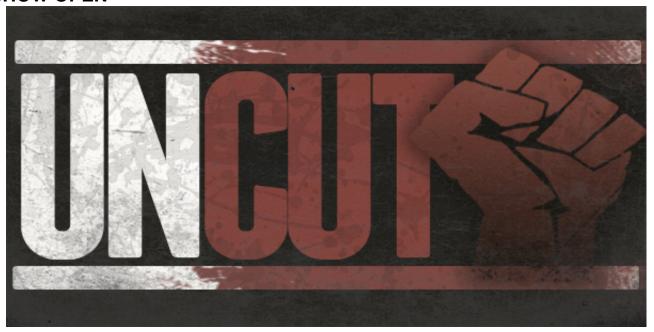
SHOW OPEN



HEART-TO-HEART (1)

DEFIANCEtv 225
Parking lot
Afternoon

Percy Collins moves with sadness in his step, as he closes the trunk of his rental and swings his backpack around his shoulder. He keeps his head low, mumbling worried comments regarding his friend and companion, Malak Garland.

"Hope Mal gets better."

"Really missing him."

"Can't believe he's not around."

And so on.

As the mental health therapist of The Comments Section arrives at the arena doors, he raises his head, opens his eyes and gives a heavy, empathetic sigh.

He pulls the door back-

But a hand interjects, pushing the doors closed. Collins glances over.

Tyler Fuse stands there.

Stone face with eyes shooting lasers right into and through the therapist, Collins is startled and takes a HARD step back. He sticks out his dukes, almost like he's ready to defend himself, while the OG Player simply takes a step forward to keep pace with Percy Collins.

Tyler grins. It's a wide, pleasant grin. One that catches Percy even more off-guard. It's a facial expression from Tyler that Collins has never seen before. Fuse is usually so... stoic.

Tyler Fuse:

Good, you?

Fuse moves forward another step, this time extending his arm and slowly placing it around Collins.

Tyler Fuse:

Listen, buddy, we've got off on the wrong foot. Haven't we?

Tyler makes a head-nod towards the direction Percy Collins was coming from.

Tyler Fuse:

Couldn't help but hear ya over there. Rattled... are we? About the health and well being of... him?

Collins merely nods slowly in reply, but Tyler keeps his arm around Collins' shoulder, even tugging him in a little closer, and widening that pleasant smile.

Tyler Fuse:

Can I ask you something, bud?

Collins' eyes shift towards Tyler's.

Percy Collins: [somewhat nervously]

Mr. Fuse, my- my fight is not with you. You know that, right? But I can help with all the anger you've been feeling lately. That is- if you'd like to talk. I am a licensed mental health professional in four different states. Do you reside in one of the following - Montana, lowa, Idaho or Wyoming?

Tyler's expression freezes in time, it's like he wasn't listening to Collins. Therefore, this once again keeps Percy in a very anxious disposition.

...

Fuse starts laughing.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't live in any of those shitholes. Needless to say, you're right. My fight isn't with you.

Percy raises an eyebrow.

Tyler Fuse:

I know, Perc. I hear ya. I don't want you to be scared of me. Okay?

Collins really has no other choice than to nod in agreement, even if he's still about to have a panic attack.

Tyler Fuse:

Anyway, you never answered my question. Can I ask you something?

Collins seems confused but agrees.

Percy Collins:

Sure.

Tyler pats Percy on the back.

Tyler Fuse:

Great. So... what's a smart guy like you doing wasting all your time and energy worrying about... him?

Percy is quick on the reply.

Percy Collins:

Well it's Malak. He's my friend and-

Tyler Fuse: [cutting him off]

Great. That's so great, Perc. But also correct me if I'm wrong: you're the counsellor and he's the client. Isn't that... a conflict of interest?

Collins takes a moment to think about it but Fuse wants to keep the ball rolling.

Tyler Fuse:

You know what, don't worry about it. It's not **you** who's pushing those boundaries. Needy is as needy does and *HE* is certainly needy. [Laugh] Am-I-right?

Fuse removes his arm from around the therapist, but not before he reaches up and tussles Percy's hair.

Tyler Fuse: [pointing to the entrance door]

Let me get that for you.

Fuse walks over and holds the door open for Percy.

Tyler Fuse:

You have a great day, okay?

Meanwhile, Percy Collins is extremely tentative to proceed, he hasn't walked forward just yet. Fuse doesn't move, though. And after recognizing he doesn't want to piss the elder Fuse brother off, Collins scurries past the former Tag Team Champion and into the arena.

Percy Collins:

Tha- thank you.

Collins vanishes into the darkness while Tyler peers down the hall, before letting the door close behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

And you know what, I think you're an excellent therapist! I didn't even need a session, I feel my anger dissipating already!

BRAZEN STAR CUP: BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. MIDAS MANCINI

After the camera pans around the sold-out Wrestleplex, the camera lands on The Commentation Station as Darren Keebler and Lance Warner prepare to give people the rundown of tonight's show!

DDK:

Coming off the heels of what many in DEFIANCE have called some of the GLOOMIEST endings we've seen on payper-view, we're back in the saddle trying to catch our breath! Elise Ares and PCP are no longer with DEFIANCE and FIST of DEFIANCE Henry Keyes remains supreme! I'm Darren Keebler and with me, Lance Warner! What have we got on tap for tonight, Lance?

Lance:

Three action-packed matches here tonight! Our feature bout tonight will see Titanes Familia and The Lads renew an old rivalry with new faces! Punch Drunk Purcell takes on one of the Familia's Golden Children, Dan Leo James in a superheavyweight showdown! We've also got Kill or Be Killed looking to rebound from their narrow loss to M4NTRA in the semifinals of the Ace of Tag Teams! They take on the BRAZEN tandem of Eddie Cheno and Titilayo, High Investigations!

DDK:

Another superheavyweight tag team affair!

Lance:

Indeed! But up first, we have the very active BRAZEN Supersenior as he likes to call himself, Butcher Victorious, putting the BRAZEN Star Cup on the line against a hungry young athlete, Midas Mancini!

DDK:

Let's get to the action! Darren Quimbey is in the ring for the introductions!

And to the ring... we go!

Darren Quimbev:

The following contest is your opening contest! This is scheduled for one fall and it is for the BRAZEN Star Cup!

→ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim →

A HUGE pop for Butcher Victorious, standing on the entrance ramp with both The Stick.... And the BRAZEN Star Cup and in each of his hands! Wearing a sparkling brand new blue and yellow jacket, blue trunks and yellow kickpads, he points towards the ring and takes in the reception from The Faithful! He gestures to the Mic Dropz Energy holster belt around his waist! Behind him, "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray is dressed in black pants and a "Shake Hands or Throw Hands With The Lads" shirt!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing The Lads AND The Butch Vic Clique... accompanied by Janna Ray... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 224 pounds... sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy, he is "THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

Butcher starts heading down the ring and his music drops.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating] BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

He taps his head with The Stick.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating] BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points to Janna Ray, who points both hands at the Cup!

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating] AND TONIGHT, BUTCH VIC... DEFENDS THIS!

A big cheer for the defending champion!

Butcher Victorious:

Tonight, I'm putting The BRAZEN Star Cup on the line against my opponent, Midas Mancini! He's on the hunt for them 24 Karats, but for you, alleged Italian businessman, there IS NO gold, fools! Only the hands that you're gonna catch from this Lad! This match is sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy! Say it loud and say it proud with Mic Dropz Energy!

The fans in the Wrestle-plex get ready for the action about to unfold as his opponent makes his way out!

♪ "MAFIA" by Travis Scott ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the challenger... from a proud, possibly connected family in Chicago, Illinois... he weighs in tonight at two-hundred and fifty three pounds. Please join me in welcoming... **MIDAS MANCIN!**

DDK

Six-foot two! Two-hundred fifty-three pounds! Midas Mancini has the size and strength on his side! Can he make the most of it?!

Lance:

This would be a massive win for him if he can knock off Butcher Victorious!

The crowd greets the eager Chicago-native with a polite pop that he eats up, a big smile on his well-tanned face. He marches down the aisle slapping outstretched hands and slides into the ring with learned confidence. Popping up on a middle turnbuckle, he raises both arms over his head to an excited ovation and then gets into Butcher's face... to greet him with a pre-match slap!

DDK:

Oof! Midas Mancini looking to make a statement here tonight!

Midas gets pushed back by referee Carla Ferrari and then goes to check on Butcher. The mohawked maniac looks out to Janna Ray and then nods before they get ready for the fight!

Lance:

Look at Mancini go! He wants to bring that Cup back to BRAZEN!

The bell rings...

DING DING

And Mancini comes out of the gate with a boot to Butcher's stomach! He catches The Microphone Fiend off-guard with a stiff right hand to the side of the head and then doubles him over for a front facelock. He clinches his neck and then unleashes a strong pair of gut punches to the exposed midsection of Butcher and then a big knee lift to knock him back into the corner! A stunned Butcher is caught unaware while Midas climbs to the middle rope and throws his hands out to loud boos from The Wrestle-plex followed by some "YOU SUCK!" chants.

Lance:

Midas likes to say he's an all-rounder in that ring, according to scouting reports from BRAZEN. But he's got the size to

throw fists with just about anyone!

Midas Mancini:

YOUR MAMA TAUGHT ME HOW!

He jumps off the buckle and back into the ring. Spotting Butcher in the corner and still reeling from the opening attack, he charges at the corner with a back elbow in mind... and comes up empty! Butcher sidesteps at the last second and when Midas turns around, he gets snapped up and over with a headlock takeover! The Faithful cheer for Butcher's signature headlock-style offense as he keeps a tight grip on the young Mancini!

DDK:

Butcher doing what he can to control Mancini with the headlock!

The Man with the Golden Touch touches Butcher's midsection with punches and then pushes him off the ropes, only for Butcher to take to his knees to keep the hold locked on! Midas starts to get angry and tries to pick Butcher up, but Butch Vic gives him the slip and turns his weight forward, snapping him up and over into another headlock takeover! Midas grumbles and tries to get up, even hitting Butcher with a belly-to-back suplex... only for Butcher to STILL have the headlock on tight!

Lance:

DDK:

Beautiful northern lights suplex from Mancini! Two-count, though!

Lance:

Midas Mancini is making a big showing for himself tonight though against a main roster fixture like Butcher!

Mancini grabs onto Butcher and then buries some more right hands into his chest. He then scoops him up and plants him with a big front powerslam near the corner!

DDK:

Some extra oomph on that powerslam! Where's he taking Butcher?

He goes to the middle rope and then puts a hand out before taking flight off the second rope with a rib-crushing somersault senton!

DDK

Mancini scores with that second rope senton! He calls that the Golden Sky! And there could be gold in his future! Cover!

Midas hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Butcher's chest hurts, but he still kicks out of the cover! Midas is shocked and slaps his hands three times towards Carla Ferrari, but she comes back with only two!

Lance:

That was a close one! He's got a modified spinning spinebuster called The Golden Touch and if he hits this, we'll have a new Cup holder!

Janna Ray panics as he goes for the Golden Touch. He goes for the spin... but Butcher elbows his way free and drops to his feet! He tries for a kick on Butcher, only for Butch Vic to grab the leg and snap him with a quick dragon screw leg whip that takes down the Mobster(?)!

DDK:

Butcher counters the kick with a dragon screw! He takes down Mancini! Can he follow up?

Feeling The Faithful rally behind him, Butcher leans up into the corner as Midas Mancini takes an opposite corner while still favoring the knee. Butcher rushes like a rocket across the ring and ROCKS Midas with a huge running uppercut in the corner! Just once isn't enough as he runs towards the corner and scores with a second uppercut! Butch Vic looks for the trifecta and scores with the third uppercut! Mancini falls to his knees while Butcher heads to the middle rope. He gets the arm ready as Midas tries to shake the cobwebs out, only to get taken down with a fourth uppercut, this time flying of the middle rope! Midas goes down while Butcher gets up to his knees and starts clapping!

Lance:

Butcher is flying all over the place now and he's got Mancini where he wants him!

Waiting behind the BRAZEN star and ready to pounce, Butcher jumps up and takes Mancini down with a jumping reverse bulldog! Janna Ray cheers from the outside!

DDK:

Butcher scores with the Reverb! Mancini is down!

With a chance to wrap things up, Butcher heads to the nearby middle rope one more time. He looks out to The Faithful and then leaps from the middle to the top rope and takes flight...

DDK:

MIC DROPZ DROP! COVER! TO RETAIN THE CUP!

Butcher hooks the legs!	
ONE!	
TWO!	

DING DING DING

THREE!

→ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim →

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and STILL BRAZEN Star Cup champion... BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

Hobbling back up to his feet, Butcher knows he's been through a fight against the very game Midas Mancini! He grabs the Cup from Carla Ferrari and then has his arm raised! The Ray of Sunshine enters the ring to celebrate alongside her fellow Lad!

Lance:

Big win for Butcher! He's been defending this Cup all over between BRAZEN and here on UNCUT and is looking as sharp as ever!

DDK:

That he is! We'll be right back! Later in action, we have Punch Drunk Purcell taking on Dan Leo James! But up next, we have tag team action on deck when the Familia's monsters, Kill or Be Killed in action!

Butcher and Janna Ray both pour two cans of Mic Dropz Energy into the Cup and then take each take turns chugging from The Cup! Janna leads The Faithful in a chant!

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

HEART-TO-HEART (2)

DEFIANCEtv 225
Parking lot
Late afternoon

Alex Pietrangelo and Martin Evans-Everett VI are in what seems to be a whimsical discussion, belongings in hand, as they walk through the talent parking lot and into the arena.

Alex Pietrangelo:

And then he said... "SO AM I!"

Evans-Everett VI laughs. Alex Pietrangelo laughs.

But the laughter comes to a halt when they stop in front of the entrance doors...

Because Tyler Fuse stands there, blocking their way.

At first, Fuse remains frozen. Pietrangelo and Evans-Everett don't know what to do. They look at each other, then back at Fuse, then at each other again-

And Tyler Fuse starts laughing.

Hands on his knees, he starts slapping them. This is even more rattling than a moment ago, because Pietrangelo and MEE6 have never witnessed this side of Tyler before.

The laughter continues. Is Tyler actually serious or sarcastic? He's wheezing, while trying to squeak out what Pietrangelo last said - "So am I!".

This continues for a while. A real, hard, uncomfortable while. To the point where Alex and Martin are able to quickly converse with each other, and make a play for the doors, to slip past the laughing, hysterical Tyler Fuse.

Pietrangelo places his right palm on the doorhandle.

Creak-

SLAM!

Fuse hammers the door shut with his free left hand. He's no longer laughing and MEE6 basically jumps into Alex's arms.

Tyler Fuse:

Good, you?

Fuse pauses to recollect himself, now poised and professional.

Tyler Fuse:

Ya both had me there for a minute. Funny stuff, funny indeed. Anyway, why do you guys keep showing up every week?

Another pause, this one more awkward and unassuring, as Fuse takes a step closer towards them.

Tyler Fuse:

I know, I know, you're trying to be there for him. But where is he?

Fuse grins.

Tyler Fuse:

Well, I don't mean CURRENTLY. I mean the months and months before his little hospital visit. Why do you guys keep showing up? You're always relegated to background duties. Pft... background, background duties. Am-I-right?

Pietrangelo and Evans-Everett look at each other and then back at Tyler. It takes a lot for either man to speak up, but they are trying to.

Alex gets there first.

Alex Pietrangelo:

With all due respect, Tyler... we are only background characters.

MEE6 has enough in his system to pipe up, too.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

Yeah, we're just goons.

Fuse looks them both over. He starts with Alex and then moves on to Martin. He gives his head a shake in disappointment.

Tyler Fuse:

If you guys say so.

It seems like this discussion is over, because now all three of them are standing there in silence for far too long. Alex politely nods at Tyler before reaching out for the entrance handle-

Tyler blocks the door from opening with his right foot.

Tyler Fuse:

See, I think you two are more than that. There's a level above 'background characters', you know.

That grin. Again.

Tyler Fuse:

... If you even want to see it.

Pietrangelo glances at Evans-Everett with a sense of restlessness.

Tyler Fuse:

You don't have to accept where you are. Complacency is a killer, let me tell you. I was complacent for a couple of years, too. You should look up my time in... amen... The Kabal.

Tyler shivers and releases his foot from the door. He walks over to Alex and puts his right arm around Pietrangelo's shoulders. He brings them both over and puts his left arm around MEE6's.

Tyler Fuse:

I think the only people really holding you back are... yourselves.

He starts patting them on the shoulders.

Tyler Fuse:

Yourselves and him. He's a needy SOB, huh? It's clear he requires ALL the attention.

Tyler releases the 'goons' from his clutches. He walks over and opens the entrance doors, head nodding them inside.

Tyler Fuse:

Me? I'm just a guy who sees potential where potential lies.

Tyler continues to stand there, holding the door open. The two Comments Section 'secondary players' realize they should get going and start walking towards the door.

Alex Pietrangelo:

Yeah, you got it.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

Thanks, Tyler.

They hurry through the open door, while Tyler pokes his head into the darkness.

Tyler Fuse:

You two have no idea where you could end up...

Fuse drops back and lets the doors shut behind him, but not without finishing his thought.

Tyler Fuse:

...or stay complacent, what do I care?

KILL OR BE KILLED vs HIGH INVESTIGATIONS

DDK:

At Acts of DEFIANCE, we HAVE to talk about how instrumental that Kill or Be Killed and Siofra were! For Siofra, she helped Titaness score the biggest win of her career over Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

And what about what Killjoy and Kilgore did! Kill or Be Killed might have been defeated by M4NTRA, but they got the last laugh in the end by costing them the finals of the Ace of Tag Teams, not to mention their part in the main event when Uriel Cortez beat Brock Newbludd fo the Southern Heritage Title!

DDK:

And up next, we will see Kill or Be Killed in action! Six-hundred fifty combined pounds of pure MALICE! That match is up next!

A spotlight shines on the entrance day where we see the sister formerly known as Siobhan Cassidy, now known as Siofra, standing in her leather druid-inspired attire. In her hand is a war horn that she brings to her lips... and she blows. It echoes throughout the arena as...

→ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish →

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges two shadows: Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Not far behind, the half-Native American monster, Killjoy, adorning a brand new black and red mask obscuring his entire face!

Darren Quimbey:

This next bout is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS... they are the team of "The Good Son" Killjoy... "The Attack Dog" Kilgore... KILL! OR! BE! KILLED!

Showing some solidarity matching his mask's colors with Kilgore's face paint, Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. The Kills - both -Gore and -Joy, share a nod. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore and Killjoy slowly walking behind her.

DDK:

Siofra was really proud of herself for what she did to Pat! She drove him to the brink and we saw what happened there.

Siofra is lifted by both Killjoy and Kilgore onto the ring apron. With a sadistic smile, she watches as both monsters both step onto the apron and head into the ring. The two monsters hold out their arms and tap them together with Siofra posing in the middle. The camera cuts to the other side of the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... already in the ring! At a combined weight of 580 pounds... the team of Eddie Cheno! "The Tornado T-Rex" Titilayo! **HIGH INVESTIGATIONS!**

The popular former fWo and Asylum competitor, Eddie Cheno, poses and gets a great nostalgia pop from The Faithful! The massive Nigerian giant points out to The Faithful and gets cheers!

DDK

Look at the size of this bruiser! What can you tell us about Eddie Cheno and Titilayo, Lance?

Lance:

Titilayo goes 6'11" and 325 pounds! Eddie Cheno, a veteran of both the fWo and the once-popular and highly

controversial shootfighting promotion, Asylum! Eddie Cheno has been a mentor to Titilayo in BRAZEN! They're gonna have their work cut out for them tonight!

The bell rings as Kilgore comes face to face with Eddie Cheno! The 50-plus year old Cheno looks like he can still throw some hands. Referee Hector Navarro calls for the bell!

DING DING

Kilgore makes the first move and goes to grab Cheno, only for the 260-pound stoner to duck and fire off a big right hand! The blow does stun Kilgore momentarily but he jumps back and tries to score with a quick clothesline. Cheno ducks and lands a second shot! Kilgore gets mad and runs the ropes, but Cheno catches him with an uppercut! Kilgore is stunned on his feet and knocked back into the corneras the enthusiastic Cheno slaps a hand on his chest as The Faithful chant!

HE'S STILL GOT IT! HE'S STILL GOT IT! HE'S STILL GOT IT!

Lance:

The Faithful showing the vet some love... turn around, Eddie, turn around!

Cheno turns around and basks in the cheers until a STIFF open-handed chop from Kilgore immediately shuts that down! Cheno falls to a knee and looks like the chop might have stopped his heart as an enraged Kilgore looks offended that the former brawler got himself some licks in!

DDK:

GOOD! GRIEF! KILGORE JUST SHUT HIM DOWN WITH ONE CHOP!

As he tries to get back to his feet, Kilgore runs right over Cheno with an extra-forceful shoulder tackle that sends him flying square into the corner of Kill or Be Killed! Kilgore goes right after him!

Lance:

Look at Kilgore go! It was like he was OFFENDED that he got the first shots in! And now... ooh! He's going to town!

Kilgore demolishes Cheno with a flurry of big elbows in the corner, keeping him pinned in the process. The tag gets made to big Killjoy as he steps over the ropes. Kilgore holds Cheno in place and runs into him with a huge running lariat in the corner! Cheno convulses from the shot and then gets whipped into a HUGE freefall drop from Killjoy!

DDK:

What strength on display from Killjoy! He just pushed the 260-pound Cheno into the air like nothing at all!

Titilayo is worried for the well-being of his tag team partner as Cheno gets picked up off the canvas and SLUGGED with a massive masked headbutt! Siofra cackles like the witch that she is at ringside as Cheno is disposed in the ropes. Killjoy puts a boot to the side of Cheno's neck and Kilgore does the same from the other side! Both giants press a foot on either side of the temple trying to crush his head! Siofra jumps on the apron and then has a seat laughing while the giants try to crush the cranium of Cheno!

Lance:

This is uncalled for! Siofra just adding insult to injury there!

Hector Navarro gives a five-count to get the giants to stop. They finally do, but Killjoy gives Cheno absolutely no breathing room! He picks Cheno up and then dashes him right back into their corner with a big running snake eyes!

DDK:

Kill or Be Killed are just picking Cheno apart here! This is an experienced veteran that's helping out BRAZEN's

younger class and he's being taken to task!

Cheno is picked up and Kilgore is tagged in. They whip Cheno to the ropes and unleash a STIFF double shoulder block that knocks Cheno down!

Lance:

These brutes have cut off the ring AND kept Cheno as far away from Titilayo as far away from the tag as possible! Smart work here!

DDK:

Killjoy and Kilgore are monsters, but they are far from mindless too! They picked apart a world-class team like M4NTRA! They defeated Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha in the Ace of Tag Teams!

Kilgore has had enough and dares Cheno to make the tag to Titilayo. He crawls to the corner... but Kilgore rushes forward and slugs the Tornado T-Rex first! He doesn't go off the ring apron, but turns around into a STIFF uppercut called Clearning Da Funkin Table!

DDK:

OOOH! Kilgore got caught unaware with that shot!

He stumbles back where Killjoy makes the tag. He climbs over the ropes and goes after a desperate Cheno, who ducks and fires off a huge thrust kick that catches Killjoy in the chest! The blow doesn't knock him down, but it does stun Killjoy long enough for Cheno to get an opening!

DDK:

That shot was called... The Bong Hit. Of course it was... but now Cheno makes the tag!

Titilayo gets the tag! The big man charges right at Killjoy and then SMASHES into him with a huge running clothesline! Killjoy goes into the corner where Titilayo charges and hits a splash in the corner! Kilgore comes in and tries to stop him, but The Tornado T-Rex hits him with a kick to the gut! He gets hit with a big splash! Then he finally turns and hits another corner splash on Killjoy! The big T-Rex beats his chest emphatically and gets cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

How is he doing this?! Titiyalo is trying to take on both monsters!

DDK:

He's a beast!

He grabs a hand towards Kilgore's throat! Killjoy then gets one! He goozles both members of Kill or Be Killed, but the beasts have had enough! They both break free of the goozle and then do the same to Titiyalo before SLUGGING him with a double headbutt! Titilayo stumbles back into the ropes and Killjoy gets a free shot with a GIGANTIC spear off the ropes! He goes down and Killjoy gets up to a knee.

DDK:

TITILAYO GETS OUT-BEASTED! THAT SPEAR TAKES HIM CLEAR OFF HIS FEET!

Siofra is done and slashes a thumb across his throat. Killjoy points towards the corner where Cheno is trying to enter! Cheno tries to enter the ring, but Kilgore intercepts him with a HUGE Call of the Wild running big boot!

Lance:

This one's done!

Killjoy pulls the Tornado T-Rex up. Kilgore grabs him and helps lift the giant to SCORE WITH THE FREEFALL!

DDK:

NO DAMN WAY! FREEFALL! HE LANDED THE FREEFALL ON A 325-POUND GIANT!

One.	
Two.	

Killiov goes for the cover and Kilgore stands watch with Siofra counting the fall.

DING DING DING

✓ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ✓

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... KILL OR BE KILLED!

DDK:

Three.

That was an unreal display of power from Killjoy! He and Kilgore rack up another win in tag team action tonight!

I ance

They cost M4NTRA the Ace of Tag Teams finals! Crossing these two is bad for your health!

Siofra celebrates with the monsters of Titanes Familia before they take their leave and head to the back!

DDK:

In our feature bout... Punch Drunk Purcell versus Dan Leo James! That match coming up later tonight!

HEART-TO-HEART (3)

DEFIANCEtv 225
Parking lot
Showtime

The Game Boy, ever looming and hulking as the physical specimen he is, marches through the talent parking lot, headed towards the entrance doors. It's almost as if the cement crumbles beneath his feet, as the most striking resemblance of Batman's Bane if there ever was one, complete with a luchador Game Boy mask, reaches the entrance.

And yet something is blocking his way, just a solid foot below his eyeline.

Tyler Fuse.

The OG Gamer stands there, dead center of the doors. Sure, The Game Boy is more than three times Tyler's size, TGB could easily move the man aside if he wanted. However, with personal space at a premium, The Game Boy takes a small step back.

Tyler Fuse:

Good, you?

But clearly, Game Boy doesn't reply. Tyler nods along with this notion, that the man in front of him doesn't say a word. Never has. Likely never will.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother's Game Boy. To be honest, I don't think we've ever formally introduced ourselves.

Tyler sticks his right arm out.

Tyler Fuse:

Tyler Fuse.

Tyler's hand stays out there, maybe for an inappropriate amount of time... yet The Game Boy reaches out. His right palm engulfs Tyler's completely. But TGB shakes it, hard and firm.

The Game Boy:

...

They drop hands and yet Tyler remains blocking the doors.

Tyler Fuse:

Not a talker, I get it. Honestly, neither am I. But I'm trying something new. And you know what... new isn't always a bad thing.

Tyler puts an index finger to his face.

Tyler Fuse:

Tell me, 'Boy, weren't you supposed to 'try something new', too? Wasn't that why you joined The Comments Section after all? To get that famous START you always wanted? To be something more than a background character? An... -what does my brother call it- an NPC?

Tyler shrugs, reflecting upon these comments.

Tyler Fuse:

I dunno, man. Seems like we're still kinda in the same spot, aren't we?

Game Boy merely tightens his luchador mask with his right hand and then cracks his knuckles across all ten fingers.

He makes two fists.

Tyler doesn't budge.

Tyler Fuse:

Not here to fight, big guy. Not here to fight at all. I'm taking something out of Percy Collins' book. He's the therapist, aml-right? Therapy isn't your friend, either. Now make no mistake 'Boy, I ain't your enemy. I'm neither friend nor foe.

He pauses, allowing the moment to breathe.

Tyler Fuse: [pointing to inside the arena]

But there's plenty of people inside that building who are one or the other.

Tyler grins.

Tyler Fuse:

Even one guy who's NOT in the arena tonight. A man who, I would honestly say, is definitely either a friend OR a foe.

Fuse shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

I dunno what he is to you but I certainly know what he is to me.

Silence falls over them until Tyler clicks his tongue against his cheek.

Tyler Fuse:

Listen, buddy. I can tell we could converse all day, so I'm gonna leave it here. Just, uh, think about what I said for a little bit, would ya? You're an NPC, you shouldn't be, friends and foes, yadda yadda yadda.

Fuse walks forward. He's chest-high on Game Boy and clearly MUCH smaller. But Fuse's body language really suggests he has no fucks to give. Tyler reaches up, standing on his tippy-toes and places his palm on the top of Game Boy's head.

Tyler gives TGB a head-tussle.

Tyler Fuse:

Just fixing your mask a little, bro. I mean, it's not like you're gonna be needing to show it off tonight anyway. Doubt you got booked.

Fuse walks to the entrance doors and opens them. For a moment, it almost seems like Game Boy is going to pop Tyler into next week. Instead, however, the hulking henchman drops his head and wanders inside, barely able to get his massive body through the entrance doors to begin with.

Game Boy vanishes into the darkness.

Tyler Fuse:

If I ever see my brother again, I'll tell him you said hi. After all, he was the guy that brought you into DEFIANCE.

The doors close behind Tyler Fuse.

Tyler Fuse:

And I know he had high hopes for you!

HEART-TO-HEART (4)

DEFIANCEtv 225
Parking lot
Evening

???:

BRAP BRAP, POP POP, MOTHER FUCKERS! Gang time is here; fuck time is loud! I can't wait to bust a cap in everyone's ass tonight! Who wants to get STREET FIGHTED!?

So as the dark shadow walks through the night, many could wonder what the hell someone is doing arriving for DEFtv at this hour - the show is more than halfway over. Nevertheless, Thurston Hunter is jumping around like he owns the place and is looking for the fight of his life!

Thurston Hunter:

I tell ya, I tell ya right now, the first person I see tonight... he is gonna get his lip busted in! I need to avenge my boy Malak! I got the anger! I got the rage! I got the-

Hunter stops cold in his tracks at the entrance door... since Tyler Fuse is standing there, grinning.

There's a stand-off between them. Well, okay, this is a one-sided stand-off because Hunter has his fists up, despite taking small steps back as he does. Clearly all talk, Hunter had no bloody idea he was actually gonna run into someone right now, let alone the specific person responsible for Malak Garland's hospitalization.

Tyler starts clapping. It seems genuine and not sarcastic.

Tyler Fuse:

Good, you?

Hunter keeps his fists up... but he's moved so far back Tyler can barely see him.

Tyler Fuse:

Naa dude, I mean it. You're a tough guy and I promise I am not here to fight a guy like you.

It takes Hunter a moment, but he creeps a little bit forward, starting to believe what Tyler is telling him. Thurston lowers his fists from eye-level to chest-level.

Thurston Hunter:

So then what are you doing here, man? You got me trippin' ballz and I ain't happy!

The expression on Tyler's face... well, for a millisecond there, it looked like he rolled his eyes. But it's dark out and tough to tell. Right now he's got a faint smile on his face and his eyebrows are raised.

Tyler Fuse:

I already said it. You're a tough guy, Hunter. I mean it. You come from a family of tough guys, don't you. Jack Hunter... Scott Hunter. Are you two related? I know you're related to Jack.

Thurston seems confused.

Thurston Hunter:

You mean Scott Hunter? Yeah I dunno maybe. Probably ya. I think he's a distant cousin or something.

Fuse nods while biting his bottom lip.

Tyler Fuse:

Probably the 'or something' but anyway, I get it. And listen, I get YOU.

Hunter tilts his head to the side, while lowering his fists even more.

Thurston Hunter:

Do you? I don't think you do! You put my best friend in the hospital! You totally street thugged him!

Tyler lets out a huff, as he removes himself from the doorway and slowly starts to creep over in Hunter's general direction.

Tyler Fuse:

Ya, it's clear your friend and I have our differences. Significant differences. But why don't YOU have any differences with him? Seriously, I'm not asking to piss you off. Let me tell you what I see... I see someone, such as you, BADASS as ever before. A guy that has honest to god potential in DEFIANCE. But then you get reeled out there, for what? To be his mystery opponent on pay-per-view and get your ass handed to you? Because pretty sure that's not what you signed up for. Just to be a puppet.

Hunter is shaking his head 'no' throughout all of this.

Thurston Hunter:

Brap brap piss, Tyler. That's not the truth and you know it!

Hunter pauses as he tries to think his way out of this conversation.

Thurston Hunter:

Malak needed a tune up! He told me to go easy on him, so I did. It's not about wins and losses with me, it's about showing how tough I am!

Hunter pumps the air like he got one over on Tyler. Meanwhile, the OG Player is nodding along himself, except he's not shaking his head 'no', instead he's shaking his head 'yes'.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah, that's all well and good, Thirsty. Thurston. Whatever. I clearly have been mistaken. You're a tough guy, you want to prove it, and you totally did by losing to him because he said so.

Thurston Hunter:

BRAP, BRAP! Yep!

Tyler Fuse:

Forget I said anything, okay?

Feeling much more confident, Thurston Hunter marches up to Tyler Fuse and stares him straight in the eyes.

Thurston Hunter:

And if you EVER hurt Malak again... just know there is a world of pain coming for you!

Tyler grins as Hunter walks past him and places both hands on the arena doors.

Thurston takes a moment to look back at Tyler.

Thurston Hunter:

That means ME coming after YOU.

Tyler's eyes go wide and he nods once again.

Tyler Fuse:

Message received. You didn't need to clarify.

Thurston Hunter:

GOOD.

Hunter rolls his shoulders forward and gives a hard dry hump into the air, before readjusting his white undershirt and opening the entrance doors.

Tyler Fuse:

I hope you're able to show off how tough you are tonight, too.

Hunter stops before heading inside.

Thurston Hunter:

Wh- what?

Tyler Fuse:

I said I hope you're able to show how tough you are tonight. You know, like... I hope you're booked.

Thurston Hunter:

I'm not booked.

Tyler Fuse:

Of course you're not. I guess that's what a 1-16 record will do for ya.

Thurston Hunter:

Yeah, I guess it is.

Tyler Fuse:

Have a good one.

Thurston Hunter:

Uh, you too.

Suddenly, a dejected Thurston Hunter enters the arena and the doors close behind him. Tyler smirks... and we fade to black.

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. DAN LEO JAMES

DDK:

We have finally reached the main event of our evening! Punch Drunk Purcell has the opportunity of a lifetime on DEF Radio this week! A special edition of the show will see... or hear, rather... Punch Drunk Purcell accepting the open contract of "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez for the Southern Heritage Championship! But first, he has to get through one of the Familia's Golden Children, Dan Leo James, to do it!

Lance:

Dan Leo James has shown some real growth in the past year, winning the Favoured Saints Championship and his part in helping Mil Vueltas put OSCAR BURNS out of action! Tonight, he looks to make Papa Tez proud by taking out the former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion, Punch Drunk Purcell!

DDK:

It's a superheavyweight showdown in our main event of UNCUT!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first...

PUNCH.

PIN.

PAY WINDOW.

But tonight... people get a new theme!

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

The Faithful make some noise for the big man rolling in with the new theme!

Lance:

Oh, my goodness! A change in themes here from Punch Drunk Purcell!

Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-fourth of The Lads!

Darren Quimbey:

...Representing The Lads... From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring and a special black t-shirt with the words "D-L-J BOUTTA GET KO'ED!" Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his shirt before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans on the way to the ring. After he climbs into the ring, he throws a shadow punch in the air and lets out a loud howl for The Faithful before his opponent arrives.

DDK:

The opportunity of a lifetime is coming up for Punch Drunk Purcell, looking to rebound from Acts of DEFIANCE when he and Dex Joy almost became Unified Tag Team Champions!

Lance:

A huge opportunity for Purcell coming up! And he's out here alone which shows how serious he's taking this tonight!

Purcell readies his fists as the bell rings.

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

The rock remix of the Bonnie Tyler hit gets jeers from The Faithful. The camera lingers on the entrance of a gold lettering of "DLJ" flashing over and over again...

DDK:

Wait... where's Danny?

Lance:

Ugh... Darren. Look.

The camera finally flashes up somewhere high in the crowd on the steps. Making his way through the concourse, wearing round gold-tinted sunglasses, a crisp white singlet and pants combination with the letters "DLJ" and gold boots that look very similar to the gear Uriel Cortez wears. He starts playing up to the crowd, trying to get them fired up...

B0000000000!,

...only to get THAT in return from the NOLA Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from Salt Lake City, Utah, weighing in at 275 pounds... He is DAN LEO JAMES... **D! L! J!**

James waves his hands to get the crowd all "fired up" but all this gets him jeered on the return! Finally making their way to the ring, DLJ climbs over the barricade!

Dan Leo James:

BULLIES NEVER PROSPER! I SHOWED OSCAR BURNS THAT! I'M GONNA SHOW YOU THAT, TOO PUNCHY!

DLJ takes off his own round gold-tinted sunglasses and goes to give them to a kid in the audience... who then takes the glasses and throws them back at Danny! He scoffs at the young child and then heads into the ring to face off with The Round Mound of Ground and Pound! Referee Brian Slater stands between the two men and gets ready to call for the bell.

DDK:

DLJ is out here alone as well! One on one!

Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING

Purcell gets both of his hands up, ready to throw some bones if he needs to. Dan just barely moves out of the way of one punch, then another before he backs up and tries to trap Punchy with a headlock!

DLJ:

AH-HA! CALL ME MISTER GOTCHO! CAUSE I JUST GOTCHO A... HEY!

Purcell SHOVES Danny into the ropes! He comes back with big shoulder tackle, but for once, Danny isn't able to knock his opponent down! He looks shocked as Purcell takes the shot and returns a grin.

Lance:

It's not often that you see an opponent of Dan Leo James being able to take a big shot like that!

אחם

Not at all! Danny hits the ropes again... PURCELL still doesn't go down!

He takes the second shot. He looks right up at one of the Familia's Golden Children and casually dusts off his shoulder. Gritting his teeth, James starts to turn and he dares Purcell to take his best shot. Purcell shrugs and then gives it the old college try. He hits the ropes... but DLJ LEAPFROGS clear over Purcell! When Punchy comes back off the other side, Danny smacks him with a big boot on the return! Purcell goes stumbling backward into the corner and as he's hurt, Dan Leo James poses for The Faithful with his hands out!

B00000000000000000

DDK:

We make fun of Dan Leo James at times, but he's so young! Only 25 years of age, but we've watched him grow up into this conceited giant!

Lance:

He's wasting some time here, though. He's got his orders to soften up Purcell before he challenges Uriel Cortez for the Southern Heritage Title on a special DEF Row!

Seeing Punchy stunned in the corner after the big boot, Danny goes after the big man, but The Round Mound of Ground and Pound catches DLJ by surprise and flips him around into the corner! He goes right after him and starts firing off alternating body shots from the left and the right side! He keeps Danny at bay and then switches up to huge bear-like crossface forearms from either side before he winds up a big hamhock and throws it into the gut of DLJ! That earns big cheers from The Faithful as he walks a circle around the ring to fire them up!

DDK:

Purcell is looking good right now! He's got Danny where he wants him in that corner!

The big man charges and CRUSHES James with a huge corner splash! Danny reels and flops through the ropes as Purcell grabs him by the neck! He pulls Danny's arm back to expose hi chest on the ropes...

DDK:

Uh-oh! Here comes Hitting The Bag!

He winds up a big forearm...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FI-

...but Danny blocks a shot and grabs Purcell's head before dropping and snapping his throat over the top rope!

DDK:

No way! No way! I don't think I've seen anyone block the Hitting The Bag combo!

With the big man stunned, Dan Leo James grabs onto the ropes and LEAPS clean over, taking Punchy down with a huge slingshot shoulder block over the ropes! Danny gets up to a knee and gets booed by The Faithful. The former Favoured Saints champion grins and brushes off his chest!

DLJ:

I GOT THIS!

Purcell tries to get back to his feet, but Danny then unleashes a leaping knee drop square tot he back of Purcell's head! Purcell kicks his legs and holds his neck in pain, leaving himself wide open for Danny to leap with a lot of hangtime and connecting with a running jumping leg drop to the neck!

Lance:

Brother, there was some height on that leg drop!

DDK:

That was a great sequence of moves from Dan Leo James! Cover on Purcell!
ONE!
TWO!
NO!
DDK: Only a two-count there, but color me shocked! Danny found an opening and he's controlling the former boxer right now!
Keeping control of things, Dan Leo James pulls up Purcell by the neck as he tries to get back to his feet. He rears back and lands a NASTY chop across the chest, just like Papa Tez taught him! The chop makes Purcell wince once, then the big Georgian fights back and SMACKS Danny with one of his own! The chop makes him wince! Purcell holds his hands out and dares Danny to take his best shot! Danny gets ready for a chop, but fakes him out only to deliver a stomp to Purcell's foot! Purcell winces and Danny runs off the ropes and SLAMS all 275 pounds into his frame using a huge running crossbody!
DDK: DLJ hits the Gold Rush! Purcell goes down again!
After managing to take the big man off his feet a second time, Danny covers Purcell!
ONE!
TWO!
NO!
Purcell throws the shoulder up and this shocks Danny! Chico de Oro yells at Brian Slater that he had the three-count but Slater's only got two fingers up on account of he's been doing this official shit for a long time.
DDK: Danny's keeping the pressure on Punchy!
Deciding that enough is enough, The Golden Child of the Familia waits on Purcell to get back to his feet. Once he does, he runs towards the ropes. Danny leaps onto the second rope and then comes back for a leaping back elbow
CAUGHT
RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!
000000000000ННННННННН!
Lance: HOLY HECK! JAMES GOT CAUGHT AND THROWN!
DDK: WHAT A RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX BY PURCELL! CAN HE FIGHT BACK?!
PUNCHY! PUNCHY! PUNCHY!

The NOLA Faithful cheer on The Green-Eyed Wildman as he starts to get back to his feet! Meanwhile on the other side of the ring, James gets back up and starts getting peppered with a huge body shot! He fires back and gets him towards the ropes with a flurry of punches, then once again switches it up to a series of nasty clubbing forearms! Danny is stunned when he gets SMACKED with a huge spinning back elbow that knocks James in between the ropes!

DDK:

Here we go again! Can Punchy Hit The Bag this time?!

The NOLA Faithful are feeling it as Purcell leans Danny back and starts dropping the hammer down on him with the crowd counting along!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

Hitting The Bag is successful this time as Danny stumbles around the ring in a daze! Behind him, Purcell hooks the side of his body and lets out a GROAN as he takes the 275-pound Danny up and over with a massive olympic slam mid-ring!

DDK:

Sweet Science Slam! He just took the Golden Child of the Familia down!

But Purcell doesn't go down! Instead, he points to the nearby middle rope and then starts to climb! He goes to the second rope with DLJ still down, then takes flight with a MASSIVE diving headbutt off the second rope!

DDK:

First time I've seen that! Purcell with his own version of his tag partner, Dex Joy's Jump For Joy! Cover!

Purcell hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Danny kicks out in the nick of time!

Lance:

I have to say, I'm really impressed with the match that Dan Leo James has been wrestling right now! He's just taken a lot in the last few minutes! A few weeks ago, he took Brock Newbludd to the limit, too!

DDK:

That he has! And Purcell is looking for that big fist! Can he get DLJ up for Punch Drunk Love?

Balling up a fist, Punchy finally gets ready to unleash his signature knockout punch on James. As he goes for the punch, he pulls Danny in, but to his shock, Danny counters the ripcord and DUCKS under the knockout blow! He hits the ropes and flies off the middle rope a second time with a big leaping back elbow off the middle rope that takes Punchy off his feet!

Lance:

Good grief! Dan Leo James just scored with that leaping back elbow off the middle ropes that he wanted earlier!

The shot is enough to knock Purcell down and out of instinct, the big man rolls out of the ring. Danny starts to get up and sees his target. The Golden Child of the Familia looks outside the ring...

Lance:

No way! What the heck is he doing?!

Dan Leo James bounces off the ropes behind him and speeds across the ring before LEAPING clear over the ropes to wipe out Punch Drunk Purcell with a huge vaulting plancha that has the crowd all shook!

DDK

LOOK AT HIM FLY! THAT WAS CRAZY! HE WIPES OUT PURCELL WITH THAT VAULTING PLANCHA!

Danny quickly realizes that he's got the upper hand and fights slowly to get back to his feet. It takes him some doing, but he manages to get 350 pounds of dead weight nearly back up to his feet and then slowly rolls him back into the ring! Dan Leo James rolls back into the ring and then waits as Purcell crawls to his feet. DLJ stomps a foot on the ground and waits for Purcell before he zooms in and rocks Purcell with a HUGE flying lariat off the ropes!

DDK:

Purcell is down! Danny with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...KICKOUT!

Danny slaps the canvas and he can't believe it!

Lance:

I thought Danny had him there!

DDK:

Purcell is full of fight tonight!

Still unable to keep a good Lad down, Dan Leo James points to the camera and mouths "this one's for you, Papa Tez!" He slowly lifts Purcell up to a standing position and tries to pick him up for a powerbomb...

DDK:

No way! NO WAY! He's gonna hit the Chip Off The Old Bomb!

He goes for the powerbomb... and ALMOST gets Purcell up... but Purcell wiggles free and LAUNCHES James over first with a huge back body drop first! The Round Mound of Ground and Pound is back up to his feet and the Georgian HOWLS to the people!

Lance:

WHERE IS HE GETTING THIS FROM?! PURCELL IS BACK UP!

Purcell turns around and waits for Danny to get back to his feet! He raises a right hand and gets James to flinch before CRACKING him across the jaw with a super-solid left hand!

DDK:

ROPE-A-DOPE! DANNY MIGHT BE OUT ON HIS FEET!

With Danny stunned from the left, the people cheer as Purcell sets him up ripcord-style then turns him around into a STIFF right hand that crumbles Danny to a MASSIVE pop! The 6'7 James's feet give way underneath him and he topples to the canvas in a heap!

DDK:

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE, RIP(CORD-S	IYL	_E!
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Punchy falls right into the cover and hooks the leg as The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

¹ "Momma Said Knock You Out" by LL Cool J ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!

Looking like he's been through a fight for sure, Punch Drunk Purcell gets his arm raised by Brian Slater! Joining him in the ring, both Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray enter the ring to congratulate the big man!

Lance:

Hard-fought win here tonight in our main event from Punch Drunk Purcell! And there's no rest for the wicked because this weekend, DEF ROW... Purcell challenges the leader of Titanes Familia for the Souther Heritage Title!

DDK:

That he does! What a night of action we've seen! Thank you all for coming! For Lance Warner, I am "Downtown" Darren Quimbey! Thank you for joining us on UNCUT and we will see you next week as DEFIANCE the road begins... to DEFIANCE Rising!

Outside the ring, Danny is holding an ice pack up to his jaw and looks frustrated with the loss! Inside the ring, Purcell celebrates with Janna and Butcher, then makes the "I want the belt" motion around his waist!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.