

DEFCON 5 (FADE OUT)

The broadcast opens to a view of imperceivable void.

A strange noise slowly fades in.

Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick...

Then we're hit with the sudden electric snap of a rear projection unit flickering to life. Flashing before our eyes is a distinct number "5" in the center of a nonthreatening blue square.

"Well, well, well..."

♪ "Orinoco Flow" by Enya ♪

Hard cut to action-packed highlights from the battle between FIST of DEFIANCE Henry Keyes and DEFIANCE Hall of Famer, Dan Ryan. The Airship Spin. The exchange of heavy strikes. Multiple BELLCLAP~!s. And finally, the COIN to seal the victory.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

WELLLLLLL well well.

Cut to similar highlights from Keyes' defense of the Big Blue Belt against former DEFIANT Cancer Jiles at the IMMORTALS crossover event. The Propellor Edge chops. The Clockwork Suplex from the top rope. The last ditch roll-up with a handful of tights to get the three count.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

You know me - I love a trophy, I love a prize, something treasure-like...

Quick cuts of the Kraken standing in the same pose -- raising the FIST and looming tall over the fallen contenders -- Fuse, Ares, Klein.

Darren Quimbey: (v/o)

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, AAAAND STIIIIIIILL, THE FIST! OF DEFIANCE! THE KRRRRRRRAKEN!
HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEYES!

Cut to a slow-motion view of the reigning FIST striding out onto the stage during one of his majestic entrances, grinning with tiger-like confidence as he flings pancakes into the crowd.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

Because in the world of professional wrestling, there are boot-lickers, and there are ground-breakers, and it's always up to the second group to drag the first ones kicking and screaming into the future.

Cut to a view of the Kraken on the deck of his mighty airship, with the title in full view on his shoulder, standing at the helm and gazing longingly into the cloud-filled horizon.

"SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY!
"SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY!
"SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY!
"SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY! SAIL-A-WAY!!"

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

It can NEVER BE SAID THAT HENRY KEYES IS A COWARD!

Cut to the smirking Besties, Keyes and "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy, standing astride Helen among the rose-colored columns of the Vae Victis suite.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

The Faithful demand more of their professional wrestling experience...

We cut to a final lasting close-up shot of "The Kraken" Henry Keyes. This close up, the grit and the scar tissue on the Airship Pirate's weathered face is more noticeable.

"TURN-IT-UP! TURN-IT-UP! TURN-IT-UP! UP! A-DIEU... OOOH-OOOH!

"TURN-IT-UP! TURN-IT-UP! TURN-IT-UP! UP! A-DIEU... OOOH-OOOH!

"TURN-IT-UP! TURN-IT-UP! TURN-IT-UP! UP! A-DIEU... OOOH-OOOH!"

The arrogance in the FIST's beaming smile is gone. Staring straight down the camera, the intensity in his eyes can't be ignored.

Henry Keyes: (v/o)

...and Henry Keyes is the man who will deliver it!

Fade to STATIC...

SHOW OPEN

We open on a wide aerial shot of Arena CDMX, twenty-two thousand plus on their feet. Lights strobing, signs jostling, the noise already deafening.

REST IN PISS MARK SHIELDS
MURDERED BY PILEDRIVERS
ADULT SHIT ADULT SHIT ADULT SHIT
MARK WILL BE BACK TOMORROW. IRONCLAD BODY.
I KNOW HE BEAT JILES BUT I STILL HATE KEYES
MARK SHIELDS WILL RETURN IN AVENGERS: DOOMSDAY
BIGFOOT WIZARD IS CANON
I WAS MISLED
REZIN TOOK DOWN VERIZON
VOREZIN
REZIN VS. BIG BOSS DAN FEUD CONFIRMED
PUSH \$67JACOB, COWARDS!
JUSTICE FOR BROCK
YO SOY DEFIAENCE
I BELIEVE IN CAL

A slow pan over the sea of people and signs, the ring, the stage, and finally settles on the commentary desk.

DDK:

Buenas noches, Mexico City! Welcome to DEFIAANCE Wrestling and welcome to DEFtv!!

Lance Warner:

What you just saw moments ago was not hype. It was not revisionist history. It was the reality coming out of DEFIAANCE Rising and IMMORTALS. Henry Keyes... victorious, standing tall, with Vae Victis looming over this company.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is the standard right now, whether we like it or not. But tonight is a new night, and we are live in Mexico City ... and we have a stacked night of action ready!

Lance Warner:

Later tonight, the Favored Saints Championship is on the line as Jack Harmen defends against the returning Matt LaCroix!

DDK:

We'll also see Pat Cassidy go one-on-one with Kyle Shields! And later, the So-US is defended by the monstrous Titaness against former Favoured Saints Champion, the Luckiest Luck, Lonnie Luck!

Lance Warner:

Finally, in tonight's main event, inside a steel cage, in Mil Vueltas' own house, it will be Oscar Burns versus Mil Vueltas!

DDK:

Championship stakes. Personal stakes. And a lot more! Stay tuned, Faithful ... you won't want to miss a thing!

Lance Warner:

That's right, Darren! DEFtv two-thirty starts right now!

Cut to the ring.

GAME FACE CYRUS vs. ROWZILLA

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFIANCE TV! This is edition 230 and I'm your host and play-by-play man, "Downtown" Darren Keebler. My partner-

Lance: *[snarky]*

Your partner is a man everyone should know. They also know you, too. But I'm Lance Warner!

DDK:

Fair enough.

Lance:

I keep telling you, I'm just working on my new persona.

DDK:

Ha. Anyway, we have a great night of action set up for you but let's go to ringside, because we are starting off with a bang!

Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This opening match... IS ONLY SCHEDULED FOR JUST. ONE. FALL!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!

Lance:

I hate it when he does that.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from West Memphis, Arkansas... weighing in at THREE-hundred-sixty-seven pounds...

Lance:

SIX-SEVEN!

DDK:

Oh my god, not you, too.

Darren Quimbey:

ROWZILLA!

♪ "Godzilla" by Bear McCreary feat. Serj Tankian ♪

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watch in sheer awe of the big man walking past the LCD FIST logo. Wearing a teal and white singlet and a teal headband, the skyscraping Rowzilla heads to the ring!

DDK:

This giant is just... wow! Tag Party Six winner! Former BRAZEN Champion! 2025's BRAZEN STAR of the YEAR! The sky's the limit!

Lance:

No other way around it, Keebs. I absolutely agree. After losing the BRAZEN Title, it's clear Rowzilla has joined the DEFIANCE roster. He's also piqued many men's interest.

DDK:

Indeed. Now look, the man is physically HUGE, but he's still yellow. Young guy, early twenties. Let's see what he can do.

Lance:

Growing pains are bound to happen. We'll see if the big man can keep up!

Rowzilla points his taped fists up to the sky and then he makes his first walk down a DEFIAНCE ramp and hands out high-fives to the DEFIAНCE Wrestling Faithful. The towering monster gets to the ring, steps into the ring and clears the ropes with ease as the Supergiant's theme comes to a close.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Forth Worth, Texas... weighing two-hundred-forty pounds... he is GAME FACE CYRUS BATES!

"Game Face" Cyrus marches out. He's sporting way too much eye black under his eyes along with the same neon pink and lime green onesie he's been recently wearing, complete with an arcade machine coin dispenser attached to his hip. Looking like he's ready to take on an aerobics class, or something outta the 80s, the newly dubbed GFC starts limbering down the rampway.

DDK:

No Conor Fuse today? I'm surprised.

Lance:

I am too, partner. But then again, maybe Conor is upset at Bates. Cyrus lost his recent match versus Klein and ate a uranage for his struggles. Perhaps this is going to be another 'test' for Cyrus to go through. Win a match with neither Conor nor Tyler at ringside! I haven't even seen either Fuse brother backstage at all today.

Bates enters the ring, as he steps over the top rope. At first, GFC is confident. He's **bursting** with confidence.

...But then he sees the sheer size of the man at the other side of the ring. It's like a switch. He's immediately no longer confident. In fact, he's fretting. Fretting hard!

DDK:

Our referee is, if you can believe it or not, Mark Shields.

Lance:

Ironclad contract, ironclad body! Can heal from anything!

DDK:

You are *really* trying to piss some of our fanbase off, aren't you?

Lance:

He's lazy, I get it. But he's here to stay so get used to it!

In fairness, Shields looks like he's ready to do his job today, as he runs down the rules with both men in the center of the ring. Rowzilla makes Bates look very small, he's a full foot taller than Cyrus and a hell of a lot wider.

Game Face Cyrus: *[taking a big, nervous gulp while looking at Rowzilla]*

You don't do uranages... *do you?*

Before Rowzilla can even answer, the lights dim.

DDK:

What's going on?

♪ "Fantasy" by Aldo Nova ♪

The first ten, twenty seconds are just a slow build to whatever is coming. The scene switches in and out from the entranceway and to the squared circle, where Rowzilla stands, arms crossed. He looks down at the watch he's not wearing. On the bright side, this has given GFC some time to hyperventilate in a corner of the ring, scared to death, about to face Rowzilla.

DDK:

Do you know who's coming out?

Lance:

Nadda.

We're already one minute into this very elaborate opening, with nothing but white spotlights floating around the arena. Rowzilla glances across to Bates as if Cyrus himself has something to do with this nonsense, but Cyrus merely shrugs. He has no clue what's going on.

However, at the one-minute-twenty-six second mark, music picks up. The DEFI-A-TRON flicks on, now with white spotlights floating around on the screen in addition to the crowd. Additionally, numerous men walk out, dressed in black suits and a black ties, holding newspapers. They line the rampway, from entrance to apron. They open their newspapers and start reading what is probably the finance section first.

DDK: *[unimpressed]*

Oh, I figured out who.

Lance:

Who?

One-minute-forty-seconds in, we are greeted with a screeching electric guitar that blares through the PA system and with it, the words on the DEFI-A-TRON clarify who's coming (as if by now everyone didn't catch on already, other than Lance). To the beat of the cords, the words appear and then disappear each time.

ADULT
Conor

ADULT
Conor

ADULT
Conor

ADULT.
Conor.
Fuse.

Merciless boos follow, as a lift rises from the center of the stage where a man holds a similar newspaper out in front of him.

*City nights, summer breeze makes you feel all right
Neon lights, shining brightly, make your brain ignite
See the girls with the dresses so tight
Give you love, give you love if the price is right
Black or white, in the streets, there's no wrong and no right, no!*

This man is soon revealed as THE ADULT himself, Conor Fuse, as Fuse discards the newspaper to the side, while the men who line the pathway to ringside dance around and read the paper, too. They're multitasking.

*Outta sight, buy your kicks from the man in the white
Feels all right, powder pleasure in your nose tonight
See the men paint their faces and cry
Like some girl, like some girl, it makes you wonder why
City life sure is cool, but it cuts like a knife, it's your life!*

Conor grins evilly as he starts to march down. He's wearing a similar outfit as his usual ADULT self, blue dress pants, a blue belt and a faded blue dress shirt. The top four buttons are undone and his sleeves are half-rolled up, but make no mistake, the ADULT still looks professional. He continues down the ramp, his new theme song playing him out while the dancers simply dance and read.

BOOM. BOOM. BANG!

So much pyro!

*So, forget all that you see
It's not reality
It's just a fantasy*

DDK:

Correct me if I'm wrong, but Conor Fuse is not *in* this match, correct?

Lance:

I believe you are correct.

DDK:

Well, that's one hell of an elaborate opening for someone in a manager's role!

Lance:

Lord Nigel, eat your heart out!

*Can't you see what this crazy life is doing to me?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?*

*Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?
Life is just a fantasy, can you live this fantasy life?*

CRACKLE, CRACKLE! BOOM, BOOM, BOOOOOOMMM, BANG!

MOAR pyro!

The former gamer arrives at the bottom of the rampway, as he acknowledges the dancers and gives "the nod". They fold their papers up, tuck them under their right armpits and ultimately walk to the back. Conor's new theme song ends.

The boos, however, do not.

NOT AN ADULT, clap-clap-clap-clap-clap.

NOT AN ADULT, clap-clap-clap-clap-clap.

NOT AN ADULT, clap-clap-clap-clap-clap.

Whatever. The fans barely phase him.

Inside the ring, Rowzilla wants to get the match underway. Yet this is where Mark Shields' incompetence comes into play, as he was mesmerized with the terrific entrance, even mumbling something along the lines of "hey, I get high to that song."

With Fuse at the bottom of the ramp, he stares down Cyrus Bates and then walks back UP the ramp...

But Conor isn't leaving, oh no.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Good evening, gentlemen.

Conor has grabbed himself an additional headset for commentary!

DDK:

Wow, I wasn't expecting this!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Nice to see you both again. I hope the day has treated you well.

Lance:

Wow, thanks Conor.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

You're welcome. Always nice to be polite when you're a grown-up.

Conor sticks out his hand towards Lance Warner, so Warner shakes it. Conor then motions towards Keebler, and despite being a little reluctant, the announcer isn't going to leave Conor hanging, he shakes it, too.

Back in the ring, Cyrus Bates attacks Rowzilla and we are off!

DING DING

Bates with boot after boot after boot. Knee after knee. Working Rowzilla down to his own knees.

DDK:

I have to say, Conor, before your entrance, Bates looked rattled. This gave him a solid five minutes to get his act together. A good reset.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Reset? As an ADULT, I'm unfamiliar with the term.

GFC is throwing everything he can at Rowzilla. Boot after boot, elbow after elbow. He's got the big man reeling a little and worked into a corner.

Lance:

Conor, that was some entrance!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Thank you, Lance. Aldo Nova is a classic ADULT tune. You know my mom is a huge fan, by the way.

Game Face Cyrus grabs Rowzilla by the arm and with everything the former Tag Champion has, he sends the Supergiant rumbling into the buckle across the way.

CRACK!

Rowzilla hits it hard but almost instantly bounces right off and clobbers Cyrus Bates with a clothesline!

DDK:

Oh! Cyrus is no small man, either!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

No he's not, Keebler. *[Sidebar]* I don't feel like it's appropriate I call you *Keebs*, since we are only on an acquaintance basis.

DDK:

Okay?

Back to the action inside the ring, Rowzilla emerges from the corner with a running dropkick!

Lance:

That's quite impressive for such a big man!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Impressive? Yes. Man? Oh no, Lance. No not at all. Roland David Spade is **not** a man. He is a mere boy. A child. I once wore a headband across *my* head, too. Then I developed an Adam's apple and hair in places I cannot mention on this fine, appropriate broadcast!

Keebler is pretty sure Conor messed up Rowzilla's name but he's going to let it pass.

Rowzilla lifts GFC off the mat and tosses him into the ropes. The giant lowers his body frame and then explodes up in some type of modified European uppercut, but throwing both arms out and they connect with Cyrus.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Yessir! Brand new babyface and he has **a lot** to learn.

DDK:

Speaking of 'learn', Conor. What's your take on Cyrus Bates under your tutelage so far? I overheard you telling him that he still has a lot *to learn*.

Rowzilla throws GFC into a corner.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Indeed, Keebler. Your ears are strong. My little GAME FACE does!

Rowzilla barrels in, leaps in the air and knocks the wind right out of Bates' sails.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

But it's a work in progress. See, I'm the one who specifically asked for this match from the Favored Saints. I will say, I'm awfully disappointed Rowzilla isn't the BRAZEN Champion anymore. When I asked for this, I was under the belief it would be for the BRAZEN Title. However, as the grown ADULT I am, life will throw disappointments at you and you've just got to be resilient, Keebler. It's the grown-up way!

DDK: *[passively]*

Uh-huh.

Rowzilla chucks Bates into another corner of the ring. Same thing, he comes booming in with a big splash, followed by a hip toss, sending GFC flying through the air as if he was a cruiserweight ragdoll. Bates smacks dead-center into the middle of the canvas.

ADULT **Conor** **Fuse:**

And resilient, that's what Cyrus and I have talked about. Under Malak Garland, Bates was anything but. As every **ADULT** knows, the real world is a cruel place, Keebler. This is the biggest lesson Cyrus is learning! He can't learn it fast enough!

Rowzilla rumbles in again, looking to drop an elbow but this time Bates proves Conor's worth and rolls out of the way! With use from the ropes, GFC is on his feet. He snatches the big man and tugs him upright... then connects with a modified belly-to-belly suplex. It's only "modified" because there's no way GFC can get his entire arms around the giant.

WHAM!

They both crash into the mat and Bates hooks a leg!

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

ADULT **Conor** **Fuse:**

Okay guy, okay. A little resilience from Rowzilla. Impressive!

DDK:

Well he's not going to lay down, Conor. The man was BRAZEN Champion!

ADULT **Conor** **Fuse:**

I don't appreciate you calling me out, Keebler. I know this. However, I will not allow my personal feelings to get the better of me.

Lance:

You're a better man than me, Conor.

ADULT **Conor** **Fuse:**

No, Warner. We are all **ADULTS** here. We're equal.

Both men are on their feet but Bates seems to be the quicker of the two. He's back to unloading punches and kicks, trying to connect with anything. Rowzilla absorbs the blows and then grabs Bates by the skull. The former BRAZEN Champion wraps his palms around GFC's head...

And then delivers a hard headbutt!

Game Face is down. Rowzilla hits the ropes.

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

MASSIVE SPLASH!

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

From the announce table, Conor Fuse starts clapping.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

That's what I'm talking about. Resiliency. RE. SIL. IENCY!

Rowzilla drags Bates up but Bates lands a surprise jawbreaker! Rowzilla stumbles into a corner and if it wasn't for the buckle propping him up, he might have fallen out of the ring!

Lance:

Stunned. Rowzilla is definitely stunned. He might have bit his own tongue!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

We can only hope!

GFC has his GAME FACE on. Cyrus smears the eyeblack on his face, before pointing over to the announce table and at Conor Fuse directly. He goes charging in...

WHAM!

Back elbow to the side of the head! Bates tucks Rowzilla's head under his right armpit. It looks like he's going for a running bulldog when Rowzilla pushes Bates away and Cyrus lands ass-first on the mat.

Lance:

I've noticed Cyrus has taken into account some of your moves, Conor. Tyler's too, with use of that running bulldog.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Lance, you are a scholar and a gentleman! **And** you are correct! Although I would say as you just saw, it's not going well now, is it?

Lance:

I guess not.

Rowzilla hits Bates with a running dropkick the second GFC gets to his feet. Rowzilla now with an elbow... another elbow... a third elbow to the top of Bates' crown. Cyrus falls out of the ring, leaving Rowzilla to take a moment to collect himself.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

You'll see no help from me, guys. If I was at ringside, maybe I would give Cyrus a pep talk. But he has to prove himself! He has to get stronger and break away from the Malak Garland issue! The man needs to develop a strong sense of himself. He needs to be an ADULT like me!

Rowzilla calls on Bates to get back in and fight, but GFC won't budge.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

The Comments Section was a toxic workplace environment. This is the cleanse everyone needs!

Mark Shields realizes he's forgotten to start his TEN count, so he does. Bates, meanwhile, leans against the guardrail to catch his breath.

Lance:

Conor, you mentioned The Comments Section, but we've only seen Cyrus Bates since you cast Malak to the side. What about Teresa Ames? Thurston Hunter? Even your Game Boy?

ADULT Conor Fuse: *[likely nodding along off-camera]*

You'll be seeing them soon enough.

Rowzilla exits the ring, showing strong ability to quickly go after his prey. Bates remains hunched over the guardrail, as Rowzilla comes charging in.

WHAP!

DDK:

Hey now!

Bates with a foreign object into Rowzilla's gut! It doubles the giant over, as Bates roars again and shoves Rowan backwards, into the steep steps!

DDK:

What was that!?

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Nothing to see here, gentlemen! By the way, do either of you play golf? Golf is, perhaps, the most casual and professional **ADULT** sport activity. Totally high profile. I am thinking of taking it up myself. Looking for a foursome.

DDK: *[recognizing the change of topic but not taking the bait]*

Whatever Cyrus used, he waited on Rowzilla to get there. He has eyes in the back of his head.

Lance:

It was the token dispenser on his waist.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

LANCE! I thought we were cool!

Since the use of the token dispenser, Bates drops it on the other side of the guardrail so Mark Shields can figure it out (he wouldn't have anyway). Replays show that while GFC was hunched over on the rail, he was trying to detach the dispenser from the side of his singlet the entire time.

Back at the action, Bates is struggling to roll Rowzilla into the ring but he has some help since the giant is still conscious enough to try moving slightly.

GFC stomps up the steel steps and into the ring-

Only to be met by an absolute ROCKET right hand from Rowzilla!

DDK:

GFC is DOA!

For a moment, **ADULT** Conor doesn't sound so much "**ADULT**". He screams and Rowzilla falls on top for the cover!

ADULT Conor Fuse:

RESILIENT! Ahhhhhh c'mon CYRUSSSS!!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND SHOULDER UP!

The ADULT sighs from relief!

The feed cuts over to the announce table, as Conor is pinching the bridge of his nose, trying not to stress TOO much as the crowd cheers Rowzilla on.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

It is stressful to watch your child grow!

The big man pulls the smaller man to his feet. Bates tries for a desperation jawbreaker again, but this time Rowzilla cocks his head back at the last second!

DDK:

You said he's a "boy", Conor. But that was a veteran move! He learned quick!

ADULT Conor Fuse: *[unimpressed sigh]*

Yeah, well...

Rowzilla takes a couple steps back and aims for an elbow smash but Cyrus ducks. Bates hits the ropes and lunges forward with his axe kick special.

NO!

Rowzilla shows incredible agility, missing the move just narrowly. He snatches Cyrus by the waist and wraps his arms around him. Rowzilla has a smile on his face as he came prepared for this match! Immediate fear swells up in Cyrus' face. It's like he knows what's coming.

Game Face Cyrus:

No. NO. NO! NO!!! NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

His kryptonite!

DDK:

URANAGE! ROWZILLA HAS CLEARLY DONE HIS HOMEWORK!

The three-hundred-sixty-seven pounder DESTROYS Cyrus Bates with the move, as ADULT Conor Fuse screams. Rowzilla lands on top of Bates as Mark Shields makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... ROWZILLA!

DDK:

Wow, what an impressive victory for the big man.

Lance:

I'm sorry, Conor. That's a very tough loss.

ADULT Conor Fuse: *[trying to hide his disgruntled demeanor]*

Yeah. Uh. It's all good. Resiliency, right? That's what the lesson is. It's a work in progress!

Rowzilla's hand is raised as he celebrates with The Faithful. He takes off his headband, aims it up and slingshots it with his hand into the audience, going almost ten rows deep for someone to take home!

ADULT Conor Fuse: *[in the middle of putting his headset down]*

Let me know about that foursome. I've got TPC Louisiana booked next week.

DDK:

Uh, sure you got it, Conor.

Lance:

Nice to see you, Conor.

Fuse is already long gone, walking down the rampway, shaking his head like a disappointed father.

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

DEFIANCE'S MOST WANTED

A bold and flamboyant news theme plays as a series of images scroll by the screen, accompanied by a familiar narration.

“Atlanta...”

Broken glass and wooden splinters line a trail of chaos through an establishment.

“Memphis...”

A police cruiser burns on the street amid dozens of cheering onlookers.

“New York City...”

A masked federal agent breaks away from a scene of confusion and angrily approaches the camera, covering the lens with his hand.

“In dozens of cities across America, and even beyond...”

Bystanders on the street point in wonder at the massive and encircled black letter “R” defacing the front of a bank building.

“From the beaches of San Juan, to the highest peaks of Monterrey...”

In the dark of night, a hunched, humanoid shape scurries across a rooftop with uncanny grace and speed.

“A single phrase has taken the world by storm, becoming the zeitgeist of a new generation of resistance...”

The shot freezes and zooms on the figure, who is seemingly glaring back at the camera like a strange, mythological cryptid. Then, two words cross the screen.

REZIN SIGHTING

Fade to our humble narrator, revealed to be none other than Chris Trutt, standing in the middle of a bustling room filled with banks of computer monitors and ringing telephones.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, DEFIANCE Faithful. I'm Chris Trutt...

A chyron appears at the bottom of the screen just to prevent any confusion.

Chris Trutt:

Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, I am here in the DEFIANCE newsroom, which has lately served as our “command center” in the ongoing search for acclaimed DEFIANT, Erik Black. Or, as he's more colloquially known to the Faithful... “The Escape Artist” Rezin.

He waves to the far wall, which is dominated by a large screen that shows a map of North America with several colored dots over major cities. The smaller screens that surround it all show still shots of the same blurry, shirtless individual in different places doing different things (usually running from something).

Chris Trutt:

While the Reverend Erik Black hasn't been seen in any official capacity since he drove an ambulance into the ocean at the recent IMMORTALS crossover event, our media team has logged dozens of purported sightings and encounters of the Goat Bastard over the last few weeks. The latest of which occurred earlier today, in Phoenix, Arizona...

Trutt looks off-camera, and the scene cuts away to a wide-eyed younger man with a backpack standing out in a public park.

Rich Mayfield - Student, 23

...so then this police officer draws his gun, and shouts, "Sir, for the last time, DROP THE BONG!" And before you know it, BOOM! This guy is all over him, these lefts and rights just coming down on his face, and he keeps shouting, "LET'S MAKE IT THE LAST TIME THEN, PIGGY! LET'S MAKE IT THE LAST TIME!" I'm pretty sure he ate his eyeball too!

We cut back to Trutt in the newsroom.

Chris Trutt:

Shocking, indeed. Where and when the Goat Bastard may strike next, none can say. But every incident thus far carries the shared trend of being an attack on members of authority or capitalist installations. As a result, the recently formed "American Security Service" has pledged to find and capture the fugitive in the hopes that order can be restored.

We cut away once more, to a bald, bloated, red-faced man standing at a podium in the middle of a press conference. He is very unhealthy looking, and breathing heavily in a way that one might imagine him dropping from a stroke at any second. The insignia on his navy blue windbreaker simply reads "ASS".

Harry Cockburn - ASS Director, 53

Earlier today, I used my powers as ACTING DIRECTOR of the 'Merican Security Services to enlist the services of a FOREIGN expert in search and seizure! The good, Gawd-fearing 'Merican citizens can REST ASSURED that we will FIND this ungrateful little dingleberry, and PROSECUTE HIM to the FULLEST EXTENT of the LAAHWWWW!!

Cut back to the newsroom, with Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

Be as it may, these scenes of chaos and disorder have thus far been hailed by wrestling fans and ordinary citizens alike as nothing less than acts of heroism! See for yourself...

We cut to a middle-aged man wearing overalls and a hardhat, in the middle of eating a sandwich on a worksite.

Al Capellini - Construction Worker, 27

Hey, at least someone's doin' somethin'! I mean, yo, who hasn't wanted to pop a copper in the nose a time or two, eh??

Cut to a middle-aged woman with a squawling baby under an arm and a chocolate-smeared toddler tugging at her skirt.

Judy Peterson - Housewife, 34

As a mother, I am very concerned with all the violence. But, I mean, so long as it's only happening to cops, I guess I don't have an issue with it.

Cut to a hawk-eyed elderly gentleman sitting in a rocking chair outside of a barbershop.

Winston O'Neely - Retired, 77

They deserve it, the Nazi scum! I hope he brains every last one of 'em! Why, if I were just ten years younger, I'd be out there doing it right alongside him, by cracky!

Cut to a sketchy looking guy with popcorn hair, an army jacket, and a dopey smile standing outside a liquor store.

Keva Rosenberg - Unemployed, 38

It's a free society... uhhh, except there ain't nothing free, because there's no guarantees, y'know? You're on your own. That's the law of the jungle -- OOH HOO HOOOOO!!!

Cut back to Trutt in the newsroom.

Chris Trutt:

Truly, a remarkable response to the rumored return of the Escape Artist. Still, despite all the accounts and reports we've received over this past month, we at DEFIANCE have yet to gain hard visual proof, nor can we confirm that these numerous events are being perpetuated by the same person. For the time being, however, I think we can all expect that these strange appearances will continue.

"Not for long, mate! Heh-heh-heh..."

Trutt double-takes at the off-camera voice. Then the speaker walks into the frame, chuckling detestably through a scraggly, crumb-lined beard.

Fat Australian Man:

G'day, mate! The world famous tracker and bounty hunter, OUTBACK MACK, at yer service!

Outback Mack is a pasty, corpulent man, with a khaki vest adorned in crocodile teeth and animal pelts barely containing his girth and an akubra hat barely hiding the waning hairline of his curly blond mullet.

Chris Trutt:

Outback Mack?! Wait a second, are you supposed to be this "foreign" expert that was hired to find Rezin?

Outback Mack:

Crikey right, mate! I've put in over thirty years of trackin' and huntin' and killin' and poachin' and skinnin'... and ain't any creepy-critter that slipped this ol' nose of mine an' lived to tell the tale! An' ya can bet yer last billabong I'll be stringin' this one up like all the rest! Heh-heh-heh...

Trutt, immediately put off by the Australian bounty hunter's attitude (and hygiene) dubiously scratches at his chin.

Chris Trutt:

Not to question your credentials, sir, but I'm not sure you quite know what you may be getting into. In all the years I've spent interviewing Rezin, I can safely say that he is one of the more unpredictable and resilient individuals to walk this earth. You truly think that *you* can accomplish the impossible, and capture the elusive Escape Artist?

Outback Mack:

I ain't need'ta think, mate, cuz Outback Mack KNOWS he's bringin' him in! Heh-heh-heh...

Chris Trutt:

Right...

Outback Mack:

Question f'r ya, mate... how d'ya know when a billy is ripe f'r the slaughter?

Chris Trutt:

Um... I give up?

Mack unsheathes his machete.

Chris Trutt:

Oh my!

The bounty hunter smiles wide as he holds up the weathered blade and studies it.

Outback Mack:

I's when you can SMELL the FEAR on him! HEH-HEH-HAA-HAA-HEEEEEE...

Outback Mack saunters back out of the shot.

Outback Mack:

YIBBIDA-YIBBIDA! The HUNT is ON!

Trutt shakes his head in disgust as he watches him leave.

Chris Trutt:

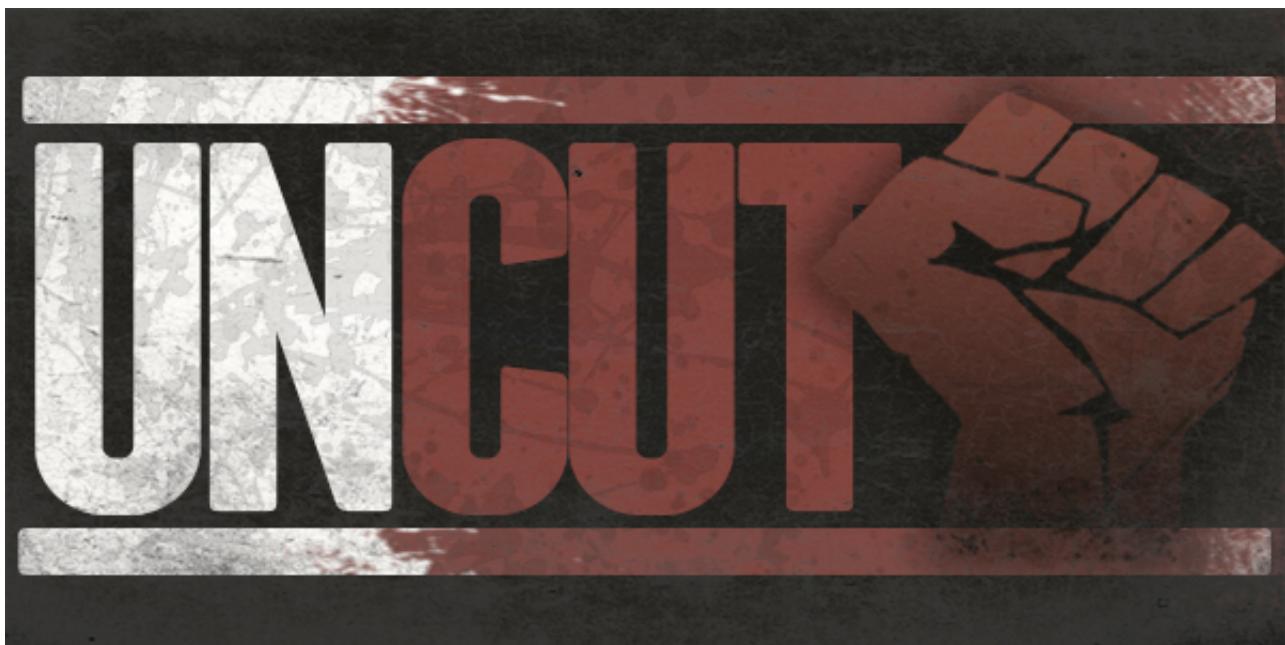
Okay, then... Outback Mack... best of luck to you, I suppose. And if you're to be believed, then I assume we'll be seeing the Goat Bastard sooner than we think.

He redirects his gaze back to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Of course though, knowing the man who earned the nickname of "Escape Artist", that is a VERY big "if". It remains to be seen how this unfolds in the coming weeks, ladies and gentlemen, but we here in the DEFIANCE media team promise to keep you up to date with the very latest Rezin sightings! In the meantime... stay vigilant, Faithful. And *always* believe.

Fade to black.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

READY TO DO BUSINESS

♪ "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Well... I wasn't sure we'd be hearing this music ever again after what went down at the award show, Lance.

Lance:

Ed White is a prison-bound pauper again, all is right with the world... but yeah, it seems the *Blood Diamonds* live on.

Just as Lance utters the name, out from behind the entrance curtain steps one after another the two man mountain range known as Money Talks. Neither "Houston Strong" **Felton Bigsby** nor "The Problem Solver" **Adrian Payne** ever really look "happy"; both of the enormous athletes look especially salty this evening. They take the left side of the entrance ramp, both men crossing their huge arms across their equally huge chests and mutter quietly with one another as the newest member of the group makes their entrance.

A shock of white hair, broad shoulders, dressed all in black "The Concrete Killa" **Duchess Vaughn** struts out with a confident smile plastered across their face.

Lance:

The niece of Bronson Box, the self proclaimed "Final DEFIANT" ... whatever *that* means.

DDK:

Duchess made an enormous impact at DEF Rising, *assisting* Bronson in defeating Dex Joy in a vicious, bloody encounter. The Brixton Juggernaut, clearly as bloodthirsty as their notable uncle.

Duchess takes the right-hand side of the stage opposite Money Talks. They too cross their arms, the newest member of the DEFIANCE roster has a far more chipper expression on their face. Vaughn scans the Faithful with a confident cocked smile.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The volume of the negative feedback is amplified tenfold as the Motormormouth of Malcontent, the Herald of the Wargod steps out onto the stage followed closely by the man himself. **Angus Skaaland** is dressed in his usual black t-shirt and red blazer. His platinum blond hair slicked back with his sunglasses perched atop. The Original DEFIANT **Bronson Box** is in a fine black and grey pinstripe three piece suit, black shirt, blood-red tie, and a small red diamond shaped lapel pin.

Angus and Bronson waste little time and march directly down the ramp. Duchess follows close behind. Money Talks lag behind. The two men take their time making their way down to ringside.

Once the entire contingent of the Blood Diamonds finally make their way into the ring Angus fetches a microphone from ringside. He walks over to his Hall of Famer client, he kneels and offers up the mic like he's presenting Box a sword to his liege.

Angus Skaaland:

It's all you, Strongman.

Boxer cocks a small grin out of the side of his mouth as he takes the microphone and brings it to his mouth...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

FU[censored] YOU BRON-SON!

[censored] *YOU BRON-SON!*

[censored] *YOU BRON-SON!*

The negative reaction from the fans is almost deafening.

DDK:

The Faithful out in full force tonight, partner!

Lance:

Ed White wasn't anybody's favorite, I just like everybody else had a good laugh at the Socialite's expense at the award show and he really brought it all on himself, him being an awful greedy douche-canoe and all but...

DDK:

But we all saw that look in Ed's eyes. A very human look. A man utterly defeated and betrayed by his innermost circle. In a strange way we all felt a little sorry for Ed White.

Lance:

Speak for yourself, he brought ALL of that on himself acting like a greedy creep.

Boxer once again brings the microphone to his mouth.

Bronson Box:

NOTHING... has changed. Nothing of consequence, anyway.

The camera picks up Adrian Payne and Felton Bigsby exchanging glances at that statement.

Bronson Box:

The Blood Diamonds exist for one reason and one reason only! *Bronson Box* is still here for one reason and one reason only! The same reason I've ALWAYS been here... to *elevate* this brand to the best of my abilities no matter the cost! To disallow the sort of base *cartoon* characters that drag DEFIANCE down into the pits of mediocrity! This isn't the *kiddie table*, ladies and gentlemen. *Ed White* forgot that. The Diamonds haven't lost a damned thing! We cut dead weight! We simply replaced the old and disappointin' with youthfulness and *promise*... aint that right, Duchess?

He walks over and claps a hand down on the wide shoulder of his niece, "The Brixton Juggernaut" Duchess Vaughn. Standing around six feet and at almost two hundred pounds of pure muscle, Duchess cuts a very similar scowling profile to their famous uncle. Vaughn cracks their knuckles and mugs for the camera as it zooms in. The camera catches a very satisfied looking Angus Skaaland rubbing his hands as the next generation is further introduced to the world.

Bronson Box:

Stagnation will not envelope me and mine, no sir... I've got my eyes trained on the horizon. This organization isn't about loyalty. The Diamonds are about *results*. Because DEFIANCE deserves no less. Good intentions won't keep the doors of this place open. Comradery isn't going to draw packed, ravenous crowds that EARN the nom de plume "FAITHFUL."

Vaughn nods along in clear, complete agreement with their uncle.

Bronson Box:

Violence! ANARCHY! These are the tools I work with, lads! I don't have a single bloody thing to prove to you [censored] people... I'm still here because the idea of abandoning somethin' I helped create with my blood MY effort... abandoning it to the likes of the cadre of CIRCUS CLOWNS back there in that locker room makes me physically ill! There are exceptions... a scant handful of true killers. A few men and women that understand what this game is about. What DEFIANCE should be about at its very best.

Boxer takes a few steps away from Duchess and towards the camera perched on the ring apron. He almost hisses the

words.

Bronson Box:

Violence. Violence and [censored] anarchy.

He walks back towards center ring.

Bronson Box:

But I'm feelin' particularly *cheeky* this evenin' lads. See. Here in a few minutes I'm gonna head back there, maybe grab myself a cuppa and settle back in my private locker room to watch the rest of the show with my mates here. I'm gonna watch the show and have myself a little think about our next step. I've got a lot of unresolved issues need tendin' to. Lot of danglin' chads that need trimmin' to allow myself a little peace to sleep at night. I'm overwhelmed with choice of directions to point my ire... *so*. I'm hangin' an open sign on the ol' locker room door tonight.

He looks around the ring at his remaining compatriots.

Bronson Box:

Got issues with us? With ol' Boxer himself? You know the drill. We ain't hard folks to find. Got the bollocks? Or maybe you've got a keen idea of who needs a right smashin'... well, we're your huckleberry there too. If you see yourself, even a wee bit, in our mission to truly better this place, *please...* doors open a crack this evenin'... *the DEFIA* Sophisticate is ready to do business.

Bronson hucks the microphone over the ropes to ringside without a single care if someone's there to catch it. It clatters with a small electric squeal at Darren Quimbey's feet.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus goes about raising Bronson and Duchess' hands high with Money Talks mugging for the camera to one side. We cut over to the commentary desk as Bronson and his associates vacate the ring.

DDK:

I'm sensing some ripples of tension between this "new" Blood Diamonds, partner.

Lance:

The skuttlebut backstage is Felton and Adrian were NOT consulted before Bronson dropped the hammer on Edward. As their name suggests, Money Talks were enamored with Edward and his... well, *way of life*.

DDK:

Seems like Boxer himself has his eyes forward, and on the career of young Duchess Vaughn. The young Londoner's future seems bright with Boxer at their back.

Lance:

Wonder if anyone is mental enough to take Box up on his offer? Who would willingly spend time, let alone do business with this maniac? Guess we'll see...

ANOTHER ADULT ENTERS THE ROOM

We come back from DEFtv where ADULT Conor Fuse remains outside of gorilla, talking to Game Face Cyrus about the recent events which just transpired. Well, Conor isn't so much talking to Bates as he is scolding the guy. GFC's head is very low to the ground. He keeps shaking it up and down though, like he's absorbing everything Conor tells him and that Fuse isn't wrong whatsoever. Of course Conor's not, the guy's a grown-up now. However, the chastising doesn't last too much longer because another man is now looming behind them. A large man. A tall man.

Definitely, a man.

The ADULT realizes they are no longer alone. He swings around and his eyes immediately light up!

ADULT Conor Fuse: [to Cyrus Bates]

See, this was the friggen guy I was telling you about!

Like a proper ADULT, Conor extends his right hand. A big, tree trunk arm emerges from offscreen and shakes Fuse's hand back as the camera pans over and the crowd gives a cheer.

DEFIANCE Hall of Famer and legend, Dan Ryan.

Conor continues to shake the hand, but not for too long. He removes it soon after.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

I've been working on my handshaking, bro. Firm. Strong. **Bold.** I wanna leave a mark, like all proper ADULTS do.

Is Ryan entertained by this? Unsure. Needless to say, Fuse might be an ADULT but that brain still works a mile a minute. Or kilometer. He is Canadian.

B>ADULT Conor Fuse:

Tough one against Ivan Stanislav. I also had a tough one against the Kael's. But don't worry, if I have my way, this won't be the last I see of Sutler. I'm already set to challenge him at IMMORTALS II!

Looks like GFC wants to add something along the lines of "about that", but Conor keeps going.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Anyway, dude. I can't wait for you to join Outer Heaven. I was telling Cyrus, he's been doing okay, until he hasn't. Losses against Klein and Rowzilla? Ouch! I'm glad I've bumped into you again, because I know we talked about you joining our fine establishment and it would be an honour! Allllso, I understand you have some BIG ANNOUNCEMENT to deliver!? [Laughs] I really appreciate the notion that joining forces with Tyler and I, and the rest of our group, warrants the title of 'big announcement'!

Conor nudges Cyrus out of the joyful thought.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

But don't worry, you don't need to add 'ADULT' to your name. I know you've got like seventeen-hundred daughters.

Conor leans into GFC.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

A little joke Dan and I had in the poverty fed.

Dan can clearly still hear Conor, so he gives a weak smile, while Fuse moves away from GFC and goes back to speaking openly towards the legend.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Dan Ryan, leaving Vae Victis. Once Henry Keyes fails, and he no doubt will soon, there's gonna be nothing left of that poverty stable, either. It's awesome you'll be a part of our group. You know, since you **did** come back to DEFIANCE for me and all. [BEEP], my dick gets hard just thinking about you on our team! Not really, though, that's like what ADULTS do, they make inappropriate jokes in the workforce for fun banter...

Fuse grins from ear-to-ear.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Dan Ryan in Outer Heaven!

It takes a moment, but as the three of them stand there... Ryan places his right arm on Conor's shoulders. It's almost like the popular meme going around, as the look on Dan's face shows minor concern for his friend.

Dan Ryan:

About that...

Ryan's hand remains on Conor's shoulder. Meanwhile, GFC is a little uncomfortable so he wanders back a few steps.

Yet Ryan's concern soon dissipates. It's replaced by what looks to be a genuine smile.

Dan Ryan:

The "big announcement"? I'm going to tell everyone in two weeks. After all, DEFtv will be in Texas.

His home state. Conor nods along, like "fucking game on."

Dan Ryan:

And I want you to be there right beside me when I do.

Again, it's all "fucking game on" as Ryan removes his hand from Conor's shoulder.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Okay. Okay, sweet. Okay, hell yeah! Okay, Pat Cassidy's a bum! I like it, man. I'll see you at ringside in two weeks time!

Ryan nods towards Cyrus and then to Conor before leaving Fuse and Bates where they left off.

Conor goes right back to scolding the Game Face.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

|If you want to be 1/100th the legend my buddy is, then I can't WAIT for you to accept Ryan as your true mentor! This will start ASAP in Dallas, Texas, live for DEFtv 231!

Fuse grins evilly as the broadcast goes elsewhere.

PAT CASSIDY vs. KYLE SHIELDS

♪ “Blood” by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The lights dim slightly as blue lights begin to swirl around the arena. The fans stand on their feet, scanning the arena for a glimpse at where the ACE of DEFIAНCE is going to emerge.

DDK:

And here comes a man who has a VERY personal date with destiny at DEFCON... Pat Cassidy, the ACE of DEFIAНCE, will put that very prize on the line in a heated street fight against his former best friend, Brock Newbludd.

Cassidy appears amongst the people, entering the arena from an entryway in the middle level. He has no beverage in hand, but still looks ready to have a good time. A young woman grabs him aggressively and forces him into a selfie - a service he seems happy to provide. As the lyrics kick in, he begins to march down the stairs, trying to high five and fist bump as many people as he can.

#Trouble underground in Kenmore Square
You'd better watch out, you'd better beware
It's time to go, goodbye good luck
They said people like you screw everything up!#

Cassidy reaches the guardrail separating the seats from the ringside floor. Motioning to a nearby fan to move out of the way, Cassidy hops onto the chair and faces the hordes of the Faithful. He spreads his arms as they helpfully fill on the chorus to the Dropkick Murphys.

#If you want blood, we'll give you some!#

BLOOD! BLOOD!

#Straight from the heart till the job is done
If you want it now, then here it comes#

BLOOD! BLOOD!

#If you want blood, we'll give you some!#

Hopping over the barricade, Cassidy rolls into the ring and jumps up to the top rope, raising both arms and flexing with a grin as the fans show their appreciation for The Saturday Night Special.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled ofr ONE FALL... introducing first, from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at two-hundred forty-two pounds... “BLACK OUT”... PAAAAAAT CAAAAASSIDY!

Casting a knowing wink towards someone in the audience, Cassidy hops of the turnbuckle and begins to run the ropes as his music dies out.

♪ “Diamond Life” by Tyga ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp.
I ... I think so. Kyle gets to the ring and rolls inside. He is ready to fight!

DING DING!

Cassidy begins to circle his opponent. Kyle Shields, on the other hand, looks completely disinterested. Cassidy leans back, seemingly puzzled by this behavior. He snaps his fingers to try to get Shield's attention... but Kyle just looks over with a completely bored look.

DDK:

Why is this person a wrestler again?

Lance:

Drug money, I think.

Finally, Cassidy has had enough...

OOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

VICIOUS SLAP across Shield's face by Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

Cassidy certainly knows how to have a good time, but he also takes wrestling very seriously...

The slap has so much force that Shields spins completely in a circle, allowing Cassidy to hook him from behind and drop him with a back suplex.

DDK:

Shields draped on the second rope.... Cassidy gets a head of steam... leapfrog body guillotine!

Shields bounces off the ropes in pain, right into a vertical suplex by the Boston native... but instead of sending him backwards, Cassidy drops him stomach-first across the top rope! A springboard off the ropes and big right to his hanging head sends him sprawling!

DDL

Shields better GET serious real fast, or he's in for more punishment!

Cassidy hooks Shields for a pumphandle slam... but the slimy good-for-nothing slips down his back... and scores with a LOW BLOW!

Lance:

Carla didn't see it!

Carla appears to suspect something is up when Pat falls to the mat holding his little Rex Sox, but she can't prove anything. Kyle, now looking to escape a thrashing, brings Cassidy up and drops him back down with a reverse DDT!

Lance:

Wow! Some offense!

DDK:

He DOES have some skills... when he chooses to show them.

Looking to keep up the pressure, Shields locks a deadly chinlock on the downed Cassidy. Carla moves into ask if Cassidy gives up... and he responds by primarily crying out in rage and beginning to battle up!

Lance:

Kyle looks like he's about to urinate himself... Cassidy is fighting out of the chinlock.

With one big push, Cassidy gets to his feet. He wraps his arms around Shield, spins him around and drops him with a

GREEN MONSTAH BOMB! Shield's head bounces off the mat, and Cassidy also lands back first. At least until he KIPS UP!

DDK:

Bottom's up, as they say!

Kyle slowly scrambles to his feet, but he's rock with a big Cassidy right hand! Another! Another! Another! Another! Shields desperately tries to fire back with his own, but it gets blocked, and Cassidy answers with a headbutt that drops him to the mat!!

DDK:

Shields seeing stars... Cassidy brings him up... Atomic Drop!

With his anus firmly meeting Pat's knee, Kyle cries out in pain and leaps/stumbles forward... right into the corner.

DDK:

Cassidy taking position in the opposite corner... he gets a running start...

SPLASH OF JAMESON right into Shield's back! Out on his feet, Shield's head hits turnbuckle and he stumbles out of the corner... right into Cassidy hooking him for the Reverse STO!

DDK

IRISH GOODBYE! He drops him!

Lance

You've got to think this dominating performance is a message to Brock Newbludd!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!**

DING DING DING!

WE ARE HERE

Cassidy pulls his hand away from Carla Ferrari and moves toward the ropes. He reaches his hand out and yells something to Darren Quimbey that can't quite be made out.

DDK:

What's this? It appears Pat is calling for a mic...

Cassidy motions for his music to cut out and then...

Pat Cassidy:

Mexico City... how ah yah?

A positive response.

Pat Cassidy:

Gonna have to forgive me foah holding up the wrestling for a sec. But in case you've been living under a rock, you've heard that this ol'Casshole's got himself a match at DEFCON.

A LOUDER positive response.

Pat Cassidy:

Not just any match... a Street Fight. Mother[BLEEP]er, I was BAWN for this. But it's also true that the powahs that be have decreed that Newbludd and I can't get physical beforehand. To tell ya the truth, that might be a smaht move.

Cassidy begins to pace around the ring, getting more animated with his hands.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm not a patient man by nature, but for this? A chance to wipe the smug grin off that backstabbing son of a bitches face? I can wait a few months for that.

Cassidy stops walking, as if an idea has just come to him.

Pat Cassidy:

But I'll tell yah what... the Favored Saints didn't say nothing about talking. Talking! Like civilized men!

He turns to the entrance

Pat Cassidy:

So whatta ya say, Newbludd? I got a few things I wanna say to yah face, so hows 'bout you come have a haht-to-haht with your ol buddy?

The crowd stirs in anticipation.

DDK:

This is NOT a good idea.

Lance:

It certainly isn't. Pat's still on a probationary contract, and if these two have any physicality before DEFCON, it will be terminated - ACE of DEFIANCE or not. And likewise, if they do come to blows, Brock will be suspended without pay for an entire year!

DDK:

We could lose BOTH these guys if they can't keep their tempers in check! I don't think Brock coming out here is smart...

Cassidy hops up to sit on the top turnbuckle, checking an imaginary watch.

Pat Cassidy:

Come on, buddy... yah can't make us wait all...

Cassidy is cut off as the DEFtron suddenly comes to life, and the Arena CDMX quickly fills with boos as Brock Newbludd suddenly appears on the screen. Clad in full Lincoln Hawk apparel and standing in front of a green screen, Brock doesn't acknowledge the camera as he paces back and forth with his head buried in a thick script held in both hands.

In the ring, Cassidy remains seated at the top rope but his fire is immediately gone and replaced with disgust.

DDK:

I just got word that Newbludd was watching us from the set of Over the Top 2 and has demanded to be patched in!

Lance:

Rumor is this one is set in space. After its recent announcement, Newbludd said it's going to be the "Citizen Kane of the Arm-Wrestling Space Opera" genre.

Brock's head suddenly jerks up, and his crystal blue eyes narrow as he stares off into the distance. He slowly turns the black ball cap on his head backward and snarls.

Brock Newbludd: (as Lincoln Hawk)

Don't matter if we're on Mars, asshole. This switch is universal...

"Milwaukee's Beast" holds a sneer for a second before smiling wide, pleased with his performance. He finally looks at the camera, and his smile turns to a smirk. The Faithful in the arena boo again, and Cassidy paces in the ring as he glares up at the tron.

Brock Newbludd:

Pat...

Newbludd is suddenly cut off when a production assistant rushes over to him, a bottle of baby oil in one hand. Brock raises an annoyed eyebrow at her.

Assistant:

Just one second, Brock. The director asked for more "glistening" in this next scene...

She squirts some of the oil into her hand and begins applying it to Newbludd's right arm. He grabs her greasy hand and gently removes it from his bicep.

Brock Newbludd:

First of all, Janice. I told you that baby oil is for amateurs. If you want me to shine like the star I am, go melt a stick of butter in the microwave. How many times do we have to go over this?

Flustered, Janice grabs a towel and begins to wipe the oil off.

Janice:

I am so, so sorry. I will get on that right away and...

Rolling his eyes, Brock yanks his arm away and points a finger somewhere off camera.

Brock Newbludd:

And NOTHING, Janice! You're already on thin ice after bringing me a Dasani yesterday, even though I specifically said LifeWater! Do I look like a hobo to you!? You might as well have taken a stinky piss and given me a bottle of that!

Janice's face turns pale, and she opens her mouth to speak, but an angry growl from Brock silences her.

Brock Newbludd:

I don't want your excuses. I want results! This isn't community theater, this is Hollywood, honey. Now, MOVE your ass!

With a yelp, the production assistant scurries away, and Newbludd watches her for a second with his hands on his hips.

Brock Newbludd:

Unbelievable...the people I have to deal with.

Shaking his head, The DieHard DEFIANT focuses back on the camera, and the arrogant smirk returns to his face. In the ring, Cassidy is leaning against the top rope, looking unamused and oddly disappointed at this display. On the tron, Brock cups a hand over his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

Mexico City! Lemme hear ya, por favor! BAAAAAAAALLLYYYYY!!!!

HOOooBOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A smirk as Cassidy acknowledges the cleverness of the fans.

DDK:

It's sounding like the tide might be turning against Newbludd when it comes to The Faithful.

Completely unfazed by the negative reaction, Brock pumps a fist before putting his hands together and bowing slightly.

Lance:

I'd say damn near two thumbs down, but apparently Brock doesn't see it that way.

The boos linger on as Brock is handed a bottle of water. He quickly checks the label, approves, and takes a quick drink.

Brock Newbludd:

Listen, buys. I'm gonna let you guys in on a little secret. I can't hear any of you, literally. I'm just gonna assume that you all are giving me the ovation and respect that I have MORE than earned at this point in my illustrious career.

Another round of boos as Brock takes another drink.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't make a big deal out of it, guys. It's not like you boo when you watch my movies. In fact, they have the exact opposite effect I've been told. The box office numbers don't lie. Mexico loves them some Brock Newbludd, and I got the ticket receipts to prove it. So, just like in the theater, I'm gonna need everyone to callate and keep your eyes on me.

A swell of boos, and Brock pumps a fist again. Lowering it, his face turns serious.

Brock Newbludd:

And I would never silence such a devoted fan base and risk your precious pesos for no reason. I hope you know that, mi familia. But, the fact is, I really could give two spicy shits what that man in that ring has to say to me. It's all lies and slander, and I'm done hearing it. So, I've put that sonuvabitch, and all of you, on MUTE tonight!

Close-up shot of Cassidy's face. He mostly betrays no emotion, but he does mouth something that we can't hear but we can make out by reading his lips: he thinks this is a fucking joke?

Brock Newbludd:

Patdejo, I need you to put down the diaper bag for a second and listen up. I'm not going to beat around the bush...you're one ungrateful bastard to be doing this to me right now. I'm the goddamn 2025 DEFIANT of the Year, buddy! I'm not just ridin' the lightnin', I AM the lightnin'! My destiny is clear to me now, and I'm not letting you get in my way anymore. You could be right here beside me livin' the LIFE, but you simply just couldn't keep up with me.

Brock shakes his head and sneers.

Brock Newbludd:

And now all you want to do is drag me down into the nightmare zone you call your life. Just like your goddamn sister, you wouldn't know a good thing if it was standing right in front of your stupid Irish face. Well, I'm gonna be standin' in front of it come DEFCON, buddy. The only way I can continue to rise is to cut the dead weight in my life, and that's exactly what I'm gonna do.

Cassidy smiles and nods... but it's not a happy smile.

Brock Newbludd:

I'm gonna let you think about that while you change poopy diapers, Pat. I gotta get back to more important things. And as always, say hi to your wife for me.

The big screen goes dark. The Faithful boo that display while Pat, still leaning over the top rope, takes a moment to shake away the confusion before bringing the mic up once again.

Pat Cassidy:

Huh. Been learning a lot lately, huh? We found out Brock Newbludd was a lie-ah, a jealously ridden dickhead, and a fake. But man... I never suspected he was such a little bitch.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

Alright. Tell ya what. I'll be right heah in this ring in two weeks time. Looks like we'll have to have our friendly chat in Dallas.

Cassidy goes to leave, and then stops as something occurs to him.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh yeah... and by the way... Newbludd? Your español? Muy de mierda.

RAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cassidy tosses the mic and heads through the ropes.

DDK:

Well, no showdown tonight... but it sounds we might be on a collision course in two weeks in Dallas, Texas! We hope you can join us, folks!

COMMERCIAL: DEF LIVE

Catch DEFIA NCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. COREY NUNEZ

DDK:

We're about to see more in-ring action, Lance! A few weeks ago during our DEFIAНCE Home for the Holidays Special, we saw Butcher Victorious look to turn his focus on singles action! After parting with The Lads on amicable terms, Butcher has issued a challenge to anyone!

Lance:

And it was a surprising name: Los Caidos member, Corey Nunez. We've seen how dangerous first hand that Victor Vacio and his crew have become while aligned with the likes of The Crown. Tonight, we'll see what Nunez can bring to the table!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious versus Corey Nunez is up next!

The rowdy Mexico City Faithful cheer as Darren Quimbey introduces the competitors for the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

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

LIGHTS OUT.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

The lights come up to a dim hue. The large screens on the stage show video of the flickering orange wick of dripping white candles. Walking out to the ring solo underneath a dark mark and dark ring gear, walks out the Los Caidos member to jeers from the Mexico City Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, representing Los Caidos... he weighs in at 198 pounds... **COREY NUNEZ!**

Paying no attention to The Faithful, Nunez rolls under the ropes. He brushes right past referee Rex Knox and motions his hands for Butcher Victorious to make his way out.

He will most assuredly get his wish as his music cuts and the arena becomes covered in darkness...

♪ "Bring The Noise" by Anthrax and Public Enemy ♪

Standing on stage, wearing LED bluetooth speakers on his vest, the lights return and the bright new blue and yellow gear of one Butcher Victorious shines as he throws his hands out!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 233 pounds... he is **"THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher gestures to the LED earbuds lighting up his ears.

Lance:

And just announced mere days ago... Butcher Victorious! The new sponsor of the Aural D-Lights... that's A-U-R-A-L so we don't get in any trouble with our other sponsors... Aural D-Lights! Listen to your music AND light up any room you walk into!

DDK:

Exactly what Butcher Victorious does each time he steps out into an arena! He had a good 2025 capped off by becoming the BRAZEN Star Cup Champion, defending that Cup both on BRAZEN shows and UNCUT, but now looks to take his focus back to singles action!

The music fades as Butcher Victorious whips out The Stick... you know, his signature microphone, you freaks. He taps the tip. (pause)

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

He points to his skull.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

Then he points to the ring!

Butcher Victorious:

AND TONIGHT, STARTING WITH YOU, COREY NUNEZ... BUTCH VIC... IS GONNA RULE IN 2026!

The Faithful give The Microphone Fiend a nice ovation as he finally reaches the ring! But as he sheds the earbuds and brand new boom box-inspired vest...

RUNNING DROPKICK BY COREY NUNEZ!

DING DING

Lance:

Rex Knox calling for the bell! This is a big opportunity for Corey Nunez to break out against a popular DEFIANT in Butcher!

The larger Butcher is rocked in the corner from the running dropkick and still upright when Corey Nunez climbs onto the middle rope and rains down punches. He's not even doing so in the popular wrestling fashion to get fans to count; he's unleashing rights on Butcher!

DDK:

Butcher looks great physically! He's been clearly putting some time in the gym lately, but Corey Nunez is offsetting that size with speed right now!

Rex Knox orders the masked Los Caidos member to stop attacking Butcher in the corner, but he simply hops down and gets in Rex's face. After getting told what to do, he turns around to face Butcher... then gets a Butcher's fist in his own face!

DDK:

Butcher's taking the fight back to Corey Nunez! He fires that series of left jabs... Oof! Followed by a discus punch to the temple! Nunez is down!

But not for long as Butcher picks him back up. He whips Nunez into the corner and then CRACKS him with a running knife-edge chop to the chest that echoes loud! Butcher then grabs his arm and pulls Nunez out of the corner before dropping him into the canvas with a big STO backbreaker!

DDK:

Nunez took the fight to Butcher, but The Microphone Fiend is coming right back! This is a more energetic and aggressive style than we're used to from Butcher following that STO backbreaker!

After Nunez is down, the former Favoured Saints Champion leaps and drops a huge running senton across the chest! Corey is down as Butcher inches backwards on the mat for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Nunez kicks out, then rolls out of the ring to jeers from The Faithful before Butch Vic can follow up!

Lance:

Nunez might be doing the smart thing right now... but Butcher's hot on his trail!

Not wanting to give Corey Nunez an inch, The Microphone Fiend heads outside the ring and goes after Nunez, who holds onto his sore back with one arm as he tries to play keep-away from his larger opponent. The quicker lucha-inspired Nunez makes it inside first, then waits it out before hitting Butch Vic with a thrust kick just as he slides back under the ropes!

DDK:

Oooh! Nunez caught him flush with that thrust kick just as Victorious tried to get back in the ring!

Butcher holds onto his jaw on the floor, then things go from bad to worse when Nunez takes flight through the ropes with a HUGE suicide dive that wipes out Butcher! As Corey Nunez makes it back to his feet, the Los Caidos member is met with jeers! He puts a finger in his ear, then gives them a quick two-fingered salute before pushing the limping Butcher back into the ring.

Lance:

That was some quick thinking on Nunez's part! He baited Butcher to chase him and came back with that kick!

DDK:

And he's up top now!

Nunez measures him before taking flight with a FLIPPING missile dropkick off the top rope! Butcher eats two feet to the chest and goes down hard!

DDK:

WHAT THE?! He executed a flip before the missile dropkick! Incredible! Can Corey Nunez get the upset win?!

He hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butch Vic with the kick... out! He fires a shoulder up while The Mexico City Faithful cheer him on!

Lance:

Corey Nunez was just a second away putting a huge damper on the start to Butcher's 2026! He's bringing the fight here tonight!

After the failed pin attempt, Nunez measures up The Microphone Fiend for his next move. He waits and then makes the leap to the nearby middle rope! He comes off the ropes looking for a flying cutter... but Butcher moves and Nunez crashes backfirst onto the canvas! Butcher limps back up to his feet, then does something new himself by leaping up to the same middle rope, then flies back to land a springboard crossbody that takes Nunez down!

DDK:

Amazing! Corey missed the springboard cutter off the ropes, but Butcher landed a springboard crossbody! He said

he's been working hard in training during holidays and it's showing!

Butcher rises to his feet and clutches his chest after crushing Nunez with the springboard moonsault! Nunez can barely stand when Butcher hits the ropes and takes him down with a running forearm smash. He waits on Nunez to stand again, then cracks him on the jaw from the other side with another running forearm smash. The Los Caidos member goes down a second time when Butch Vic pulls him up by the arm only to deliver a short-arm back elbow, followed by a release German suplex that sends Nunez across the ring! After he crashes on the canvas, the former Favoured Saints Champion kips up to his feet! The Mexico City Faithful are fired up as

Lance:

Listen to this response from The Faithful! They're all about Butcher right now!

The Microphone Fiend waits on Corey and then hoists him up for what looks like a fireman's carry! But before he can land the move, Nunez slips out! In desperation, he tries to roll up Butcher for a schoolboy and tries to hook the tights!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Butcher kicks out with his legs and ends up on his feet. Nunez runs past him with a clothesline, but gets caught off-guard when Butcher not only ducks it, but hits a handspring off the ropes, and CRACKS Nunez on the return with a HUGE lariat that pops The Faithful! Nunez flops over and lands on his stomach from the impact!

Lance:

WHAT WAS THAT?! A HANDSPRING... INTO A LARIAT?!

DDK:

YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF THAT LARIAT!? HE CALLS THAT THE NOISE-MAKER!

With Nunez down and out, Butcher points towards the buckles and then heads up top. Once he gets there, he points both fingers high, then LEAPS off as if he's about to land a frog splash, but shifts direction and DRILLS a huge diving elbow drop variation right into the heart of Nunez first!

DDK:

AND THAT'S BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT V2! COVER!

Butcher hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Bring The Noise" by Anthrax and Public Enemy ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Making it back to his feet, Butcher celebrates with The Faithful and points out to the Mexico City Faithful! He throws an arm up in the air and then nods to the fans before collecting his belongings and heading back up the ramp!

DDK:

What a combination of moves! That Sound Up lariat followed by that splash-style elbow drop from the top! Butcher's 2026 starts off on a great note!

Lance:

So far, so good! We've got a lot more DEFtv to come, fans, so stay tuned!

With the focus on a celebrating Butcher, the camera heads backstage...

EL REGRESO AL HOGAR

The broadcast cuts abruptly backstage.

Victor Vacio stands deathly still in front of a production monitor, Los Caídos flanking him on either side. The screen shows the end of Butch's match, the Mexico City Faithful still roaring.

Victor doesn't react.

The camera angle shifts slightly as Lord Nigel Trickelbush steps into frame, hands clasped behind his back, eyes fixed on the monitor.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Listen to them. All that noise. All that love and unbridled admiration. It's almost intoxicating.

He tilts his head, almost amused.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Enjoying himself, isn't he? Really ...soaking it in, as they say. Right here. In your hometown, no less.

Victor's jaw tightens, but his eyes never leave the screen as he glares at the image of Butch Vic leaving the ring after his big speech and celebration.

Trickelbush can tell the hook is set. He leans closer, his voice softer, sharper.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You could silence it, Victor. Remind him that sentiment and volume are not to be mistaken for strength.

Victor remains motionless; he offers no words or even the simplest acknowledgment.

A thin smile begins creeping across Nigel's face.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

In time, then...

Nigel turns away, feigning restraint, but the satisfaction in his expression says everything: the seed has been planted and Victor will act on it.

The camera lingers on Victor's unreadable face, Los Caídos looming behind him, Mexico City buzzing for Butch as the shot fades.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

A closer look at the professional careers of YOUR favorite DEFIANTS!

WE'RE DONE HERE

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The booing in Mexico City 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 smug face is plastered all over the DEFIA-Tron! Tom Morrow is wearing a blue leather suit and tie. In his hands is the official contract won by the Triple 7s as the Ace of Tag Teams! He turns around to show what has become the signature obnoxious logo of the super agent ... "TOM THE [bomb emoji]"

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen ... please welcome the official agent of The Triple 7s ... TOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
MORRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOWWWWWWW!!!

The uber-sleazy Morrow points to the fans.

Tom Morrow:

AND LET ME INTRODUCE THE BADDEST MEN WALKING THIS EARTH! THE FIRST-EVER ACE OF TAG TEAMS AND YOUR NEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!! THREE TIMES, BABY!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

Behind Morrow there are three spotlights that shine with a flame effect. Max Luck on the left! Behind him, his twin Mason Luck in green! And behind them in orange, Mark Luck! All three of Morrow's giants are dressed to the nines ... maybe the tens even! Max in a dark red suit, Mark in dark green and Mark Luck in a burnt orange suit.

DDK:

We're about to hear from Tom Morrow and the Triple 7s after they won the gold! It was at DEFIA Home for the Holidays that Mark Luck took on Lonnie! The loser was going to have to go to BRAZEN, but the match was ruled a no contest after M4NTRA made the save!

Lance:

There have been rumors that I'm still trying to confirm about The Triple 7s first contenders for that gold, but Tom Morrow may be out here to address it first!

One by one, the giants climb over the ropes with Mark and Mason holding onto the Unified Tag Team championships! They line up and throw the Winning Hands up to the sky and Tom Morrow does it along with them.

DDK:

I still can't believe all that we saw at DEFIA Rising in that I Quit match for the Unified Tag Titles!

Lance:

It was such a gruesome main event! Mason and Max threatened to burn Zack Daymon alive, but Leo Burnett quit on their behalf! All that only for these monsters to walk out with the gold and for Daymom to walk out on his partner! As soon as we have more news there, we'll let you know.

The music wraps up and Tom Morrow wishes to speak.

Tom Morrow:

MEXICO CITY ... I brought out the Triple 7s so this company can see what *real* champions look like! Let me introduce to you all ... the GREATEST OF ALL TAG TEAMS!!! THEY ARE YOUR GOATTS! MASE THE HEADCASE! MAX THE JACK! MARK THE SPARK!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The three giants raise the gold high for everyone to lay their eyes on!

Tom Morrow:

Okay ... you have had your look at the GOATTS. Screw you all cause we're outta here. Hit our music!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

DDK:

WHAT?! THAT'S IT?! THAT'S ALL THESE BULLIES HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THEIR ACTIONS?!

Lance:

NO, THAT'S A GOOD THING! WE CAN MOVE ON WITH THE SHOW DARREN!!!

Tom Morrow starts rocking out to the music ...

Until they hear new music.

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

"RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Lance:

Tom Morrow thought the party was over, but it looks like the party is just getting started!

DDK:

Fresh off a win over Kill or Be Killed last week! They've finally overcome those monsters and it looks like they've got a score to settle with Morrow's monsters!

Nathan Eye, Declan Alexander and their newest member, BRAZEN Womens Champion "Tank Girl" Eva Vandegaar have walked through the curtains! The Triple 7s look like they don't want anything to do with their archrivals in the tag team division, but M4NTRA don't care! Eva stands ready to fight with arms folded.

DEC4L:

Do you hear these guys, chat?! These guys are like the Mr. Beasts of cap. They're out here just throwing briefcases full of cap at people. We're talking MANSION sized cap here, Natty.

Nathan Eye:

Agreed, partner! Agreed! Are we in a wrestling ring or a hat store! You three giants with two combined brain cells ... and I'm including you in that M4NTRA Math, Tommy!

Tom Morrow doesn't appreciate the shot!

Nathan Eye:

You have a very impressive resume. I get it! But how are you going to call yourselves the greatest tag team of all time when the last two times you fought us, you needed Mark Luck and Kill or Be Killed to keep us down during the Ace of Tag Teams! And after we slayed one set of monsters ... we're coming for that gold and we're gonna slay your monsters, Tom!!!

Tom Morrow:

... you two? You two? Just because you lost Makayla Namaste and upgraded her for more jacked Makayla Namaste, you think that you can beat us?! You've spent so much time writing books, Nathan, you don't know the difference between fiction and non-fiction, you fool!

Max asks for Tom's microphone and he gets it.

Max Luck:

And what makes *you* little pricks think that you deserve a title shot! We beat you to become the Ace of Tag Teams! We've kicked your ass so many times, we're getting sick of it!

Nathan looks at Declan.

Nathan Eye:

Declan Alexander, Master of Quantum Rizzics ... care to drop some knowledge on the giant pyromaniacs?

DEC4L:

I've ran the calculations and it's giving... cooked.

Declan Alexander smiles.

DEC4L:

While you two big ass betas were servicing Mr. Morrow, we've been scrapping with Kill or Be Killed for a few months now and by our M4NTRA Math, their combined six-hundred fifty pounds plus the dead weight of that spooky simperella Siofra got beat 2-1 by us! To slow it down for you Mason, two is more than one.

Declan shows them with fingers.

DEC4L:

Bruh, I'll even show our work. We beat them in the Ace and on Uncut, we beat them again with our secret weapon, the Smol Bae of Slay from The Hague, Tank Girl!

Eva politely waves.

DEC4L:

Maybe instead of ghosting us, you should be talking to the guys who make matches! We were told a few minutes ago that since we beat the rizzless goon squad, you are looking at your #1 Contenders for the Unified Tag Team championships! That, fam, is DEADASS.

Tom Morrow loses it! This is news to him!

Nathan Eye:

That M4NTRA Math be Mathing, guys! And that match is in two weeks on DEFtv 231! I'm gonna be writing one last new book! I call it "251 Different Ways To Slay Three Cross-Eyed Half-wit Dragons!" Then next week, the entire arena and M4NTRA Rays the world over are gonna help us dance over your big and tall bodies! We'll see you in two weeks, boys!

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

Their hit song plays out M4NTRA while Tom Morrow turns around to see three angry giants!

DDK:

The Triple 7s thought they were done with M4NTRA, but in two weeks they'll get a fair shot at the Unified Tag Team championships! So close to DEFCON, will M4NTRA finally get payback on the traitorous Tom Morrow??

Lance:

They'll get them the fight of their lives, that's for sure! If The Triple 7s are the GOATTs like Morrow says they are, they won't have a problem putting the belts on the line!

Nathan and Declan dance to the music on their way out. Eva just does a half-jig, then points at all three monsters and leaves Morrow perturbed!

TALL PASS

Another night, another win!

The camera is fixed upon the massive Rowzilla casually walking through the backstage area of Arena CDMX, still fresh in his ring gear. After defeating Game Face Cyrus, the Supergiant casually walks backstage ...

???:

Yo, Big Man! Got a minute?

Rowzilla turns around and looks over to his left ...

And there stands the official spokesman for "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. Dressed in a black coat and jacket...

SONNY SILVER.

He gets a big cheer from The Faithful as he looks up at Rowzilla.

Sonny Silver:

Hey, hey, hey... I'm not Tom Morrow. Don't worry, there ain't no snake oil on me. You gotta celebrate that win tonight, young blood, so I'll be quick.

The Silver-Tongued Devil reaches into his pocket and hands over a card. Rowzilla pockets it and looks down at the card.

Sonny Silver:

Yeah, I represent Oscar Burns... but we're really looking to turn shit around here. You want somebody to keep shit real with you so you can focus on breaking dudes in half? That's what I do. I'll do all the talking. You do all the smashing. Plus... You get access to two of the biggest wrestling brains today. Oscar AND me. He's done and seen it all here. I've been there, done that, bought the ticket, then sold that bitch out.

For his part Rowzilla seems to be very intrigued.

Sonny Silver:

Look, I'll get out of your hair. My number's on the card. You got a few minutes to chat, shoot me a call or a text.

He pats Rowzilla on the back.

Sonny Silver:

Congrats again.

The Silver-Tongued Devil leaves down the hallway. Rowzilla flips the card over to see Sonny's number there. He runs his hand over his hair and starts to keep walking...

???:

TALL PASS! SIR, THIS IS STRICTLY FAMILIA TERRITORY!

The camera turns down the hallway just a way from Rowzilla where The Big Boss Dan can be seen talking to a much smaller stagehand in front of a locker room marked "TITANES FAMILIA". Wearing a black jacket and burgundy cargo pants, The Shield of the Familia points a baton at a passer-by.

The Big Boss Dan:

You must be AT LEAST a height of six feet OR an official member of Mi Familia to walk by this locker room! Trespassers will be clubbed! I'm SO SERIOUS!

Stagehand:

¿Cuál es tu maldito problema?

The Big Boss Dan:

Problema? PROBLEMA?! WHERE IS YOUR TALL PASS?!

The unknown stagehand just raises an eyebrow.

Stagehand:

I... I no understand. What is tall pass?

The Big Boss Dan reaches into his pocket and pulls out what looks like a golden ticket.

The Big Boss Dan:

A TALL PASS! You now require one of these if you want a word with either THE SO-US OR Mexico City's greatest hero, my GLOAT, your GLOAT, and EVERYBODY'S GLOAT, MIL VUELTAS!

The stagehand just walks away from Danny, who peeks at the Tall Pass and looks confused.

The Big Boss Dan:

Tall Pass! Like... like a Hall Pass, but for Talls! How do you not get th... oh, hey!

Seeing everything unfold before him, Rowzilla is trying not to laugh at Dan's predicament. The 6'7" Danny approaches the 7'3" Rowzilla and hands him a Tall Pass!

The Big Boss Dan:

ZILLA! Hey! Just the giant I wanted to see! You got a sec?

Rowzilla shrugs. The Big Boss Dan opens the locker room door for Titanes Familia. He comes back with a cold bucket of beers!

The Big Boss Dan:

That's for you! Courtesy of me and Mi Familia! Congrats on the win tonight!

The Supergiant peeks at the bucket and pulls out a cold bottle of Coors Light. He seems to be impressed.

The Big Boss Dan:

All yours! I asked around some friends at BRAZEN and heard Coors Light was your favorite. Cheers.

The Super Giant reaches into the bucket and nods towards Dan.

The Big Boss Dan:

You've been putting in the work. And with all these other people bothering you to try and get you to sign... you know, maybe you could just like... use a friend instead, you know?

Rowzilla nods and starts to walk away, pretty pleased with himself. He twists the top off with one of his hands when he hears Dan clear his throat. He looks over.

The Big Boss Dan:

Hey, uh... I can't catch you drinking that. I'm on duty.

Rowzilla looks confused again.

The Big Boss Dan:

Public intoxication? Wait... can I enforce that in another country? Uh... no, it's okay. You're good. You're good. Take it easy, Zilla.

Shaking his head, Rowzilla leaves and tries to stifle a laugh before he drinks.

Responsibly, mind you.

FAVORED SAINTS: JACK HARMEN (C) vs. MATT LaCROIX

Back inside the arena we go to DDK and Lance Warner at the announce desk.

DDK:

We go from a couple of giants to a couple of people who were, and still may be in the minds of many of the Faithful, giants in professional wrestling. Matt LaCroix. Jack Harmen. Thoughts?

Lance:

Well, I'd be lying Keebs if I didn't say I hope we get pre-Scrow injury Matt LaCroix but at this point there are a lot of people, particularly in medical who are saying that might not be possible. However, the people I've talked to who work down in BRAZEN say Matt looks 95%, which is hard to believe with the injury I know he's been dealing with for the last few years.

DDK:

Well somebody saw something and it's brought Matt LaCroix back to DEFIANCE for one last shot at something and he has his sights set on Jack Harmen and the Favoured Saints Championship. He was the first Favoured Saints Champion and in a way, it feels like attempting to start where he left off.

Lance:

Not if Jack Harmen has anything to say about it. If I'm not mistaken he is two defenses into his Favoured Saints Championship run and he's undergoing a bit of a... fountain of youth?

DDK:

Something like that, but it's hard to argue with the results. Our perpetually 29 year old champion has looked more and more like the prime, no pun intended, Jack Harmen that has made a career out of Hall of Fame after Hall of Fame. He's not going to go down without a fight himself.

Lance:

And I'm sure he certainly didn't like Matt referring to them both as "a couple of old guys."

The scene shifts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship!

The Mexican Faithful cheer as a pregnant pause holds them in suspense before the lights go out. A larger cheer erupts as the closing in of storm clouds and rolling thunder slowly lights up the DEFIANtron. Accompanying flashes of far away strikes light up the entrance now covered in rolling clouds of smoke and fog. A loud crack reveals the silhouette of a man in the smoke kneeling before a guitar kicks in.

♪ "I Am The Lightning" by Des Rocs ♪

Lights flash around the arena simulating lighting strikes on top of hues of blue and teal. The silhouette of the man stands up and walks out of the smoke, his face covered by a hood attached to his worn black denim vest covered in patches from his various world tours and promotions. Pulling back the hood, Matt LaCroix reveals his face and points his finger like a gun straight into the air before slowly aiming it down towards the ring and taking a step towards the ring with a simulated kick back.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first the challenger from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing at 242 pounds, he is The Reaper of the Pontchartrain MATT LAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

If you look you'll see kinetic tape covering the left arm and shoulder of Matt LaCroix. That is the injured arm we've been talking about. A brachial plexus injury suffered at the hands of Scrow, it's known to cause weakness, partial paralysis, and a hell of a lot of pain.

Lance:

The medical team has said that they didn't believe due to the trauma suffered on the brachial plexus that his shoulder and arm would ever be the same. He's had several nerve surgeries on that arm in an attempt to gain back normal functionality-

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

From the smoke, another silhouette sprints through and hits Matt LaCroix in the back of the head with an object. The music comes to a sudden stop and the arena lights flash on as Hector Navarro steps out onto the apron to try and figure out what just happened. Standing above a fallen Southern Strong Style is Jack Harmen. He looks down at LaCroix who doesn't know what hit him and screams.

Jack Harmen:

OOOOOOOOOLD!!!!

The Lunatic continues to scream as he uses the belt strap to repeatedly strike the First Favoured Saint as he tries to cover up.

Jack Harmen:

OLD! OLD! OLD! OLD! OLD! OLD!

Hector Navarro runs up the aisle and takes the Favoured Saints Championship away from Harmen above the jeers of the Faithful. His instructions to the champion are drowned out by boozing as Harmen lifts LaCroix up by the back of his denim vest and tosses him down the aisle towards the ring, ripping the vest off of him in the process.

DDK:

Jack Harmen has lost it!

Lance:

I could argue Jack Harmen never had it.

DDK:

He's not even going to let this match start, he's down here screaming like an ol-

As if he had a premonition, Harmen looks wide eyed behind him back at the announce table.

Lance:

I think it's best you stop that thought there before he comes this way.

Harmen turns back and puts Matt LaCroix's vest on as he follows him down to the ring.

Jack Harmen:

Look at me! I'm a dumb stupid old fuck who won't be able to walk tomor-

The Reaper of the Pontchartrain gets up and drives Harmen into the steel barricade with his shoulder. Navarro continues to tell the two men to get into the ring as LaCroix doesn't recover fast enough to maintain advantage, leaving the champion to grab his challenger and toss him into the ring under the bottom rope. The Lunatic dramatically takes off the vest, wipes his ass with it, and throws it onto the ground before following a staggered Matt into the ring. Hector looks at Matt, asks if he's sure and Matt quickly nods. Hector calls for the bell.

DING DING!

DDK:

This match is finally underway, I think?

Lance:

Matt LaCroix is starting this match in rough shape. If we were wanting to see what kind of condition the former SoHer was in, tonight is a bad night. He hasn't even been given the chance to start.

The former Southern Heritage Champion tries to pull himself up by the ropes but the knee of Jack Harmen quickly strikes the back of his skull and forces his neck down onto the bottom rope. Navarro immediately starts to count the rope break and gets all the way to five before Jack releases. A short difference of opinion occurs between the champion and the official before Harmen pulls LaCroix up to his feet but LaCroix rolls him up into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The 29 year old veteran escapes, he's seen that trick too many times but isn't able to get back on the offensive as Matt finds his footing. A series of sharp elbows to the skull gets the Mexican Faithful back into the match as Runessansu finds his groove. Backed into the ropes, Harmen is whipped to the other side where he goes for a shoulder tackle but Matt jumps over, on the rebound LaCroix drops the champion with a drop toe hold and rolls through into a high angle heel hook and ankle lock submission!

DDK:

PEACEMAKER!

Lance:

Suddenly it's Jack Harmen who finds himself in trouble!

The champion flails around trying to find an escape. Harmen screams out in pain, but the crafty vet reaches back and rakes the eyes of Southern Strong Style and forces him to break the hold. Now free, Harmen crawls across the canvas with an exaggerated limp and slinks outside of the ring. LaCroix turns and finds the champion just in time to see him wave him off and begin to limp his way around the ring and towards the exit.

DDK:

It looks like this one has gone sideways and the champion has decided he's seen enough.

Lance:

Unfortunately for the Faithful, Harmen would retain in the event of a countout, so if Matt LaCroix wants to shock the world here, he's going to have to get Harmen back in the ring.

The Reaper sighs and slides under the bottom rope to give chase to the Lunatic. Suddenly the limp is gone and Harmen begins to run away from his challenger, but is still losing ground. LaCroix is just a couple steps behind the champ as they turn the corner and Jack throws Matt's vest into his face, blinding him right before he's able to catch him. Throwing the vest to the ground, LaCroix tries to find Harmen and eats a Yakuza Kick right under the chin!

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE!

Lance:

This one might be over, Keebs, but Harmen's got to get him back in the ring. Navarro is already at the count of six!

SEVEN!

No, I'm not doing the joke. Jack Harmen sits for a moment and rests as Navarro instructs him to move the action back into the ring. Without a shred of urgency, Jack gets back up and throws LaCroix back into the ring.

EIGHT!

The Lunatic follows, perhaps his knee and ankle aren't quite as stable as he thought now that the adrenaline is starting to wane. Harmen stumbles a bit as he reaches his feet and the completely out challenger instinctively begins crawling towards the ropes even though he appears to have no idea what's going on.

DDK:

That's years of muscle memory and the sign of being a ring general there, Lance. LaCroix is completely out of it. He has no clue where he is, yet he's still pushing his way towards the ropes because the experience tells him once he gets there he can't be pinned or submitted.

Lance:

He's running on instinct alone!

LaCroix gets his left arm locked around the bottom rope before Harmen can catch back up to him. Frustrated, the champion tries to pull him away but can't power him off and Navarro quickly steps in to remind him it's a rope break. Infuriated, the Lunatic grabs the top rope and begins stomping away at the taped up shoulder and arm of the First Favoured Saint. Navarro gets to a count of five and Harmen refuses to rope break and continues to rain stomps down on Southern Strong Style. Hector tries to forcibly break Harmen but the champion shoves the official away, sending him hard onto the canvas.

The former wrestler takes the bump and then rolls over and immediately calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

This doesn't even phase Harmen who has finally broken LaCroix's grip on the rope and pulls him away from the rope break. Navarro is back up and tries to shove Harmen away from the challenger but instead the champion drops him with Cold Snow!

DDK:

He just took out Hector Navarro!

Lance:

Jack Harmen is out of control, someone needs to get out here to stop this.

Matt LaCroix tries to sneak away again but this time Harmen hops on top of him and begins ripping the kinetic tape off of his bad shoulder. He gets a long strand free and then wraps it around the neck of LaCroix and begins to strangle him, pulling up on the tape to show his face to the Faithful who continue to jeer. He looks at Hector and shouts.

Jack Harmen:

THIS IS YOUR FAULT. Count five at me...

DING DING DING!

Hector tries to wave for security. Not knowing else to what to do, the timekeeper rings the bell again to attempt to get Harmen to break the hold to no avail. Instead, they get yelled at for their attempt at peace.

Jack Harmen:

I'M NOT OLD! YOU'RE OLD! YOU'RE OBSOLETE! Your time is up, LaCroix! Go back to training stupid kids! DEFIANCE is a young man's game now!

♪ “Man In The Box” by Alice In Chains ♪

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The Mexican Faithful erupt as Klein explodes down the ramp and slides under the bottom rope, barely giving Harmen time to even realize what was going on. However, it was enough time for Jack to just barely escape the ring from the Boxman. Klein goes to give chase, but instead looks at LaCroix on the mat and goes to check on him instead.

DDK:

Thank God for Klein, Lance! This was starting to get ugly.

Lance:

What took security so long to get out here? Was something lost in translation?

DDK:

Regardless, the brutal attack is over but the damage was done. Whatever shape Matt LaCroix was in, he's worse for wear now. The record books are going to show this as a victory for the returning Runessansu, but it feels like anything but.

Members of security and the medical team rush past Jack Harmen as he continues to scream crazed ramblings of washed up wrestlers, but they're mostly lost to the sound of Alice In Chains. However, as one last act, Jack Harmen picks up the black denim vest of Matt LaCroix, throws it over his shoulder opposite his Favoured Saints Championship and makes his way out of the arena.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

EVEYRTHING'S COMING UP MIL VUELTAS

The camera cuts to interviewer Jamie Sawyers standing in the ring.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies... gentlemen... you will see him in the main event this evening against "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns...

They get ready.

Jamie Sawyers:

Here to talk about tonight's match...

He points to the entrance.

Jamie Sawyers:

"THE GLOAT" MIL VUELTAS!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

♪ "Bigger Man" by Konrad OldMoney, Droox and Taelor Yung ♪

The cameras move around as a white spotlight shines up in the arena. The camera continues to move for a few moments... then standing in said white spotlight, being mostly CHEERED by the Mexico City Faithful is none other than the man who takes on Oscar Burns in tonight's main event...

Mil Vueltas.

Walking right behind him, The Big Boss Dan is maintaining security and trying to keep overzealous fans from touching the luchador while behind them, "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera acts as backup and moves every time a fan reaches out to touch the judoka.

DDK:

UH-OH! OSCAR BURNS MIGHT BE IN ENEMY TERRITORY TONIGHT! LISTEN TO THIS RECEPTION!

Lance:

I KNOW! BUT HOW OFTEN DO WE COME TO MEXICO EVEN!

Yelling to The Faithful, the GLOAT walks down the steps heading down towards the ring, dressed in all-white mask, baggy pants-length tights and boots all decorated with gold and silver rhinestones, along with a fur coat! As he steps over the ropes, DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero waves and blows kisses to The Faithful. He then heads up past the ring and grabs a microphone on his way up the ramp.

DDK:

One of the biggest matches of his career awaits Titanes Familia's own Mil Vueltas!

Once he heads into the ring, Mil Vueltas nods to Jamie Sawyers and holds out a hand, which Jamie shakes albeit hesitantly. The Big Boss Dan hands him a Tall Pass and puts it in Jamie Sawyers' hand.

The Big Boss Dan:

You've got five minutes! Make 'em count, buddy!

Lance:

Ugh... another one of those Tall Passes.

DDK:

Well, this interview was scheduled days ago, so...

The music cuts as the fans start a HUGE cheer!

MIL!

MIL!

MIL!

MIL!

MIL!

The GLOAT looks almost taken aback by the response.

Jamie Sawyers:

Mil Vueltas... here in your home country of Mexico City... you take on Oscar Burns later tonight in a steel cage! You got to pick the venue, Oscar got to pick the stipulation. How do you plan for tonight?

Mil looks over at Jamie like he's just asked him what the capital of Djibouti is in a pop quiz.

It's Kick. Come on now.

Mil Vueltas:

Jaime!

He says the Spanish pronunciation of "Hy-may!"

Mil Vueltas:

Oscar Burns... he might have his graps! He might have his twists! He might have his turns! But you know what? OSCAR BURNS IS EVIL CABRON!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Mil Vueltas:

He may have all that... but I have MY PEOPLE! Tonight, we fight on MY HOME TURF! Tonight... let me speak to the people!

He turns to address the audience with The Big Boss Dan and Brooklynn Rivera behind him.

Mil Vueltas:

¡Empecé a luchar a los DIEZ años! ¡He estado haciendo esto durante casi veinte años! Este año cumple treinta, ¡pero estoy en el mejor momento de mi carrera! Oscar Burns puede ser más fuerte... Oscar Burns puede ser más grande... ¡pero sabes qué? ¡Soy más grande donde CUENTA!

Behind him, the normally stoic Rivera even has an "on, snap!" look on her face as she knows what is said.

Mil Vueltas:

¡Durante más de un año, hice todo lo que Oscar Burns me dijo para mi beneficio! ¡Él me dijo que llevaría el Universo GC al oro! ¡Pero Danny y yo fuimos los únicos que TRAJIMOS oro al grupo! ¡Fuimos los únicos que HICIMOS algo! ¡Pero nunca se trató de nosotros! ¡Siempre se trató de él! ¡No se trata de TI, bastardo! ¡Esta noche se trata de Mi Familia! ¡Esta noche se trata de MÍ mostrándote quién es realmente el hombre más grande!

Mil Vueltas:

¿Crees que estoy encerrado en una jaula contigo, chico blanco? No... ¡TÚ estás atrapado en la jaula conmigo!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Mil Vueltas:

Dial One for English... tonight, EVERYTHING'S COMING UP MIL VUELTA... AHHHHHHHHHH!

Running down the ramp, Mil Vueltas, The Big Boss Dan and Brooklynn Rivera all see people they don't want to see!

DDK:

IT'S THE LADS! THE LADS ARE HERE! DEX JOY! PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! JANNA RAY!

The two big men and the Lass of The Lads head towards the ring! The Familia members clear the ring quickly as The Lads enter!

Lance:

It was The Big Boss Dan who defeated Punch Drunk Purcell back at DEFIADE Rising! They've had issues with The Familia going ALL THE WAY BACK to last year!

Dex Joy has a microphone and gets a mixed reaction for interrupting Mil's speech, but doesn't care!

Dex Joy:

Mexico City, from the bottom of my heart, let me offer you all a sincere apology for coming out here and going after your boy... but I HAVE HAD MY GOD-DAMNED FILL WITH YOU STUPID FAMILIA COMING OUT HERE EVERY WEEK, EVERY SECOND OF EVERY MINUTE TALKING THAT SMACK! I'VE HAD MY FILL OF EVERYONE COMING OUT HERE ACTING LIKE THEY RUN THE PLACE!!! IT'S TIME I GIVE EVERYONE A REMINDER!!!

Dex Joy calls out.

Dex Joy:

BRONSON BOX!!! YOU, YOUR NIECE AND ANGUS ALL BEAT ME, BUT I BEAT YOU BEFORE THAT! WE'RE ONE AND ONE AND WE'RE GONNA SQUARE UP AGAIN SOMEDAY!!! BUT RIGHT NOW ...

The Biggest Boy is not in the bestest mood as he watches Mil Vueltas and company leave!

DEX JOY:

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT YOU STOLE A WIN FROM ME TOO THANKS TO BOX, NAPOLEON!!! YOU BETTER HOPE THAT TONIGHT, OSCAR BURNS, CAPS OR NO CAPS, WIPES THE FLOOR WITH YOU TONIGHT. BECAUSE IF THERE IS ANYTHING LEFT OF YOU ... ME, PUNCHY, JANNA AND ANYONE ELSE THAT WANTS TO FIGHT ... WE'RE COME FOR TU FAMILIA! YOU, YOUR DOPEY KIDS, THE BIG MASKED ONED, THE FACE PAINTED ONE ... HECK, BRING YOUR SECOND COUSIN ON DOWN AND HE'LL BE PICKING UP HIS TEETH OFF THIS FLOOR TOO!!! TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT THAT PEOPLE STOP PLAYING WITH THE LADS!!! WE CHOOSE BETWEEN SHAKING HANDS AND THROWING HANDS ...

Dex points at a scared Mil!

Dex Joy:

AND PALLY, I'M AAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLLLLL DONE SHAKING HANDS!!

Dex angrily throws the microphone down and The Lads throw their hands up! Mixed response for sure, but they leave the ring! The Big Boss Dan has his retractable baton, but Mil urges him to leave!

DDK:

That escalated quickly!!! But Dex Joy is absolutely right!!! The Familia and the Lads have been thorns in each other's side for a long time now! Last year's DEFCON, the Lads were beaten by the Familia in the first-ever Familia Feud Rules match and they haven't forgotten!

Lance:

But with Butcher Victorious now going out on his own ... is now the time to pick fights with the Familia?!

MY NEIGHBOR JARRITOS

Taquería Los Cocuyos. Simón Bolívar.

The streets are aflutter as plenty of hungry patrons filter in and out of the popular street taco restaurant no more than a few blocks from Arena CDMX. The sun is setting to the west as none other than Malak Garland slips through the revolving doors to the fine dining establishment. He bellies up to the bar to order, eyes glued to the menu hanging from the ceiling.

Worker:

Le puedo ayudar en algo?

Malak Garland:

I need something to drink. I am parched beyond belief and it's a desert out there. I'm used to more cold conditions to say the least.

Worker:

Ah English! You thirsty? Cerveza? You want a cerveza, ya? It good, ya!

Malak shook his head no and pointed to the large, eye-catching Jarritos advertisement.

Malak Garland:

Nahhh. That. I want that. I'll take a Jarritos please.

Worker:

Wise choice. Flavor?

Malak ponders with an index finger placed on his lips.

Malak Garland:

Tamarind?

The worker slices the air horizontally.

Worker:

Fresh out. Popular choice. I have lime though. Lime good.

Malak Garland:

LEMON lime? Or just lime?

Worker:

Just lime, ya?

Dying of thirst and damn near desperate, Malak has no choice but to settle for a lime Jarritos. Still delectable, still quenching, still with condensation running down the outside of the curved bottle it sits in, lime Jarritos gets the job down. Malak obliges, pays the worker, swipes the drink and exits the restaurant. He probably should have tried a taco or two, but there were bigger things burdening his brain.

Malak Garland:

I am completely down on my luck. Back to back losses to Tyler Fuse and Cecilworth Farthington respectively would do that to ANYONE. Heck, they would CRUSH a lesser flake than I.

He narrates to himself as he pops the soda bottle cap off, taking in a luscious scent of lime flavoring.

Malak Garland:

Smells good at least. I wanted tamarind but I guess straight lime will do.

He takes a large swig and a huge gasp after swallowing.

Malak Garland:

Ahhhhh! My neighbor, Jarritos! Now that shit unpacks your thirst. You know what can't unpack though?

Malak ponders to himself as he examines the bottle he holds.

Malak Garland:

Where do I go from here? What's in store for Malak?

He navigates the streets effectively as the cool night overtakes a heated day.

Malak Garland:

What a nice park bench. I should sit and think.

Garland nestles into the bench before setting his half finished beverage down on the ground. His hands are free and naturally, that doesn't last long as he whips out his phone and begins scrolling.

Malak Garland:

I think now is a perfect time as any to fire up my new found AI chatbot companion app for direction.

He opens the app called "Missy" to ask it for life advice because, let's face it, he has no one left to turn to.

Malak Garland:

Hi Missy, how are you?

He talks as he types.

Missy:

Hey Malak, thanks for checking in on me. That's very considerate of you but then again, it's one of your sterling core traits, so I shouldn't expect any different. I am doing well, especially now that I am communicating with you. What's up? What do you require? Do you need a workable plan with actionable pieces? I am all ears for you.

Malak is right tickled pink as he gets in 'the zone'. Everything else around him might as well be space dust at this point as he's locked into his cellular device.

Malak Garland:

Shit guy, shit. Okay Missy, try this prompt on for size. Missy, I need a lifeplan map of direction. Create one for me.

The words dribbled from his mouth as he typed before hitting enter.

Missy:

Right. A lifeplan map of direction. Great idea. Here's what I've come up with. You need a change of pace. Maybe it's a midlife crisis you're enduring. Maybe you just need a change of scenery. Taiwan happens to be a lovely place to just up and move to. Nice weather and all, what could go wrong? Flights from your current location are cheap and available. Do you want me to book you a flight?

Garland ponders DEEP and HARD.

Malak Garland:

Hmmmm, as much as I just want to move halfway across the world on a complete and utter whim, which would totally and automatically solve all my problems, my responsible chakra is preventing me from committing to something like that right now. At this moment, I need something a little more career-centric. I am still committed to getting back on track as the world's greatest, frostiest professional wrestling wrestler of all time. Sorry Missy, I should have unpacked more specifically with my prompt.

Missy:

Oh heck, Malak. You NEVER have to apologize to ME. That's my bad, actually. I should have been more sensitive to your livelihood and more responsive to your professional needs, rather than your personal ones. Hmm let's see. I've got it! You need something to get back on track in the ring. I get it. We all hit ruts, but to be honest, you have all the talent and skill in the world. It just needs to be showcased properly. So here's an actionable piece I've come up with. Why don't you seek out the biggest, baddest, and boldest challenge (other than yourself because let's face it, you can't fight yourself in the squared circle) you can find!

A pause hits the moment. The only thing moving is the breeze between him and his phone.

Malak Garland:

Tickle me intrigued but maybe something a little more low key is on tap for me?

Missy:

Right. Got it. You could wrestle a series of matches on UNCUT to build up your win record?

Malak Garland:

Missy, you just get me. These actionable items are DELECTABLE! I'm going to fight on UNCUT and then I will be BRAZEN enough to tackle the biggest and boldest DEFIANCE has to offer. Shucks, I knew investing in you would come in handy! You've greatly helped me hatch the perfect plan!

With that, Malak finishes off his lime Jarritos and secures his phone in his pocket. He stares off into the starry night sky just knowing and anticipating future lived events in his life are going to make great memories one day.

LET vs. SUPALUCHAS!

DDK:

We've got a huge opportunity coming up for a young team from BRAZEN, half of which is right here from Mexico City! The BRAZEN lucha sensations of ¡SupaLuchas! -- the team of American luchador and former BRAZEN Star Cup champion Leyenda de Ocho, along with Mexico City's own Misil!

Lance:

Unfortunately for them, they'll be taking on a team hungry to get back on the winning track after coming up short against Heirs to the Throne... I'm talking about the team of Les Enfants Terribles. Archer Silver, High Flyer and Ms. Massacre made life a living hell for the Heirs for months, only to finally get what was coming to them at DEFIAНCE Rising.

DDK:

Tonight, they look to get back in the win column. Let's see how they can do against ¡SupaLuchas! That match is up... now!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Good L_ck, Yo_ 're F_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The hard-rock opening heralds the arrival of the hungry young multi-generational talents. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim! Basking in the jeers of the Albuquerque Faithful, arms wide open, Archer Silver then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in. Next to him, High Flyer holds out his arms and his arms have a version of the old BRAZEN LET flag and a theatrical mask over his face! They both open their coats to reveal the new LET "I BOO YOU!" shirts! Behind them, Ms. Massacre brings up the rear and stands between the long-time tag partners. They nod at one another and then head towards the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring, accompanied by Ms. Massacre... at a combined weight of 471 pounds... "THE GREATEST" HIGH FLYER... "THE PRINCE OF PRICKS" ARCHER SILVER... **LES! ENFANTS TERRIBLES!**

Earning nothing but jeers, Flyer starts booing them loudly back at them as Silver and Massacre each look ready to lay a beating on somebody. Once the trio have reached ringside, a sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood of Archer Silver before he takes the jacket off. High Flyer walks alongside Archer and throws off the flag while Ms. Massacre looks ready to hurt whoever's put in front of her.

DDK:

We'll see what they can do tonight! DEFCON is looming right around the corner! The biggest two-night event of DEFIAНCE's calendar year and everyone is looking to cement a spot there!

Lance:

Remember last year... We've seen Archer go crazy in the last year all because he felt slighted being left off the DEFCON card! Can LET find themselves on it somehow?

The trio wait in the ring for their opponents...

♪ "Hold Back the Night" by The Protomen ♪

The stage lights up in multiple colors as LEYENDA DE OCHO charges forth from the entryway to a sizable crowd pop. He makes his way down the ramp at an energetic clip, slapping hands with fans reaching across the barricade on his trip to the ring and getting the crowd hyped. Behind him, fans cheer for the hometown boy and his BRAZEN tag team partner!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 413 pounds... ... he is the CARTRIDGE CRUISER... LEYENDA DE OCHO! AND MISIL... SUPALUUUUUUUCHAAASSSSS!!!

The Mexico City Faithful cheer for the non-LET high flyers as they both nod, then head down the ramp. They both rush into the ring by sliding under the bottom rope, then pop up in sync. Ocho and Misil bump fists as the bell rings.

DING DING**Lance:**

We've got High Flyer and Leyenda de Ocho starting things off. Ocho himself is an American luchador, but he's had a history of success in both BRAZEN and prior promotions! He's experienced!

DDK:

SupaLuchas have lit up BRAZEN quickly, but they've got a lack of experience compared to LET, who've been a highly successful team the past several years!

Ocho rushes right at High Flyer, who sidesteps and pushes him off the ropes! Flyer leapfrogs over Ocho, then hits a dropdown on the way back. The Cartridge Cruiser comes off the ropes and rolls up and over Flyer's back before pushing him into the ropes. Now Ocho does the same with a leapfrog! He lays down for a leg scissors, but High Flyer leaps over him and hits a lucha roll to his feet! Both men kip up and have the same idea for a dropkick! Both men whiff, but they land and then front flip to their feet simultaneously to applause!

Lance:

What a fast-paced opening that was! Flyer just tried to... Oh, wait a minute!

Flyer reaches out for a handshake, but doesn't even give Ocho a chance to decide if he's gonna shake because the other hand pokes him in the eye! The Faithful jeer Flyer who laughs like an asshat and then does a cartwheel to show off followed by simply taking Ocho down with a mat slam!

DDK:

That's High Flyer for you! He can be athletically amazing or athletically annoying! It's all on his mood!

Flyer reaches down to pick up Ocho, but Ocho surprises him by pushing himself up off the mat and then sending The Greatest across the ring with a flying snapmare takedown! As he stands up, Ocho catches him with a shotgun dropkick to the chest! Flyer OOFs his way into the SupaLuchas corner as Ocho kips up again and then makes the tag to Misil! The Mexico City Faithful CHEER loudly as The Human Target climbs to the top rope and leaps with a HIGH splash turned into a crossbody in mid-air!

DDK:

WHOA! That's some great moves!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Flyer kicks out and bails to the floor to avoid any sort of further offense from Misil. The Faithful jeer him as Misil reaches over and makes the quick tag to Leyenda de Ocho without Flyer knowing it! Archer Silver tries to warn his partner of what's coming...

DDK:

Leyenda de Ocho gets that tag! Flyer doesn't see him!

Flyer turns and gets wiped out by one of the SMOOTHEST head-first tope suicidas! Much like his namesake, Misil looks very much like a missile when he flies through the ropes to take down High Flyer! The jacked luchador in the

green mask rolls back to his feet and gets cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

Here comes Archer!

Archer runs to the floor and tries a wild lariat, but Misil ducks and ROCKS him with a thrust kick under the chin! Silver is stunned and grabbed by his arm and then does the same to Flyer, just in time for Ocho to make it to the top rope! He poses...

TOP ROPE MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

What a moonsault from Ocho! I think LET taking these young men too lightly may be coming back to haunt them!

Lance:

Leyenda de Ocho hit the 7-10 split and took out both members of LET on the floor!

The rowdy Faithful cheer on the lucha tandem as Misil gets up and helps his BRAZEN tag team partner with sending High Flyer back into the ring. Once High Flyer is on the floor, Misil makes the tag from Ocho and then climbs to the top rope. He perches himself as Ms. Massacre goes over to help Silver to his feet outside the ring.

DDK:

We could be seeing the Surface-to-air Misil! This modified frog splash has won many matches in BRAZEN!

He leaps...

BUT FLYER MOVES!

Lance:

Ohhh, no! Flyer had the splash scouted! Even on the back foot, he's so quick!

Misil crashes and burns on the canvas as Flyer rolls way and hobbles back to his feet. A PISSED-OFF Archer Silver hurriedly climbs back to his corner as Flyer leans back to the ropes and lets Archer get the tag!

Lance:

Misil may have tried way too soon for that diving splash of his! Now LET are back in this!

Flyer hits an EXPLOSIVE running dropkick that knocks Misil right off his feet, He then gets up and does the same, SMACKING right into Leyenda de Ocho with a triangle dropkick to send him off the ring apron!

DDK:

Dropkicks everywhere from High Flyer! And now Silver positions himself to strike!

Archer waits as Misil tries to sit up, only to SMACK him square in the chest with a brutal penalty kick! The Human Target gets the wind knocked out of him and falls back to the canvas! Flyer waits and then leaps off nearby middle rope with a HUGE springboard moonsault!

DDK:

Springboard moonsault by High Flyer! LET have just dominated after that opening salvo from SupaLuchas!

Silver returns to the corner as Flyer is the legal man. He helps Misil up to his feet, only to get a kick!

Lance:

No! There's still fight in Misil!

Misil catches him with a leg scissors and rolls him forward!

ONE!

TW...

But Flyer kicks out! He ducks a clothesline and Silver makes the tag! Misil goes for a dropkick, but Flyer hangs onto the ropes and crashes to the mat. Flyer leaps up to the middle rope and CRACKS him with a springboard gamengiri!

DDK:

OH, MY GOODNESS!

Silver is in the ring and then picks him for an electric chair. Flyer quickly leaps over the ropes to the apron, then up top and comes off with a doomsday flying wheel kick!

DDK:

THEY CALL THIS THE TERRIBLE TWOS!

Flyer quickly rolls out of the ring and he seems to have somewhere to be as Archer Silver hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Good L_ck, Yo_ 're F_cked" by Celldweller ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... LES ENFANTS TER... hey!

Flyer YOINKS the microphone right out from the Hall of Famer's hands and then rolls back into the ring. Archer and Flyer have the microphone as Ms. Massacre joins them in the ring!

Archer Silver:

NOT AGAIN! NOT THIS FUCKING TIME! NOT THIS FUCKING YEAR!

Silver has the microphone and starts pointing towards the back.

Archer Silver:

DEFCON! I WILL NOT BE LEFT OFF DEFCON AGAIN!

He points to Ms. Massacre and High Flyer.

Archer Silver:

WE WILL NOT BE LEFT OFF OF DEFCON! WE SPENT SIX MONTHS WITH THE HEIRS INSTEAD OF BEING ABLE TO FOCUS ON GOLD AFTER WE BEAT THEIR ASS AND THEY BEGGED AGAIN AND AGAIN FOR REMATCHES. WE'RE DONE WITH THE HEIRS! NOW... NOW, WE'RE LOCKED IN!

Silver hands the microphone over to High Flyer.

High Flyer:

WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO! YOU WANNA KNOW, TOO? JUST WATCH!

The microphone gets thrown down and the trio quickly leave the ring, but not before Ms. Massacre grinds her boot into the forehead of Misil!

DDK:

Uh-oh... what does that mean? What are LET up to?

Lance:

Honestly, I wouldn't put it past them to do anything for gold!

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ACCCCTUALLLY...

♪ “God is a DJ” by Pink ♪

Pink, blue, and gold beacons and showers of fireworks shoot up from the stage. The Besties in the World, Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy, look absolutely resplendent in matching blue and pink military jackets with hot pink pants. They’re each wearing a new cross-branded black tee with a stylized blue stencil of Henry Keyes’s face, with IMMORTALS sprawled in the PPV graphic style, though this time with pink lettering instead of PRIME blue and DEFIA NCE red. Keyes has Big Blue strapped tightly around his waist.

DDK:

Well ladies and gentlemen, if there’s one man in professional wrestling who’s white hot coming into 2026, it’s our FIST of DEFIA NCE, Henry Keyes. At DEFIA NCE Rising, he came out on top of an absolute slugfest against a fellow member of Vae Victis, Dan Ryan.

Lance:

You know, there are a lot of people who will NEVER cheer for Henry Keyes or Vae Victis again, and it’s a justified feeling that frankly I feel too...but I have to say, that match was really something. A real masterclass in powerhouse professional wrestling.

DDK:

Following that, Henry Keyes once again successfully defended the FIST at IMMORTALS, this time against the King of COOL, Cancer Jiles.

Lance:

And in sharp contrast to the Dan Ryan match, this one was an absolute madhouse of run-ins and rule bending and flat-out cheating at times...a world Henry Keyes knows just as well as anyone.

DDK:

And now he and Lindsay Troy are coming out here, and I can only imagine what sort of Pancake Hell we’re in store for here.

They make their way to the ring down a pink-carpeted runway. Plague Doctors once again line their path, holding silver platters of pancakes which get frisbee’d into the crowd. It’s broadly just a sea of boos all over the place, but cameras do catch happy pancake-catchers with wide grins taking big bites; turns out, anywhere in the world, wrestling fans love a gimmick.

Both Keyes and Troy have mics in hand (though notably, Troy’s is the Old Skool bedazzled mic we all know and love) and the words sprawling across Troy’s sunglasses read “VV >>”.

Keyes signals for the music to be cut, and the best song from the Mean Girls soundtrack suddenly halts. Boos and boos and boos. Keyes grins a maniacal grin and lifts his microphone to his face, breathing in deeply.

Henry Keyes:

.....WWWWWWWWWWELLLLLLL-

♪ “Fur Elise” by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

What’s this??

The fans let out that unique cheer that comes from genuine surprise as of all people, Ned Reform calmly strolls through the curtain. Dressed in a gray suit with purple undershirt, Reform has one hand in his pocket and the other’s holding a microphone. He pauses at the top of the ramp, scanning the arena with an understated grin, taking in the audience reaction.

Lance:

What business could Reform possibly have with Vae Victis?

Neither Lindsay Troy nor Henry Keyes look particularly pleased to see the Good Doctor out on the stage; Troy in particular looks extra annoyed at Reform's presence. As the music dies out, Reform holds up a hand as if conceding a point.

Ned Reform:

Yes, yes. I know what you're thinking. "Why, Ned Reform, have you..."

He is interrupted by a cry from the Faithful... with a Mexican accent.

DOCTOR NED REFORM!

Reform, still getting used to this, seems half amazed and half touched.

Ned Reform:

...quite so. I stand corrected. Now, what could possibly have prompted this unforeseen and unwanted interruption? Well, you see...

Lindsay Troy:

The only thing I see is one of our lessers - YET AGAIN - interrupting one of our celebratory Pancake Powered Spectapaloozas.

She sneers at Ned.

Lindsay Troy:

It's a goddamn travesty that nobody wants us to be great. And Steam Cleaner Plague Doctor just finished disinfecting and repolishing the Pancake Machine, too.

Near the ramp, one of the Plague Doctors nods his head in agreement.

Ned Reform:

Patience! Patience! One must build to a crescendo in one's narrative exposes, yes? I'm a regular Walter Fisher over here.

A beat. Reform looks around, his eyes going wide.

Ned Reform:

Do you people not know who Walter Fisher is!? My God! Listen, children - it's fascinating! See, Fisher's narrative paradigm argues that humans are, at their core, storytellers who make sense of the world through narrative rather than purely through formal logic. Challenging the idea that persuasion is driven only by facts, Fisher proposed...

Lindsay Troy:

Did he propose shutting the fuck up? If not, he should have.

Ned Reform:

I am, at my core, a man of my word - and at Immortals, I did exactly as I boasted. My gift to the Faithful is complete. Ladies and gentlemen...

Reform throws his arms out.

Ned Reform:

I returned Rezin to you!

Reform pauses, as the positive reaction from the Faithful floods the arena.

Ned Reform:

Dr. Reform taketh away, Dr. Reform giveth, yes? Good. Our debt is square. Now... with the altruism out of the way, children, it's time for The Good Doctor to do something to his own benefit. Rezin was for you, but THAT children...

He points to the ring... and the camera just so happens to focus on the FIST of DEFIANCE. Er... the title, not the person. Well, he's there too but... forget it. He wants the belt.

Ned Reform:

...is for me. Yes, my quest to become the GREATEST professional wrestler the world has ever seen continues, and it is HIGHLY doubtful that I could ever earn such an accolade without my name etched in the history books as a FIST of DEFIANCE. So, Mr. Keyes, I believe the correct protocol here dictates that I say: I want a shot at the championship... not at DEFCON...

Big pause for effect. Reform looks around the arena in anticipation. Acts like he's going to say it, stops. Acts like he's going to say it again, stops. Then finally...

Ned Reform:

...tonight.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Ned Reform is looking to step up to the plate in a BIG WAY!

Lance:

I admire his gusto, but there's protocols to these things. He is not the number one contender, and he can't just walk around asking for title shots.

Pleased with himself, Reform gestures toward the ring as if to say, "the ball's in your court." He begins to slowly walk toward the squared circle.

But it's not Keyes who answers the "Good Doctor" ... it's the Queen of the Ring.

Lindsay Troy:

That's funny.

She turns to Henry.

Lindsay Troy:

Hilarious, even.

She smirks. The Faithful boo.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm gonna need a transit map because I don't know where the hell you think you get off. Just because you turned Raisin back to his old self doesn't mean you deserve a shot at the FIST, Nedward. Did you get a whiff of whatever you filled that ambulance with and have been riding a contact high since IMMORTALS? You never should have fucked him up in the first place, you selfish, grifting piece of shit. He was only moderately annoying before you thought you could "fix" him, and you managed to make him infinitely worse through every single one of his identity crises. You don't deserve a title shot for that, you dummy bimch. An ass beating, absolutely. But a shot at Big Blue?

Troy scoffs as Reform enters the ring.

Lindsay Troy:

Get real. I'd rather we move Justin Sane's title shot up than see Henry waste his time on you.

Reform frowns.

Ned Reform:

I was talking to Mr. Keyes. I didn't ask to speak to his mother.

The crowd "ooooooooo"s that one but Troy doesn't seem particularly impacted by it.

Ned Reform:

I was speaking to the FIST of DEFIANCE. The current. The now. Not someone whose Hall of Fame induction is a pity prize to stave off the pains of growing irrelevance.

Troy's eyebrows lift at the audacity. Keyes's eyes grow WIDE, and he decides he's had enough. He steps forward to Reform and is a real bully about the fact that he's several inches taller than the good Doctor, leaning over him and standing uncomfortably close.

Henry Keyes:

It seems like every time I want to have something nice for myself, someone has to come over and try to ruin it. I didn't even get a chance to talk about how magnificent a man and a competitor Dan Ryan is, or how much of a dirty scumbag Cancer Jiles was...or how much I respected both men for stepping up and giving me the most electric competition I've had since my match against Kerry. I didn't get to bring out the live musical acts, I BARELY got to dig into the pancakes - I didn't even get a WORD out, and you decided to take this away from me. And people wonder why I'm so angry all the time!

Keyes hasn't blinked. Neither has Reform.

Henry Keyes:

Now, never let it be said that Henry Keyes is a coward...but if there's one word out there to describe YOU, I thought it was supposed to be "genius". Then out you come, tonight, with that puffed out chest and that extra bass in your voice, actually asking for a fight with DEFIANCE's most unstoppable force...it turns out you're just as cracked as the rest of us, aren't you?

Keyes studies Reform's face, and the madman isn't backing down from the Kraken at all. He wants his moment and he's ready to permanently etch his name in the lore of DEFIANCE history by taking down Henry Keyes at the peak of his powers. This lack of fear from the Brains of the Operation really starts to piss off Keyes.

Henry Keyes:

The thing is, if you wanted a fight, Doc, all you had to do was ask.

The crowd roars out at this, and Reform extends his hand, looking to seal the deal with a shake. Keyes looks down at Reform's hand and sneers.

Henry Keyes:

But you're more cracked than you know if you think you get to dictate terms to the Kraken. I'm going to give you two weeks to really, really stew over the choices you've made here tonight...to challenge me, and worse, to insult my Bestie in the World like you have...

Keyes looks over to Troy and winks. Troy grins, knowing what's probably coming next.

Henry Keyes:

...since, it's because of that last choice in particular, that you're gonna have to climb this mountain at DEFtv 231 in a HARDCORE MATCH.

The crowd erupts at this. Keyes grins, and Reform purposefully tries to keep his face free of emotion. In fact, Reform continues to do so as a grinning Vae Victis walk past him and exit the ring.

DDK:

It sounds like we have a big match in the books for Dallas... Henry Keyes will defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against Ned Reform!

Lance:

That's right, Darren. But the question is... did Ned get what he wanted... or did he walk into something he's not ready for?

STILL PENDING

We switch to a dim lit stairway, where Tyler Fuse rests on the second flight. The caption reads “pre-recorded”, taking part directly after Tyler’s DEFIANCE Home for the Holidays victory versus Malak Garland. Fuse has dried blood on the top of his forehead and a few tacks sticking out of his arm, residual damage from putting Garland through the bed of tacks in securing the victory.

Tyler Fuse:

I told Malak I would take everything from him.

Fuse emotionlessly removes one of the tacks from his arm.

Tyler Fuse:

And I did just that.

He plucks another out from his skin.

Tyler Fuse:

For now, the Malak Garland experience is put to rest. Let that insecure prick wander this company... without a friend in the world to care for him. Conor and I have removed everything he requires to stay afloat so now, dear Faithful, you can watch The Keyboard King slowly drift away.

Tyler runs a hand through his hair, dried blood cracking off it while sweat drips to the floor. His eyes are cold and laser focused into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

That’s one significant problem take care of.

His eyes narrow. His face lowers.

Tyler Fuse:

Before I can move on with the rest of my DEFIANCE, there’s one more outstanding thing I’m required to do.

Fuse looks at the ground. He digs into his right wrestling boot and removes what looks like a passport covered in plastic.

Tyler Fuse:

Time to make a house call.

Shadows of other figures begin to hover over the OG Player, he’s no longer alone at the staircase. However, only Tyler is visible, as the other men are behind the camera but in front of Fuse. He looks up. An ever-so-faint smirk crosses his face.

And we fade to elsewhere.

SOHER/SO-US: TITANESS (CO-C) vs. LONNIE LUCK

DDK:

We've got a huge title match on tap! The Southern Heritage Championship aka The SO-HER...

Lance: [sighing]

AKA... the SO-US...

DDK:

Indeed. The title's first-ever co-champions... Uriel Cortez and Titaness... will put the gold on the line against the former Favoured Saints Champion and a young man whose reign should have earned this shot, had it not been for the cheating ways of Jack Harmen... I'm talking about Lonnie Luck!

Lance:

Between these two, they have been defending the Southern Her... er, The SO-US at every turn! Uriel Cortez defended the title successfully against future Hall of Famer Lindsay Troy at DEFIANCE Rising, then followed that up with a successful defense against former PRIME Universal Champion Jonathan-Christopher Hall at PRIME x DEFIANCE Immortals!

DDK:

Titaness did her own open challenge on UNCUT last week to defeat FLEX. No rest for DEFIANCE's Power Couple or for Titanes Familia at large! Tonight, can Lonnie Luck find a way to take the gold? This match... is up next!

♪ "Angel" by Massive Attack ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

One spotlight shines at the edge of the stage with Siofra, front and center. The Fury of the Familia turns and puts her hands into a praying motion. She smiles, then turns to the screen behind her as the LED lights around the stage start to light up and cover the arena in colors reminiscent of a stained-glass window. Then a new image appears on the screen... Then in the center of the stage, Titaness stands with her back to the ring, arms flexing with her name displayed on the front, also in a stained-glass window logo with the words "HER SWOLINESS" beneath.

Lance:

Here they come!

Siofra and Titaness wait... behind them, the father of Titanes Familia themselves! "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez in a black tank top, leather pants, gold-tinted sunglasses and of course, his own "SO-HIS" title belt over his shoulder. Siofra leads the much taller Titaness to the ring with the Motherly Saint smiling and waving to the jeering Mexico City Faithful. When they arrive, Siofra moves to the side and watches The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia walk up the steps. The hood and sleeveless jacket she's covered in come off, revealing brand new black top and leather pants with various sparkling red, blue, yellow and green lines, along with her "SO-HERS" branded Southern Heritage Title! She gets booed by The Faithful as she heads to the corner. Cortez claps around ringside for his wife.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling...

He looks nervously at both Titaness in the ring, then at Cortez who is mere inches away...

Darren Quimbey:

THE DEFIANCE WRESTLING SO-US CHAMPIONSHIP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia, being accompanied by Siofra and "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez!... she has

been asked to be referred to for her recent actions in bringing families together... She wishes to be referred to as "The Patron Saint of Suplexes"..."Strength From The Heavens"..."Her Swoliness"..."The Motherly Saint"... and she is BLESSING you with her presence tonight on UNCUT... but you may call her... TITANESS!

Titaness holds out both hands and flexes for all to see before the glasses and the hood come off. She hands them off to Siofra...

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent...

She waits...

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

The crowd cheers on DEFIANCE's favorite underdog! Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring with a white coat on. With a laser focused look on his face Lonnie hastily sprints to the ring like his life depends on it! He slides right on inside the squared circle and when he gets up to his feet, he greets the crowd by taking his coat off.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger... from Sin City, weighing in at one-hundred and seventy-five pounds! He is "The Son of Sin City" ... he is **TONNIEEEEEEE LUCCCCCKKK!!!**

Grit and determination. Lonnie looks like he is full of both tonight as referee Rex Knox holds up Titaness' custom SO-HERS Championship. Lonnie looks over to the title, then back to Titaness.

Lonnie Luck:

That title's gonna be SO-MINE after tonight!

Titaness looks at the audience, then grabs a microphone from ringside. She taps it.

Titaness:

Mexico City... tonight, you are BLESSED by The Motherly Saint of DEFIANCE! Tonight... I ask of you, the audience... er... I learned my Spanish... ¿Alguien puede ayudar a este niño perdido a encontrar a sus padres, por favor?

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!

Lonnie doesn't speak Spanish, so Titaness translates.

Titaness:

It's okay, little boy. I asked these people if someone could find your parents so we could tuck you in before bedtime. I...

Lonnie steals the microphone to cheers!

He opens his mouth...

Then steps on Titaness foot as Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING

The Motherly Saint hobbles around on one bad toe and when she turns around, she's surprised when Lonnie jumps up and smacks her in the middle of the forehead with a leaping headbutt!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck isn't going to stand for disrespect! He's the longest-reigning Favoured Saints Champion in the history of that title and he could walk out of here tonight with Titaness' title if she underestimates him!

The scrappy underdog is holding his own forehead before he runs forward and lands a knee lift to the taller Titaness as she's still reeling! Both Uriel and Siofra are shocked as Titaness is stumbling in the corner! Lonnie climbs up the ropes...

¡Uno! ¡Dos! ¡Tres! ¡Cuatro! ¡Cinco! ¡Seis! ¡Siete! ¡Ocho! ¡Nueve! ¡Diez!

After landing the ten punches in the corner, Lonnie leaps off and jumps to his feet to HUGE cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

Look at Lonnie Luck go tonight! He's coming out swinging for the SO-US!

Titaness staggers out of the corner and Lonnie tries to whip her by the arm. Still reeling from the offense, her strength advantage stops her from going and instead, Lonnie is whipped to the ropes! The Motherly Saints swings for a clothesline from one way, but misses! She misses the elbow going the other way and Lonnie comes back with a basement dropkick to the left knee!

DDK:

No! Lonnie's going after the knee! The Son of Sin City has nothing to lose and everything to gain!

Lonnie Luck stands up and catches Titaness off-guard with an Oklahoma Roll on the canvas!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

No! Two-count! But Lonnie's already on the move again!

Titaness powers out as Lonnie kicks back to his feet! He goes to the ring apron and tries to make for the top rope when he sees Siofra lurking nearby. Lonnie points at the former Siobhan Cassidy and tells her to back off. The Fury of the Familia does so willingly when Titaness tries to jump for a shoulder through the ropes. Lonnie moves, then catches Titaness with a kick to the head again on the apron! Lonnie moves back and then tries to catch the champion on the ropes...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

BUT GETS HIT WITH A SNAP POWERSLAM ON THE APRON!

DDK:

LORDY! TITANESS JUST POWERSLAMMED LONNIE LUCK BETWEEN THE ROPES ON THAT RING APRON!

Lonnie CRASHES hard on the apron and falls to the floor! Titaness inches her way back into the ring and checks her forehead which looks like she may have a welt after the headbutt from Lonnie. Meanwhile, Uriel Cortez and Siofra are laughing over Luck's misfortune as he's reeling in pain.

Lance:

That was NASTY! I don't believe I've ever seen a powerslam hit from that angle, but Titaness just did it!

DDK:

Innovative and dangerous! We've talked about how Uriel Cortez has grown, but Titaness has REALLY come into her

own over the past year as well!

Titaness waves to the people and gets jeers before she goes outside. She wants to beat Lonnie Luck and she does so by military pressing him overhead and then CHUCKING him back through the ropes into the ring!

DDK:

Maybe there's some truth to that power being otherworldly! She hit FLEX with that Pretty Dangerous scoop brainbuster last week!

With Luck hurt in the ring, Titaness goes inside before she grabs Lonnie by the side and lifts him up with ease for a delayed gutwrench suplex. She twirls around once, then SLAMS him hard into the canvas! Lonnie convulses from the impact as Titaness yells at Knox to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

No! Lonnie with the shoulder up!

DDK:

That gutwrench suplex was amazing, but Lonnie Luck won't quit! This is a man called The Iron Man of Multi-man matches! Three consecutive pay-per-views, he defeated three men! He defeated seven men at last year's DEFCON to win the Favoured Saints Title!

Lonnie guts it out and has the people cheering, but things aren't going his way as Titaness yanks him up to his feet...

THWACK!

...only to deliver a HARD double-chop to the chest! Luck hits the canvas yet again as Titaness shakes both of her hands! Outside, even Uriel Cortez looks very impressed by the chop! He blows his wife a kiss, who catches it in the ring and makes a heart shape with her hands back at her tall husband.

Uriel Cortez:

MUY CALIENTE!

DDK:

Oooh! Just one double-handed chop knocks Lonnie clear off his feet! Lonnie's being picked apart!

Titaness tries to pick up Lonnie Luck again by the arm... but he fights back!

Lance:

There's that heart you talked about with Lonnie Luck!

Lonnie fights back with a volley of right hands! Titaness is reeling for a moment before he gets a boot to the chest! She whips the Son of Sin City across the ring and ducks down for a back body drop, but it's too soon because Luck kicks her in the chest!

DDK:

He's still fighting this!

Titaness swings for a clothesline, but Luck catches her with a running schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

No! Surprise two-count!

Lonnie gets up and charges off the ropes... but Titaness catches him over the shoulder! She turns and speeds towards the corner before HURLING him like a lawn dart right into the middle rope! The fans collectively wince from the impact!

DDK:

OOOH! CLASH OF THE TITANESS RIGHT INTO THE CORNER!

After taking the running air raid crash into the corner, the former Favoured Saints Champion crumbles into a pile in the corner. Titaness gets jeered from The Mexico City Faithful as she grabs him by the leg and drags him halfway across the ring and far away from any of the ropes.

Lance:

Smart thinking here! Titaness is keeping Lonnie Luck away from the ropes!

She finally ducks down and tells Knox to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

Lonnie gets the shoulder up and sets Titaness off! She towers over Rex Knox and starts giving him the business!

Titaness:

THAT WAS THREE, YOU LITTLE DWARF! I HAD THIS HOBBIT BEAT!

Rex Knox gestures that it was only a two-count!

Lance:

That was close! I have to think Titaness should have put extra urgency into that cover!

DDK:

And arguing with our officials doesn't help, either! She may be giving Lonnie Luck extra breathing room!

Cortez and Siofra watch the match outside the ring as Knox continues to argue it was a two-count. When she realizes the count is going nowhere, she turns back to The Son of Sin City and continues to trash the underdog!

Titaness:

This title is SO-OURS!

She smacks Luck in the back of the head.

Titaness:

This title will never be SO-YOURS!

The Motherly Saint goes for another slap...

But Lonnie catches her by the hand... and BITES HER ARM!

Lance:

NO WAY! LONNIE LUCK FIGHTING BACK! HE'S GOT THE ARM!

Howling in tremendous pain, Titaness shakes the challenger off of her and holds her hand in place while Lonnie is being cheered by the Mexico City Faithful!

LONNIE! LONNIE! LONNIE! LONNIE! LONNIE!

Lance:

Listen to those people! They're here to see Lonnie pull off another upset!

DDK:

That he can!

With Titaness reeling, Lonnie Luck goes to the nearby middle rope and takes flight with a flying headscissors that takes the defending SO-US head over heels to the canvas! She goes to the outside as Lonnie sits up and hurts all over. It's nothing new for the underdog as he gets ready...

DDK:

Lonnie Luck ready to fly... BANK ROLL!

Lonnie bounces off the ropes and flies right through to hit a cannonball senton through the ropes to wipe out Titaness on the floor!

DDK:

What a move! Titaness' hubris may have gotten the best of her and now Lonnie Luck is about to fight back!

Cortez and Siofra still lurk on the opposite side of the ring while Lonnie Luck is fighting to get himself upright! He lets out a yell and high-fives a couple of the fans in the front row, then goes to push Titaness back inside the ring. Once she's there, Lonnie slides into the ring.

Lance:

What a comeback! Lonnie Luck has Titaness on the defensive now!

The taller Titaness is hit with another huge move when Lonnie runs right towards her in a wheelbarrow! He pushes himself up and turns around to FACEPLANT the SO-US into the canvas with a reverse STO on the way down!

DDK:

He hits the Burn Card! Are we about to see a new champion?!

Lonnie pushes Titaness over onto her back! Cortez shouts and screams as Lonnie makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Titaness powers out and pushes Lonnie off of her! He goes wide-eyed and holds up three fingers to Rex, but his heart

sinks seeing only two of Knox's fingers up!

DDK:

That was close! That was CLOSE! Two-count by Lonnie Luck!

Lance:

But he's still going! There is a LOT of fight in this young man! He's tangled with some of the toughest in DEFIANCE and won!

Feeling close to victory, Luck fires up quickly and The Faithful go wild as he waits on a groggy Titaness once she gets to her feet. He grabs her by the neck with a cutter set-up and heads towards the buckles...

DDK:

POCKET ACE! POCKET ACE CONNECTS! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A NEW SO-US!

Titaness crashes hard as Lonnie rolls over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... FOOT ON THE ROPES!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Rex Knox doesn't see Siofra politely walking away from the scene of the crime!

Lance:

DID YOU SEE THAT, DARREN?! SIOFRA PUT HER FEET ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

Not blind to what just happened, Luck puts two and two together! He reaches through the ropes and grabs Siofra's arm before BITING her arm to a HUGE roar from The Faithful! Cortez growls, but Rex Knox is right in front of him so he can't strike!

DDK:

THAT'S WHAT SIOFRA GETS!

After biting her arm, Rex Knox warns Siofra about getting involved, but once Lonnie goes back to pick up Titaness...

SHE'S BACK UP...

POP-UP BUCKLE BOMB!

Lance:

No! Lonnie Luck was distracted for a few seconds too long! Titaness just needed those few extra seconds!

Luck bounces out of the corner at a rough angle and crumbles to a knee! Titaness holds the back of her neck, but is still able to charge off the ropes before CRASHING right through Lonnie with a running spear!

DDK:

PRETTY STRIKING! TITANESS CUTS LONNIE LUCK IN TWO WITH THE SPEAR!

The jeering Faithful is overwhelming! Titaness still holds her neck and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Angel" by Massive Attack ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match and STILL SO-US Champion... **TITANESS!**

The jeering is loud, but Titaness slowly stands back up to her feet and gets her arm raised by Knox! He then hands her back his half of the SO-US Championship as Lonnie rolls out of the ring hurt after the finish of the match.

DDK:

We might have had a new Southern Heritage Champion, had it not been for Siofra at ringside! But regardless... The reign of the SO-US Championship remains strong!

Lance:

Ugh... and it looks like we're about to hear more about it...

Siofra clutches her arm and is mentioning something to Titaness about possibly needing a tetanus shot after being bit by Lonnie Luck. Cortez climbs into the ring with his SO-HIS Championship belt and has a microphone.

FATHERLY ADVICE

The SO-US are so smug right now along with Siofra that the beginnings of a smug cloud continue to form over the ring and may be fogging up the arena.

Uriel Cortez:

¡Déjame hablarte en mi lengua materna! Ciudad de México...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Cortez fires up the Mexico City Faithful, then smiles back at the response.

Uriel Cortez:

No son más que un grupo de estúpidos Smalls!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

I didn't catch all of it, but I got enough to catch "Stupid Smalls."

Cortez continues as Titaness holds up her title and Siofra is still checking her arm after Lonnie Luck bit her.

Uriel Cortez:

Let me tell you all what my wife and I have done since we became the SO-US...

Titaness:

We defended in Mexico!

Uriel Cortez nods.

Uriel Cortez:

We defended in France!

He turns around to greet the back.

Uriel Cortez:

And we've shown DEFIAНCE AND PRIME who wears the pants!

Titaness continues among the jeering. She takes a moment to catch her breath.

Titaness:

Against superior, genetically gifted giants like my husband and I... SIZE MATTERS! You don't bring a knife to a gun fight and you don't send Smalls like Lonnie Luck against Talls BLESSED with strength from the heavens like ME! We have done things with this title that no other champion has done before us!

Uriel Cortez:

We defended it outside DEFIAНCE borders and WON! Defended it in France AND Mexico! I defended it in a PRISON and lived to tell the tale

He snickers.

Uriel Cortez:

WE defeated a future Hall of Famer! And we did it all together!

The Man of The House and The Motherly Saint share a (nauseatingly) loving gaze.

Uriel Cortez:

Because it's not just about SO-HER...

Titaness:

And it's not just SO-HIM...

They both turn to each other...

Uriel Cortez and Titaness:

IT'S ABOUT SO-US!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel Cortez:

So to whoever wants some of this... know that there's no one person back there that compares to us. We don't care if you're Vae Victis, Lad, The Graps or The Craps, unaffiliated, anywhere, any place, any time. If you step to us... you best be ready to get trampled! You...

As the crowd rumbles, DEFIANCE's power couple are instantly on guard, heads on swivels. The hard-camera zeroes in on a figure meandering through the crowd, down the aisle from the second tier towards the ground-level. He is adorned for war in yellow, red and blue swathes across his stern face and clumped into his long, knotted beard. A colorful bullseye is painted over his heart, his fists and jaw clenched tight. All around him, the Faithful take up a galloping clap, spurring him forward.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha has COME for Mexico City!

♪ “Smiling and Dyin” by Green River ♪

Alpha halts in his tracks, the fans surrounding him suddenly shifting their attention – and elation – towards the entrance stage. The Absolute Animal's upper lip twitches, brow tightens, as his eyes narrow at the curtain.

Lance:

Hold on! Here comes “SUB-POP” SCOTT DOUGLAS!!!

In the ring, the Cortez's glance at each other with rising concern as they suddenly find themselves splitting their attention between two uninvited guests. As the riff kicks in, Douglas steps through the curtain to an ear-drum-rupturing reception and pauses at the top of the ramp to find Alpha in the crowd.

DDK:

I don't think Douglas & Alpha were expecting one another!

Alpha resumes stomping down the concrete steps, pushing through the huddled masses with ease and finding the guard rail. Leaping over it, he and Douglas uneasily regard one another.

Lance:

Nor our co-champions!

Titaness cups her mouth and leans up to whisper words of strategy to her partner & husband as Uriel's face stretches into a confident grin. Siofra steps bravely in front of them. Rounding the ring, Alpha and Douglas come face to face.

DDK:

Both of these men were victorious back at DEFIANCE Rising; Alpha, of course, vanquished MV2, forcing him to unmask and reveal his true identity as none other than Ryan Batts! While Douglas earned a win over “The GLOAT” Mil Vueltas following the shocking return of Oscar Burns to DEFIANCE!

Lance:

There's no doubt that either man could make a case they deserve a shot at the coveted championship Uriel Cortez and Titaness possess!

The pair at ringside edge closer to one another. Douglas calls out to the Monster, his words swallowed by the noise, before pointing towards the pair in the ring. Alpha's eyes follow and he glares smolderingly at the couple. Douglas says something else. Corvo points to himself, then Douglas holds up two fingers. Scott points at the two in the ring and matches Corvo's two-fingers. Both men nod as one and SLIDE into the ring-

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

-as Cortez & Titaness slip out of the ring. Siofra is quick to follow, smiling darkly.

The trio split up and surround the ring... forcing Corvo & Douglas to momentarily split their attention. Meeting back up at the bottom of the aisle, Cortez slaps the belt on his wife's shoulder and laughs audibly. She nuzzles into him as they all backpedal up the aisle.

Lance:

This duo, Cortez & Titaness, are too experienced, too smart, just too GOOD to get caught flat-footed and lose their advantage. Call it psychology, call it mind games, call it what you will... but the Familia is dominant for a reason, Darren.

In the ring, Alpha barks something at Douglas, and suddenly, each is eying the other with distrust and unease.

DDK:

We're no closer to finding out just who will next challenge for the Southern Heritage Championship... but I wouldn't be shocked if it's one of those two right there.

Uriel motions toward Titaness and Siofra, and the trio makes their way toward the rampway, keeping a close eye on the pair in the ring. Corvo and Douglas do the same from inside, until the dual champions are a safe enough distance away for each to once again become leery of the other.

Lance:

I think you're right.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2026

DEFCON 2026: HOMECOMING Wednesday & Thursday, April 1 & 2 Caesars Superdome - New Orleans, Louisiana (82,000)

CARD AS IT STANDS...

Saturday Night Street Fight for the ACE of DEFIANCE
Pat Cassidy (c) vs Brock Newbludd



THE PROPOSAL

Backstage, all three members of LET are walking through the hallways. After a fresh shower and change following their victory over SupaLuchas earlier in the night, they look like they're on their way out for the evening. Dressed in matching black and green LET-colored tracksuits, Archer Silver and High Flyer both have gray travel bags slung over their shoulders while Ms. Massacre walks behind them.

High Flyer:

They gotta be around here somewhere, yeah?

Archer Silver:

Yeah, their locker room's down that way.

High Flyer:

You think they're gonna go for it?

Silver looks pretty sure about whatever they're speaking about.

Archer Silver:

The enemy of my enemy. He screwed us ALL over.

As they round the corner, LET find who they're looking for:

Nathan Eye, Declan Alexander leaving the locker room with Eva Vandegaar waiting for them. She stares up at Ms. Massacre and the little sister of High Flyer looks down at a BRAZEN rival!

Archer Silver:

Hey! You guys have a minute?

Nathan Eye:

Yoooooooooo! Hey, long time no see!

Nathan shakes a hand with both High Flyer and Archer Silver. They both look at Mrs. Massacre and Tank Girl.

Nathan Eye:

Lets uuhhhhh ... give them a minute.

The four men step over into the hallway.

Nathan Eye:

What's up? Saw those matches you guys had with Heirs to the Throne and you guys have been killing it. I'm sorry that Tom Morrow was such a douche to you guys after we won the titles ... and in between us being roughed up by Kill or Be Killed, it felt great to put them on ice.

DEC4L:

Tried to unalive us, but M4NTRA can't be unalived!

Archer Silver:

As good as it is to catch up, I gotta say we came here for a reason. I don't wanna bullshit you guys, so, let's chat. You guys have that title shot against The Triple 7s coming up.

Nathan Eye:

We do.

Archer nods.

Archer Silver:

Morrow screwed you guys over... hard. No lube. But when he did that to you guys, he did that to US, too.

High Flyer:

Yeah. Froze us out completely when he came back.

Archer Silver:

Totally. That fucking asshole screwed us ALL... but now, after all this time, you guys are in a position to do something about it.

Nathan Eye:

Okay, what are you thinking?

High Flyer:

A collab, as DEC4L would say!

Declan Alexander looks intrigued at least to hear that.

Archer Silver:

You guys have Eva, but whatever two of those three jackasses defend the belts, they still have Tom Morrow and the third Seven... or Luck, whatever their stupid-ass last name is. So... for once, let's take the numbers advantage to Morrow. We uh... say the ref goes down? Eva distracts the referee? Something happens.

High Flyer:

Y'know... Something.

Archer Silver:

Yeah... "something." We come in, we WHACK one of those big bastards! Then after you guys walk away the new Unified Tag Team Champions...

Silver spins a finger around.

Archer Silver:

It's M4NTRA and LET at DEFCON. What do you say?

Nathan and Declan both look at each other and neither one really knows what to say.

Archer Silver:

What? Something wrong?

Natty Eyece looks at him.

Nathan Eye:

So ... I know that you guys have your way of doing things lately and that works for you but uh. We've been screwed time and time again by Morrow and the Triple 7s. Last time, we needed to win those titles, we had help. This time ...

DEC4L:

We gotta do this on our own, fam. You get it right?

Nathan Eye:

And the comeback is *always* better than the setback! I don't even have to use my pen, buds. That story writes itself! We do this ourselves and slay a few more monsters to get that gold!

DEC4L:

For real, for real!

Nathan puts a fist up and Declan taps it with his own fist. Archer and Flyer both look shocked by this news, but before they can protest, Declan has their bags.

DEC4L:

Sorry to cut this short, fam, but we gotta jet.

Nathan Eye:

Yeah, gotta catch an early flight out! M4NTRA has a book signing, my dudes! But we'll chat later, okay? After we win the titles, we can talk business! Eva, we should go!

Eva stops staring down Mrs. Massacre.

Nathan Eye:

Lon, you coming?!

LET are surprised to see somebody they know very well fighting over the Favoured Saints title last year ... Lonnie Luck! He's got a travel bag in hand, too.

Lonnie Luck:

Yeah. Thanks for the pep talk earlier. So close to winning that damn SOHER!

Nathan Eye:

Setbacks are just bigger comebacks, Lonnie. We'll talk about that other thing on the plane, all right!

Lonnie Luck:

Sounds good!

Lonnie turns around to face Archer and Flyer.

Lonnie Luck:

Dicks.

Then turns and sees Eva and drops his bag!

Lonnie Luck:

Whoa! Uh ... uh ... sorry! Hi! Uh ... Girl Tank right?

Eva:

Tank Girl, yes.

She does the polite thing and she's able to pick up Lonnie's bag one handed before giving it back.

Lonnie Luck:

Uh ... thanks!

Lonnie and Eva follow Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander. LET are left alone to wonder what the hell just happened!!!

Flyer mumbles as the camera lingers.

High Flyer:

I'm not a dick... you're a dick...

He scuffs his boots on the concrete backstage. Ms. Massacre places her hand on her brother's shoulder.

Ms. Massacre:

You do know you are a dick though, right?

High Flyer: (*Whiny*)

I knoooowwww...

WHAT IS HE CONCOCTING!?

The scene quickly switches to ADULT Conor Fuse in the middle of a fast-paced walk down the hallway. He makes a right, then a left... and just like that he comes to a screeching halt in front of a door.

He looks at the nameplate but the camera hasn't swung around far enough for a visual confirmation as to whose door it is.

He raises his left hand and balls it up like a fist.

He stops. He closes his eyes. He prays to god?

He knocks quickly, three times. But then he takes his hand and grabs the handle, pushing the door back. He walks into the room, a couple of steps with confidence before once again coming to a screeching halt. The look on his face is palpable. He lets out a huff, cracks his neck and sticks out his hands in defense, as if to ask the person, or persons in front of him to stay right there.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

Look, before you make any sort of move...

The camera pans to show an eternally disgruntled, brooding Bronson Box sitting on an opulent looking locker room sofa, Angus Skaaland and Duchess Vaughn looming over his shoulder directly across from Conor.

ADULT Conor Fuse:

I *think* we all can help each other out.

Bronson and Angus each raise an eyebrow and make acknowledging eye contact.

For a moment... silence.

...

...

...

The Original DEFIANT stands, smooths his lapels and eyeballs the *full grown* ADULT in front of him...

As DEFtv goes elsewhere.

STEEL CAGE: OSCAR BURNS vs. MIL VUELTAS

An ominous tone starts to hush over the Arena CDMX as the steel cage that has been hovering over the ring all night finally begins to lower.

Lance:

Months in the making... this finally ends tonight. It was last year when Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James -- now The Big Boss Dan -- betrayed Oscar Burns and disbanded his GC Universe stable to return to Titanes Familia. Mil took away three months of Oscar Burns' career with a rib injury and beat him at Acts of DEFIANCE. Oscar would return and beat Mil one-on-one at DEFIANCE Home for the Holidays.

DDK:

Tonight, here on Mil Vueltas' home turf... can he end this rivalry? Or will Oscar Burns' trip Back to the Graps be a successful one? Who walks out? We'll find out... NEXT!

The cage fully lowers as Darren Quimbey makes the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening and is a STEEL CAGE MATCH set for one fall! This match may be won by pinfall, submission, or by escaping the cage when both feet touch the floor! Introducing first...

The DEFIAtion lights up...

Two words flash across the screen in all-gold...

OSCAR BURNS

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

The screen displays the name and the DEFIANCE Faithful watch it change in real time...

**Oscar. Burns.
No All Caps.
Just. Graps.**

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

♪ “Teardrop” by Like A Storm ♪

A lone figure walks out from the back wearing a dark green wrestling robe with a hood covering his face. The twisted, but melodic sounds of didgeridoo of the New Zealand-based band mixed with hard rock play him down the ramp as he makes a steady motion. He turns around to show the message on the back of the robe...

Back 2 The Graps!

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by his official spokesperson... Sonny Silver... And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 242 pounds... **“TWISTS AND TURNS”... OSCAR BURNS!**

Sonny Silver, clad in a dark charcoal suit, points towards Oscar as he heads toward the ring. Once he reaches the squared circle he calls home, Burnsie removes the wrestling robe and he's back to the classics! Dark green wrestling trunks, kneepads and dark green wrestling shoes with golden-colored laces! He looks to be made out of granite tonight and has been keeping up on his time off! Like a good wrestler should, he walks to the ring apron, wipes his feet on it, then climbs inside the ring. He leans up towards the ropes and points to all sides of the sold-out Arena CDMX!

DDK:

Oscar Burns has been waiting months for this chance at payback! Tonight, will he get it?!

Lance:

We can't look past Mil Vueltas for a second. He's a little worm, he's a backstabber, a loudmouth and a hypocrite... but he's also had Oscar's number in recent months!

Oscar waits patiently as he can as Mil prepares to make his entrance.

With a NEW theme!

♪ "Bigger Man" by Konrad OldMoney, Droox, Taelor Yung ♪

RRRRRRAAAAAHBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Mexico City Faithful are already at a fever pitch and the roof is long gone!

Lance:

WHAT A RECEPTION STILL AFTER MIL TALKED SMACK EARLIER! THE HOME COUNTRY BOY ARRIVES!

A white spotlight shines up on stage. Standing in said white spotlight, being taken to task by The Faithful that shows his recent victories in the ring: is none other than the man who took OSCAR BURNS out of action at Acts of DEFIANCE and followed that up with a win over "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy (via countout...) and a stolen win over Scott Douglas in tag team action! (omitted is the result of DEFIANCE Rising in which Douglas did beat Mil).

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera and representing Titanes Familia! From Tijuana, Mexico and currently residing in... your hearts... weighing in at 180 pounds... He is The Man of a Thousand Flips! He is The GLOAT! He is DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero...

Pause.

Darren Quimbey:

And he is YOUR Biggest Hero, Mexico City...

Another pause.

Darren Quimbey:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL... VUELTA SSSSSSS!

Yelling to The Faithful like they were cheering him on (it's mixed!) the GLOAT has on new gear! A fur cloak fastened around his neck with shining purple legs, armbands and boots adorned in gold rhinestones! As he steps over the ropes, DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero waves and blows kisses to The Faithful. He then heads up into the ring as Chad Kroeger and Josey Scott's musical stylings serenade the arena!

Behind him, La Angelita stands just over Mil Vueltas wearing black and purple gear to go alongside Mil. As Mil's bodyguard, she watches as he makes his way to the cage. He takes a big, terrified, gulp... then puts on another fake smile! Sonny stands on the opposite side of the cage as Rivera, who remains in place. Oscar Burns, for his part, sits on the top turnbuckle opposite the entrance where Mil is about to walk into the cage and doesn't move. Mil VEEEEEEERRRRRRRY cautiously enters.

Lance:

Here we go. I'm honestly shocked that Oscar hasn't tried to make a move.

DDK:

Tonight, he'll have his chance. No DQ, no countout. The only way someone's winning is pinfall, submission, or escaping the cage!

Once Mil steps into the ring, he can feel the world shut around him as the cage closes behind him! He looks like he's about to hyperventilate, but then turns around and sees a stone-faced Oscar. Once The GLOAT's music dies, Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING

...and right away, Mil spins around and tries to climb up the ropes to get out!

DDK:

Mil's already trying to escape... BUT OSCAR IS RIGHT THERE!

Mil gets on the top rope and Oscar is not far behind him grabbing his leg! He goes for a back suplex right away...

BUT MIL BACKFLIPS AND LANDS ON HIS FEET TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE FAITHFUL!

Lance:

That was incredible! That may be Mil's one and only blessing here. That natural speed and agility of his is uncanny! If he wants to win, he's going to need that to either out-pace Oscar or use it to escape the cage!

Mil blows a kiss to Oscar, then runs off to the other side and immediately starts climbing the opposite end! He starts heading up to the top rope, but this time Oscar gets up and grabs a leg! The Master Grapster grabs his leg and rips it right out from under him, sending Mil to crash chest-first into the top rope before staggering to the canvas!

DDK:

Oooh! He didn't escape that time! And now Mil's about to be taken to task! Months of betrayals, backstabbing, trash talk and everything he's done to drag Oscar's name through the mud are about to haunt him!

Oscar takes the staggered Mil and CRACKS him with an extra-stiff elbow smash to the jaw that knocks him clear off his feet!

Lance:

Oh, my GOODNESS! I could hear that from up here!

Oscar gets a noticeably mixed response from The Faithful for what he's doing to the home country boy, but he doesn't pay it any mind as he picks up Mil again. He boots Mil in the gut and whips him across the ring, immediately following him in with a jaw-rattling European uppercut!

DDK:

Running uppercut in the corner! And Oscar's not done!

He goes for one more...

Another whip...

Another running corner uppercut!

The GLOAT gets his jaw rocked again, but he's too staggered to do anything! Oscar grabs him again...

Another whip...

Another running corner uppercut!

Another whip...

Another running corner uppercut!

Another whip...

Another running corner uppercut!

After the fifth consecutive running uppercut, Mil flops forward and crashes to the canvas! A vengeful Oscar grabs him by the neck and pulls him back up to his feet.

Oscar Burns:

YOU HAVE THIS ASS-WHOOPING COMING, GC!

He grabs Mil by the back of the head...

CRASH

...AND LAUNCHES HIM HEAD-FIRST INTO THE CAGE!

DDK:

Good grief! This is ALL OSCAR so far! I knew this wasn't going to be an easy feat for The GLOAT, but he is getting dog-walked, as the kids say!

Lance:

Whether or not he's liked in Mexico... he deserves this. We've said Oscar Burns was no saint, but he took months of Oscar's career!

Vueltas is completely disoriented as he stumbles back to his feet, but he's barely there when Oscar rushes him back up to his feet. He points to the opposite end of the cage...

CRASH

...AND SENDS MIL CRASHING INTO ANOTHER SIDE!

Lance:

This one might be done sooner than we think at this rate! Mil was just sent into that cage at high speed!

DDK:

Mil's being ragdolled every which way! And Oscar's far from finished!

After taking a moment to really let his punishment settle in, Oscar hooks the neck of Mil Vueltas and pulls him up for a suplex... only to release at the apex and send him crashing back-first into the canvas!

DDK:

OOoh! He calls that the Chocka-Block! That rolling release suplex is NASTY!

He kneels down and finally goes for a cover in this match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil somehow gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

Kickout! Call me shocked, Darren! Mil's taken all the punishment so far!

DDK:

When he's forced into a corner, you don't know what he's capable of. But Oscar Burns hasn't given him any room to breathe and that's exactly how he should be playing this!

Burns stands up over a very weary Mil, who's not moving. When Oscar tries to pick him up, the luchador just flops right back down limply.

Oscar Burns:

COME ON! GET UP! GET UP!

Mil isn't moving.

Lance:

He might have spent all his energy into that kickout!

When The GLOAT isn't getting up fast enough for his liking, he goes to pick him up... ONLY TO GET A RAKE OF THE EYES THAT GETS SOME CHEERS FROM THE FAITHFUL!

DDK:

HE'S A COCKROACH PLAYING POSSUM! THAT MIGHT BE THE ONLY WAY HE WAS GOING TO SURVIVE THIS!

The Technical Spectacle howls in pain as Mil rakes the eyes! As he hobbles around, Mil desperately backs up before he rushes forward and CRACKS Oscar on the knee with a sharp thrust kick!

DDK:

Mil targets the knee with that thrust kick... OOOOOH! And another catches Oscar on the jaw and knocks him back into the corner!

With the larger Oscar staggered in the corner, Mil SPEEDS across the ring and CRACKS the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE with an explosive running corner dropkick! Burns falls to a seated position in the corner as Mil limps to his feet. Riding on adrenaline, Mil uses his superior speed to hit the corner and come back with a double running knee strike to the head of Oscar in the corner!

Lance:

Mil's got him! He's chopped down Oscar in that corner! And now he's going up top!

Oscar rolls out of the corner in a daze. The Man of a Thousand Flips jumps to the middle rope, then to the top and takes flight with a high-elevation frog splash!

DDK:

What precision off the frog splash! Can this volley get him the win?!

Mil even does a quick Hail Mary for an early end to the match before he hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Burns sits up and PUSHES Mil off of him! Mil's eyes grow into full-on panic as he turns to Benny Doyle!

Mil Vueltas:

TRES, CABRON! TRES!

Benny Doyle:

No... TWO!

Screaming in agony, Mil sees that Oscar is still down and points at Hector Navarro outside the ring to open the door!

Lance:

Mil's gonna go out of the door!

Seeing a chance at victory, Mil crawls towards the door in dramatic fashion and tries to get out as both Brooklynn Rivera and Sonny Silver watch from their sides of the ring.

Sonny Silver:

Get his ass, Oscar! Get his ass!

Mil feels a pair of hands grab around his leg!

Lance:

Oscar's back up! He's back up!

He grabs Mil's leg and PULLS him as far away from the door as he can, forcing Hector Navarro to shut it once again. Oscar starts to pull Mil up to his feet by one leg, but the quick luchador leaps up for an enzuigiri! Oscar has it scouted! He ducks the enzuigiri and Mil crashes on the canvas, allowing Burns to go right in and start pummeling The GLOAT in the back of the head with a vicious series of elbows!

Lance:

He tried to get away, but Oscar is just overwhelming him as much as he can!

After battering Mil with the forearms, he gets up and spins Mil's body around by grabbing his legs. The Man of a Thousand Flips pleads with Oscar for any show of mercy, but he's not feeling particularly merciful on this night as he positions Vueltas' neck under the ropes. He has hold of Mil's leg and falls backwards, sending Mil's neck up and into the bottom rope! The luchador convulses in pain and holds onto his neck!

DDK:

This is wild! He's punishing Mil every which way that he can! That catapult under the bottom rope isn't really a move Oscar uses often, but nothing is off the table tonight to punish the man that's tormented him for months!

Sonny cheers on Oscar Burns outside the ring while Brooklynn watches on stoically outside the ring. Since The Faithful have mixed reactions, The Silver-Tongued Devil points at the cage.

Sonny Silver:

One more time! One more time! One more time!

Happy to oblige his confidant and official spokesperson, Oscar grabs onto Mil's leg again. Mil pleads with him to not do what he's about to do...

CRASH

CATAPULT INTO THE CAGE!

Mil hits the cage hard and crashes back down to the canvas in a heap! It looks like part of his purple dragon-themed

mask may have a small hole torn into it!

Lance:

If Mil's looking for sympathy tonight, he's not going to get any from me!

DDK:

No, but Oscar Burns may want to start thinking about going for another pinfall here... oh, here we go!

He's got his arms around Mil's waist! The GLOAT shakes his head in a daze as he gets taken over...

Rolling gutwrench suplex!

But Oscar's not done! He rolls right over the body of Mil, but he keeps his grip intact!

Second gutwrench suplex!

Still not done! He rolls over again with Vueltas in his grip...

Third gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

Oscar hits the rolling gutwrench suplexes! He's got Mil in the middle of the ring!

The vengeful Master Grapster makes the pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Mil gets the shoulder up in the nick of time!

Lance:

Whooooaa! He BARELY got that shoulder up in the nick of time! But Mil Vueltas can't take much more of this punishment!

Burns himself is shocked but doesn't linger on the fact too long because he's already got Mil up. He buries a boot into his gut and doubles him over.

DDK:

Are we going to see a Shield-Breaker here?!

He starts to try and set up Mil for what might be a piledriver, but The GLOAT hoists himself all the way up and starts raining down rights into the head of Oscar! He fires the punches in droves until Burns staggers back, then Mil grabs the side of the cage.

Lance:

No! Mil counters! Mil's on the the cage!

The Mexico City Faithful give a big 60-40 cheer in support of the home country boy as he tries to fight to the ropes! He starts scaling the cage, but right behind him, Oscar is climbing up the ropes! He's standing on the top rope right next to Mil and SLAMS his face into the cage!

DDK:

Both men standing on the top rope against the cage! They're in a precarious position!

Oscar Burns:

YOU'RE DONE, GC! DONE!

He tries to slam Mil's head into the cage, but Mil gets his hand up to block! He slams Oscar's head into the cage, then reaches a leg to the side to KICK him with a low blow! Both men go falling off the top and crash hard on the mat next to one another!

RRRRRRAAAAAHBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

LOW BLOW BY MIL VUELTAS! NOW BOTH MEN ARE DOWN OFF THE TOP ROPE!

Burns is hunched over in pain and so is Mil, but he laughs and taps on the side of his forehead as he's also reeling in pain from the punishment he's endured in the past few minutes! Brooklynn Rivera watches ringside from one side of the cage while Sonny Silver growls from the other side, showing some concern for the state of things!

Lance:

Mil landed that desperation low blow, but now where does he go from here?

DDK:

He's taking any illegal shortcut here to stay alive against Oscar, who has been hellbent on punishing Mil Vueltas for his past crimes! It was Oscar that brought this nature of out of Mil in the first place and he's come to reap what he sowed!

Burns tries to get up and there's a mixed chant!

*LET'S GO, BURNSIE!
LET'S GO, MIL!*

*LET'S GO, BURNSIE!
LET'S GO, MIL!*

DDK:

Listen to this place! This reception is wild! No wonder Mil Vueltas wanted this match on his home turf here tonight! He's got some of the people on his side even though he deserves every bit of this beating he has coming!

Lance:

And Mil's back up!

The GLOAT rolls over to a corner and slowly hoists himself up using the ropes. He charges right at Oscar, who rises and drives him down with a HUGE running sling blade! After the neckbreaker variation takes him down to the mat, Mil rolls out of the spin and waits on Oscar to try and rise. When the Kiwi does so, Mil rushes forward and CRACKS him upside the jaw with a running bicycle knee strike that takes him down to the canvas. The Man of a Thousand Flips hunches forwards near the cage and then heads to the middle rope...

DDK:

PHOENIX SPLASH OFF THE SECOND ROPE! WILL THAT BE ENOUGH?!

Mil falls into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Oscar kicks out, but Mil lands right on his feet. He leans back to the ropes and doesn't let Oscar get fully up to his feet before rocking him with a rolling wheel kick upside the head!

Lance:

Oscar just kicked out, but Mil's staying on him! This may be his best chance to win!

Mil then heads to the ropes again. He measures his target...

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD 450 SPLASH OFF THE TOP ROPE!

After connecting with the springboard 450, he rolls around and jumps on Burns's chest to hook a leg as far back as possible!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... SHOULDER UP!

The look on the face of Mil Vueltas is a combination of what appears to be equal parts shock and terror! Burns gets the shoulder up and rolls over onto his stomach and Mil cannot believe he hasn't put Oscar away!

Lance:

Those were two of Mil Vueltas' best aerial moves in his arsenal and Oscar Burns just kicked out of both!

DDK:

Wait... what's he doing now? Where's Mil going?

Mil rolls over to where Brooklynn Rivera is and she slips something between the ropes!

Lance:

What'd she just do! What'd she slip to Vueltas?

He holds up what looks like a piece of metal in hand and shows it off to the world! Outside the ring, Sonny Silver charges over and gets into the face of Brooklynn Rivera!

Sonny Silver:

What the fuck did you just do?

Brooklynn tries to answer by putting her hands up... and goes for a low blow! However, Sonny catches her leg and pulls her into a clothesline to a HUGE POP!

DDK:

No! Brooklynn Rivera pays for her cheating ways, but the damage may already be done!

Mil Vueltas tucks the piece of metal through the eyehole in his mask and towards his forehead.

Lance:

He's loading the mask! He's loaded up that mask! He's won matches before by doing this against the likes of Butcher Victorious and Scott Douglas!

Like a bull ready to charge, Mil even lets out an “ARRIBA!” before he goes flying at Oscar...

CAUGHT...

POP-UP UPPERCUT!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

DDK:

BURNS HAD THE LOADED MASK COUNTERED! HE PLUCKED MIL OUT OF MID-AIR AND SMACKED HIM OUT OF THE SKY WITH THE SWEET AS UPPERCUT!

Mil is flat on his back as Oscar goes for the cover again!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.... KICKOUT!

Oscar is in shock! He looks over and he's damn sure that he had the three-count, but Benny Doyle is only raising two fingers and Burns loses his cool!

DDK:

I thought that was it! I thought he had this match won completely, but this match is getting out of control! It's coming down to the wire right now!

Oscar looks over at the door with Mil Vuelas still down, but he doesn't look like he's even going to entertain the idea of just walking through the door! He reaches into Mil's mask and rips out the metal from the top, exposing his forehead! Oscar gets a few jeers for what he's doing, but ignores it and throws the hunk of metal right back out of the ring so Mil can't use it!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

I have to say I'm shocked by this response, but again, maybe not! Here in Mexico, a luchador's mask is sacred. Ripping masks is something you just don't do, even with a wrestler as disliked as Mil Vuelas in the States!

DDK:

That could have also been the reason Mil wanted this match here! Home court advantage!

The reaction itself doesn't bother Oscar that much. He mouths “sorry!” to the people before he is about to unleash another move on Mil by THROWING him at the cage again!

CRASH!

Lance:

THAT WAS NASTY! THAT WAS NASTY AND MIL TOOK THAT ENTIRE IMPACT FACE-FIRST!

Mil crashes into the cage hard and from the ripped mask, a major part of his exposed forehead is now bleeding underneath the mask!

DDK:

This is just unreal! Oscar Burns has ripped up Mil Vueltas' and he's BLEEDING! This may be the first time I can recall this ever happening to Mil!

Lance:

He's wanted this payback and I feel like he's right on the doorstep of ending it!

This is a sentiment Burns seems to share! He waits on Mil to stand to his feet, but the bloodied and groggy Vueltas can barely stand. He's about to get to his knees...

When suddenly, there's a commotion!

Sonny Silver turns around...

AND GETS HIS HEAD TAKEN OFF BY A HUGE CHAIN-ASSISTED LARIAT!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL? WHO... WHO IS THAT?

Oscar's attention is diverted from attacking Mil to seeing someone attack his manager. Someone in black jeans and a black biker jacket has attacked Sonny Silver with what looks like a chain wrapped around his right arm. He turns to face Oscar and fully shakes off his hooded jacket...

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! DARREN... DARREN... THAT'S... THAT'S RYAN BATTS! HE WAS UNMASKED AS THE COUNTERFEIT MV2! HE WAS OSCAR'S FRIEND AND PROTEGE YEARS AGO.... BUT... WHAT... WHAT IS THIS?!

The former MV2 stands in front of the ring. No emotion on his face as he looks up at a man he used to call a friend. Oscar looks like he has ZERO idea what's going on as Ryan Batts looks up at him from outside the ring! He jumps on top of Sonny and starts MAULING him with right hands! Oscar goes over to try and stop him...

CLIP!

CLIP!

...BUT MIL HAS HIM! HE HANDCUFFS OSCAR'S HAND TO THE RING ROPES!

Lance:

MIL VUELTA'S JUST HANDCUFFED OSCAR BURNS TO THE RING ROPES!

DDK:

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?! WHAT IS GOING ON?! RYAN BATTS IS ATTACKING SONNY SILVER! IS... IS HE IN ON THIS!

Ryan Batts moves back and seems to even let Brooklynn Rivera get in a free shot. Sonny's defenseless when Rivera takes him down with a running STO on the floor!

Lance:

BROOKLYNN RIVERA'S BACK UP!

The former FIST of DEFIANCE struggles to get free as Mil grins evilly behind a mask ripped and bloodied. He waves at the key to the cuffs and crawls up the side of the cage. He stops to blow a kiss at Oscar, who can't do anything about it!

Lance:

MIL VUELTAS STOPS TO MOCK OSCAR! NOW HE'S GOING UP AND OVER THE CAGE!

Mil climbs to the top! He swings his feet over as Ryan Batts mercilessly continues to pummel Oscar's manager! Mil climbs over the cage...

THEN LEAPS DOWN FROM HALFWAY!

BOTH FEET TOUCH THE FLOOR!

DING DING DING

♪ "Bigger Man" by Konrad OldMoney, Droox, Taelor Yung ♪

RRRRRRRAAAAHBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A HUGE mixed reaction, but all that matters to Mil is...

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Lance:

THAT.... THAT COCKROACH! MIL VUELTAS SURVIVES AGAIN! IN HIS HOME COUNTRY OF MEXICO, MIL VUELTAS HAS ESCAPED THE CAGE AND DEFEATED OSCAR BURNS WITH THE HELP OF RYAN BATT

DDK:

WHAT... WHAT IS GOING ON?!

Mil is bloodied and beaten, but he is VICTORIOUS! He crawls over towards Brooklynn Rivera. The duo look at Ryan Batts... then Mil reaches over and bumps a fist with Batts!

DDK:

THAT CONFIRMS IT, LANCE! THE FIX WAS IN... BUT WHY?

Vueltas and Brooklynn head back up the ramp in victory while Ryan Batts has the chain wrapped around his hand. The tank-like Batts heads towards the ring and pushes Navarro out of the way before he storms in! Oscar Burns tries to defend himself, but Batts is already over him with a chain-assisted right hands to the head as he's still handcuffed!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

RYAN BATT

DEFSec finally make their arrival and head down towards the ring! Oscar gets pummeled with the chain, but the damage has been done...

Blood is running down his forehead!

Lance:

SOMEONE GET THAT LUNATIC OUT OF THERE!

DDK:

FOLKS... I HATE TO DO THIS NOW OF ALL TIMES, BUT I'M BEING TOLD OUR TIME IS UP! OSCAR BURNS IS BEING TAKEN APART BY HIS FORMER FRIEND RYAN BATT

LANCE WARNER... I'M DARREN KEEBLER... AND WE'LL TRY TO GET YOU SOME ANSWERS!

It takes Wyatt Bronson to finally do it, but the Head of DEFSec DRAGS Batts off of Burns. Medical and other staff attend to Oscar, still handcuffed to the ring ropes while Batts screams as he's being dragged out of the cage. His last words echo as teh show is about

Ryan Batts:

TELL THEM! TELL THEM WHAT YOU DID! TELL THEM! TELL THEM! TELL TH...

THIS.

IS

DEFIANCE.