SHOW OPEN

Bright colorful lights roll across the arena as the Faithful go wild! The DEFtv opening video is playing on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

Signs and excitement everywhere!

MORE LIKE O-HEEL, AMIRITE?
UNLEASH THE SERUM!
REZIN'S NOSE-STRAWS AREN'T JUST FOR BREATHING
ADV, GO INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO TRAFFIC
HENRY KEYES TALKS TO EVERYONE BUT WON'T RETURN MY PHONE CALLS
BETTER FUTURE? I HARDLY KNOW HER... FUTURE... SHUT UP MY SIGN IS FUNNY
ARTHUR FEARS THE DICK...ULOUS
#GOFUNDME #GETKEYESAPHONE
#GETKEYESWIFI #VISITDOTCOMS
YO WE NEED TO WORK ON CONOR'S EMOTIONAL !RANK
BENCH ME RICK
BENCH ME BRONSON
I FIND ARTHUR TO BE ANYTHING BUT PLEASANT
I CAME HERE TO SEE DICK AND A BOX
NEXT FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMP!
THIS SHOW NEEDS LESS 24K
I GO TO MINUTE'S BANK!
OH NO-FACE
LUMBER-GIANT TANTRUM
WHATS TONIGHT'S SPECIALS??
DEF RADIO MOVES TO 8PM EST FRIDAYS ON 6/4
ADV? I THOUGHT IT WAS BVD!
INFINITE REAPER PIGMENTS, PLZ
CONOR NEEDS A PUPPY
ARTHUR PLEASANT IS EVERYWHERE INCLUDING IN YOUR HEAD

DEX&LACROIX-OHBOYOHBOY
WELCOME BACK, TROY MATTHEWS! NICE DYE JOB!
POOR CHRIS TRUTT
REZIN SOLD ME SHEET ROCK DUST IN HIGH SCHOOL
I MISS SCOOT DOOGLESS
ARTHUR PLEASANT IS TRASH
24K WEAR MATCHING ROMPERS
JAY HARVEY SHOULD BE FIST
MIKEY SITS WHEN HE PEES
JAKE, I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S NOT WORKING OUT, BECAUSE MY HEART BELONGS TO DEFIANCE
CODENAME: AWESOME
24KBYE
I HATE REFORM
BRONSON BOX ROX MY SOX
REZIN IS GOLDAR!
DEX JOY 4 FIST
WHEN I THINK OF FUTURES, I THINK OF BETTER FUTURE
MY SIGN IS HIGHER THAN REZIN

DDK:
Welcome everyone to another edition of DEFIANCE Television! We're going to get right to it!

LOS TRES TITANES vs. THE HALLMARK JOURNEY

DDK:
We've got quite the opening match for you up next! It'll be the DEFtv in-ring debut for The Hallmark Journey and they'll be taking on Los Tres Titanes members Uriel Cortez as well as another making her own DEFtv in-ring debut, Titaness!

Lance:
We have seen Titaness be victorious on a number of UNCUTS in different combos with Los Tres Titanes, but tonight we'll see what she can do. And what The Hallmark Journey can do for that matter. Their nauseating demeanor was very much talked about during the Gage Blackwood/Teresa Ames match from DEFCON and…

"As Long as You Love Me" by The Backstreet Boys plays on the PA as JC Hall and wife, Vickie, walk down arm in arm. They stop many, many times to kiss and tell each other how they feel about one another.

Darren Quimbey:
This opening match is a tag team match! Introducing first, Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie Hall… THE HALLMARK JOURNEY!

By now, it's a solid five minutes into their entrance as Jonathan-Christopher jumps onto the apron and holds the ropes open for Vickie. However, she does not yet walk through them. Instead, she blushes and holds both hands against her chest.

Vickie Hall:
Thank you for putting me first, baby.

Jonathan-Christopher chuckles lovingly.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:
Aww my little buttercup, I love you so much.

Vickie kisses her husband and then enters through the ropes. JC Hall follows and they fall into each other's arms once again in the middle of the ring.

Vickie Hall:
Did you miss me? I missed you.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:
Baby, all I do is miss you.

The Faithful are pissing all over this because The Halls are as serious as possible. Quimbey would like to get on with the announcement too as the duo's theme has come to an end but they are standing front and center, arms in arms.

Vickie Hall:
I was so rattled yesterday when you didn't text me back.

Jonathan-Christopher is rattled with a nervous frown.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:
I am so sorry. My cell phone reception cut out but I called you right back.

Vickie looks to the canvas, remembering the incident well.

Vickie Hall:
Gosh golly I know. I just get so bothered when I don't hear from you. I know it was only momentarily. Thank goddess we have each other right now.

Jonathan-Christopher brushes Vickie's hairline behind her ear.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:
You are my only, you know that, right?

Vickie Hall:
And you are mine.

They embrace again. Quimbey makes the announcement from a corner of the ring, looking like he's going to put his head through a blender.

Darren Quimbey:
And their opponents… introducing first, hailing from The Bronx, New York weighing in at 191 pounds… representing Los Tres Titanes, she is The Show of Force… **TITANESS!**

The lights go black. Then one word appears on the DEFTron in silver…

TITANESS

Then four more…

THE SHOW OF FORCE

♫ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♫

The Faithful show love for one of the new kids on the block as a single violet spotlight shines on the new female powerhouse, flexing her arms, back to the stage. Wearing a purple top with silver trim, she turns to face the ring and pops The Faithful with a cartwheel into a flip, landing on her feet to cause a shower of silver and violet pyro to go off! As she stands on the stage…

♫ "RISE" by Mako, Glitch Mob and The Word Alive ♫

The name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that… A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and behind Titaness, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez!

Darren Quimbey:
And her partner, from The City of Industry, California, weighing in at 339 pounds… he is "THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!

Titaness looks up at Uriel and flashes him a smile which Uriel returns in kind before the two head to the ring. Once they reach the ring, Titaness gets hoisted onto the ring apron by her giant of a boyfriend before she flips backwards over the ropes and lands on her feet. Uriel climbs up and heads inside. The Halls ignore their mere presence by eskimo kissing. Yeah.

Lance:
A battle between power couples in DEFIANCE. Oddly enough, I'm kind of here for this.

DDK:
It would be a big win for Hallmark Journey to beat Los Tres Titanes tonight, no doubt.

The massive Uriel leans in the corner and gestures to Titaness if she wants an eskimo kiss, but she mouths "NO" emphatically. Uriel shrugs and then waits as Hallmark Journey finally stops being lovey-dovey long enough for Hector to call for the bell.

DING DING

Jonathan-Christopher starts to pull himself away from his wife Vickie.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:
Hold on just a sec, lov-HOLYSHIT.

He looks up and sees Uriel waving at him, really seeing how tall Uriel is… then gets LEVELED WITH a clothesline to cheers from the crowd!

DDK:
I think The Faithful are more fans of action than rom-coms, it sounds like!

Uriel pulls JC Hall up and then holds him up, ONE ARMED over his shoulder. Uriel waves with his free hand and gets a steady chant going as Titaness tags in. The Titan of Industry drops Hall on the mat with a delayed body slam, then Titaness runs to the ropes. The Show of Force jumps into his arms and they exchange a quick smile at one another… then Uriel FLIPS her over into an aided moonsault press onto Hall! The crowd cheers as Titaness goes for the first cover!

ONE… TW-NO!

DDK:
Hall kicks out! I'm thinking Los Tres Titanes having a little fun out here too.

Lance:
That they are! Let's see what Titaness can do!

Titaness tries to pull Jonathan-Christopher up but Titaness gets surprised with a jawbreaker. Hall staggers away for a moment and runs at the powerhouse bombshell with a clothesline but Titaness side steps. She pushes JC to the ropes, then pops the crowd as she sends him flying over with a huge release German suplex! The Faithful cheer on Titaness as she kips to her feet!

DDK:
WOW! Titaness living up to her nickname as the Show of Force! Six-foot one and she has that amateur background in high school and college! More than just a pretty face, for sure!

JC Hall bounces back to the corner where Titaness pushes him back. She tags Uriel and then he steps into the ring. Jonathan-Christopher is dazed when he looks up and sees Uriel with his hands out, ready for the Chop of Ages… when suddenly, Vickie Hall runs in from her corner and gets in between Uriel and her husband.

Vickie Hall:
No, don't do it! Don't hurt him! Take me instead!

DDK:
Wow… she's really willing to sacrifice himself for her husband. True love right there, I guess.

Lance:
Yeah, it's too bad they're a couple of disingenuous jerks.

Uriel looks at Titaness, who holds a hand out so she can deal with the problem (wo)mano e (wo)mano. The Titan of Industry tags her in to deal with the situation. She goes in to remove Vickie Hall and then bails her out of the corner! The crowd cheers as she gets thrown and Titaness goes to take care of it… but the crowd BOOS when she's grabbed by her hair and THROWN down into a modified backbreaker, courtesy of JC Hall!

Lance:

See what I mean! Attack from behind!

DDK:
Still, that unexpected sacrifice ploy by Vickie Hall might have been their only way out of that situation and it worked.

The crowd jeers as JC blows kisses to his wife and she catches it, then goes for a cover on Titaness.

ONE… TWO-NO!

The Show of Force kicks out, but he grabs Titaness by her arm then leads her to the middle rope so he can tag Vickie into the ring. They exchange places and JC holds Titaness in place in the ropes so Vickie Hall can stand on her back, effectively choking her against the middle rope!

DDK:
Get outta here with… oh, lord, they're kissing WHILE they're choking Titaness.

Lance:
I have a feeling I'm getting diabetes the more we call this match, Darren.

The Faithful jeer the lovey-dovey goofs after they stop kissing. Vickie leaps off of her to make the tag to her husband. While Titaness is still prone against the ropes, Vickie runs off one side of the ring to the other, hitting a dropkick to the back of Titaness! JC Hall enters the ring next and then follows that up with a big back suplex on The Show of Force! Titaness is hurt and an angry Uriel watches on. Vickie is back in her corner, but another quick tag leads to Vickie heading to the top rope before landing a top rope splash on Titaness!

DDK:
Wow, that was some impressive teamwork by Hallmark Journey! Is this gonna be it?

ONE… TWO… HUGE KICKOUT!

Titaness POWERS Vickie off of her and sits up to keep herself off the mat. Vickie once again tags in her husband.

Lance:
Very impressive work, but what are they gonna do next?

The Halls go to whip Titaness off the ropes. They both hold one another's hands like the schmoopies they are and try a double clothesline… but Titaness breaks through that and hits the ropes. Off the rebound she NAILS a double spear both members of the Hallmark Journey! The Hall's get dropped as Titaness sits up and takes in the cheers of the Faithful!

DDK:
Wow! We've seen Titaness use that spear perfectly in her matches on UNCUT and now we see it tonight, too! She's got to get to Cortez!

The Titan of Industry holds a hand out and Titaness makes the jump to her side… TAG TO CORTEZ!

Lance:
Oooooh boy… and he doesn't look happy with what The Hallmark Journey pulled off earlier…

The Titan of Industry steps over the ropes and grabs Jonathan-Christopher Hall before hitting a HUGE corner splash! The legal man for Hallmark Journey gets taken for another ride across the ring and Uriel is right behind him to crush him with another corner splash on the opposite side. He then picks him up in his arms and then HURLS him across the ring with a huge fallaway slam!

DDK:

The Titan of Industry is a house of fire right now! Look at him go!

Cortez sits up and then gets back to his feet, then he has Jonathan-Christopher pinned to the corner with his knee. He doesn't get away this time… THWACK!

DDK:
The Chop of Ages connects! And now Uriel throws him out of the corner!

Lance:
He's getting ready to end this!

The Titan of Industry gets ready to end things. He grabs JC's neck and then starts to pull him up…

DDK:
No! Vickie to the rescue of her husband! She pulls him away from Uriel!

She comes back and saves her husband, but when she least expects it, she gets CLOCKED by a big boot from Titaness to cut her off at the pass! The Titan of Industry gives her a thumbs up, but he catches a chop block the knee by Jonathan-Christopher, bringing him down!

DDK:
JC takes advantage again after the distraction!

He NAILS Cortez with a superkick while he's on his knees! The blow stuns the giant, but he doesn't go down. Jonathan-Christopher goes to throw another one… but Cortez catches the leg! Titaness has Vickie and Uriel has Jonathan-Christopher… in STEREO PRESS SLAMS! They hold both members of Hallmark Journey up and before dropping them to the canvas...then they meet in the middle to embrace to a huge pop from The Faithful! With Uriel doing a foot pop because why not.

Lance:
Oh, Lord, it's spreading!

DDK:
Indeed… but I think The Hallmark Journey's journey is over!

After sharing a kiss in the ring with Titaness, Uriel turns to Hall and powers him up… then DRIVES him down with The Industry Standard! He makes the cover.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING

Uriel looks over to Titaness and smiles and she flashes a smile back.

Darren Quimbey:
Here are your winners of the match… **LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

DDK:
The Hallmark Journey put up a halfway decent fight between their goofiness. And I gotta say if they could focus more, they have potential for sure.

Lance:
But the chemistry… both in and out of the ring, it seems for Los Tres Titanes has been at an all-time high since DEFCON! They're successful tonight and in the main event, Minute defends the Favoured Saints Championship for the first time against the multiple-time BRAZEN title holder, Nathaniel Eye!

As Vickie Hall limps with her husband out of the ring, Cortez and Titaness have their arms raised by Navarro. The two seem to be having fun in the ring… but as they do… the lights go out.

DDK:
What… what's going on?

Lance:
I don't know!

The DEFTron flickers to life with nothing but static. Uriel and Titaness watch the screen where a familiar mallet can be seen tapping against some sort of door.

DDK:
Wait… we know who uses that weapon…

Lance:
We sure do. He wrought havoc on Deacon with that weapon.

And sure as can be, the crowd jeers when "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio appears on the tron with the mallet.

Victor Vacio:
Mantente alejado, gran hombre. Manténgase alejado del hombrecito. O tú y la mujercita pagan.

Uriel doesn't wait for him to leave as he motions to Darren Quimbey and snatches his microphone.

Uriel Cortez:
Don't know if you're deaf or blind, Vacio, but I speak Spanish too, asshole. You ain't telling me to stay away from NOTHING. If you or any of your creepy-crawley dickhead Kabal buddies even think of messing with us OR Minute, you're gonna WISH the Almighty raptures you right out of DEFIANCE. You hear…

But before he can utter anything more, Vacio is gone and the lighting returns to normal as if nothing happened. Titaness doesn't take her eyes off the screen either and Uriel looks ready for a fight.

DDK:
The Kabal, perhaps trying to improve Rezin's odds with some divide and conquer? He made no secret. He's coming for Minute and the Favoured Saints Title the first chance he gets.

Lance:
Wouldn't put it past any of the Kabal to try and help.

Cortez pushes the microphone back at Darren and he and Titaness take their leave up the ramp as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

MCU

Malak Garland sprawls himself across a velvety upholstered therapy couch inside his locker room. Teresa Ames remains mute but sits on the headboard, feeding the Keyboard Master some seedless purple grapes. Cyrus sits at the opposite end of the couch, doing some dumbbell bicep curls.

Malak Garland: [between munches]
Isn't this the life?

Teresa smiles and nods.

Malak Garland:
I mean, really! Isn't this the life!?

Garland shakes his head in blissful happiness before gnawing on a few more grapes.

Malak Garland:
I mean, if you think about it, we literally have everything we want. We just regained my prized shinies and we will not be losing those anytime soon. We are not a one arc and done type of team.

Cyrus grunts loudly as he continues his curls.

Malak Garland:
The Saturday Night Specials can think they have a title shot in the bag all they want. It ain't happening.

Teresa gently taps the side of the bowl which holds many vines of grapes.

Malak Garland:
I mean, look at us. At the top of our game. How's the merch game going? Oh, on point. Top five t-shirt seller in the business if you don't mind me saying.

Malak's unusually chipper attitude continues to shine through.

Malak Garland:
But that's not all.

The Source of Envy snaps his fingers and within seconds, former associates of one Conor Fuse enter view.

Malak Garland:
Faithful, I give you Martin Evans-Everett the sixth, otherwise known as MEE6 and Alex Peterangelo.

MEE6 stands like a drone at the ready while Alex Pietrangelo, suit and all, looks rather scared at his surroundings. Malak claps sarcastically.

Malak Garland:
Former right-hand marks of Conor Fuse. Excuse me, cOnOr Fuse. I stole 'em. Got 'em. Haha. I got you guys for my own plans! Especially you, Alex Peterangelo!

Alex Pietrangelo:
Excuse me, sir but the last name is Pietrangelo.

Malak pucks his lips. He can't believe the audacity shown by Alex. Teresa even stops feeding him grapes. Malak ever so slightly improves his posture.

Malak Garland:

Did you just speak back to me? Don't answer. You know what? I hate last names anyway. They are useless. Let's get rid of them. From now on, you two will only be known as MEE6 and ALEX. Oh, and ALEX, say your name with a little bit of gusto. Pretend it's constantly capitalized if it were written or something.

ALEX nods like he's scared out of his skull.

Malak Garland:
Anyways, as I was saying, these two buffoons have been plucked from the Conor Cinematic Universe and have been given relevance in the Malak Cinematic Universe.

The obvious lingers right in front of everyone's faces except Malak but no one dare say a word.

Malak Garland:
With MEE6 in tow, I will constantly get my ranking so I won't have anxiety and with ALEX, well, he will be here to be my social media strategist, providing me with all the latest market trends, insights and tips.

With that, Malak leans back and continues eating grapes from Teresa as Cyrus puts his dumbbells down, grabs both MEE6 and ALEX by their necks and carries them off into a dark corner to do who knows what.

"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS vs. NED REFORM

The camera pans across the excited Faithful who hold their signs proudly as we hear Darren Keebler and Lance Warner's voices.

DDK:
Well, ladies and gentlemen… up next we've got another DEFtv debut.

Lance:
We've seen his antics on Uncut for months now, but tonight Ned Reform makes his first appearance on DEFtv when faces off with Ryan Batts, a wrestler who is struggling a bit to find his footing after some tough losses.

♫ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♫

The fans begin to boo as the camera shifts to the entrance, where Ned Reform appears in his wrestling singlet, smiling broadly. The lights in DEFarena take on a purple hue as Reform raises his arms in a wide, welcoming gesture. Behind Reform appears his gaggle of goons: TAs Holyoke, Amherst, Hampshire, and Smith. His TAs are all of various sizes, sexes, and dispositions, but they all wear the same stupid sweater vest/khaki combination. Reform begins to walk toward the ring, smiling and pointing to the fans who are just showering him with jeers.

TA Holyoke:
The following contest is scheduled for one fall… introducing first, from Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 226 pounds… DOCTOR NED REEEEEEFORM!

DDK:
Reform brings his own ring announcer because he doesn't trust Quimby with the job.

Lance:
Reform says he's part of the problem. And let's not forget the motivation for this match with Ryan Batts: Reform is trying to prove to Nathaniel Eye that he can out-do his performance at DEFtv 153. He's hoping to take the young Eye under his wing.

Ned Reform briskly strolls up the ring steps and wipes his feet on the apron before entering the ring. Still seemingly oblivious to the fact that everyone seems to hate him, he continues to wave and smile to The Faithful. As his music dies down, he reaches outside the ring and takes the mic from his personal ring announcer, TA Holyoke.

DDK:
Ah, God.

Ned Reform:
Children! Tonight I make my long awaited DEFtv debut!

BOO!

Ned Reform:
Now, before we begin, I…

♫ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♫

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts doesn't wait for intros! Reform looks incredulous as "Bantam" Ryan Batts sprints from the back, not even waiting for a ring introduction! He slides under the bottom rope and pops up - immediately firing at Reform with right hands! Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Batts continues to pummel Reform who reacts to every shot as if he's actually BEING shot. Finally, Batts takes a step back from the dazed Reform, only to charge and drop him with a stiff shoot kick to the chest! Reform hits the mat and bounces wildly back to his feet with his arms flailing… right into a dropkick to the mush! The Good Doctor goes back down!

DDK:
Ryan Batts has come out of the gate firing on all cylinders!

Batts sends Reform off the ropes and catches him on the rebound with a dropkick to the knee! Reform tumbles forward, rolls, and bounces up wildly - falling through the second rope and to the outside floor! Immediately, his gaggle of TAs rush to his assistance, helping him to his feet. TA Smith tries to shove a water bottle in his mouth but Reform brushes her away.

Lance:
Meanwhile - look at Batts!

Ryan Batts gets a head of steam and in an incredible move, clears the top rope and crashes down on Reform and his goons with a beautiful tope! Reform and all the TAs are down and Batts quickly gets back to his feet and fires up as the fans roar in approval along with him!

DDK:
Ryan Batts has something to prove and he's showing us what he's got!

Lance:
He may have taken that loss to Nathaniel Eye last week to heart, partner.

Wasting little time, Batts jumps up onto the ringside apron. He holds the ropes, leaning forward and measuring Reform making a "get up" motion as the fans buzz in anticipation. Reform is on his hands and knees, trying to shake the cobwebs away. He's up to one knee, and finally he climbs back to his feet. He sees the fans around him cheering and mistakenly believes that it's for him, breaking out into a big smile and thanking them. He turns around… and Batts runs the length of the apron… leaping off toward Ned…

CRASH!!

OOOOOOHH!!

DDK:
NO! Ned Reform moved at the last second and Batts crashed KNEE FIRST into the ring steps!

Batts is absolutely howling in pain and clutching his knee as a shocked silence falls over The Faithful. Rex Knox rolls out of the ring, moving Reform and his TA's out of the way so that he can inspect Batts' now injured knee. Ryan shakes his head in frustration as Knox begins to signal to the back for a medic.

Lance:
Ryan Batts came out here with something to prove, but he may have let his passion and fire get the best of him. He appears to be potentially seriously injured here.

DDK:
And folks, it's likely this match is off so we'll prepare to move on… oh, wait! No!

Keebler's reacting to Reform, who has had his swarm of TAs crowd around Knox and obstruct his view to the injured Batts. As Knox struggles to get out of the crowd, Reform roughly kicks Batts in the knee twice! Batts is absolutely screaming as Reform hauls him to his feet and whips him knee first into the ring steps with such force that Reform himself nearly falls over!!

CRASH!

Knox hears the ruckus and finally gets away from Reform's TAs. He sees Batts laying in a different position, clutching his knee and kicking his other leg around in pure frustration and pain while Reform holds his hands up with a look of total innocence. Knox considers his options but ultimately falls on the referee's golden rule: can't call what you didn't see.

DDK:
Reform is vile… Batts might be seriously injured and Reform is tossing him back into the ring.

Lance:
Ned likes to give the appearance of an intelligent gentleman… but we're seeing a different side here. Maybe this is the lesson he wants Nate Eye to see?

Back in the ring, Batts tries valiantly to use the ropes to prop himself up, but Reform swiftly and mercilessly kicks his leg out from under his… leg. The Good Doctor positions Batts' leg on the second rope and crashes down with a seated senton. He drags the injured Batts to the center of the ring and holds his leg straight as he crashes down with one… two… three… four elbow drops right to the knee! Batts seems barely coherent at this point so Knox makes Reform back up and the DEF ref kneels down to ask Batts if he wants to quit.

DDK:
Ryan Batts shaking his head no… I admire the kid's heart but he's on dangerous ground right now. Might be time to live to fight another day.

Reform roughly shoves Knox aside, again lifting Batt's leg into the air. He points to his big brain because he's so smart before twisting around, seemingly setting up for the Figure Four…

Lance:
NO! BATTS WITH A SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE! TWO! THREE - NO!

Reform powers out and immediately climbs back to his feet. Now he's *pissed.* He grabs Batts and hooks both his arms for the Regal Bomb...

DDK:
Reform calls that move The Sylla-buster! Not only does Batts have an injured knee, but his head was just driven into the mat!

Reform hooks the leg…

ONE! TWO! THREE!!

DING DING DING

♫ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♫

TA Holyoke:
Here is YOUR WINNER… **DOCTOR** NED REEEEEEFORM!!

Reform rolls off Batts and makes Knox has a chance to raise his arm in victory. Even though Knox looks disgusted, he obliges. Reform climbs up to the top rope, celebrating like he just won the FIST in the main event of DEFCON. DEF medics sprint toward the ring and roll inside to begin to check on the unconscious Batts.

DDK:

Well, Nathaniel Eye will be in our main event tonight. I guess we can consider Reform's message sent?

Lance:
And he… oh no!

Reform's music hastily cuts out as he see Ned Reform, now with a steel chair in hand that TA Amherst handed him, pushing the DEFmedical team out of the way. Grinning evilly over "Bantam" Ryan Batts, Reform rears back and…

WHAM!!! CHAIR TO THE KNEE!!!

WHAM!!! ANOTHER!

WHAM!!!! A THIRD!!

Reform turns the chair, pointing it downward, and drives into the knee of Ryan Batts one final time before tossing it aside and sneering at the DEFIANCE wrestler before exiting the ring. The fans absolutely let him have it, but as he makes his way up the ramp his snarl disappears and he appears again to be warmly waving to The Faithful. Ryan Batts is left clutching his shattered knee with his face buried in the mat and barely responding to the medics as they try to inspect him.

DDK:
This was sick. Ned Reform preaches that he wants to "redesign" DEFIANCE? How? Like that?

Lance:
We learned something important here today, partner. Underneath those fancy words and smile is a truly cruel person... And who knows what kind fo damage he did to Ryan Batts?

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

GETTING COFFEE IN CATERING WITH OLD FOES

The Faithful roar as we cut backstage to the disgruntled, mustachioed visage of the Bombastic Bronson Box. The Original DEFIANT is dressed in his trademark brown and grey pinstripe three piece suit, and from the looks of his gate he's on a mission somewhere backstage. He runs his tongue across his top row of crooked teeth as his bloodshot brown eyes scan what looks to be the catering area backstage. As The Wargod stomps into the room a tableful of enhancement talent including all three members of The Midcard Experiment, Levi Cole and Butcher Victorious all book it for the exit, fully expecting things to hit the fan… due in part to the person across the room at the coffee machines fixing herself a cupa.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lindsay Troy turns around with a smirk on her face, seemingly well aware of Bronson's presence in the room. She narrows her eyes and blows across the top of her coffee before taking a careful sip. With all the annoying familiarity she can muster she gives Bronson a jovial wave and beckons for him to join her at a nearby table.

Lindsay Troy:
Come on over, bud.

She slides into the most available chair, setting her coffee on the tabletop. As Boxer approaches she kicks the chair across from her out from under the table and motions for Box to sit.

DDK:
For the newer of the DEFIANCE Faithful watching tonight who might not be as aware of the history between these two let me just say this… there's a good chance no more than a handful of words has been spoken between the two since Troy literally *STABBED* Bronson in the face, so…

Lance:
That would be the gnarled, grizzly, very permanent scar over Box's already bum right eye.

The two old nemesis sit in silence for a few beats before it's broken, as expected, with a snarky remark from the Queen of the Ring.

Lindsay Troy:
You've been a busy boy, *HERO*.

The emphasis isn't lost on the Original DEFIANT.

Bronson Box:
Aye. Wasted a lot of time doin' a lot of nothin' the last handful o' years… lot to make up.

She takes a sip of her coffee, looking over the rip of the little white paper cup...

Lindsay Troy:
For what it's worth. That's a hell of a monkey to get off your back, good you saw yourself through.

The absolutely odd sincere moment leaves the two sitting in silence again. Bronson couldn't be more uncomfortable. A fact Lindsay Troy is well aware of.

Lindsay Troy:
Heard through the grapevine you were lookin' to speak with me. Seein' as we could fill a very small leaflet with the amount of words we've actually said to one another like adults without all the blood and screaming… gotta' say... I'm *INTRIGUED~!*

He's annoyed and obviously showing a herculean amount of restraint in the face of someone who he historically would probably rather pound into the linoleum.

Bronson Box: *[rubbing his right temple]*
This ain't a bloody social call. An' aye, yer' right. I'm tryin' somethin' new this go'round. I'm keepin' my fookin' eyes on the horizon… and takin' my time. Watchin' and waitin'... watchin' the people I know fer' certain I could make history with again. It's a short list that includes primarily people I don't particularly like but on some level respect a great deal. Your place on that list is waning, oh mighty Queen…

The snarky attitude drops a little, she sits forward with more attention paid.

Lindsay Troy: *[eyes narrowing]*
That a fact…

The ACE matches her posture, leaning forward ever so slightly.

Bronson Box:
Aye, it bloody is. Ya' see I didn't nearly lose a fookin' eye goin' to war with you all those years ago only to come back here and see you get fleeced by the SQUID and lose to that ridiculous PRICK Arthur Pleasant. My intention was for you and I to go to WAR again, Troy… make a little noise, make a little history just like we used to. Set this fookin' place on FIRE again…

Knuckles on the table top, he leans across the table…

Bronson Box:
Are you able, dear? Or do ya' have too many irons in the fire elsewhere to give a shit about shinin' bright on the only FOOKIN' stage that matters? Say what you will about Eric, about Eugene. They dedicated themselves to this place with their whole heart and soul. That's never been you, even at your best. And that's why you've always *IRKED* me so.

Lindsay Troy:
Really. Ol' Uncle Eric, who went chasing the dragons in *UTAH* and a thousand shitty indies to try and hold onto his past glories, only to fail and flame out spectacularly. You went roaming with him too, didn't you Box? You fucking hypocrite. You didn't care how many "irons I had in the fire" when I gave you that pretty little reminder of our battle five years ago, and if you're not careful I'll give you its TWIN before we leave this room.

The Wargod sits back in his chair with a weak smile. Shaking his head his fingers lightly graze the scar over his right eye. The two now sit in a much more heated silence. Troy's eyes now filled with vibrating intensity haven't left The Wargod.

Bronson Box:
I didn't come here to beleaguer that same old point. I came here because of the inevitable eventuality of you and I enterin' each others orbit around this fookin' place. I been sittin' back watchin' you. Watchin' you let a bunch of FOOLS run circles around you. If I have to accept bein' a dirty fookin' hypocrite, you have to face the painful fact yer' fookin' LAZY. Yer' lackin' a level of givin' a shit that's necessary to get yer' PROLIFIC self into the next gear. Arthur fookin' Pleasant? Come on, Troy, Christ almighty…

Before she can say anything Bronson gets ahead of himself. He sighs deeply. The adversarial nature of Bronson's tone takes a sincere turn.

Bronson Box:
Listen. DEFIANCE is all I have, Troy. You've known me long enough to know at least that much is true. I've given everything I have to DEFIANCE. Its value is my value. I'm sorry girl, I stand by what I say… this place has never been yer' focus. Yer' absolutely right. Eric and myself both tried to go elsewhere and to different degrees he and I fell apart given time and opportunity. But not you… yer' singular. Exceptional, even. You're everywhere. Ye' set a pace

unmatched by anyone in this or any generation… which only serves to underline how little I feel you give a shite about DEFIANCE. From where I've been sat... this place is just another promotion in yer' fookin' portfolio. Just another check to earn. And lass, that has truly rubbed me the wrong fookin' way since the day we first crossed paths. I swear to Christ, if stabbin' me in the other side of my head will light the right kind of fire under that tight little arse…

Lindsay Troy:
Please don't talk about my ass, you absolute cre...

Straight up cutting off her attempt at a snarky little comment, he dramatically reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls forth his familiar rusted metal Spike and smacks it down on the table top with a loud *THWACK*. He shoves it across the table, the rusty metal weapon sliding just short of her still steaming cup of black coffee.

Bronson Box:
I'll make this just so simple for ye', lass. Bloody bare bones. You don't seem to take DEFIANCE Wrestling very seriously and that has historically always PISSED me right off. Seein' what the Squid has devolved into makes me physically ill, but I figured you'd have that all tied up with a bow in no time considerin' the company the little shit keeps but NO. No… I've watched you fook around with that 24k lot like they got yer' number, girl. YOUR number.

He slowly pushes the Spike across the table even closer to Troy.

Bronson Box:
You seem to love heavin' this little scar you gave me in my face, hell you seem almost proud of it. This scar the ONE time you showed me ye' have it in you to be truly DEFIANT. This fookin' scar is the biggest achievement you've earned in this promotion as far as I'm concerned. This here is bigger for you than the bloody FIST, aint it? Do me a favor and give the Squid THIS sort of honor the next time you and he cross paths, aye? You go show me, that disappointin' little Squid prick, an everyone bloody else around here that you got that *FACE STABBIN'* sort of fire still buried in there... some… where… what the shite is this, now?

The Wargod trails off. And once again, before the Queen of the Ring can utter a word in retort… Scrow, of all people, walks into catering with that same manilla envelope from earlier in his hand. He silently makes his way over to where Lindsay and Bronson sit, not saying a word to either of them, and hands Troy the envelope. He looks over at Bronson, then back at Troy. Looking utterly confused, The Queen shrugs and pulls the contents of the envelope from the folder, taking a glance before returning them inside the pouch and glancing up at Scrow.

The Raven's Eye turns on his heel and walks away just as quickly as he arrived.

Bronson Box: *[raising an eyebrow]*
An' what the BLOODY hell was that? Aye?

Lindsay Troy:
No goddamn idea…

She throws the envelope on the table, where it lands next to Boxer's rusty metal Spike.

With that we cut back to the boys back at the commentation station.

DDK:
Firstly, yowzah. Box and Troy in the same room is an unexpected, wild surprise tonight. The history between those two, the miles and miles of bad blood and conflicting ideologies could fill this arena twice over, partner. When you're listing classic DEFIANCE feuds of years past, this here is probably top five. Easy.

Lance:
And secondly, what the hell is Scrow's problem? I'm right there with Bronson, what the hell WAS that? What an absolutely weird-ass end to a really intense interaction between two legit DEFIANCE icons.

TYLER FUSE vs. CODENAME: GUARDIAN

Lance:
Welcome back folks. Next up is sure to be an interesting one as yet another member of The Kabal is set to square off one vs. one against Codename: Guardian.

DDK:
The Kabal have attempted numerous times to beat, apprehend or find out more information about this Codename: Guardian who has managed to elude or prevail over them at each turn.

Lance:
Mr. Fear went as far as to directly warn Codename: Guardian last week on DEFIANCE Television. It does not seem to have deterred them one bit from pursuing The Kabal even further!

We switch to Darren Quimbey who stands ready in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:
The following match is… set for one fall. Introducing first….

♫ "Machinehead" by Bush ♫

Darren Quimbey:
Hailing from Toronto, Ontario, Canada… weighing two-hundred-eight pounds… TYLER FUSEE!!!!!!!!!!

Lance:
An interesting… non descript entrance from Tyler Fuse here.

The Kabal's video package plays as the former partner of Conor Fuse steps through the curtains at the top of the rampway. Crimson red lights shine down upon Tyler Fuse as he sports Stalker's 'No More False Heroes' t-shirt. Standing beside him is none other than The Kabal's attorney at law, Courtney Paz.

Pausing at the top of the rampway, Tyler settles for a moment as he watches the crowd in a serial killer like stare. Courtney Paz nudges him in the side and the pair move forward as Fuse ignores any attempts from The Faithful to garner his attention. Sliding into the ring, the older Fuse brother stares in silence up at the rampway as he waits for his opponent.

DDK:
I wonder why Courtney Paz is at ringside with Tyler Fuse here tonight.

Lance:
Perhaps to keep a close eye on him? He seems to be a bit disconnected as of late.

♫ "Fake Fool" by Khz ♫

As Courtney Paz finds her footing outside the ring, The Faithful rise up to their feet as the arena lights darken and the DEFiatron is filled with a static filled screen. The word 'CODENAME:' appears in solid and impactful looking black letters on the screen. Below it, a strange code appears, a random set of numbers, but before anything can be made of it, the numbers start flipping into letters until the word 'GUARDIAN' appears below it.

POP! FIREWORKS!

A burst of white pillars of fireworks run down the ramp as Codename: Guardian appears amongst the mist white kendo stick on their back they stare down like a giant from the top the ramp. Looking down at Tyler Fuse as Darren Quimbey provides Guardian's introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from parts unknown and weighing in at one-hundred-and-ninety-six pounds… CODENAME: GUARDIAN!!!!!!!!!

Lance:
Seems Guardian likes that pyro flare entrance a lot! Tyler Fuse does not seem impressed one bit. In fact he's itching to get his hands on the masked hero as referee Brian Slater is already having to keep the stoic Tyler away from stepping through the ropes!

As the music carries on, Tyler Fuse wants to get at Codename: Guardian, who stalks around the ring looking for a place to rest their kendo stick. Drawing the ire of Tyler Fuse, further delay Guardian's own entrance as the masked vigilante looks on from outside the ring.

DDK:
The Faithful are letting Tyler hear it already before the match even starts. They do not appreciate Tyler's new demeanor.

YOU SUCK TYLER! YOU SUCK!

As Brian Slater finally calms the situation down, the crowd's chants don't dissipate as quickly. Courtney Paz slaps the mat a few times from the outside, calling Tyler's attention and he looks back at her shaking his head in anger.

Lance:
The Guardian is finally in the ring now and we look ready to go!

DING DING

Tyler Fuse is kicked into full throttle as he charges across the ring like a rabid beast, flying with a lariat at Guardian's head. Codename ducks it but has to stumble backwards themselves, catching the ropes to steady from the surprise attack - they are caught off balance when Tyler Fuse quickly follows up!

DDK:
Running uppercut from Fuse has Guardian already pinned into the corner now!

ONE…

TWO…

THREE…

FOUR…

Brian Slater counts FIVE! Closed fist punches to Codename: Guardian's gut as the man is finally warned off and reminded that the match has rules. The spark plug Kabal member whips Guardian across the ring with a strong Irish whip! Guardian CATCHES THEMSELVES!

Lance:
Guardian jumps on the top turnbuckle… LEAPS BACKWARDS!

CROSSBODY pinfall attempt! As the cameras catch Guardian's athleticism, jumping up onto the turnbuckle and leaping backwards, the white ranger attempts a pinfall but the momentum carries both wrestlers flying across the ring.

DDK:
Jeez, Tyler was not ready for that quick reflexing attack and his own strength managed to save him without him realizing it!

The Faithful cheer for Guardian to get up but as he does, so does Tyler Fuse!

Lance:
They are locking up in the center of the ring!

This time Codename: Guardian gets the upper hand as they waylay Fuse with a set of swift kicks to Tyler's gut! Hooking Fuse with a hard SUPLEX attempt! BUT! Tyler blocks the suplex, pushing Guardian back with a yell of anger! Charging forward there is a flare in Tyler's eyes as he connects with a running SHOULDER BLOCK!

DDK:
Codename: Guardian looks out of it!

Tyler Fuse hooks the white Ranger's legs!

ONE!

TWO… NO!

Lance:
Tyler looks ready to follow up quickly to that pinfall attempt as he already has Codename up on their feet!

RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP! From Tyler Fuse to Codename: Guardian, followed by a roll up to his feet and in true Jason 'Stalker' Reeves style, Tyler Fuse yells out loudly as he HAMMERS Guardian with another Russian leg sweep.

DDK:
Tyler looks very methodical here…

Lifting up Guardian one more time, the spent Tyler Fuse is met with a hard elbow to his face from the white masked hero! The Crowd reacts with a small cheer as Codename: Guardian charges forward against the ropes. Using them as a springboard, Guardian runs back with a FLYING CHOP BLOCK!

Lance:
Guardian wrapping up Tyler's legs for a pinfall attempt!

ONE… NO!

Tyler with a STRONG kickout that sends Codename: Guardian stumbling backwards, catching the ropes. Guardian pulls himself up but both men are quick to their feet. Tyler rushes in but Guardian DUCKS a clothesline! SUPERKICK! BUT TYLER CATCHES THE LEG!

Lance:
Tyler is shaking his finger now at Codename: Guardian. Fuse has hold of Guardian's leg while he's steadying himself in the ring! Tyler's screaming at him or her or whoever!

Tyler Fuse:
No one! NO ONE IS LIKE ME! The ULTIMATE REAPER! Just you wa… !

Lance:
BLADE BARRAGE!

Using Tyler's own mind as a distraction, the white masked crusader balls up their fists tightly. The hero KICKS Tyler Fuse square across the face with a hard enziguri! The Faithful let out a LOUD POP! As Fuse's face connects with a thud with the ring mat!

DDK:

Guardian going for another pinfall here… Brian Slater is slow to react to the pinfall attempt.

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Tyler Fuse kicks out at the two and Codename: Guardian seems in line with Fuse. Wanting to finish things, Fuse is getting yanked to his feet by the Kabal Hunter - IRISH WHIP into the ropes!

Lance:
Guardian with a SINGLE LEGGED DROPKICK! MIESSES! WOW!

DDK:
Tyler Fuse smartly held the ropes there and Guardian found themselves connecting with nothing but air and the hard DEFIANCE ring mat.

Tyler Fuse:
I should have gone for you first. They… they should have ALWAYS SENT ME FIRST!!

Tyler seems to lose focus as he screams at the fallen Guardian. Courtney Paz, who's been quiet on the outside, slaps the ring apron in reaction to Tyler's outburst. Pointing at the fallen hero, Tyler Fuse finally rips off Stalker's trademark t-shirt. Tossing it at Codename: Guardian who is crawling up to their knees now.

Tyler Fuse:
YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A FALSE HERO!

The Faithful let out a loud set of boos, which makes Tyler react in a way that makes it seem he was expecting a cheer. Courtney Paz is yelling for Tyler to finish the match as the elder Fuse shakes the cobwebs out and stares forward at Guardian, moving in to pick up the recovering Power Ranger.

DDK:
EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Lance:
More like a rocket!

Guardian surprises Tyler, rising up from one knee in a 'street fighter' type uppercut. Tyler Fuse goes stumbling back in the middle of the ring. Guardian charges forward, SUNSETFLIP! WITH A PIN! Slater slides in for the pinfall count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:
The winner of this match… CODENAME: GUARDIAN!

Courtney Paz slaps the apron in frustration for Tyler to get up as Guardian quickly rolls to the outside of the ring. Looking for the white kendo stick, C:G finds it and readies themselves on the outside as Tyler Fuse is fuming in the ring. Courtney Paz slides in to join him, attempting to calm the former tag champion down.

Tyler Fuse: *[screaming]*
I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU I WAS READY FOR THE OTHER DOSE! STOP DOUBTING ME! I AM READY FOR THE ULTIMATE FORM!

DDK:
What is he babbling about 'ultimate' form?

Lance:
I'm not sure… but the Guardian seems very interested…

Codename: Guardian has ascended the ring steps as Courtney attempts to defuse Brian Slater from calling security, Tyler is pounding the turnbuckles in reaction to his loss as C:G enters under the top ropes. Standing with watchful eyes from the other corner, they seem vested in Tyler's raging outburst.

DDK:
WHAT THE HELL!? It's ARTHUR PLEASANT!?!

From seemingly crawling out from under the ring, Arthur Pleasant appears on the outside of the ring moving low like a Metal Gear Solid game. The Purest Wrestler hovers low and out of sight from Codename: Guardian, the crowd jeering and booing in an attempt to get Guardian to turn around.

Lance:
Arthur slides in! He grabs Guardian's kendo stick and Codename spins around in reaction but they are obviously surprised by Arthur's appearance!

CRACK!!

With a snickering grin, Arthur Pleasant loudly cracks the kendo stick across his leg, shattering the wood on impact. He shakes his head as he let's the wood pieces fall around him.

Arthur Pleasant:
Your purest wrestler accepts the Guardian's challenge! If you make it!

DDK:
Tyler FUSE CHARGES Guardian from behind CLOTHESLINE!

Thudding hard to the mat, Guardian is laid out as Arthur Pleasant sneaks out under the bottom ropes. DEFSEC is heading urgently to the ring as even Courtney Paz and Brian Slater attempt to pull Tyler back from pummeling the knocked out Guardian! Tyler's anger spills over as he growls and stomps away at the distracted and knocked out cold hero.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

ELISE ARES vs. JESTAL

♫ Return of the Mad Prince - {Kefka Symphonic Metal Version - Falkkone} ♫

The jester steps out from behind the curtain. He has black boots. His kikwear pants on one side has a puzzle design of him, the other is just black. He has a lime green wife beater, and finally his face paint is different. In a jigsaw puzzle look, half of his face is painted in the shape of a puzzle piece. With the side of his face in face paint he has a red half smile, with red face paint around his eyes. The bottom of his nose is painted red. His blue and light green mohawk pulls back behind his head. He smacks on his gum. He however is not alone, the newest member of Better Future, Ophelia Sykes, formerly known once as O-Face accompanies him. Dressed in a black crop top t-shirt and black plaid mini skirt with fishnets, she very exaggeratedly puts one step in front of the other as she is ushered to the ring with his arm.

The sound of a low synth siren hits and the Faithful rise to their feet.

Cause baby now we got bad blood, you know it used to be mad love
So look what you've done, cause baby now we have bad blood, hey!

♫ "Bad Blood" by Animal In Me ♫

The stark white and red lights switch to pink and blue as the screaming kicks in. The Faithful go banana as Elise Ares marches out, her almond eyes focused from beneath her clear protective mask. Wearing her new black ring gear with sky and magenta accents, she takes a small hop atop the aisle before she struts down to the ring like only she can. She enters the ring and climbs up the opposite turnbuckle, posing for the Faithful who are happy that she's cleared to actually compete this week. Her eyes remain focused on Ophelia Sykes, who she invites into the ring but is quickly declined. Jestal yells at Elise to pay attention to him instead.

DDK:
We have an interesting match between Jestal and Elise Ares tonight. Jestal wants a piece of the Pop Culture Phenoms, who ironically during that period were uncharacteristically separate from Ares, for the relationship that transpired between Dandelion and Klein. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, however, CLEARLY wants her hands on Ophelia Sykes instead for her role in DEFtv 153.

Lance:
It looks like Jestal is at least going to get a shot at his desires, although he'd much rather it be The D or Klein, meanwhile Ares is probably going to have a hard time getting to Sykes tonight… who is probably out here only to serve as a distraction. A brilliant move for Better Future, we'll see how it works out for them!

DING DING

Elise looks outside the ring and shakes her head at Ophelia. Jestal moves his fingers as she turns back toward him itching for a lockup. The two lock up and Jestal quickly goes into a hammerlock, into a standing chickenwing. Elise struggles a bit, then strikes Jestal in the nose with an elbow. She hits the ropes and nails a running dropkick that sends the jester back to the canvas. As he gets up she locks in a side headlock.

DDK:
What Ares lacks in technical skill she's always more than made up for in slipperiness! Although the sidelock may be a questionable call, she's demonstrating an early ability to be difficult to contain.

Lance:
Quite frankly, Elise Ares may be the most exciting wrestler to watch on the roster on her best days. While she might go overboard on the dancing and flips, the way she moves in the ring is a thing of beauty.

DDK:
You ain't lying, Lance.

She continues to apply pressure to hold, running her mouth beckoning Ophelia Sykes to enter the ring. Jestal moves Elise to the ropes and is able to break the hold and irsh whip Elise off the ropes, as tries to nail a diving dropkick to the knees of Elise, she quickly leap frogs and double stomps Jestal in the chest. She wastes no time and jumps to the second rope, as Jestal gets up she leaps off the turnbuckle into a side moonsault! Quickly hooking the leg!

DDK:
Unparalleled athleticism, Lance!

Lance:
How does she do that?!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:
A two count, but it's early. This early in the match a pinfall attempt like that may be as much about sending a message as it is about getting a quick victory.

Lance:
Quick is the key word, Darren. Ares knows she's faster that her opponent, but eventually that advantage will even out. It's better for a smaller wrestler like Elise to try and end things quickly.

Elise hops to her feet measuring the jester, as he stands up. She kicks him in the stomach then drives him down with a DDT! She quickly covers!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:
She's just trying to get into the Mad Prince's head at this point in time! Jestal is getting visually frustrated.

Lance:
I'm not so sure this is about Jestal as much as it's about Sykes, Darren. Elise is showing her former stablemate that she's picked the wrong side of this skirmish.

Elise looks out into The Faithful for a moment, before once again inviting the former Phenom into the ring. Sykes instead tries to get Jestal back into the match. Jestal gets to his feet, and Elise hits him with a windmill kick! She picks him up and pushes him against the ropes and irish whips him across, she hits the ropes herself but this time Ophelia grabs her foot. Elise turns around, and Jestal charges back. Elise quickly drops the top rope watching Jestal soar above her up and over the ropes to the floor. Ophelia is struck by a falling Jestal!

DDK:
Well, that's one way to land a shot on her!

Lance:
They both crashed hard to the outside, Darren. This might be Elise's chance to divide and conquer!

Elise hops up and down in the ring just waiting for the moment to strike. That moment is Jestal finally getting to his feet....SUICIDE DIVE! Jestal quickly takes a dive himself. Elise hits the barricade face first!

DDK:
Nobody home! Not even Sykes!

Lance:
I'm sure that protective mask padded some of that impact but you know that recently reconstructed orbital bone felt that impact nonetheless! Ares might be out!

Sykes is out cold outside the ring, and Elise holds the back of her neck while remaining face down on the floor. Jestal takes a few puffs of air before picking up Elise. He lifts her up, turns around and drives her lower back in a spinebuster on the edge of the steel steps! Ares screams in pain! Jestal, takes a few moments to once more get some air back.

DDK:
You know he's trying to break Elise Ares in half! That might be the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE screaming out in pain, but in his mind that's Klein, The D, and everyone else responsible for taking Dandelion away from him!

Lance:
Wasn't Ophelia a member of the Pop Culture Phenoms then? Why isn't she on the hit list?

DDK:
Well clearly the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Sykes and Jestal both want to tear down the Pop Culture Phenoms for their own reasons.

Meanwhile Elise has her hand behind her back while her body is curved with her stomach pushed outward. Jestal picks up Elise and tosses her in the ring, quickly following. He drives a few overhand clubbing blows to the lower back of Elise, each blow driving her back down to the mat. He bends her feet to his shins. Putting the Leading Lady into a surfboard! Benny is asking Elise if she wants to give, shouting at the top of her lungs a clear answer of NO!

DDK:
This is sickening, Lance. It almost looks as if Elise's screams are therapeutic to the Mad Prince!

Lance:
Ares is a hard one to break. She's pulled rabbits out of her hat her entire DEFIANCE career against people who wanted to defeat her… but it doesn't look like Jestal is out to win. It looks like Jestal is just out to dish out as much pain as possible!

After a few more mind-numbing painful moments in Elise's life, Jestal drops her to the mat. The jester circles her as she tries to favor her lower back.

Jestal:
You got what you want..*[stomp on her lower back]* You took my sister from me..*[stomp once more]* Now reap what you sow! *[another stomp]*

He jumps up and drives his knee into the lower back once more of Elise, getting the same screeching of pain. With his knee firmly planted in her lower back, wraps his arm under her chin in a scorpion deathlock starter, only he pulls back in a variation of a camel clutch.

DDK:
Jestal has slowed down Elise Ares' high powered offense here in a hurry, Lance. She started this match in his head and now he has her wrapped up like a pretzel.

Lance:
He's taking all the pain and betrayal and turning it into some kind of agonizing manifesto. Whatever is going through that twisted mind is being unleashed onto the body of Elise Ares in the middle of the ring.

Jestal:

That's it! Endure the pain and suffering! That pain I had to endure after your cardboard reject violated my sister!..{he pulls back even further} Now scream like a pig Elise!

DDK:
What a sickening sound, Lance. The Faithful are completely silent. The human body shouldn't bend like that.

Lance:
I'm not sure if even Ares can get out of this one, Darren. She might be better off giving up here… but I don't think she will.

Elise realizing she is not going anywhere here, and Benny just becoming more of a nuisance than anything asking her if she wants to give up. She desperately tries to crawl the ropes she is already close by. Jestal notices it as she almost is able to grab the ropes the third time, he pulls back even further!

DDK:
Jestal gives Ares just a glimmer of hope just so he can take it away. You have to wonder if he does that intentionally, Lance.

Lance:
Definitely mind games coming from the Mad Prince now! Elise has started flailing wildly now! She knows she's at the end and she's in big trouble! This is either going to be the end or a wild escape!

FINALLY, she grabs the ropes! Benny quickly warns Jestal to break the hold!

ONE

Jestal:
What, I can't hear you?

TWO!

Jestal: *[leaning his ear toward Benny]*
Can you speak up?

THREE!

Jestal:
Now what comes after three Benny? Let's see if you paid attention to Sesame Street as a kid!

FOUR!

Benny Doyle:
Break it Jestal or I will DQ you!

While all this has been happening Elise is desperately trying to block the pain out. Jestal finally releases the hold. Ophelia has managed to get to her feet with her face resting on the apron. Jestal walks away from Elise, while Benny asks her, she refuses to answer his stupid question. She pulls herself up the turnbuckles, Jestal charges in with a knee into the lower back smashing her chest into the turnbuckle. He drives his knee deeper into her lower back and sticks his fingers in her mouth forcing her to smile as the camera has a close up.

Jestal:
You see this Pop Culture Phenoms! This is what Better Future is going to make you B-Rated stars look like!

Jestal turns Elise around and throws her with as much force as he can muster right into the corner opposite of their position! Elise quickly pokes her stomach out trying to take the pressure out of instinct from her lower back. Jestal

grabs the camera man, with an uncomfortable close up.

Jestal:
Watch what I do to your friend Klein!

Jestal charges in and Elise manages to move the last second as Jestal spears the ring post!

DDK:
OOOH! Big mistake by Jestal! Elise finally has the opening she needs!

With The Mad Prince left clutching his arm, Elise throws a shining wizard in for good measure to lay out the clown of Better Future! The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style heads to the top rope next, very slowly, but surely. Jestal is hurt… but when Elise gets to the top rope, Ophelia Sykes jumps up to the apron. Ares pauses as Sykes puts up her arms and slowly begins to step into the ring. Elise leans over to put her hand down on the top rope to get back down and face Ophelis in the ring when a hand shoves her off!

THAT OF ALVARO DE VARGAS!

DING DING DING

DDK:
Oh, come on! Elise had this match possibly wrapped up, but Alvaro is out here!

Ophelia Sykes watches the carnage unfold as Alvaro puts boots to Elise Ares! Right behind him coming down the ramp, Jack Mace and The Lucky Sevens are both heading down the ramp!

Lance:
Here's more trouble! We're about to get a repeat of two weeks ago!

DDK:
Not if PCP have anything to say about it! Look!

Not ready to stand idly by and let harm befall Elise Ares for much longer, The D, Flex Kruger and Klein rush out from the back! The D goes right after Jack Mace, hitting The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler with Da Dick Punch-Ah and he doubles over! And as this goes on around ringside, Max Luck hits the ring, but gets stopped by Flex Kruger, who pulls him away! The two big bulls fire off with right hands while on the other side of the ring, Mason Luck drives a knee into the chest of Klein, but he fights back with a double palm overhand chop to the chest!

DDK:
Fights are breaking out all over ringside! Flex and Klein want payback for what happened to them two weeks ago against The Lucky Sevens!

Ophelia tries to warn Alvaro de Vargas as he tries to pick Elise up, but doesn't see The D coming (hiyo!) and jumps on his back, trying to take him down with a sleeper!

DDK:
Pop Culture Phenoms aren't going to let Better Future Talent Agency make examples out of them! They've been a fixture of DEFIANCE for years! With or without Ophelia Sykes!

Lance:
Speaking of!

Ophelia hits the ring as Alvaro tries to break free of the sleeper from The D, then grabs his leg! His eye is taken off Alvaro for one second and he gets thrown off! Ophelia and ADV both grab the D, shoving him back first stiffly into the turnbuckle. They start to deliver stomps to The D and ADV slaps his hands above his head, mocking the PCP's

signature corner stomp tandem move! On the outside, Flex shoves Max Luck into the ring post and then heads inside the ring to try and help The D. He slugs Alvaro in the back and fights Ophelia off, yelling at her about her turning her back on the group… But then that allows Jestal to sneak back in and nail a low blow of his own on Flex! Flex crumbles while Jestal laughs like a crazy person.

DDK:
Flex tries to help and he pays for it!

Elise tries to get up again, but she's restrained when Mace grabs her leg and drags her out before throwing her against the barricade! Klein tries getting into the ring as well, but both The Lucky Sevens beat him down with rights. When The D tries to get back up, Mason Luck grabs him by the leg and pulls him back into the ropes, wrapping both arms between the top and middle rope and letting the tension hold him in place, forcing him to watch whatever is about to go down.

On the outside of the ring, Jestal takes a seat on a steel chair. He turns to a Faithful and motions they should really pay attention as he happily watches the action unfold. Alvaro stands mid-ring, angrily yelling in Flex's direction. He pulls him up by his hair and buries a hard knee into his chest! Flex is left reeling as Alvaro pulls something out of his pocket…

Lance:
No! Elise, The D, Klein, all restrained! Don't do this, Alvaro, don't do this!

Alvaro pulls Flex up by his blonde locks…

THEN GETS A FIREBALL TO THE FACE!

The crowd is left in shock over what happened and then angrily changes over to jeering moments later after the events finally set in.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
DAMN IT, NO!

Flex rolls around the mat frantically trying to guard his face! Alvaro now stands over him, basking in the reaction of the Faithful, now at a fever pitch. Behind him, the D has wriggled free of one of the tied ropes, but he can't dislocate his other shoulder to break free on the other side.

Lance:
FLEX WAS TRYING TO HELP OUT AND HE JUST PAID FOR IT!

DDK, Lance and The Faithful all voice their concern as Alvaro motions for the rest of BFTA to leave.

Alvaro de Vargas:
Vamos! Muévelo! Let them go! We've made our point tonight!

Better Future finally regroup with Max and Mason offerinbut smoldering Flex makes him feel a little bit better. Jack Mace is still holding his guys after The D's earlier attack, but he has a smile on his face making him feel a little better about the whole thing.

DDK:
The Better Future Talent Agency have been singling out The Pop Culture Phenoms now for the last few weeks with the help of Ophelia Sykes… and now this.

Lance:

ADV has put out a lot of people with those fireball attacks. Minute. Uriel Cortez. Scott Stevens… and now, Flex Kruger.

As the dust settles, The D rushes toward Flex, almost cradling him in his lap. Klein is next, leaning over, his usual broad shoulders filled sunken and sullen. The D shouts.

The D:
DO YOUR JOBS PEOPLE!

Klein motions for trainers or EMTs to come out, which they finally do. Elise is battered and beaten, but barely manages to roll back into the ring while The D glares at the EMTs, blaming them for their slow response.

Ophelia Sykes and the rest of Better Future wave goodbye from the top of the stage and then leave as the jeering grows even louder.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

SNS vs. CUSTOMER SUPPORT

As we return from commercial, the camera cuts to the commentation station for a word with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back. It's been a hell of a night already but right now we want to switch gears a bit and talk to you about the tag team championship.

As Darren speaks, the MAX DEF graphic fires up on the screen and we see profiles of all four competitors in the upcoming Unified Tag Team Championship Match:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE
DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship
The Comments Section (c) vs. The Saturday Night Specials

Lance:
Last week, SNS won the right to the tag title shot when Brock Newbludd picked up a win over Cyrus Bates, and we're told right now that our colleague Chris Trutt is set for a word with The Saturday Night Specials!

We cut to the middle of the ring, where an always nervous looking Chris Trutt stands with a mic in hand.

Chris Trutt:
Ladies and… uh, gentleman. My guests at this time… The… uh, Saturday Night Specials!

♫ "Drink" by Alestorm ♫

The crowd rises to its feet as the camera begins to pan the capacity audience searching for the arrival of Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy. And find them it does… walking on the ground floor through a sea of The Faithful who are rewarding the fun-loving duo with high fives and back pats. Both men are wearing SNS shirts (available at efedtees.com) over their ring-gear - they're ready to compete! Brock hops the barricade while Cassidy stops for a moment to get into a young female fan's selfie before joining him. Inside the ring, SNS hop to adjacent turnbuckles to rile up more fan support as their theme dies down.

Chris Trutt:
Uh… guys… so how are you feeling about your belts? Or… that is… the match with the belts…

Cassidy makes a confused face and snatches the mic out of Chris Trutt's hands.

Pat Cassidy:
Uh… excuse me here, but where's Zane?

Trutt doesn't have a mic, so we can't hear his response, but he starts to stutter and puts up his hands apologetically when Cassidy cuts him off.

Pat Cassidy:
Nevermind. But she was supposed to be here. Tell her she's in hot water with Pat Cassidy. As for you…

Cassidy puts a hand on Trutt's shoulder as if he's delivering some bad news.

Pat Cassidy:
You're decidedly less fun to be around, so what'dya say you just kinda hang back? I got this, buddy.

Trutt knows when his bread is buttered, so he steps back into the background after sharing a polite nod with Brock Newbludd. Cassidy, mic in hand, turns to the people.

Pat Cassidy:
NEW ORLEEEEEAAAANNS!

POP!

Pat Cassidy:
I know this is the part where I'm supposed to do my song and dance routine, but dammit people…

Cassidy walks forward, leaning with his elbows onto the top rope and looking into the ringside camera.

Pat Cassidy:
We've got some serious business today. You all know that The Saturday Night Specials like to tear it up like nobody else in DEFIANCE.

Cheer from the crowd. They do, in fact, know.

Pat Cassidy:
But life isn't always about the partying, and the women, and the sauce.

Brock looks to his partner quizzically. He makes a big show of miming, "it's not?" Cassidy waves Brock off and shakes his head.

Pat Cassidy:
No no no… don't get me wrong, it's *mostly* about that. But not all. What'dya wanna call it… let's say 80/20?

Cassidy looks to Brock who confirms that ratio seems about right.

Pat Cassidy:
See, the other important part of that equation… is respect! Brock and myself did not get a title shot because we're fun loving entertaining jackoffs. We got a title shot because we've EARNED it, kid. We've been busting our ass for months, fighting off the likes of The Stevens, and Morrow's boys, and anybody who else who's wanted a piece. And this July… we're officially declaring MAXIMUM DEFIANCE the biggest party of the summer when your boys here take home the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship!

Another pop from the crowd.

Pat Cassidy:
We're here to drink beer and earn your respect. And boys…

Cassidy makes a big show of looking around.

Pat Cassidy:
We're all outta beer.

Cassidy passes the mic to his partner.

Brock Newbludd:
Let's get one thing straight, guys. Us gettin' a shot at the title is only the beginning of our story. Me and Cass are in this thing for the long haul. We're not just lookin' to become the new Unified Tag Team Champions...we're lookin' to become the greatest tag team in the history of DEFIANCE. It's as simple as that. We got the talent, we got the drive, and most importantly we got you guys, The Faithful, behind us...

The crowd let's out an appreciative roar and Brock pauses for a second, cracking a slight grin.

Brock Newbludd:

Now, I know those are some bold words since I'm sure every team sitting in the back right now wants the same thing... to be the very best, to be the one's sitting on top of the mountain. But, there can be only one team on top. Right now, that's The Comments Section. At least until they step into the ring with us, that is.

Cassidy bumps fist with Newbludd, and Brock turns his attention to the stage.

Brock Newbludd:
But until that day comes, what we're gonna do is draw the line in the sand and lay down a little challenge for the rest of the tag division. The Saturday Night Specials are on their way to the top, and just like Cass said, we're gonna earn our way there. That starts right here and right now. We're issuing an open challenge to ANY team in the back that thinks they have what it takes to derail the SNS Express. From now until Maximum Defiance, the Saturday Night Specials will take on any team that wants to put us to the test!

The crowd rumbles eagerly at the news and Brock looks out to them.

Brock Newbludd:
If that sounds good to you guys, then lemme hear ya Ballyhoo!

The Faithful:
BALLYHOO!!!

Brock Newbludd:
You fuckin' bet! Now, let's get this thing started! So, who's it gonna be? Anyone want to take the first crack at The Specials!?

Brock tosses the mic aside and makes a "bring it on" motion toward the entrance. Cassidy does a mock shadow-box routine as he waits to see who is going to answer the call.

♫ "Shut Me Up" by Mindless Self Indulgence ♫

Brock and Pat look at each other quizzically, unsure of what that theme actually means. From the back emerges Simon Kinsberg and Trevor Manning - Customer Support!

Lance:
Customer Support! We've seen them in action in BRAZEN and on Uncut but this is the first time they've been in action on DEFtv.

DDK:
They look… tired?

Lance:
I believe they just finished a double shift.

Both Manning and Kinsberg slowly lumber to the ring with bags under their eyes. They climb into the ring much to the amusement of The Saturday Night Specials. As Customer Support's theme fades out, Cassidy holds up his hands in a "time out" gesture. Grabbing another mic, he smiles as he speaks to his unamused and glazed-over opponents.

Pat Cassidy:
Hey now, boys. Fancy meeting you here. Look, you both are looking a little rough - but I get it. Working class stiffs unite. Brock and I - well, let's just say we know the secret to unwinding after a rough day at the office.

Brock Newbludd:
You betcha. What do you boys say after the show - win, lose, or draw - you come down to Ballyhoo for a round on us?

Kinsberg and Manning barely register SNS' words. They also don't acknowledge when The Specials extend their

hands for a shake. Eventually, Cassidy and Brock retract their hands and shrug. Referee Hector Navarro moves into tell them to start the contest. Cassidy and Brock engage in a quick war of rock/paper/scissors - Brock wins. Meanwhile, Simon Kinsberg moves off to the corner while Trevor Manning gets ready to start.

DING DING

DDK:
And this tag team affair is under way - not sure Customer Support was very appreciative of The Special's offer…

Brock and Manning lock up. Manning quickly slips behind Brock in a hammerlock and instantly transitions into a headlock. Nevarro checks on Brock as Manning sics the headlock in tight. The crowd, remembering Customer Support's last appearance, begins to boo.

DDK:
Do you remember the last time we saw these guys?

Lance:
I remember them being fans of headlocks.

Brock manages to power Manning forward, sending him off the ropes. Newbludd catches him on the rebound with a back elbow. Manning gets back to his feet, and Brock hooks him for a front suplex - but Manning slips out and… locks in a headlock.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Cassidy tries to rile Brock up as Manning locks in the hold. Brock is able to plant his feet and power up - he wraps Manning from behind and lifts him up with a belly-to-back suplex! Just one problem… Manning has kept the headlock locked on the entire time!

DDK:
You've got to admire their persistence, anyway…

Brock powers Manning into the ropes, attempting to break the hold, but the overworked wrestler holds strong. Cassidy takes advantage, though, and slaps Brock's back during the process and blind tagging himself in. With Manning still holding strong in the headlock, he looks up to see Pat Cassidy standing directly in front of him. Manning finally breaks his headlock on Brock Newbludd and looks to catch Black Out with his patented move, but Cassidy ducks. Together, Cassidy and Newbludd send Manning off the ropes, and The Saturday Night Specials PLANT Manning with a double spinebuster on the rebound!

Lance:
SNS looking to pick up the pace of the match here…

Now the legal man, Cassidy hops up to the second rope and drops down on Manning with a sharp pointed forearm. Not letting Manning reach for his partner, Cassidy picks him up and tags Brock Newbludd back in. Cassidy extends Manning's arm in the air, allowing Brock to come off the top rope with a double axe-handle right into Manning's exposed limb!

DDK:
Brock Newbludd looking a little angry about the annoying headlock situation from earlier… he LAUNCHES Manning with a big overhead belly-to-belly!

Lance:
Brock with the cover....

ONE… TWO…

No! Simon Kinsberg, showing the most life he's had all match, breaks up the count and saves it for his team. Brock doesn't let it shake him: he grabs Manning by the head and pulls him to his feet. In the SNS corner, Cassidy puts his boot on the top rope, and Brock drives Manning's head directly into a Black Out boot! Stunned, Manning stumbles into the corner. Newbludd hops up to the second rope, clenching his fist and smiling out to The Faithful. They know what's coming and they count along as he unloads on Manning's skull with right hands…

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

… milk it …

TEN!

DDK:
Wait! Simon Kinsberg is in - he's running up to sneak up and hit Brock from behind…

Lance:
But Cassidy cuts him off with a flying clothesline!

Pat Cassidy follows that up with a second clothesline: this one launches Kinsberg from the ring to the outside. Cassidy goes out onto the apron, stalking the dazed Kinsberg. When The Customer Support Rep gets to his feet and turns around… Cassidy launches off the ring apron with a running axehandle!

Meanwhile, in the ring, Brock Newbludd is holding Manning up with a delayed brainbuster as the fans go wild!

DDK:
Brock DROPS him on his head! That's it!

But that's not it. Brock signals to the crowd for the patented move of The Saturday Night Specials: The Keg Stand! Cassidy climbs to the top rope while a grinning Brock locks Manning in a piledriver-ready position. On the top, Cassidy begins to pump his fist, and the crowd knows what to do…

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Cassidy launches off the top, and The Saturday Night Specials spike Trevor Manning's head into the mat! The crowd goes wild as Brock hooks the leg for the academic…

ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:
A relatively quick win for The Saturday Night Specials on their road to MAX DEF!

In the ring, Cassidy holds Brock's arm high as the crowd shows it's appreciation for the fun-loving tag team. Suddenly, the cheers turn to jeers when…

♫ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♫

DDK:
Great, here we go!

Malak and Cyrus walk out on stage with menacing looks on their faces. Malak is seething at the teeth as he raises a microphone to his lips.

Malak Garland:

Cut the tunes.

The music dies down.

Malak Garland:
Brock and Pat. Pat and Brock. Saturday Night Specials. My therapist tells me I need to get to the point faster so I'll cut to the chase.

The Faithful piss boos all over Garland's words.

Malak Garland:
What's that? Are you people chanting tAlK fOrEvEr? Or is it TaLk FoReVeR? I can't tell! You all want to hear more from me though?

Cyrus nods his head yes as it's clear everyone else in the arena does not desire a speech at this time.

Malak Garland:
But my therapist... said get to the point.

Truly stricken, Malak takes his sweet ass time deciding what to do while everyone's patience grows extremely thin, including that of Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd who stand in ring with frustration.

Malak Garland:
Hey bozos, yeah, I'm talking to you two nimrods in the ring! Got your *attention* now, don't I?

The Source of Envy chuckles off mic.

Malak Garland:
You two think you're so smug and so smart by acquiring a shot at my belts but what you two circus drinkers didn't account for was the fact that I am an expert manipulator. Essentially, I'm the greatest gold digger if dirt diggers were a thing.

Cyrus laughs.

Lance:
I don't think that makes any sense at all.

Malak Garland:
To prove my point, have a glance at this.

Malak points up to the tron as a video package plays.

FROM DEFtv 146:
Cassidy maintains control of the woozy Brock and the crowd begins to stir when they see him setting his opponent up for The Irish Goodbye…

Lance:
If Cassidy hits that flatliner variation it's going to be night-night for Newbludd!

Newbludd begins to struggle against Cassidy's grip and manages to slip free at the last second! Brock sends a knee up into Pat's midsection and out of nowhere rolls him up in a small package!

DDK:
Newbludd turns the tables with the small package!

ONE!

Cassidy fights back and starts kicking his legs!

TWO!

Brock can't keep the advantage and Cassidy rolls over, pinning Newbludd's shoulders on the mat!

ONE!

TWO!!

Now it's Newbludd who begins to squirm as the ref raises his hand up for the three count! Brock keeps kicking and he reverses the pin back in his favor!

ONE!

TWO!!

Cassidy can't flip the pin for a second time!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:
Newbludd gets the win by the skin of his teeth! That could have gone either way, Lance!

The footage ends and Malak continues his rant.

Malak Garland:
Oh me, oh my. What dissension there must be between the two of you. I mean, you guys fought each other for crying out loud. That must mean there's lots to unpack here because Cyrus and I have only ever been on the same page since stepping foot into this company. We've never fought each other and never will.

DDK:
It feels a bit to me like Malak is grasping at straws. Sure, Pat and Brock have fought in the past but it was brotherly competition if nothing else.

Malak Garland:
Need I remind you two hoodlums that I am the champion here. I know what I'm doing. Based solely on the context of that footage alone, you two don't know whether you're coming or going! Tell me, Pat, as the guy who lost that match - how's it feel to know your partner is better than you?

In the ring, Cassidy and Brock have been watching Malak's display with intensity. Cassidy motions for a mic.

Pat Cassidy:
I did lose, didn't I?

Cassidy looks to Brock and raises his eyebrow. He clears his throat and steps up into the face of his tag team partner. Brock's face is unreadable, but he meets Cassidy's gaze.

Pat Cassidy:
Interesting footage, huh? Takes us way back. And Malak is right… you did beat me, didn't you? After seeing that, buddy… I've only got one thing to say...

Cassidy and Brock's body language gets intense for just a second… before they break out into grins and share a laugh. The tension diffuses and the crowd laughs along with them. Cassidy turns back to face Malak on the ramp.

Pat Cassidy:
… fuck off.

The fans cheer for SNS unity! Brock takes the mic from Pat.

Brock Newbludd:
Save your mind games, snowflake. In just a few short months, Pat and I are coming for your titles. As a team! Unless of course… you want to do this now?

Another cheer rises up from The Faithful as SNS hop out of the ring and begin to march up the ramp. Malak immediately drops the microphone and pulls Bates to the back by his hulking arm.

DDK:
I think it's clear that Cassidy and Newbludd will not be intimidated by tactics the Comments Section have employed in the past!

Lance:
Furthermore, Malak doesn't want a fight on his hands! He's running for the hills!

The broadcast fades to elsewhere as Brock and Pat stand at the top of the ramp, looking out into the audience, undeterred and making the age-old "we want the belts" motion.

COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF 2021

CARD AS IT STANDS

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
The Comments Section © vs. SNS

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
Dex Joy © vs. Matt LaCroix

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RHUMBA OF RATTLESNAKES

The camera closes in on Conor Fuse, silently moping around the locker room backstage and largely keeping to himself. He's rifling through his things and from the looks of it, you couldn't tell that he defeated Ryan Batts in a Best of Five Series on UNCUT. As he continues going through his bag, he turns his head…

And there stands several people that cause The Faithful watching in the arena to book the unholy eff out of the screen…

"A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace.

BOTH members of The Lucky Sevens, Max and Mason Luck.

And of course, the interim leader of the Better Future Talent Agency, Alvaro de Vargas.

Conor isn't sure what to think just yet of the massive quartet approaching him but El Sol Dorado is the first one to put his mind at ease.

Alvaro de Vargas:
Conor! Mi amigo! Cómo estás esta tarde? Hey, congratulations on beating that little pendejo, Ryan Batts. Ganaste el mejor de cinco series!

Conor says nothing. Alvaro shrugs it off.

Alvaro de Vargas:
Look, my friend… we approached you with an offer a couple of weeks ago. And I'm sure that you listened to DEF Radio when you heard that Tom Morrow was going to take part. Nada más que cosas buenas que decir sobre ti. So if you have a few minutes, we wanted to follow up on that conversation. Can we sit?

Again, The Power-Up King says nothing so the group take it upon themselves seat on some of the locker room benches.

Jack Mace:
Oi, Conor! Nothin' puts a better smile on me face than watching one of Burns' utter twat pupils like Batts get what's comin' to 'em. Like Al said, congrats on winnin', mate. That's exactly why Tommy wanted you as part of the group. This ain't just a buncha Billy No-Mates who don't love nobody. This is a brotherhood, mate. With actual brothers! Twinsies, even!

Max Luck scoots in his seat a little closer to Conor Fuse and dwarves him in size but still approaches in a friendly manner.

Max Luck:
Conor!!! Jack is right! Mason and I would never let something like what happened to you and Tyler Fuse happen to us. If we wanted to, we could beat up the Kabal like that…

Mason snaps his fingers next to him.

Max Luck:
…but right now we've got our hands in lots of things because of all the endorsement deals that Better Future got us! We got Encino Man II coming to Disney Plus in the near future cause they won out in the bidding war over those ass-hole cheapskates at Netflix! Sales of the Lucky Sevens's Triple Sevens Whiskey have been selling through the roof! They are out there right now getting lots of people drunk and who will drunk people have to thank when they finally score someone they wouldn't otherwise without our whiskey?

Mason Luck puts his hands up.

Mason Luck:
Us, Conor, that's who! I know you'll still see Tyler at family reunions or on League of Legends or whatever… but here at work where you want to thrive you can never, never, ever ever team with your brother again. So let Max and I be your cooler, richer bigger brothers in DEFIANCE Wrestling. We'll have your back.

Max slides a gift bag on over to Conor. When Fuse does not open it, Mason reaches into the bag and pulls out a nice bottle. He puts it on the bench.

Mason Luck:
This my friend is our newest line of Triple Sevens Whiskey… apple flavor. It's all yours.

Max Luck:
Remember my friend when life has you down for a two-count … kick out Conor! Join BFTA and I promise we'll be there holding the tag rope with our hands out-reached for you for that tag.

Mason gives him a playful punch on the arm. Alvaro holds out his hands towards The Lucky Sevens.

Alvaro de Vargas:
There you have it, Conor. Le daremos más tiempo para pensar en ello, pero póngase en contacto con nosotros pronto. Get back to us with an answer, friend. We don't let opportunities like this come along every day. We don't let just any pendejo into the group. Let us do what we did for Ophelia Sykes.

He starts to leave, but Mace stands up first and offers Conor a pat on the back.

Jack Mace:
Don't leave us waiting much longer, mate. We want an answer. SOON.

He squeezes a little harder on his shoulder, enough to make Conor show visible discomfort. The four men take their leave from the locker room, leaving Conor to really marinate on this recent attempt by The Better Future Talent Agency's sales pitch.

The camera pans to the right, showing a far corner of the locker room. We see a figure, fuzzy at first, with arms crossed leaning against the wall facing Fuse. Once it's clear that Better Future have made their exit, the arms uncross and the figure steadily strides towards Conor, his identity becoming readily apparent.

Henry Keyes. He gives Conor space and places his right foot on a locker room bench, leaning his arms over it.

Henry Keyes:
One of my favorite things to learn about is the silly little names that we've taken to calling groups of animals...you know, like a "clowder of cats" or a "parade of elephants". I have a few that I really love…"a murder of crows", "a blessing of unicorns", "a mob of kangaroos"...

Keyes takes a quick glance at Conor, who remains silent and may or may not even be listening that closely.

Henry Keyes:
My absolute FAVORITE, though, is "a rhumba of rattlesnakes"...something about a group of these vicious, lethal snakes, shaking their rattles and making enough noise that it's a full-on rhumba. Can you imagine? A bunch of snakes, ballroom dancing around a hare or something? Majestic dips and all that?

Keyes pauses and exhales deeply through his nostrils.

Henry Keyes:
Anyway...the day that you're ready to dance against THAT "rhumba"-

Keyes points towards the door that Better Future used to exit.

Henry Keyes:
-if you need it, know that you've got a dance partner.

Keyes knows better by now than to wait for a response from Conor and makes his own exit.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MINUTE Â© vs. NATHANIEL EYE

DDK:
Folks, after what has certainly been another newsworthy night tonight, we have something more for you! Tonight's main event will be for the Favoured Saints Championship! The new champion, Minute, overcame Jack Mace in a huge david vs. goliath-style match-up in order to win the vacant title after Matt LaCroix vacated it to go after Dex Joy's Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:
And it's out of the frying pan and right into the fire tonight! In our main event, Minute begins the journey for four successful title defenses, but he is going one-on-one against a man who can very well take it! Nathaniel Eye is on a three-match win streak since his return and he also defeated a former challenger for this title, "Bantam" Ryan Batts, to earn this shot!

DDK:
The Favoured Saints Championship gets the distinction of being defended in its first-ever main event since the title came to be! In this battle of two young, bright stars, who will come out on top? We'll soon find out!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is set for one fall and is your main event of the evening… and it is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship!

The Faithful are feeling pumped!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♫"You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo♫

Darren Quimbey:
Coming out first is the challenger! He is from right here in Baton Rouge, Louisiana and he weighs in at two-hundred thirty five pounds! Accompanied by the Southern Heritage champion Dex Joy, he is **"THE HANDSOME FACE" NATHANIEL EYYYYYYEEEEEE!!!!!**

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all crushed-velvet-like attire and new theme music. He is being fired up by Dex Joy right now at his side! The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs!

DDK:
Dex Joy coming out to support his best friend! Can you imagine if Dex Joy holds the SO-HER title and Nathaniel Eye becomes Favoured Saints champion tonight?

Lance:
That would be incredible. Minute won't let go of the title without a fight but remember that belt has changed hands on its first defense before. It is very possible! After what we also saw on Uncut last week, we know that Dr. Ned Reform has his eye on this young kid too.

Eye looks to have some home town support and that of his best friend. Dex stays outside to cheer on the Handsome Face and he psychs himself up. The lights go black and the arena is now enveloped in darkness… soon, one gold and silver spotlight shines on the stage…

♫ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi♫

And where the two spotlights meet, Minute raises a hand out, then takes in a nice applause from The Faithful as he

holds up the Favoured Saints Championship! As the lights return, Titaness poses next to her stablemate with her back turned to the ring while behind him, “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez stands and raises a fist!

Darren Quimbey:
And the opponent from Tijuana, Mexico… accompanied to the ring by Titaness and Uriel Cortez, weighing in at 164 pounds… he is representing Los Tres Titanes and is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion… ”**TITAN DE LOS CIELOS**” **MINUTE!**

Minute bumps fists with his stablemates, then they follow as Minute DASHES toward the ring like a missile, then slides into the ring with the quickness. He leaps to his feet and looks out to the crowd. Minute then approaches Nathaniel Eye and holds up the title. He points at it and tells Minute it’ll be his. Uriel and Titaness are both in Minute’s corner as the luchador leaps to the middle buckle and holds the title up.

DDK:
This one should be great! Nathaniel Eye is a real blue chipper and he’ll have the size and strength advantage. He’s agile to boot, but if Minute can keep the match at his pace, that’ll be his key to victory.

Lance:
Don’t forget, though, Nathaniel Eye can fly also. He blends that with a solid power base. The tools to be the champion are definitely there.

Minute and Nathaniel bump fists in a sign of respect as the official holds up the belt. He hands it off and calls for the bell…

DING DING

The two lock up and Eye goes right to a headlock to control the smaller luchador. Minute tries to fight his way free, but Eye quickly takes things to the mat and then rolls him over with a headlock takeover. Minute then uses his legs to snare around the neck of Eye, forcing him to let go, but he quickly breaks free of that. Eye meets Minute on his feet and then pushes him back to the ropes before sending him across with the Irish Whip. He runs forward and tries a move, but Minute runs up the buckle and then backflips over Eye with ease, lands on his feet, then does a front handstand forward!

DDK:
Look at Minute go!

The TJ Tornado bounces back and runs off the ropes, ducking under a back elbow attempt by Eye, then running off the ropes to try a headscissors… but Eye blocks it! Minute shakes his head and Eye tries a powerbomb, but Minute rolls through quickly and tries a sunset flip, but Eye ducks down!

ONE… TW-NO!

Minute kicks out! Eye takes him back up and Minute clips his leg with a stiff kick. He then tries a dropkick and the blow knocks Eye into the ropes! Minute stands up, but he doesn’t expect Eye to come right back and BLAST him with a huge running dropkick of his own!

Lance:
What an exchange that was! Minute thought he had him there, but Eye comes back with an even bigger dropkick of his own!

Eye then goes over to Minute and then drops him with a snap suplex!

DDK:
And another cover by Eye!

ONE… TWO-NO!

Minute kicks out right at two, but Eye is looking pretty confident in himself for the moment.

DDK:
You called it earlier! Eye has that speed/power blend that can be harder for smaller opponents to combat.

The Handsome Face picks up Minute by the arm. He tries setting him up for a suplex, but at the apex of the move, Minute slips free and lands behind him. Eye turns around and gets clipped in the head by a huge jumping enzuigiri kick! The blow stuns him and rocks Eye to the ropes, then Minute pops the crowd when he hangs onto the ropes and nails a tiger feint kick OVER the ropes! The blow knocks Eye off his feet for the first time, but Minute isn't done as he leaps to the top rope and hits a top rope springboard lionsault!

Lance:
What a combination of moves! Cover!

ONE… TWO… NO!

Eye kicks out and tries to buy himself some time by rolling away, but Minute measures him up and then bounces back, CRACKING him with a huge handspring enzuigiri, sending Eye flying through the ropes and out to the floor. Uriel and Titaness know what's up as Minute gets back to his feet. Minute measures him up and gets a running start… then The Faithful go bonkers when he does a cartwheel, then FLIES over the ropes wiht an incredible Sasuke special!

DDK:
WHOA! We say this a lot about Minute's offense, but that was unreal!

Lance:
Eye perhaps making a rookie mistake right there after Minute got the upper hand on him earlier! He just paid for it!

The crowd buzzes as Minute heads back to his feet first, pounding fists nearby with Titaness and Uriel before turning attention back to Eye. The former BRAZEN standout tries to get up and Minute helps push him back into the ring. When he gets there, Minute heads to the ring apron and then leaps over and connects with a running shooting star press, right into a cover!

ONE… TWO… NO!

Eye kicks out again, much to the chagrin of Minute.

DDK:
Minute keeping the pressure on. Sure, size and all that, but his speed is such a game-changer at times, the way he can string moves together quickly!

Lance:
That's for sure. Eye has to find a way to turn this around.

The Handsome Face gets worn down to where Minute can try his next move. The TJ Tornado waits for Eye to try and stand, then goes to knot up the leg with a barrage of stiff kicks. The blow stun Eye, then Minute hits the ropes and looks like he wants to try for a Tornado DDT… but before he can, Eye shoves him off. Minute quickly lands on his feet, but when he comes back, he gets the shock of a lifetime when Eye snatches him up and then DRIVES him down with a ring-shaking spinning spinebuster!

DDK:
That was a great reversal!

Backstage as the match goes on, the camera is fixed on Dr. Ned Reform. He looks at the match with one of his trusted

TAs taking notes on the goings-on in the match.

Lance:
And there is the man who says he's on a crusade to help DEFIANCE Wrestling get better! I don't know about that!

DDK:
Yeah, especially after what he did to Ryan Batts.

The small but mighty luchador is whipped and then hit with a corner flying forearm by the Handsome Face. He gets thrown onto the other side where Eye hits him with a second one. Eye stays on Minute so he can't reverse another move and then he picks him up. Another ride to the ropes leads to Nathaniel Eye hitting a corkscrew elbow smash and takes down Minute. Dex, Uriel and Titaness's eyes are all on the match when Eye nips up to his feet and then jumps right over with a leg drop on top of Minute!

DDK:
Jumping leg drop after the forearms and the leg drop! Could that be the last of Minute's title run?

One ...
Two …
NO!!!

Eye doesn't argue with the referee and Dex tells him to keep attacking Minute and keep him grounded.

Lance:
That's smart. If Minute gets going, he gets wild so Eye is now shutting him down.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are all about the match with Nate hitting a double arm suplex close to the ropes. He stays down long enough for Eye to jump over the ropes. He lands on the apron and then comes right back again to hit a slingshot leg drop this time!

DDK:
Great extension on the leg!

One …
Two …
No!!!

The Handsome Face does not win the title like he would hope but he does pull Minute back from the ropes and then uses his legs to wrap him around in a body scissors submission!

DDK:
A rare submission hold by the challenger but he can't afford to hold back if he wants to win his first title on the main roster.

Lance:
That he cannot! And this is the perfect hold! He hit the spine buster and since then, he has been working over Minute's midsection with moves.

Minute is trapped with nowhere to go. He tries to fight but Eye's leg strength is too great … something his lady friends may be able to attest to. Uriel and Titaness are one side cheering on their friend while Dex Joy is on the other end cheering his best friend.

Dex Joy:
You gotta keep lucha pally grounded, Nate! Keep going!

Nate hears him loud and clear but Minute staying grounded is always much easier said than done. He starts to crawl at the ropes. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer on both men when Minute hits the ropes and then finally gets close enough for Eye to break the hold!

Lance:
Minute breaks out! But Eye will not let him get anything going!

Eye lets go of the hold but then he runs at Minute and picks him up on his shoulders. He runs him into the corner and then hits the ropes for a big spear that knocks Minute flipping backwards! Eye knows that this might be enough when he goes to pick up the Favoured Saints title!

DDK:
He won't let Minute get away! We might have a new champion!

One …
Two …
NO!!!

Eye is left stunned that Minute kicked out of the spear, but Dex tells him to strike now. The Handsome Face listens to his friend and then heads up to the top rope.

DDK:
Nathaniel Eye trying to strike while the iron is hot! He has Minute grounded still and if he hits the Eye's Up Here, I think we're gonna have a new champion!

It takes Eye a moment or two to get to the top rope and he's about to position himself… when Minute surges to life unexpectedly! He LEAPS to the top rope next to Eye, then jumps off of that and SNAPS him off the top turnbuckle with an incredible top rope hurricanrana!

Lance:
NO WAY! HOW DID MINUTE DO THAT!

The crowd goes CRAZY as Minute nails the sudden death top rope hurricanrana! Eye is down and has no idea where he is while The TJ Tornado is stumbling near one corner. Dex Joy can't believe what he just saw while Titaness and Uriel both cheer on their stablemate.

DDK:
Eye on one side of the ring! And Minute has him lined up! We know what's up next!

Minute is still hurt, but balancing himself on the ropes. And with all the agility he can muster, he RUNS halfway across the ropes and then CONNECTS with the rope-running corner dropkick called Estrella Fugaz!

Lance:
What an incredible maneuver! And he's going up one more time while Eye is down!

Eye crumbles out of the corner and Minute has one chance as he goes to the corner. He makes his way up and then doesn't waste time. He takes flight…

DDK:
630 SPLASH! HE CALLS THAT MINUTIAE! THE SAME MOVE HE USED TO WIN THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE!

Lance:
COVER!

Minute crawls backwards after the impact and then hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Minute slumps off of Eye's fallen body and then raises a fist from the ground as the belt is handed back to him by the referee.

Darren Quimbey:
Here is your winner… and STILL the Favoured Saints Champion… **MINUTE!**

DDK:
What a CLOSE one! Eye was just one move away from becoming the champion, but Minute doesn't stay down! He strung together the right combo he needed of that Estrella Fugaz dropkick and the 630 splash he calls Minutiae and he retains the title!

Lance:
One down, three to go for Minute!

Uriel and Titaness both join Minute in the ring and congratulate the luchador on his big victory once more coming out of his first successful title defense of the Favoured Saints Championship. Dex Joy helps Nathaniel Eye out of the ring as the challenger is left holding his rib cage. He starts to leave, but stops for a second. He reaches out a hand and Minute takes it! The two shake after a very grueling match and The Faithful cheer for good sportsmanship being shown.

DDK:
That's good sportsmanship being shown by the likes of Nathaniel Eye and Minute! I have no doubt in my mind that Eye's time will come, but right now, Minute is on a hot streak and needs to keep it going.

Dex and Nathaniel head to the back and disappear from sight while Minute gets his time in the sun, holding the title in the air.

DDK:
Folks, thanks for joining us tonight and we'll see you for Night Two tomorrow night of DEFtv 154! And...

STAKING A CLAIM

♫ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♫

With noise rock pumping through the PA, the Faithful erupt in jeers as the REZIN steps through the curtain, obnoxiously clapping into a mic in a clear gesture of mockery.

Rezin:
Wow… WOW… absolutely amazing! Such a glorious, hard-fought victory for the reigning EFF-ESS champ! And what better way to end it, than with a move like THAT!

He snorts, making the most disgusting noise through his still-bandaged broken nose as he does so. Slowly, he begins his way down the aisle. In the ring, the Favoured Saints champ, joined by Cortez and Titaness, look rather peeved to have their celebration interrupted.

Rezin:
I gotta say, king… that's mighty impressive of you, flippin' over and over like that. Good liftoff, decent hangtime… and one hell of a landing. Takes some real skills… and some real *cajones*, know'msayin'? And yes, I suppose it goes without saying that it takes a bit of punk rock also.

Halfway down the ramp, he pulls up on Nathaniel Eye as the former BRAZEN Champ is heading to the back. Rezin throws an arm over his shoulders and hangs on him like they were buddies.

Rezin:
So how 'bout it, ol' Natty Eye-ce? Is it really all it's cracked up to be?

Eye, clutching his ribs and in absolutely no mood to be answering stupid questions, let alone from this asshole, reacts by angrily shrugging off the Goat Bastard and promptly making his exit. Rezin shrugs and turns his attention back to the ring.

Rezin:
Yeah, well, I can tell ya this, little buddy… having the grace and form of an Olympic diver is one thing, but any REAL high-flyer knows that the ancient art of AERIAL ASSASSINATION is more than justy for fancy, crowd-pleasing flippy-doos!

Making it to ringside, he slowly arcs his finger across the capacity crowd around them.

Rezin:
Look around you… do you see these mouth-breathers? All of these people are basic rubes… simple-minded marks! They like the flippy-doos you do for the same reason stupid babies enjoy having the keys rattled in their faces. It's because they're consumers… they're CATTLE! It takes very little to get their attention, and it takes even less to keep them content while the corporate brand that hangs around YOUR waist quietly empties THEIR pockets.

The Faithful loudly BOO at being typefied this way, and Rezin throws his arms out to his sides as if it confirms his point.

Rezin:
SEE?? Right on cue! Ugly man said a bad thing, must go BOO!! Tiny man do many flips, must go YAY!! Like I said… CATTLE! Loyal, stupid, easily satisfied, AND predictable in every way!

He looks to the Favoured Saints Champion again, pointing to his chest.

Rezin:
But you know who AIN'T predictable, Minute? This guy right here… the ESCAPE ARTIST! Nobody could EVER predict my mesmerizing moves or maniacal motivations, because both in that ring and out of it, I am the absolute embodiment of CHAOS!

His gaze hardens, and it looks like one of the rare moments where he's cutting to brass tacks and getting serious. Minute intently stares back, his belt hanging majestically from his shoulder as a constant reminder of his status.

Rezin:
And when this CHAOS comes calling, Minute… you aren't gonna know what hit you, and you aren't gonna see it coming! You wanna be the Titan of the Sky? Well, I'm the Terror! I'm a NUCLEAR BOMB… and when I bring the fires of hell raining down on you, it'll be from a dark cloud of UNKNOWN!

The Goat Bastard flicks the straws comically jutting out of his nose bandages.

Rezin:
But right now, you got this gauze-n'-straws on ol' schnoz to thank for leaving me involuntarily bound to the ground. Otherwise, I'd be dropping into that ring outta nowhere and straight up claiming my STAKE in that Favoured Saints Championship! I got a plan for all that, though… so for tonight, I'm happy just giving YOU, the teeniest and tiniest of Titans, a friendly little heads-up on what's to come in your future.

Rezin grins like a hungry vulture lying in wait as he stalks the ringside aisle. In the ring, Los Tres Titanes inaudibly discuss among themselves on how to act on this.

Rezin:
So don't get too caught up in any ambitions about maybe working your way up to a shot at the Southern Heritage Title… cause as soon as I'm ready to fly again, champ, you won't be able to spend a single MINUTE (heh heh) of your life without having to looking over your shoulder, waiting for me to pounce when you least expect it!

The Escape Artist directs his snarl to the ringside Faithful that continue to boo him. He clearly enjoys every moment of milking them for heat. Meanwhile, the Favoured Saints Champion goes into motion, taking a bounce off the far set of ropes…

Rezin:
Cause THAT'S what it means to be the HIGHEST of flyers! And that's ME!! I am the TERROR of the SKIES!! I strike without WARNING! I am UNPREDICTABLE!! I am VOLATILE!! And most of all, EYE… AM...

Crescendoing to a massive climax, he spins to the ring again just in time to see Minute hurtling through the ropes…

Rezin:
PUNK--GYAAHH!!

...and slingshotting himself back into the ring with a textbook baseball slide fake-out. Rezin is nevertheless duped by the stunt, and clears out two rows of fans as he dives over the barricade in an effort to get out of the way.

DDK:
HAHAHAHA!! Who's the mark now, punk?

The crowd has a good laugh at his expense. Minute has a smile as he gets handed a microphone from ringside with Uriel Cortez and Titaness watching behind him.

Minute:
(huffing) Rezin! First off, amigo… No soy Henry Keyes. Not punk rock guy. I'm more… hip-hop.

He shrugs and gets some laughs from the crowd as Rezin pokes his head up from the barricade, snarling. Minute lays down the Favoured Saints Championship in front of him.

Minute:
But let me give YOU a heads up… Mírame. Watch me. Watch me defend this title night in, night out, amigo! I will fight for this title… then at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE… I! Challenge! You!

The Faithful pop loud at the thought!

DDK:
Wow! What a match that would be! Minute wants to defend the title up until MAXDEF then put it on the line against Rezin!

Lance:
Rezin never did get a chance to go for the title after he was disqualified from the original title match to crown the first-ever Favoured Saints Champion… and now, Minute is going to give it to him if he can make it there!

Clumsily crawling back over the barricade, Rezin nods to seemingly accept the challenge. Minute then stands up from where he's sitting and hands the microphone over to Uriel. Uriel looks out to the crowd… then LEAPS over the ropes with a somersault, then sticks a PERFECT landing in front of Rezin to the amazement of The Faithful!

DDK:
OH, WOW! HE STUCK THAT LANDING PERFECTLY!

Rezin AGAIN instinctively lunges himself over the barricade. The Faithful go nuts as Minute can't hide a grin. Uriel then throws the microphone back out to Minute and turns to Rezin, still growling.

Minute:
Mírame.

He throws the microphone aside and then starts to leave ringside with Los Tres Titanes.

Lance:
That was AMAZING. I don't know if he could replicate that if he tried!

DDK:
He told Rezin, mírame… watch me. At Maximum DEFIANCE, if he still holds the title by then, Minute looks to defend against Rezin after weeks of Rezin challenging his status as the top high flyer in DEFIANCE. What a match that could be!

Minute raises the title and he and the rest of the group head out while Rezin angrily watches him leave from the front row… but not without having the match he wanted.

DDK:
Folks, thanks for joining us tonight for DEFtv 154, Night One! Tune in tomorrow for Night Two! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Good night!

Both men continue talking trash off-mic in the direction of the other with the Favoured Saints Championship raised by Minute and Rezin not taking his eyes off the title belt.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.