

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

BUFFALO welcomes DEFIANCE as the KeyBank Center is hyped for DEFtv 187! 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 everywhere! The scene then goes to the announce table, where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner await.

DDK:

Hello everyone and welcome to DEFtv! Coming to you live from Buffalo, we have two MASSIVE nights with seven matches each night coming your way!

Lance:

That's a lot of wrestling.

DDK:

We ARE a wrestling company!

Lance:

Makes sense.

DDK:

But first, we're going to get some answers. Jamie Sawyers is in the middle of the ring and I'm told he's going to be joined by Blackwood, Box and Harmen!

HERE WE ARE

DEF lead interviewer Jamie Sawyers is already standing patiently center ring with microphone in hand as we cut back live to the arena.

DDK:

So just to catch everyone up... Gage Blackwood, Jack Harmen, and Bronson Box have all made their presences known again here in DEFIANCE. Each man returned separately at DEFCON to a raucous reaction from The Faithful. We all figured Gage would return to the fold eventually, we weren't shocked as recently inducted Hall of Famer Bronson Box showed up to pop the crowd at the biggest show of the year. We thought that was that.

Lance:

Little did we know!

DDK:

Cut to the last edition of DEFtv during a very heated confrontation between Gage and the recently uncrowned Lucky Sevens and their weasel of a manager when lo and behold... enter Harmen and Box to stand shoulder to shoulder with Blackwood when things started to get physical.

Lance:

Morrow and the Sevens apparently haven't shut up since!

Darren and Lance continue on for a bit discussing the various threads interconnecting the three men, further speculating about how the trio came together and what their goals might be.

The DEFtv theme song "I Defy" by Of Mice & Men begins playing, catching the announcers by surprise. After a few confused moments all eyes are drawn to one particular spot up in the stands of the KeyBank Center. Standing at the center of a roiling mass of humanity we see the boys themselves. Gage Blackwood, Jack Harmen and Bronson Box. Each man wearing one of the others classic t-shirts. Box in Gage's "There is No Tomorrow" shirt, Gage in Harmen's "We Are All Mad Men" shirt, and Harmen in one of Boxer's classic "Original DEFIANT" shirts.

Harmen definitely wears Tom Morrow's incredibly comfortable jacket over Boxer's classic T.

Lance:

Would you listen to this crowd?! They're going apoplectic in Buffalo, Keebs!

The trio slowly make their way through the crowd, eventually hopping over the guardrail and each man making their way into the ring. Even with a microphone we can scarcely hear Jamie Sawyers over the roar of every single fan in the arena. All three men make their way around the ring greeting the faithful in their own way as I Defy continues to blast over the sound system.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gentleman, if you would...

We hear a smattering of boos as Jamie butts in and calls for the proceedings to come to order.

Jamie Sawyers:

We've all had days and days to speculate on this little collective, does any one of you fine gents care to finally shine a light on the subject and explain?

Harmen chuckles, smiles and holds up his hands. He motions for Gage to step forward and take the microphone. Blackwood takes it and no look passes it to his right where it's caught in the bear-sized mitt of Bronson Box. The two Scottish born grapplers share a respectful nod as the standing room only crowd goes absolutely mental as The Wargod begins to speak.

Well, he tries to...

Dueling chants for all three men, several minutes solid. The ringside faithful bang on the guardrails, fans farther up the stands stomp their feet and clap their hands. Boxer motions for everyone to take it down a few notches as he brings the microphone, finally to his lips.

Bronson Box:

I'm not going to waste a second tryin' to be cute or cool, I'm not going to beat around the bush like a prick, and I know for a fact I speak for this young man *[motioning to Blackwood]* when I say it feels damned good to be back HOME.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

The ACE turns his attention to the fourth man in the ring.

Jamie Sawyers' buttohole tightens slightly.

Bronson Box:

Lance Warner ain't exactly massive shoes to fill, lad, but somehow you're lost in 'em...

Lance: *[quietly]*

Hey... not cool, man.

Bronson Box:

Tell me, who exactly did you have to diddle that you got this job over Christie Zane, eh? Do ol' Boxer a favor and just stand there quietly like a well trained mic stand whilst I get a number of months worth of shite off my chest. Hear loud and clear me, boy'o?

Bronson doesn't wait for the now quite bothered Jamie Sawyers answer. Harmen leans in and slaps him on the back to encourage him.

Bronson Box:

So! Why are these two old men standin' here with this young buck takin' up precious minutes during his big return to DEFIANCE, eh?

Blackwood and Harmen can't help but smile at that.

Bronson Box:

Haven't Jack Harmen and Bronson Box done enough in this fine sport to call it a career? Halls of Fame and the whole nine yards for the both of us. And that's just it, isn't it? Careers, legacies. Jack over there knows what I'm gettin' at. I got word I was goin' into the DEFIANCE Hall of Fame... alongside Eugene *[censored]* Dewey of all people. It didn't fill me with pride. It filled me with a frustration I can barely put into words. I felt worse than old, I felt... lost. I sold my land and my school, I moved home to Scotland and sealed myself away like some sort of museum piece. I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of forgetting me, I'd go and forget the lot of them FIRST.

He waits a beat then looks over at Blackwood and shakes a finger in faux indignation.

Bronson Box:

Then I run into this little prick and he goes and ruins my whole bloody plan.

Blackwood shrugs and cocks his head in a very "who me" sort of manner.

Bronson Box:

We'll save the particulars of that story for later, suffice to say I was reminded of the definition of DEFIANCE. Not the one out of the bloody dictionary but the one myself and a whole host of others scrawled across this canvas over the many many years this company has been in business. Fight like mad til ya' got nothin' left. Be a nasty cheatin' bastard if you must, just don't be a bloody COWARD. I shamefully ain't been followin' the product during my most recent bout with depression, so Gage kindly filled me in on a few of the creatures new and old lurkin' around this roster now and what low, shameful cowardly bastards they be and quite frankly it made ol' Boxers stomach churn something AWFUL...

Serious as a couple of heart attacks, Harmen and Blackwood nod in agreement with the Wargod's assertion.

DDK:

It's sounding more and more like Boxer has some long term plans around DEF, partner.

Lance:

Woe betide the members of the DEFIANCE roster should they step on that man's toes...

Bronson Box: *[motioning to he, Gage and Jack]*

This right here? This is a simple answer to several complex problems DEFIANCE has been sufferin' from of late. We're just three blokes with histories tangled up with the roots of this place and not one of us is keen to see people like Tom *[censored]* Morrow...

Harmen spits as Box says it.

Bronson Box:

... and those two seven foot tall stacks of shite take a leak all over something so precious to all of us. Something all three of us, in our own ways, helped to build. So to be perfectly clear, we...

Before Bronson can shed any more light on the trios formation, speak of the devil and the devil may appear.

Three numbers appear in gold as an old western theme starts to play. Three bells ring in tune with the numbers stopping on the digital slot machine.

DING!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

7 7 7

The stage lights up and flashes "JACKPOT!!!" all across the screen ...

WINNERS!!!

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Winners may be what is displayed on the DEFIA-tron, their expressions read as anything but that. Wearing dark red and dark green suits respectively, both Mason and Max walk out with looks on their faces. Despite this, they take their place on the ramp! The crowd is booing them out of the building as pyro goes off from all directions on the stage!

BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

And on either side of the former two-time champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling more pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and that's not all ...

Booooooooo!!!

At least a dozen men in security uniforms walk out along with Tom Morrow and they create a human barrier between the ring and the three men.

Lance:

What is this?! The big bad Lucky Sevens need *protection* now from these three?

DDK:

After Gage and company got the drop on them, Morrow would do this.

Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood cannot believe the two monsters need any sort of protection against them. Tom Morrow comes out with the trio first. Jack Harmen is showing off the stolen jacket by Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Bronson Box ... one of the few men who can lay claim to being in DEFIANCE Wrestling's Hall of Fame! Gage Blackwood... former FIST and former Southern Heritage! Jack Harmen ... you do things, probably. Your careers precede you. Now Boxer ... you don't like what people like me and the Lucky Sevens have done for this company? If by that, you mean terrorize and stack up bodies? Deliver five-star beatdowns? Make the Unified Tag Team titles main event box-office calibur titles? How those titles made the two finest-dressed giants among the highest-paid performers in DEFIANCE Wrestling history? You *should* hate us because not only has this company moved on from the swamp, but we did it *without* you.

Mason Luck takes the microphone.

Mason Luck:

You got stones, Box, to say that *we're* cowards, but last I checked it was *you three bitches* that jumped two of us. Cause you know that deep down, you three – the ghosts of DEFIANCE Wrestling past - don't have what it takes to hang with us in the ring anymore. Because you three did what you did two weeks ago, Max and I are going to enjoy helping you cross over to the DEFIANCE Afterlife so the *real* stars of today can shine. Not you three fake "wrasslers." We're talking *larger than life* monsters who can kick the shit out of you with a thought ... or did you already forget, Gage?

Max Luck has his own mic out.

Max Luck:

Enjoy it, Blackwood. Enjoy the moment you three had ... because it will be the very last moment any of you will *ever* have over us! You talk about a very big game down there, but the last time you were alone with the two of us, you were out for a year. What Lindsay Troy couldn't do in a ring at last year's DEFCON, we did in less than five minutes cause someone paid us good money to do it. Next time, we're going to do it because it's going to be fun.

The Lunatic jumps into the discussion.

Jack Harmen:

Yeah yo. Uh. who paid you for that by the way? Was it the same Sugah Daddy that paid for your goon squad tonight? I'm over here losin' count after a baker's dozen.

Tom Morrow:

They aren't here for the Lucky Sevens! These fine gentlemen are here for *me!* YOU! Jack, you took my jacket! And I'm not about to let you piece of trash steal my coat so he can finally have something warm at night to sleep with.

Jack Harmen:

You want it back?

Harmen walks to the ropes and sits on the middle rope, using his shoulder to lift the top rope and motions to invite Tom

into the ring.

Jack Harmen:

It's so soft. Come an' try an' take my soft coat.

Tom Morrow:

THAT'S MY SOFT COAT!

Blackwood walks to the edge of the ring and shouts in Morrow's direction.

Gage Blackwood: *[to Tom Morrow]*

SHUT UP.

Gage calmly looks over to Harmen and with a head nod, Jack tosses the mic towards Blackwood. The former FIST and SOHER catches it in stride while bringing his attention back to Morrow and the Sevens.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, by now everyone knows I'm not a big talker. *[Pause]* Except when I'm bitter...

Blackwood with a creepy smirk towards the enemies on the rampway.

Gage Blackwood:

As Bronson said, when I was back home in Edinburgh licking my wounds for the past year, it just so happened another man *[head motion towards Box]* was back in Scotland, too. I reached out, we talked... I didn't know it beforehand but he knew enough about me... and he respected me enough to hear a pitch...

Blackwood strolls around the canvas with his head down.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, that when I recovered, when I finally healed my wounds, he'd be willing to lend me a hand since he respects how I represented myself in DEFIANCE.

Gage's eyes meet Harmen's.

Gage Blackwood:

Then I call another legend... ask him if he wants one more round at the top, too...

Blackwood turns to Jamie Sawyers.

Gage Blackwood:

The jist of it, no? There you go, Jamie, that's why the three of us are in the ring together. And now moving forward...

The Scot is now staring back at Max, Mason and Morrow.

Gage Blackwood:

I want my revenge, I don't need to drag this out any longer.

Gage readies for the pitch.

Gage Blackwood:

Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box versus The Lucky Sevens at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

DDK:

That's huge!

Lance:

What a challenge!

Gage Blackwood:

I seek my revenge, Box joins to preserve the true competitive spirit of DEFIANCE and Jack...

Blackwood stops to think.

Gage Blackwood:

Keeps his new jacket.

He winks towards The Lunatic.

Tom Morrow turns to the Lucky Sevens.

Tom Morrow:

You guys hear that? Blackwood wants payback. Box wants to feel like a real wrestler again. If you really want these idiots to see what a real-life wrestling match turned funeral looks like – WE ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!!!

That gets a big cheer from the fans!

Lance:

That will be an incredible match! Bronson Box returning to action alongside Gage Blackwood!

Tom Morrow:

Check out the match I set up for the Lucky Sevens later so you can have a small sample of what it is you're asking for here tonight, fellas. You know that expression, Gage? The one about wanting revenge? Dig two graves ... because at Maximum DEFIANCE, that's exactly where Mason and Max are gonna put you.

Morrow drops the microphone and nods at Mason and Max. The giants leave with Morrow and walk out of the arena to the jeers of the masses. The security departs just shortly after and the show goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



DAVID FOX vs. LEYENDA DE OCHO

♪ "Light Up The Night" by The Protomen ♪

As synth beats pulse throughout the arena, we get some earnest cheers from pockets of the fans who recognize the music from BRAZEN broadcasts (and the rare DEFtv).

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the opening contest of DEFtv 187, NIGHT ONE, is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at one hundred eighty-eight pounds...Leyendaaaaaaa deeeeeee Ochoooooooo!

The masked luchador with the retro gaming flair hops through the curtain and down the ramp, eight fingers held high in the air. He goes for some high fives through the crowd with a good amount of luck before leaping to the ring apron and over the top rope.

Lance:

LDO is a real veteran of the squared circle, partner - finding success all over the globe, and even hitting the road with his opponent on occasion!

DDK:

It's true, Ocho and Fox have crossed paths in the past in other worlds, in other parts of their careers...both men have grown wiser with age and experience. Ocho has found a way to adapt, overcome, and find a way to succeed in this industry through sheer grit and determination.

Lance:

He almost found a way to pull out a big win over Henry Keyes for the SOHER when he adopted the one-time Jet Engine persona not too long ago! The man is wily as all get-out, and one of the most underrated high flyers in the game today!

Thump... clap
Thumpthumpclap
Thump... clap
Thumpthump-zooooooooom

♪ "Same Ol" by The Heavy ♪

The KeyBank Center comes alive; those triumphant strings herald the arrival of one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's elder statesmen.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Blackwood, New Jersey, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... Daaaaaaaaavid... FOX!

DDK:

Well, earlier today David Fox recorded a message about his thoughts going into this match, so let's hear it from the long-time DEFIANCE veteran!

The camera splits to a picture-in-picture view, where on the left-hand side David Fox stares directly at us, while on the right he is tagging hands and making his way to the ring in real time.

David Fox: [picture-in-picture]

Tonight I'm not just going to take on Leyenda de Ocho man-to-man, but I'm also sending a message to Kerry Kuroyama... lesser-tier, Ker? I know I'm a little out of practice in a singles setting, but that doesn't mean I'm gonna put up with you flappin' your gums like you beat just any geek off the street on the last DEFtv, so you want my advice, Ker? Kick back at that Vae Victis cool-kids table, keep your eyes glued to the TV, and watch just what "lesser-tier" can do in this ring. This isn't over, Kerry. Not by a long shot.

The screen returns to the live action, as Fox bounds onto the apron and steps between the ropes, making his way to his corner with little fanfare. Referee Brian Slater checks on both competitors, before calling for tonight's opening bell!

Lance:

Strong words by one of the longest-tenured DEFIANTs today. Let's see if e can back them up tonight against LDO.

DING DING

The veteran Fox and the eager LDO start approaching for each other, and stand in the center for a moment before Fox extends a closed fist towards LDO, who responds with tapping it with his own, and breaking out in the classic lucha "circling the opponent energetically" motion.

DDK:

I've been told this matchup was actually REQUESTED by Fox, who wanted to face Leyenda de Ocho specifically!

Lance:

That's correct, Keebs; word is, Fox wanted to face somebody who could test his reflexes and his quick thinking in the ring, and Ocho in particular stood out to him as someone who deserved a chance to show his stuff on DEFTv!

Fox and LDO lock up, and Fox gets the upper hand early on with an armwringer, but LDO resourcefully feels around for an opening, and manages to roll forward twice with his arm locked up, before reaching toward his opponent with his free hand, and flipping the former DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champion onto his back with a wristlock takeover!

DDK:

And the 8-Bit Luchador seems to have the upper hand here in the beginning of the match!

WHAM!

The camera cuts to Fox, who is already up to a seated position, looking behind him with a nod and a whistle, as if to say "oooooh, this kid's good." He springs back to his feet and lunges towards LDO with another tie-up, but LDO manages to snap on a side headlock! The cagey veteran is able to push Ocho off, into the ropes, only to get knocked down by a rebounding shoulder block! Leyenda de Ocho begins to stride forward and Fox instinctively tries to trip him by rolling over and flopping face-down, but Ocho sees it coming and steps over him! Fox springs back to his feet in time to leapfrog over the returning Chicagoan, and scouts LDO's rebound quickly enough to take him up and over with a hip toss to the mat!

DDK:

A rather explosive sequence to start the match!

Lance:

Wrestling truly is the UNIVERSAL language, isn't it?

Our boys both turn to the camera in unison, staring with the slightest of smirks.

Meanwhile, back in the ring, LDO has just been sent reeling into the nearest corner courtesy of a David Fox dropkick; Fox attempts to follow through, rushing towards said corner, but LDO manages to see him coming, and hops onto the middle ropes before floating over Fox and landing on his back behind him, his arms around Fox's waist as he attempts to roll him onto the mat. Fox resists, trying to grab onto the ropes and get some leverage, but LDO manages to use his core strength to roll himself UP Fox's body, locking his legs under Fox's arms and using his weight to roll him down with a sunset flip! Brian Slater with the count!

ONE!

TWO!

But Fox manages to break loose, rolling backwards and landing on his hands and knees, while staring his opponent dead in the eye. Fox gets to his feet and steps back, and LDO rushes forward to get some momentum, only to get taken up and over again with a hip toss rolled into a scarf hold for a pin attempt!

ONE!

LDO manages to kick out with ease, but David Fox gets the upper hand right away with a side headlock of his own, that he wrenches in *just* a little extra tight, before spinning himself around LDO's body and tripping him to the mat with a drop toe hold!

DDK:

The Kazama Special sends Leyenda de Ocho to the mat, and Fox is back on the offensive!

Indeed, David Fox floats over LDO and latches on a front headlock, before kicking a leg out and snapping LDO up and over onto the mat! Fox hops back to his feet and lines up his shot...

Lance:

Could Fox be going for a killing blow here?

Fox lets a roundhouse kick loose, but LDO manages to avoid it, sweeping Fox's leg and taking him down, twisting his arm around and hooking his other one for a La Majistral cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

...

FOX JUST MAKES THE KICKOUT IN TIME! LEYENDA DE OCHO SHAKES HIS HEAD, WHILE FOX LOOKS LIKE HE IS TRYING TO DIG IN DEEP FOR SOME MORE POWER!

LDO rushes to the ropes and springboards off, trying to land on Fox, but the Soul Survivor manages to stop him in his tracks with a back kick to the ribs, before wrapping himself around LDO's side, trapping his arm and sweeping his leg for a unique roll-up combination!

DDK:

I'm being told that Fox calls that strange cradle the "Fox Trap," let's see if it's enough!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Same Ol" by The Heavy ♪

Those triumphant strings kick in once again, as Brian Slater raises the victor's hand, and David Fox nods in delight as he survives a hard-fought battle.

Lance:

The fighting spirit of David Fox triumphs tonight, but you gotta also give credit to Leyenda de Ocho!

DDK:

Indeed, Lance, the 8-Bit Luchador clearly surprised a lot of people tonight, including his opponent, but in the end the experience of David Fox was just too much to overcome.

LDO gets to his feet, dejected by his loss, but as he makes his way out the ring he's greeted by an outstretched fist. He looks down at the hand, and follows it to David Fox.

Lance:

Fox offered the same gesture to LDO when their match began; is he offering it again now that it's over?

After a brief pause, LDO turns to face Fox, and returns the gesture with another fist tap. Fox smiles and looks to the crowd with a clap and a motion of hands towards tonight's opponent. The crowd gives a little round of applause as the two competitors go their separate ways backstage.

DDK:

Night One of DEFtv started off with an intense matchup, and you know how intense DEFtv can get! Stay tuned for more DEFIANCE action!

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2023

THE COMMUNITY FINANCIAL SERVICES ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA TRADE CONFERENCE AND ITS AFTER-PARTY AT DAVE & BUSTER'S

Caitlyn opens her locker. In it, there's a copy of Gabriel Garcia Marquez's "Love In The Time of Cholera," along with a note. She looks at the note --

"My favorite quotes from the book ever written, and they remind me of you."

She smiles. Then JJ walks in, his arm still in a sling. Caitlyn coyly puts the book back in her locker. They give each other a passionate Teenagers In Love kiss that lasts for several seconds.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

So... we've been ducking the issue. What are we going to do with my Grandma's offer?

JJ Dixon:

Ignore it as long as possible?

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Well, maybe you can ignore it. But I can't. And I don't know what to do.

JJ Dixon:

I mean, I'm still on the shelf. Your Grandma isn't wrong about Teri's shadow looming over me. It's going to be a long time until my name isn't associated with hers... if ever. But I really don't want to get involved in her issues with Teri. And your Grandma also feels, well, evil? And I want to punch Cristiano and Dubya in their faces? Especially Dubya?

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I also remember what it was like standing on I-76 with my mom in the winter waiting for a tow truck because her car with 200,000 miles on it finally broke down. Or having to get my prom dress from a thrift store. Or all of my friends knowing I was getting free lunch. All of that just sucked. And, like... all of that is because my mom hates Grandma. Like, I can have, and I could have always had, nice cars and vacations and gone to good schools and trainers.

JJ Dixon:

Yeah, but why the hell do you want all of that rich person stuff? It's all just trivial garbage. And you want it handed to you?

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Well, what's the point of being a professional wrestler without all of that? I want to win and be a champion... but, like... you grew up poor. You grew up without anything. It must be nice to not have to worry about making rent anymore.

JJ Dixon:

Yeah, but that's not why I wrestle. At least not anymore.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

What ever. Your old manager wears the most expensive crap. You wear robes to the ring that probably cost more than my mom ever made in a year. Hell, you guys drive around in a Rolls Royce!

JJ chuckles and pulls out his phone.

JJ Dixon:

Well, we earned all of that stuff. But maybe not how you're thinking.

JJ and Caitlyn start watching JJ's phone, which now ends up being what you, the viewer at home, is watching. The footage starts at "Presidential Ballroom B" at a bleak Marriott hotel somewhere.

JJ Dixon:

It was after a show. Teri saw that the Community Financial Services Association of America was having their spring conference. You know who they are already -- the trade organization that represents America's payday loan and check cashing establishments.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

That sounds..., weird? Boring? Like you could literally go anywhere else and it would be less of a waste of time? Like literally anywhere else.

JJ Dixon:

The reason why we went — the only reason these places exist is to rip poor people off. My mom had to go to those places when I was a kid. Your mom probably did, too. They just took whatever little money she had. It's a bunch of rich people exploiting people who have crap. So Teri hatched a plot...

A scratchy "secret camera" type of footage shows a dolled up Teri dressed as a businesswoman (skirt suit a little high up the leg and a little more unbuttoned than what you'd expect, a haircut that is somehow straightened, etc.) at the registration table and grabs a name tag.

Teri Melton:

Oh, there I am! That's my name! Delores Scarbino! From... Sheboygan, Wisconsin!

JJ Dixon:

Using the name Delores Scarbino from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, Teri then set her eyes on Peter Quayle Dansforth III, the illustrious chairman of this organization and a man worth billions made off the back of America's low wage workers.

Peter Quayle Dansforth III is wearing a dark suit with a noticeably flashy pinky ring, accompanied with a Judge Smails laugh. He's standing in a bleak conference room behind a podium.

Teri sits in the front row, beaming with a seductive smile. As she adjusts her dress and legs as Peter catches her to make sure he sees more of her, as the placarded "Delores Scarbino from Sheboygan, Wisconsin" nametag reflects under the terrible fluorescent lighting.

Peter Dansforth:

We very much need to update best practices when repossessing furniture from those who default on payday loans, and we must lobby Congress to further reduce the unjust taxes we pay when reselling a struggling family's loveseat —

He stops his droning remarks and just stares at Teri/Delores who is batting her doe eyes at him, with a little wave and subtle shift to reveal more of her legs.

JJ Dixon:

Later that evening, the members of the Consumer Financial Services of America all convened for a networking event at a nearby Dave and Buster's, complete with complimentary prize tickets.

"Delores Scarbino" sits at the bar, munching on XXL Garlic Parmesan Truffle Fries and a plate of Voodoo Pasta and the D&B's specialty drink Dangerous Waters Island Punch (a gaudy turquoise rum drink with a hedge of pineapple on the rim, big silly straw and umbrella.) Peter Dansforth walks up with a sly grin. also drinking a Dangerous Waters Island Punch and looks down at her nametag/ample and borderline inappropriately exposed breasts.

Peter Dansforth:

Hello... Delores Scarbino from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is it? Another person who likes to ride the Dangerous Waters? And by that I don't only mean my yacht.

"Delores Scarbino" smiles warmly, finishes sipping the drink, and immediately enters into Peter's personal space, placing her hands up and down his paisley Jos. A Bank tie with a smile as he laughs obnoxiously.

Teri/Delores:

Hello, sugah. (She inexplicably has a Southern accent.) Why, if it isn't Peter Quayle Dansforth III! The most important man in the payday loan and check cashing industry! (Bats her eyes.) The way you stood behind that podium tonight, explaining the need for a return to debtors prisons and indentured servitude for people who default on high interest rate loans they were duped into obtaining was so... insightful. You just looked so commanding up there. So composed. So... powerful. And you know what they say about power being the ultimate aphrodisiac.

The heel of Teri's shoe slides up his leg. Peter gets the bartender's attention and speaks dripping in self-satisfaction.

Peter Danforth:

The lady's drinks are on me tonight. Put it on my card — my Dave and Buster's Points Club Card. I never leave home without it! I saved up a lot of points playing skeeball... just waiting to save it for a special occasion!

Teri/Delores almost breaks at that bizarre and creepy admission but regains her long composure.

Teri/Delores:

Look at you, a major player at an adult arcade! And using the points you accumulated from skeeball on little old me? Is there nothing you can't do, Peter Quayle Dansforth III?

Teri now gets in even closer to him, seductively running her hand along his dress shirt as he has his hands on her hips.

JJ Dixon:

They kept drinking through the night —

Peter keeps on drinking ridiculously colored rum-flavored drinks. Teri is pouring the drinks on the floor when he is not looking, allowing her to stay stone cold sober while he gets rum drunk. The camera shows a giant puddle of the fluorescent colored drink on the floor.

Peter Dansforth:

That's when the cop told my ex-wife I am allowed to get away with anything I want! Even if I hate my kids!

Teri/Delores pretends to laugh along with him. Peter announces he has to go to the bathroom.

JJ Dixon:

And that's when I arrived.

JJ comes walking out dressed in a freshly pressed Marine outfit.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Wait, I thought you were the one filming this?

JJ Dixon:

No. Referee Mark Shields.

Referee Mark Shields comes from out of nowhere, holding a small video camera.

Mark Shields:

Don't judge me. I just like filming strangers.

He leaves in a huff.

We now go back to the secret footage. JJ stands next to Delores as Peter stumbles back into the frame. JJ is dressed in a freshly pressed Marine Corps outfit, complete with bayonet in the waist.

JJ Dixon:

Mommy Dearest, I am so sorry. I know we had big plans to one open up our own predatory loan operation in a Sheboygan strip mall. But this great country we call America needs me!

JJ walks off, but not before Peter drunkenly salutes him first. Teri breaks down in over-the-top Moira From Schitt's Creek tears and collapses into his arms, her head buried into his shoulder. He consoles her as she weeps. Teri/Delores is whimpering, she will not be able to open up a payday loan/check cashing store without the assistance of her "son" now deployed for the military.

Teri/Delores:

He's... he's all I have left! I can't do this... I can't realize the dream I've had ever since I was a little girl... to open up a payday loan/check cashing storefront business!

Peter Dansforth:

Delores... please. Please. Allow me to help. I'd love to get you started... like how you got me started during my speech.

He pulls out a checkbook.

Teri/Delores:

Really? Peter, that is just so sweet of you! (Pause.) Can you add another zero to that number? And, yeah, a second one right there. Good boy. And maybe a third? Oh, Peter, my love, thank you so much. I... I think I am falling for you...

Teri kissed him slowly on his cheek and seductively smiles at him.

Teri/Delores:

I... I have to go powder my nose... and then perhaps we can go and have a night of passion? Now, just wait here, I might be a while, Dangerous Waters gives me diarrhea. But I promise that tonight I am going to I am going to take you over the mountain. By that, I mean you will have an orgasm.

Peter's mouth drops at her statement. Then Teri snatches the check from him and turns around, and folds it over and tucks it next to her chest all in one motion. It is clear she has experience with this kind of thing. A wry smile appears on her face as she immediately walks into the women's room, opens the window, and climbs out. A Dave and Buster's worker is washing her hands in the sink and does not even flinch.

There is a time jump, and Peter Quayle Dansforth III is rum-drunk passed out and crying at the bar. Teri and JJ are in a getaway car laughing as they enter a shady payday loan/check cashing place with the clerk behind bulletproof glass handing them wads of cash as they both laugh.

JJ Dixon:

So, that's how Teri affords her gowns and jewelry and luxury cars. That's how I afford my robes and why we travel in style. Every city we go to, we find a sketchy convention or cryptocurrency investing seminar or a former Fox News personality, come up with an elaborate hoax to rip off some rich asshole, and then use the money to buy some fancy stuff. And then --

Teri and JJ are standing in a dubious looking chop shop as a guy with a welding torch is ripping apart her white Rolls Royce, and hands Teri and JJ a another giant wad of cash. They then get into an Uber, also holding a few big trashbags.

JJ Dixon:

We don't just get rid of the loot. We take whatever we get - money, clothes, cars, etc. - and then give it to the people. People like me and you, Caitlyn.

The footage now shows a Salvation Army thrift store filled with the usual secondhand clothes but also a bunch of Gucci designer gowns that stand out bizarrely. JJ is paying money at an ice cream stand, with a dozen children behind him jumping up and down in joy holding their cones. One of the kids' mother's beaming and Teri walks to her smiling and hands her something.

Teri Melton:

Here you go! It is a Dave and Buster's Points Club Card. Treat yourself right — but don't sail down the Dangerous Waters.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Okay, many questions, beyond the "why did you make a narrative documentary where you participate in several felonies ranging from larceny to insurance fraud" one. Like... why do any of this?

JJ Dixon:

When I first started in DEFIANCE, I was wrestling to become a champion and what comes along with it. But I was not getting anywhere. And while Teri is a lot of things, one thing she taught me is that I needed to wrestle with a purpose. And my purpose? There are a lot of people out there like me — like us. Just people pissed on their whole lives by people with money and power. So, we made it a point to take from the bad guys but not for us. That's when I started to get my shine.

Caitlyn is clearly angry.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

This is all messed up, JJ. Who are you guys to say who the bad guys are? He didn't do anything illegal. That guy is a scumbag, but he earned his money.

JJ Dixon:

Like your Grandma?

JJ says this firmly. Caitlyn is not amused.

JJ Dixon:

I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. Want to get out of here?

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Yeah... but, real quick, before we go. Did you read the book I gave you?

JJ Dixon:

Aw, no, not yet. I promise, I will...

JJ and Caitlyn start teenage making out. But as they head out the door, she looks back at the locker. Standing in front of it is a sly looking Brayden "Dubya" Leverington, who gives her a wave that JJ does not see.

MV1 & ??? vs. HEAVY ARTILLERY

Cut to the dynamic announcing duo.

Lance:

Alright... well, switching gears here folks as the show goes on. Up next is a very interesting tag team match... two weeks ago, the BRAZEN team Heavy Artillery asked the Unified Tag Champs for a shot at the belts. When SNS granted that shot to Flex in a Box - a match still to come - Heavy Artillery went on a rampage and attacked MV1 and Levi Cole after their match. As a result, MV1 has issued a challenge for a tag team match, and rumors have been swirling about a potential partner.

DDK:

After what went down at DEFCON, Corvo Alpha coming to the aid of his former partner and reforming the Masked Violators tag team seems like a definite possibility. And yet Alpha himself, characteristically, has been entirely silent on the matter. So while our format for the night says "tag match"... this could very well be a 2-on-1 contest!

♪ "Mamma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

DDK:

Let's do this!

Cut away to the entrance stage, where both members of Heavy Artillery - Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens - have appeared. They both wear identical sneers as they march toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, at a combined weight of TBD... Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens... HEAVY ARTILLERY!

DDK:

What these two lack in agility they more than make up for in girth... which translate to pure, raw power.

Lance:

MV1 certainly has the edge in the speed department, but he could use some back up as far as power goes...

Both of the monstrous men march up the ring steps and enter the ring. They both walk to opposite sides of the ring, raising their arms and sneering in a "who's the man!?" type manner. Their theme fades out.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing their opponents... weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty one pounds and hailing from Parts Unknown... He is **MASKED VIOLATOR #1!**

MV1 bursts onto the stage with focused energy, not wasting any time trotting down the aisle and slapping the reaching hands of the Faithful. He slides into the ring and flashes a single index finger back to the cheering crowd. We see Quimbey and Ferrari briefly confer with MV1, Ferrari looking particularly troubled. She appears to ask MV1 if he is "sure". #1 nods. Reluctantly, Carla calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Oh! Uh... it looks like Masked Violator #1 wasn't able to find a partner.

Lance:

This may be ill-advised. MV1 is a fine singles wrestler, he's shown that in his last year... but at his heart, he feels he was born to be a phenomenal tag team wrestler... and going it alone against a tag team with the size and strength of

Heavy Artillery could be incredibly challenging.

Owens, on the apron, belly-laughs at the realization that Heavy Artillery has their opponent completely “outgunned”. Horrigan menacingly stalks #1, who measures the big man before locking up. Horrigan brutally shoves MV1 into the corner, laughing.

Lance:

Bobby Horrigan is an Irish bruiser with a bad attitude and the intensity to match! MV1 nearly spilled over the top rope and out of the ring with that throw!

Circling the leviathan, Masked Violator #1 adjusts his mask before striking out and snatching another lock up. A quick drop toe hold plants Horrigan mug-first onto the mat. The crowd surges for a moment as MV1 finds a headlock.

Lance:

This is sound strategy. Taking the larger man off his feet, taking away the base of all that power, puts the advantage squarely in the corner of MV1. Add #1’s technical ability... and this is just what he needs to be doing.

Agitated, Horrigan claws over his shoulder, scratching MV1’s eyes. Ferrari leans in and chides Horrigan, but MV1 keeps a firm grip on the headlock. In fact, he answers the eyerake by cinching it in even tighter.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Bobby Horrigan... slowly powering up to his feet. ATOMIC DROP BY HORRIGAN!

Lance:

That’s one way to break a side headlock!

MV1 bounces off the ropes, leapfrogs over Horrigan, hits the far ropes – Flying Crossbody!

DDK:

WAIT! NO! Horrigan just SWIPES MV1 out of the air, catching him! SLAMS HIM!

Horrigan momentarily shakes the cobwebs out, leaning against the ropes, before angrily tagging out to Roosevelt Owens. Owens steps over the top rope with a scowl on his face and, before MV1 has a chance to get back up, lays in a MASSIVE LEG DROP!

DDK:

Owens hooks MV1’s leg!

ONE!

TWO! KICKOUT!

Annoyed, Owens lumbers back upright, taunting the crowd. He leans back into the ropes – they groan back at him, strained – and then hits a RUNNING LEG DROP that shakes the ring! On the apron, Horrigan hoots approvingly.

Lance:

Another quick cover from the big man!

ONE!

TWO! NO, KICKOUT!

DDK:

Big kick out... but MV1 may find himself in trouble here, Lance. Especially if these hefty boys can keep up this pace!

MV1 tries to roll away but Owens just KNEELS on the small of his back, flashing a cocky grin. Slapping the canvas in pain, MV1 cries out as the Faithful take up the rhythm!

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

DDK:

Well... I think it's clear who the fans would like to see come out and even these odds!

Lance:

Safe to say that's what Masked Violator #1 would like as well!

DDK:

We have no indication that Corvo Alpha, the former MV2, is at the KeyBank Center tonight... unfortunately for MV1!

Owen drapes MV1 over the middle rope, pushing down with a knee and choking him against it. Carla hits the five count, and Rosey breaks at four. Leaving the masked Defiant draped over the ring, Rosey hits the opposite rope and gets a head of steam, looking to come down on his opponent with a body guillotine... but MV1 moves! Rosey hits the ropes and bounces back... right into a series of big right hands from Number One!

DDK:

Don't count him out yet!

Roosevelt is rocked as Horrigan screams at him from the apron. MV1 looks to put the cherry on top with a big standing dropkick... but Owens doesn't go down. MV1 then jumps up to the middle rope, coming off with a clothesline that stuns the big man... but again, he doesn't go down. MV1 wraps his arms around Owens in the bodyslam position...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

I don't know if the ring can take this!

MV1 tries to lift his rather large opponent... but he can't get him up. He's just too heavy. MV1 releases the hold, clutching his back, and instead Owens bodyslams Number One instead. With his opponent down, Owens hits the ropes and comes back with an attempt a HUGE and potentially match ending body splash... but MV1 rolls out of the way at the last second! The crowd rallies as now both men are down... but MV1, as if by pure instinct, begins to reach out to his corner... a corner with no partner.

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

Instead, it's Owens who is able to stumble over his partner and tag out. The Boston native Bobby Horrigan steps through the ropes, eyeing MV1 like a shark. He doesn't let the beloved Defiant get back to his feet, instead hammering away with a series of boots to his masked face. Horrigan, like his partner, hits the ropes for a splash... but unlike his partner, he connects!!

DDK:

Imagine nearly five hundred pounds coming down on you like that!

Carla drops down, seemingly anticipating a cover... but no. Horrigan gets to his knees and simply breaks out into a sadistic grin.

Lance:

Bobby Horrigan is not going for the cover!

DDK:

This is a message, Lance. A message to SNS. A message to Flex in a Box. They're going to punish this poor young man.

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

LET'S GO CORVO!

NUM-BER-2!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Wait! Look!

The crowd's head collectively snap toward the entrance where it appears help is on the way... but it's not Corvo Alpha... it's TA Cole! Cole is dressed to compete in his purple singlet and he athletically bounds down the ramp and leaps up into MV1's corner! Cole immediately leans forward, reaching out his hand for the tag!

DDK:

I don't believe this! Help has arrived from a very unlikely source!

Lance:

Don't forget, Cole was on the end of a Heavy Artillery beating two weeks ago, too... maybe he's looking for some payback!

Bobby Horrigan looks at Cole like he's crazy before firing an unkind finger gesture in his direction. Horrigan shakes his head to say "nah, buddy... you ain't getting the tag" as he lifts MV1 and tosses him roughly into the Heavy Artillery corner. He grins at Cole before choking MV1 with his bare hands! Carla steps in, and he again breaks the illegal hold at four. Horrigan tags out to Owens, who comes in and picks up right where his partner left off, choking the life out of the masked superstar! Again, he breaks at four, and Carla is clearly losing her patience as she threatens to DQ them anyway. Rosey walks away from MV1 toward the center of the ring before doubling back and running toward MV1 for a big corner splash...

... but MV1 moves! Owens' chest collides with the turnbuckle and he falls backwards like a giant tree being cut down! Both men are down, and Horrigan begins to SCREAM at Rosie to get off his ass and make the tag. MV1 is on his hands and knees as he tries to shake the cobwebs away and he begins to make his way toward Cole's outstretched arm!

DDK:

I don't believe this! The Faithful are on their feet... cheering for a tag to TA Cole!

Lance:

This might not be who they wanted, but right now they just want MV1 to get some help!

Owens just begins to stir as MV1 gets a burst of energy... he looks to the corner, seemingly registering for the first time

who is standing there. He hesitates for just a second before leaping forward...

Lance:

MV1 MAKES THE TAG!

Cole is in and he is ON FIRE! Forearm for Rosey! Horrigan gets in the ring to cut him off, but Cole has a forearm for him too! A dropkick stuns Owens! A dropkick stuns Bobby! And in a move that draws audible GASPS from the audience...

DDK:

BIG BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX ON BOBBY HERRIGAN! THAT IS PURE POWER!

With Horrigan down, Cole jumps up to the second rope and flies off to catch Owens with a leaping bulldog! Cole grabs the ropes and shakes them, firing up and actually getting a positive response from The Faithful!

DDK:

Shades of the OLD Levi Cole!

Cole grabs Owens by the head and brings him up to his feet... and he leans down, wrapping his arms around Owens in a motion that appears he's going for his Letter Jacket Torture Rack!!

Lance:

No... no way...

Warner is right... that just ain't happening. Cole can't get the big man up for the move, despite an impressive attempt. This miscalculation costs Cole as Bobby and Owens regroup and attack! Levi is sent into the ropes and on the rebound he eats a big double back body drop! Carla tries to tell Bobby to get back on the apron, but he completely ignores her. Instead, he signals for a second big splash, this time on Levi Cole. Bobby hits the ropes...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

MV1! He pulled down the ropes from the outside! Bobby tumbles up and over!

Rosie Owens' mouth opens in surprise at his partner's predicament... and that momentary hesitation is enough for Cole to catch him off guard with a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

They did it!

Owens DOES kick out, but a half second too late. Cole immediately rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring just as Bobby gets back into it. Cole and MV1 regroup together on the ramp, allowing Carla to join them and raise their hands in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNERS... MASKED VIOLATOR ONE AND TA COLE!!

Heavy Artillery begin to rage in the ring. Bobby kicks the bottom rope as hard as he can while Rosie clenches his fists and screams. MV1 and Cole make their way up the ramp, never turning their back on the angry duo in the ring.

Lance:

I didn't see this coming! Levi Cole steps up... and he and MV1 actually get the win!

DDK:

MV1 might be disappointed that he didn't tempt Corvo Alpha back into the mask... but he should thank his lucky stars that Cole was there!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

BEWARE THE HUNTER!

Backstage at the KeyBank Center, there is a series of dressing rooms. Each has a different wrestler's name on it or in some cases, additional staff like announcers and referees. At the end of a hall behind a beaten-up wooden door stands Scott Hunter. He has a small foldable table pushed up against a side wall and a makeshift locker behind him with space for storing gear or personal items.

In the middle of the room, there's a camera set up on a tripod.

It is pointing directly at Scott, standing at a proud six-foot-four inches, chest puffed out, hair just brushing the top of his shoulders and biceps to spare. He has a big, broad smile on his face and is patiently waiting.

He is waiting for the cue that the video is rolling, however, there is no one else in the room, and the video has been rolling for nearly a minute.

He squints his eyes as he sees a red light on the front of the camera and suddenly it clicks...

The Red Light District... Amsterdam. That's probably where he caught it.

Nevermind.

He shakes the thought away, easy enough to do, and crosses his arms, taking on an intense serious business pose.

Scott Hunter:

Hello, DEFIANCE faithful. I am sorry to disturb you during church, but I was given this time to shoot some video that you can watch later and probably understand who I am and where I am coming from a little bit more. The truth is that I am from Miami, Florida. That was very easy to explain and I could probably just end this right here, but I am told I have up to four entire minutes left to say good words.

He pauses and points at the camera thoughtfully.

Scott Hunter:

Here's what you need to know. I have been training in the art of hand and foot fighting for approximately two hundred thirty-seven days. I am told that is a record and if you don't believe me you can go to hell, so look it up. I am recently on the heels of a very successful run in the very famous wrestling company called "Classic Wrestling." While there I was able to win over five matches and survived traumatic events like almost being squashed by Bobby Dean, fighting a man who had jungle snake tattoos, and making weak alcoholic spirits with Frank Dylan James. If you are familiar with those names you will understand. If you aren't, all you need to know is that they are the greatest wrestlers who ever lived and I most likely beat all three. Also, the tattoo guy smells really bad but that is okay because soap exists on his island now.

Scott drops his hands to his side and leans his head back.

Scott Hunter:

Ah yes, such good times. I had so much fun. I enjoyed it so much that I wrote a song about it called "The Theme from Good Times". All I know is, ain't we lucky we got 'em? That is a rhetorical question, so you don't have to actually answer it. Also, this is not a test nor is it being graded. And 'rhetorical' means 'do not have to answer' in Latin, so that's what makes it official. I lied about the not being graded thing. Congratulations, you got a B+. It was a great time, actually, but 'good times' sounds better so I am choosing that, and you can go screw yourself.

Scott reaches behind him and pulls a piece of paper out. He brings it in front of his face and unfolds it, reading.

Scott Hunter:

Now, I have heard that there are questions. Rude comments and questions. There also was a mean person on a radio

show who called me boring, but he is a liar because I am not boring, he is. And he has bad breath, which you can tell by how whiny and nerdy his voice sounds. That is the well-known sign of bad breath, also known as halitosis, which is a very serious condition and also it won the High Octane World Championship before. So brush your teeth. Now...

Scott takes a pair of reading glasses from his front shirt pocket and puts them on, looking down at the piece of paper in his left hand.

Scott Hunter:

As I was saying, I have heard that there are many questions being asked of me, so I will now introduce to you the one and only super famous announcer interviewer person, Mr. Angus Skaaland.

Scott hurries off-camera and then pulls into the frame a mannequin that looks like Angus Skaaland, dressed in a kilt, a polo shirt, and Tommy Hilfiger sunglasses.

Scott Hunter:

Well, hello Mr. Skaaland. I have heard you are a legend and therefore it is very nice to meet you. I am here for all of your questions so fire away.

Scott does a terrible ventriloquist act out of the side of his mouth, and we can very clearly see it moving. He's also doing a weird voice that sounds nothing like Angus Skaaland.

“Angus” Skaaland:

Hello, I am Angus Skaaland, named after the best type of beef to make cheeseburgers with and also a cool island I once visited that had the best Ska music. That island was called Ska Land and the government leaders were the Mighty Mighty Bosstones who are in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame now. I saw that on Wikipedia.

Scott Hunter:

Very interesting. I do love a good trumpet solo.

“Angus” Skaaland:

Everyone does! It's the number one brass instrument to use when you want to do some skip dancing while wearing a fedora.

Scott Hunter:

You don't say!

“Angus” Skaaland:

I do!

Scott places a hand on “Angus” shoulder.

Scott Hunter:

Now, I know what you're wondering. You're wondering when I will finally step into a DEFIANCE ring for the very first time, and you're wondering why I'm wearing flip-flops...

The camera pans down to show that he is, in fact, wearing flip-flops.

Then it immediately goes back to his face.

He pauses, not sure if the camera is on him again yet. This goes on for too long. Then, he jumps as if startled.

Scott Hunter:

OH... sorry I didn't see you there.

What is he even talking about?

Scott Hunter:

I will answer your question in two parts. First of all, I have been working very hard on creating many new wrestling maneuvers that will shock and amaze you, and possibly give you an ingrown toenail or bone spurs. I haven't fully worked the details out yet. What I do know is that when I step into the ring I will bring back the one move I am most proud of inventing. It is a technique I created while eating a sandwich at a deli. I am proud to reveal its name to you... right now.

Scott holds out his hands as if bracing himself, and bracing yourself for the stunning announcement forthcoming.

Scott Hunter:

Ladies and gentlemen, behold... THE FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK!!

Scott pulls an easel into the frame, which has a large notepad on it. On the notepad is a pair of stick figures, one of which has its legs twisted into a four while the other is eating a sandwich.

Scott Hunter:

As you can see, there is a sandwich for historical accuracy. Also right here is where my legs will cross your legs and make them hurt a lot, like really a lot. Probably more than they've ever hurt, other than that time you hit your shin on the coffee table. Seriously, pay attention to where you're walking. I invented this move, so whenever I apply it, I will give each of my opponents a colorful sticker to commemorate the occasion. I have personally commissioned the Franklin Mint to create these sticky pieces of paper that say 'I wrestled Scott Hunter and all I got was this lousy broken leg' on them. I also have some that have a photo of a kitten holding onto a branch with the words 'hang in there' underneath.

Scott laughs.

Scott Hunter:

Oh man, get it? 'Cause the kitten is literally hanging in there. Oh God, whoever came up with that joke is a genius. It's me. I came up with it and I am a genius. Very soon I will be in that ring in there, and there will be trouble. There will be big trouble. I will become the first man in the history of DEFIANCE to win his very first match in this company since Eugene Dewey, who is a total jerk and likes to steal food from people's baskets at the supermarket. That may seem irrelevant to you, but I don't really care what you think because I hate you.

Scott shoves "Angus" and we hear the mannequin crash to the ground in a heap off-camera.

Scott Hunter:

In conclusion, welcome to DEFIANCE. I am talking to me. Also, all of you can eat a big juicy, hairy moose turd. You heard me. Good luck to you all and may God have mercy on my soul. Goodbye.

With that, Scott poses in the original hero pose from the beginning, and the scene fades out.

MIL VUELTAS vs. TRIPP WISE

DDK:

Coming up next, Darren, it's a new beginning for the luchador and Titanes Familia member formerly known as Minute. He came back in a big, big way, being flanked by his new hype man and promoter, Thomas Keeling. The father of Tom Morrow, known to DEFIANCE fans long ago as Tom Morrow.

Lance:

Mil Veltas put out an open challenge on DEF Radio, where some... unpleasantness happened, all I'm going to say... but Mil sounded very confident. We understand another young call-up from BRAZEN, Tripp Wise, answered this challenge!

DDK:

Big opportunity for the former comedian-turned-wrestler! We've seen Tripp score wins on UNCUT, but can he do the same on DEFtv here tonight and spoil Mil Veltas first match under his new name? Let's go to ringside for the intros with Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out from the back comes a man now wearing black trunks, knee pads and boots... oh, along with a red bow-tie and collar, not to mention a red vest with tux tails on the back! He carefully poses to the side on the ramp and has a microphone in hand as Quimbey announces him.

Darren Quimbey:

From Tacoma, Washington, weighing in at 231 pounds... **"THE WISE ASS" TRIPP WISE!**

Tripp Wise looks out to the Buffalo crowd and motions for his music to be cut.

Tripp Wise:

DEFIANCE, DEFIANCE, DEFIANCE... Prepare to laugh your asses off because tonight, you're gonna see some comedy... and not the normal kind where we laugh about how bad the airline food is. I'm talking about the one where this geek, Milo Ventimiglia or whatever, is gonna come out here and think he can beat me in MY DEFtv debut... but man, can we TALK about how bad airline food is?

Groans from the crowd as Tripp continues his impromptu one-man show on the way to the ring.

Tripp Wise:

This guy used to be called min-it or whatever, right?

DDK:

Minute. My-newt. Like size.

Tripp walks into the ring to a few boos and mostly groans.

Tripp Wise:

Well, Minute, your time has elapsed!

Lance:

I swear I've heard that line before somewhere...

Tripp Wise:

And as The PUN-isher of DEFIANCE, I'm here to tell you that the writing is on the wall... or DEFIATron...

He points to the 'Tron where a neon "MIL IS SCREWED" sign is flashing. Underneath, a small LED "APPALUSE" sign is flashing... but they're booing instead. Tripp ignores them and goes to his side of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the official promoter for Tripp Wise's opponent... he is **THOMAS KEELING!**

Already at ringside, Thomas Keeling is decked out in a silver suit and tie, getting cheers from The Faithful. The man who once ordained the PPV wedding of Uriel Cortez and Titaness smiles at the crowd, happy to be back among the roster. He points to the stage...

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, Mister Quimbey! Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the exception to the laws that we call gravity! There's no jump he can't make and no leap he won't take!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the new leveled-up form! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, the new luchador sensation! Red, green and white pyro spark up from the stage! Mil Vueltas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:

One flip for every nickname he's got! Let's go!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! Dynast of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The FLIPPIEST of Doos! Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... JUST... LOOK... UP...

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas making an entrance with help from Thomas Keeling, but we'll have to see what he can do once the bell rings!

Lance:

Very decorated star already in DEFIANCE. Two-time Unified Tag Team Champion with Uriel Cortez. Favoured Saints Champion. He's had solo success, but he wants more!

Tripp Wise is the only man in the arena right now that remains unimpressed. The comedian-turned-wrestler waits as the music and fanfare die down.

DING DING

The bell rings and Mil Vueltas fires off like a lightning bolt! He charges at Tripp, but Tripp shoots him up... but Mil LANDS on the top rope!

DDK:

What the...?

The PUN-isher charges at the corner, but Mil backflips off the top rope to land on his feet behind Tripp. The Wise Ass delivers a knee that finally stops him in his tracks! Wise laughs at the misfortune of the young luchador and then tries to charge off the ropes, only for Mil to kip up right into a headscissors takeover!

Lance:

Great counter right there by Mil! Are you even going to be able to call this, Darren?

DDK:

I'll level with you, Lance! Probably not!

Mil shoots back to his feet. He runs the ropes, but Tripp ducks down. Mil does not one, but two front handsprings over him that wow the crowd! He charges back the other way where Tripp misses a clothesline. When Vueltras shoots back, he leaps up... not one... but TWO rotations before he snaps Tripp over with a headscissors take down! Tripp gets sent flying through the ropes and out of the ring as Mil spins back to his feet and readies himself for his next move!

DDK:

Double rotation into the headscissors... now where's he going?

Thomas Keeling continues to cheer on his man by yelling "Go, Mil, Go!" at ringside. Mil hops over the ropes with ease to land on the apron, then jumps up top to dive backwards with a springboard trust fall plancha to the outside! He wipes out Tripp Wise with EASE on the floor!

DDK:

What an amazing dive by Mil Vueltras! He's taken Wise down quickly!

Lance:

This is his first match on DEFtv in some time! He was suspended for attacking Capital Punishment during the issue with Titanes Familia and Team HOSS, but he went back to Mexico in that time and was training with some new aerial moves!

Mil is back on his feet and he bumps fists with some of the front row. As Tripp Wise tries to hobble up, Vueltras helps shove him back into the ring. When Tripp tries to roll away, The Man of a Thousand Flips follows him in. Once inside, he runs at Tripp and hits a running CORKSCREW shooting star press!

Lance:

How many rotations was that?!

The Man of a Thousand Flips hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Amazing running corkscrew shooting star, but Tripp kicks out at two!

Tripp barely knows where he is he gets ROCKED with an unexpectedly stiff kick to the chest. He fires another one that hits with a thud!

DDK:

Mil Vueltras also adding some striking to back up his already incredible athletic feats! I understand he trained in Japan for three weeks just after DEFCON with the legendary "Twilight" Ichiro Kanemoto.

When Tripp is getting the wind knocked out, Mil tries another kick, but Tripp manages to duck and shove the high flyer back. Vueltas recovers and slips through the ropes. He tries to jump at Tripp again, but this time, Wise is ready and blocks it by grabbing him by the head... then goes right into a Northern Lights suplex!

DDK:

Oooh! Counter by Tripp into that great suplex!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Thomas Keeling is happy with the kickout, but continues to clap and support Mil from ringside. Vueltas gets rocked when Tripp stands up over him and starts hitting him in the side of the head with a hip attack! He throws another to the side of the head, does a little bit of a hip swivel, then fires a third shot upside the head!

Lance:

That's some unique... offense.

DDK:

Hip attacks are a thing in wrestling, but I can't say I see a lot of it these days. Nevertheless, Mil has been rocked. Now pulling him up!

Tripp hits an inverted atomic drop to stun Vueltas in place before connecting on The Ruler of the Ropes with a spinning heel kick! Vueltas hits the mat hard while Tripp rolls out of the kick and yells out "LOOK AT ME, I'M A FLIPPITY-DOO-DAH, TOO!"

DDK:

And Wise scores with another big move! He's showing out for himself well enough... but maybe should go for a cover?

Instead of doing just that, he picks up Mil before scoring with a Russian legsweep!

DDK:

This move is called... ugh... Have a Nice Tripp. And when he hits this, he's going for a Diving Senton called "See You Next Fall."

Lance:

Hey, I'll give him points, that's pretty catchy. But he better move fast.

Tripp goes out to the ring apron and then up top. He poses for the crowd and then takes flight with the diving senton... but crashes into nothing but mat as Mil Vueltas rolls out of the way to the delight of the Faithful!

DDK:

There goes Mil Vueltas! He might be one of the fastest men on our roster and you cannot give him ANY time to counter a move or something like that happens!

Mil rolls upwards to get back to his feet while Wise hobbles around, cradling his back. The comedian/wrestler is back up, but not for long when Vueltas comes running at him and CRACKS him in the mouth with a huge leaping thrust kick that sends him through the ropes and out to the floor!

DDK:

Big comeback by Mil Vueltas! Can he score with something to follow up that kick now that he has an opening?

Mil looks out to The Faithful as Tripp is on the floor nursing a sore jaw. The Man of a Thousand Flips is on the top rope, looking down at Tripp on another side... then RUNS the ropes, stops midway and takes flight with SIN MANOS! The Faithful are on their feet!

DDK:

That was INCREDIBLE! That ropewalk followed by the corkscrew moonsault! He calls that move Sin Manos! Loosely translated, "No Hands!"

Once he gets back to his feet, he pushes Tripp in and doesn't waste time. Mil climbs up the apron, then positions himself. He leaps all the way to the top rope with his back turned to the ring.... Then CRASHES down into an incredible springboard phoenix splash!

Lance:

How many turns was THAT?!

DDK:

I don't think I've EVER seen a springboard phoenix splash to that degree! He lands it perfectly! That has to be all!

After the spectacular new finish of Mil hits, he hooks the leg of Tripp!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Mil Vueltas greets Thomas Keeling with a tight handshake and quick hug for a job well done tonight!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas making a big splash and of course, putting a lot of corkscrews on that splash.

DDK:

We saw some new aerial moves out of the arsenal of Mil and... wait...

Jazz music stops. Golf clapping starts. Thomas, Mil and the crowd look up to the DEFIATron where the golf clapping is from...

Tom Morrow:

Look at you, Milly. You got over the yips with your Familia buddies. You're out on your own! You got one over on Alvaro two weeks ago... *[angrily]* AND SET BACK HIS RECOVERY DATE BY KICKING HIM IN THE FACE! YOU PROUD OF YOURSELF?!

Mil motions for a microphone and gets one from Thomas Keeling.

Mil Vueltas:

How you say... pretty damn proud. Yes!

Morrow sucks his teeth.

Tom Morrow:

Well... I'll have you know he's almost made a full recovery from DEFCON! And unfortunately for you, you little pissant... by kicking him in the face, all you did was ensure you're gonna be put in the dirt.

Morrow seethes quietly.

Tom Morrow:

He'll be cleared in just a few more days... and on behalf of my client, Better Future Talent Agency's own ALVARO DE VARGAS... Dad... ugh. No. That sounds wrong. THOMAS....

Keeling shakes his head.

Tom Morrow:

I'm challenging YOUR client, Mil Vuelas, to meet him one-on-one on DEFtv 188! Unlike what I've got going on The Lucky Sevens, I'm not trying to drum up interest for a big event and prolong this match. I want ADV focused on getting another shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE A-S-A-P and we're going to end this little comeback story before it gets going, Thomas!

The crowd jeers! Mil hands Thomas Keeling the microphone for him to address his estranged son.

Thomas Keeling:

We're not wasting words here, kid. I've been telling everyone that my client wants to be where your client has been. On behalf of Mr. Vuelas... we accept your challenge!

That gets cheers from The Faithful. Tom Morrow has a knowing grin on his face.

Tom Morrow:

I don't think you realize what you're getting Mil into. What happens to him is going to be a long time coming! You're the same little PISSANT that split OUR family apart. Alvaro de Vargas has put you on his list of Burn Victims before when you called yourself Minute... but you'll get the distinction of being our first two-time member on his list!

Behind him, the camera pans out. A hand holding up a replica of Minute's old mask extends to show none other than ADV smiling... then lighting the mask on fire with blue flame...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Mil... compared to Supernova Cubana and my light... you will ALWAYS be minute.

He lets the mask burn up... then the screen goes dark. Mil Vueltes and Thomas Keeling both look away and then head out from the ring to greet the crowd on their way out.

Lance:

What a match that's going to be! Alvaro de Vargas! Mil Vuelas one-on-one!

DDK:

So much history there between those four men goes back a long way. And it looks to be renewed in two weeks!

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

M4NTRA vs. THE BARRIO BOYS

Cut back from the commercials; two out of three Barrio Boys are already in the ring. Specifically, Gerardo Villalobos & Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv as we get into some Tag Team action! Lance, we've got two debuts of sorts here tonight!

Lance:

Yes, we do, Darren. The official ... main roster debut of Gerardo Villalobos & Hugo Gonzalez of the Barrio Boys!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, already in the ring ... at a combined weight of 413 pounds... they are HUGO GONZALEZ AND GERARDO VILLALOOOBOOSSS THE BAAAAARRIO BOOOOOOYS!!!

DDK:

And conspicuous by his absence ... especially after DEFtv two weeks ago, Corey Nunez is nowhere to be seen, Lance!

Lance:

Corey is a good kid but young... and sometimes that means making poor decisions... I'm hoping he will find his way and ... *get away from* "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Gold and white lights flash around the arena to the opening rhythm of Bring Me The Horizon leading to the pause, where the black DEFIAtron comes to life like an opening eyeball to reveal the word M4NTRA on the screen right as the beat drops. Nathan Eye leads the way, holding up a copy of his book 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance (now available in the DEFshop) wearing his trademark white ring gear with gold trim and his "Third Eye" glasses. Behind him "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, flanked by Tom Morrow, is wearing new ring gear. The shorts are gone, replaced by white tights with the usual D4 logo and stripes in gold.

DDK:

And speaking of our second debut... we saw Declan Alexander approached by Better Future Talent Agency's Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow on the last DEFtv. Despite pleas from Dan Leo James, things appeared to go a little sideways and now we have a new tag team in DEFIANCE with two promising BRAZEN graduates.

Lance:

Both former BRAZEN Champions, Darren. They have some history working on the same side back in BRAZEN and now their paths have crossed in DEFIANCE. However this time with Tom Morrow involved... you have to wonder what kind of influence he's going to have on the development of these two young men. ESPECIALLY Declan Alexander.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

Tom Morrow:

Shush, you goof! I'm already calling it now because they are two of the greatest home-grown blue chippers that DEFIANCE Wrestling has ever produced!

He points at Nathan Eye.

Tom Morrow:

Two-hundred fifty-one pounds of Pure Perseverance! The Golden State Guru! Natty Eyce! He is NAAAATTTTHHHAAAANNNN EYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!

Then he points at Declan.

Tom Morrow:

And this is his partner ... the best partner that any man could ask for! The man who is currently being inspired by Nathan Eye! He weighed in today at two-hundred twenty-nine pounds of raw talent! This is DECLAAANNNNNN ALLEXANDDEERRR! But you may call them ...

MAAAAANNNTTTTTRRRRAAA!

By the time Morrow finishes his jeer-inducing introduction the trio are already in the ring, where Nathan Eye grabs the microphone from the head man of BFTA and holds his book high into the air.

Nathan Eye:

Now Barrio Boys ... you have worked here for years and years and years and gotten nowhere! But allow us to help you! Take this beating that you are about to receive as an opportunity for growth! Read this book! Be inspired like me! This book took *fourteen months* to make — that's the same time as how long my injuries took to recover – but it will only take you *fourteen days* to apply these lessons! Read my book and maybe you can salvage something of your careers, my friends!

Grabbing the book, Lips begins to flip through the pages. He pretends to see some life-changing information in the book and Eye nods in approval. Looking over his shoulder, Eye reinforces to DEC4L the kind of influence his book can have when Hugo rips the mic out of his hand.

Hugo Gonzalez:

Hey Ari, you should check this book out and tell these young prophets what you've learned.

Handing the book over to his tag team partner, Gerardo wastes no time beginning to rip out the pages and throw them into the air when they're quickly attacked by the infuriated Eye and his protege.

DING DING

Hugo Gonzalez is still laughing, but Nathan Eye is not and he strikes him with a drop kick to open the match! Gerardo yells at him for the cheap shot, but the referee makes him go back to his corner. Nathan Eye tells him things are cool but then he puts the boots to Hugo!

Lance:

For a man that preaches things like self-help and bettering yourself, he can't take criticism well!

DDK:

No, he can't! The action is starting off quickly for these two!

Nathan has Hugo up and then slams his face into the corner of M4NTRA. Nathan tags Declan and then two men considered to be among the best BRAZEN talent-produced work on Hugo. Nathan Eye charges at the corner and hits a corkscrew corner splash. The big San Francisco wrestler whips him into a head-tuck rolling dropkick from Declan! Declan gets up and makes an "M" gesture with his two hands and that gets a mixed reaction from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Lance:

You have to give them credit, this is some good tag team wrestling. Declan wasn't sure where to go after he originally left off the cards two weeks ago, but Tom Morrow pitted him against Dan Leo James and Nathan helped Declan steal the win. Did Declan know about it?

DDK:

I don't know, but Declan is a good kid and I can't imagine that he'd want to win that way.

Declan is about to go for the cover but instead, Nathan Eye has a hand out. Declan makes the tag to his partner. Nathan hits the ring and then charges towards Hugo to hit a scoop slam and then a running leg drop from off the ropes. Nathan makes a cover.

ONE...

TWO ...

NO!!!

DDK:

Did Nathan just try and take the glory for himself out there by wanting that pinfall?

Lance:

That's what it looked like to me.

Nathan grabs Hugo and he attempts a comeback. He strikes Nathan with a couple of punches into his stomach.

DDK:

He's referring to himself as an Inspirational Machine, but he's not taking this match as seriously as he should.

Hugo fights back again and then runs for the ropes. He hits the middle rope and leaps back with a cross body but Eye grabs him out of the air! The Golden State Guru charges him back into the corner. Declan makes another tag. Declan waffles Hugo with chops!

Lance:

Those chops sound strong!

After about three chops, Nathan Eye shoves Hugo into the ropes and then hits the Rise and Grind spine buster but Declan adds to it with the C-C-C-Combo Breaker lung blower on the way down!

DDK:

That was a brutal move! I think Hugo's night is over!

Declan makes the pin fall.

ONE ...

TWO ...

Big Gerardo to the rescue with a leg drop on Declan!

Lance:

That was great! Gerardo just saved the match and might have given Hugo an opening!

Hugo has been hurt by M4NTRA in the last couple of minutes. While Declan is hurt and Gerardo has just returned to his corner, Declan tags Nathan. Nathan gets in, but so does Gerardo!

DDK:

Here comes Gerardo Villalobos! He is also a standout in BRAZEN as the first man to have held their Onslaught Title!

The three-hundred and thirty-pound train makes the tall and powerful Nathan look small by comparison and hits a clothesline. Eye is knocked silly off the first shot and it doesn't seem much better for him when he gets hit with a second.

Lance:

Gerardo is a train!

Declan sees what is happening to his partner. Tom Morrow tells him to get in there and stop it, but Nathan gets a snake eyes on the corner. When Nathan is stunned Gerardo hits a big Samoan drop!

DDK:

We might see M4NTRA's debut get spoiled!

ONE ...

TWO ...

Now Declan to the rescue by using a drop kick against the head of Gerardo.

DDK:

Declan saving Nathan Eye right there! So far they have some good synergy on display.

Declan crawls back to the corner. So does Nathan but when Gerardo tries to get Nathan, Eye counters back with a jumping Enziguri to the side of the head. Gerardo is rattled and Nathan is free and clear to tag Declan. The two members of M4NTRA work together and it takes them both to get him into the ropes. Nathan has to muscle him up with all his strength but he is able to get the big Barrio Boy right into the Play of the Game from Declan!

DDK:

I'm shocked! They even have a double-team finisher! An assisted Play of the Game for Declan Alexander!

Declan pins big Gerardo's shoulder to the mat off the double-team move. Hugo tries to break up the cover, but gets a pounce from Nathan Eye called the Side-Eye!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Tom Morrow looks delighted! He goes into the ring and hugs Nathan Eye for a job well done ... even though it is Declan who gets the win.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... MANTRRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Lance:

M4NTRA win this match in relatively short order! Other than that brief spell of a comeback by Gerardo Villalobos, Declan Alexander and Nathan Eye showed great teamwork for a first-time tandem!

Tom and Nathan stop hugging when they notice Declan. They both make room for one more ... and then he jumps into the hug! The fans are nauseated, but they may have to accept what they are seeing.

Lance:

Please don't tell me that Declan Alexander is drinking the inspirational Kool-aid ...

DDK:

Okay then I won't ... but it sure does seem that way. You have to wonder if somewhere, Titanes Familia are watching this.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Just following the last match...

Backstage, a fretting Dan Leo James has been watching the match on one of the backstage monitor, arms folded. The Young Titan seems distraught with what just happened with his friend, Declan Alexander and his not-at-all-friend Nathan Eye.

Dan Leo James:

Aww, crapbaskets... this is worse than I thought. Matching tights. And a tag team name! AND a tag team finisher? This is bad... real bad.

He turns where two other members of Titanes Familia, Uriel Cortez and Titaness, are both only half-watching. Titaness tries to tap Dan on the arm and force him away from the screen.

Titaness:

Dan... I hate to say this, I really do. But Declan might be a lost cause. He looks like he's picked his side.

Dan turns to his giant mentor.

Dan Leo James:

No, I don't believe that! Declan is a good person. He's had some bad luck, but that doesn't mean everyone goes bad. We can't let Tom Morrow brainwash him!

He sighs.

Dan Leo James:

It's time for drastic measures.

Uriel's eyebrow raises as Dan walks off-screen momentarily.

Uriel Cortez:

What... what the hell are you talking ab... oh, no.

Dan has walked off-camera for a moment, then comes back.

With a large burlap sack over his shoulder.

Dan Leo James:

It's time for "Operation: Get My Friend To Safety Via Burlap Sack." I'll throw this over Declan and run him to safety so we can sit him down and have an intervention. Can you guys maybe chop Tom Morrow for me or distract them with pizza or something? Also, can we have pizza when we get home?

Titaness and Uriel exchange glances before Cortez snatches it and throws it down the hall! Dan gasps as the giant spins around to confront his tag partner.

Uriel Cortez:

Enough! Did you not learn anything from our conversation on DEF Radio? Second, I still want to know why you recorded that conversation and how it got on DEF Radio in the first place!

Titaness tries to put a hand up to calm her husband down.

Titaness:

Dan... this has to stop. I'm sorry, okay? I know you want to help him, but Nathan hit you with that book and Declan seemed okay with taking the win like that. I know you guy were pretty tight back in BRAZEN... but that's not somebody that I'd want to call a friend.

The Young Titan shakes his head.

Dan Leo James:

That sucked... but I watched the match the other day. Declan didn't see what Nathan did. Maybe he didn't know...

Uriel Cortez:

Dan... let it go. I'm sorry. We have other things we should focus on. The Unified Tag Team Titles? There's plenty of other teams jumping out of the woodwork and we never got our rematch after The Lucky Sevens...

Dan Leo James:

...What if nobody helped you?

Cortez stops.

Uriel Cortez:

What?

Dan Leo James:

When Tom Morrow was manipulating you... what if nobody helped you? Eventually, Big Little Uncle Minute... er, Mil did. But what if he hadn't? Would you want him to have given up on you like that? You know what happens when people in Better Future get on Tom's bad side. Jack Mace? Aaron King? Theo Baylor? I know, look, I've seen it... and I don't want Declan on that list, too. He doesn't deserve that.

Uriel looks down at Titaness, but she looks up.

Titaness:

Well... I'm sorry, Uri, but he has a point.

The Titan of Industry casts a look at his wife and then back to Dan. With a heavy sigh, the giant relents.

Uriel Cortez:

...God help me... okay, Dan. We'll try and help him, if we still can.

Dan Leo James: *[elated]*

For real? Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Uriel Cortez:

Stop... no...

But the overgrown kid that is their tag partner jumps up and gives Uriel the most awkward hug in the hallway. Titaness is trying to stifle laughter.

Uriel Cortez: *[while trying to pry Dan off him]*

Stop! Stop! Stop! T, get him off me or I'm going to chop him again...

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. COUNT NOVICK

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The music comes accompanied with a rumble of thunder. The stage lights dim to set the mood. Crossing the DEFiATron appear two single words.

VAE VICTIS

The stage lights gradually come up, revealing Kerry Kuroyama marching through the entry-way in knee-high mist. A smirk of confidence is worn on the face of the Pacific Blitzkrieg as he takes a moment to take in the jeering crowd, then wraps a burgundy VV towel around his neck before advancing down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-six pounds... representing VAE VICTIS... please welcome, KEEERRRRYYY... KUUUROOOYAAAMAAA!!

DDK:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen! The action continues here on the first night of DEFtv 187, as Vae Victis officially make their presence known here tonight in the KeyBank Center in the form of "the Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Kerry is riding high after subsequent wins over Declan Alexander at DEFCON, and over David Fox two weeks ago. For the record, Fox spoke earlier tonight on the outcome of that match, although it's unknown if Kuroyama heard the message.

DDK:

I'm not sure Kerry hears much of anything outside of his own orbit these days, considering he's adopted a somewhat high and mighty stance since joining up with the elite forces of Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes, and Oscar Burns. Still, his commitment to the group's mission cannot be understated.

Kuroyama scales the steps and enters the ring, wasting little time as he stretches against the ropes.

♪ "Creepy Song" by Some Dude Playing the Organ ♪

On the DEFiATron, a castle on a hill. In a crackling thunder storm. The entire screen turns black and white with a filter that makes it look like an old talkie. A burst of lighting, and we are now inside the creepy medieval castle, and a figure shrouded in shadow slowly rises from the floor like a plank. And then...

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blond ♪

A burst of fog billows out from the rampway. And in the center of that fog, a figure. A figure shielding himself from prying eyes by using his cape to hide his face. But there's no mistaking who this... and The Faithful sure know...

The Faithful:

AH!! HA!!! HA!!!

And with that, the cape is dramatically swirled away, revealing one half of the new BRAZEN tag team champions: Count Novick! The Count is dressed in usual gothic inspired ring gear, but also sports the gold wrapped around his undead waist. Novick grins a dastardly grin to the sea of Faithful cheering for him, creeping toward the ring with an exaggerated stride as his head shoots back and forth. Halfway down the ramp, he stomps directly in front of the camera to raise both eyebrows in quick succession before continuing his creepy dance to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Bran, Transylvania, and weighing in at two-hundred and one pounds... HERE IS...

COOOUUUNT... NOOOVIIIICK!!

DDK:

As crazy as it sounds... we are looking at a man who is love struck...

Lance:

I'm afraid he's going to be struck by something else very soon.

Novick is up on the apron. Before entering the ring, he turns to the fans and raises his arms dramatically, baring his "fangs" and surely SPOOOKING the hell out of the front row. Through the ropes, he never takes his eyes off Kuroyama as he marches around in a circle, cape drawn up to cover the bottom half of his face. Finally, as his theme fades out, he again flourishes the cape.

DDK:

Count Novick has apparently attracted the attention of Vae Victis in the worst way possible. First a failed bid at challenging for the FIST, and now he has to go head to head with Kerry Kuroyama, who isn't exactly the kind of athlete who holds a lot of respect for some of the more outlandish members of our locker room.

Lance:

And Count Novick is certainly the posterboy for all things outlandish in DEFIANCE.

Official Carla Ferrari makes her final checks and gives the cue to the timekeeper.

DING DING

Both competitors leave their respective corners, Kuroyama looking ready to grapple while the Count conceals his face into the crook of his arm. Right before they meet in the middle, Novick suddenly straightens up and extends his arms out in front of him.

Count Novick:

YOOUU vill LOOOOK into my EYES...

DDK:

Oh geez... just what does he think he's doing?

Kerry pauses, and puts his hands on his hips. His face is filled with murderous impatience, but the Count nevertheless flicks his fingers as he casts his dark magic.

Count Novick:

LOOOOK into my EEEYYEEES!

Suddenly, the tension in Kuroyama's furrowed brow appears to ease. His eyes lose focus. His mouth begins to hang agape. His arms hang listlessly at his sides as his.

Lance:

No way...

DDK:

Are you KIDDING me?!

Kerry stands completely entranced under Novick's apparent spell. Triumphant, the Count throws his head back and unleashes his characteristic cackle.

Count Novick:

AH!! HA!! HA!! NOW, you vill listen carevully! VIRST... you shall lie down on the mat! And VINALLY--

Lariat.

DDK:

GYOODGAAAAWWD-WHATTA-LARIAT!!

Practically levitating over the canvas, Count Novick gracefully glides through the air off the impact of the zero-to-a-hundred running clothesline unleashed by the Pacific Blitzkrieg. The flight comes to a not-so-graceful finish the moment he crashes to the mat. Kerry's momentum comes to a halt as he gets to the ropes. The Faithful, denied their vampire hijinks, jeer him for the swerve. Kuroyama savors the moment with a smug, self-satisfied grin.

Lance:

The Count almost had us thinking he had Kerry under his spell, but that apparently was not the case!

DDK:

Obviously, the Pacific Blitzkrieg was only patronizing Novick's efforts to enthrall him into an easy victory.

Kerry goes right to work. He hooks the arms of Count Novick to pull him back to his feet before launching him across the ring with a release Tiger Suplex.

And a second.

And a THIRD.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is practically suplexing the life back into this allegedly undead DEFIANT! Count Novick is being remorselessly ragdolled to and fro around the squared circle as the Pacific Blitzkrieg does what he does best!

Lance:

For someone who despises outlandish gimmicks, Kerry sure looks like he's having the time of his life in there.

After the flurry of suplexes, Kuroyama arrogantly doesn't bother making a cover. Instead, he goes back to the ropes and smirks into the crowd, taunting the Faithful into a fever pitch without ever having to open his mouth.

Lance:

This is like shooting fish in a barrel for Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

If it were that easy, he'd stop trolling the audience and go for the win! Kerry continues the punishment as he pulls Novick back up, setting him up for a--NO!! The COUNT with a JAWBREAKER!

The crowd immediately pops off the sudden turn of events. Kuroyama stumbles backwards, clutching his chin. Novick summons up all the reserves of PURE EVIL flowing through his vampiric veins as he KIPS UP back to his feet with his arms crossed over his chest! When Kerry recovers, the expression on his face can only be summed up with the triad of letters W, T, and F.

DDK:

Count Novick looks practically UNPHASED from that assault! Kerry charges in... Novick DUCKS the discus forearm! Kuroyama comes around--and goes straight into the BUMP IN THE NIGHT!!

Lance:

And he got all of it!

DDK:

Count Novick keeps the legs held in place as he makes the pin!

ONE!

But KERRY BOOTS HIM IN THE FACE almost immediately!

The Count sprawls away, clutching his pointed nose. Kuroyama for his part slides out of the ring to take a moment to recalibrate. His mood has completely flipped from overconfident to angry and slightly embarrassed. He paces back and forth impatiently, ignoring the taunts and cajoling from the ringside fans who indulge themselves in rubbing it in his face.

Lance:

Kerry must be kicking himself for letting his guard down.

DDK:

It's the price he pays for coming into this overconfident! He may pride himself in being a pure professional wrestler, but nobody in the DEFIANCE locker room should ever be taken for granted!

Kerry finally snaps when someone across the barricade makes the mistake of calling him "toadie" and lets the offender know exactly how he feels about them. When he turns his attention back to the ring, however... a dark, evil shadow falls over him.

DDK:

ROPE FLIP BY COUNT NOVICK OUT OF NOWHERE!! Kerry Kuroyama CAREENS into the barricade!

Lance:

Kuroyama lost his focus for just a second, and the Count made him pay for it.

Novick goes to pull Kerry off the steel barricade, but suddenly recoils the sight of sanguine red dripping down Kuroyama's forehead.

Count Novick:

BLAH!!

A small cut has formed on the Pacific Blitzkrieg's brow where he impacted with the barricade. Kerry notices it himself when he touches that area and sees the blood on the tips of his fingers. His face suddenly turns cold and emotionless. Count Novick's expression, on the other hand, is absolutely ecstatic as his bulging eyes hone in on the flowing streaks of red.

Count Novick:

Your BLOOD! I WANT your--

LolyawtvrLARIAT.

DDK:

BFWGHAM-DISCUUUUUUSS LARIAT NEARLY DECAPITATES COUNT NOVICK!!

Lance:

The only guaranteed way to slay a vampire, if I recall.

Kuroyama has entered BEAST mode. Novick is pulled off the mat and deposited back into the ring. Kerry follows. Novick is the one seemingly hypnotized as he staggers back onto his feet and the Pacific Blitzkrieg scoops him onto his shoulder.

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER! That's all she wrote!

Lance:

Unless she has an epilogue!

Oh, but she does. Kuroyama peels Novick back up and hits him with a second.

DDK:

ANOTHER Kuroyama Driver! Stake the heart, cut off the head, stuff the mouth with garlic, and point it south, cause this vampire has been completely SLAIN here tonight by Seattle's BEAST! Hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Kerry ignores Ferrari coming in to raise his hand, instead immediately rolling out of the ring and snapping at a ring crew member to fetch him someone from DEFMed to suture the cut. Novick lies in the ring, arms characteristically crossed over his chest and the lord of darkness returns to his everlasting slumber.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... KEEERRRRYYYY KUUURROOOYAAAAMMAAAA!!

DDK:

Another resounding victory for the Pacific Blitzkrieg, following a very atypical battle for the Vae Victis stalwart! Professionalism triumphed over personality in this affair, although the Count seemed to have an opportunity there that was practically handed to him. Kuroyama may be feeling confident as of late, but if you ask me, he's getting precariously close to becoming arrogant!

Lance:

True. Though it also certainly seems as though Kerry Kuroyama is preparing himself for a major move in the near future. And I can't help but think it might have something to do with bringing the Favoured Saints Title back to Vae Victis. Kuroyama is a man on a mission right now.

DDK:

Maybe. But right now, ladies and gentlemen, let's send it backstage, where I'm being told there are some developments taking place with the Barrio Boys!

EL ASCENSO DE LOS CAIDOS (THE RISE OF THE FALLEN)

Cut to the backstage area.

A corridor not far from the go position. The ailing Barrio Boys, Hugo, and Gerardo are headed back to the locker room after their main roster debut went belly up at the hands of M4NTRA.

From behind, they hear Corey Nunez, the third Barrio Boy, who recently took up ranks with "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio.

Corey Nunez:

¡Hermanos!

Corey jogs down the corridor, catching up to Hugo and Gerardo. He looks worried, his brow furrowed with concern.

Corey:

¡Hermanos! ¿Están bien? That match was brutal!

Hugo and Gerardo slow down, turning to face Corey. Their bodies are battered and bruised, sweat dripping down their faces still.

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

Estamos... no tan bien, hermano. That was tougher than we expected. ¡This was supposed to be our big shot, güey!

Gerardo Villalobos:

¡They will send us back to BRAZEN after that mierda!

Corey's concern deepens as he takes in their condition. He clenches his fists, feeling a surge of determination within him.

Corey Nunez:

No podemos dejar que esto nos detenga. We can't let this stop us, hermanos. We've come too far to give up now. We are here now!

He places a hand on each of their shoulders, his voice filled with conviction.

Corey Nunez:

Somos los Barrio Boys, damn it! And if we fall ... ¡Nosotros abrazamos la caída! ¡Nosotros nos levantamos una vez más!

Hugo and Gerardo exchange glances, a flicker of determination crossing their eyes. They nod in agreement, their spirits lifted by Corey's words.

Hugo:

Tienes razón, Corey.

Gerardo:

Los Barrio Boys nunca se rinden. We never give up. We'll keep fighting until we make our mark in this business.

Corey takes a deep breath, preparing to share his newfound plan with his brothers.

Corey Nunez:

Me encontré con Victor Vacio, "The Lost Cause". Tiene un plan, una visión. Él cree en nosotros, en lo que podemos lograr juntos.

Hugo and Gerardo's exchange puzzled glances, their curiosity piqued.

Hugo:

¿De qué estás hablando, Corey?

Corey Nunez:

Mira, sé que suena descabellado, pero Victor tiene una oportunidad real para nosotros. Nos ofrece una dirección clara, un liderazgo sólido. Juntos, bajo su hisa, podemos alcanzar la grandeza que hemos soñado.

Gerardo raises an eyebrow as we cut to commercial. Intrigue.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

NO COUNTRY FOR SNOWFLAKES OR ENTERTAINERS

Malak Garland sips his ice water from a swirly straw as he sits in the comfort of his locker room. Siobhan doom scrolls from a couch of her own as Cyrus Bates stands in the corner, fanning the both of them with a large leaf. Malak gazes towards the phone in his hand with a lot less interest than his girlfriend is doing with hers.

Malak Garland:

Can you believe the price of concealer? I mean the good stuff, too. It's unreal. Like, I knew Elise wasn't cheap but this is a bit much for facial routines.

Siobhan stays mum as suddenly, a notification flashes on his phone which makes the Keyboard King sit up and nearly spit out his water.

Malak Garland:

No way. No. No. Nooooooooooooo. Come on. You've got to be kidding me.

Malak throws his phone down on the coffee table in front of him. Steamed, he can't help but pace out of the room with a worrisome look on his face. He rubs the palms of his hands against his cheeks in one of his typical anxiety riddled attacks.

Malak Garland:

I can fix this. I can make this better. There's no way that's true.

Garland rushes back into the locker room and picks up his phone for no more than a few seconds to send off some sort of message. He drops it almost as fast as he picks it up and before he can take three steps out of the locker room, a full blown rally team surrounds him. One of the people holding a blank bristol board approaches him.

Rally Expert:

Hi Malak! Thanks for messaging us! We were in the neighborhood and decided to drop by! What's the matter? Your message was rather cryptic saying you needed help to rally against something! Naturally, my social justice warrior friends and I are always game for a little peaceful but passive aggressive protesting so let's get at it!? What is it we're protesting against this time? Ageism? Fun discrimination? Wait, wait, dare I say? It's not farm animal trafficking again is it? We just managed to release a bunch of unhatched chicken eggs that were being held in captivity into the wild last week. I'm sure the eggs are thriving on their own by now. So what is it?

Malak smiles. He knows he's enlisted the right people for the job.

Malak Garland:

So get this, right? I am so hard done by. I cannot believe it. I can almost barely speak but I am somehow persevering through. I just got word that the next pay-per-view, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, will be held in, in, in.

Malak begins to get all choked up. The bristol board rally eXpErT places a gentle hand on Garland's back. Daring, considering no consent was asked for.

Malak Garland: [Sniffing]

Nashville, Tennessee.

Dead silence. The protestors-on-call aren't sure how to react. They just look towards Malak the same way as they were looking moments before the city name was dropped.

Rally Expert:

And that means exactly?

Malak Garland:

Nashville is THE home of country music, to which I greatly despise. Country is not a music genre. It's a brand of toilet

paper that should be used on your waste hole. Trying to be respectful here, trying to be respectful.

He takes a deep, deep breath as it becomes abundantly clear to the rally group that this deep rooted hate of country music tyranny needs to be halted.

Malak Garland:

I just, I just don't know if I could compete at the right level in a city that appreciates such deprecating sound so much. Like, I would barely be able to execute a vertical suplex without thoughts of guitar strings dancing through my mind. Will you help me?

He locks eyes with the bristol board carrier before moving onto the glasses wearing Karen of the group.

Malak Garland:

Will you help me?

He makes his way over to the short but fierce little one of the group.

Malak Garland:

Will you help me?

They all begin looking around at each other and nodding, buying into the notion. Yeah, heck yeah. Down with country music.

Rally Expert:

Of course we'll help you, Malak! You were there for us in Yellowknife to rally against the pandas from eating all the leaves so envision this as us repaying the favor. We shall rally. Heck, we shall PETITION for DEFIANCE to change the location based solely on your feelings towards Nashville and country music as a whole.

Hearing that gives Malak all the lovely spine tingles in the world. Relief. Finally.

Malak Garland:

Okay, that sounds, ummmmmmmmm, DELECTABLE.

They all grab hands like a happy-go-lucky group of fun loving shit disturbers as they make their way down the halls, shouting and screaming to "Protest DEFIANCE" and "Defund Favored Saints" over the idea of booking MAXDEF in the heart of country music heaven. Suddenly, a door opens as a familiar face pokes her head out to see what all the protesting is about.

Elise Ares:

Defund the Favoured Saints? About what? I'll make a statement! I'm all about lazy and free positive PR. D, get over here, we need to release a statement before the tabloids put us on the wrong side of this hours' breaking news.

As soon as she speaks the rallying cry stops. The D, comedy/drama masked, soon joins her in the doorway when their eyes navigate through the crowd and pick up a white-haired crusader leading the protest.

Elise Ares:

Oh. Nevermind. Goodbye.

With a quick finger wave the FACE of DEFIANCE quickly slams the door shut and locks it with a click. Soon a barrage of snowflake fists bang on the door. Through the sounds of pounding aluminum and muffled screeches of furniture being pushed across the room to barricade the door, Malak's voice cuts through the chaos like a shrill, unlikeable knife.

Malak Garland:

ELISE!? ELISE, ARE YOU THERE? Oh my goodness gracious. We bump into each other two weeks in a row!? What

are the odds on that? Hey, hey LISTEN! I've started a petition here to move MAXDEF from Nashville because of my distaste for country music. Don't suppose you would be interested in getting on board for a good cause now, would I?

On the other side of the room the muffled sound of furniture shifting resumes, leaving a frustrated Garland to roll his eyes and begin to walk away with his angry mob before the door suddenly opens.

Elise Ares:

Sure kid, my autograph is \$100.

There is a pregnant pause in which Ares realizes that Malak isn't going to pay her.

Elise Ares:

Fine, whatever, you poor. I'll use a rubber stamp or something. Anything that will make them turn off that musical equivalent of a dying animal off in the locker room before the show starts. Everytime I hear a yodel it just makes my skin crawl.

Ares shivers as Garland's eyes light up.

Malak Garland:

You... you don't like country music either?

He rubs his chin generously.

Elise Ares:

BBY, I'm half-asian and half-latina. What do you think?

As she states her case, The D pushes through and stamps the top of Malak's clipboard.

The D:

And I was born north of the Mason-Dixon line.

The D nods, then steps back and softly converses with Elise. Both begin to apply vigorous amounts of hand sanitizer. The D snaps his fingers, and Klein steps out from the locker room. The D takes the rubber stamp and drops it into a garbage can that Klein holds.

Somehow it instantly ignites. Klein scurries off.

Malak Garland:

Wow okay, well, ummmmmmm, that was a bit easier than I thought. While I have you, what are your salty takes on the major league baseball pitch clock for us purists? Or better yet, how do you feel about seal overpopulation!? The seas are our waters! Time to take them back! The seals can find somewhere else to call home! I have an endless amount of active petitions for you to sign, come to think of it!

Elise Ares:

No thank you, toodles.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE slams the door shut in Malak's face before the muffled sound of moving furniture could be heard again on the other side, properly barricading the door. Malak stands there, somewhat conflicted.

Malak Garland:

Hmmmmmm. Okay, wow. Elise Ares. Hmmmm. You know what, we might be onto something here. We are so alike. Too alike. What a delectable development. What a delectable development indeed.

Malak walks away with a satisfyingly happy look on his face.

DEX JOY vs. CLAY BYRD

DDK:

We've got a hell of a match coming up and one that is going to be physical! Before Dex Joy clashes with Vae Victis's leader Lindsay Troy to battle for the FIST, he has to go through the largest member of the group! We're talking about the dangerous and powerful Clay Byrd!

Lance:

Before Lindsay Troy defended her title against ... Count Novick ... Dex Joy wanted the match against Clay Byrd. He has promised to go through every other member of the group and he is almost there. Both Kerry Kuroyama and Henry Keyes fell to the Biggest Boy during the Acts of DEFIANCE Tournament that was won by Troy! Dex holds two victories on pay-per-view against Oscar Burns.

DDK:

This will be no easy task for Dex. Clay Byrd has beaten Conor Fuse one on one. He has defeated the current Favoured Saints champ Rezin. He's tangled with Elise Ares. Those are three top stars that Clay Byrd has been in the ring with so he knows what he is doing and if Dex Joy isn't on top of his game that deadly lariat of Clay Byrd's can end his night before it begins!

One by one in the KeyBank Center the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time....

10 ... 9 ... 8 ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1 ...

A swirl of lightning begins to gather around the DEFIA-tron ... and the power comes back on in a bright flash!

BIG!!! DEX!!! ENERGY!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The lights return to Dex Joy appearing on stage in his new lightning-covered body suit attire!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first ... from Los Angeles California, weighing in at three-hundred and twenty pounds... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JJJJOOOOOOYYYYY!!!

The Biggest Boy gets the blood flow going with a big cartwheel on stage! The agile and boundless DEFIANCE Wrestling star walks to the ring. He gets inside and then jumps onto the second turnbuckle. The response is huge for the Biggest Boy! He points to the fans all over the KeyBank Center!

♪ "Gunning For You" by Nick Nolan ♪

Transitioning into...

♪ "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. But he isn't alone ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Well look who's here ...

The manager for Vae Victis, Sonny Silver. The reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, who has two tote bags slung over her arm. Dex Joy sees the trio before Lindsay breaks off to head towards the commentary booth. Sonny comes out with Clay Byrd and is barking orders at him to destroy the Biggest Boy.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent from Plainview, Texas...accompanied by Sonny Silver, weighing in at 295 pounds, representing Vae Victis...CLAAAYYYYYYYY!!! BYYYYYYYYRD!!!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy is coming out here to get a look at her challenger just like Dex Joy did on our last show. Lindsay Troy, welcome to the booth.

Lindsay Troy: *[headset rustling]*

Thanks for that lukewarm welcome, Lance. I hope you manage to find an energy reserve to call this bonafide HOSS FITE we've got coming up.

DDK:

It's definitely not going to be a technical masterpiece, that's for sure.

Lindsay Troy:

Before we get down to the spirited fighting contest and watch Clay lariat Dex's head to Jupiter, I have brought you both presents in appreciation for all the hard work you put in show after show.

Lance:

Really?

Lindsay Troy:

Yes, really.. Did dEx jOy bring you anything besides a headache two weeks ago when he was on commentary? No. No he did not.

Lance:

Well, to be fair, he didn't exactly have time to--

Lindsay Troy: *[scowling]*

Do you want your present or not, Lance?

Lance looks at Darren, who shrugs.

Lindsay Troy:

Now, as you can see, I am wearing the brand new, JUST DROPPED IN THE DEF SHOPPE, winking Helen "I'm not like a regular tiger, I'm a COOL tiger" t-shirt, available in black and pink for all your Wednesday needs.

Camera zoom-in on Troy's shirt, featuring a super cute cartoon winking Helen who is holding a pink martini glass. In the background are cartoon drawings of ADV, Elise Ares, Rezin, and cOnOr fUsE with Xs over their eyes.

Lindsay Troy:

And I have one for each of you, as well as two Vae Victis "Burn Book" t-shirts. AND!!! You get to keep the tote bags, which shows the whole gang aboard the Airship!

She holds out the bags to the Dream Team with a big smile on her face.

Lindsay Troy:

Pretty sweet, right?

DDK:

Well...

Lance:

To be honest, I don't know if we can accept these...

Lindsay Troy:

You can, I've cleared it with HR. Now let's get this slaughter over with.

At ringside, Sonny is standing by the apron when Clay Byrd hits the ring and then climbs into the squared circle. The Biggest Boy takes the situation very seriously when the deadly cowboy gives him a smile that indicates that trouble is coming his way. Clay Byrd removes his hat and hands it over to Sonny at the ringside. The official is the massive Brian Slater for this contest.

DDK:

Well, the bell has rung and we're underway, for the first time ever! Dex Joy versus Clay Byrd ... but Clay is not interested in a feeling-out process!!!

Clay comes at Dex with a big punch to the temple. A big chest kick to Dex backs the #1 Contender into a corner! Clay hits three chops against Dex's chest! The Biggest Boy is feeling each strike from the Cowboy!

Lance:

Listen to those chops!

Lindsay Troy:

Can hear them all the way up here, just as God intended.

Clay throws a big knee lift into Dex's frame. He leads Dex across the ring with a whip, but when he comes back, he doesn't expect Dex to roll up and over the corner to the apron! Byrd hits the corner!

DDK:

Nobody there for Byrd! And look at Dex!

Dex Joy gets cheers from the Faithful and runs across the apron. He goes up to the top rope and then crashes down with a flying cross body! The Faithful cheer as Dex starts to pin him!

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!

DDK:

Dex taking risks to stay ahead of Clay!

Lance:

That agility is amazing. How do you plan on counteracting that at Maximum DEFIANCE, Lindsay?

Lindsay Troy:

I find kicking someone in the head and giving them brain damage seems to be a pretty effective counter, Lance, don't you?

Dex picks up Byrd and he has the Vae Victis member on his shoulders! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful know the DEX-5 is coming, but Byrd frantically punches away at the head of Dex until he lets go and lands on his feet. When Dex turns around, Clay swings with a standing lariat. The Biggest Boy moves out of the way of the first one, but it's a fakeout as Clay comes back to the other side and *strikes* Dex in the back of the neck with a big standing clothesline! Dex gets sent to the mat and he's already got his hands up over his neck!

DDK:

DEX-5 blocked and Clay suckered him in! Dex dodged the first standing clothesline, but that one to the back of the just took him off his feet!

Lance:

And remember that neck! Those battles with Kerry Kuroyama and Henry Keyes led to the prior neck injuries he had that Corvo Alpha capitalized on during their wars!

Clay is being jeered by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Sonny Silver looks happy with what Clay has just done. He yanks Dex by his neck in a headlock and then hits a spinning neck breaker! Dex collides with the mat and Clay goes for the lateral press.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Dex! It'll take a lot more than that to keep him down!

Lindsay Troy:

Not if his neck is injured again, Keebs.

Dex gets to his knees, but Byrd is up faster and he hits another big clubbing forearms right to the neck! Dex fires back with a stiff elbow of his own to the stomach of Byrd and tries to stand, then whips him to the corner, but a short arm leads to another big knee lift. Clay Byrd wraps his arms around the body of the Biggest Boy and then takes him in the air with a released German suplex!

DDK:

Oh, God! Dex rolled and barely avoided landing on his head and shoulders, but that impact still wasn't good! When have you seen Dex get ragdolled around the ring like this?

Sonny looks pleased as punch. Byrd puts his weight down on Dex's arms for a pin fall.

ONE...

TWO!

NO!

Despite the dangerous move, The Biggest Boy's big shoulder rises off the mat! Sonny does not look pleased any more.

DDK:

It isn't a shock that Clay has been so dominant and he's attacking that neck!

Lance:

As a journalist, I have to ask, Lindsay ... is that per your instructions that Clay Byrd is attacking the neck? Are you

having him soften up the neck for when he faces you at Maximum DEFIANCE?

Lindsay Troy:

Tell me you didn't listen to Kerry during our DEFCON press conference without telling me you didn't listen to Kerry during our DEFCON press conference, Lance. Nobody in Vae Victis gives out orders and nobody in Vae Victis takes them. And if you were a halfway decent journalist, you'd know that professional wrestlers not only spend hours in the gym before our fights, but we also spend hours studying tape.

Dex's last two-count gets under Clay's skin. Clay goes wild with punches in bunches while Dex is down. Referee Brian Slater orders him to stop, but Byrd does no such thing until Silver yells at him from the outside to stop!

Sonny Silver:

Keep it up! Finish the Doughboy so we can call it a night!

Byrd snaps out of his anger and then tries to pick Dex up. He throws another knee to the head of Dex, but Dex doesn't give up! He throws a few elbows to the gut, but once again Clay cuts him off at the pass with a big right. He then hits another uppercut.

Lindsay Troy:

Keep wearing him down, Clay, there ya go!

DDK:

Another stiff shot by Byrd! He's come here to win tonight! This would be among the biggest wins in his DEFIANCE career if he pins Dex tonight just before his title match!

It takes him a couple of tries, but he picks Dex up for a big running power slam, but Dex kicks free! He slips behind Byrd and hits him with a HUGE release german suplex of his own!

Lance:

Joy hands him a receipt! Momma Joy's Baby Boy with a suplex of his own!

Lindsay Troy:

Big moves expend big energy, especially after the beating Dex has taken.

Dex goes back up and then hits a pair of big shots that rock Byrd as he stumbles backwards. Sonny is angry outside as Dex whips Byrd across the ring. Byrd hits the corner and then Dex hits a massive shotgun drop kick! The enforcer of Vae Victis flies back into the corner and now he's down! Clay is out of the ring!

DDK:

What agility by Dex! And I don't think he's done!

Dex scans the rowdy sea of Faithful... er, Dex's Wrecking Crew and starts a "whoa!" chant that builds with the run.

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAA!

DDK:

The Whoa-pe connects! Dex is living up to his moniker and now he's wrecking Clay Byrd!

Lindsay Troy:

I think "wrecking" is exaggerating a little, Keebs, calm down.

Dex Joy sits up first and then grabs Clay by his neck. He hits heavy elbow smashes and puts him back into the ring. Byrd is rolling on the canvas and Dex climbs the apron. Silver tries to intervene, but Dex sees him coming and he shoots a murderous look at the Vae Victis manager. Dex dares him to do something stupid. Dex heads over the ropes and *crushes* Clay with a slingshot senton over the ropes!

DDK:

Dex might have crushed Clay with that move! I think this is it!

ONE ...

TWO ...

TH-NO!

The disappointment is on Dex's face!

Lance:

Close one, but Clay is not staying down!

DDK:

We know first-hand how vicious Byrd can be. As we mentioned before, some of his list of names ... Conor Fuse, Rezin, Elise Ares! There's a reason he's been a vital part of Vae Victis and that's not because he lucked into it.

Lindsay Troy:

He's been a vital part of Vae Victis because he was invited into the group. Guys, do I have to do all your work for you tonight? Maybe I should announce matches too. Someone get Roland on the horn.

Lance:

Who's Roland?

Lindsay Troy:

A clown.

Dex Joy calls out to the crowd and gets cheers from the Wrecking Crew! He stands at the side of Clay and he has Dexy's Midnight Runner on his mind.

Lance:

Hey! What is Sonny doing? He has no business interfering!

Sonny grabs the leg of Dex. Dex spins around and he stomps on Sonny's hand under his foot and that gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to really make some noise! -

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

That's what Sonny gets for sticking his nose where it doesn't belong ... but Clay! Clay is back up!

Dex gets a gut punch from Byrd and then gets picked up and dropped over the top rope with a hot shot! Another big move snaps Dex's neck! Then he kicks him and with amazing strength he has Dex up in the air ...

DDK:

Clay Byrd just spiked Dex with that folding power bomb! How did he get him up for that?!

Clay puts all his weight into a tight cover!

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

Now it is Clay's turn to be surprised with the tenacity of his opponent!

DDK:

I don't know how Dex kicked out of that hot shot or that power bomb, but Clay Byrd is now going for the biggest weapon in his destructive arsenal!

Lindsay Troy:

Decapitation time, baybeeeee!

Dex has a hand over his neck. Dex hobbles around with the cowboy standing over him with intent to finish the job he set out to do. To the ropes he goes ... but so does Dex off to the side! He meets Clay with Dexy's Midnight Runner!

Lance:

MY GOODNESS!!! BYRD DIDN'T SEE IT COMING!!!

Clay is down near the corner and Dex's neck might be bothering him, but he points up at Lindsay Troy on commentary.

Lindsay Troy:

Point all you want, dipshit, you haven't won yet.

Dex climbs the ropes while Clay is down ... and then hits a perfect diving moonsault off the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

Dex hits the Joy Buzzer! He's only used that move twice in his career! Once to beat Gage Blackwood for the SOHER title and once on Corvo Alpha!

Silver has his hand close to him and he's angry while Dex goes for the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... DEXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

Dex knows that he has survived a war with the enforcer of Vae Victis. One hand is on his neck but his other hand is being raised by Brian Slater.

Lance:

Dex is true to his word! He said he would go through every other member of Vae Victis on his way to get to you and that title, Lindsay.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah? And at what cost, Lance? From where I'm sitting, Dex's promise just left him compromised. What a shame.

Lindsay Troy drops her headset and stands atop the booth. She looks down at Dex from the top of the ramp and holds the FIST aloft. Sonny is helping Clay out under the ring ropes. Dex looks at them and then up at Troy on the table with four fingers out.

Dex Joy:

FOUR DOWN, QUEENIE!!! ONE TO GO!!!

The Queen says nothing.

Her smirk says it all.

DDK:

Let's hope there's no lasting damage to that neck before we get to their title match ... but at Maximum DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy will take on what may be her toughest challenger yet when she faces the determined #1 Contender -- the man with the chance to become a triple crown champion -- Dex Joy!

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UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SNS (C) vs. FLEX IN A BOX

DDK:

Up next is our main event. Lance, this is going to be a barn burner if there ever were one. The Unified Tag Team Championship are on the line!

Lance:

Last week, the Saturday Night Specials came out here with a mission, to recruit like minded individuals to their cause. Instead of seeing some young BRAZEN upstart with talent, we got the bitter Heavy Artillery. Rosie's been with us for almost as long as Mushi and he's never really gotten a chance to shine Darren.

DDK:

They demanded a shot at the BRAZEN tag team championships, but they were interrupted by Flex Kruger and Klein, the team affectionately referred to as Flex in a Box.

Lance:

Tonight, they get their first shot at the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships against Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd! I'm excited for this one Darren.

DDK:

So am I Lance. Let's head to ringside.

Darren Quimbey stands in his evening's finest.

Darren Quimbey:

Up next, is your MAIN EVENT!

The fans cheer as the lights dim to darkness.

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

The opening chords ring out as a light fog rises. Entering from the back and waving enthusiastically is Klein, who's flanked by Flex. Klein drops to a knee and the two flex at the top of the ramp. When suddenly a voice rings out.

The D:

Alright ladies and gentleman, welcome to YOUR MAIN EVENT!

The D steps out from the backstage area wielding a microphone. He raises it above his head and speaks up into it. He accompanies Flex and Klein as they make their way to the ring. Flex occasionally has his pecs jump, as Klein is very friendly with the Faithful, slapping their hands on the way to ringside.

The D:

I'm your MC of tonight's proceedings, one half of the greatest foursome in DEFIANCE history, the Pop Culture Phenoms, the D! Darren, feel free to take your schtick back to amateur hour, see how a real pro does it. TONIGHT, my best friends, the powerhouse pummelers, the basher brawlers, Former BRAZEN Champions FLEX KRUGER, and KLEIN! Combined, they are the dynamic duo of FLEX... IN A BOX!

As they reach the ring and D's crescendo of an entrance, Flex and Klein both hop onto opposite turnbuckles and flex to the roar of the Faithful.

The very satisfying sound of a beer can quickly being opened.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

As the lights in the arena turn red, The Faithful rise to their feet! From behind the curtain, walking with intensity, appears the Unified Tag Team Champions Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy: The Saturday Night Specials. Each

man has a tag title belt around their waist and another one slung over their shoulder. Bringing up the rear, wearing her rather risque SNS gear, is Ophelia Sykes. Sykes has the final Unified Tag Title over her shoulder... and the BRAZEN Women's Championship around her waist!

DDK:

Here come your tag team champions... and their manager, the first EVER BRAZEN Women's Champion!

Brock Newbludd slaps hands on the way to the ring as Pat Cassidy approaches the camera, filling it up with his face.

Pat Cassidy:

Hi Ma!

Grinning, he resumes his walk to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... they are the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! "BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY! "THE INNOVATOR" BROCK NEWBLUDD! THE! SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPECIALS!

DDK:

This would be The Saturday Night Specials' first defense since defeating The Lucky Sevens at DEFCON.

Lance:

They vowed to be defending champions... but they had better not look past Flex in a Box. They've got something to prove.

Cassidy and Brock take position in opposite corners of the ring, holding their belts high. Sykes takes position on the apron, blowing a kiss to the crowd with a wink and a smile.

DING DING**DDK:**

Looks like it's going to be Klein starting this off, as he eagerly waves to Ophelia.

Lance:

Forgotten wrinkle to all of this, Ophelia had a... much less flattering name when she was part of PCP. Their relationship didn't exactly end positively.

DDK:

Opposite Klein is Pat Cassidy. Arguably, these two represent everything good in the hearts of the Faithful. Never give up. Always keep fighting.

Lance:

It's not over til the oversized woman sings.

Klein waves excitedly to Pat across the ring. Pat just extends his hand and steps closer, to which Klein accepts. Circle, collar and elbow tie up, into a side headlock from Cassidy. Klein pulls Cassidy to the ropes and shoots him off. Off the rebound, Klein throws a shoulder block that takes Pat off his feet. Klein dives on top for the pin.

One.

Cassidy easily kicks out. Both men to their feet, into another collar and elbow tie up, quickly initiated by Klein. Klein into a go behind hammerlock. Cassidy reaches back to counter, with Benny Doyle there to make sure no hair is grabbed. Cassidy walks around the ring trying to grab the top rope as Klein sort of steers him in a half circle. Pat stops, grabs Klein's head and drops with a jawbreaker. Pat back up, rushes off the far side, just ducking underneath a clothesline.

Blind tag from Newbludd, but Klein takes Cassidy's head off with a rising clothesline.

DDK:

I don't think Klein saw that.

The D tries to get Klein's attention as he celebrates. Klein turns and Newbludd surprises him with a northern lights suplex, bridge included.

One.

Two.

Klein swats Brock's ribs and breaks the pin. Both men scramble to their feet, as Brock catches Klein in the gut with a boot. He hooks him for a vertical suplex, only for Klein to plant his feet and toss Brock overhead with his own northern lights, this time released. Brock rolls and stumbles to his feet. The Box Man rushes him with a european uppercut that sends Brock back further to Flex and his corner. Brock sees Flex on the apron, who raises both hands to show he's not getting involved, only for Klein to rush Newbludd with a corner clothesline. Klein with the tag out to Flex.

Klein starts putting the boots to Brock, as Flex comes in and joins. The D on the outside can't get enough of this.

DDK:

Klein and Flex doing their very own version of the Blacklist!

Lance:

What would it be called?

DDK:

Honestly, I could see USPS, FedEx or UPS on that list.

Lance:

Not DHL?

DDK:

Nobody uses DHL.

Flex and Klein take turns stomping and tagging out in the corner. Each time the D loudly claps above his head to the tag and mimics stomping the steel turnbuckle on the outside.

DDK:

Oh you can see it in the D's eyes out there. He wants to get back in the ring.

Lance:

Tonight, he gets to live vicariously through his best friends as they challenge one of, if not the best pure tag team in DEFIANCE's history, at the very top of their game Darren.

After the final stomp exchange, Flex Kruger is the legal man. Brock looks up at him a little dazed. Flex shrugs, pops his pec once, and extends his hand. Brock grabs it, and Flex helps him to his feet.

DDK:

Nice show of sports-

Lance:

Spoke too soon.

As both men stand, Flex tries to hook Brock's arms for his Flex-Plex, only for Brock to roll through and dive, tagging in

Pat Cassidy. Cassidy hits the ring and kitchen sinks Flex over. He keeps running and kicks Flex's back on the boomerang. Cassidy dives on top.

One.

Two.

Flex just power presses Pat off of him. Cassidy is first to recover, and rushes in with a back elbow, before hitting a snap suplex. Off the ropes and drops a standing knee across the throat. Cassidy takes a moment, but it's enough time for Flex to hook him in a small package.

One.

Two.

Brock comes in and breaks the pin, as Flex had it hooked in good. Doyle escorts Brock out, just as Flex grabs Cassidy in a vertical suplex. Even while struggling the sheer power of Flex Kruger appears to win out. The blood rushes to Pat's head as he slowly stops fighting, and even still, Flex holds him vertical. Brock shouts to put him down. Flex pops his pectoral muscles while holding Pat before dropping him with a ring shattering vertical suplex.

Once there, Flex locks in a nerve hold to Pat's shoulder, before using his left hand to hook Pat's left arm and his right knee in the back to bend and pull him in a precarious position.

DDK:

I gotta say, Flex and Klein are holding their own quite well against the champs tonight.

Lance:

Flex is a student of BRAZEN, former Champion. Klein's also held that belt, but he's been in this business for almost 25 years now Lance. Klein's a lifetime tag partner and Flex is a mound of pure fresh clay of talent. They've worked together just as long as SNS, they just may not have undergone the same pressure that turned Pat and Brock into diamonds. They might still be a bit in the rough.

Pat fights to his feet with the will of the Faithful. Cassidy uses his free elbow to strike Flex's ribs once, twice, three times breaks the hold. Flex swings with a wild clothesline, which Pat ducks.

DDK:

The Green Monsta Bomb!

The Blue Thunder Bomb puts Flex into a pinning position.

One.

Two.

Klein breaks it up with a boot to the back of the head. He quickly scurries back out, as Pat reaches out and tags in Newbludd. The two grab Flex and irish whip him into their corner.

Lance:

Flex does not want to be in that corner Darren!

DDK:

Brock assisted Pat Splashidy! Big time in the corner!

Flex's eyes roll back as he falls to the mat. Brock hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Klein again makes the save with a simple kick to the back of Brock's head. Without incident from Doyle, Klein exits the ring. Brock reaches down and pulls Flex to his feet. Newbludd lifts Flex, and holds him upside down, letting all the blood rush to Flex's head.

DDK:

Now the show is on the other foot! Flex is going for a ride!

While not as lengthy of a moment, Brock's feat of strength is impressive before Newbludd drops the blonde brute with a brainbuster. Flex himself almost seems to bounce off the ring a bit from the impact. Brock on top for a pin, hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Klein tries to break it up but Pat's there to block him. Flex however, barely kicks out. Pat grabs Klein and tries to throw him out of the ring, but Klein reverses and uses his momentum against him. Cassidy falls outside by the entrance, as Klein climbs the nearby turnbuckle. As Pat gets to his feet, Klein flies with a lightbulb inducing shooting star press.

DDK:

BIG TIME DIVE! I think he just made this a singles match Lance.

Lance:

May not have been the best choice, considering Flex's position.

Inside the ring, Flex barely gets to his feet before Brock locks him in a cobra clutch. The Faithful murmur in anticipation and then notice something.

The D on the outside starts pounding his hand on the apron, willing Flex on.

Until Rosey Owens grabs him from behind and tosses him face first into the outside steel turnbuckle. As this happens, Bobby Horrigan slides into the ring and grabs Brock, vicariously grabbing Flex, and belly to belly suplexes both men.

Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

MY LORD! What in tarnation! Heavy Artillery!?

Lance:

Did you think they were really going to go quiet into that good night?! They're here to make a statement, and that statement is, it's our time!

Rosey slides in and grabs Flex as Bobby grabs Brock. They pick up both men for powerbombs, then bop Flex and Brock's backs together before each going to their own corner, and buckle bombing both Brock and Flex.

DDK:

And they're not done?! Bobby's got a chair and Rosey's climbing the ropes. Oh no, they're putting the chair around Brock's neck!? Somebody stop this!

The Faithful swell in cheers as Klein and Pat Cassidy both hit the ring. Heavy Artillery attempt to leave but Klein rushes Rosey and gives him a helpful shove off the top. Cassidy is a step too slow to strike Bobby with his bionic elbow, as Horrigan lumbers out of the ring and scoops Rosey up in his wake. The two start departing back to the entrance as the crowd jeers the duo.

DDK:

These two hooligans ruined a perfectly good main event! This was shaping up to be one heck of a tag match, and Rosey Owens and Bobby Horrigan ruined it!

Lance:

Even though they took a loss earlier tonight - they've certainly done a good job of inserting themselves into this title picture, haven't they?

DDK:

This behavior shouldn't be rewarded Lance.

Owens stands intimidating behind Bobby, who just licks his chops. He motions for the belts around his waist, as in the ring, Pat checks on Brock and Klein checks on Flex.

Lance:

It shouldn't. No. But Roosevelt Owens and Bobby Horrigan have just made a major impact in tonight's Main Event, and if this is the impact Heavy Artillery is going to have in DEFIANCE, I think we all should be a little worried!

The last image is a wide shot of Heavy Artillery up the ramp and the ring of SNS and FiaB, as Bobby motions for a title belt around his waist.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE.