

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN YOU

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Knoxville welcomes DEFIANCE as the Thompson-Boling Arena is hyped for DEFtv 185! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are, well, not as frequent as before but The Faithful are still jacked AF!

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HENRY KEYES LOOKS LIKE CORKY ST. CLAIR'S EVIL TWIN

HAIRY WOMEN DON'T F AROUND

A PILE OF BODIES

IHOP'S CHICKEN AND WAFFLES ARE WAY BETTER THAN I EXPECTED

MR. MUSK GOES TO KNOXVILLE

Eagle eyed viewers may have caught, just barely visible through the glow of the show opening pyro, that the ring is not empty. Now that the house lights have come on, we see that the squared circle has been set up for Ned Reform's interview segment, Office Hours. There's the bookshelf, the red carpet, the psychiatrist's couch, and the stools... but this time, we have a new piece of furniture: a brown desk. On the desk is a holder for an ink pen, the remnants of a smashed globe, a DEFIANCE portable microphone, and a "Dr. Ned Reform" nameplate.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The boos... no wait... the people are... cheering!?

DDK:

Well, listen to this reaction!

Lance:

This is certainly unexpected.

The Good Doctor, dressed in semi-formal attire, appears from the back. He's flanked by TA Cole who is dressed equally as spiffy. Reform nearly does a jig as he moves through the last smoking residue of the pyro before he bounds down the ramp smiling from ear to ear. Cole is more reserved but also jovial - in his hand is a clipboard with several pieces of paper attached to it.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're kicking off Night 2 of the 185th edition of DEFtv with what we've been told will be the contract signing between Ned Reform and Elon Musk for DEFCON.

Lance:

It should be noted that Mr. Musk has yet to accept this challenge publicly, nor has he made any statements indicating he is even aware of it.

Reform scats and chicken-dances his way up the steps and into the ring. He hops to the top rope, raising his arms and cheesing as he receives what is surely the most positive reaction in his entire career. He soaks it in as Cole enters the ring, placing the clipboard down on the desk. Ned climbs down from the top as his theme fades away. He picks up the mic and turns to look out into the Faithful.

Ned Reform:

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS, KNOXVILLE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Ned Reform:

Are you all ready for DEFCON!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Ned Reform:

Are you all ready to see Dr. Ned Reform beat Elon Musk into a bloody pulp!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Ned Reform:

No, no, no... surely we are capable of better than that! I said: ARE YOU READY FOR ME TO KICK ELON MUSK IN THE HEAD!?!?!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ned Reform:

Pavlov's dogs say what?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA - huh? What started out as a rousing cheer kinda prematurely fades away as people are trying to figure out what he just said. There are a few in the audience who catch on and begin to boo.

Ned Reform (*shaking his head in disgust*):

Typical. Children, we will get down to business in short order. But first, I'd be remiss if I didn't clear something up.

Ned walks over to the bookshelf, gazing at it reflectively as he continues to speak into the mic.

Ned Reform:

I chose to challenge Mr. Musk in particular for a very specific reason. At DEFCON, I could surely have a match with any of the usual suspects: whiny video-game playing manchildren, drug-riddled hobos and stumbling drunks, or just your-run-of-the-mill idiots. But I knew, from my hard work over the years, that would not be enough. It would never be enough.

Reform moves away from the books. He adjusts the nameplate on the desk.

Ned Reform:

No, I was finished trimming the bushes of stupidity. It was time to rip out ignorance at the very root. I considered challenging you, Mr. Keebler. After all, you are the narrator to this circus.

Reform slyly turns to look toward the Commentation Station. The camera cuts to Darren Keebler for a few seconds, but he maintains his professionalism and doesn't sell it.

Ned Reform:

But as fun as it would be, I quickly abandoned that idea. Firstly, I knew you'd never be foolish enough to accept. But most of all, it would have been a fruitless endeavor. After all, while it certainly is a breeding ground for it, DEFIANCE did not invent ignorance. No, I was going to have to go much bigger than that.

The Good Doctor moves away from the desk. Now he opts to stand in the center of the ring. He looks to the sky and sighs before bringing his head back and addressing the people directly.

Ned Reform:

The problems go far beyond this humble promotion. We live in a society that abandoned the foundation pillars of reason, logic, and justice long ago. A superficial hologram where we worship attractive people who have the talent to hold a phone in their hands and smile into it. Nothing is real to us unless it is posted on our narcissistic, self-indulgent, delusions of grandeur machine that is social media. Children's brains have become all consumed by serotonin spitting hypnosis machines, destroying their attention span, eliminating their sense of inquiry and intellectual curiosity, and making sure they grow incredibly anxious and envious of their peers. I've even heard that thirty-something year old men spend all their time on video game based social apps and play pretend as they discuss their wrestling fanfiction. What? I mean, seriously? You know me, children, I am far from a doom and gloom individual, but this children... this is dire.

The crowd hasn't really been sure how to react to his odd, impromptu speech.

Ned Reform:

I'm fighting a war on roughly eleven fronts. And so I reasoned: why not eliminate it all in one fell swoop? Why not go after the poster boy for this brainless and empty shell of a once great society? I can think of no one who embodies the witless nature of our modern way of life than Mr. Musk.

The Faithful pop! They like that. Reform's eyebrows go up and he turns to look into the sea of fans.

Ned Reform:

Oh? You enjoy that, yes? When I speak ill of Mr. Musk? Why? Perhaps you find it amusing? You take pleasure in seeing powerful people humbled? Or is that your hope is to live vicariously through me? As if I were the vessel for all of you to use to metaphorically punch Mr. Musk in the head yourselves. Perhaps we should interrogate this idea further, yes? Well, children, I have some bad news for you...

Reform's countenance turns dark.

Ned Reform:

Although Mr. Musk is undoubtedly the top of the mountain, do not pretend that all of you fine blank-staring folks in attendance as well as the drooling legions watching on a screen are JUST as much responsible for our sociological dire straits. Look at you!

Reform turns to the cameraman who is standing on the apron. He makes a "spin around" motion with his fingers.

Ned Reform:

Turn the camera to face the patrons, blue-collar worker number thirty-six.

And he does. And Reform narrates what we see.

Ned Reform:

Half of you aren't even watching the SHOW! You're on your devices! Are you "tweeting" about all the hard-hitting action? Perhaps sharing your ever-so biting and insightful commentary? Telling Elon Musk how much you despise him while hypocritically continuing to use his platform? I surely hope you are using the correct hAsTaGs. You reached into your surely meager earnings to put money down for this show, and you aren't even experiencing it fully. Which tells me one thing: if Musk is the ringleader, you are all surely riding along in his clown car.

The camera turns back to Ned.

Ned Reform:

Make no mistake about it: although I will undoubtedly take pleasure in wiping the floor with Mr. Musk at DEFCON, in my mind I will also be beating the pulp out of each... and every... one of you.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

THAT'S more like it.

Reform smirks, seemingly satisfied about re-turning his old enemies against him. He's finished with the crowd now, and he gestures to the curtain.

Ned Reform:

But enough of that... time to do the work. The reason we're all here. Mr. Musk, I know you can hear me.

Ned thumbs a fist on the clipboard on "his" desk. Cole applauds.

Ned Reform:

Here's what you're going to do. You're going to leave your gaggle of sycophants backstage. You're going to walk out here like a man, step into this ring, and put your name on this paper agreeing to face me in singles competition at DEFCON.

A pause. Reform shakes his head.

Ned Reform:

I'm not asking, Elon. Don't make...

♪ "Da Ba Dee" by Blue Man Group ♪

The fans IMMEDIATELY are on their feet, all necks turning to face the DEFIANCE entranceway. Did he do it? Did Ned really get this guy to come to an event? Is this real? The DEFIANCE fist logo is there... but no Musk. Finally, as the song really kicks into high gear...

BOOOOOOOO!

...someone DOES come from the back. It's a man who is very pale, shirtless, and slightly overweight. But he's a man wearing a plastic Elon Musk mask.

DDK:

Of course. What were we even thinking this would be?

Lance:

That appears to be the same Elon Musk mask worn two weeks ago by whoever sat ringside during Ned's match.

DDK:

I heard that under the mask was a wrestler from a rival promotion who has issues with Reform over there.

Lance:

...Ned is in another promotion? Why don't we talk about that more?

DDK:

Ryan Scott doesn't like that.

After goofily dancing down the ramp, Elon "Mask" enters the ring as his catchy theme song fades out. Ned Reform, his face as serious as ever, takes position on one side of the desk. Elon Mask opposite him. Cole in the middle, braced for anything. The Faithful, meanwhile, make sure their opinion is heard...

BULL - SHIT!
BULL - SHIT!
BULL - SHIT!

Reform looks taken aback.

Ned Reform:

Children, please. Don't chant that yet. That would be utterly more appropriate AFTER he speaks.

He turns back to "Elon," becoming all business.

Ned Reform:

Well, Musk... I did not think you'd have the fortitude to show. But, here you are. Elon Musk. CEO of Twitter. The Rocket Man! You have been challenged, my good sir, and it is admirable that you have finally summoned the courage to answer.

Elon Mask... just nods.

Ned Reform:

Should I take that as an affirmative? Will you accept? Will you face off against DOCTOR Ned Reform in a sanctioned contest?

Elon Mask nods. Reform smiles.

Ned Reform:

Excellent. You saw it firsthand, people! You shall tell your offspring's offspring about this very day!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What a farce.

Ned Reform:

All that is left...

Reform reaches down and picks up the clipboard. With his other hand, he takes the pen from its quill. Sticking his tongue out slightly as he writes, he seemingly fires off his John Hancock. Satisfied, he hands the clipboard to Cole. Cole, in turn, hands it to Elon Mask. Mask takes it and signs the bottom of the paper without a moment's hesitation.

Ned Reform:

Excellent! One final act to seal this deal, Mr. Musk...

He sticks out his hand.

Ned Reform:

...is to shake my hand like a gentleman.

Elon Mask goes in for the handshake... but Ned pulls away at the last second. You can't really register confusion on a mask, but "Elon's" body language does just that. Reform rubs his bald head, seemingly deep in thought.

Ned Reform:

Something just occurred to me... you know what? Forget it.

Reform sighs and shrugs.

Ned Reform:

Clearly, *this* is not the real Elon Musk.

DDK:

You don't say.

Ned Reform:

It was a fun little romp for a bit, eh? But one cannot maintain this level of deceit for very long. No, this is not Elon Musk. This is just a nice gentleman I met backstage who was willing to put on this mask and partake in my bit of fun for a modest fee. It was very kind of him. And look! He was so committed to the bit, that he even signed the paper! His actual signature, too.

Ned holds up the clipboard and puts an arm around Elon Mask in a friendly manner.

Ned Reform:

Good man! Unfortunately... well, this is not an actual DEFCON contract.

As he speaks the next sentence, Ned's voice morphs from friendly to ice cold.

Ned Reform:

You just signed a liability hold harmless.

Reform lets go of Elon Mask and moves away JUST as Cole blasts him from behind with a clothesline that nearly takes his head off! The man, clearly not a trained wrestler nor an athlete of any kind, hits the canvas like a ton of bricks and Ned moves in swiftly to kick him directly in the head. He turns to speak into the hard cam as Cole continues to put

the boots to the hapless man.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Watch closely, Musk!! Your cowardice and refusal to appear here today has doomed this man! And this is but a small taste of what I have for you!

Levi Cole drags the unconscious man to his feet and tosses him to Ned. Reform puts him in position for The Syllabuster, Reform's version of the Tiger Bomb!

DDK:

NO! WAIT!

Lance:

Ned, you can't...

But he can. And he does! The man is driven sickeningly into the canvas. DEFsec is on the scene, but TA Cole has taken the desk chair and holds it up as a weapon to keep them at bay. With his protegee having bought him a precious few seconds, Ned tosses the man's limp body ONTO the desk. He leaps up to the top rope, shoots the camera a sly smirk, and then leaps off onto the poor man with a guillotine leg drop that crumples the desk!

DDK:

Enough!

The Good Doctor seems to agree, as (after tipping the bookshelf over onto the man's body) he and Cole duck out of the ring to allow DEFsec to reach the beaten and bloodied man. As the ring fills up, Reform and Cole (all smiles) walk backwards up the ramp, surveying their handiwork proudly. Reform notices that he's standing near a camera, and he reaches out and grabs it by either side to steady it. Holding the camera in place, he coldly but calmly speaks into it.

Ned Reform:

If you don't show, Musk... Mr. Cole and myself are coming to find you. And what we do to you will be infinitely worse if you force us to seek you out. I'd hate to embarrass you in front of your terrified and beleaguered employees. I will see you in New Orleans, Musk.

A grin and then Ned resumes walking up the ramp.

DDK:

This was disgusting.

Lance:

This was more than disgusting. Reform implied that that person in the mask signed a hold harmless, meaning he had the freedom to do whatever he wanted. But that's not how it worked, and he just assaulted a defenseless person on national television...

DDK:

And I hope he pays for it.

ELISE ARES vs. CLAY BYRD

DDK:

I don't know about you, Lance but I didn't think I'd ever see the day where we're talking about Elon Musk on DEFtv. Things have certainly gotten interesting here in the leadup to DEFCON where we had a match confirmed via press release just the other day. Henry Keyes has decided to put his Southern Heritage Championship on the line against Elise Ares.

Lance:

She's tried before and been denied. Henry Keyes destroyed her tag team partner The D in an effort to make her give up on her aspirations of proving her merit as a former Southern Heritage Champion, but it seems it's had the opposite effect. Elise Ares seems more serious and focused than ever going into DEFCON.

DDK:

You're right and while Henry Keyes has some sort of "Short Stack Battle Royal" planned for later tonight, Elise has decided to go the opposite route. Challenging Vae Victis' muscle to a singles match that was accepted. Elise Ares. Clay Byrd. The man who saved Henry Keyes from suffering the same fate as The D. Right now.

Lance:

What a way to start off Night 2!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

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

The hulking figure of Clay Byrd, cowboy hat and a smirk the size of Texas included, steps through the back. Alone.

DDK:

We'd normally see Sonny Silver accompanying every member of Vae Victis to the ring, of course, but...

Lance:

But, he's still in recovery from the fireball he received at the hands of Alvaro de Vargas.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Plainview, Texas...weighing in at 295 pounds, representing Vae Victis...CLAAAYYYYYYYY!
BYYYYYYYYYRD!

DDK:

I wonder what Sonny would have done for an intro for this one, Lance.

Lance:

Something horrible, of course. Luckily, we won't have to find out. Byrd's opponent tonight has been locked in the crosshairs of Vae Victis's resident Kraken, Henry Keyes, so you know whatever Silver would have said would be incendiary.

DDK:

Notable in their absence is the rest of Vae Victis - they have made a point in saying they prefer to handle their business in the ring without interference, and that seems to be the message here with Byrd coming out by himself.

Lance:

How "noble" they are.

A healthy chorus of boos fills the arena as Byrd powerfully strides to the ring. He looks around at the Faithful in disgust, blowing them off before the music cuts. The lights in the Thompson-Boling Arena shift to a deep royal purple and gold as the Knoxville Faithful roar in support of the Pop Culture Phenom.

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Elise Ares swaggers out into the arena wearing her typical violet and gold wrestling attire with crop top purple leather jacket. With a smirk on her face, her LED sunglasses flash "SOHER" and "GOAT" back and forth as she does a little spin and poses for the crowd before confidently marching down towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. She is the FACE of DEFIANCE. ELIIIIIIIIIIIISE AARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

DDK:

While it looks like Clay has made the decision to go this one alone, Elise Ares doesn't have much of a choice after Henry Keyes destroyed the face of The D on live television.

Lance:

It was a brutal scene for sure, but also felt like a turning point for Elise Ares' trajectory.

DDK:

You're right, Lance. When we think of Elise Ares we tend to think of the cocky, smirking, dancing flier that everyone either loves or hates. It's a cup of tea that isn't for everyone, but when she came down to the ring on DEFtv 184 and left her heart on the microphone it felt like everyone rose behind her in her effort to take down Henry Keyes and she did just that.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE takes off her sunglasses on the top rope and launches them into the Faithful before dropping her leather jacket to the canvas. Jumping down off the top rope, Elise and Carla Ferrari share a glance. A storied history between those two ladies before the bell rings.

DING DING

The size difference between these two is extraordinary as Clay Byrd walks out into the middle of the ring and jokingly raises his arm into the air, high above anywhere Elise can reach, for a test of strength. Ares jokingly claps for the joke before darting past him and trying to immediately roll him up!

ONE

TWO

T- NO!

Byrd was surprised but powers out of the pinfall attempt. He sits up after breaking loose and eats a low dropkick right to the face. Standing moonsault. Front flip leg drop. Ares then swaggers forward towards the hard camera and screams "Que tal eso, ay?!" However as she turns around she's immediately grappled by the Vae Victis Muscle and lifted into the air. Ares slips loose and hits a reverse hurricanrana on the big man before bouncing off the ropes and landing another low dropkick and a pinfall attempt.

ONE

TWO

NO

DDK:

Two quick pinfall attempts for Ares already, Lance. She knows that she only has to be caught by Clay Byrd one time and it could all be over. The faster she gets this thing over with, the better.

Lance:

Absolutely. The longer this match lasts the higher the chance Clay Byrd takes this home.

Ares tries to drop down and get a side headlock on the big man, but he still has too much power for that to keep him grounded so he lifts Elise up with him before dropping her with a big atomic drop. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE sells by jumping high into the air before spinning around and eating a huge boot to the face. Byrd then pulls Ares off the canvas, who battles back with a series of quick elbows to the skull but it isn't enough to keep him from lifting her above his head and just dumping her outside of the ring before brushing off his hands like he just took out the trash. He looks into the Faithful and screams "She aint' shit!"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ares was dropped hard outside of the ring there, Lance. She may not even get back up to her feet after that.

Lance:

Well the count has started. Carla is already up to three and I'm not sure I've seen Elise move.

It's around five that Elise Ares pushes herself up to her hands and knees. The count gets delayed as Carla stops Clay Byrd from going through the ropes after her, but the Yee Haw Asskicker brushes the official aside and goes out against her will. Ferrari screams at Byrd to get back into the ring but instead he picks Ares up by the hair and throws her into the steel barricade, flipping her over it and into the first row of seats. Byrd partially slides into the ring to break the count and immediately slides back out to the protest of Carla. Clay walks over to the barricade where the Faithful are trying to lift Ares back up to her feet. Byrd reaches out and the Faithful scatter, but Ares takes a plastic cup of beer and throws it into Clay's face to a chorus of cheers. The big man stumbles backwards as Ares gets up on the barricade and jumps onto Clay Byrd's shoulders, but before the Vae Victis Brawler can grab her she jumps off and onto the apron and kicks her leg back kicking Byrd in the face.

DDK:

Elise can be a slippery one to pin down! She's showing it here by using Clay Byrd as an island to get back to the ring.

Lance:

Is that fan going to be reimbursed for that beer?

Elise then gets into the ring right as Ferrari counts to seven. However, she doesn't stop, running across the ring, bouncing off the ropes and then diving through the ropes at Clay Byrd leaving both of them to crash back into the same barricade Ares was just thrown over. With adrenaline rushing through her veins, Elise manages to get back up to her feet in time to stomp and kick at the big man while he's down before grabbing another beer from a fan. The fan pleads for Ares to take a drink but she says "Ew, no." and pours it over the back of the head of Clay Byrd. She does however, grab Byrd and leads him over to the ring and tries like hell to push the big man into the ring.

DDK:

That's a lot of beef to lift into that ring, Lance!

Lance:

Luckily for Elise, I'm not real sure if Clay knows where he is right now and is just trying to get away from the onslaught from Ares.

Lance is right as Clay helps Elise by crawling into the ring. Ares stays on the apron and motions for Amethystation for the Knoxville Faithful. As soon as Byrd reaches his feet, she jumps up onto the ropes and sails through the air... and is caught! The Big Brute picks Elise out of the air before she could follow through and slams her down hard with a

powerslam. He goes for a pin!

ONE

TWO

NO!

Elise manages to get a shoulder up but it isn't easy. Still a little woozy, Clay Byrd gets up to a knee before grabbing Ares and locking her into a bear hug. You can hear her scream "EW! NO! GROSS GET OF MEEE-OW! OW! OWWW!" as he tightens his grip. She continues to scream in agony as Byrd squeezes the life out of her like a giant python. The screams get less and less impactful as the fight is being drained from her, but the Faithful begin to clap and stomp, breathing life into the former Southern Heritage Champion. She manages to dig her fingernails into the face of Byrd and rake, causing the big man to scream and release her as she falls down to the mat.

DDK:

Elise is free but she needs to watch it, that's likely to get her disqualified in there with Carla in the ring. Carla is familiar with her shenanigans and doesn't have the patience for any of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Lance:

I think Ares is just happy to breathe again.

As the self-proclaimed FACE of DEFIANCE lands, she's immediately reprimanded by Carla Ferrari who tells her to knock it off or she'll end this match right now. Byrd is checking his hands for blood after covering his face, but there isn't any as his face grows blood red and he yells in anger turning around to destroy the Pop Culture Phenom but she immediately kicks him right between the legs, still heavily breathing. She watches as the Vae Victis Muscle falls to his knees in agony and Carla Ferrari immediately calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

What is Elise Ares thinking?! Right in front of Carla Ferrari!

Lance:

Well chalk this up as a win for Vae Victis.

Carla scolds Elise Ares and tells her to leave the ring, but instead the FACE of DEFIANCE reaches into her wrestling bottoms and pulls her flask out for her mystery pocket and sends it crashing against the side of Clay Byrd's head knocking him onto his side. The Faithful, who voiced immediate displeasure with the DQ finish, begin to cheer as Byrd falls. Ferrari continues to scream at Ares to leave the ring but the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pushes her way past the official and does just that. Towards the timekeepers table where she grabs a steel chair and a microphone. Carla continues to stand at the ropes and demands Ares leave.

Elise Ares:

No BBY, I'm not gonna leave. I'm not done.

The Faithful roar as Elise slides into the ring anyway and chases Carla off with the steel chair before slamming it down across the back of Clay Byrd three times. Each shot echoes double around the Thompson-Boling Arena because of the microphone in her hand. She throws the chair to the ground and uses her foot to push it under the face of Clay Byrd.

Elise Ares:

So I hear in Vae Victis that you guys don't interfere in each other's matches because you "don't need to."

Her heavy breathing is still apparent in her vocals as she looks over her shoulder.

Elise Ares:

Well maybe you should start?

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE spikes the microphone down on the mat and shoves Carla Ferrari away as she grabs the hands of Clay Byrd into the same repeated curb stomp position she had with Henry Keyes in the last DEFTv when Byrd saved him. Immediately The Kraken begins sprinting down towards the ring and slides in behind Ares.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Backup has arrived and Keyes returns the favor Byrd gave him after their tag team match!

Ares senses danger and breaks the hold before Keyes is able to connect with a flailing strike. She backs up and taunts Keyes, who is only too happy to take the bait and charge after Ares, who drops down and pulls the top rope! Keyes tumbles over the top and lands on his feet on the outside of the ring! The two begin to exchange verbal barbs, when-

DDK:

Ares! Turn around!

The hulking figure of Clay Byrd dwarfs Elise Ares, and soon his meaty paws form a vice grip around her skull. Keyes rummages under the ring apron and finds a steel chair, slides it under the bottom rope, and slides himself in the ring right after it.

DINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDING

Keyes SLAMS the chair hard into the mat and begins to measure this tiny little thorn in his ass. Ares fights to break free, but Byrd seems to be in total control. The Kraken gets ready to swing, and the crowd volume RAISES IN INTENSITY~~

...for a different reason!

Lance:

KLEIN WITH THE SAVE!!

Flex In A Box complete their full-on sprint to the ring and Klein is able to grab the chair before Keyes is able to swing it into Ares! Infuriated, Keyes turns and throws a series of body blows into Klein's ribs and stomach, but Flex Kruger equalizes! Byrd sees the new numbers at play and shoves Ares to the mat, powering his way towards Flex In A Box to make it a two-on-two slugfest.

DDK:

Keyes and Klein are throwing haymakers! Byrd and Kruger are locked in a power struggle! It's chaos out here!

The four men continue to brawl in the ring with Vae Victis seeming to gain the slightest of advantages - which turns into a slightly bigger advantage. After a particularly stiff Propellor Edge Chop from Keyes to Klein, VV seems firmly in control.

But they've forgotten something.

Lance:

Keebs, look!

DDK:

Oh man - I was so distracted, I wasn't looking either!

As the kerfuffle kerfuffled on, none of the four men in the ring noticed what was being set up on the outside.

A ladder.

A really, really tall ladder.

You already know who's perched on top. Who's flying into the ring.

Lance:

OUTSIDE-IN EXTREME MAKEOVER!! Ares just wiped out Keyes and Byrd!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Elise Ares somersaults through swaggers with intensity with her arms out towards the roaring Faithful.

Elise Ares:

ARE YOU NOT SPORTS ENTERTAINED?!

DDK:

I don't think that's how that line was intended, but we'll take it!

Lance:

Vae Victis has already rolled out of the ring, I think they know they have bigger things planned for tonight and don't want to fight this battle right now.

Flex In A Box stand guard of Elise Ares as Henry Keyes staggers away, holding his face, but still trying to support Clay Byrd who has taken quite the beating tonight. The Faithful continue to roar in appreciation as Keyes staggers and Clay falls over, prompting DEFmed to come over and check on the Vae Victis duo.

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Flex Kruger and Klein lift the FACE of DEFIANCE up on their shoulders and carry her back over to the giant ladder set up on the outside of the ring. Ares climbs back to the top and straddles the ladder looking out into the Tennessee Faithful and then back down at DEFmed walking Vae Victis backstage. Over the music she screams out to the hard cam:

Elise Ares:

I'm climbing back up the ladder and I'm taking that brass ring!

DDK:

The record sheet will show Elise Ares taking a loss to Clay Byrd tonight, Lance, but it sure doesn't look like it right now.

Lance:

Vae Victis and Henry Keyes are all about making statements so Elise Ares took it upon herself to make one of her own. I don't approve of either of their tactics, personally, but you can't help but look at the result and state it as anything else but effective.

DDK:

I just hope this doesn't affect our IHOP sponsorship.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2023



CARD AS IT STANDS...

FIST of DEFIANCE

Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Alvaro de Vargas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Lucky Sevens (C) vs. SNS

SOHER CHAMPIONSHIP

Henry Keyes (C) vs. Elise Ares

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP - FS STOCK VS. CAREER

Oscar Burns (C) vs Rezin

#1 CONDER MATCH FOR THE FIST of DEFIANCE:

Dex Joy vs. Conor Fuse

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

Malak Garland vs. Flying Frenchie

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

Dr. Ned Reform vs. Elon Musk?

LOSER LEAVES

MV1 vs. Corvo Alpha

**either MV1 or Lord Nigel*

Kerry Kuroyama vs. Declan Alexander

Titanes Familia vs. Team HOSS

Arthur Pleasant vs. Michael Van Warren

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN YOU

We return from commercial to a smiling Jamie Sawyers on the interview stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, please join me in welcoming to DEFTv 185, one of the men whose DEFIANCE wrestling career is on the line in just a few short weeks at DEFCON... Please welcome **Masked Violator #1!**

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Marching up a set of stairs onto the interview stage, MV1 pumps a fist into the air. Dressed in his vibrant red (edged with blue and yellow) wrestling singlet with matching pads and boots, MV1 politely smiles through his actual, factual crimson mask. A long shot shows fans in the arena pointing blue foam fingers towards the sky in elation before returning to a tighter shot of the interview space. The music fades as MV1 steps up to Sawyers. A small chant starts, somewhere in the nosebleeds. It builds.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thanks for taking the time, MV1. Over the past several mo-

Jamie has no choice but to pause a moment, acknowledging the chanting fans.

WE'RE #1! WE'RE #1! WE'RE #1!

Foam single-fingers throughout the arena punctuate each syllable as, on the stage, MV1 beams with genuine appreciation. Jamie raises his voice to fight through the passionate crowd.

Jamie Sawyers:

You hear these Faithful and it's clear to see that over the past several months, you've earned the respect of both the locker room and these fans!

WE'RE #1! WE'RE #1! WE'RE #1!

The camera sweeps the jubilant Tennessee crowd.

Jamie Sawyers:

No doubt about it, the Faithful have embraced you! But you've said along the way that you didn't return to DEFIANCE a year ago just to be respected as a performer... you came back to "save your friend", as you put it. Let's take a look.

Gesturing towards the DEFIAtron, #1 and the entire arena collectively turn to look up at the recap video package playing out on the massive screen as well as our small ones.

♪ "Run Through the Jungle" by Creedence Clearwater Revival ♪

Beginning at the beginning, decade old stills of the MVs in action on the indies as the relentless scratch of distorted strings gives way to a tambourine shimmying in hand. By the time the bass drum joins bass guitar, it's 2016 and the MVs are in DEFIANCE. Light electric guitar twang is the name of the game.

Song:

"Whoa, thought it was a nightmare... Lord, it's all so true."

Still in 2016, we cut to Lord Nigel Trickelbush, leading his tag team, The STORM, to the ring to face the Masked Violators. It's startling how much younger and vital Trickelbush appears in this 7 year old clip compared to when he was most recently seen. His eyes shine something dangerous and wily.

Song:

"They told me don't go walkin' slow... the Devil's on the loose."

We jump forward and Corvo walks, devastating every man in his path. A veritable pile of bodies, as the old saying goes.

Song:

“Better run through the jungle...”

The echoing voice of John Fogarty repeats that advice once and again as the scene of Alpha bulldogging Henry Keyes out of a skybox slowly replays for the world.

Song:

“Whoa, don’t you look back to see...”

The screen briefly flares white. Replaced by a sequence of stills: MV1 revealing himself to a defeated Corvo at DEFCON 2022, offering him a yellow mask. Being battered from behind by Tricklebush and his umbrella. The confusion etched across Alpha’s ogreish face.

Song:

“Thought I heard a rumblin’... callin’ to my name—”

And as if on cue, the Faithful groan at the unexpected appearance of Lord Nigel Tricklebush, live and in “person”, as he is rolled onto the stage by his somehow even older and more bent-backed handler, Mr. Barnaby. The video package and music abruptly halts as the boo’s shower down.

DDK:

What is this?!

The video on the DEFIATron has frozen on a still from just before MAXDEF 2022, in it Alpha stands between MV1 and Lord Nigel, holding his erstwhile yellow wrestling mask over a burning barrel - his eyes reflecting the flames wildly.

To no surprise, the Nigel wheeled on stage looks terrible. Sleep deprived and anorectic, he is tucked into his chair by a heavy black blanket.

On the interview stage, MV1 tightens his stare at Tricklebush – then suddenly it goes wide. The camera cuts back to the entranceway where Corvo Alpha stomps through the curtain to a moaning shock from the Faithful. Alpha drops to his knees at the side of Nigel’s wheelchair, his master’s shirtless, sullen, savage side-car.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha and MV1 haven’t shared the same space since MAXIMUM DEFIANCE last summer! The mixed emotion etched on the mask of MV1 right now is clear... but on the flipside, Alpha seems cold and unaware!

DDK:

The monster is seemingly impossible to read!

A fresh red gash of paint smudged across Corvo’s chest, his right hand still soaked in vermillion. Corvo takes a deep breath, the whites of his beady eyes peering through strands of wet, black hair. He exhales in a hard rain of spittle.

Resting one bony hand on Corvo’s shoulder, his other scrawny hand reaches over his shoulder in time for a delayed response by Mr. Barnaby. Barnaby loudly fumbles a microphone into his master’s hand.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Silence, you hillbilly URCHINS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

On the interview stage, MV1 politely removes the microphone from Jamie Sawyer’s hand, suggesting that Jamie

vacate the premises with equal cordiality. Jamie doesn't hesitate to take that advice on board, "noping" off the stage with a not-ungraceful bounce down the steps.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Silence, ALL of you! And YOU, Masked Man-

The words sting him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

-I have no interest in hearing from you!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Dispense with this video folly!

He waves a skeletal hand at the DEFIATron overhead.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I travelled all this way to this backwater, backwards, bottom-feeding rats nest-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

-I came here, quite honestly, to set the stage for what awaits you at DEFCON. To deliver one last message to you before you are BROKEN and tossed aside NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

MV1 smirks from the other stage, eyes flitting between Lord Nigel and the leashed beast kneeling beside him. Nigel regards the masses with disgust before turning back to #1.

Lance:

If MV1 falls short at DEFCON, he'll have to leave DEFIANCE! But, don't forget, the same goes for Lord Nigel if Corvo Alpha is defeated!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It's all so dreadfully tragic, wouldn't you agree? That it's come to this? Don't you know... I often think that it should have been YOU, Masked Man?

Across the way, MV1 paces, something between a veneer of confusion and concern crossing his guise.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, please don't mis-take me. I'm proud of what I've done.

His grey, dying eyes drift to the kneeling hulk at his side.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

No one could have imagined what I've accomplished. But it was hardly a challenge, really... making him, molding him into what you see.

His lordship's voice cracks nostalgic, wistful.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The pundits say I "twisted" him, my Corvo. But lo, though we stand on the very precipice of the final chapter, I'll share

with you: It was barely an effort. I'd say he even *wanted* it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The camera searches for an expression through the shadow fallen across Alpha's face and finds nothing. He blinks. On the interview stage, MV1 stops on a dime, his mask a fierce fury of fabric.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Why else would we be here today? How else could this have happened, I wonder? But YOU?! You would have presented an incredible challenge!

Nigel sits up fully in his wheelchair with a guttural grunt. Delighted by this train of thought, he adds coal to its engine.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It should have been you! You who would have fought back! You who would have asserted yourself! But, OH, would I break you. You who would have been... *breathtaking* to behold in my hands.

Curling a claw in the air, he finally CLENCHES with surprisingly violent strength. From his knees, Alpha lifts his head to briefly glance in Nigel's direction before slumping it back in place.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But it's too late for that, isn't it? I suppose my revelation is that all this time I blamed YOU. I named YOU the cause of all of this.

Nigel adjusts his tenuous grip on the microphone, loose in his trembling hand. A disease smile spreads across his haggard face.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But it was me. It was me all along. Had I taken *you* instead of him... focused on bending *you* to my will... well, he likely would have followed without protest. Isn't that right, child?

MV1 doesn't wait for Corvo to answer, jabbing a single finger towards Lord Nigel.

MV1:

You are one sick, long-winded son of a bitch.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

MV1:

I'm sorry you're having buyer's remorse, Nigel. That's a real cryin' shame.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Don't DARE to mock me, fool! What you fail to realize is that what you COULD have been DIES along with the REST of you at DEFCON! You'll be a burnt out, shattered shell of what you COULD have been and I don't care what it takes!!

Free hand gripping an arm of the wheelchair, Trickelbush struggles in vain to pull himself to his feet, raging. Nigel's once pale complexion now nearly matches the red creeping across Corvo's chest, the mask on MV1's head.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I don't care what it takes! I don't care who gets hurt! I don't care if my Corvo destroys *HIMSELF* in the process, do you HEAR me?! YOU WILL END AT DEFCON!

Exhausted, Nigel collapses back in his wheelchair. The Faithful let him have it, booing for all they're worth. Depleted and drained, Nigel levels an accusing, quivering finger at the masked man standing on the stage across from him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

SHOW him, Corvo! SHOW HIM! **NOW!**

At once, Alpha leaps to his feet on the rampway, the air is sucked out of the arena. With a **thud**, MV1 drops the mic, immediately taking a defense stance on the opposite stage.

DDK:

NOT NOW!

Alpha seethes in place for spell, his head craning to look up at the frozen frame on the DEFIATron; that confrontation just prior to their first war at MAXDEF, all those months ago, torn between two extremes, two choices. Transfixed on the yellow mask in the hands of the dark stranger towering over him on the screen.

Corvo blinks. Twice. An ugly grimace. He spins, lunging at his seated master, claws out.

DDK:

CORVO ALPHA HAS NIGEL BY THE THROAT! WHAT THE- OH MY GOD! BOTH HANDS WRAPPED AROUND THE THROAT OF LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH! WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

WHHHHOOOOOOAAAAAAA!!!

No one knows. The arena comes unglued in sheer exhilarating bewilderment. Mr. Barnaby staggers backwards, stumbling and falling flat on his back and out of shot, vainly reaching for one of the wheelchairs handles on the way down. Corvo edges Nigel's chair slowly backwards. Typically tiny eyes comically bulge out of his pinched skull. Slowly ever backwards. Nigel flails powerlessly at his dog, unable to register a blow Corvo could feel. Slowly ever backwards.

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

Slowly ever backwards, rolls the chair. Every muscle in Alpha's arms and torso are alive and united in the purpose of squeezing the life out of the man who once broke him. Alpha can't hear the gurgling in Nigel's throat as he tries to plead, nor can he hear the Faithful who have, nearly to a man, lost their shit at the possibility that Lord Nigel Trickelbush is finally about to meet his end.

MV1:

NO! DON'T!

Him he heard.

Having leapt off the interview stage and quickly closed the space between that and the main rampway the moment Corvo had closed on Nigel, Masked Violator #1 stood now on the main rampway, both arms held out in front of him.

Meaty hands still tightened around Nigel's pin-neck, Alpha looks over his shoulder at MV1 with interest. Suddenly Alpha **URNS NIGEL** over in his wheelchair onto the stage.

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

With that, Corvo spins and suddenly they are eye to eye, crooked nose to mask. MV1 leans his head down to push it in the face of Alpha and Alpha pushes back in kind, sputtering. Flashbulb city.

Lord Nigel is near unconscious at their feet, gasping and clutching at his throat.

Lance:

What is HAPPENING?!

Alpha suddenly **SHOVES** MV1 back and off of him. Rearing back, Corvo spits at MV1's feet, slavering and sputtering, wild eyes dancing all around the arena, to MV1, to Nigel, back to MV1, to the crowd.

DDK:

I THINK THE SAVAGE IS OFFICIALLY OUT OF THE CAGE!

Corvo eyes the Faithful, rattled and confused. He offers one last fiery glance at MV1 before **LEAPING** off the stage and into the front row, quickly melting away into the throng of Faithful. MV1 kneels to check on Mr. Barnaby just as DEFmed streams through the curtain to attend to Lord Nigel. Handing Barnaby off to an EMT, MV1 pauses atop the stage to eye Lord Nigel, his expression this time impossible to read through his mask.

Lance:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush's future in DEFIANCE rests on Corvo Alpha doing his bidding! It relies on Corvo Alpha **FIGHTING** for him at DEFCON! But after the attack we just witnessed... well... I don't know what to expect!

DDK:

I think we are all shocked!

MV1 looks up from Lord Nigel being loaded once more onto a stretcher and back into the sea of spectators where the former Masked Violator #2 had just disappeared.

Lance:

No one more than MV1, I'd say!

MV1 offers thanks to DEFmed atop the ramp and then turns back through the curtain backstage.

DDK:

The stakes at DEFCON haven't changed... but the dynamic heading in certainly has! Let's catch our breath.

SHORT STACK BATTLEPALOOZA - SPONSORED BY IHOP

First, a word from our sponsor.



Six wrestlers currently stand in the middle of the ring, and they all seem to share a trait or two in common. We see some familiar faces to the hardcore FAITHFUL like Sho Nakazawa and Slightly Fun Jen. We see a masked luchador standing about 5'8" with a bunch of jet airplane imagery on his long tights, though we haven't seen him in DEFIANCE or BRAZEN before now (Ron Howard voice: "Or have we?"). For those who dive deep into BRAZEN content, we also see the likes of Jeff Ness, Kid Black Jack, and...no. It's not. He's not the one receiving the last few seconds of a house-side-only intro on DEFtv, is he??

A A R D M A R K

Yep, that's on the screen. One imagines the intern getting fired backstage for this one as ironic cheers ring out from a mushroom-infused swath of Knoxville.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is the Short Stack Battlepalooza, sponsored by IHOP, and it is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! Now, the only way the SOHER can change hands in this match is if Henry Keyes is pinned by one of the challengers currently standing in the ring. First, introducing the challengers - JEFF NESS! SHO NAKAZAWA! KID BLACK JACK! JET ENGINE! SLIGHTLY FUN JEN! AND AAAAAAARDMARK!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Red and white beacons, they are-a-floodin'. No pink, though. It's Thursday, you fools. Henry Keyes looks annoyed as hell as he steps through the back, SOHER strapped around his waist. Butcher Victorious has chosen to follow him out from the back with a poor imitation of Sonny Silver's iconic microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

LADIES AND WIDGETS, BUTCH VIC SAYS YOU'RE MID-

Henry Keyes:

GET OUT OF HERE, BUTCH!

Keyes swipes the microphone away in a huff - seeing Butch's reaction and sensing that he's maybe slightly overreacted, Keyes takes a beat to breathe in and pats Butch on the shoulder.

Henry Keyes:

You're right, it's my bad. This is a joyous occasion! For you see, I get to prepare for my title bout against that nefarious little WENCH, Elise Ares, by taking on six of the hungriest little cutesy-wootsiest challengers you ever did see, yes you are!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Important to note that all of Keyes's challengers are under six feet tonight, Keebs.

DDK:

I'm getting weirded out by this size obsession Keyes has, I don't know about you.

Lance:

Oh, it's a LOT.

Keyes winces for a moment - his face still smarts from the insane Extreme Makeover he received earlier in the night from Elise Ares. He rubs his free hand against his jaw and cricks his neck. Dissatisfied, he continues monologuing at the hungry challengers.

Henry Keyes:

GOD. DAMMIT. I can't get in the zone for this...we had this WHOLE FUN THING lined up for tonight, and Elise Ares has already gone and ruined EVERYTHING!

Slightly Fun Jen scoffs at the idea of anything being "whole fun", though the camera doesn't linger.

Henry Keyes:

I guess that just means...you poor little ponies in the ring are just gonna have to turn into glue, aren't you?

Keyes shoves the microphone into Butch Vic's chest and slides into the ring, quickly rising to his feet and throwing haymakers at everyone and anyone with a pulse.

DING DING

The size and skill difference between Keyes and the others in the ring is...what's a better word than "notable"? "Intentional and Ostentatious" maybe? Each vicious swing of the fist or elbow or forearm to his six opponents just sends them flying and crashing into the mat. After several moments of this, Keyes holds his hand over his patched eye in pain and screams out.

Henry Keyes:

aaaAAAAAAAH! ARES!!!

Lance:

Production put a Belgian Waffle in front of me. What about you, Keeps?

DDK:

I'm almost sure this is the Rooty Tooty Fresh and Fruity Breakfast, but I've never been courageous enough to order it so I've never seen it in person.

Lance:

Is it any good?

DDK

If they sponsor DEFtv, you know it's good, partner!

AARDMARK shoots up and looks froggy, but curls into a ball when he sees Keyes wind up. Jet Engine sees an opportunity open up and jumps on Keyes's back in a sleeper attempt! After a brief moment of struggle, Keyes drops Jet Engine to the mat like a sack of potatoes and begins stomping away, only for Slightly Fun Jen to come in with a chop block to the champ! Keyes is on one knee but still is able to shove her away - Sho Nakazawa comes in with a cross body and Keyes is on the mat! Jeff Ness darts in for the cover!

ONE!

Keyes kicks out with authority, and that snarl is BIG on the Kraken. Soon, the suplexes begin.

Ness flies across the ring at the receiving end of a vertical suplex!

Nakazawa crashes from a German suplex!

Kid Black Jack splats from a Northern Lights Suplex and kicks out a two and a half from a pin attempt by Keyes!

Jet Engine gets Biel Tossed!

AARDMARK is still in a ball on the ground!

Slightly Fun Jen - actually does pretty well for herself, she's hanging on in this exchange!

Lance:

Look at the fire from Slightly Fun Jen! She's not backing down from the big man!

DDK:

Iff reuhl! impreffiff!

Lance:

Keeps, swallow your pancakes please.

DDK:

...ohkah.

Jen throws a series of right hands into Keyes's mush and the crowd is WAY into it! Keyes, unbelievably, is staggered! She bounces off the ropes and charges in -

OHHHHHH

-and gets CRUSHED by a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker from Keyes that knocks all the wind out of Jen! He hooks a far leg,

the count seems academic.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-AARDMARK WITH THE SAVE!!

Lance:

WAY TO GO AARDMARK!

DDK:

He's not the only one lining up something, look who's climbing up to the mid-

Lance:

JET ENGINE WITH A CORKSCREW QUEBRADA OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!!

DDK:

Wait...I KNOW that move! Is he under another mask??

Lance:

COVER BY JET ENGINE!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes shoots his whole torso up and scrambles to a corner with shocked realization at who this "unknown" figure really is - DEFIANCE and BRAZEN's own Leyenda de Ocho, aka The White Hat, aka Kyle Kirby - a man who's been known to wrestle under a wide variety of disparate gimmicks to make ends meet in his day, and a man with a history with Henry Keyes.

Soon, all six challengers rise to their feet as one as Keyes slowly, methodically, rises to his feet in the corner. The crowd is pumped as all get-out at the idea of this swarm of short-ish wrestlers swarming on the former Airship Pirate, and Keyes knows he's in trouble. His eye darts from wrestler to wrestler to wrestler, and in a flash, all six opponents dive at him at the same time in the corner!

...and they all KABONK each other in the head as Keyes ducks out of the way!

There's a full chaos of humanity in the ring, and Keyes first thinks to clear some of it out by throwing out Slightly Fun Jen, Sho Nakazawa, and Jeff Ness - realizing he may only have a small window here, he sees that Jet Engine is shaking the cobwebs out and grabs him by the wrists. He launches forward with the knee-

DDK:

COIN!

-and again.

DDK:

COIN AGAIN! The cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...

Before Quimbey can finish, Keyes has rolled out of the ring and is frantically searching for something under the ring apron.

Lance:

What in the world is this, Keeps?

DDK:

Your guess is as good as these pancakes, my man.

Lance:

I can't tell if that's good or bad.

DDK:

...sponsorship, Lance. It's always good.

Keyes seems to have found the base of a ladder underneath the ring and his eye grows wide in excitement. He reaches down and pulls the legs out -

-.....it's a stepladder. The FAITHFUL crack the hell up at this as Keyes is dismayed at his luck. Seeing fans around him shit-talk the Tiny Ladder For A Stupid Ego, his gaze turns sinister and he rolls back into the ring with this little stepladder. Everyone in the ring bails.

...almost everyone.

Keyes lifts the stepladder high over his head and swings down, HARD.

Lance:

Oh dear - AARDMARK does NOT deserve this treatment, Keeps!

DDK:

Won't anyone think of the anteaters??

Keyes swings down hard again, wailing on AARDMARK in frustration and rage and panic and insecurity and dismay.

It's a lot of swings. An uncomfortable amount of swings.

Eventually, sweating and breathing heavily, Keyes stops and surveys the crowd in Knoxville while reflecting on whatever "handiwork" this may be. The barrage of boos almost don't register anymore - he's in his own place, eye closed and face pointed to the sky, bent and unusable stepladder in his hands.

Lance:

We would, uh...like to take this time to thank our sponsor for this match, IHOP.

DDK:

...home of Sweet and Savory Crepes.

Dread piano chords reverberate throughout the arena. We find a way to transition out.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



FIREWALK AND TALK

Earlier this afternoon

Just outside the parking lot of the Thompson-Boling Arena is a sectioned-off area with Nathan Eye standing out in the sun. Standing shirtless, muscles sweating in the daytime and wearing only a pair of black shorts. Bare feet on pavement with Tom Morrow behind him.

Nathan Eye:

JJ Dixon ... bud, I have been hearing your anti-Nathan Eye slander for these past few weeks. You stoop to calling me names like a human wellness app. You make light of the turmoil I suffered in the name of our great DEFIANCE Wrestling fans a.k.a. ... The Eye-luminati! You try and turn these great fans against me and tease me for the fact that for fourteen months I spent trying to put my body back together again. I'm glad that you find the misery of others so humorous, JJ ... because where you see humor, a man like me sees opportunity! Opportunity to better one's self!

He takes in a few deep breaths to ready himself for what he is about to do.

Nathan Eye:

This could have been any other type of match you wanted at DEFCON and I would have accepted. A traditional match between two of the greatest young rising stars in DEFIANCE Wrestling today! A battle of two of the most successful stars to come out of the BRAZEN system ... though I won three titles there to your zero. But bud, what matters is that you tried and it didn't get you down. I mean, you were already at rock bottom while I was rubbing elbows with great like Oscar Burns, my best friend Dex Joy and others before jealous individuals like Arthur Pleasant did me dirty. But I digress!

The Inspirational Machine takes a few more.

Nathan Eye:

Back to my original point, bud! You wanted ... a dog collar match? A match typically reserved for the most violent and bloodthirsty individuals? You keep coming out and telling these people I'm running away from you because you decided to attack me! I attacked you first because you insulted me, bud. I'm not running away from you. I was preserving my career! I didn't spend that much time on the shelf, enlighten my own mind and body and make it the best I've ever been in peak physical condition just because a jealous silly person like you can't look deep within and realize that you are the problem, JJ.

Now Nathan starts to walk. The camera pans below his feet to show him walking barefoot on coals!

Nathan Eye:

Does this look like someone who is afraid of pain, Dixon?! Do I, a man made up of two-hundred fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance, look afraid to fight you at DEFCON?

He walks over the coals barefoot a second time back to his original point. He walks over to high five Tom Morrow!

Tom Morrow:

See that, Teri Melton? I know that you've been alive long enough to walk on hot things barefoot cause in your prime, that's how you got around in the town of Bedrock! But this man! Mind over matter! Whatever Dixon has planned with that chain, Nathan Eye will absorb it and he will come back ten times stronger! Whatever sickening things come to the mind of your protege, Nathan Eye will overcome.

Natty Eyce looks a little concerned with Morrow continuing.

Tom Morrow:

He hasn't become one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most inspirational stories today, inspiring his Eye-luminati by being a pushover that's going to be intimidated being tied neck by neck to another man with deadly thoughts and ill intent on his mind. The possibility of blood and sweat drenching that ring! The thought of possibly being hung out to dry over the ropes, gasping for air while JJ is free to do whatever he pleases with that chain ...

Nathan looks a little squeamish at the thought of the picture Morrow is painting ... but it goes away when Morrow turns back to him and then points at his client.

Tom Morrow:

Besides you dopes need to worry about taking on Alvaro de Vargas tonight! He'll be seeing you later and Natty Eyce here will see what's left of little JJ at DEFCON!

Nathan Eye:

Good luck, JJ! Keep your Eyes on the Prize! Cause if you don't ... I can do anything I want at DEFCON!

AMES TO PLEASE

Trinkets, toys and triggers are set up in the ring as Teresa Ames sits patiently in the middle of it all. She has her ASMR streaming gear in front of her as she smiles and waves at the fans. The lights dim as the show is about to begin.

Teresa Ames:

Hello, hello, hello everyone and welcome to my live ASMR extravaganza!

The people cheer in support of the Tasty Gurl.

Teresa Ames:

Before I start, I would just like to do a quick recap with everyone, if that's acceptable.

They applaud, enabling her to proceed as she fiddles with a hand sized harp.

Teresa Ames:

You know, I feel like I've come a long way and just like the changing of seasons, I feel invigorated to look back at my checkered past and see how much I've grown. I certainly won't sneer at my downfalls. I plan to grow from it.

She begins to delicately play the harp.

Teresa Ames:

My loving buildings? Big mistake. Heck, before that I tried to date someone I met off a dating app! Then, before that, there was nothing but drama and angst.

Her harp playing gains vigor.

Teresa Ames:

I went through a lot and realized that I didn't need to seek love and validation from all those things. What I needed most was being loved by YOU. THE FAITHFUL!

Insert eruption here.

Teresa Ames:

It's time I get back to my roots and ASMR is what could help me start winning again!

Teresa puts the harp down to rest. She readies her fingers for some seductive flutters-

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Jeers emanate from the crowd.

DDK:

She couldn't even get started.

Eventually, Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire walk out from behind the FIST logo as the camera switches to Teresa Ames, showing a surprised and relatively concerned look on her face. Fuse and Desire slowly make their way down the ramp. Tyler keeps his eyes locked on Ames inside the ring while The Princess carelessly maneuvers in front.

DDK:

These two have recently interacted with Teresa.

Lance:

The two of them? Princess Desire, I'll give you that. Tyler, on the other hand, has barely said a thing.

DDK:

When does he?

Desire enters the ring first, up the steel steps while Tyler rolls under the bottom rope and into the ring. Fuse's theme comes to a close as the couple stand there directly across from The ASMR Artist. It's awkward at first... very awkward, since Desire and Tyler merely stand there so Ames is gentle in her approach as she walks closer to the couple and tries to give a warm smile towards Desire.

Teresa Ames:

Hey, girl.

She looks over to Tyler Fuse next.

Teresa Ames:

And hello there, too.

Desire and Tyler don't respond. It causes Ames to take a small step back. After what seems like forever, Desire turns around, asking for a microphone. She slowly approaches the center of the canvas with a smile of her own. And yet... it doesn't look genuine.

Princess Desire:

Hey hun, I'm sorry. Tyler and I didn't mean to startle you. You invited us out here two weeks ago... remember?

Ames honestly can't remember if she did or not but it sounds like something she'd do and after all, she does recall telling Tyler and Desire about her planned ASMR segment two weeks ago.

Teresa Ames:

Right, right, my bad. It slipped my mind.

Desire simply stands idly beside her husband. As a result, Ames feels additional pressure to continue speaking during this awkward exchange.

Teresa Ames:

Well, welcome!

Teresa turns towards all her ASMR knick knacks. There's a drummer crash cymbal, numerous expensive looking microphones on stands, a scratching board and other items.

Teresa Ames:

Welcome to my ASMR segment! I'm feeling good about it, it's going to get my mojo going again so I can start a winning streak!

Desire looks back at Tyler Fuse and then towards Teresa. It's clear Ames is still trying to figure out how to carry on without any further interaction from her visitors.

Teresa Ames:

OKAY! So let's saunter over to this little instrument-

Ames is on her way to the crash cymbal but Desire puts her hand up to stop her.

Princess Desire:

Dear, we don't want to bother you *toooooo* much. Tyler and I will leave in a moment, okay?

Ames nods and mouths "okay" as she stands there.

Princess Desire:

We just wanted to know... are you in?

Slight change in monotone.

Princess Desire:

Or are you out?

Once again, confusion falls upon Teresa Ames' face. She's not exactly sure what the two of them are speaking about. She's likely forgotten.

DDK:

In or out?

Lance:

I think Desire means "in" their group...

The crowd is extremely apprehensive but, perhaps, the fans are more anxious than Ames, who engages with the duo again by walking to the center of the ring and away from one of her ASRM devices. Meanwhile, The Princess tries to clarify.

Princess Desire:

Silly, we asked you if you wanted to be part of a new team AKA us but you know what... it's okay! No sweat. It's either "I haven't thought about it yet" or "no", I'm not stupid. Tyler, on the other hand, well...

The Princess looks back at her husband, receiving a deadpan response and just like it's Princess' and Ames' little secret, Desire takes another step towards Teresa, leaning forward with a whisper, while still speaking into the mic.

Princess Desire:

He's a little space cadet.

Wink.

Princess Desire:

I understand body language and I get it, I do. You don't want to commit to anything new and ya know what, calling it out right now, big honest call out right here, right now, just for you... we hardly know each other. We've only started talking for a couple of weeks.

Ames seems to be really appreciative of Desire's honesty as she nods along.

Princess Desire:

So we can just be friends, no biggie. All good. No team for you. No additional teammate for us.

Once again, Ames is very thankful for Desire's openness.

Teresa Ames:

Thanks, girl. I don't mean anything personal. I just want to be on my own... see where the wind takes me. Explore. Laugh. Cherish.

Ames pauses to clarify.

Teresa Ames:

I read one of those inspirational prints yesterday. It really *spoke* to me.

Desire pats Ames on the shoulder.

Princess Desire:

That's great. So great. We'll be leaving now.

Ames thanks Desire once more and then leans over to look past her and thanks a stoic Tyler Fuse. Teresa turns to the center of the ring and tries igniting the crowd.

Teresa Ames:

Let's get this ASMR session going!

...Except Tyler and Desire haven't left the ring yet. Once Ames walks over to her ASMR scratching board, she realizes The Princess and Fuse remain in the exact same spot.

Teresa Ames:

Oh, are you staying for the show?

Ames asks, welcoming them to stay.

Princess Desire:

No. We were just leaving.

Ames smiles and nods again, something she's been doing a lot of. She brings her attention back to the scratching board.

But Desire and Tyler still haven't moved.

By now, Ames is growing uncomfortable but she tries to power through by beginning to scratch the board and whisper into the microphone.

Princess Desire breaks out in hysterical laughter.

DDK:

This is not good...

Ames innocently looks over again and wonders what's up. She tries to power through more of her ASMR show but once she begins, Desire cackles loudly for a second time. Teresa attempts another try at ASMR but Desire is about to fall on the canvas with laughter!

Teresa Ames:

What? What is it? I thought you were leaving.

The Princess pulls herself together and in a flash she's calm, cool and collected. No longer laughing, she makes her way over to Teresa Ames methodically.

Princess Desire:

We **are** leaving, dear.

But she doesn't move.

By now, Ames has caught on that she's in trouble. She takes a step back. However, Desire encloses.

Princess Desire:

We're leaving momentarily.

More silence. Awkwardness. Ames is honestly thinking of jumping out of the ring but right before she could make a move, Desire snatches her by the arm. With her free hand, The Princess raises her mic and talks in a cold, calculating

manner.

Princess Desire:

You have to be on your own, right? Because no one else loves you?

There it is. The shot. The dagger. You can pinpoint the exact second Teresa Ames' heart breaks.

Princess Desire:

We never had any interest inviting you into a "3some". Tyler and I don't swing that way, FTR. I wanted to mess with you. For fun. Entertainment. I mean really...

Desire looks at the scattered ASMR devices.

Princess Desire:

This is a joke, right? OG Favored Saints would be rolling in their grave upon seeing this.

Ames is clearly rattled, as she's shaking but you can tell she's trying to suck it up and stay strong. Teresa stands and carefully removes herself from Desire's grasp.

Teresa Ames:

The past few months have been eye opening for me. I've realized I'm a strong girl and I can do it on my own. I don't need a man or a building to love me back. I don't need a team, either. The only relationship I need are The Faithful!

The Faithful give a cheer but the robotic, cold delivery of Princess Desire keeps going.

Princess Desire:

You can't have sex with all the fans.

Ames shakes her head.

Teresa Ames:

No. I've moved past meaningless relationships. It's not about that anymore. It's about-

Desire cackles again as Teresa is so rattled and hurt she storms past her in an attempt to leave the ring. But amidst the recent developments, Ames isn't thinking straight. She's taking the long way out of the ring, planning to exit through the ropes beside the rampway.

And Tyler Fuse blocks her path.

Finally, Tyler breaks his deadpan look. He grins from ear-to-ear and snatches the mic from Teresa's mitts.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm not here to sugarcoat a thing. You're a fucking joke. Looking at you makes me sick. We have to suffer through some bullshit ASMR session? Fuck outta here.

CLASH!!

DDK:

HEY!!!

Lance:

DAMMIT! Princess took one of Ames' crash cymbals and smashed it against the back of her head!

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

CLASH! CLASH! CLASH!

Princess hits Ames three more times while the crowd continues to boo heavily.

Next, The Princess walks over one of Ames' ASMR microphones. She picks up the mic stand and proceeds to pop Ames over the head with the mic fixed on top of it.

POP!

Desire isn't done. She hurls Ames' limp body into the scratch pad board, breaking it in half!

CRASH!

Desire is having a blast! She picks up broken pieces of the scratch pad and starts digging them into Ames' forehead.

DDK:

This needs to stop NOW!

Desire begins hammering one of the broken pieces into Ames' forehead before discarding it out of the ring. Tyler Fuse tosses the crash cymbal over to Desire. She catches it flawlessly and in one fluid motion she brings it down upon Ames' head again.

CLASH!

And again.

CLASH!

And once more.

CLASH!

Desire's laughter can't be controlled.

Princess Desire:

Look, honey! I'm doing ASMR!!!

CLASH! CLASH! CLASH!

Princess Desire:

I hope I'm getting everyone off with this!

CLASH! CLASH! CLASH!

The Princess throws the cymbal away and tosses an out cold Teresa Ames to the mat. Tyler Fuse walks over, kneels down and lifts up Teresa's limp body revealing she's been busted open and is pouring out copious amounts of blood from her forehead.

Tyler Fuse:

You're hideous on the outside. **Definitely** on the inside. No one in the fucking world would love a pigshit joke like you. Scum. Annoying. Loud. Pathetic. Go hide behind a computer screen you fucking troll.

The boos reign in.

Tyler Fuse:

I am sick and tired of watching pathetic losers like you walk into DEFIANCE.

Tyler looks around at the various broken ASMR items.

Tyler Fuse:

You've failed the human race. Who listens to this shit? What does this have to do with wrestling!?

Fuse glances up at his wife. Her arms are crossed and now she's in the role of playing the deadpan member of the duo.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh, I'll tell you what it has to do with wrestling. DEFCON. You better find somebody because Princess and I are challenging you to a tag team match. Then again, I doubt you'll be able to find anyone...

He smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

Because you're unlovable. You belong in a basement apartment, with two cats who don't even really love you but you fucking depend on them because you have a miserable life otherwise, with absolutely nothing going on.

Meanwhile, Teresa Ames is slowly coming to. She's got tears in her eyes, as Tyler holds her by the back of her bloody skull.

Tyler Fuse:

A good time for you is a bullshit discord channel, nose-deep in a bag of chips where you can hide away from the world because deep down inside that shitbag soul of yours lies an emptiness that needs to be filled. But it can't be filled. It can never be filled. Because you have no redeeming qualities whatsoever.

DDK: *[getting heated]*

And what do you have, Tyler? What did Teresa ever do to you!?

Tyler looks Ames over from head to toe.

Tyler Fuse:

Who the fuck would ever love you?

Desire walks over and spits on Ames' face.

Tyler Fuse:

Nobody. That's who.

Tyler points to the back.

Tyler Fuse:

YOU WANT PROOF?

He immediately changes his tone of voice, as concern rushes across his face and shouts to the backstage area.

Tyler Fuse:

HELP! HELP! A young woman over here is getting fucking fed and she needs help or we may never see her again!
HELP! HELP!

He stops.

Pauses.

Desire breaks out in laughter.

Tyler Fuse:

Crickets. Silence. Ain't nobody coming 'cause nobody cares. You've alienated the ENTIRE locker room with your bullshit wannabe love stories. You're disgusting. No man -or woman- would ever find you attractive. You're gonna die alone. Old, pathetic... a shriveled up hag.

Finally, Tyler lets go of Ames. She's not going to do anything, anyway because she's been crying the entire time she's been alert and she's an absolute mess, covered in her own blood.

Fuse gives the nod to The Princess as they look over the ring once more.

Princess Desire:

NOW... we're leaving.

Pause. Grin. Wink.

Princess Desire:

See you at DEFCON, dear.

Tyler and Desire exit the ring while EMTs finally make their way down to check on Ames but she waves them off, telling them she's fine when in reality... she clearly isn't.

Tyler and Desire reach the top of the rampway. They turn back to The Faithful and receive a chorus of boos.

DDK:

I'm disgusted.

Lance:

Me too, Keebs. This was awful.

DDK:

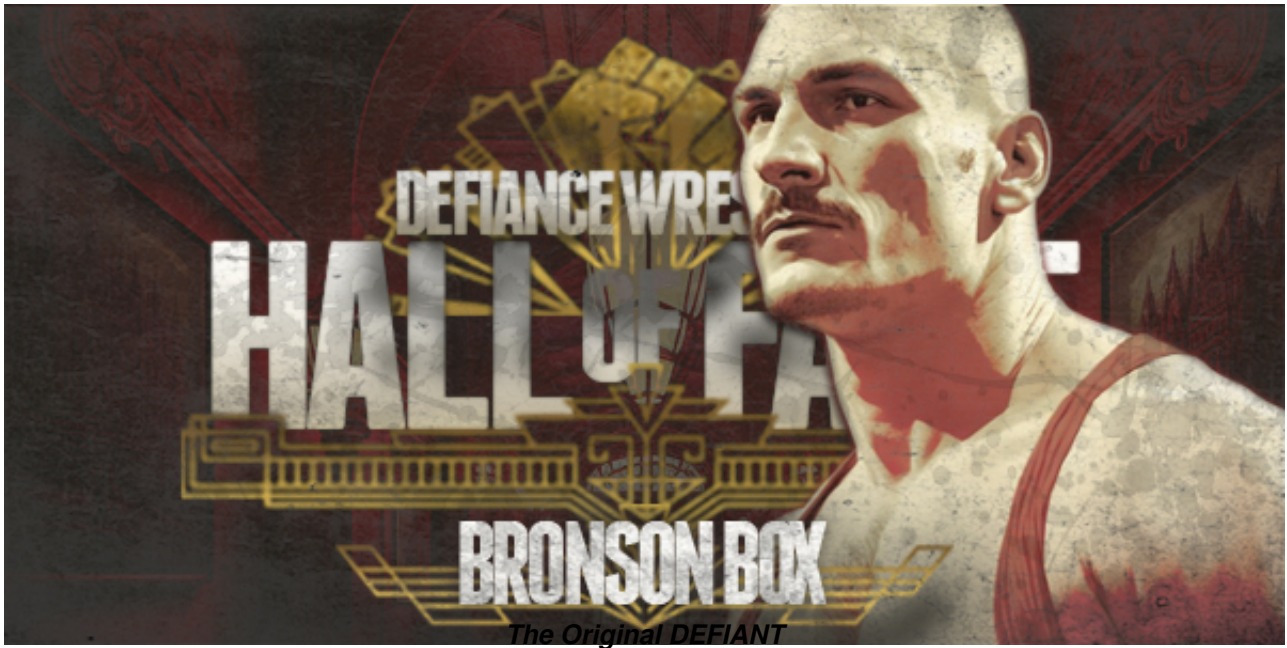
Ames didn't do anything to either of them and yet here we are.

Lance:

The scary thing: I think Tyler's right. I don't know if Ames has anyone on her side. She's been kicked out of The Comments Section, she has alienated a lot of the locker room with her previous antics. I can't understand how she'll be able to find someone to team with her at DEFCON.

Fuse and his wife exit behind the FIST logo leaving Ames bawling on the canvas as DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



ONE LESS CARTOON CHARACTER

♪ "Closer to the Void" by The Enigma TNG ♪

DDK:

Well, it appears Crimson Lord is going to finally step into a DEFIANCE ring, after years of pulling the strings in The Kabal.

Crimson steps from behind the curtain to a huge deafening hatred from The Faithful. His atrocities have not gone forgotten. The seven-foot-three behemoth steps out in a grey suit. A small brown case pokes from his suit jacket pocket. His black widow's peak hair is pulled behind his head, with a pair of tinted black-rimmed glasses.

Lance:

The last time Crimson Lord was inside a DEFIANCE ring was Acts of DEFIANCE 2019, where he decimated Jack Harmen in one of the quickest matches in DEFIANCE history.

The Majestic One does not do his tradition of pulling himself up on the apron and stepping over the top rope. He rather climbs the steps and steps through the second and top ropes. He adjusts his coat for a moment and then walks over motioning for a microphone.

DDK:

No one in this place has any desire to hear this man even utter one word. Why was he allowed to even come out here after pretty much becoming a grave robber, and then giving Scrow the thought of killing himself? If it weren't for Dex Joy saving him at the last minute this psychopath would have done something no one in this industry has done. Convince a man to end it all.

Lance:

We are talking about the same man at MAXDEF 2017 in the Wargames: The Match Beyond where he threw Bronson Box into an electrified chamber. The depths this man will go to hurt people or end their careers has no bounds.

Crimson looks down at the mat he stands on for a moment, still waiting for the jeering Faithful to shut the F up. He looks up only to keep getting jeered. Lord just watches all the hate throughout the Thompson Boling Arena.

DDK:

Man, it just is not stopping. I just thought of something you know how this man could be allowed out here?

Lance:

How?

DDK:

Oscar Burns is the man that took the WrestleUTA title from him, but now he is a regular power-hungry prick now. I would not put it past him to let this man even be in the arena. Even after all he has done these past few months.

Lance:

Never thought of it, I bet those two would get along really well if they met today.

Lord raises the microphone and again, The Faithful just do not want to hear him talk. Lord chuckles for a moment then finally speaks.

Crimson Lord:

Thank you for that lovely DEFIANCE welcome home response. It warms my heart so much, that you feel that way for me. Rest assured I feel the same way about all of you as well.

He smiles and nods while it gets even louder.

Crimson Lord:

I have done plenty of things in this business, broken bones, changed people's minds if this was the right career choice, I have even ended careers. I have won world titles, and I have left an earmark in this business that not many have even come close to accomplishing. I am the Crown Jewel of the Wrestling Business. I am The Majestic Crimson Lord!

Jeers continue, and even some FU chants start

Crimson Lord:

I have to say though my greatest feat in this business was convincing a man to end his life. It almost happened to if it wasn't for Dex Joy!

WRECK EM DEX
WRECK EM DEX
WRECK EM DEX
WRECK EM DEX

Crimson Lord:

Yea...yea thanks to your Biggest Boy not killing a cancer in this business, now you can rejoice for his good samaritan deed.

He starts to pace.

Crimson Lord:

I will tell you this though, he may have saved your newfound "hero" in Scrow.

Fans cheer just hearing Scrow, with chants of *Turn Back*

Crimson Lord:

Do not be too excited, no one has heard from Scrow since Mr. Joy offered a taxi for him to sober up.

DDK:

He is telling the truth there, after the events of DEFTV 184 Iris Davine has been trying to get a hold of Scrow. Unfortunately, she has not been able to reach him. The events that have transpired over the last few weeks have the Favoured Saints concerned about the mental health of Scrow.

Crimson Lord:

So I guess in a way you can chop up yet another victim of leaving this business on account of me. I mean let's face it ladies and gentlemen he never was meant to be in this ring in the first place. He never fit the mold of what a professional wrestler should be. What was it Mr. Silver called his type of wrestler?..... A cartoon character?

Crimson looks at the hard camera.

Crimson Lord:

You are welcome Vae Victis.

The fans jeer at the namedrop of the top of the food chain group in DEFIANCE.

He walks away from the hard camera.

Crimson Lord:

So this is my swan song, I figured I would come out here and tell all you Tennesseans hicks

Nuclear heat

Crimson Lord:

You are welcome.

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

DDK:

Wait a minute...we all know whose theme song that is!

Crimson's eyes widen looking toward the entranceway and Scrow Entrance video playing on the Defiatron.

The Faithful are on their feet, eagerly awaiting The Raven's Eye.

...

...

...

...

...

The music cuts and Crimson is laughing.

DDK:

This son of a bitch!

Lance:

Could Scrow really be gone from DEFIANCE?

Crimson Lord:

You moronic hicks....*[chuckles a bit more]* I told you Scrow's life in this ring is OVER!

Lord laughs even more getting more jeering from the people.

...

...

Suddenly the stage lights go out. The sounds of the lights burning out are heard.

DDK:

Well, that is not in the program. Forgive us ladies and gentlemen we seem to be having some technical difficulties.

Lord stares into the darkness of the stage. It is pitch black not even the DEFIANCE logo is lit up.

Lance:

They are telling me in my headset, they are checking on the power situation.

DDK:

Well, we apologize for this folks we are working on the problem. Um, should we go to commercial?

There is a few moments of silence between Keebs and Warner. Lord just stares into the darkness. The Faithful are looking around wondering if this is part of the show or some malfunction.

♪ "Vengeance" by Zack Hemsley ♪

DDK:

Did they fix the sound?

That piano note over and over continuously plays. The Faithful look around knowing something is about to happen.

Note on repeat

"Before I die Alone"

"Let me have my Vengeance"

A light bulb turns on from what could only be the Defiatron. The theme lowers to background noise. As the illuminates, the area around it, The Faithful shout in excitement as Scrow's right side of his face lit up.

Scrow:

Did you think you would have the last laugh? Scrow never thought he would get a pep talk from his greatest adversary. When he arrived at his hotel that night he came to the realization Dex made absolute sense. There was no hidden agenda if a man like Dex Joy can set aside his differences and show compassion to a man that made his life a living hell. Then maybe just maybe Scrow can walk the same path as Dex Joy has.

Crimson grits his teeth, mouthing compassion.

Scrow:

So rather than waste these people's time with Scrow talking. How about we skip the DEFCON challenge and go right to Scrow and Crimson Lord in that ring right now?

The Faithful jump in excitement!

Scrow:

Trust him, Lord, Scrow will not *Quit!*

Scrow slams the lightbulb against the wall disappearing in the darkness, suddenly the stage lights turn back on and the ring is now pitch black.

Crimson Lord:

I created the darkness game!

Crimson shouts in the darkness, Scrow appears in the entranceway with a hoodie over his head. The Faithful shout is even louder as the Raven's Eye walks into the darkness now encompassing the ring.

DDK:

Scrow is heading to the ring, did we just get a proposed match for DEFCON?

Scrow disappears in the darkness of the arena. Suddenly the lights pop in a firework pyro display of the lights shattering and burning out. The entranceway is now in darkness and the ring and ringside lights are back on Crimson is looking around and finally turns around to see Scrow sitting on the turnbuckle. His forearms are over his thighs.

Lord grits his teeth and power walks toward him. Scrow leaps off with a flying forearm and stuns the monster. Kicks and strikes one after the other as Lord covers up and backs away.

Lance:

Be careful Scrow, stay on him do not give him a chance to set or you will be in trouble.

Scrow knife edge chops Crimson, Lord pulls his jacket off Scrow jumps on his back while his coat is still on his forearms.

DDK:

Lord just pinned his arms behind his back with his own coat. Scrow has a choke and he can not block it!

Lance:

Scrow using his cunning in that ring. He has Lord trapped!

Lord is trying to free his arms but he can not free them from his jacket. Lord's eyes are becoming glossy as Scrow squeezes tighter on the choke. Crimson carries Scrow around the ring, he finally dives through the ropes. Scrow manages to somehow hold onto the choke as they both tumble to the ground. Lord gets up still with Scrow on his back he runs backward and slams Scrow back first into the steel post. Scrow quickly releases the hold and shouts in pain arching his back. Lord stumbles forward coughing and holding his neck after he finally frees himself from his jacket. He rolls into the ring on one knee trying to catch his breath. Scrow slowly gets back in the ring in a lot of pain.

DDK:

Well, these fans are getting an imprompt to fight.

Scrow starts laying in the haymakers to the top of Crimson's head. Lord manages to get to his feet. Scrow unloads driving the big man back to the ropes.

Lance:

Clothesline over the top ropes!

Lord lands on his feet, surprising Scrow, he reaches under the bottom rope and grabs Scrow by the feet. He pulls him out of the ring, and with a spine-shattering knife-edge chop! Scrow quickly grabs his chest. Lord then begins to choke Scrow pinning him against the apron.

Lance:

Here comes DEFSEC!

Security tries frantically to break this up, but after a few minutes, they finally are able to pull Lord's hands from Scrow's neck. They try to separate both men but Scrow dives in trying to get a few more blows into Lord who shoves the lighter security guards away with ease. MORE security rushes out realizing it is going to take more to even hold Crimson Lord back. Scrow retreats to the ring. Lord points at Scrow, while security finally gets him to back away.

Lance:

What a minute who is that?

This tall person in a yellow hoodie stands behind the crowd of security and Lord. As Lord turns around...

DDK:

YELLOW MIST! Lord is screaming in pain, who is that!?

The figure removes the hood.

Lance:

Minerva Hive! She is BACK!

Lord stumbles around trying to get the yellow mist out of his eyes, unaware that he has walked closer to the ring.

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE! Scrow just propelled himself into the Lord and the security guards!

Lance:

Crimson Lord is stumbling around. Scrow finally gave Lord a piece of his own medicine.

Security helps move Lord toward the backstage area, while he shouts "I can't see" Hive helps Scrow up from the pile of bodies. The Faithful are on their feet cheering loudly for Scrow and Hive back together again!

DDK:

Folks, I am being told that these two will indeed be facing each other at DEFCON! In an, I QUIT Match!

Lance:

I welcome that, Scrow has a lot on his plate Crimson Lord is no slouch in that squared circle he is going to have to be on his "A" game if he expects to survive.

CHEATERS

Famed TV personality Joey Greco stands in front of an impressive studio set. Arms clasped, he looks seriously at the camera pointed in his face.

Joey Greco:

Hello and good evening, everyone. Welcome to DEFIANT Cheaters. On tonight's episode, we profile two very different, yet very similar professional wrestlers. Both have a history of cheating in the sport. The first holds what some would argue as legendary status in the Flying Frenchie. Recently, Frenchie returned to the states to show he's still the best cheater in the land. The second, is a rather tender spirit who not only thinks he can walk on water but he also fancies himself as a pros pro when it comes to cheating. Tonight, I take you inside the most exclusive interview in wrestling when I sit down with both Flying Frenchie and Malak Garland. Indeed, who is the best cheater in all of wrestling? We're about to find out. This is Cheaters.

Insert dramatic music here as Joey Greco walks over to a comfy interview set. Malak Garland shares a loveseat with Siobhan Cassidy as they stare a hole through Flying Frenchie who is sitting across from them. In the middle sits a directors chair, which Greco eventually assumes. Tension fills the air as Garland fiddles with fingers. Frenchie, on the other hand, sits coolly and calmly in his chair.

Joey Greco:

Malak, Pierre. Thanks for joining me on this very special presentation of Cheaters.

The Snowflake Superstar is too visibly shaken to nod but his French counterpart is all too cordial not to respond.

Flying Frenchie:

It is my pleasure to make your company, Monsieur Greco. However, ze same cannot be said for zis snowy one over here.

Siobhan has to hold Garland back by the arm.

Malak Garland:

Little bitch. You ruined my snowfall! YOU RUINED MY LIFE! I HATE YOU! I am calm. I am calm. Look at how still my hands are. I am calm.

Joey Greco:

Easy, everyone, easy. May I remind you about the no physicality agreement in place?

Malak tries to contain himself but it's clear he's triggered in its most heightened sense.

Malak Garland:

Before you go any further Joey, I would like the record to show one thing. The only flying Frenchies that were going on in DEFIANCE before this goofball showed up and ruined everything was between my tongue and Siobhan's tongue intertwining in symphonic harmony.

As if things couldn't get awkward enough. Joey takes control of things, seeing he is the maestro of this delectable little segment after all.

Joey Greco:

So, if I may, let's unpack this. Malak, you've been hating on the stars of the past for a while now and all of sudden, just when you try to literally bury history in a pile of snow, along comes one of the greatest legends of all time in Flying Frenchie to stop you. Not only does he prevent your snowfall from happening but it's clear he whooped your ass too and challenged you to a match at DEFCON which was recently made official. Why do you think that is?

Garland tries his best to control his breathing.

Malak Garland:

I don't know. Maybe it's because he doesn't want to allow me to have my cake and eat it too even though I deserve it and he's clearly a historical has-been who is just seeking to relive his glory days. I am a star studded star, after all. I don't have to waste my time on junky ass imports like this fraud who never amounted to anything beyond a stereotype.

Cassidy chuckles as she gently caresses her man's arm. In response, Frenchie folds his arms and gives his serious take.

Flying Frenchie:

Zat is what you t'ink? Zat is utterly laughable. Listen, I came here because of one t'ing and one t'ing only.

The Beret Barrager leans forward and intensely stares at Malak.

Flying Frenchie:

I saw zatwhen you wrestled, you were cheating, and let me be frank, cheating rat'er poorly. You say you fancy yourself as ze best cheater in ze world? Absurd! I am ze best cheater in ze world! I've been doing it much longer, way before and more successfully zan you ever have! I want to upstage you at zebiggest show of zem all! I will show you how it is done, mon ami!

The truth hurts as Frenchie leans back in his chair, satisfied with his comments.

Joey Greco:

Do you have a response, Malak?

He's sitting on his hands now. No, he doesn't have to pee but he can't sit still.

Malak Garland:

Do I have a response? Joey, do I have a FREAKING response!?

The Keyboard Master turns his undivided attention to his greatest threat yet.

Malak Garland:

I am the best cheater in the world. Full stop. Have you seen my matches on Uncut lately? All flawless victories. All flawless cheating. That's been child's play though. At DEFCON, I will show the world that I am the greatest cheater by taking down one of wrestling's best cheaters to ever do it. So, in essence, I'm glad you showed your face in MY company because it tells me I'm a highly desirable target. Does that put immense pressure, stress and anxiety on my chakras? Crippling. Makes me fret so hard but you know what's going to get me through it all? The very thought of holding up your corpse for the DEFIANCE Faithful to see come DEFCON. I promise, you haven't cheated against a snowflake like me. I know all the shortcuts.

Joey Greco can sense things might be heading towards disaster so he does his best to steer the ship.

Joey Greco:

Okay, okay. Noted. Strong words by both sides here. Now, I'd like to play this clip. Go ahead and roll it.

Footage of Malak breaking a baguette over his knee from the last Uncut interlays. Malak smiles watching himself literally break bread as Frenchie looks rather unimpressed. Malak's gaze swings to Frenchie, wanting to see if he has visually hurt his opponent, who remains stoic throughout the clip. The video ends and Joey darts his head around to both competitors.

Joey Greco:

Pierre, how does seeing that make you feel?

Flying Frenchie:

Honestly Joey, zat is a sham. Malak is just trying to irk me wit' silly props. Ze only person he perturbs by doing zat is

ze baker. Zat does not bot'er me in the slightest.

Hearing it doesn't irritate his foe, naturally irritates the snowy one.

Malak Garland:

What? I broke a fReNcH baguette! Completely wasted! Aren't you upset!? That was a DIRECT shot at you and what I'm going to do to your back come DEFCON. I AM GOING TO END YOU, FRENCHIE! I PROMISE! I AM GETTING SO TRIGGERED RIGHT NOW!

All Frenchie can do is continually flash his signature smile. Joey Greco puts a hand to his earpiece.

Joey Greco:

Ummm, I'm getting word we have another clip to show. Apparently, it's from you, Flying Frenchie. Let's take a look.

Malak eyes the monitor offscreen and watches what looks like infrared footage from a snake cam of a person stuffing their face full of donuts from catering. The clip abruptly ends as Malak throws his hands up in the air.

Malak Garland:

That could literally be anyone. Donuts are tasty. What's wrong with that person consuming some delectable sweets?

Frenchie nods. There's a followup clip that plays. The second clip has a clean shot of Malak, wearing different clothes on a different day but partaking in the same activity of donut binging.

Malak Garland:

WHAT!? THIS IS BOGUS! I'M BEING FRAMED! That's not me! This is photoshopped! It's airbrushed! I don't do that!

Numerous other clips interlay, all from different days but still showing Malak doing the exact same thing. He's stuffing his pie hole with an array of donuts. All Frenchie can do is laugh.

Malak Garland:

It's my cheat day treat! I don't do it often, I swear! It's just a harmless donut every now and then! Nothing more!

The Snowflake Superstar begins to fret. Hard.

Joey Greco:

I'm getting word from my producer that Frenchie submitted more clips than we can show. Apparently you've been caught on camera eating more donuts than your diet should allow you to for weeks on end.

Flying Frenchie:

How do you intend to get better at wrestling if you are always cheating on your meals?

Malak Garland:

I don't have to sit here and take this propaganda nonsense! Come on, Siobhan. We're leaving.

Garland and by proxy, Cassidy both rise from the loveseat. Malak walks over to an unphased Frenchie.

Malak Garland:

See you at DEFCON.

The Comments Couple walks off, leaving Joey Greco and Flying Frenchie with their thoughts.

Flying Frenchie:

So it seems we are at an impasse, non? DEFCON will be interesting, no doubt. But I promise you, Monsieur Garland, and you Monsieur Greco, and to all of ze Fait'ful, j'ai gagnerai.

Joey Greco:

Thank you for watching this very special edition of DEFIANT Cheaters. Back to you.

The interview ends as Flying Frenchie looks offscreen, presumably watching Malak and Siobhan soft exit the area.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. VICTOR VACIO

♪ “Funeral March” by Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall...Introducing first ... from MEXICO CITY ... MEXICO!

The haunting piano music drones through the public address system as smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain and into the cloud of fog onto the DEFIANCE stage for the first time.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds ... “The Lost Cause” ... VICCCCTOR VAAAAAAACCCIIIOOO!

In the smoky, distorted view, his black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of his black tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine generated mist as his slow and deliberate pace lightly clangs with each step of his black motocross boots meeting the cold metal grating of the stage. Vacio slowly makes his way down the ramp with zero fanfare or even the simplest acknowledgment of the event surrounding him.

♪ “Immigrant Song” by Voodoo Prophet ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Two letters appear on the DEFIatron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete graphic that slices through the bottom of the screen.

AP

Arthur Pleasant emerges from the curtain, clad in his black and blood-spattered longcoat. Absorbing the boos like a sponge absorbing water, Pleasant smirks with devilish intent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at 225lbs...from Under The Midnight Sun, AK, ARRRTHURRR...PLLEEEAAASAAANT!

DDK:

With Arthur Pleasant on a three match win streak since his return off the injury shelf, one has to wonder if all the momentum is behind the former Favoured Saints Champion heading into this one.

Lance:

As much as I hate to admit it, you’re probably right. But don’t write off The Lost Cause by any means! He’s more than capable of holding his own against any DEFIANT.

Removing his longcoat before sliding into the ring, Arthur heads into his corner. Once he does, Benny Doyle looks into Vacio’s corner, where he is more than ready.

DING DING

Once the bell sounds, Vacio goes to circle his opponent, but Pleasant turns his back on the luchador to jaw jack with some front-row fans.

DDK:

Typical Arthur. Can’t even start a match without disrespecting his opponent.

Lance:

I think he's doing this on purpose. Look at that smirk of his while he's talking trash to that poor overweight fellow in the front row!

Seizing the moment of opportunity, Vacio runs towards Pleasant. Twisting himself upside down, Vacio grabs Pleasant's legs while pushing him into the ropes. With the recoil pushing them both backward, Vacio's upside-down position behind Pleasant lends itself to the momentum. Rolling Pleasant up, Vacio flips forward with a jackknife pinning attempt, further making things difficult for Pleasant!

DDK:

WHOA!

Lance:

Now, THIS is how you start a wrestling match!

Benny Doyle is in position!

One!

Two!

THR- Pleasant kicks out!

DDK:

Annnnnnd THAT is what happens when you don't pay attention to a fantastic luchador like Victor Vacio!

Lance:

Look at Arthur's face! He's incensed! He nearly got beat within seconds of this match starting.

Pleasant is up right after the near fall and is absolutely laying the stomps to Vacio. One after another, stomp after stomp, Pleasant keeps Vacio from getting up from the mat. Pleasant angrily rips Vacio up from the mat. Finally relenting from the vicious onslaught, Pleasant brings Vacio to his feet... only to be met with an enziguri! Pleasant is ROCKED down to a knee!

DDK:

My God, Vacio nailed Arthur with that enziguri!

Lance:

And he just put him in a prime position!

Running into the ropes, Vacio comes flying off them with his legs extended. Wrapping them around Pleasant's head, he backflips, slamming it into the mat with a snap hurricanrana that has the impact of a vicious DDT!

With Pleasant seeing stars, Vacio runs into the opposite turnbuckle. Flying forward, he nails Pleasant with a stiff shotgun dropkick that sends the former Favoured Saints Champion into the turnbuckles. Pleasant is up, and Vacio gives no room for recovery by running halfway across the ring before jumping with a flying forearm that cracks Pleasant upside the jaw!

DDK:

I don't believe this! Victor is absolutely dominating Arthur!

Lance:

Arthur's opening mistake may have been crucial enough to be a fatal one. Vacio is unstoppable at this point.

With Pleasant on spaghetti legs after getting hit with the corner turnbuckle, Vacio hops up onto the middle turnbuckle. With Pleasant's back to Vacio's position, the charcoal emblazoned Luchador would grab his opponent's head. Vacio

flies forward and YANKS his Pleasant backwards, causing Nightmare of DEFIANCE to crash onto the back of his head(flying Edge-O-Matic)! The impact sends Pleasant's legs up, which Vacio catches and holds them for a pinning predicament!

Benny slides into position!

ONE...

TWO...

THR- Pleasant kicks out!

DDK:

I don't think Arthur has had one ounce of offense in this! This is incredible!

Lance:

Pleasant's never felt the unstoppable offense of DEFIANCE'S Muerte Enmascarada!

Vacio, showing signs of frustration after not being able to seal the deal, motions for Pleasant to get up. Once he does, Vacio springboards back, but...

...SMACK!

Pleasant eradicates any further momentum with a spinning roundhouse kick that folds Vacio inside out, causing him to land on the upper portion of his back/lower neck area. Collapsing to a knee, Pleasant tries to shake the cobwebs and buy himself enough time to get back into this thing.

DDK:

What a killshot of a move! If only Pleasant wasn't reeling the entire match, he might've been able to capitalize on that spinning roundhouse kick.

Lance:

Uh oh, Arthur's back up now, and he does NOT... look... HAPPY.

Seething with rage, he grabs Vacio by his mask and rips him up to his feet. Laying in some hard Puroesu styled forearms, Pleasant stops at four before spinning around and connecting with a burning elbow. Vacio is rocked into the ropes, and Pleasant follows in. Throwing him to the opposite ropes. Pleasant goes for another roundhouse kick... but Vacio ducks! Continuing into the other side, Vacio jumps to the top rope with no hands to the awe of the Faithful! With the incredible balance that all great luchadors are known for, he spins around so that his right foot lands on the top rope. Pleasant takes the bait and, as soon as he does, Vacio jumps 180 degrees, landing on the backs of his legs and delivers a scintillating Asai Arabian Press!

DDK:

HOLY CRAP!

Lance:

Vacio has the legs hooked upon the landing!

The Faithful count along as Doyle administers the count!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE- NO! Pleasant kicks out, sending the capacity crowd into a frenzy.

Frustrated that he couldn't put away Pleasant, Vacio argues with Doyle for a moment.

Victor Vacio:

¡Fueron tres! ¡Fueron tres!

Now that Vacio is distracted, Pleasant comes up behind him with a simple roll-up. As soon as Benny slides into position, Pleasant grabs a handful of tights!

ONE!

TWO!

Vacio pushes Pleasant off him, while simultaneously rolling backwards to his feet, showing great agility.

DDK:

Victor's already back to his feet!

Lance:

Arthur is aware, though!

On the rebound, Pleasant nails Vacio... with a Zodiac Spear?!

DDK:

What?! Did he-

Lance:

-Just do Michael Van Warren's move? Yes. He did. Statement made.

Rather than going for the cover, Pleasant looks straight into the camera and shouts:

Arthur Pleasant:

You watching, Unk?! Hahaha. Get a load of this!

Bringing Vacio to his feet, he goes to lock in Michael Van Warren's Limit Breaker... but The Lost Cause throws Pleasant forward to the mat with a great snapmare counter. As soon as both competitors get to their feet, Vacio nails Pleasant with a thrust!

DDK:

What a devastating side kick!

Lance:

Arthur looks to be out! This could be it!

DDK:

Referee Benny Doyle checking on Arthur Pleasant now as Victor Vacio takes to the top rope!

Lance:

Doyle better get out of there! He's in the landing zone! Causa Perdida incoming, no doubt.

The Faithful's attention is pulled from the ring, but it's not immediately clear why.

Lance:

What is this now?

The camera cuts to the ramp way, where High Flyer IV stands eyeing Vacio as he ascends the top rope. High Flyer's

presence catches Vacio's eye and Vacio comes off the turnbuckle, landing feet first, and approaches the ropes facing the rampway. HF IV sees Vacio beckoning him and decides to take steps closer to ringside.

Pleasant turns Vacio around and leaps into him, grabbing his head and tucking it under his arm tightly with a guillotine choke.

DDK:

ARTHUR! Vacio took his eyes off the prize! I don't think Arthur even saw Vacio get distracted by the LET member at ringside!

Vacio falls to his knees within seconds as Pleasant tightens his grip, choking the oxygen out of him.

Lance:

I don't think he did, but it's academic now. Victor's fighting valiantly, but down he goes, and there's the body scissors.

DING DING DING

DDK:

That's why you've always got to keep your head in the ring, Lance. You may have distractions surrounding you, but you gotta focus on your opponent. One misstep, and especially here in DEFIANCE, someone will make you pay for it!

Lance:

Arthur has his hand raised, but I think he's a bit confused. Wait!

Arthur looks over to the corner and sees HFIV ascending the turnbuckles. The Faithful watch and pull out their cell phones as he flies.

DDK:

Double rotation Senton! What a move!

Lance:

A bit of a sour sport there by the LET member!

HF IV rolls to his feet and sees Arthur standing a good five feet in front of him. HF IV shrugs, and then quickly bails out of the ring before Arthur can do anything. He slaps the ring apron once and shouts, "I'M THE GREATEST!" as Vacio clutches his ribs inside the ring. Arthur, meanwhile, is discussing things with our official and wondering exactly how legit his win may have been. He's getting a bit angry as he points over to HF IV, who's still jabbering his jaw as he saunters up the rampway.

DADCON

Are you a DAD going to DEFCON 2023?

Do you like BEER?

Do you like BURGERS?

Do you like VARIOUS CONFECTIONARIES THAT MAY OR MAY NOT LOOSELY RESEMBLE DEFIANCE ROSTER MEMBERS?

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DADCON 2023!!

YOU SNOOZE, YOU LOSE!!

CLIMB TO THE TOP

As we come back from commercial break, Arthur is still trying to egg on fans by celebrating the egregious win over Victor Vacio.

Arthur Pleasant:

Aww, what's the matter? Upset because the greatest PURE WRESTLER to ever grace the wrestling ring just won AGAIN?! Hahaha. Fffffffuck yyyyyy-

♪ "Upper Echelon (feat. T.I. & 2 Chainz)" by Travi\$ Scott ♪

-yyyyyyooooooooou've gotta be shitting me.

The fans all pop for Michael Van Warren's interruption of Arthur Pleasant's usual bullshit.

Michael Van Warren:

Eeeeeenough, Arthur. Just... STOP. Please. For the love of God.

MvW makes the throat slash motion for his music to be cut. Pleasant looks none too happy that his younger "Uncle" has interrupted his victory "celebration" with the Faithful.

Michael Van Warren:

Listen. I get it. We all get it. For years, we've gotten it. You think you're better than you actually are, and you're not ashamed of it. You embrace it. Arthur Pleasant, the Plagueprick, finds ways to win. No matter what you have to do, you do it and find yourself with a win. You're a soulless bastard who doesn't care about anyone or anything. Congratulations. But like... what else is there, man? There's not much depth to you at all, is there?

Pleasant smiles.

Michael Van Warren:

I mean, just look at you. You're six-foot three. Two-hundred whatever pounds. You have fangs where some of your teeth used to be, like some kind of werewolf. You're a Van Warren for fuck's sake. You're the son of one of the greatest professional wrestlers in the history of this business, and you're running around playing pretend. It's CRINGE, man. Just, fucking CRINGE.

The Faithful all cheer at this as MvW shrugs.

Michael Van Warren:

I mean, I'm nothing special, don't get me wrong. But, unlike you, I don't pretend that I am. I just like to get in there and beat some ass. Whether it's in BRAZEN or on DEFtv, I just want to go out there, choke someone out, spear someone in half, and leave my mark on the night. I just... not only want to become the best Van Warren to lace up a pair of boots, but the best wrestler to have ever hit the ropes.

MvW's passion is palpable. Pleasant... is still smiling.

Making his way over to the time keeper's table, Arthur rips a microphone out of Darren Quimbey's hand, even going as far as shoving him a bit so that he is pinned against the guard rail.

DDK:

What a disgusting, absolute bully.

Lance:

Yeah. Real tough guy picking on people who aren't active competitors.

Arthur Pleasant:

Are you finished, kid?

MvW looks irritated by the condescending “kid” remark.

Arthur Pleasant:

Allow me to respond, then. Because the fact of the matter is that you are no different from me. Or my Dad. Or my deadbeat Grandfather Jack Van Warren. You can say you are until you’re blue in the face, but what matters is this: who’s the one who called in to DEF Radio, demanding a title shot in BRAZEN when you barely had your first match? You, Michael. Who’s the one who wanted so desperately to “fit in” and “belong” and get the tiniest of “whiffs” of that DEFIANCE main roster spot that he hit me up to be a part of Tag Party. Then, you know, lost it for the both of us. Who was it, Michael? That’s right. It was you.

The crowd “OOOOOOOOH’s” at this.

Arthur Pleasant:

Now, here’s my favorite one, kid. Who’s the one member of this stupid fucking family that’s been jerkin’ the gherkin while I’ve been the one making my mark in every promotion in the world? Who’s the one that’s been stuck down in development, wherever Arthur Pleasant goes, watching his “nephew” winning championships in every corner of the goddamned planet, against some of the best talent to ever grace a wrestling ring. Again, that’s you, Michael. Sorry that you can’t seem to graduate anywhere.

Arthur cackles at this point, while Michael just shakes his head, giving visual cues that Arthur is missing the point entirely.

Arthur Pleasant:

So, you know what? I call bullshit on one thing that you said. You DO think you’re special. By pretending you DON’T think you’re special, you’re protecting yourself–your image, if you will– from the disappointment of losing to me at DEFCON. It’s not a bad strategy, kid. Not bad at all. Unfortunately, for you? I wasn’t born yesterday, and I’m not as fucking dumb as you think I am. So don’t stand there all high and mighty like you think you’re any better than Eryk, Jack, or myself. Because you’re not. In fact, when you step into the ring with me at DEFCON, I’m going to go out of my way to prove that you’re not.

Michael rolls his eyes.

Michael Van Warren:

Nah. The only thing that’s gonna happen at DEFCON is me choking you out and sending you back to whatever hole, hospital wing, or institution you crawled your way out of.

Michael pauses for a moment, looking to the back towards the curtain.

Michael Van Warren:

Well, okay. I lied. That’s not the only thing that’s gonna happen at DEFCON. Hold, please.

The crowd waits with anticipation as Michael disappears into the back.

Arthur Pleasant:

Hey. Kid, where are you going? You won’t find another pair of shoulders to stand on back there. So just c- hey, wait a second...

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

Michael Van Warren returns...

... with a ladder.

Michael Van Warren:

At DEFCON, you're not only going to lose to me, but you're going to watch me climb the ladder of success– like, fucking LITERALLY– and take my contract for DEFIANCE Wrestling.

DDK:

Is he saying what I think he's saying?!

Lance:

I think so, Keebs!

Michael Van Warren:

Because I just heard back from the Favoured Saints and our match? It's now a LADDER match. Your career in DEFIANCE versus MY career in DEFIANCE. The only difference between one of us losing is, my career can continue to flourish down in BRAZEN. But yours? Yours. Is. FINISHED.

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

DDK:

Lance? A-are you CRYING?!

Lance: [i][sniffs][i]

They're tears of joy. Shut up.

Pleasant looks out at the crowd, who are completely beside themselves over the unexpected news of this match becoming a ladder match.

Arthur Pleasant:

I guess it's true, then. I am the only Van Warren with a working brain. Do you really think this ladder gives you an advantage at all? Kid, have you SEEN me in a match where there are no disqualifications?! Have you SEEN me destroy opponent after opponent when there are unlimited weapons at my disposal? Come on, now. Think about what you're doing, Michael.

For the first time since he's come out to confront his “Uncle”, MvW laughs.

Michael Van Warren:

Oh, I've seen you in those matches, Arthur. And you know what I've seen you do a lot of in those matches?

MvW launches the ladder with great strength all the way down the ramp so that it partly slides under the ring. Pleasant simply looks at it, then back up at MvW.

Michael Van Warren:

Lose. It's a DEFCON tradition.

MvW drops the mic to an uproarious reaction from the Faithful.

♪ “Upper Echelon (feat. T.I. & 2 Chainz)” by Travi\$ Scott ♪

DDK:

Wow. A ladder match? The fortitude of this kid to not just challenge Arthur Pleasant, one of the most dangerous men in matches without rules, but to go above his head to have the match made.

Lance:

I think it's commendable to see someone step up to the plate and actually try to get rid of the black mark on DEFIANCE Wrestling. And you know something? Michael's right. It's sort of becoming a tradition to see Arthur Pleasant in a ladder match at DEFCON, and every time, he's fallen short.

DDK:

You know what they say, though, Lance. Third time's the charm.

Lance:

God. Why did you have to say that?

Pleasant continues to stare down at the ladder that was thrown his way. But much to the chagrin of everyone watching... there isn't an ounce of worry on Arthur's face.

Rather, it's full of joy.

DEFCON HYPE

The scene jumps to the announce table with DDK and Lance Warner as the upcoming DEFCON theme plays in the background.

♪ "Go" by The Chemical Brothers ♪

DDK:

In THREE WEEKS time, DEFCON comes to you live from New Orleans! We're back home! And this might be our biggest DEFCON yet!

Lance:

I feel like that slogan is taken from somewhere. Anyway... let's take a look at the lineup!

DANGEROUS MIX vs. FLEX IN A BOX

DDK:

At DEFIANCE Road, we thought we had new Tag Team Champions in the Dangerous Mix. Then we saw Mushi and Fox defeat Flex in a Box last month. Now, the rematch is on and it's a bit more personal than before. No fake titles here...

LADDER MATCH FOR DEFIANCE CONTRACT: ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. MICHAEL VAN WARREN

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant is... something. Coming back from his return from injury, Michael Van Warren has agreed to a match where his DEFIANCE contract is in the air. Literally, in the air. In a ladder match. Retrieve the briefcase, MVW can stay in DEFIANCE. If not, it's back to BRAZEN he goes!

DOG COLLAR MATCH: JJ DIXON vs. NATHAN EYE

DDK:

Teri Melton is ready for her close-up but JJ Dixon... he's on the biggest stage of all! After coming so close to defeating Lindsay Troy for the FIST of DEFIANCE, Nathan Eye and his brand new attitude stands in front of him!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER

Lance:

No nonsense Kerry Kuroyama might be out for blood if Declan's not careful. The upstart DEFIANT has made quite an impression since joining the main roster but facing off against The Pacific Blitzkrieg is as high caliber as it gets.

I QUIT: SCROW vs. CRIMSON LORD

DDK:

Coming out of retirement, Crimson Lord is back in DEFIANCE after revealing himself to be the one pulling all The Kabal strings. He said he ended Scrow but now will be his chance to officially do it... and make Scrow say "I quit".

TYLER FUSE & PRINCESS DESIRE vs. TERESA AMES & ???

Lance:

We saw what happened moments ago when Princess Desire viciously attacked Teresa Ames. She's been challenged to a tag team match and I've been told just moments ago she accepted that challenge. The only tricky part, she doesn't have a tag team partner...

TITANES FAMILIA vs. TEAM HOSS

DDK:

Will the Familia even have Minute to help them since he went MIA? Team HOSS have been saying there is no place in the business for feelings. Team HOSS are at full strength with the one-night-only addition of former stablemate Capital Punishment in their corner! Can Titanes Familia get on the same page or will Team HOSS break them apart for good?

MV1 vs. CORVO ALPHA**Lance:**

Years in the making. And while we saw them wrestle last year in that gruesome victory by Corvo, everything is on the line for MV1 and Lord Nigel now. If MV1 loses, we'll never see him again. But if he wins...

DR. NED REFORM vs. ELON MUSK**DDK:**

I won't lie, I want to see this happen. I think the world does. But has Dr. Ned Reform ACTUALLY interacted with Elon Musk? Reform has called him out, yes. All eyes will be on if Elon Musk responds...

#1 CONTENDER TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: DEX JOY vs. CONOR FUSE**Lance:**

Conor has come very close to winning the FIST of DEFIANCE a few times. Some say it's inevitable. It's also, perhaps, inevitable for Dex Joy, who has gone through DEFIANCE from top to bottom except... THE top. With The Comments Section lurking in the background, who knows what's in store... for either of them.

THE FINAL FAVOR, FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: OSCAR BURNS (C) vs. REZIN**DDK:**

The rise of Rezin, we saw it during his Cinderella tournament run, ultimately falling short against Lindsay Troy. Since then, Vae Victis has been a serious thorn in his side. Not all is lost, however. If Rezin wins, Burns loses his FS stock. If Burns wins, however, like he has defeated Rezin before, well then Rezin is gone from DEFIANCE. There's a theme emerging here. We might be losing a lot of roster members.

SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. ELISE ARES**Lance:**

Keyes' recent antics are... well, they are surprising for a guy who smacks as hard as he does. Elise Ares is the longest reigning SOHER of all-time... but that will very much be in jeopardy if she does not succeed to become a two time champion. When the gimmicks are set aside, it's easier said than done to stand in front of Henry Keyes' way.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPION: LUCKY SEVENS (C) vs. SNS**DDK:**

A showdown three years in the making! The Lucky Sevens put their championship on the line to finally settle the score once and for all with their hated rivals, The Saturday Night Specials. SNS is willing to put it all on the line for a chance to regain the gold, as if SNS does not win the contest, they will never be allowed to team ever again!

MALAK GARLAND vs. FLYING FRENCHIE**Lance:**

You can only slander an historical organization for so long. Cue: the legendary Flying Frenchie to not only seek revenge on Malak Garland for what he's been saying but also to prove to Malak that he, Pierre Delacroix, is the greatest cheater of all-time.

FIST of DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. ALVARO DE VARGAS

DDK:

And in our main event... two dominant, two HATED stables! Vae Victis! Better Future Talent Agency! Which one will lay claim to the top prize in DEFIANCE? Reigning FIST of DEFIANCE Lindsay Troy will defend the title against the #1 Contender, BFTA's Crown Jewel, "Supernova Cubana" Alvaro de Vargas! ADV will be flanked by BFTA's mastermind Tom Morrow but after de Vargas threw a fireball in Sonny Silver's face, will The Queen of the Ring even have him at her side?

Lance:

It all comes to you live in three weeks! And now, to our main event...

ADV vs. JJ DIXON

DDK:

We've got our main event for Night Two on tap and it's one final chance for both Alvaro de Vargas and JJ Dixon to gain some momentum before their respective matches. JJ Dixon with Nathan Eye in a Dog Collar match that was just accepted on UNCUT last week after Nathan ran away from Dixon during our last show... and of course, Alvaro de Vargas with Tom Morrow in his corner will challenge Lindsay Troy for the FIST of DEFIANCE in the DEFCON main event!

Lance:

And we don't know if she'll even have Sonny Silver in her corner. Tom Morrow and Sonny Silver had an autograph signing on behalf of their respective clients...

A replay from DEFtv 184 from the FIST of DEFIANCE contract signing is shown.

Lance:

Tom Morrow slapped Sonny Silver after Sonny talked up his client and Lindsay's chances of victory. But... it turned out it was all a trap!

Another replay shows the blue fireball from Alvaro de Vargas catching Sonny Silver square in the face! Then the subsequent aftermath with Troy chasing him off.

DDK:

For weeks, Lindsay Troy has been getting under the skin of her challenger with jabs about being ready for this opportunity, only for Alvaro and Tom Morrow to do the same tenfold by attacking Sonny Silver, one of Troy's closest friends in the business. ADV and Morrow earlier believe his client's victory is at hand, but he can't look past JJ Dixon.

The lights go dark and there's the Pavlovian buzz in the crowd.

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

Your Uncut Gems are now on the DEFiatron screen. In the back is JJ Dixon, with the cocky grin of a breakout point guard for an Elite Eight team in March Madness. He's wearing a floor-length sequin robe that is in Tennessee Orange with JJ in silver cursive jewels. But of course, Teri Melton stands in front. She's wearing dangling silver earrings with jewels at the end in Tennessee orange, a silver necklace with a Tennessee orange amulet, a Gucci silver gown (low low low neckline) with a sequined orange shawl. Orange specks of jewels are in her black hair, which has a netting over it. She carries with her trademark combination of brashness/Hollywood glamour/fun loving criminal mystique. They begin their walk-and-talk.

JJ Dixon:

Alright allllriiiighht allllriiiighht! Now, the reason why I'm The Special Attraction is simple. I was sick of being a nobody. So, I flipped the switch I always knew I had. I like having the focus on me. And I like having the pressure that comes with that situation. Just a few months ago, I came one inch away from taking the FIST away from Lindsay Troy. And tonight? Well, I'm in the main event going up against Alvaro De Vargas. This isn't his tune-up match. Nope. This is a reminder why all eyes are on me. And, yes, that's a pun for you, Nathan Eye, because I know you like your puns, on top of liking your organic smoothies and teaching mindfulness to orphans. Nathan, I know you're watching. And you're going to see me cut ADV down to size. And that feeling you believe is inspiration? My guy, it's a mixture of jealousy and the lingering after effects of the 102 degree fever you had from your staph infection, and man, I hope you get that cleared up soon because I'm a few weeks away from making you need a blood transfusion.

Teri Melton:

ADV, you're a man known for burning people. But guess what? I'm ice cold because I'm absolute fire, baby, fire. Your Uncut Gems don't fear you because we don't fear anyone. I mean, why would I? I'm the dame who stole Tom Morrow's identity. I'm the gal who stole Sonny Silver's dignity. And I'm the lady who just made Ryan Scott orgasm because I mentioned his name.

She blows a kiss to the camera.

Teri Melton:

Now, Nathan Eye, you're playing a game of 'tag, you're it' with Mr. Dixon and myself. Well, boo boo, I don't play games unless I rig the results first. They're going to call it DraftQueens from now on because I picked FDU over Purdue and nailed all of the Final Four teams. Nathan and Tom Not So Terrific, you made a very big mistake in picking a fight with Your Uncut Gems. Because the grand finale of this part of our short story is simple: Tonight, JJ Dixon takes down ADV. At DEFCON, JJ Dixon drags your ass all over the arena and makes you go crawling back to the NXIVM documentary you came from. And Tom Morrow can join the support group of men I've ruined and embarrassed. And my oh-so-adoring knows exactly why this is true! It's because --

The crowd buzzes as Your Uncut Gems pause their walk-and-talk and Teri begins to make her dramatic hand gesture. The video turns off and the spotlight turns on at ringside with Teri on the arena floor and JJ on the ring apron.

Teri Melton (along with the entire crowd):

--Teri Melton! Is Ready! For Her Closeup!

JJ holds on the middle rope and leans to the crowd, pointing at the crowd.

JJ Dixon: *[singing]*

Rocky Top, you'll always be! Home sweet home to me! Good ol' Rocky Top! Rocky Top, Tennessee!

JJ turns to the ropes and slingshots himself over.

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Your Uncut Gems... now making his residence in Hollywood, California... this is "The Special Attraction" J! J! DIXON!

JJ readies in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opp....

Tom Morrow:

YOUR NEXT FIST OF DEFIANCE! SAY IT WITH ME, ASSHOLE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out from the back, a very confident Tom Morrow casually walks while the BFTA headset is turned on and fastened in his ear.

Tom Morrow:

SAY IT WITH ME! YOUR NEXT FIST OF DEFIANCE! COME ON, FATTY, SAY IT!

Darren Quimbey won't humor Morrow and The Knoxville Faithful won't let him hear it. Morrow shrugs it off.

Tom Morrow:

Eh... fine, every party needs a pooper and that's why they invited you, Quimbey. I'LL do it cause unlike the sound of a bag of cats going through a trash compactor you call a voice, MY pleasing baritone voice is going to tell the people what's gonna happen to Lindsay Troy and the almighty Vae Victis at DEFCON!

He points behind him to the stage.

Tom Morrow:

THE GUY WHO MELTED SONNY SILVER'S FACE LIKE BUTTER IN A MICROWAVE AND LINDSAY TROY

COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP IT! THE GUY WHO WILL TAKE LINDSAY TROY'S TITLE AND SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT EITHER... THE GUY THAT'S GONNA LEAVE JJ DIXON AS A GREASE SPOT BETWEEN THE LETTERS F AND I IN THE DEFIANCE RING SO NATHAN EYE WILL HAVE AN EASY TIME AT DEFCON...

Morrow gestures again to the entrance.

Tom Morrow:

INTRODUCING! YOUR NEXT... SOON TO BE REIGNING... SOON TO BE DEFENDING... SOON TO BE YOUR **NEXT FIST OF DEFIANCE! SUPERNOVA CUBANA... ALVARO! DE! VARGAS!**

The DEFIAtron shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter... The colors then become blue... and white... And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his gait to the ring is fast after the verbal altercation he got into with Lindsay Troy. He takes his time as the jeers get LOUD! JJ Dixon doesn't show any fear or intimidation of the situation as he watches ADV. The shades get ditched. The jacket comes next. ADV looks ready to hurt someone, but Dixon equally so in trying to upset Nathan Eye's stablemate just before DEFCON...

DING DING

Alvaro charges for a clothesline, but Dixon ducks and The Special Attraction fires off on the big man right away with right hand after right hand!

DDK:

ADV trying to start things off fast, but he's playing JJ's game there! He fights him off... no! Alvaro shoves him back!

Supernova Cubana shoves him back, but Dixon rolls through to his feet, then comes right back at Alvaro with a with a big running dropkick! The #1 Contender for the FIST goes stumbling back to the corner as Dixon gets up and takes in the cheers of The Knoxville Faithful! He hears them and That Dude goes running towards the corner to floor Alvaro with a big dropkick in the corner! Alvaro stumbles out and falls to a knee!

Lance:

JJ Dixon has had an incredible last few months! A win over Oscar Burns! Sixty minutes and winning over MV1! With some help from Teri Melton and shenanigans abound, taking Lindsay Troy to the limit!

DDK:

He has it him to get this win tonight, but ADV has been on a tear since destroying Deacon at DEFIANCE Road!

Dixon comes off the ropes quickly and then takes down Alvaro right between the eyes with a big shining wizard! He hooks the far leg of Supernova Cubana!

ONE...

TWO...NO!

De Vargas powers out and pushes The Special Attraction off of him! He jumps right to the apron and goes for broke.

He jumps up and then tries for his signature springboard clothesline when Morrow warns him to look out...

DDK:

No! Morrow helps him see Dixon coming! He jumps off the ropes... **RUNNING DROPKICK BY ALVARO!** He just wiped out Dixon!

Teri Melton is left stunned after Dixon gets a close-up of the underside of Alvaro's massive boots! The six-foot eight monster stands up and then goes right to work and shocks JJ with a huge uppercut under the jaw! Dixon goes down, but ADV hangs onto his arm. He hooks the arm and then **SLAMS** Dixon by the left arm and shoulder right into the ring post between the ropes! The Knoxville Faithful jeer the actions of Alvaro as he stands over Dixon, now left favoring the left shoulder!

Lance:

Morrow obviously clued him in on the scouting report. That shoulder has not been 100% in some time. Nathan Eye attacked him in the shoulder just after the **FIST** of DEFIANCE title match. ADV knows it and is exploiting it.

ADV pulls him out from the corner and **GRINDS** an elbow right into the shoulder joint painfully, going right after his target. Supernova Cubana is known these days more for outright brutality, but is showing he can exploit a body part if he has to.

DDK:

I don't know if Lindsay Troy and Sonny Silver were looking past Alvaro before, but clearly not after what happened to Sonny, but Alvaro has a dangerous swagger he hasn't had in his career now.

Lance:

JJ tries to fight back!

Melton cheers on The Special Attraction as he tries to throw fists to the gut of ADV after he tries to pull him up. He tries a few shots, but Alvaro eats then only to grab him by the body and dump him with an extra-stiff body slam! He sits JJ up only to deliver a painful **STIFF** kick right to the left shoulder area again! The Special Attraction is hurt, but things go from bad to worse as ADV slides back near the ropes and comes back with a full-force sliding forearm to the shoulder! Dixon is left reeling and rolls around the canvas in agony!

DDK:

Nobody would have blamed JJ Dixon for not taking this match so close to his own Dog Collar match with Tom Morrow's other client, Nathan Eye!

Alvaro goes for a cover on Dixon!

ONE...

TWO....

NO!

Dixon kicks out to the cheers of the crowd!

Tom Morrow:

Destroy this little punk... but leave something for Nathan!

Teri Melton:

Ignore Tom! He's just salty cause I had to try real hard to find a target kicking him in the balls a few weeks ago!

Morrow and Melton have words at ringside, but Alvaro hears none of it. Instead, he gets a crushing palm strike to the chest from Alvaro! When Dixon goes stumbling back to the ropes, Alvaro grabs the arm and **CRANKS** it into the ropes

to work over the shoulder! He holds it until Benny Doyle starts a five-count! Alvaro lets go at four and a half... then CRACKS Dixon in the chest with a soul-crushing chop! He then fires an even stiffer one! Dixon is hurt and falls to a knee against the ropes while Alvaro stands arms out for The Faithful...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Alvaro taking Dixon to task. He's walking around with a level of comfort. Between he and Morrow... pardon the expression, his star really hasn't been as bright as it is right now.

DDK:

The FIST has been a singular focus and I truly believe Alvaro will do whatever it takes to be the champ... like this! Ahh! He's stepping on that shoulder!

With Dixon grounded near the ropes, Alvaro GRINDS his boot heel into his left shoulder! Benny Doyle starts another count and he holds on until four before he stops. Dixon is wincing in pain while Melton is worried for her star client. He gets picked up off the canvas and pushed to the ropes. He fires off another STIFF chop to the chest, then bounces back into another big uppercut! He's reeling when Alvaro hooks him up over the shoulder... right into an ugly gutwrench shoulder breaker! Dixon is reeling in pain even more now with Alvaro signaling for the end.

Lance:

Dixon has been controlled for some time! Can he mount any sort of a comeback at this point?

DDK:

That shoulder breaker was bad! What can Dixon even do at this point if it's compromised?

Alvaro grabs Dixon up by the bad arm/shoulder and whips him to the corner. When he hits the corner, Alvaro charges in looking for a shot... but Dixon fires back with a big desperation superkick aimed at the knee!

Lance:

There's the answer! Use your feet!

The jaw of Tom Morrow drops when he watches his client take another superkick aimed at his face! ADV sinks to the mat holding his jaw in pain while Dixon collapses to a knee while clutching his left shoulder. The Special Attraction looks up and out to The Knoxville Faithful and tries to get the fight going again!

DDK:

Dixon is one of the more athletic men on our roster. He's pulled out some amazing things, but what can he do?

Alvaro tries to get some distance with Morrow telling him to head to the corner. Melton is doing the same on the other side for her client, telling him that he needs to strike while the iron is hot!

Dixon gets up and then measures Alvaro from one corner to the next before he charges in and lands a big jumping clothesline to stun Alvaro on the other side of the ring! The big man remains in place as Dixon runs a circle around the ring for momentum (and also avoiding bouncing off the ropes to afflict his shoulder). He charges at Alvaro and nails him with a big running back elbow! Alvaro gets rattled again when The Special Attractions gets cheers from The Faithful and then comes back a third time, nailing a jumping corner back elbow!

DDK:

Dixon hits a trifecta of big strikes in the corner, but he has to follow up!

Lance:

He's getting ready!!!

Morrow screams as he watches Dixon leap off the middle rope and then nearly take off Alvaro's head from his

shoulders with a huge springboard clothesline!

DDK:

He gets the springboard clothesline that time AND gets Alvaro off his feet... but where's he going now?

Dixon favors his left shoulder and it slows him down, but he scans the massive crowd around him and basks in the cheers! Melton tells him to hurry up as he slowly goes outside, but quickly tries to climb to the top for a big top rope elbow drop to the heart of Alvaro!

DDK:

HUGE top rope elbow drop! That might be a shot at Nathan Eye and the elbow drop he likes to use! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Alvaro kicks out, but Dixon looks over to Teri Melton! She inspires her client in Your Uncut Gems to finish it off! He waits for Alvaro to try and stumble up...

DDK:

He's looking for Sunset Boulevard... NO! But that shoulder is banged up! He can't hold Alvaro for long in that full nelson set-up!

Alvaro thrashes like crazy and fights his way out by throwing Dixon over his shoulder to the mat! When he gets up, Alvaro picks him up and then NAILS him in the chest with the Abajo Vas running knee strike! After nailing Dixon, he goes right into a cover to wrap this up!

DDK:

OOOH! Alvaro scores with Abajo Vas! Can he wrap this up?

ONE...

TWO...

THRE...FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Melton screams out that her client has a foot on the ropes with Morrow telling her that she's lying... but the foot is clearly there!

Lance:

What a match we're seeing here tonight! Neither man holding back so close to DEFCON! They both want this win!

DDK:

Alvaro making a rare mistake there and Melton doing a great job coaching Dixon through that!

Alvaro snarls and then pulls Dixon up by the hair. The Faithful jeer heavily as Morrow growls and tells him to finish. He goes for Ardiendo, but frantically, Dixon kicks his feet before he can hit the piledriver! He fights free when Alvaro goes for a discus lariat and misses... but when he comes back, Alvaro runs the ropes, only for Dixon to POP the crowd huge catching the massive Alvaro off the ropes with a standing moonsault fallaway slam! The Knoxville Faithful can't believe it as Melton jumps up for joy while Morrow is shaking the apron!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! WHERE DID DIXON GET THAT FROM!

Lance:

I don't know, but that shoulder can't be in a good spot from the landing!

Sure enough, Dixon is having a hard time following up after the big slam, but crawls over slowly with the fans egging him on!

DDK:

COVER! COVER!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... KICKOUT!

Lance:

So close! So close by JJ Dixon! We almost saw a big upset on the cusp of our biggest show of the calendar year for DEFIANCE!

Alvaro shoots up after the kickout, but slumps over afterwards, gritting his teeth while Dixon tries to do something. He looks out to Teri Melton for advice, but looks on when he sees Tom Morrow get in her face.

DDK:

What's going on? Hey! HEY!

Nathan Eye is right behind and grabs the arm of Dixon before snapping it over the top rope to afflict the bad shoulder! The Inspirational Machine leaves ringside laughing and Morrow high-fives him on the way out after a job well done!

Lance:

A quick hit and run there by Nathan Eye! And now he's taking off into the crowd!

Alvaro de Vargas grabs Dixon by the bad arm and shoulder, then sets him upside down before SPIKING him with the deadly Ardiendo piledriver! He collapses to the mat while Alvaro crawls over and goes for the lateral press!

DDK:

Ardiendo! That's it! That has to be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

Alvaro de Vargas rolls off of Dixon's body and then stands up as Melton tries to help him out of the ring. As they take their leave, Tom Morrow goes into the ring to celebrate the huge win with his client!

DDK:

A great gutsy effort here tonight by JJ Dixon against the #1 Contender, but at the end of day... and the assist from Nathan Eye... Alvaro de Vargas gets the win here tonight heading into DEFCON!

Lance:

Oh, joy...

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your...

THIS CLOSE

Tom Morrow:

SHUT UP! SHUT UP NOW, DARREN! WE'RE DOING THIS! I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOUR WINNER BECAUSE YOU'LL RUN OUT OF AIR BEFORE YOU EVEN GET HIS NAME OUT!

Alvaro de Vargas stands proudly in the middle of the ring with the booing reaching a fever pitch! Tom Morrow steps into the ring.

Tom Morrow:

I'M GONNA DO THIS! YOUR WINNER...

He gestures to Alvaro de Vargas.

Tom Morrow:

THE MAN THAT SHUT SONNY SILVER THE HELL UP...

Morrow slaps the chest of the BFTA crown jewel.

Tom Morrow:

BFTA'S CROWN JEWEL...

He gets ready to point.

Tom Morrow:

AND YOUR NEXT FI... OH, CRAP! CRAP!

Morrow scurries out of the way, but before Alvaro de Vargas knows what hit him, he gets STRUCK DOWN, courtesy of a flying knee right to the face...

FROM LINDSAY TROY!

DDK:

LINDSAY TROY! LINDSAY TROY IS HERE! WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER AT ALL AFTER THAT FIREBALL ATTACK TO SONNY SILVER! SHE'S HERE AND ATTACKING HER CHALLENGER FOR DEFCON!

Both wrestlers being hated by The Faithful regardless, the spectacle of Alvaro being leveled by a flying knee strike from The Queen of the Ring and brought down is enough to get them hyped! Lindsay Troy rains down elbows, fists, kicks, anything she can strike with while Supernova Cubana tries to get his guard up!

Lance:

Tom Morrow found the one place to strike when he and Alvaro orchestrated that attack on Vae Victis' own spokesperson and one of Lindsay Troy's closest friends!

DDK:

And she's hellbent on making them both pay for it, too!

ADV grabs a leg and tries to shove her away as he gets to the corner, but she rolls backward and comes right back, CRACKING Alvaro in the chest with a high kick in the corner before unleashing a volley of stiff shoot kicks anywhere that she can aim!

DDK:

The Faithful just want to see these two destroy each other!

Morrow sneaks up behind her and pulls Troy by the arm to get the Vae Victis member off the BFTA Crown Jewel...

And when she realizes she's all alone with Morrow now...

YOU FUCKED UP!

YOU FUCKED UP!

YOU FUCKED UP!

YOU FUCKED UP!

DDK:

Big mistake!

The BFTA Brainchild is in Troy's crosshairs and she's seeing red with a man she's a history of bad experiences with in DEFIANCE! She tackles him to the ground and unleashes on Morrow with rights as well!

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow schemed to get rid of Sonny Silver before DEFCON and it looks like she's gonna try and do the same to Tom Morrow!

She grabs Morrow by his tie and then pulls him up!

DDK:

She's going for Thy Kingdom Come! She's gonna spike Morrow right here and now!

The reigning FIST doesn't care one iota about The Faithful's cheers to see Tom Morrow get destroyed. The Ace sets him up...

SCORCHER FROM ALVARO DE VARGAS!

Alvaro comes to Morrow's aid at the last second and catches Troy SQUARE in the face with the thrust kick, knocking her down to the mat!

Lance:

No! Troy took her eyes off Alvaro for just a few seconds to go after Tom Morrow! That's not a mistake we see often from the Queen!

Alvaro looks over at Morrow, who looks like he's just stared into the grizzly face of death itself. When he realizes they've got the FIST down...

Tom Morrow:

SPIKE HER! SPIKE HER NOW!

Supernova Cubana grits his teeth and pops the bones in his neck before he goes to pick Troy up!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy spent weeks questioning if Alvaro de Vargas could even keep his temper in check long enough to be able to succeed at DEFCON... but Alvaro and Tom Morrow have figured out a blind spot of their own against her!

Morrow is panicking and rolls away as best he can while Alvaro looks to finish the job. He has her set up for a piledriver... but out comes Henry Keyes! Oscar Burns! Butcher Victorious! All heading down the ramp!

Tom Morrow:

ALVARO, LET'S GO!

Alvaro releases his grip for the Ardiendo and discretion being the better part of valor, he can do the basic math. He wants to fight, but Morrow yells at him one more time. Keyes is in the ring JUST as Alvaro heads out the opposite direction and follows Morrow into the sea of rabid Faithful!

DDK:

Tom Morrow making Alvaro de Vargas escape twice now from the clutches of Vae Victis... but there's gonna be nowhere to run for anyone at DEFCON!

Lance:

This is the only time we've see these two get physical in the lead-up to DEFCON and if this is any indicator of how things will go... you can expect nothing less when the figureheads of the top hated groups in all of DEFIANCE do battle with the most prestigious prize in our organization up for grabs!

Lindsay Troy is helped up by Henry and Oscar, but almost fights away from them just for the purpose of going after her DEFCON challenger. ADV looks back with a grin on his face from the crowd, holding up two fingers saying he was that close to dropping her on her head.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we have to call this one, but thank you so for joining us on our final stop before DEFCON! We'll see you in one week for UNCUT and then in three weeks as DEFIANCE presents... DEFCON! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Good night, everyone!

Troy holds her jaw, but stands her ground in the ring looking out at Alvaro de Vargas. Alvaro wants to go back for more, but Morrow warns him that the point has been made!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.