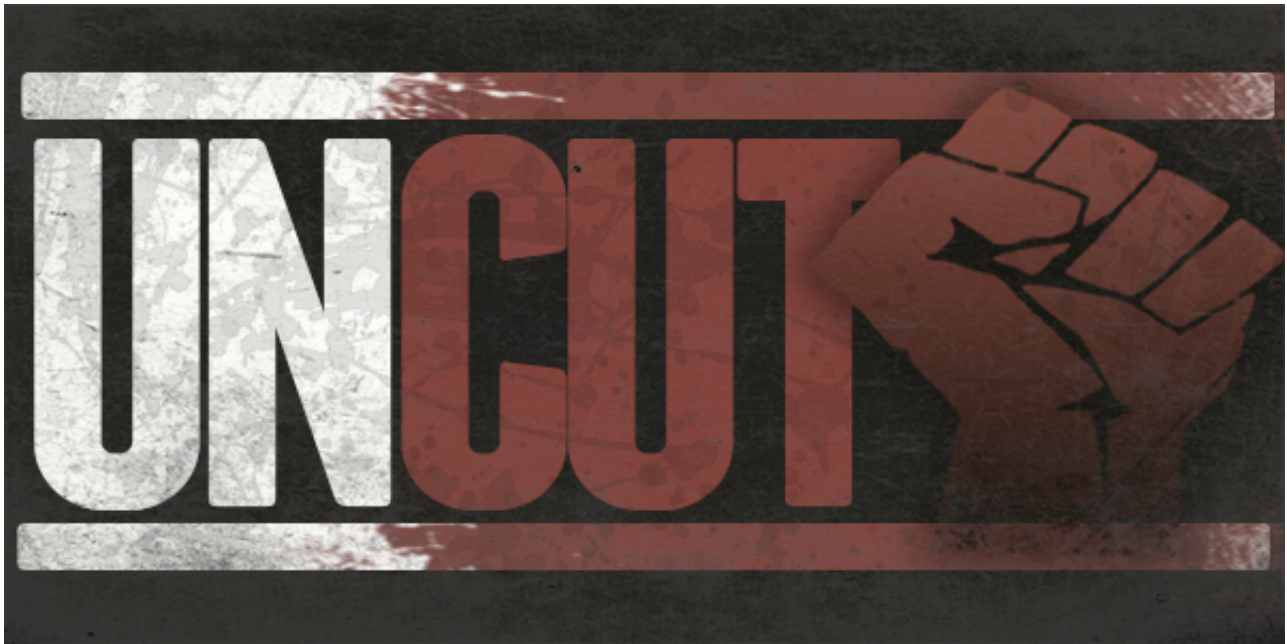
Los Caídos leave the ring without celebration. They pass the camera without so much as a glance.

Lance:

I couldn't agree more. Victor Vacio is a virus that has corrupted this young trio as well as forced Scott Douglas into some form of honor-based indentured servitude... the question is; is Douglas still bound by the honor or did MAXDEF mark the end of his service!?

DDK:

Time will tell I'm sure... and speaking of time, it's time for us to take a break! We will be back right after this!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

PRECAUTIONS

Backstage, Lord Nigel stands in front of a full length mirror, a clutch of papers in his hand. He mumbles to himself, glancing at first from the page, to himself in the mirror, then back again. He clears his crusty throat and straightens up slightly before narrowing his eyes back to the words on the paper in hand.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

–to form a commonwealth of common interests, of uncommon men & women, in uncommon times. To– No... To bring together a commonwealth! Yes...

Pulling a pen out of his black jacket, he scratches a word out from the page, hastily scrawls in another. Quite pleased with himself, he clears his throat and now raises his attention to his odd reflection. He forces a smile and projects now to himself.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I intend to bring together a COMMONWEALTH! Of common interest and pursuits! Of uncommon men & women! A–ahhh...

Glancing back at the page, Nigel's beady eyes scan.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Of uncommon men & women and in uncommon times!

A genuine, flushed smile crosses his ridged face as he snaps the page tighter in his thin fingers.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I intend to bring together a COMMONWEALTH! Of–

Suddenly, MV1 & MV2 step into frame. Nigel self-consciously tucks the “script” in his pocket. The bright colors of their wrestling gear is in stark contrast with their dark mood. Masked Violator #1 appears particularly frustrated, a five o'clock shadow developing on his square jaw. Behind him, MV2 crosses bulky arms across broad chest.

MV2:

Nothing.

MV1:

We just swept the whole building. Asked Security to keep an eye out, gave ‘em my number. He’s not here, Nigel.

Lord Trickelbush regards his glass echo coldly, adjusting how his bowler cap sits atop his head with careful precision.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You must be absolutely certain.

MV1:

I’m certain.

MV2:

He’s not here.

Spinning on a heel, Nigel faces his Numbers.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You have been wrong before. We all have. Tonight must be different. Tonight we must be absolutely certain that Corvo Alpha can not and will not interfere with my plans. With OUR plans. Tonight, the paradigm changes, the Gems become a CROWN in name and in fact. Tonight, we claim what is ours, cement our mandate, and put the world on notice!

He levels a finger in MV1s face. MV1 looks away, annoyed.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You must be absolutely certain he won't be a factor. Do you understand?

To MV2, who scowls at the old man.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Absolutely certain.

MV2:

He's not here.

Turning back to the mirror, Nigel smooths a lapel into place.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

We don't have much time. Split up. Search the entire arena again.

The masked pair exchange a vexed look.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

If you find Corvo Alpha, do whatever needs doing. He must NOT be a factor tonight. Tonight, or ever again. Do we have an understanding?

MV2 is the first to nod, with no hesitation. MV1 sighs, eyes the floor, then finally nods.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Then go. Split up. Hurry! Run along!

Each of the masked men goes off in a different direction, leaving Nigel alone with himself & his reflection. He half-coughs/half-clears his throat.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Good evening, my Faithful. Tonight... we REDRAW the MAP! The old order has crumbled and the CROWN will take its place!

Nigel pauses for a dramatic effect that this rehearsal doesn't provide, beaming at his reflection.

He clears his throat once more, beginning his speech again, as the camera slowly peels back.

ZERO LUCKS GIVEN

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The booing is all for one man as he steps out behind the curtain and onto the stage towards the ring. There is no music for him, but a giant image of Tom Morrow's smugly face is plastered all over the DEFIA-Tron! Tom Morrow is wearing an all-white suit, tie, shoes and fedora when he walks to the ring.

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen ... please welcome the official agent of The Triple 7s ... TOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
MORRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!

Tom Morrow looks at the ropes and climbs into the ring.

DDK:

Tom Morrow has more lives than a houseful of cats! Just when you think you have him figured out! Just when you think he has run out of moves! Just when you think that you can corner him ... he's already called a checkmate. That's exactly what happened to M4NTRA.

Lance:

Tom Morrow gave us a few answers during the post-Maximum DEFIANCE press conference, but this is just him coming out to rub this in everyone's faces!

DDK:

I don't doubt that!

Tom Morrow enters the chat/ring and begins conducting business.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... This is an official announcement from ... ME!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Super Agent that you all know, revere and respect!

That just welcomes even more booing.

Tom Morrow:

This is an official announcement from the representation for the most decorated tag team in DEFIANCE Wrestling history and soon to be the greatest tag team of all time! You know me! For years, I have represented top talent like Alvaro de Vargas! Like Team HOSS! Like those good-for-nothing ingrates, M4NTRA! I've managed both successful singles and tag teams, but without a doubt ... My greatest clients are the ones that I am about to introduce to you!

Lance:

Psssh, you mean the ones he betrayed for M4NTRA in the first place? Those clients? The same ones you're crawling

Tom Morrow:

I am done with the Better Future Talent Agency! I am done with all that because at Maximum DEFIANCE when all of you thought that M4NTRA was going to kick me to the curb? When you all thought the Lucky Sevens would shuffle me from this mortal coil? YOU!!! WERE!!! ALL!!! WRONG!!! I pulled off the biggest coup I have ever pulled and you're all about to see first hand!

Tom Morrow directs all attention to the entrance ramp.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... Max Luck! Mason Luck! And for the first time, welcome their brother-in-law ... Mark Luck!!! They are gonna be even greater than the Lucky Sevens were! They are...

The Pechanga Arena lights fade completely. Tom Morrow speaks in the darkness.

Tom Morrow:

THE!!! TRIPLE!!! 7S!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The sounds of angry heavy metal pump through the PA! When lights return, there are three giants standing on stage, wearing matching black leather hooded vests and black pants, all kissed with green, red and orange flame designs. All three have their backs turned to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and hold the Winning Hand up.

Lance:

Oh, what has Tom Morrow unleashed on this roster?

DDK:

I'm afraid to even speculate.

The hoods come off as all three men walk down to the ring. Max leads the charge. Mason walks just behind his twin brother with a look that could kill if such a thing were possible. Behind them, the cocky and brash seven-foot brother-in-law of the two giants, Mark Luck tilts his orange sunglasses down to wink at the camera and then puts them back up before following his brothers to the ring. When they all get to ringside, they climb and then step over the ropes from one side of the ring in unison. Tom Morrow is surrounded by the three giants just as the music cuts.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Tom Morrow:

You see these three genetically juh-juh-juh-juh-jacked and athletically stacked monsters?! I did this! I brought them together again! It wasn't hard! M4NTRA stopped learning how to take direction from me! They listened to everyone around them! That tart Makayla Namaste! You idiots behind this barricade! They listened to everyone except the voice that mattered the most ... MINE!!!

Around him he looks to Max and Mason.

Tom Morrow:

While that was going on, The Lucky Sevens needed a direction! Max wanted to go one way, Mason wanted another! They nearly came to blows and one of the biggest success stories in DEFIANCE Wrestling history almost collapsed completely! So when I realized what I could do with that knowledge? I reached out to Mason Luck! He put me in touch with Max just days before Maximum DEFIANCE and we hashed things out from our past. But as great as Tom Morrow and the Lucky Sevens were once ... I knew that we'd have to go bigger! We'd have to go badder! And that's why I reached out to this man, too!

Tom Morrow looks up at Mark Luck.

Tom Morrow:

What's better than two beasts destroying everyone in their path you ask? THREE!!! Three seven foot savages destroying everyone in their path! After Mark Luck was stupidly held down in BRAZEN for the past two years by incompetent management, I knew we had something! So I worked my management magic, did some quality schmoozing and sprinkled in some of my superior haggling and BAM! I created the winning combination that's not only taking Max and Mason Luck back to the top, but they're going to take family with them!

DDK:

I wonder what Lonnie Luck thinks of that statement.

Tom Morrow is between them.

Tom Morrow:

That is why we have officially entered the Ace of Tag Teams tournament! Max and Mason are not just two-time

Unified Tag Team champions, they are the only team in DEFIANCE to win the DEFIANTS of the Year twice!!! Not only are all three of my giants entered ... to the rest of the competition back there? You won't know which of these three you're going to get until that bell rings! I call it The Triple 7 Rule!

Lance:

WHAT?! HOW CAN HE DO THAT?!?!

DDK:

That is a steep hill to climb for any of the other teams in the tournament!

Morrow laughs out loud.

Tom Morrow:

And speaking of family ... I've been given permission from Mason and Max to address a specific individual and a champion of this company ... that's you ... Lonnie Luck!

There is a big cheer for the mention of the fighting Favoured Saints champion!

Tom Morrow:

Lonnie Luck, I know that you and I have had our differences as well in the past. You helped your cousins powerbomb me through two tables at last year's DEFCON event and you know what? I deserved it! I ...

"YOU DESERVED IT! YOU DESERVED IT! YOU DESERVED IT! YOU DESERVED IT!"

Tom Morrow:

I ... I just said that you brain-dead parrots! Back to biz ... Lonnie Luck. I have made amends with Max and Mason and I would like to do the same with you. You have a title already ... and you are already at three successful defenses of the FS title! You have just one more defense to make to earn a Southern Heritage championship match! And if you play your cards right and you let us help you over that finish line ... and you join us ... me and my guys know a thing or two about beating Brock Newbludd for championships! His title ... could be your title.

Max is given Morrow's microphone.

Max Luck:

Lonnie ... we know we sprung this on you. I know that you're pissed at what Mason and I did. But Tom's right! We can run DEFIANCE between the tag division, the Favoured Saints and Southern Heritage titles! That's more money in all of our pockets.

Mason Luck:

Think about it, Lonnie.

Mark Luck:

We got your back ... cuz.

He winks a wink that sends shivers down the spines of those viewing at home. Morrow takes the mic back.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... The Triple 7s! ZERO ... LUCKS ... GIVEN!!!

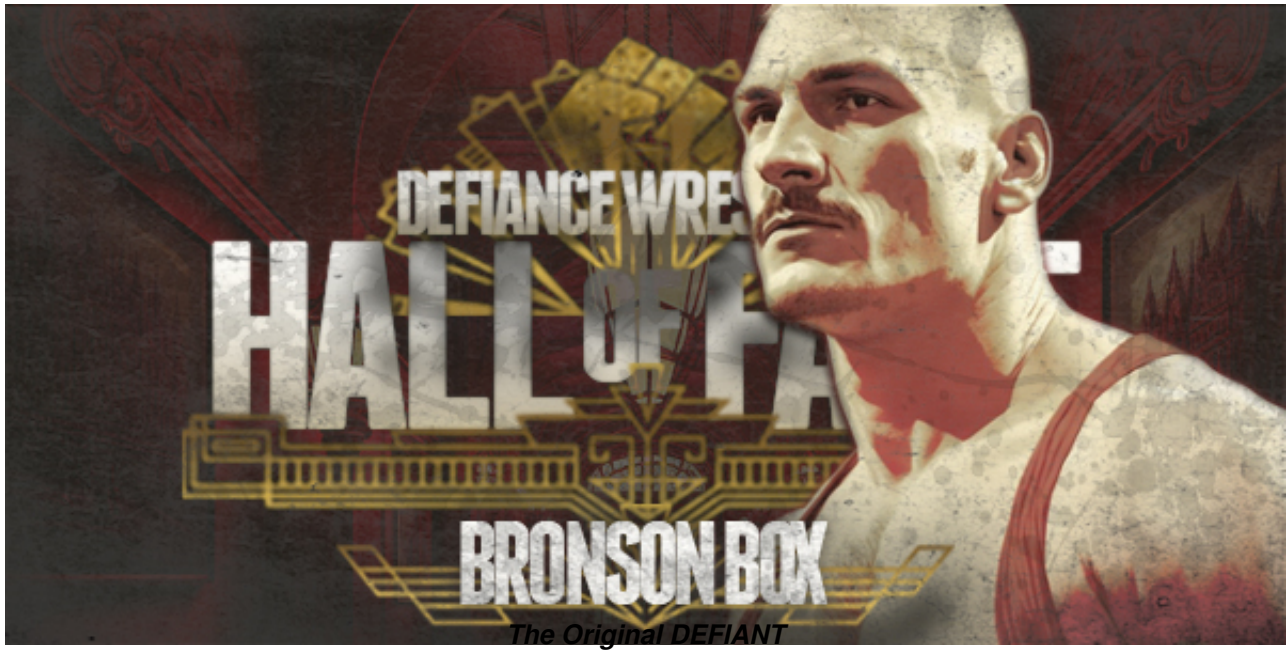
"Gasoline" fires up again, playing out Tom Morrow and his newest creation. The Seven Foot Savages leave the ring one giant at a time and follow Morrow back up the ramp.

DDK:

Tom Morrow is just as greedy and ambitious as I have ever seen him! And what of Lonnie Luck? There's no way he's even thinking about this offer is he?

Lance:

I'm not entirely sure where his head is at, but I do know later tonight we'll hear from Lonnie Luck and find out exactly what's going on here?! He was blindsided just like the rest of us were! Hopefully we'll have some answers!

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME

SKY HIGH

A camera crew weaves through the backstage corridor until they arrive at a locker room with a sign that reads 'THE COMMENTS SECTION' on it. The groan from the crowd can be heard. That groan only grows larger when Malak Garland steps into frame. He's giddy. Nay, he's down right DELECTABLE.

Malak Garland:

Time to take back what's rightfully mine now that I got my mojo back.

Garland bursts into the locker room to find the usual suspect strewn about, conveniently without a Fuse Bro in sight. There's ALEX P, MEE6, The Game Boy, Percy Collins, Teresa Ames and Thurston Hunter. Hunter still has an ice pack on his neck from the beating he took back at MAXDEF. He is also the first to stand and acknowledge the Keyboard King.

Thurston Hunter:

He is risen! Everyone! Kiss the ring on the hand of the king! I'll take full credit for bringing him back! We've been—I've been waiting for you sire!

Hunter bows and gets brushed aside like the peasant he is.

Malak Garland:

Sit down, loser. I am not here to see *you*. I am not back in the position of power because of anything you did or didn't do.

Garland's eyes scan the room intently.

Malak Garland:

Hmmmm. Interesting. Interesting, indeed. Delectable, even.

Garland saunters over to The Game Boy. The big brute sits there, as still as a deer, holding a peeled banana in his hand.

Malak Garland:

Where uhhhh, where is Cyrus? He hasn't returned any of my calls or texts since MAXDEF. Feels kinda like the kid is ghosting me something hard. Really weird. Thought we reconnected. Guess not.

The Game Boy just grunts.

Malak Garland:

Fair point but like, you know we are inseparable best buddies and after that grand gesture at MAXDEF, you would think best friends would be in constant contact with each other.

Malak flips out his phone for the millionth time to check it. No new notifications.

Malak Garland:

I'm getting antsy. I hate getting antsy. It's like waiting for your friends to show up at the movies alone. You know that feeling, big guy? Knowing everyone else is with their posse and they're all gawking at you, knowing that they think you went to the movies by yourself. Rubbish.

Malak places a hand on Game Boy's bulging shoulder.

Malak Garland:

This room right here is my shit. This is my jam. I refuse to be stood up. I'll have to make sure Cyrus brings a portable battery on the road now. Has to have his phone charged all the time. Yeah. I bet that's what happened. His phone just ran out of juice and he hasn't bothered to text me back in a few weeks, that's all. That makes sense, right?

Garland's eyes scan the room again.

Malak Garland:

No cOnOr or TyGuy, either, huh?

He thumbs his chin.

Malak Garland:

Lots to unpack here.

He heads towards the exit.

Malak Garland:

Lots to unpack here, indeed.

DEFtv moves elsewhere.

FAMILIA REUNION

The show returns to the interview stage for the live audience. However, instead of one of DEFIANCE's usual interviewers... "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra is present instead. Tapping a microphone in hand and wearing a black dress, she looks out to the jeering Faithful. The words "FAMILIA REUNION"

Siofra:

Smalls... I am proud to call this Familia Reunion to order. Please welcome the two who made this all possible... The First Lady of the Familia, Mother of Suplexes, Bringer of Boots, Baroness of Bombs, Breaker of Bodies! TITANESS! And welcome The Man of The House! The Titan of Industry! Papa Tez himself... and now... you may call him DEFIANCE's Dad...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Siofra:

URIEL CORTEZ!

*~ 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 haunting theme plays throughout the arena bathed in darkness, save a few gold spotlights centered on stage. One by one, the members of the Familia make their way out. The towering 6'7" Kilgore. The 6'10" Killjoy. "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera. They each take a side of the stage and allow one gold spotlight with Uriel and Titaness inside, walking arm in arm to LOUD jeering!

DDK:

We heard about it on social media... earlier this week, it would be the Familia Reunion! Uriel Cortez scored the biggest singles win of his career by defeating OSCAR BURNS at MAXDEF in a Lumberjack Match!

Lance:

Thanks in part to the betrayal of Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James, rejoining the Familia in the process and making Titanes Familia stronger than ever!

Uriel and Titaness take the interview stage. Uriel holds a hand and nods towards Killjoy, then Kilgore. Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera bump fists, along with Siofra while Uriel takes the stage. The music cuts as both husband and wife have microphones.

Uriel Cortez:

Honey?

Titaness:

Yeah?

Uriel Cortez:

We're home.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

More booing rains down. Siofra is yelling at the crowd to stop jeering them, but Uriel is fine with it.

Uriel Cortez:

Any of you Smalls seeing a pattern yet after about a year of this? Us Talls have been TELLING everyone of you that we can do whatever we want now and anyone that tries to tell The Man of The House what to do? They get

DISCIPLINED.

Titanness:

It's all true. In fact, let me recap for hubby, if I may. "DEFIANCE's Favorite Son" Scott Douglas? What happened to him, Siofra?

She brings the microphone her way.

Siofra:

DISCIPLINED!

Titanness:

"The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy?

Siofra:

DISCIPLINED!

Titanness:

The Lads?

Siofra:

DISCIPLINED!

Titanness:

Oscar Burns?

Siofra:

Hmm... oh, yes... DISCIPLINED!

Titanness:

ALL OF THEM!

Uriel Cortez:

That's true. And the last one was the most special of them all... see, OSCAR BURNS is a sanctimonious and egotistical piece of shit whose existence has caused nothing but problems in the DEFIANCE landscape. For YEARS, we've had to listen to him tell us that he's DEFIANCE. That he was this company's very existence! He grew so out of control that even Vae Victis didn't want shit to do with him and he formed his own little club instead! He told you all that the GC Universe was BIGGER than DEFIANCE. You might THINK you're bigger than DEFIANCE, Oscar, but *I* proved you aren't bigger than ME.

Titanness:

That you did, love. But in being such a monster, what he didn't know was that he HELPED mend fences in the process. He HELPED Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James see things our way and fix what Uri and I broke in the first place. Unwittingly, he HELPED reunite a family. Thank you, Oscar.

Uriel and Titanness clap and Uriel nods to the camera, mouthing "thank you, GC" before he moves on.

Uriel Cortez:

That brings us to right now! For this special Familia Reunion... I'd like to officially welcome back two Titanes Familia OGs...And they are not just my best friend and our first son in this business... but after what they did... they are real-life HEROES now!

DDK:

...huh?

Confused murmuring echoes through the Pechanga Arena.

Uriel Cortez:

It's true... these two men and their courageous act helped Papa Tez beat OSCAR's All-Caps Ass at Maximum DEFIANCE. Dan Leo James jumped to the aid of our valued "Tio Titan", Mil Veltas! And Mil... Mil was the one who pulled the trigger and helped us put OSCAR and his stupid little club out to pasture for good when NOBODY ELSE COULD! So... hold up your hands and applaud for Dan Leo James! And for DEFIANCE'S BIGGEST HERO... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Cortez and Titaness both do a double point towards the stage and the arena goes dark, but the DEFIANtron shows pure white!

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

DDK:

...Oh, lordy...

Lance:

What the hell is this?

Standing at his full height of 6'8", the young Dan Leo James throws his hands up! Rocking a black gold three-piece suit with a gold tie, the redheaded big man holds his hands up and casually saunters over to the stage as well basking in the jeers. He holds up a hand to high-five Kilgore and Killjoy, but neither respond. He pulls it back and moves off to the side... in a bright white spotlight, Mil Veltas has on an entirely new white and gold vest, along with wrestling gear! He points to the Faithful with the most disingenuous and dabs a fist with Brooklynn Rivera dabs a fist.

DDK:

What is this garbage?

Mil and Uriel look each other eye to eye, then with DLJ and Titaness... and the Familia OG's share one big group hug!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Ugh.

The music quickly cuts as Uriel hands Mil Veltas the microphone.

Mil Veltas:

Past two weeks... the question is this. Why? Why? Why me and Danny betray Oscar Burns? I hear this question all week from you cabrons! I got it at PressCon! Why you hit Oscar Burns with Golden Shovel! Why you attack Sonny Silver? Why you disband GC Universe?! And you know what? Me and Danny? We're going to set the record straight right now for all of you.

Deep breath.

Mil Veltas:

I DID **NOT** STAB OSCAR BURNS IN THE BACK! DAN LEO JAMES DID **NOT** STAB OSCAR BURNS IN THE BACK!

DLJ has a microphone as well.

Dan Leo James:

YEAH! PAPA TEZ IS RIGHT! WE **SAVED** DEFIANCE FROM OSCAR BURNS! HE WAS MEAN! HE ABUSED US VERBALLY! HE CALLED ME A "PONCE!" ME! DEFIANCE'S MOST BELOVED GOLDEN BOY! ME, A "PONCE!" THAT'S WILD!

Mil Vueltas:

SI! SOMOS HÉROES! IN FACT... I'M THE **ONLY ONE** TO HAVE THE COJONES TO DO WHAT I DID! THERE WAS ONLY SO MUCH I COULD STAND, BUT I COULDN'T STAND ANY MORE! THE GREATEST EVIL IS WHEN GOOD MAN STAND BY TO DO NOTHING... BUT I DID SOMETHING! I CRACKED HIM IN THE BACK WITH GOLDEN SHOVEL! IN THAT MOMENT... I BECAME **DEFIANCE'S BIGGEST HERO!** I'M THE UNDERDOG, AND DAVID SLAYED THAT DUMB KIWI GOLIATH!

After taking a moment to calm down, Uriel pats his best friend on the shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

It took true courage and conviction to do what you did, Hermano. It took a TRUE act of heroism to stop the tyranny of one Oscar Sevastos Burns and by God, you did it. You did it... and you brought our Familia back together.

More composed now, Mil grins.

Mil Vueltas:

Yeah... that was pretty sweet.

He points at Mil as he addresses the crowd.

Uriel Cortez:

So all of you... stand up and APPLAUD Mil Vueltas! He is not just your GLOAT... he's DEFIANCE'S Biggest Hero now! Now... APPLAUD!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Surprised by the reaction, Mil and DLJ stare at one another and they can't believe what they are hearing! Mil starts screaming to the Faithful over booing.

Mil Vueltas:

WHY YOU BOO ME! TENGO RAZÓN! WE'RE RIGHT! OSCAR BURNS WAS **MONSTER!** FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS, OSCAR BURNS USED ANYONE AND EVERYONE TO STAY AT THE TOP! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS! SONNY SILVER! VAE VICTIS! ME! DANNY! HE CLAIMS HE WAS DEFIANCE FOR FOUR YEARS, BUT HE WAS IN IT FOR HIMSELF! HE DIDN'T RESPECT ANY OF YOU! HE RESPECTED NO ONE IN LOCKER ROOM BUT HIMSELF! HE WAS A PLAGUE TO THE LOCKER ROOM CULTURE!

With blood starting to boil based from the reaction, Mil keeps it up as the rest of the Familia watch.

Mil Vueltas:

THIS ISN'T EVEN THE FIRST TIME! IN 2023, YOU STABBED ME IN THE BACK, OSCAR BURNS! AND THIS TIME, I'M THE HERO! THAT'S WHY I HIT YOU WITH YOUR STUPID GOLDEN SHOVEL AND SEND YOU CRYING ALL THE WAY BACK TO NEW ZEALAND! YOU... YOU'RE NOT DEFIANCE ANYMORE! YOU WILL **NEVER** TERRORIZE LOCKER ROOM! OSCAR... IF YOU **EVER** SHOW YOUR FACE AROUND ME, DANNY OR ANY OF MI FAMILIA... I WILL MAKE YOU HANG UP YOUR BOOTS FOR GOOD AND I WILL SAVE DEFIANCE ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Mil angrily pushes the microphone into DLJ's chest as he pats his best bud on the shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

It's all good, Mil. We know you got this... and in time, these people will see it, too. And now that Mil and Dan have come back home, our Familia is not only complete, but it's also **READY** to follow up on the groundwork that we've slowly been building this past year.

He walks between Kilgore and Killjoy.

Uriel Cortez:

These two handsome beasts have **OFFICIALLY** been entered into the Ace of Tag Teams! I've taught Killjoy here for the past year and with Siofra's help, brought Kilgore aboard to show them what it took me **YEARS** to learn in this business... this is a "Kill or Be Killed" business. If you don't step on someone else to get what you want, someone will step on **YOU**. The only way you will **EVER** achieve your dreams is becoming someone else's nightmares. And that's what these handsome beasts are for the entire tag team division. You, Killjoy... The Familia's Good Son...

He looks at Killjoy, who responds with a nod behind his stringy black hair. Cortez turns to face Kilgore.

Uriel Cortez:

And you, Kilgore... the first line of defense against anyone who disrespects our Familia... Our Attack Dog...

Uriel turns to the audience.

Uriel Cortez:

You'll show **EVERYONE**. It's either **Kill or Be Killed**.

He turns to Mil.

Uriel Cortez:

Handle your business tonight, Mil. Then we'll deal with our other business later...

Mil Vuelas in his ring gear nods and bumps fists with Uriel. He, Titaness, Siofra, Brooklynn Rivera and the newly-anointed KoBK leave the stage. Dan Leo James sticks behind Mil Vuelas as the two start heading to the ring.

Lance:

Hmmm... what other business?

DDK:

I'm not sure, but we know this... Titanes Familia were already dangerous before. And Mil Vuelas and DLJ were insufferable as GC Universe members, but now with Familia?

Lance:

Up next... Mil and DLJ's former protege in the GC Universe, Aaron King, looks for payback! After this commercial break!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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MIL VUELTAS vs. AARON KING

Coming back from the commercial break, "Hero" is still playing for The Faithful with Mil Veltas in the ring and DLJ at ringside supporting the Familia's newly-minted Tio.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, in the ring! Representing Titanes Familia, accompanied by Dan Leo James... Weighing in at 179 pounds... he now wishes to be referred to as **DEFIANCE'S BIGGEST HERO... MILLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!**

Booing from The Faithful, Mil climbs the ropes and holds out his hands while resuming a fake smile that gets him jeered even harder! Of note, Mil has appeared to have put on some added muscle!

Lance:

We know Mil's put on some muscle recently! We'll see if it helps against former protege Aaron King!

Mil's music fades out as the intro of his opponent happens next...

♪ "Loving On Me" by Jack Harlow ♪

Walking out from the back with purpose, Aaron King poses in his pink and white coat and starts gesturing towards himself. He gets some cheers from The Faithful who want to see someone shut the ranting Mil Veltas up! King runs down the aisle and right into the ring with Mil Veltas laying across the top turnbuckle in the corner! He throws his coat off and quickly tells referee Carla Ferrari to ring the bell! She does so quickly as the action starts...

DING DING

Right away, King charges at Mil in the corner, but The GLOAT shows off his superior speed by kicking him in the face before dislodging from the corner! Mil has King staggered and flips him off, encouraging King to take a swipe at him! Mil ducks the first one, then does the same with the second one! King goes for a kick, but Mil leaps backward, then kips up quickly to his feet to stomp on the foot of King, followed by **SMACKING** him with an actual backhand to the face! The Faithful **JEER** Mil as he looks down at King.

Mil Veltas:

That was accident! Accidente!

DDK:

That speed of Mil is absolutely frightening, isn't it! King hasn't been able to land a shot on Mil just yet!

DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero approaches King carefully as he tries to rush at him, only for Mil to quickly dip between the ropes! King tries to grab away at El Intocable, but Mil hides and protests with Carla Ferrari. Ferrari tries to get King back... but Mil slips in between the two and then jabs him with a finger to the eye! The shot goes undetected as King stumbles into the nearby corner followed **IMMEDIATELY** by Mil hitting a rocket-powered corner dropkick upside the head! The shot echoes throughout the arena and he crumbles in the corner while Mil rolls out and takes a bow for the jeering audience!

Lance:

So far, the former teacher has stayed ahead of his former student, it seems! Mil's arrogance after what he did to **OSCAR BURNS** is higher than ever!

DDK:

That it is! And now Mil goes back on the attack!

Mil lays into King as he tries to get up in the corner with a number of hard round kicks to the chest! The **LITador** is reeling when Mil grabs his arm and tries to whip him into the corner. King turns the tables on Mil and shoots him

towards the corner. He tries to grab Mil, but he leaps over and then does not one, not two, but THREE front flips forward across the ring! King charges at him again, but Mil is ready and SMACKS him with a jumping bicycle knee strike under the jaw! Aaron slumps to a knee quickly while the speedy luchador looks down at King.

Mil Vueltas:

Is not too late, King! You can still help!

Lance:

We're hearing The Faithful lob that name Mil Vueltas used to go by!

DDK:

Being back with Titanes Familia really inflated his ego, didn't it?

King is still down when Mil offers him a hand, only for King to smack it away!

Lance:

I guess Mil got his answer!

In response, Mil kicks him back down to the canvas with a rolling wheel kick upside the head! After he's flat on his back, Mil hits the ropes with a handspring followed by a backflip elbow drop right to the heart!

DDK:

Oooh! What a move! "Take The L-Bow!" Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

King kicks out, but Mil still looks pretty full of himself while DLJ gives him a thumbs-up outside the ring.

Lance:

And for Mil and DLJ to do this to Aaron King? Remember, King was the reason that Mil Vueltas defeated The D to win the Favoured Saints Championship earlier this year! And helped him retain that title on a few occasions!

DDK:

Very true! Now look at Mil and the disrespect he's showing!

Mil starts paintbrushing the back of King's head with some light kicks just to get under his skin.

Mil Vueltas:

Come on, Aaron! Fight! These people cheer you like they cheer me! Fight!

DDK:

Has... has Mil lost it? They haven't cheered him one time!

The LITador shoves him back, but Mil fires back with a STIFF thrust kick that knocks him flat on the canvas! As Mil cups a hand to his masked ear, he hears the people booing. He gives up on that endeavour and grabs King by the hair. He leads him upwards to double him over with another kick to the leg. He then tries to pick him up for a death valley driver... but King fights back! He lands a few elbows to the side of Mil's head!

DDK:

King got him! Mil tried for a power move on the larger King and he might have paid for it!

King goes for a suplex on Mil, but Mil wiggles up and lands on his feet behind King before hitting him with another kick to the leg behind him! Mil tries to run the ropes again and King swings for a clothesline that misses. Mil hits the ropes, but King ROCKS him with a huge dropkick off the return! On the outside, Dan Leo James looks upset!

DDK:

What a counter from Aaron King! He missed the first time, but not the second time with the dropkick!

King is reeling from the offense he's taken from Mil so far, but quickly rolls through to get to his feet! The Faithful get behind King when he grabs the neck of Mil with a cravate and delivers a series of knee strikes upwards to his masked face! Vultas reels from each shot and then takes a big knee lift that knocks him off his feet to the delight of the San Diego Faithful!

Lance:

King's getting some offense going now! He's gotta not give this turncoat a chance to escape!

Said turncoat is reeling in the corner when King comes charging full speed and hits a handspring back elbow into the corner! The wind is knocked out of Mil followed right away by King grabbing him in a fireman's carry, then turning it into a big spinebuster!

DDK:

What an innovative move! And what an upset this would be to defeat Mil Vultas!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks his legs together against King's ears to break the cover and rolls backwards to his stomach to save himself! DLJ breaths a sigh of relief outside!

Lance:

Close one there!

DDK:

But can King follow up with something more here?!

Mil Vultas is still reeling from the fireman's carry spinebuster when King gets back to his feet. Mil tries to take a cheap shot, but King blocks and lays into Mil with a pair of rights that back him into the corner followed by a scoop slam near the corner! King points at the corner and then starts to head that direction!

Lance:

What's he got in mind?

King gets to the top rope and he's thinking moonsault...

Problem?

Mil SNAPS upwards and THRUST kicks the jaw of King on the way down first, shocking The Faithful in the process!

DDK:

OOOOH, NO! MIL HAD THE MOONSAULT SCOUTED WITH THAT KICK! HE WAS TOO FAST!

King is reeling and holding onto his jaw with Mil grabs him and then POWERS King onto his shoulders to land the cartwheel death valley driver he missed earlier! With King down, Mil rolls through to his feet and does a triple jump up

to the top rope. He leaps backwards and then CRASHES into King's chest with the moonsault double foot stomp!

DDK:

GLOATED! THAT'S IT!

Mil goes right into the cover and hooks the leg of King!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **MIL VUELTAS!**

But he doesn't take the time to do any celebrating! He looks down at King...

Mil Vueltas:

LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!

Mil Vueltas jumps on King after the bell and starts laying into him with a number of right hands! DLJ loosens his tie and climbs into the ring as well!

Lance:

How this this HEROIC?! There's no reason for this! You already won!

DLJ takes off his tie and then starts STRANGLING King with it! King is too beaten down to fight back and starts trying to do whatever he can to and protect himself from the big man, but The Golden Child of The Familia is too strong!

DDK:

It's two-on-one! Vueltas and DLJ were right! They want to wipe out any traces left of the GC Universe!

Mil directs traffic and orders DLJ to give him something. DLJ grabs him by the neck and then DRILLS King into the canvas with a nasty sitout chokeslam!

DDK:

Good grief! I don't think I've EVER seen DLJ with this kind of meanstreak in him!

Lance:

He really HAS changed!

With a newfound fire in his eyes, Danny has King down with a boot to his neck after the sitout chokeslam, holding him in place while Mil goes up top again. DEF's Biggest Hero poses on the top and then comes CRASHING down on King's chest a second time with another GLOATED! King is clutching his ribs and hunched over after the vicious move. Mil lands on his feet and dusts his hands off.

Mil Vueltas:

WE'RE DOING DEFIANCE A FAVOR!

DLJ:

NO MORE BAD GUYS!

And just to add insult to injury, Danny grabs King by the body and CHUCKS him straight from the ring! Chants rain down on Mil Vuelas, who isn't hearing any of it!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

They both leave the ring. Mil points at his ears, which Danny happily covers with his hands before Mil collects his black fur coat and heads back up the ramp!

DDK:

What a statement made here from Mil Vuelas and Dan Leo James tonight! We know OSCAR BURNS isn't here tonight, but you have to wonder if he'll heed Mil's earlier warning!

Lance:

That remains to be seen!

Mil won't hear the chants as he and Danny head back up the ramp and out of sight as the show moves onwards and elsewhere.

A Very Chill Search

We cut from the conclusion of the previous match to backstage. It's loud before we see anything.

???:

WHERE THE HELL IS IT??

!?:

I don't know! I was never near the ring today, I didn't see-

The camera goes from out of focus to crystal clear as the frame bobs up and down, the cameraman jogging up to the source of all the shouting. We see two Besties and another man, probably in his mid-20's or late 40's, with a stupid pointy goatee and stupid hair that looks like it might actually be a sloppy wig, magenta sunglasses (a wrong shade of pink), his physique a little too unnaturally jacked, wearing a headset and a simple DEFIANCE-branded black polo.

He also smells a little...off...

Henry Keyes:

Listen, shut up - what's your name, kid?

!?:

Uh...it's Vito, sir, Vito Va-

Lindsay Troy:

WHY DO YOU SMELL LIKE CHEESE, VITO?

Henry Keyes:

VITO, make yourself useful - go to security, and tell them the Kraken wants them poring over every inch of security footage they have from the last six hours! Run, bunny! Go!

Vito V-something:

Uh, yes sir!

The intern scampers off down a corridor. Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy are furious, the former more frothingly than the latter. He sees a table piled with cardboard boxes and begins rifling through them, tossing box after box over his shoulders, before flipping the entire table over!

Lindsay Troy sees an enormous black crate labeled "SFX CABLE HOUSE - BACKUP", opens the lid, and tosses cable coil after cable coil out of the thing before tipping it over and kicking it hard. It budes a little, but is only a crate and thus cannot feel pain, which only adds to the frustration.

Keyes shouts at a huddled group of backstage employees - nothing intelligible - and thus gets no helpful data.

Henry Keyes:

It's gotta be around here somewhere...do you remember the name of the person we handed the FIST off to for the Spectapalooza before we took the limo around town?

Lindsay Troy:

Gotta be honest with you, Henry, ever since Butch Vic kicked oscar-no-caps in the dick and became a "real boy" or whatever, I stopped bothering to memorize the names of the help.

Henry Keyes:

Damn, me too...HEY, YOU! I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TODAY? BREAK IT DOWN FOR ME!

A terrified young man, much scrawnier than Vito, just yelps and runs in the opposite direction, flailing in terror.

There's a table with a stack of 8x10 portraits of DEFIANCE wrestlers, presumably not intended to be seen on camera as they represent the untold after-show ritual of many of DEFIANCE's top stars, which is autographing and autographing until their wrists go numb before they hop in a rental car and motor to the next town.

Keyes gives the table a cursory glance, checks under it, and not finding his precious FIST, he flips this table too - hundreds of portraits of Dex Joy, Bronson Box, Brock Newbludd, Elise Ares, and others go flying in the air before hopelessly scattering and intermingling on the ground.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, bullshit, Bronson Box can barely form a coherent sentence. There's no way he knows how to write his name.

She picks up one of the Wargod's photos, crumples it into a ball, and whips it down the hallway.

Henry Keyes looks behind him and sees that they're being followed by an intrepid cameraman.

Henry Keyes:

Hey! BEAT IT, BOZO!

And he piefaces the camera lens, shoving the cameraman down to floor level. From the floor, the camera follows Keyes and Troy as they continue to terrorize the backstage area, harassing all passers-by and turning over every inch they can find, before they are finally too far away for us to see anymore.

We cut elsewhere.

SWAMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

“Yeah...”

A spotlight hits the stage.

And right away, we see the gleaming, punchable face of that low-down, good-for-nothing HEADMASTER BLACK, standing behind a podium.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

Headmaster Black:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

Headmaster Black:

LADIES! AND! GENTLE! MEN! ...to-DAYYY begins a NEW CHAPTER for DEFIANCE! A NEW CHAPTER FORRR... the HONOR SOCIETY!

“OMGSRSLYBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

Headmaster Black:

The ANTIQUATED and OUT OF DATE AUTHORITY of the DOCTOR NED REFORM is FINALLY BEHIND US! And, while we ALL appreciate the HARD WORK and EFFORT and SACRIFICE the GOOD DOCTOR put into this FINE SOCIETY... TODAYYYY... our FUTURE LEADERS... will FINALLY ENTER the WRESTLING WORKFORCE!

Black, clad in the hooded robe of an esteemed and accredited academic leader, waves his hand over to a nearby row of chairs occupied by the members of the Honor Society. All of them are dressed in white robes and mortar boards.

Headmaster Black:

TO-DAYYYY, ladies and gentlemen... we recognize the WONDEROUS ACHIEVEMENTS of this ESTEEMED SOCIETY, by bestowing its members with...

Black holds up a velveteen sack. He reaches in, and pulls out a handful of rolled up sheets of paper.

Diplomas.

Headmaster Black:

...the HIGHEST HONORS!!

“UUUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!”

Again, Black waves over the row of Honor Society members.

Headmaster Black:

Under the ARCHAIC, INEFFICIENT OVERSIGHT of the “GOOD” DOCTOR... these FINE and UPSTANDING individuals you see here were only recognized as mere ASSISTANTS to our COLLEGIATE MISSION of ENLIGHTENMENT and INTELLECTUALISM! TEE-AYES, as you know them! Just TWO TINY, INSIGNIFICANT LETTERS! But these TALENTS you see here are HARDLY TINY or INSIGNIFICANT! In light of recent events, their COURAGE and COUNTENANCE has been recognized by this EGALITARIAN SOCIETY! Ergo, andsuch, thereforeswhathonow, after TONIGHT... they will be seen as TAs NO MORE!! TODAYYY, they walked into this arena today as meager TEE-AYESs! But after TONIGHT... they LEAVE as PROFESSORS!

He DRAMATICALLY points to the corner of the arena.

Headmaster Black:

So without FURTHER ADIEU, let the GRADUATION CEREMONY COMMENCE!! HIT ME with some APPROPRIATE TUNES, production booth!

♪ “Pomp and Circumstance” by the London Philharmonic Symphony ♪

Headmaster Black:

OOOH YEEAAHH, THAT HITS THE SPOT!! Now, LADIESANDGENTLEMEN... I'm going to have to INSIST that you LEAVE THE APPLAUSE until ALL GRADUATES have been ANNOUNCED!!

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

Headmaster Black:

No, NO, THAT'S THE EXACT OPPOSITE of what I ASKED FOR!!

“WEDON'TCAREBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

Headmaster Black:

OOOH, YOU INCORRIGIBLE, VEXING PEOPLE, YOU!! Whatever, we're just going to POWER THROUGH THIS! Here we go, in no particular order.

Black pulls out the first diploma and clears his throat.

Headmaster Black:

ROBERT T. HERRIGAN...

TA Herrigan rises up from the row of seats and approaches the Headmaster at the pulpit.

Headmaster Black:

SIR, for your CONTINUED LOYALTY and EFFORTS in PRODIGIOUS ENFORCEMENT, you are RECOGNIZED with this DOCTORATE in MILITARY EXCELLENCE!

TA Herrigan:

Um... thank you?

Headmaster Black:

I SALUTE YOU... PROFESSOR HERRIGAN!

Black hands him his diploma, and ushers him to the other side of a stage, where an empty row of chairs awaits the new “graduates”.

Headmaster Black:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT OWENS...

TA Owens rises and approaches the podium.

Headmaster Black:

As with your WEIGHTED GRADE cohort, sir, your DILIGENCE and EXCELLENCE in the field of being OVERSIZED has been a BOON to this intellectual cooperative! For that, you are BESTOWED with this PHILOSOPHERSHIP in CRIMINAL JUSTICE!

TA Owens:

Awesome, except my first name isn't Theodore.

Headmaster Black:

Cool cool, awesome awesome--I SALUTE YOU, PROFESSOR OWENS!!

Owens takes his diploma, nods, and joins his tag partner Bobby on the other side.

Headmaster Black:

CARLOSSAMO IGNATIUS and GOMEZARRACCIO ALOYSIUS AMARETTO...

The twin brothers, former magicians, present Academic Amarettos, exchange confused glances, both wondering beneath their matching tophat mortar boards if those were their names being called. After a beat, the two of them rise from their seats and approach the Headmaster.

Headmaster Black:

Gentlemen, I know you're NEW to the scene here in Honor Society, but your COMMITMENT to REFORMATION and HIGHER LEARNING have earned you HIGH MARKS this semester! Therefore, the BOTH of you are recognized with this PROFESSORSHIPS in PHYSICS and CHEMISTRY!

Carlo Amaretto:

...but not magic?

Headmaster Black:

...what? NO!! Magic is the DEVIL'S WORK, as the two of you know well!

Gomez Amaretto: (disappointed)

Ah... yeah, that's right.

Headmaster Black:

I SALUTE YOU, PROFESSORS AMARETTO!

They take their diplomas, look to each other, shrug, and take their seats on the other side.

Headmaster Black:

DELILAH SOPHIA SAUNDERS...

Sweet Saunders, visibly rolling her eyes, stands up and approaches the Headmaster. Instinctively, she reaches out for her diploma... only to receive a confused look from the Sacred Lamb.

Headmaster Black:

Uh... I actually don't have anything in here for you. But I just remembered that I forgot to get a hold of catering for the after-party. Can you be a lamb and make the boys some lil' finger sammiches? Thanks, dollface!

Saunders groans. Instead of joining the other graduating members of the Honor Society, she promptly about-faces and walks offstage.

Headmaster Black:

OLVIR ARSVINNAR...

The seven-foot tall Norse giant Olvir Arsvinnar stands up to full height. His mortar board is rightfully equipped with Viking horns. He strides over to the podium.

Headmaster Black:

YOU, sir, have GIFTED this ILLUSTRIOUS SOCIETY with a degree of GIRTH that has been nothing short of BOUNTEOUS! BE as it IS, I give unto you this APOTHECARIANSHIP of HUMAN STUDIES and ANATOMY!!

Olvir accepts his diploma, when a woman's whistle catches his attention. Smirking, he grabs his robe and begins to pull it up, intending to show the world THE GOODS...

Headmaster Black:

HEYHEYHEYHEYHEY NOW, NONE OF THAT!! ISALUTEYOU PROFESSORARSVINNAR, now PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEAT!!

The Viking Violator shrugs, and takes his place among the other graduates.

Black clears his throat in preparation for the final announcement.

Headmaster Black:

And FINALLY... a man who has been a part of this INSCRUTABLE SOCIETY from the VERY BEGINNING... graduating with the HIGHEST HONORS... the receiver of the inaugural DOCTOR NEDRICK REFORM MEMORIAL AWARD of EXCELLENCE and DISTINGUISHMENT...

He dramatically waves his arm to the side of the stage.

Headmaster Black:

LEVITICUS... EPHRAHAIM... COOOLLLLLLE!!

The spotlight SWEEPS OVER to...

...an empty chair.

Black double-takes. His stately pride crumbles into a state of volatile irascibility.

Headmaster Black:

I said... LEVITICUS COLE!!

The announced name resounds through the arena... but its owner remains absent.

Behind the pulpit, the Headmaster fidgets and looks around uncomfortably.

Headmaster Black:

LEVI COLE!!! WHERE THE HECK IS LEVI COLE?!?

After a pause so pregnant it has the obstetrician recommending a Cæsarian... COLE suddenly walks onto the stage.

Headmaster Black:

Ahh... THERE you are--

Black's eyes nearly bulge from his skull when he notices that the original TA is not wearing the customary cap and gown as the other Honor Society members. Contrarily, Levi Cole is clad in his traditional purple-and-white training suit.

Headmaster Black:

Um... did you NOT get the MEMO on the FORMAL ATTIRE?! Oh well, whatever, GET OVER HERE...

Reluctantly, Cole approaches the usurper to the Honor Society. His brow is visibly furrowed in nascent anger. He clearly doesn't want to be out here, doing whatever... this is.

Headmaster Black:

MISTER COLE!! After YEARS of wallowing in MEDIOCRITY, you PLEDGED yourself to the MISSION of this CONGRUENT SOCIETY! Many Johnny's come lately... but YOU, sir... YOU SUMMA CUM LAUDE!! The Good Doctor RECOGNIZED your potential, and GROOMED you to be the PERFECT LACKEY! But TONIGHT, good sir... you are a LACKY NO MORE!! TONIGHT... with the utmost PRIDE... I GRANT you with this PHYSICIANSHIP of UPSTANDING MORALITY, TACT, and PERCEPTITUDE!!

Black graciously hands over a gilded scroll of paper, which Cole reluctantly takes.

Headmaster Black:

EYE! SAW! LOOT! EWE... PRO! FEZ! SORE! CCCC--

rrrrrrrrRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIP!!!

Headmaster Black's beaming smile immediately flips to an expression of aghast horror at the sight of not one but TWO jagged strips of paper dangling from TA Cole's clutches.

Beyond all of his logic and reason (to be fair, there isn't much of either), Levi has torn his "honorary" diploma in HALF.

All at once, the air of awkwardness gets THICC up on the stage. Headmaster Black turns away from the cameras to recompose himself, nervously wiping away at his forehead.

Headmaster Black:

Ummmm... Levi? This is NOT how we went over it in rehearsals!

Unable to contain his anger any further, Cole reaches over and rips the microphone off the Headmaster's stand.

Levi Cole:

Yeah, well I don't give a damn!

Black gets that face one makes when they sit on a pair of scissors longways and then they open up.

Headmaster Black:

Pftshwlbm--MISTER COLE!! That... LANGUAGE is VERY UNBECOMING of you!

Levi Cole:

Oh yeah, well, refer to my earlier statement... because I STILL DON'T GIVE A DAMN!

Headmaster Black:

Levi...

Levi Cole:

Like, what is this even? What authority do YOU have to be handing out all these phoney degrees? Do you honestly think by promoting all the TAs to Professors that we're suddenly supposed to feel better about ourselves? Like we're supposed to ignore what we did at Maximum DEFIANCE?

Headmaster Black:

Leeeeviiiiii...

Levi Cole:

Well I'M not ignoring it! I'm calling this out for what it is! A sham! A show! A distraction, to keep our minds off of what's really happening with the Honor Society right now! Which is nothing short of an absolute hostile takeover!

Headmaster Black:

Lee-HEE-HEE-HEE-vi-HI-HI-HI...

Levi Cole:

And I'll be the first to admit that Doctor Reform has made us done... questionable things in the past. But even then, he didn't deserve this! I did what you asked at Maximum DEFIANCE - but it was a mistake! He didn't deserve to have to watch his pride and glory -- the HONOR SOCIETY -- being STOLEN out from under him from a low-down, dirty grifter! A grifter he TRUSTED! A grifter he tried to CHANGE! But you're nothing but a SNAKE

Headmaster Black:

LEEEEEEEEE-VIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!! Did you NOT HEAR ME EARLIER?! I SAID that you were the RECIPIENT to the DOCTOR NEDRICK REFORM MEMORIAL AWARD of EXCELLENCE and DISTINGUISHMENT! And RIGHT NOW, you are DISHONORING THAT LEGACY!!

Levi Cole:

You accuse me of... DISHONOR?!

Unable to control his furor, Cole KICKS OVER the podium. Yelping in terror, Headmaster Black scurries over to the more subservient side of the Honor Society.

Levi Cole:

YOU WERE THE ONE THAT THREW HIM OUT!! If ANYONE here is guilty of dishonoring Doctor Reform's legacy... it's YOU, Black! Ever since he welcomed you to the fold, you've been nothing but trouble! You messed with mind! Confused me! Made me turn against my mentor! And you think you can put on a fancy cap and proclaim yourself leader and replace him? Well, FORGET IT!

Headmaster Black throws up his arms and shakes his fist, officially flying off the handle as this commencement ceremony descends into chaos. Somewhere deep in the crowd, a pocket of fans are picking up on a "LE-VI!" chant.

Headmaster Black:

GOSHDARNIT, LEVI!! YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!! This GRADUATION CEREMONY was meant to be MY moment! I mean, EVERYONE'S moment also, but ESPECIALLY FOR ME!! This is a CATATROPHE!! RUINATION!! A FAUX PAS of DIRE MAGNITUDE! QUICK! Cut to COMMERCIAL! Cut to the NEXT INTERVIEW! Cut to ANYTHING, DANGIT!!

A DECENT PROPOSAL

After a commercial break, Jamie Sawyers stands by the interview stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... in just a little bit, we are going to see the beginning of the ACE of Tag Teams Tournament! Eight teams over the next four shows will compete! The team that makes it to the very end of this single-elimination tournament will become YOUR first-ever ACE of Tag Teams, walking away with a \$250,000 cash prize AND a guaranteed contract for a Unified Tag Team Title match!

The San Diego Faithful cheer!

Jamie Sawyers:

Up next, you will see the first of four matches! Former Unified Tag Team Champions, **M4NTRA**, will take on the former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, **MONEY TALKS**!

Cheer!

Jamie Sawyers:

In two weeks on DEFtv 223... two newer tag teams will compete! The team of **KILL OR BE KILLED** - Titanes Familia's monsters, Kilgore and Killjoy -- will take on the team of **THE PARTY ANIMALS**! Brock Newbludd will team up with The Monster They Call... **CORVO ALPHA**!

Are we at 7-11? Cause there was a big pop!

Jamie Sawyers:

On DEFtv 224... Tom Morrow's newly-minuted **TRIPLE 7s** of the three-headed seven-foot monster called Max, Mason and Mark Luck will take on the devious **MASKED VIOLATORS**! of MV1 and MV2! With Lord Nigel Trickelbush, both men will absolutely have a plan heading into this match!

Booing for both teams!

Jamie Sawyers:

And on the final show before Acts of DEFIANCE, DEFtv 225, **THE ATOMIC PUNKS** of Gigaton and Fission will be taking on a special team to be decided by play-in! Stay tuned for details!

Big cheers for The Atomic Punks!

Jamie Saywers:

On Night One of Acts of DEFIANCE, the winning teams of those four matches I named will be battling in the semi-finals with the finals to take place on Night Two where the winner will be crowned our first Ace of Tag Teams!

The Faithful roar with approval for the STACKED tag team division getting some spotlight!

Jamie Sawyers:

And with that announcement, that brings us to our next guests... when we last saw them in this ring, they were victorious over The Honor Society at Maximum DEFIANCE! Please welcome my guests at this time... DEX JOY! PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS! JANNA RAY... **THE LADDDDDDS**!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

**SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!**

♪ “Why Can’t We Be Friends?” by WAR ♪

One by one, DEFIANCE’s Friendtastic Four walk out from the stage. Janna Ray, Butcher Victorious, Punch Drunk Purcell and “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy! Butcher and Janna shake hands with Dex and Punchy doing the same just over their arms! They shake...

BOOM!

And blue and yellow pyro goes off on stage!

DDK:

What a massive win for The Lads over The Honor Society! For weeks, they found their friendship tested! Punch Drunk Purcell questioned his place with the group while TA - now, Headmaster Black - tried to bring the big man over to their side.

Lance:

But in the end, all The Honor Society did was strengthen their bonds! And it would be Purcell who scored the HUGE win knocking out former Southern Heritage and Favoured Saints Champion, Ned Reform, to win for his team just before Reform found himself excommunicated from the very group he founded by Headmaster Black!

The four make their way over to the interview stage with Jamie Sawyers. Janna, Punchy and Dex are all handed microphones. Jamie goes to hand one over to Butcher, but he shakes his head and speaks up as the music cuts up.

Butcher Victorious:

No, thank you, Jamie. BUTCH VIC... ALREADY HAS THE STICK!

Jamie Sawyers:

All right, fair enough! Like we announced before this break... the tag team division is among the most competitive it has been in YEARS! And first off congratulations to all of you for the victory! Janna ... how are your ribs first of all?

Under her “Lass of the Lads” t-shirt and red coat she shrugs it off.

Janna Ray:

Can’t lie. That part wasn’t fun. But what was fun? What was fun was dropping Ned Reform on his head! What was fun was me tackling TA Black out of his boots on the way out of the ring! And what was fun ... was us winning!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer that as the Lads high five!

Janna Ray:

There wasn’t any way we were shaking hands with those fake Academic Assholes! We threw hands until they couldn’t take it any more. That’s why we’re here now!

Butcher Victorious:

Damn right! We weren’t about to let the Swirly Society tell Punchy who he is or treat any of us like garbage just cause I don’t know what a word like “apolectic” means!

Janna Ray:

That means super angry!

Butcher Victorious:

Yep, that! I’ll even do it in a sentence! BUTCH VIC... AIN’T APOPLECTIC! IN FACT, BUTCH VIC... IS ECSTATIC! ECSTATIC THAT NED REFORM GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM!

Butcher and Janna high-five!

Jamie Sawyers:

Now ... the reason we're also here is that The Ace of Tag Teams has been announced... but we found out that The Lads names weren't announced?

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dex and Punchy shrug. Butcher and Janna both look at one another and then back to Jamie.

Janna Ray:

Hold on, hold on, don't boo yet!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

First off... Imma say this... thank YOU, San Diego. Thank YOU, DEFIANCE for still believing in me when I didn't even believe in myself.

Big cheers for The Round Mound of Ground and Pound!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

And second of all, Dexy, since you're better at doin' all the talky bits and announcin' things... I'll let YOU tell 'em why we ain't in the Ace of Tag Teams.

He looks out to the San Diego Faithful.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Hold your boos, San Diego! I promise, it's for a good reason. Now... you're the home state guy, Dexy...

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Dex starts to talk, but the fans of San Diego start chanting over him!

"DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!! DEX!!!"

Completely taken aback by the response, the LA native smiles.

Dex Joy:

You want me to tell my San Diego pallies, Punchtholomew? Then that's exactly what Ya Biggest Boi is gonna do! San Diego!

Pause for the pop! He puts an arm around Punchy.

Dex Joy:

The reason that we aren't competing for the Ace of Tag Teams ... is because right now, your Unified Tag Team champions, the Rain City Ronin! Those hard-working boys need somebody to fill their dance card while the tournament is ongoing. You are looking at the #1 Contenders to the Unified Tag Team championships!

That sound is the roof coming off Pechanga arena! Behind them, Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious are clapping!

Dex Joy:

I wish all the teams luck in the Ace of Tag Teams and N-G-L, Ya Biggest Boi is a teensy bit jealous! While having a guaranteed title match and \$250,000 El Presidentes would be pretty damn sweet ... you know what else is sweet? The chance to become the first man in DEFIANCE Wrestling history to complete the current Grand Slam while helping his BBFF - that's best boxer friend forever — win his first gold on the main roster while doing it!

Dexy and Punchy shake it out!

Dex Joy:

Only me and everyone's least favorite Kraken, Henry Keyes ...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

Dex Joy:

You said it, not me! Only me and Cap'n Keyes hold the distinction of being FIST, Favoured Saints and SOHER! But no one has also held the Unified Tag Team championships on top of that to be a Grand Slam champion in the current DEFIANCE Wrestling era! I knew when we set my sights on the tag team division, it would not be easy. Just because I'm a former FIST, both of us agreed we wanted to work for this spot! And look at everyone me and Punchy have beaten in this past year! We shut up the Blood Diamonds! We shut up the Lucky Sevens! We shut up the Honor Society! Titanes Familia tries to tell people different, but we whooped them a time or two as well!

Dexy Baby looks at the screen.

Dex Joy:

So what I'd like to do if I can is bring out a couple of hard-working nose-to-the-grindstone guys who don't have to speak. They just have to listen. Because now that we're the #1 Contenders we got a challenge for both of them!

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

"RRRAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

The crowd reaction is instantaneous the moment the music hits. After a moment, the pair of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett emerge from the entry-way to another raucous secondary pop from the crowd.

The title belts are proudly displayed around the waists of the reigning Unified Tag Team Champions of DEFIANCE. They are not scheduled to compete tonight, but are nonetheless strapped for battle in their ring attire.

Burnett and Leo approach the Lads and come to a stop only a few feet away. Their expressions are neutral, but intense.

DDK:

The tag champs are here, and their ears are open!

Once the dust has settled and the music is quiet, Dexy Baby and Punch Drunk Purcell stand up to face the Rain City Ronin.

Dex Joy:

Boys ... I've been watching the both of you from afar for quite some time! And you've knocked down everyone! From LT and Keyes, the Hollywood Bruvs, M4NTRA, Violators, PCP, the Atomic Punks ... people look at me and Punchy as two of the biggest, baddest boys in this division but you two are the real big bads right now as long as you have them titles! I've laid out why I want this title shot, but I've not said where. With Punchy's blessing ... we have one more show in two weeks in California in my home on DEFtv 223! So I'm asking you ...

Dex look at both members of The Rain City Ronin ... and then he takes a knee! Punch groans. Janna and Butcher are eating popcorn they have procured mysteriously from somewhere.

DDK:

Dex ... is he on one knee ... proposing?!

Lance:

Remember he did this when he originally asked Punch Drunk Purcell to be his tag team partner!

The champs look shocked.

Dex Joy:

Zack Daymon ... Leo Burnett ... will you accept this proposal for a Unified Tag Team title match against The Lads in two weeks time?!

“RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!”

DDK:

Dex Joy has formally thrown down the gauntlet to the champions!

Lance:

But how will the Rain City Ronin respond?

Zack and Leo take a moment to exchange looks, looking only slightly confused by the means of proposal. Then they redirect their piercing stares back upon the tandem of Joy and Purcell.

The silence lingers. Daymon stares down Dex. Punch stares down Burnett. The San Diego fans dutifully fill up the absence of dialogue with wave after wave of loud, eager cheers.

After what seems like forever, Zack Daymon suddenly breaks rank, turning away and heading back to the curtain. A confused murmur ripples through the crowd, as nobody immediately knows quite how to read into this act.

However, Leo Burnett hangs back and continues to stare for several more seconds. And before he himself turns and follows his fellow tag champ out, he gives the Lads the nod of approval.

“RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!”

DDK:

I think that makes it official! The Rain City Ronin have agreed to defend their titles in two weeks against the team of Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell!

Lance:

What a match that's going to be!

As the two walk away, Butcher and Janna are both hype! Meanwhile, Purcell slaps Dex on the chest after he stands up from his proposal.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Man...

Dex Joy:

What?

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Got me thinkin' I was special when y'all proposed to me to be your tag partner, now you're out here just doin' it for anyone.

Dex Joy:

Felt right in the moment, pally!

Purcell shakes his head and The Lads take their leave from the stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

There you go! Two weeks from now, it will be the Rain City Ronin defending the Unified Tag Team Titles against The Lads! Thank you for joining us!

Butcher and Janna follow behind Punchy and Dex and head to the back before the show moves on!

ACE of TAG TEAMS, ROUND ONE: M4NTRA vs. MONEY TALKS

DDK:

After a lot of buzz, the time has finally come! The Ace of Tag Teams tournament kicks off with two hungry young teams looking to set the tone for this prestigious new prize! The winner of the Ace of Tag Teams receives a cash prize of \$250K and even more importantly than the cash, they get a shot at the Unified Tag Team championships when they want it! Tell us about the first two teams, partner!

Lance:

Sure thing! First up ... we have M4NTRA! Former Unified Tag Team champions themselves, holding those titles for over two-hundred and fifty days! But tonight, they are going it alone! No more Tom Morrow, who betrayed them to take on the Lucky Sevens and their brother-in-law, Mark Luck as the Triple 7s! Tonight, we're in California where Nathan Eye hails from so tonight, is home field advantage!

DDK:

And their opponents?

Lance:

Money Talks! The big, powerful and hungry young team! They are former BRAZEN Tag Team champions and they held those titles while Felton Bigsby held the BRAZEN title for close to a year! They work for the Blood Diamonds and are no stranger to success!

DDK:

There you have it! The Ace of Tag Teams begins now!

Quimbey:

This tag team match is a first round match in the Ace of Tag Teams Tournament!

M A N T R A

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

Quimbey:

They are the most enlightened! They are streamer famous! And they are proud to announce they are now one-hundred Morrow-free ...

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Quimbey:

Accompanied by "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste ... They are as unified as the titles they once held and will hold them again soon! Nathan Eye and Declan "DEC4L" Alexander... M4NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNTRRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste's new theme, sampling "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick, Astley! White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses. Behind her Declan and Natty Eyce come out M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. Eye has his special metal-plated copy of 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance in hand ... and the response is crazy as they all M4NTRA Ray Dance on the stage with the people doing the same!

Lance:

What is this response?!?! I think I just saw that roof come off!

DDK:

M4NTRA HAVE TURNED THE PECHANGA ARENA INTO A GOOD VIBES ONLY PARTY!!!

On their way to the ring, M4NTRA take turns talking to the camera following them down!

M4NTRA!!! NOW 100% MORROW-FREE!!!

That beta got BLOCKED!!!

DEAD!!! ASS!!!

Declan even tugs on a new sky blue M4NTRA t-shirt that both he and Nathan are wearing! The shirts simply read "DEAD!!! ASS!!!" on the back. They are up against the barrier but Nathan Eye takes it one step further since he is home! He jumps right over the barrier and starts partying with the audience! Nathan Eye starts moving up the steps and starts flailing his arms spastically like Elaine Benes, but the people are somehow with it! On the other side, Declan Alexander is with Makayla Namaste and they have San Diego coming alive!

This is what Tom Morrow has been holding back all this time?!

Yeah, but this party has to get back in the ring!

M4NTRA are being waved in by the referee. They take a beat and start heading back to the ring. Once they are where they need to be, both Nathan and Declan rip off the shirts before flinging them in opposite directions! The home field advantage tonight for Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander is apparent!

But when this party ends and that bell rings, they'll be taking on two men that were instrumental in helping Bronson Box defeat Henry Yamazaki and Dan Ryan at Maximum DEFIANCE!

The Good Vibes Only party comes to an end and the music of Money Talks hits next!

♪ “C.R.E.A.M.” by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

The imposingly huge silhouettes of “The Problem Solver” Adrian Payne and “Houston Strong” Felton Bigsby appear on the tron, images of money reigning down behind them... then in huge gold letters...

MONEY TALKS

The song plays for a bit, building a little suspense. Finally the two enormous Blood Diamonds emerge from backstage. They're clad in matching red and black singlets. Both men just yoked beyond all reason, they both march out to the top of the ramp and soak in the reaction from the Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

After what these two behemoths did to Dan Ryan at the PPV, they deserve every decibel of this reaction tonight, Darren!

I'm not sure they care, partner...

Indeed, the deafeningly negative reaction only seems to entertain and fuel the two grapplers.

They bump forearms before marching in unison towards the ring where Nathan and Declan await.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponents, representing the Blood Diamonds organization, the two men who “ran through BRAZEN like shit through a goose”... I mean, come on now... they are the team of “Hoooooouston Strooooong” Felton Bigsby and “The Problem Solver” Adrian! Payneeeee... making their way to the ring, MONEEEY TAAAAAALLLS!

DING DING

Nathan Eye has decided to start things out for his team while Felton Bigsby does so for the other side. When they lock up, Eye’s 251 pounds of Pure Perseverance are little match for the 320 pounds of bulldozer in human form called Bigsby as he shoves him down! Felton laughs at this and lets the Cali crowd boo him, but he doesn’t see Nathan Eye kip-up behind him. When Felton turns around he gets snatched in a head lock by Nathan! The Golden State Guru is pushed into the ropes. When he comes back, he runs right into Bigsby, but Houston Strong doesn’t move!

DDK:

M4NTRA knew this was going to be a tough draw tonight, but this is wild! It’s not often that Nathan Eye is overpowered.

Lance:

While M4NTRA have multiple victories over the Lucky Sevens, Money Talks are different types of monsters! Big power, relatively low centers of gravity. They’ll be harder to knock down!

Felton wants Nathan to take his best shot. Eye hits those ropes but again another shoulder only knocks Felton back. He tries for the third time. Nathan gets picked up and held over his head before he is thrown down with a huge press slam! Declan and Makayla are both wincing for their partner after he is flattened on the canvas. Felton hops in place and doesn’t look like he has broken a sweat.

Lance:

That is power right there Darren! Felton made that look so easy!

Felton takes Nathan up for a suplex next. He has the Inspirational One up but before he can land the suplex, Nathan flips up and over towards his corner. He makes the tag to Declan just as Felton tries the corner back splash. The corner is empty as both men move! Nathan comes off the ropes and hits Felton with a forearm! When he doesn’t go down, the two-hundred thirty-pound Declan does the same! They double him over with Nathan holding him for a russian leg sweep when DEC4L nails the Red Line kick to the face to finally knock Felton off his feet!

DDK:

It took both members of M4NTRA to do it, but Bigsby is down!

Declan gets up and they follow up the first tandem attack with anotehr, the Trust Fall Exercise! Nathan helps his partner with an aided standing moonsault onto Bigsby then leaves the ring for Declan to go for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

But a strong kick-out pushes Declan off completely!

Lance:

Two count from M4NTRA but Houston Strong is showing why he’s earned that nickname!

Declan lands a standing drop kick just as Felton is on his feet! He staggers back to the ropes when Adrian Payne makes a tag! Declan tries to whip Felton, but that’s a very bad idea when Bigsby hits a whip on him instead. Payne enters the ring and Felton launches DEC4L right onto Adrian who catches him right on his shoulders ...

DDK:

What's he going to do with Declan?!

The answer isn't good for anybody when DEC4L is picked up on the shoulders of Payne and just gets splattered on the canvas with a standing fireman carry facebuster! And things are about to go from bad to worse for the former BRAZEN Champion. He is picked up by Payne again and then tossed with a fall away slam!

Lance:

That was nasty! Two big power moves for the price of one courtesy of Adrian Payne!

Nathan is worried for his friend! Payne goes for the quick cover on Declan after the back to back power moves.

One ...

Two ...

Declan kicks out!

DDK:

That might have been a cocky cover from the man called in BRAZEN as "The Problem Solver!" In this tournament, you may not be able to afford rookie mistakes like that!

Payne takes Declan back to the corner and makes the tag to Felton. Felton and Adrian both take DEC4L to a neutral side of the ring. Each man takes an arm and then shock the San Diego Faithful by throwing Declan almost the entirety of the ring with a double hip toss!

DDK:

WHAT THE HECK?!?!?

Lance:

MONEY TALKS JUST THREW DECLAN ACROSS THE RING!

Such a feat of strength gets "holy shit!" chants all around the Pechanga Arena! Declan is in a very bad spot and Felton Bigsby knows it! Another replay flashes across the DEFIA-Tron to show the seriousness of this situation!

DDK:

Money Talks are having their way with M4NTRA! The only time they've been able to stay alive is working together!

Felton knows it too. He sees that Declan is about to stand and cuts him off the corner with a big back splash in the corner. Felton turns around to snatch The POG Champ by the side and muscles him around with ease in the gut wrench suplex position before just dumping him casually on the ground! There is another cover made by Felton!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

Declan kicks out a second time, but things are looking increasingly grim for M4NTRA!

DDK:

They really are! These beasts are just too strong to take head on! They have to hit and run or find a way to get Declan out of that ring! Something to turn the tide!

Money Talks also show how they've gelled as a team in BRAZEN. Payne gets a tag and the mountainous monsters

throw Declan into the ropes to land a powerful double shoulder block. Then both men get the same idea and start mocking the M4NTRA Ray Dance in the ring.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Nathan and Makayla are both seriously offended!

Makayla Namaste:

Augh! Cringe! The Cringes!!!

Nathan Eye:

Bros can't even ray! Come on! Have you not read my new book Ready to Ray? There's a whole tutorial on the dance!

Declan is looking up at the ceiling lights and wondering if this is really the hill that his partners want to die on as the two power houses stand over him. Payne grabs him ... back breaker!

Lance:

No way! They are about to break DEC4L in half! He's been punished for the entirety of this match!

DDK:

He has! And this match is all too important for both teams! Single elimination is the name of the game! You lose, you kiss \$250K and a guaranteed Unified Tag Title shot goodbye!

Declan is bent across the knee with the Problem Solver trying to solve the M4NTRA problem with two bare hands! Declan is doing his best to fight out. For once, M4NTRA are getting the San Diego Faithful behind them!

"M4NTRA!!! M4NTRA!!! MANTRA!!! M4NTRA!!! M4NTRA!!!"

He's hearing the chants and Declan brings his knees up. He hits Payne in the face with his knee, but he breaks it up and then throws Declan down before he can break free himself!

DDK:

Declan hasn't even had a chance to strike back yet! Money Talks have just taken over!

Payne goes for another power move by picking Declan up, but the POG Champ strikes first with a super kick aimed at the knee! The Problem Solver is rocked and then hit with a flowing DDT!

Lance:

What a combination! Declan had to do anything to finally get this monster down!

With one last burst of energy, DEC4L kips-up to his feet, spins around, then falls right into the big tag on Nathan Eye! The San Diego Faithful are going Savannah Bananas for Nathan Eye as his first move is to climb the top rope!

DDK:

AND NOW HERE'S THE TAG FROM NATHAN EYE!!!

Nathan is on the top rope and when Adrian Payne is about to push himself up, 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance land a flying cross body off the top rope! Nathan rolls after the landing and he gets up to hit a bicycle kick on Felton Bigsby that knocks the big Houston beast off the apron first! Nathan sees Payne starting to get up and then hits the ropes to hit a running drop kick that is enough to knock Payne out of the ring going to the other side! The hit and run strategy pays off for Nathan Eye as he is alone in the ring and earning a hero's welcome! Makayla starts doing the M4NTRA Ray Dance and flails her arms out wide and the people are starting to do the same!

Lance:

M4NTRA HAS THIS ARENA ON THEIR FEET!!!

Nathan Eye gets ready to fly again. Nathan and large frame bounce from the ropes before he lands a big move on Felton Bigsby on the floor taking him out with a tope suicida!!! After he goes down, Nathan slides back into the ring as quickly as he can!

DDK:

There's a tope suicida for Felton Bigsby ... and a TOPE CON HILO for Adrian Payne!

Lance:

He's six-four! Two-hundred fifty-one pounds! And he's flying around like a cruiserweight!

Following the huge dives from Nathan Eye, the Golden State Guru points to the third eye in the center of his forehead.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize and you can dive anywhere you want!

Nathan has some trouble getting Payne into the ring, but he's there with the help of Declan! The Golden State Guru is on the top rope. He makes a tag to Declan first before he jumps off the top rope with a swanton bomb on Payne! After he lands the move on Payne, The POG Champ lands on the top rope and then hits a diving splash!

DDK:

Two big aerial moves from M4NTRA! Will that be enough?!

Declan has the cover and the San Diego Faithful count with the ref!

One ...

Two ...

Thr ...no!!!

Everyone is shocked that Adrian Payne just kicked out of two huge moves! Declan is asking the ref if it was three but he doesn't get an answer because Bigsby grabs Declan's legs and pulls him out of the ring to slam his back into the edge of the ring!

Lance:

Where the heck did Felton Bigsby even come from?! I thought Nathan took care of him!

DDK:

I thought so too!

Nathan helps out his partner by hitting a sliding drop kick through the ropes that knocks Felton over! Nathan then gets back up to go after Adrian Payne ... but the big beast pushes Nathan back and knocks him into the ref!

Lance:

The referee just went down along with Nathan! Payne clearly didn't mean to do that, but now we don't have a referee!

Payne sees Nathan when he tries getting up but he's run over with a huge body block! Payne makes sure Nathan goes down and points at Bigsby. Since Declan is still technically the legal man, he yanks up DEC4L and throws him back into the ring. He grins at Payne and then reaches under the ring quick!

DDK:

Oh, no ... no referee and Bigsby just realized this!

Lance:

And he's got chairs!

The big man grabs a pair of chairs from under the ring and throws one into the ring for Payne to use now that he's got both M4NTRA members down. Makayla shouts at the two monsters to stop, but they ignore her.

DDK:

M4NTRA almost made it, but Money Talks might have the advantage now!

Payne has bad ideas in mind with the weapon as Felton grabs his chair. He goes for it ...

BUT DAN RYAN TAKES THE CHAIR FIRST!!!

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

AND HE BRINGS THE CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE SKULL OF FELTON BIGSBY FIRST!!!

Lance:

IT'S DAN RYAN!!! DAN RYAN IS HERE!!! MONEY TALKS ATTACKED HIM AT MAXIMUM DEFIANCE AND HE'S HERE FOR REVENGE!!!

Adrian Payne sees and hear's what happened to his partner! He is about to get through the ropes to get at Dan Ryan, but he gets spun around first by both Declan Alexander and dropped by a jumping cutter that makes the ring shake!!!

DDK:

THERE IS THE PLAY OF THE GAME!!!

Nathan gets back to his corner and gets the tag! With Payne down on the canvas Nathan goes for one more big move to make sure he stays down! Nathan jumps hits a double jump from the middle to the top rope and then hits a huge moonsault!

DDK:

AND THAT'S EYE'S UP HERE!!! WILL THIS BE ENOUGH!!!

Declan shakes the referee and then pulls him towards the cover! Declan counts with Nathan, Makayla and the entire San Diego Faithful!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

Quimbey:

Here are the winners of this match ... M4NTRA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance:

That match was wild!!! It looked like it was getting hairy for M4NTRA after Money Talks took over again, but Dan Ryan was here for blood and he got it! It took both of M4NTRA's individual finishers to put down Adrian Payne, but they did it!

Dan Ryan doesn't even care about what's going on in the ring. He throws the chair he dented over the skull of Felton

Bigsby.

Dan Ryan:

How's that for an old-timer?!

Dan Ryan walks away and isn't going to stick around for the celebration now in the ring! Nathan Eye, Declan Alexander and Makayla Namaste hug together and then quickly roll out of the ring. The Golden State Guru leads the party into the crowd with friends and family present and soon!

DDK:

I still can't believe what we're seeing! They've turned the Pechanga Arena into Good Vibes Only! And with this win, they become the first of four teams to make it to the semi-finals of the Ace of Tag Teams!

Lance:

This is a huge win tonight! Well done to M4NTRA!

There's women, children and even grown ass men in the crowd doing the M4NTRA Ray Dance with the trio! Declan and Nathan both have on their "Third Eye" shades and they hand them off to some lucky ladies in the crowd!



COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE

1 LUCK GIVEN

Jamie Sawyers is backstage in DEFIANCE's designated interview area.

Jamie Sawyers:

Fans, I have a young man with me that successfully retained his title against all odds at Maximum DEFIANCE by defeating Jack Harmen, High Flyer and Archer Silver! He continues to excel in multi-man match situations and he is just one defense away from earning a shot at the Southern Heritage title. He's the reigning Favoured Saints champion!

Jamie waves his hand to his left.

Jamie Sawyers:

Lonnie Luck!

There is a big cheer for the champion appearing on the screen. With his hot selling "With A Li'l Luck" t-shirt and basketball shorts the champion has the title fastened around his waist. His mood appears to be pretty mixed.

Lonnie Luck:

Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

You did it again, Lonnie! What's that? Three pay per view shows in a row now where the odds have been against you, but you found a way to overcome all of them!

Lonnie Luck:

That's right. Most Precious Gems at DEFIANCE Road in January. Seven other wrestlers to win this title. I defeated the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland to keep this title. Declan Alexander and then Maximum DEFIANCE against three other people. I uhhh ... I should be pretty happy, Jamie. I am. Believe me. Knowing that I've won these matches all on my own! I haven't been hotter than I am right now! I even heard the nickname "Iron Man of Multi-Man Matches" thrown around online. That was cute. Knowing that I'm just one more defense away from getting a shot at whoever wins tonight out of Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, I should be on cloud nine, Jamie. I should be happy ...

Lonnie stares over at Jamie.

Lonnie Luck:

... But I would be lying if I said that's all I can think about right now. Especially after the complete load of 10,000% crap that I just heard Tom Morrow and my cousins spew earlier! I'm aware that something can't be more than 100% made of something, but we all know Tom Morrow ... we all *know* Tom Morrow. We all *know* who Tom Morrow is. For him, 10,000% isn't just possible, it's likely. His eyes turn brown every time he talks.

Jamie Sawyers:

I take it that you heard what they had to say earlier?

Lonnie Luck:

Unfortunately. All of it. Why they did what they did ... the offer. All of it.

Jamie Sawyers:

And what do you think of what's happening?

Lonnie Luck:

I think that Tom Morrow is a waste of human skin. I think that if my cousins want to follow Morrow, they're adults who can do what they want but I think that they're making a serious mistake considering the last time they didn't get on the same page, he tried to have them taken out. I'd know. I was there!

Jamie Sawyers:

What about their offer? Do you have an answer for them?

Lonnie is about to reply ...

But a slow clap interrupts. We widen our view, and stepping into frame is the grizzled veteran, Jack Harmen. He's wearing his usual long snow trunks with black boots, and what appears to be the tattered remnants of a coat that once belonged to Tom Morrow. Harmen smiles ahead at Luck.

Jack Harmen:

You sir, you are a different breed. You're the future of this business Lonnie. And I love to see it. As a fan of wrestling, you're something else.

Harmen leans in.

Jack Harmen:

But as a wrestler?

Harmen looks down at the Favoured Saints title. He licks his chops.

Jack Harmen:

All I can think about is another shot at that title. I didn't get pinned, and we've been pretty cordial. Our ménage à quatre was impromptu, and I'd love to have a chance to win my first gold in DEFIANCE since I joined this place in 2014. I don't particularly count Malak's paper pacifier as an actual championship...

Harmen stops.

Jack Harmen:

I've been on a mission for months to try to wrest the FS title from one of you, because I'm too old to win the FIST. I know it. Everyone knows it. I've taken my shot time and time again and only been refuted by Cayle and Gage and whoever else stands across me... But the last title I earned, it was a World title, and I never lost the thing. I never lost the other world title I had before that. And the OTHER world title before THAT. But here? In a place I love that gets me like nowhere else? I haven't been able to win ONE title. So, just give me ONE, more chance. Me and you, for the belt. That's a deal that's good for business.

The Son of Sin City glances down towards the belt.

Lonnie Luck:

I'll tell you what Jack. Unlike my cousins who say they've had my back recently ... you're the only one who really *did* have my back when Archer Silver and High Flyer came knocking for this. I appreciate it, man. I pinned your son, but I didn't pin you so you do have a right to challenge for this title.

Lonnie gets direct with Harmen.

Lonnie Luck:

I'd be honored. Let's do this.

When Lonnie is about to leave he stops to give one more quote to both Jamie Sawyers and Jack Harmen.

Lonnie Luck:

Just so I'm clear where I stand with my cousins ... I won't need any seven foot family members to keep this.

Jack Harmen:

And I promise I won't hire seventeen little people to take it from you. This'll be us, one on one.

Lonnie and Jack Harmen shake on it ...

And just as they do, in comes trouble.

With a capital t. So in comes Trouble.

What else starts with T?

Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Lonnie, Baby! I ...

Lonnie does not give Tom Morrow the time of day and purposely brushes past the weasley manager! Tom looks at Jack Harmen.

Tom Morrow:

Jack.

Jack Harmen:

Snake oil salesman.

Jack also walks past Morrow and is sure to shoulder check him. He does not appreciate this and brushes himself off. He sees Jamie Sawyers.

Tom Morrow:

Useless talking head.

Tom Morrow leaves and Sawyers looks offended. He motions for the camera to turn off and the scene changes.

VVALKING AWAY IS A LOST CAUSE

With a dynamic star-wipe video effect, our feed robustly cuts right into the ever-popular LOAD PROGRAM:

BKSTG_INTVW_LOC3, where we're immediately greeted to the sight of Chris Trutt standing alongside the purple-pink-and-green power couple machine of "the Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama and "the Merry Mischief Maker" Ami Troy.

Chris Trutt:

Howdily-whoozles, Faithful! Chris Trutt here with Kerry Kuroyama and manager, Ami Troy, on what's shaping up to be an outstanding post-MAXDEF installment of DEFIANCE TV! Kerry, Ami... earlier tonight, we witnessed the Vae Victis "Spectapalooza" commemorating the new FIST championship belt, which... sadly appears to be missing.

Kerry Kuroyama: *(nodding)*

It's a shame, Trutt. And Henry worked so hard on that brand new belt. Such a bold shade of blue... although, I think green would've been a bit more aesthetically pleasing...

Ami jabs an elbow into his ribs.

Ami Troy:

Put that pin in the memory board Ker-Bear. When you win the Big Shiny, you can make it whateeeeeeeever color you want, mmk?

Kuroyama groans, then nods.

Chris Trutt:

Of course, Kerry, you mentioned back at the Maximum DEFIANCE presser that you're prepared to move on from your issues with Victor Vacio and Los Caídos, and focus on your path to the top of the DEFIANCE mountain. However, the Lost Cause seems a bit less unwilling to move on himself. Real quick, let's go back to what occurred that night after Maximum DEFIANCE had concluded...

We cut to a replay of the presser...

=====

Kerry Kuroyama:

Are we done here? Cool, we're done here.

Just as Kerry leans away from the mic to stand up from his chair...

Faint yelling from behind outside the media room can be heard just before the curtain at the side of the room rips open with a violent flap.

"The Lost Cause," Victor Vacio storms into the room in a raucous clatter, wild-eyed and raging. A blood-streaked towel hangs around his neck. His forehead is no longer bleeding, but looks worse for wear.

Close behind him, Los Caídos: Villalobos, LIPS, and Corey Nunez — who can be seen rushing to pull his mask down into place as they enter.

Vacio erupts in furious Spanish, his voice hoarse and his gestures erratic.

Victor Vacio:

¡Esto no se ha terminado, Kuroyama! ¡¿ME OÍSTE, CABRÓN?! ¡¿Me oíste, pinche hijo de perra?! ¡Tú no hubieras ganado ni VERGA si Douglas hubiera hecho lo que se le ordenó!

Kerry doesn't flinch. He's on guard, body language coiled and ready to react if needed. But his expression stays calm. Focused. He doesn't rise to the bait.

DEFSec charges in from both ends of the room. Officers form a barrier between the press table and the intruders and begin trying to usher Vacio and Los Caídos out. Vacio continues his rant, eyes locked on Kerry rather than the security pushing him back.

Victor Vacio:

¡Vas a darme la revancha, hijo de puta! ¡Aquí y ahora, cabrón! ¡Si no lo haces, eres un pinche cobarde, igual que ese perrito enmascarado al que tienes por amigo! ¡Un cagón, como él!

Kerry's eyes don't leave him. Tension hums in the room like a live wire, but Kerry remains rooted. Quiet and unshaken.

Victor Vacio:

¡Tú piensas que ganaste algo, Kuroyama?! ¡No ganaste NADA! ¡Esto no se ha terminado, cabrón!

DEFSec forces the masked trio and their unhinged leader back out the way they came. The ranting continues, and as it grows faint, it still echoes down the hallway.

Victor Vacio:

¡¡TÚ ERES MÍO, KUROYAMA!! ...

=====

We return to Trutt with AK-47.

I'm not sure what the "47" is a reference to, though.

Chris Trutt:

Obviously, Victor Vacio, unsatisfied with the match the two of you just had, is already demanding retribution by way of a rematch.

Ami Troy:

Kinda weird that a supposed nihilist cares a whole lot about Kerry. If you ask me, this dummy needs to pick a lane. Preferably one that takes him over a cliff.

Chris Trutt:

What are your thoughts on Vacio's challenge, Kerry?

Kuroyama shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I want to say that Victor Vacio can go touch grass, but... eh, I dunno. What do you think, Ami?

Ami holds up a hand with the thumb extended and shakes it precariously while giving off a nasally buzz that simulates something like a plane or missile coming in hot. Finally, she twists her thumb DOWN while making an explosive crash sound.

Kerry nods in agreement.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I think that pretty much sums it up. Vacio is old news, Trutt. I've got my eyes set on the top of the mountain, and I'm not about to let anything hold me back.

From off screen, a familiar voice is heard; "*No has terminado conmigo, Kuroyama. Ni de lejos.*"

To no one's surprise, as the camera angle widens, Victor Vaco steps into frame to meet it halfway. The masked Corey Nunex of Los Caídos follows his nihilistic leader into frame, backing him up as usual.

Victor Vaco:

Me vas a dar la revancha que quiero... o te vas a arrepentir.

[You will give me the rematch I want... or else]

Kerry Kuroyama:

... what?

Victor Vaco:

REMATCH! Or else!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Or else what?

Victor Vaco:

Cabron ... you give me ...

Vaco pokes himself in the chest violently.

Victor Vaco:

... what I want ... or te voy a hacer la vida un infierno...

[... or I'm going to make your life hell ...]

Victor Vaco:

Mirar ... Every step you take --

Chris Trutt:

♪ I'll be watching you! ♪

Victor snaps his neck, quickly turning his face toward Tutt, his eyes wide and wild. Vaco's glare says it all, and Tutt shuts up quickly.

Vaco slowly turns his attention back to Kerry and Ami.

Victor Vaco:

Ya verás...

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look, you can yell and shout all you want, man... but the bottom line is you had your chance. You played your hand, and it was a losing hand.

Kerry takes a beat.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You lost. And, I don't just mean the match. You've obviously lost your grip on Scott Douglas as well...

Ami smirks and gives Vaco and Corey some mean side-eye.

Kerry Kuroyama:

The cracks are showing, Vic. Like it or not, I'm onto bigger and better things, I'm not looking back. Nor am I willing to allow any raving, messiah complex-driven kabal of morons to pull me back into the mud.

Vacio smirks at The Emerald Apex and, with a simple and quick hand motion, Corey Nunez steps aside and Scott Douglas steps into the frame. DEFIANCE's former Favorite Son is still under the hood. Emotionless and silent.

Victor Vacio:

... much like your ... ¿cómo le llamas? ¿KABAL? ... Nada es como tú crees...

Vacio exhales through his nose sharply. He finds joy in what he hopes takes the wind out of Kuroyama's sails.

Suddenly, Scott Douglas reaches out and grabs Ami Troy by the arm, pulling her toward him and Vacio. Before Kerry can react, Hugo and Gerardo Villalobos explode into the frame and knock him to the ground.

Ami shouts from off-screen as Trutt scrambles backward. The larger pair of the former Barrio Boys put the boots to Kerry while DEFSec rushes in from all sides. Corey Nunez tries to join the mugging but is immediately snatched up by DEFSec.

In the chaos, the camera jolts and swings wide. For a brief moment, the feed catches Ami, unharmed but livid.

As DEFSec backs LIPS and Gerardo off of Kerry and easily carries Nunez out, Vacio looks on intently while being ushered away by security. Scott Douglas is nowhere to be seen.

Cut back to ringside.

DDK:

Well... we speculated earlier tonight on whether or not Scott Douglas was still aligned with Victor Vacio and his band of thugs but ... I don't think anyone saw that coming, Lance.

Lance:

Scott Douglas... saving Ami Troy and getting her out of harm's way, only to vanish into the ether while Los Caídos laid waste to Kerry Kuroyama. I don't even know what to say, Darren.

DDK:

What we saw just now raises more questions than it answers, but we've got to keep the show rolling.

TYLER FUSE vs. HENRY YAMAZAKI

We got to ringside.

Darren Quimby:

Faithful, this match is for EIGHTEEN FALLS!

Everyone laughs because, of course, it's not.

Darren Quimbey:

My mistake! This match is for...

Quimbey holds the mic in the air and The Faithful finish it off.

The Faithful:

ONE FALL!

Lance:

Well, that's one way to get the crowd into it.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Oahu, Hawaii... weighing two-hundred-eighty-seven pounds... he is The Japanese Juggernaut... Henry Yamazaki!!

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

Yamazaki's entrance music booms from the speakers, as a wall of golden light and smoke floods the stage. Eventually, Yamazaki steps out, head down and fists clenched. He pauses at the top of the ramp just long enough to glare toward the ring before starting his descent. The crowd cheers him on as he makes it to ringside and steps over the top rope, into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent...

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

The crowd is STUNNED to hear Tyler's theme song because the last time anyone saw the OG Player, Fuse was thrown overboard and into McCovey Cove at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

He did not resurface.

However, usually by now Tyler is already on pace to make his way down the ramp and to the ring. He's a no frills entrance guy, too. He walks at an even brisker speed than Henry does, except for the small little fact that...

He's not here.

No one is.

The crowd boos as Yamazaki paces around the ring, eyes locked on the entrance way.

DDK:

I will say, on paper this looks like a fun match. These two have never faced each other and yet Tyler has been in DEFIANCE for eight years now. Yamazaki is one of our longest serving DEFIANTS.

Tyler's theme music restarts.

Lance:

I agree with you, Keebs. Was looking forward to this one. Both men would definitely be looking for a win after coming off pay-per-view losses-

Tyler suddenly STORMS out from behind the back. He's wearing the same clothes he was during his dugout brawl with Elise Ares. In fact, if you look close enough it looks like he's got seaweed stuck to his tights.

Lance:

You can't be serious.

Fuse looks **pissed**. Fuming at the seams as he is already at the bottom of the rampway. He rolls into the ring and wastes NO time. Mark Shields can't even call for the bell yet.

Fuse leaps across the canvas and drills Yamazaki in the side of the head with a flying left forearm smash. It catches Henry off guard because, obviously, the match wasn't supposed to start this quickly and yet it is.

Commence the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM. Tyler is going ballistic!

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP, STOMPSTOMPSTOMPx10.

Despite Yamazaki working his way into the ropes, Mark Shields only now realizes he has to call for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

Even if we had a competent ref, Lance, I don't think the bell would've started on time.

Lance:

At least a FIVE count could start by now, do you think? Henry is in the corner. Legal break!

Tyler is drilling his boot as hard as possible into the top of Henry Yamazaki's crown while the crowd jeers and Mark Shields picks his nose.

Yes, he's actually doing that while scoping out hot chicks.

Lance:

Keebs, call me crazy but it looks like Tyler swam out of McCovey Cove FIVE MINUTES ago!

DDK:

Oh, I agree.

Lance:

I don't know what it is with these Fuse's. We saw Conor come back three weeks after losing the DEFCON main event to Henry Keyes wearing the same white outfit that was covered in dried up blood from the pay-per-view loss. That one was clearly the same outfit, one-hundred percent. Conor definitely didn't clean himself up, he sat in those clothes for over THREE WEEKS. Looks like Tyler's done the same!

DDK:

Hmph, they are brothers.

And yes, during this entire banter, Tyler continues the stomps of death until finally, FINALLY, it looks like he's out of breath so he has to move towards the center of the ring, while Henry Yamazaki is attempting to pick up the pieces.

Tyler races towards Henry in a furious haze but The God-Beast happens to move away at the very last second and Tyler Fuse absolutely, positively, EATS the top of the buckle with his face, and the middle buckle with his left knee.

Lance:

I have never seen Tyler so irate. It's kinda comical to look at this guy with McCovey Cove all over him and yet at the same time, it looks like Fuse is going to kill someone. So, therefore, it's NOT comical!

DDK:

He ran into the corner so recklessly! It does look like Tyler wants to kill someone!

Yamazaki needs a minute on the mat to recover, while Tyler tries to knock his head on straight. Almost like an X-Men Sentinel, Tyler's eyes lock into place and seemingly go red with rage. He spins his head around and sees Yamazaki laying there. He charges towards him-

BOOT UP! Yamazaki gets his boot up and Tyler runs square into it. Some will say they swear Tyler's head did a 360 like Regan MacNeil in The Exorcist. With the OG Player reeling for a moment, it gives Yamazaki enough time to pull himself upright. Clearly in pain from the millions of stomps he suffered, Henry reels Tyler in and connects with a ring shaking double arm suplex.

Yamazaki lifts Fuse up but this time the elder Fuse hits his opponent with a desperation jaw breaker. Fuse flies into the ropes, at a surprising speed, one that might even seem as fast as his brother!

Tyler comes in FULL BLAST with a missile dropkick to the side of Yamazaki's face.

SMACK!

Fuse pops up. He sprints into the ropes again... but this time it doesn't look like he times his dive right...

Yamazaki moves! Fuse goes off the next set of ropes...

Yamazaki with a FLYING SHOULDER BLOCK! It sends Tyler crashing into the corner of the ring.

Yamazaki runs towards Fuse with a leaping BIG SPLASH!

Followed by hurling Tyler into the corner on the far end. Tyler hits, bounces out and wobbles into a big boot from hell.

Tyler isn't known to be too agile but he spins in the air twice before crashing to the ground.

Henry Yamazaki:

OSU!

OSU PRESS!

Lance:

WOW!

Tyler lands on his feet. He's wobbly, he's trying to make sense of what's going on. And then it clicks. Rage once again fills his eyes as he bursts into the ropes and runs right at Yamazaki-

RRRRAAAAHHHHHH!!!

TETSU-1!

The discus clothesline from Henry Yamazaki flips Tyler Fuse inside-out THREE times before the former gamer crashes to the mat. Yamazaki falls over and rolls Tyler onto his back, hooking a leg.

DDK:

My god what a shot!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

There is a HUGE shock within the arena. No, not because Henry Yamazaki won... but because Henry made pretty quick work of Tyler with that last move.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... HENRY YAMAZAKI!

Yamazaki's theme plays as he takes a moment to collect himself, then stands and Mark Shields raises his hand.

DDK:

Tyler was WAY too amped up in this one. Outside of the flying forearm and the stomps, he can only blame himself. Running way too hard, too fast and too recklessly, even for him.

Lance:

I hear ya...

Yamazaki celebrates with the very pleasantly surprised Faithful as DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE!

IGNORANCE BY DEFINITION

The cameras catch up to a furious Tyler Fuse storming out of Gorilla and into the backstage hallway. He's basically Jack Torrance at this point, knocking things off wherever they sit.

Cue: at the end of the other hallway, a bright eyed, high as a kite guy who found exactly the man he was looking for. Malak Garland's eyes shoot open, not with the rage-filled, bloodshot eyes of Tyler but rather with vigor and "leadership". Garland sees Tyler is working his way past him so Malak power walks as quickly as he can to catch up.

Malak Garland:

Um hello, sir!

Garland is almost in Tyler's warpath.

Malak Garland:

Yes, YOU, the angry lad. The one that belongs on MY team.

Garland has, indeed, stepped right in front of Tyler's warpath.

Fuse merely stands there, seething at the mouth, practically frothing. But he has stopped smashing shit. Meanwhile, Garland is completely oblivious to Tyler's anger.

Malak Garland:

Yes so whatever you got going on, I need you to stop. I found my mojo again. We are so back! Hmm, well, I am so back. You and your brother, however...

For the people watching in the arena... hell, for anyone watching at home, Tyler is a ticking time bomb. It's clear as day he could rip anyone's head off in a moment's notice.

The former FIST of DEFIANCE stops talking. Does he get it? Does he know he's in trouble?

...

...

Malak looks Tyler over from head-to-toe.

...

...

Then meets him eye-to-eye.

Malak Garland: [referencing remnants of McCovey Cove all over Tyler Fuse]

You Fuse's, you're so... emotional.

Tyler merely stands there, breathing HEAVILY.

Malak Garland:

So needy.

Even heavier breathing.

Malak Garland:

So unsure of yourselves.

Heavier.

Malak Garland:

Where is cOnOr, anyway?

Heaviest.

Malak Garland:

I tell you what, TyGuy. The way I see it, we're all still part of the same team and it's time to get the band back together! You and cOnOr failed as potential FISTS. I, however, did not.

Seriously, how Malak is still breathing right now is anyone's guess.

Malak Garland:

I do not enjoy Lindsay Troy wag-ga-ling her way back into my company and I also do not care for traumatized pirates. Therefore, in two weeks time, Imma need you and your brother to join in your rightful place underneath me -oh and find Cyrus, too-, so we can get my FIST of DEFIANCE back!

Garland really, really, reaalllly is sky high.

Malak Garland:

Okay?

Garland smirks and starts to shift away-

When Tyler finally snatches The Keyboard King by his hair and HURLS him into the wall. Fuse pounces like a mad man, an expression of complete and unbridled fury that even he has never shown before.

But DEFSec is on the scene quickly, as numerous security members pounce on Tyler Fuse. They can barely hold him back!

Tyler Fuse:

[BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP]
[BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP]

Lance:

Oh my.

Malak is trying to pick himself off the floor as he looks over at Tyler. Garland's facial expression suggests he was COMPLETELY blindsided by this madness! He's a deer in headlights!

Tyler Fuse:

[BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP]

Tyler breaks free from security, as Malak Garland lets out a Ned Flanders high pitch "purple drapes" scream for mercy. Luckily for Garland, however, there are even MORE DEFSec involved.

Tyler Fuse:

[BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP]

Garland finally has the rest of The Comments Section beside him. Instead of looking like a deer anymore, only NOW, with probably fifty people in total between them, does Garland start acting tough.

Malak Garland:

I own you, Fuse! I own your brother, too! You better find him! You better report back to OUR LOCKER ROOM in two

weeks! You will understand, Tyler! You will, I promise! This power trip you're on ends IN TWO WEEKS!

Thurston Hunter dives in to coddle Malak Garland as Tyler will not stop swearing and now begins beating the living piss out of DEFSec. Malak Garland and company scurry off and DEFtv goes elsewhere.

IDENTITY CRISIS AVERTED

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Smoke rolls through the curtain.

DDK:

It appears we're about to be joined by Lord Nigel Tricklebush and the reunited Masked Violators! That tandem appeared to be firing on all cylinders in the four-way tag bout at MAXDEF '25 until the surprise appearance of Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha appeared, a brawl ensued, and the Masked Menaces of DEFIANCE were counted out of that contest... but I have to say, their future as a pair could be a bright one! They could be an absolute FORCE in the tag division if they stay focused!

DDK:

I don't think Corvo is going to just let their war go, Lance!

Lance:

I agree, Darren, yes. I don't see how this long tangled epic ends without someone's career ending with it!

Flanked by Red and Yellow trimmed with Blue, the black-coated Lord Nigel Tricklebush trudges up the Interview Stage steps with the vigour of a younger man. The MVs join him with MV1 standing at his side and MV2 pacing with agitation behind them both. A podium has been positioned on the Interview Stage and Nigel takes his place there.

DDK:

It seems as though Lord Nigel has a prepared statement.

Lance:

"Lovely."

Nigel eyes the crowd with restrained disdain as their buzzing subsides.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Thank you.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Yes, yes, thank you. GOOD EVENING, my Faithful!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Good evening! Tonight... we redraw the map! The old order has crumbled and the CROWN will show its power!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

I look around DEFIANCE and I see nothing but potential! Lost souls who need little more than guidance. Who might you entrust for such counsel? Who better than I? Who has been through more, survived more, TRIUMPHED more than Myself and My Violators?!

DDK:

I'll remind our viewers that the Masked Viiolators were NOT triumphant at MAXDEF.

Behind Lord Nigel, MV2 continues to pace slowly. Back and forth across the interview stage. MV1 glances over his shoulder, mask furrowing in his partner's direction before turning by to Trickelbush' presentation.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I have PERSONALLY reunited and REFORGED two of the most effective, efficient, and destructive wrestlers to ever compete!

As Nigel speaks, MV1's eyes wander at his feet, head hung low. Behind them, MV2 paces.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But my work is not done! OUR work is not yet done! There are still enemies to vanquish! VILLAINS hiding in SHADOWS! Fiends bent on deceit and deception!

Lord Nigel tips his cap and, in the background, MV2 stops pacing. He reaches under his chin, under his dark notted beard and starts peeling his yellow mask back. Lord Nigel prattles on, unaware of the growing danger.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But I stand before you tonight to usher in a new revolution! I intend to bring together a COMMONWEALTH! Of common interests & pursuits! Of uncommon men & women in an uncommon time!

MV2 has his mask fully pulled back and whips his head to unfurl a head of long, dark & tangled hair. The crowd knows. Instantly.

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Confused, Nigel blinks at the throng of cheering fans. Behind him, "MV2", unmasked, glares at Nigel and MV1 with wide, wild paint-flecked eyes.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Uh... yes! Yes! I intend to RESHAPE this sport!

DDK:

WAIT A MINUTE!

Lance:

Isn't that-?!

On cue, Corvo Alpha pulls his arm through the yellow singlets single strap and pulls it down. He HOWLS with the fans and MV1's eyes go wide. Alpha plants a boot in the center of Nigel's back and PUSHES! Nigel FLIES! Through and over the podium and CRASHING to the arena floor! MV1 spins and eats a kick to the stomach and a CLUB between the shoulderblades.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is here! He's BEEN here!?

Alpha scans the ravenous crowd and joins them in another guttural WAIL, his hand tight around the back of MV1's mask!

Lance:

What is going on?! Where is the REAL MV2?

DDK:

Good god, that is a loaded question! Layers, Lance! Layers!

Corvo snatches MV1 in a side headlock, runs, leaps–

DDK:

RUNNING BULLDOG! OFF THE STAGE! ONTO THE *FLOOR*!!

Lance:

MY GOD!

The three men lie in a broken heap, spotlight finding the wreckage with ease. Alpha sits up and starts laughing as the crowd around him eats it up. He pulls himself to his feet and raises an arm to an ovation.

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Alpha leans down and snarls in the ear of a seemingly unconscious Lord Nigel. Spitting and yelling in the old mans face, Alpha pulls himself up to his full height, favoring his back a little from the impact.

Atop the ramp, there is a commotion!

DDK:

Wait! LOOK!

Lance:

There's Masked Violator #2!

Alpha spots the masked man coming and MEETS him on the ramp! They FIRE shots at each other as DEFmed scamper past them, quick to attend to Trickelbush & MV1.

DDK:

This is chaos!

DEFsec appear as well, working to get in between Alpha and MV2. The camera spots a broken silver cuff on MV2's left hand whilst in the melee.

DDK:

Is that broken handcuffs on MV2's hand?!

Lance:

Now we know how Alpha was able to work this subterfuge! He must have taken MV2 out backstage and took his place!

DDK:

Calculated mindgames from the "savage", eh?!

DEFsec successfully separate the brawling pair, pulling Corvo Alpha backstage. The camera cuts to DEFmed attending to Nigel, who still appears unconscious. MV1 is stirring.

Lance:

It's clear to me that Corvo Alpha is done being the VICTIM of Lord Nigel and is dead set on bringing the battle to them HIMSELF! I'm pretty sure this isn't the moment Lord Nigel envisioned coming in to tonight!

The lasting shot is an overhead shot of Lord Nigel, his blank eyes fluttering to life as DEFmed bark at him.

SOHER: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. PAT CASSIDY

DDK:

It's time to find out if the third time will be the charm for Pat Cassidy winning the coveted Southern Heritage Championship. Will tonight be the night?

Lance:

One thing's for sure, partner. If Newbludd and Cassidy battle like they did at Maximum DEFIANCE, these fans are going to be in for one heck of a show.

DDK:

Can't argue with that, Lance! Let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

Darren Quimbey

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall and is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ *"Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot* ♪

After the first couple of heavy chords, Quiet Riot suddenly cuts from the speakers, and The Faithful chime in.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

An explosion of pyro erupts from the stage in sync with the music kicking back in, and the crowd roars as the Southern Heritage Champion makes his way out with the title held high above his head.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Weighing in at 259 pounds, he is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion! He is "Milwaukee's BEAST"! He is BROOOOOOCK NEEEEEWBLUUDD!!

Stopping at the top of the stage, Brock eyes up his long-time partner waiting for him in the ring as he straps the belt around his waist.

DDK:

Newbludd's looking focused. He knows what he's walking into after facing Cassidy two times now. He's gotta bring his A-game when that belt rings, Pat is dangerous and will be just as prepared as Brock.

Brock hits the ramp and works one side of the aisle with high fives and then the other. Sliding underneath the bottom rope, Milwaukee's Beast throws a fist into the air to the crowd before handing the belt off to Doyle. Benny makes his way to the middle of the ring and raises the belt to the crowd, and receives a cheer in return from the excited fans.

♪ *"Blood" by The Dropkick Murphys* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Weighing in at...

DDK:

Wait a minute!

Not waiting for even the music to fully kick in, Cassidy sprints down the aisle and rolls into the ring! He charges at Newbludd and catches Brock off guard, peppering him with right hands! Doyle, also caught unaware, calls for the bell!

DING DING!

Cassidy sends Brock into the ropes and drills him on the rebound with a back elbow! Pat immediately covers!

ONE!

Kickout!

DDK:

We're seeing a frantic Pat Cassidy here, Lance. Between this approach to the match, his performance earlier, and his recent personal troubles, I'm getting concerned about his headspace.

Cassidy brings Brock up - snap suplex! Another cover!

ONE!

Kickout!

Brock again gets sent into the ropes, but this time on the rebound, he ducks Cassidy's attempt at a clothesline. On the second go-round, it's Newbludd who catches Cassidy unawares with a big forearm to the face! Cassidy stumbles...then eats a superkick!

Lance:

After the initial flurry, Brock Newbludd has taken control!

Brock brings his fellow Saturday Night Special into the corner and lights him up with a series of knife-edge chops (somewhere, a Canadian rages).

DDK:

Brock whipping Cassidy into the opposite corner. He charges... no! Pat gets a boot up!

Brock's head snaps back and Cassidy attempts to follow up by charging out of the corner... but he runs right into a powerslam! Brock hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Nope!

DDK:

This match is fast and furious!

Lance:

Not exactly the "friendly contest" of their previous encounters, is it?

When Brock gets up, Cassidy rolls until he slips under the bottom rope. He uses the top rope to pull himself up on the apron, but Brock moves to intercept. He looks ready to suplex Pat back into the ring - but he's caught off guard when Cassidy hotshots Brock across the top rope! Cassidy quickly mounts the second turnbuckle and flies off with a pointed elbow drop to Brock's torso! Lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Lance:

Don't forget that Brock basically told Cassidy this is his last chance. That goes a long way to explaining his pace!

Draping Newbludd over the second rope, Cassidy gets a head of steam and looks to land a big leapfrog body guillotine onto his tag team partner... but Brock moves! Cassidy hits the rope and cruses his luck. He scrambles to get himself right... but he walks into a T-Bone Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Cassidy kicks out!

Lance:

But Brock's not done - he's headed up top!

DDK:

Gotta be thinking it's time for the Ballyhoo Elbow!

Indeed it is. Brock takes a second to measure the challenger before leaping off...

DDK:

Nobody home! Cassidy moves!

Lance:

And now Pat in the driver seat... Pumphandle Slam to Brock Newbudd!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Pat gets back, eager to hit another offensive maneuver when suddenly...

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

DDK:

WAIT! WAIT, WHAT?!

All eyes turn towards the stage as Pat looks on in shock! One by one, Titanes Familia head out from the back...

Brooklynn Rivera. Killjoy. Kilgore with Siofra -- aka, Brock's ex -- at his side. Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James stand tall and finally, Titaness and "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez start marching towards the ring!

Lance:

What... what's the meaning of this?! Why is The Familia out here?!

Pat screams at the giants to leave, but Uriel Cortez has a microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

BROCK... PAT... ! THIS HAS TO STOP **NOW!**

The music quickly stops. Uriel's tone does seem to convey some truth to it... but the uneasy feeling of the entire Familia circling the ring paints a different picture.

Uriel Cortez:

THIS FRIENDSHIP YOU HAVE... IT'S STRUGGLING! LET US HELP!

Pat Cassidy:

GET THE F[censored] OUTTA HEAR! THIS AIN'T YAH BUSINESS!

The official looks shocked, but the match is still ongoing as the Familia have not made a move!

DDK:

Why are the Familia out here?! I don't get this!

DLJ, Killjoy and Kilgore are the first ones to start inching towards the ring. Mil Vultas does the same. Pat sees Danny trying to flag him down, but charges first and CRACKS the Familia's First Son with a big right hand!

Lance:

Pat lands the first blow!

Titaness looks back at Uriel, who looks disappointed... then points towards the ring! At that moment, Killjoy and Kilgore SWARM the ring! Pat tries to go after Kilgore hockey style and lands a few punches, but Killjoy comes to the aid of his own tag team partner and lays into Cassidy! Benny Doyle now has no choice but to call for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING**DDK:**

Kill Or Be Killed assaulted Pat Cassidy! He struck DLJ first and the Familia are returning the favor!

DLJ nurses a sore jaw, but goes into the ring and soon, joins in the beatdown with the three monsters all attacking Pat! Brooklynn Rivera and "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vultas soon join in as well with Uriel and Titaness watching outside the ring with a matching look that indicates this isn't how they wanted this to play out!

Lance:

BROCK'S BACK UP!

Brock sees what's happening! He grabs Brooklynn Rivera and hits her with a german suplex to huge cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX TO RIVERA! BROCK'S FIGHTING BACK!!

Brock grabs Mil Vultas!

Mil Vultas:

NO! HERE TO HELP, AMIGO! I'M BIG HERO... OOF!

...Brock pops him with a right! But before he can follow up, DLJ rushes to his aid and CRASHES into the Southern Heritage Champion with a huge spear! He starts laying into Brock and soon, Mil Vultas joins in as well!

DDK:

NO! THE NUMBERS GAME IS TOO MUCH FOR THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS TO OVERCOME...

Lance:

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS?! WHY ARE THEY EVEN HERE?!

The five-on-two assault becomes too much! Rivera slowly gets up and then she joins in on Mil and DLJ attacking

Brock with stomps! DLJ then pulls Brock up and Mil pulls his kneepad down before he nods to Rivera. Both nail stereo jumping bicycle knee strikes to Brock to send him to the canvas! Meanwhile, Pat is being assaulted in the corner by Kill or Be Killed with Siofra now on the apron leading the charge.

Siofra:

SHOW HIM WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DISRESPECT MI FAMILIA!

Kilgore nods and then lands a STIFF corner big boot to Pat's jaw! He palms the back of Pat's head and throws him right into the larger Killjoy's grip, who hits a pop-up into a falling powerbomb in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

I don't believe this! Siofra! That's Pat Cassidy's sister! She's leading this assault from Kilgore and Killjoy on her own brother!

Finally, after the beatdown has stopped, Uriel Cortez enters the ring as Titaness goes over to retrieve something from ringside. The other members of The Familia clear a path as Uriel looks down at a beaten-down Brock and Pat. Titaness finally climbs into the ring next to her husband...

And hands him the Southern Heritage Title!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What... is this all about the Southern Heritage Championship?!

Cortez looks at the title, almost entranced. After a long gaze, he looks at both champion and challenger. Siofra gets close to Titaness as the two look down at Pat in particular. Uriel starts to speak.

Uriel Cortez:

This title is tearing the two of you apart! It's tearing your friendship apart! And I can't sit back and do nothing while people I've always considered friends struggle like this!

The Man of the House looks to Siofra and Titaness, then to the laid-out SNS members.

Uriel Cortez:

A long time ago, you helped me and mi Familia against Tom Morrow... now, I can finally return the favor. I give you my word as Man of the House, guys... we're gonna get through this. TOGETHER.

Cortez nods for the Familia to take their leave. Kilgore and Killjoy leave first, followed by DLJ, Brooklynn and Mil. Siofra looks down at her ex and her brother before she leaves with Titaness. Finally, Cortez leaves the belt on the chest of a sprawled-out Newbludd then finally leaves the ring...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

I can't believe this! Titanes Familia just RUINED this MAXDEF rematch! And Uriel Cortez this... is about FRIENDSHIP?!

DDK:

I call BS is what I call this!

Brock crawls over slowly to check on Pat who got the worst of the attack, then casts a glance up at Uriel Cortez. He mouths "I'm sorry" before he motions for the Familia to head up the the ramp.

The Getaway

Following the shocking ending to the SOHER Title match, a cameraman has caught up to Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy once again. They're briskly walking through the backstage hallways, following signage pointing to the parking lot.

Henry Keyes:

This is a TRAVESTY. Where is it, Miss Troy?? It couldn't have gotten far! This is absolutely ridiculous!

Lindsay Troy:

I'm so sick of bullshit shenanigans from the dickweeds in this place. Why can't people let us have our fun? Won't let me hypothetically off Mark Shields with the pew pews. Someone steals your beautiful belt, WHICH IS AN ACTUAL CRIME. And they wonder why I wear blue gear now instead of red...

Henry Keyes:

You're probably right. No, I'm sure you're right - you usually are. UGH. I'm just so sure that some degenerate out there is pleased as punch that they pulled a fast one on the Kraken, well GUESS WHAT?? No one gets the last laugh over me! NO ONE!

They push open a set of heavy double doors and enter the parking lot of the Pechanga Arena.

Lindsay Troy:

We should've asked our Big Angry Cowboy to be on Belt Security tonight. Ugh. Hindsight. OK, at least there are security cameras, right? It won't be too hard to figure out who took it.

Henry Keyes:

Worst case scenario, we commission Favoured Saints for another one. I've sold enough shirts for them since I came back, they can afford it. But I think you're right - the truth will be...

???:

Get in the car LOSER, we're going shopping!

The Kraken and the Queen stop in their tracks at the sound of an obviously very drunk woman. Slowly their eyes pan up the white limo in front of them and hanging out from the sunroof is Elise Ares, holding up the blue strapped FIST of DEFIANCE, drunk off her ass.

Elise Ares:

You know what that's from, you guys made that show your entire personality or something... and I TOTES said it to Tyler Fuse at the last show. With the golf cart. Did you guys see that?

There is no response from the Besties as they survey the parking lot around them. Behind the wheel of the limo is Klein with a chauffeur hat on top of his box. The D rolls down the window in the back, takes one look at the looks on the faces of LT and Keyes, and rolls it right back up again. Meanwhile Driver Plague Doctor lays right outside of the driver's side door, reaching up and grabbing onto the gold rim before Klein grabs a long stick and shoves him away from the limo with it, causing him to collapse back onto the pavement.

Elise Ares:

HEY! Look what I finally got BBY. The FIST of DEFIANCE is mine! All mine! And Lindsay can't tell me what to do with it because I'm not in PRIME right now! This is the BEST day of my whole friggin life...

She pauses for a moment.

Elise Ares:

Hey D, I think the show is over, can I say fuck now?

The D:

Fuck YEAH we can! You're the champ, baby!

Klein honks the horn.

Keyes's face turns beet red and his eyes are as wide as wide gets. If he were a pressure cooker, someone should probably vent him before he explodes.

Henry Keyes:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S MINE! GET BACK HERE! GET OUT OF MY LIMOUSINE! HEY!

Elise Ares:

WHAT?! I can't hear you over the sound of the tires!

Henry Keyes:

GET! OUT! OF-

The tires SCREEEEEECH as Klein presumably punches the gas. The limo begins to peel out, tire smoke kicking up in the faces of the Besties In The World; they wave their hands in front of their faces to stave off the oppressive rubber fumes. As the limo streaks away, Elise Ares reaches down in the limo and pulls out an opened champagne bottle. She takes a big swig while raising the blue-strapped FIST aloft with her other hand. Keyes and LT give chase for a few steps before realizing it's a (stranger) fruitless effort.

Henry Keyes:

IT'S NOT A SHOW, IT'S A MOVIE! A MOVIEEEEEEEEEEE!!

He pulls at his hair in rage and frustration. Lindsay looks absolutely furious as she helps Driver Plague Doctor to his feet. The cameraman pans to the limo as it exits the parking lot and makes a left turn into the mean streets of A Whale's Vagina, as the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style laughs and whoops it up with the blue FIST in one hand and the surely-close-to-empty-by-now champagne in the other. As they leave our view, Elise's Spanish screams get lost in the distance, and we fade out.

THIS.

IS.

THEFT?