

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Atlanta welcomes DEFIANCE as the McCamish Pavilion is hyped! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway and there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, is everywhere!

GEORGIA GOOD SPOT FOR NEW BALLYHOO

BALLYHOODUNIT?

LAST DEFTV BEFORE MALAK BECOMES FIST AND PLACE CLOSES. BEEN A GOOD RUN!!

[NEWBLUDD & CASSIDY IN BALLYHOO] THIS IS FINE

**IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT THEY'RE THE LUCKY SEVENS BECAUSE THEY'RE SEVEN FEET TALL
AND YOU CAN'T TEACH THAT**

IF DEACON LOSES, I'M TELLING GOD

NOT MY DEFIANCE

PUSH LORD SEWELL YOU COWARDS

I DEMAND MORE GET RICH QUICK SCHEMES FROM KYLE SHIELDS

SGT SAFETY WAS ON THE CLASSIC PPV

KAZUHIRO TROY 4 FIST IN 2026

SCOTTY FLASH SHOULD MAKE MORE NUTSACK-BASED MUSIC

SCOTTY FLASH GOT A BAD NECK TATTOO IN ATL

ADRENALINE, IN MY SOUL, SCOTTY FLASH IS SUCH A TOOL

THE GAME BOY HAS FEELINGS TOO YOU KNOW

KYLE SHIELDS IS NOT MEMORABLE

MALAK MAKES MONEY MOVES

I HAVE A KRAKEN OF A MAN-KRUSH

THIS SIGN DOES NOT IDENTIFY AS A SIGN

BURNS WENT FULL SESAME STREET NOW HE'S OSCAR THE GROUCH

STAY GONE LUCKY SEVENS

DEX WREX AGAIN!

FAVORED SAINTS MANAGEMENT MADE ME HOLD THIS SIGN FOR A FREE TICKET

READ THE BACK OF MY SIGN

To the announe team, Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner.

DEX JOY vs. LEYENDA de OCHO

DDK:

Hello Faithful! Our opening match will see "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy in action since the ACE of DEFIANCE special against a great young prospect, Leyenda de Ocho. Ocho is a former BRAZEN Star Cup holder and we have seen him hold his own against a number of DEFIANCE Wrestling stars!

Lance:

He definitely has. He fought Henry Keyes for the Favoured Saints Title just recently, too. He is looking for a big win, but Dex Joy is looking for one before he faces Oscar Burns in a DEFCON rematch at Maximum DEFIANCE!

One by one in the arena the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time and beep until a wrecking ball with the Dex Joy logo smashes through a wall!

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

And finally the man appears on the entrance ramp!

Darren Quimbey:

This is tonight's opening match! Introducing from Los Angeles, California and weighing three-hundred forty-two pounds... he is THE LEADER OF DEX'S WRECKING CREW ... DEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!!!

A black singlet with the same gold and black wrecking ball with "DEX" above and "JOY" below and black shorts with the same pattern. Golden colored boots, knee pads and elbow pads! Dex stomps to the ring and asks the crowd a question.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!?!?!?

NO ONE!!!

After the answer back from the crowd Dex walks into the ring and gets ready to play a very high stakes game of cat and mouse with Leyenda de Ocho.

♪ "Hold Back The Night" by The Protomen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And coming out next is the opponent! From Chicago, Illinois, weighing in tonight at 188 pounds... LEYENDAAA deeeeeeeeeeee OOOOOOCCCHOOOOO!

Leyenda de Ocho bursts through the curtain to a hot crowd reaction and is ready to go! He's back in his regular luchador gear after his one-off as The White Hat on UNCUT. He pauses atop the ramp to pump a fist in the air, brow furrowed with determination and focus. LDO tags a few hands on his trot to the ring. He slides under the bottom rope into a kneeling position. Nodding his head with appreciation towards the ultra-supportive faithful, Leyenda de Ocho pops to his feet and bounds to the middle turnbuckle, colorful lights pulsing all around him. Those lights fade out.

Dex wants a handshake first but Leyenda de Ocho declines and voices his intent to win the match first. Dex wrecks, but Dex also respects when he backs away.

Lance:

LDO coming off a heartbreaking loss to Henry Keyes on our most recent episode of UNCUT. It will be interesting to see how he bounces back after their falling out - LDO has shown a lot of heart in recent months and always seems to challenge big names on the DEFIANCE roster.

DDK:

And now it's The Biggest Boy's turn!

DING DING

The Wrecking Crew Foreman heads towards Leyenda, but he slides across the canvas first. He rolls upwards and then comes at Dex using a running elbow. He backs him to a corner and then Ocho rolls up. However before he executes any more big moves, Dex spins him around by the arm, then pushes him to the corner ...

BIG BIEL TOSS ACROSS THE RING!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful all look shocked at how far he gets thrown from one side of the ring to the other. Dex does respect the gumption of Leyenda de Ocho, but he does have a point to prove in his first return match since challenging for the FIST of DEFIANCE against Deacon!

Lance:

We knew that Leyenda de Ocho might fly in this match but I don't think anyone was expecting that!

DDK:

I thought Dex was going to throw him the way up here!

Dex looks over at Leyenda de Ocho and tells him that he's sorry but he has a match to win. Dex Joy bounces back to the corner and then he starts to charge towards him but Leyenda is able to get up and roll from the corner first. Dex is able to stop himself, but Leyenda hits him with a drop kick first. He gets up and then tries to throw Dex across the ring. The whip is an exercise in futility because The Biggest Boy throws him first. When Leyenda comes at him, Dex is able to wow the crowd by leapfrogging over him. He ducks to the mat when he comes back and when Leyenda heads back a third time he runs right into a big cross body from Dexy Baby!

DDK:

I don't think Dex has missed a step in his last month off from the ring!

Lance:

Oscar Burns split his head open with that golden shovel but now it belongs to Rezin! He doesn't have it any more after Dex Joy made a surprise return in DEF TV 171!

Dex looks good, but Leyenda de Ocho not so much. He has to roll out of the ring otherwise he leaves himself wide open from another attack. His entire midsection hurts and he doesn't look like he has his wits about him.

DDK:

Dex Joy is wrecking Leyenda de Ocho right now and if he can't get something going, this one might be quick.

Lance:

Where does Leyenda de Ocho go from here?

Dex Joy is playing for the crowd.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!?!?

NO ONE!!!

The Biggest Boy's attention is back on the outside when he follows Leyenda de Ocho. But Ocho is still the faster of the two wrestlers. He gets into the ring so when Dex follows him in, he gets hit using a leaping drop kick. The blow does little to faze Dex but when Leyenda tries a move, Dex slingshots over the ropes to hit a shoulder tackle on Leyenda! The Biggest Boy rolls out after the shoulder block and he looks like he is having the time of his life being in front of the fans again.

DDK:

Dex Joy has stopped Leyenda de Ocho completely in his tracks!

Lance:

But he can't get lost in this either! Leyenda de Ocho is a very talented wrestler who can take advantage if you underestimate him.

After taking control, he picks up Leyenda de Ocho and then picks him up for a fireman carry but before he is able to hit whatever he is going to ... Leyenda de Ocho counters the move into a big tornado DDT! Dex grabs at his neck after the move and the fans don't believe that Leyenda reversed the Dex-5!

DDK:

That was impressive!!! Leyenda de Ocho just dropped Dex with that counter into the tornado DDT!

Lance:

And remember, he might be cleared, but is he 100% after that attack from Oscar Burns just over a month ago?

Dex has to protect his neck and he also decides to get away from Ocho, but giving him a runway might be a big mistake. Dex is on the ringside floor to protect himself, but Leyenda de Ocho sees what might be his best chance at pulling off a massive upset just before Maximum DEFIANCE. Leyenda de Ocho gets up and then he launches himself from one side of the ring to the other and then leaps over the ropes using a corkscrew tornillo to take down the Biggest Boy!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't help but cheer on Leyenda de Ocho after he perfectly lands the big move on Dex Joy. He gets back into the ring and he may not want a count out but moving Dex back into the ring is a fool's errand right now.

DDK:

What does Leyenda de Ocho have planned now?

Lance:

He might be waiting for Dex to get back inside the ring maybe?

Dex does start to crawl over and then get inside the ring before he gets a count out but when he is able to get to the corner, Leyenda hits a shining wizard! Dex is down then Leyenda hits a springboard discus leg drop!

DDK:

Another big hit to the back of the head from Leyenda! Can this do it?

One ...

Two ...

Dex *shoots* him far up first and Leyenda goes rolling!

DDK:

That was a great series of shots! Can Leyenda manage to land his move?

Lance:

I think he's going to try!

Leyenda de Ocho tries another shining wizard ... but Dex pushes him into the ropes. Leyenda bounces back, but Dex is up and then bounces off the other side ...

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!!

DDK:

That was a hit! Jeez!!!

Leyenda de Ocho gets stuck with the shoulder block and crashes all the way into a corner. Dex greets the fans then points at the corner where Leyenda lands. He gets ready for the move and then runs off to the corner then hits the big move of the corner cannon ball!

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner and then the Jump For Joy! We can call this one!

Joy pulls him out from the corner and then pulls him into a pin.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner ... DDEEEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYY!!!

Joy gets up to celebrate the win. Dex pulls Leyenda de Ocho to his feet and then whispers something into his ear. He pats him on the back to applaud his efforts.

DDK:

A great win by Dex to open the show! He looks good ... but look I don't think he is done here.

After Leyenda de Ocho is helped out of the ring Dex asks for a microphone because he has something to say.

OSCAR THE GROUCH

After Leyenda de Ocho is helped behind the curtain Dex Joy is now walking in a circle in the ring.

Dex Joy:

Oscar Burns!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Dex Joy notices the reaction from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Dex Joy:

It wasn't too long ago, Oscar, that those boos were cheers! People used to look up to you! They respected you! Newer starts like Dexy Baby here put wrestlers like you on a pedestal because you were the kind of wrestler that anyone in their right mind would aspire to be! ... but somewhere you lost your damn mind! You woke up on the wrong side of the bed one day, well full Sesame Street on us and then turned into Oscar the Grouch!

DDK:

He is a far cry from the person he used to be ... but what is Dex's point here?

Dex Joy looks at the top of the ramp, reaching out to Oscar Burns.

Dex Joy:

You used to be the kind of guy who didn't shy away from any challenge that wasn't a BRAZEN guy coming after your stupid garden bling. When any wrestler stepped up you were right there. Last week on UNCUT, I issued a challenge for our match and I haven't heard back from you. I want you in a match - Two out of Three Falls!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful blow the roof off the arena and send it into the Chattahoochee River!

Dex Joy:

You called me a quote, a special attraction, that you think can't go the distance! Just like I did at DEFCON when you thought I couldn't beat you, I want to prove you wrong again! So if you haven't completely lost your smile yet, let me wipe the rest of it off for you at Maximum DEFIANCE in multiple falls! Let's go! Let's got-damn go!

Dex Joy waits.

Then ...

Stepping out with no entrance music...

No pomp and circumstance...

Most importantly...

No Golden Shovel.

Oscar Burns.

Wearing a simple white Hanes t-shirt and blue jeans, looking every bit NOT like the technical marvel he looks and wrestles like. Visibly enraged. Looking like he hasn't shaved in two weeks and looking like he hasn't slept in possibly days.

DDK:

Wow... look at Burns. We haven't heard anything from him in two weeks... is the loss of that Golden Shovel really that damaging to him?

Lance:

I think it was... I've never seen him like this. That loss to Rezin thanks to Dex Joy looks like it knocked him down a peg a little bit.

Notably, Oscar has a microphone. He starts to raise the microphone...

...then says nothing!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

An impatient Dex gets ready to fire.

Dex Joy:

No. No bullshit. No hot-dogging. None of your stupid lame-ass speeches! I want an answer, Burnsie... two out of three falls... YES... OR NO?!

The Faithful clearly want it! Oscar Burns looks out to the crowd and then looks down at Dex.

Lance:

I never thought I'd say this, but Burns looks shook. He was lording that stupid Golden Shovel over everyone and now he doesn't have it...

DDK:

What's he going to say?

The microphone is brought to his lips again... but no sound comes out. He's heated, though. Angry... but Dex Joy interrupts.

Dex Joy:

COME ON!!! GET THE SHIT OUT OF YOUR MOUTH AND SPEAK UP!!!

Finally, he's had enough!

Oscar Burns:

...I ACCEPT! I ACCEPT THE DAMN MATCH!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Dex Joy pumps a fist in the air among the raucous cheers, knowing what he's gotten.

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! OSCAR BURNS VERSUS DEX JOY! TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS! THAT IS GOING TO BE AMAZING!

Lance:

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BURNS HAS ACCEPTED! DEX GOT TO HIM BADLY!

Burns continues standing at the stage and among the cheers... among the applause... he shakes... then looks up.

Oscar Burns:

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU, SHUT YOUR GODDAMN MOUTHS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT! NONE OF YOU!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wow...

Dex Joy watches as Burns points down at the ramp.

Oscar Burns:

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! NONE OF YOU UNDERSTAND! EVERYTHING I'VE DONE IS FOR YOU! EVERYTHING I'VE DONE IS FOR DEFIANCE! THIS PROMOTION WASN'T TRAVELING AGAIN WITHOUT **ME** AT THE TOP! FIST OR NO FIST... I AM NOT ONE OF MANY PILLARS HOLDING THIS COMPANY UP... I AM THE FOUNDATION ON WHICH THE BEST VERSION OF DEFIANCE WAS BUILT! BUT YOU BOO ME?! YOU! BOO! ME! YOU?! BOO?! ME?! THE GUY WHO HAS NEVER LIED, NEVER TAKEN TIME OFF, NEVER LEFT YOU?! !! AM! DEFIANCE! I AM EVERYTHING THIS COMPANY AND THAT RED FIST REPRESENTS! I MADE THIS!

He's clearly snapped! The jeers get louder and so does Oscar.

Oscar Burns:

I MADE THIS WHOLE THING! I DID EVERYTHING FOR YOU AND YOU HYPOCRITES HAVE THE GALL TO BOO ME AND EVERYTHING THAT I HAVE DONE, EVERYTHING THAT I HAVE SACRIFICED AND EVERYTHING THAT I HAVE GIVEN UP IN MY PERSONAL LIFE... GOOD RELATIONSHIPS, MY HOME... TO MOVE TO YOUR COUNTRY AND BECOME THE FACE OF THIS COMPANY? AND YOU PICK... THAT... (pointing at Dex) ... OVER ME?!

DDK:

Has he just gotten so ungr...

Oscar Burns:

SHUT THE **FUCK** UP, KEEBLER!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Burns can see him commentating from the booth and Darren and Lance go dead silent.

Oscar Burns:

DEX JOY, YOU WANT THE REAL ME? YOU WANT THE REAL ME? !! AM! REAL! THERE IS NOTHING FAKE, PHONY OR FRAUDULENT ABOUT ME... YOU THINK THAT YOU WANT A TWO-OUT-OF-THREE FALLS MATCH WITH ME, BUT I'M TELLING YOU, YOU AREN'T READY TO SWIM IN DEEP WATERS WITH SOMEONE LIKE ME...

He ends his blow-up with three last words...

Oscar Burns:

DEX... YOU'RE **FUCKED**.

The microphone goes down and Burns storms backstage before anything else can happen. Dex Joy looks ready for the fight of a lifetime, but it's clear it won't go down tonight.

DDK:

Wow... even lately, I've NEVER heard him speak to anyone in that manner. And just when I think his issues with Conor Fuse did this to him... this... this is beyond the pale for Oscar Burns.

Lance:

I agree. And we're supposed to remain impartial and call the action, but I hope that Dex Joy sticks it to him for good.

Dex Joy stares down the space where Oscar just stood as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



WATER AND A GOOD BOOK

This segment is best viewed by listening to [this](#).

Our story begins with a chapel sitting atop a moss covered hill, presumably within the cozy confines of a well kept cemetery. A grainy black and white filter overlays what the television viewers see on their screens at home. It's quiet as a gentle breeze tussles the tops of century old evergreens but the naturistic silence is soon broken by tubby laughter.

Percy Collins:

Bahahahahahaha!

A near naked, yes you read that right, A NEAR NAKED Percy Collins frolics in and around the macabre church.

Percy Collins:

Come on! Chase me! Come and get me! Bet you can't get a handful of these haunches!

Not far beyond the man whose coveralls are barely hanging onto his rotund body is none other than the Sinister Elaborator, The Source of Envy, The Snowflake Superstar, Malak Garland. He is dressed in black cloth garb akin to a monk or even a dark magician of sorts.

Malak Garland:

Tantalizing. This whole front we're putting on is rather iterative and I hate being predictable! Come here at once, Percy! Stop running around like an idiot! I'm not afraid to go to HR even about you!

Percy puts the brakes on hard and looks back sheepishly as if he were a Coppertone baby.

Percy Collins:

Let's gather at the cauldron!

They do just that as the bottom of Malak's robe drags along the grassy dirt path. Percy arrives first at the cauldron as he puts his hands in a prayer formation in front of his chest. Malak, on the other hand, peers into the liquid filled iron bulb and reaches into his saggy pockets.

Malak Garland:

Lookie what we have here. A vat full of water? How delectable. Lots to unpack here. Once I sprinkle my magic pixie dust into this bitch, it will become what Sub-Zero would consider, "holy." Maybe then I will go from being known as the Sinister Elaborator to the Sinister Minister. Now wouldn't that be quite the quaint little crowning? Wouldn't it? WOULDN'T IT!?

Malak and Percy brew their "holy water" as Percy fetches a pail and heads to the nearby brick well for some more water. Malak gracefully sprinkles in his "pixie dust" as the duo watch the liquid curdle and simmer.

Percy Collins:

Silly me, sire but we almost forgot about this!

From probably his ass crack, Percy pulls out a tattered softcover book. He hands it to his master who holds it up proudly.

Malak Garland:

Ah yes, how could we have forgotten about our "bible!?" You know, fun fact, that asswipe Sub-Zero is so shortsighted because he believes in all this hocus pocus nonsense. Not to worry though my squire, come MAXDEF, I will rectify things. I will make things right as I capture my first FIST ever and then my true reign of terror will begin.

Malak retrieves a goblet from one of his other pockets. He concentrates as he fills it with water before pouring it on the book with the hopes it will burst into flames. In reality, it just gets the pages wet.

Malak Garland:

That was a let down.

Percy Collins:

Don't worry, we have something else planned.

Percy can barely keep his pants up or contain his excitement as he points towards the chapel. Malak grins with surprise as he lays eyes upon ALEX P. and MEE6, both dressed as druids and holding shady looking canisters. A look of sheer fear suddenly overcomes Percy's face.

Percy Collins:

Uh-oh. Ummm, boss. I hate to pull a fast one on you but I think nature is calling me. I knew I shouldn't have had that fifth extra burrito at lunch. May I?

Percy sticks a few fingers out as Malak opens the soiled book. Collins is quick to rip out a few soggy pages and head off into the woods to do predictably disgusting things. Malak continues to watch ALEX P. and MEE6 as they douse the chapel in lighter fluid.

Malak Garland:

Let the coronation begin!

ALEX P. does the honors of lighting a match and setting the chapel ablaze. The redness of flames is the only thing of color within the vibrant shot.

Malak Garland:

Burn, bUrN, BURN! This is not at all like Ballyhoo being sent up in smoke! Not at all! ItS tOtAlLy dIfFeReNt!

With the image of wildly crackling flames reflecting in his eyes, Malak looks skyward and nearly hugs himself.

Malak Garland:

To coin a Teresa term, shit guy, shit. Deacon is about to be in a world of pain. Right? RIGHT!?

Fade to black.

URIEL CORTEZ vs. RICK DICKULOUS

DDK:

We've got a MASSIVE match on deck and literally, it doesn't get bigger than this from a physicality standpoint! Los Tres Titanes leader "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez goes one-on-one against the leader of Cerberus, "The Lumbergiant" Rick Dickulous!

Lance:

Cerberus have been targeting Los Tres Titanes for a number of weeks, attacking both Minute and Uriel Cortez on two prior occasions. The Titans struck back two weeks ago when Minute defeated Victor Vacio one-on-one. Out of that, Los Tres Titanes issued two challenges of their own. One for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE with Uriel and Minute against any two members of Cerberus yet to be named... and one for right now between each side's respective monster.

DDK:

Listen to these stats, Lance... Uriel Cortez: Seven-foot two, three-hundred thirty-nine pounds. Rick Dickulous... Six-foot nine, four-hundred twenty-five pounds. We know for a FACT the ring was reinforced before this match of the monsters. That match happens right now!

Darren Quimbey:

This next singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing Los Tres Titanes... accompanied by Minute, he is from The City of Industry, weighing in at 339 pounds, standing at seven-foot two! He is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the DEFIATRON. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes OFF! Wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and a LTT logo-covered towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez! Minute next to him in a white LTT hoodie, black shorts and his white lucha mask.

Cortez sheds his coat and the LTT towel and storms to the ring with Minute behind him. When the giant gets there, he plants a hefty boot on the ring apron then pulls himself up with the ropes before stepping over the ropes and into the ring. Cortez holds up a mighty hand to loud cheers from the crowd before his music quietly fades for his opponent.

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

The house lights come down as flames RISE UP on the stage. Through a mist, three hound heads appear, and moments later, the trio of terror consisting of RICK DICKULOUS, VICTOR VACIO, and GREEN REAPER emerge, wearing wolfskins. In formation, the Kabal's CERBERUS march to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... He is a representative of Cerberus and accompanied by Reaper Green and Victor Vacio... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... he stands six-foot nine, weighing in at FOUR-HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS... **"DEFIANCE'S STRONGEST MAN" RICK DICKULOUS!**

The crowd boos loudly as the three men reach the end of the rampway. Quickly, Green Reaper and Victor Vacio run to opposite sides of the ring - hopping onto the apron. Rick Dickulous moves forward and towers over at ringside. The three enter the ring with their fists raised as the jeering gets louder. Rick Dickulous sheds his wolf skin and then looks up to Uriel Cortez. A rare occurrence.

DDK:

Wow... look at the two, face to face.

Rick Dickulous gets in the face of Uriel Cortez, smirking as he does so. Cortez doesn't take his eyes off him.

DING DING

Then Rick throws the first blow, firing a STIFF clubbing blow right to Uriel's chest, followed by a back elbow to the side of the head. He teeters the bigger man and then manages to PUSH Uriel back into the corner! He ducks low and then throws a trifecta of stiff shoulder thrusts into the rib cage of the Titan of Industry. After knocking the wind out of him, he stands up and then hits a corner splash on Uriel, rattling him in the corner!

DDK:

Oh, my God! If there was any man that could potentially manhandle the tallest active competitor in DEFIANCE, it's Rick Dickulous. He out-competed DEFIANCE Legend Bronson Box in a series of strength-based challenges to earn that title of DEFIANCE's Strongest Man!

Rick gets jeers and then shoots a look at Minute on the outside. Minute talks trash at him, but when Rick comes back...

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

...Uriel comes right back with THREE nasty open-handed chops to the chest of Rick! So vicious, even The Lumbergiant is left reeling!

Lance:

Cortez fighting back now with those chops!

Rick doesn't go down, but he is reeling, especially when Cortez KICKS him square in the face with a big boot that sends him stumbling backwards into the corner! The Faithful cheer on the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion when he lines up The Lumbergiant, then CRASHES into him with a running back elbow! Dickulous stumbles out of the corner, but Cortez is there to meet him with a discus chop this time around, CRACKING The Lumbergiant and sending him back!

DDK:

Good LORD! Neither man has left their feet yet, but look at the bombs they're throwing! Rick's chest is beet red!

Cortez picks up Rick Dickulous out from the corner while he's reeling, then tries a vertical suplex... But Rick is able to plant himself firmly into the ground. He takes advantage of his rare height disadvantage and lower center of gravity. He tries to take Uriel up, but he kicks his feet to keep from going over! Cortez then breaks off the suplex attempt and then fires a headbutt to stun Rick! When the big Canadian looks dazed on his feet, Cortez runs off the ropes... only to get PICKED UP AND SLAMMED WITH EASE BY RICK WITH A RING-SHAKING POWERSLAM! The Faithful are STUNNED as he balls up his fists and cackles like there's no tomorrow!

DDK:

HOLY HELL! That has NEVER happened to Uriel Cortez like that! Rick Dickulous is the first one to knock the other down!

Lance:

Minute can't believe it! I don't even think Vacio or Reaper Green can, either!

Rick Dickulous then goes right to work on the back of Uriel, dropping a huge elbow across his back! He stands up and hits a second shot, then drops a knee into the back looking to work over the taller of the two giants!

DDK:

And Rick Dickulous isn't some lumbering giant in that ring, either. You've heard him speak. He knows how and where to hurt you!

Cortez tries to shove him away before he can land another blow and get back to his feet, but The Lumbergiant levels Cortez with a big pair of knee lifts to the chest. Cortez then gets grabbed by the side and then SLAMMED onto the mat

once again, courtesy of a HUGE release German suplex!

Lance:

This is unreal! Rick Dickulous is throwing Uriel Cortez around with relative ease! And now a cover off the release German suplex!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Minute yells out as Cortez gets the arm up! Rick Dickulous yells at the Brian Slater, but Slater holds up only a pair of fingers, so Rick throws him one back. You can guess which one, unless you're simple.

DDK:

Rick showing no respect for Brian Slater, the only referee big enough to handle these slabs of beef.

The Lumbergiant continues to pummel away at Cortez and then fires another knee strike at him, but Cortez hits him right back with another STIFF chop that stuns even Rick. Reaper Green, Vacio and Minute all watch from ringside as the two giants continue to level one another, but it's Rick getting the advantage. He takes a shot only to return fire with a headbutt that rocks Cortez and sends him stumbling backwards into a corner. The Titan of Industry continues to get rocked backwards when Rick Dickulous grins.

Lance:

I think he's got Uriel where he wants him!

DDK:

Rick with the charge into the corner... NO!

He hits nothing but the corner when Uriel moves out of the way! Rick is stunned in the corner when the man with DEFIANCE's Deadliest Hands measures him up... then NAILS him with a running back elbow in the corner! Rick is hobbled again as Cortez comes off the ropes... WITH DEFIANCE'S BIGGEST DROPKICK! The Faithful roar loudly when he finally gets Rick Dickulous off of his feet!

DDK:

A DROPKICK! Uriel has used that move very seldomly, but he had to use it to even get Rick off of his feet! That's some scary agility!

Lance:

Uriel doesn't have to leave his feet often, but against a guy who may have more power than him, he had to!

The crowd cheers as both men are down! Minute slaps the apron from his side of the ring, getting the crowd to clap while on the other side, Reaper Green and Victor Vacio watch their partner try and fight back up. Brain Slater has been counting, but it's Uriel to a knee first, followed shortly by Rick Dickulous. Rick fires off a big punch, but Cortez fires one back of his own! Rick, then Uriel! Uriel, then Rick! The two giants continue to wail on one another, but it's Rick who wins out with an eye gouge!

DDK:

Rick doesn't HAVE to do that kind of thing with strength like that, either... but he did just because he could!

Rick grabs the arm of Uriel and leads him to his feet for the Misery Whip... but after twisting Uriel around, he surprises Rick with a STIFF headbutt of his own! The lights are on, but Rick isn't home when Cortez locks both arms up... then DROPS Rick with a massive full nelson slam he barely has the strength to pull off!

DDK:

Full Nelson Slam on Rick Dickulous! COVER!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

The crowd gasp when Rick manages to power out just before the three-count! The Lumbergiant sits up while Cortez has to think what he's going to do next!

Lance:

That surprise headbutt counter to the Misery Whip and that Full Nelson Slam I thought might have done it! But where's Uriel going?

The giant carefully positions himself in a corner and then climbs slowly to the second rope.

DDK:

The rare time he's left his feet, he's also used a diving shoulder off that second rope...

And that appears to be what he's doing...but Rick CATCHES him by the throat on the way down... CHOKESLAM! The ring nearly shakes in half as Rick goes for a cover!

Lance:

No! No! Cover by Rick! Cover by Rick!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

Angrily, Rick slams a fist into the mat and almost breaks the wood underneath it!

DDK:

That was a close one! Both men throwing out their best shots!

Rick pulls him up again, then paintbrushes the back of Cortez's head. He throws a big elbow to the head, then runs off the ropes for a big lariat... only for Uriel to ROCK him with a big swinging elbow of his own! The blow sends Rick back into the ropes, but when he comes back...

THWACK!

DDK:

CHOP OF AGES! Did you HEAR that?!

And now he has Rick doubled over and then looks out to the crowd!

DDK:

Is he...? No way! He's got that new powerbomb finish he used to beat MASSIVE Cowboy on UNCUT last week! He calls it 218! After how many centimeters tall he is!

But before the world can find out if he can powerbomb Rick Dickulous, he sees Reaper Green coming out of the corner of his eye. Uriel lets go and chases him off, but Reaper Green dives off the ring apron first! But what he doesn't see... Minute running into the ring behind him...

DDK:

WHOA! Minute wipes out Bala de Velocidad! Speeding Bullet indeed!

The crowd goes nuts when Minute ZIPS right through the bottom and middle rope onto Reaper Green... but before he can celebrate, he stands up only to be greeted by a HUGE superkick from Victor Vacio!

Lance:

No! Minute trying to even the odds!

DDK:

Look, though!

Uriel reaches over the ropes and PALMS the back of Vacio's head, pulling him up onto the ring apron... then DROPPING him with a knife edge chop!

DDK:

It's all breaking down!

Slater yells at the group outside the ring, but when Cortez goes back to stop saving his buddy... LOW BLOW BY RICK! Rick delivers an upward kick to the family jewels of the Titan of Industry! The crowd jeers as Rick grabs hold of an arm!

DDK:

Low blow! Low blow and Slater didn't see it because Uriel was contending with the rest of Cerberus!

Cortez is wide open to get put down HARD by the vicious Misery Whip! The giant goes down after the shot when Rick crumbles forward and then hooks the leg!

ONE... TWO.... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

Rick Dickulous grins as he stands up and has his arm raised by Brian Slater. He talks some trash at Cortez and kneels over him before putting more boots to him!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match... **RICK DICKULOUS!**

DDK:

Rick Dickulous evens the score for Cerberus before they meet at MAXDEF... but the numbers game once again too much even for a giant like Uriel Cortez to overcome!

Rick continues putting the fists to the body of Cortez while Vacio slowly gets up. Reaper Green slowly does so as well, then both men HURL Minute viciously into the steel steps! The Titan of the Skies bounces off the steel! Then soon, they join Rick for a three-on-one mugging of the Titan of Industry!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

DDK:

They hear the bell, but they do not care! Cerberus go into MAXIMUM DEFIANCE with the win!

They stop beating Cortez long enough for Rick Dickulous, Reaper Green and Victor Vacio to soak in the moment, garnering loud jeers from the crowd before the threesome take their leave. Rick leaves the ring, followed by Victor Vacio still holding his chest and Reaper Green cackling loudly as they make a hasty exit.

DDK:

Los Tres Titanes don't know which two members of Cerberus they are fighting, either. The ball's in Cerberus' court to score a huge win at MAXDEF! They've not been bested in any combination since coming together and that's big trouble for the Titans!

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2022***FIST of DEFIANCE******The Deacon © vs. Malak Garland******w/ Conor Fuse as the Special Guest Enforcer*******if Malak Garland leaves FIST of DEFIANCE, Conor Fuse is free of his Comments Section contract******SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP******Scrow © vs. Henry Keyes******Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy******Lindsay Troy & ??? vs. Rezin & Jack Harmen******The Honor Society vs. Pop Culture Phenoms******Titaness vs. Teresa Ames******Los Tres Titanes vs. Cerberus***

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT vs. ONLYFLIPS

DDK:

It's absolutely been a wild two nights so far and we still have more yet to come... but up next, we have the debut of a tag team that has been slowly biding their time to make it to the main roster. We have the debut of Gentlemen's Agreement! They take the hot young BRAZEN team getting a look tonight... Kenny Yi and Lee Laz, also known as OnlyFlips!

Lance:

Gentlemen's Agreement have gone 3-0 on UNCUT as a team but now make it to the big time here on DEFtv! Lord Sewell, a former member of the British Royal Navy before he got his start in wrestling. His partner, Oliver Tarquin Monroe, an accomplished young amateur wrestler out of Connecticut. They both view themselves as old-fashioned gentlemen as in "pistols at dawn" types. If they feel disrespect, they're sure to let you know about it.

DDK:

Let's go to the ring now with Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

The Georgia crowd watch on as in the ring, young Portland native Kenny Yi talks strategy with the rocker-looking Lee Laz.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 402 pounds... they are the team of Kenny Yi and Lee Laz and they would like you to like and subscribe their page of great aerial moves and tricks... **ONLYFLIPS!**

The two young men get a modest and respectful applause from the crowd before the music of their opponents hits...

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets. and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his physique.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents.. At a combined weight of 459 pounds... they are the team of Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell aka Lord Sewell...and Oliver Tarquin Monroe aka OTM... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a gentlemanly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps. The camera cuts earlier to the "PUSH LORD SEWELL YOU COWARDS" which Sewell seems to notice, and smile.

Sewell and his neatly-combed mutton chops look at the Faithful with complete derision while OTM whispers something in his ear about how he's looking forward to competition. They both shake hands and decide that it will be the burly Lord Sewell to start against Lee Laz. He looks at Laz like he has steaming puke falling out of his mouth. The platinum-blond Laz looks equally unimpressed by the old school look of Lord Sewell as he calls for the bell.

DING DING

Lord Sewell has a hand to lock up, but Laz isn't having it! He rolls across the ring one way, then when the former British Royal Navy member wants to grapple again, Laz rolls back.

DDK:

So far, OnlyFlips members are living up to their name!

Laz launches up and then hits a forearm to the side of Sewell's head to stun him, then rolls off the ropes. He tries to launch up and then tries a roll into a dropkick, only for Sewell to swat him out of the way, then locking in a headlock! Sewell laughs and then CRANKS back and then pulls on his neck! Laz isn't sure which way to go, showing his

inexperience on the mat. Laz snatches on a legscissors across his neck, but Sewell slinks out and then locks the knees before cranking back, only to tap him on the head like a jerk.

Lance:

And there's that derision of theirs. Gentlemen's Agreement are not fans of what some view as modern-day wrestling.

DDK:

Which doesn't sound very gentlemanly to me to be so close-minded.

Laz gets up and rushes at Sewell again, but he hurls him into the corner. He pins him in the corner with his bigger body and then tags in Oliver Tarquin Monroe. The well-dressed wrestler jumps over the ropes to land on his feet. Sewell moves quickly as OTM rushes forward then RAMS him with a running shoulder thrust in the corner. Laz gets doubled over and then both men quickly double-team Lee Laz by pulling him out from the corner, then hit a double hotshot into the ropes!

DDK:

And quick tags from Gentlemen's Agreement! Great moves by this team.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe grabs a hold of his hand and then pulls him up before dropping him quickly with a fireman's carry takedown. He rolls him over, then hits a second one, then grounds Laz quickly. The Faithful jeer the two men as Lord Sewell yells back at them.

Lord Sewell:

That booing is rude and ungentlemanly!

The jeering gets louder as OTM grabs Lee Laz again and then slams him into mat with another waistlock takedown, then does a backhand slap, old school gentlemen style! Laz is stunned while Oliver stands up, pulls Laz up and then tags Sewell again. He whips Laz into Sewell, who hits a drop toe hold, followed by OTM leaping over him for a flying elbow drop to the back! Laz yells out in pain as Oliver rolls over to shake the hand of Lord Sewell.

DDK:

What a tag team combination there. Great teamwork so far! They've cut Laz off quickly and Kenny Yi has yet to make a comeback!

Kenny Yi is waiting impatiently in the corner, watching by himself in the corner while GA work over his partner. Lee Laz gets a leg grabbed by Lord Sewell, who tries a big suplex... but Laz slips out and stumbles back to the corner. Sewell turns around, only for Lee Laz to kick him and then backflip onto the ring apron, then leap back into hitting a springboard dropkick! He knocks over Lord Sewell, then has a clear chance to get to his partner!

DDK:

What a great comeback move by Lee Laz! But he's been worked over and now he needs to get inside the ring! Kenny Yi looks ready for the tag!

An angry Lord Sewell is holding his chest, but rolls over to his corner to quickly tag OTM. He gets inside the ring and then hooks the leg of Lee Laz, pulling him back... but Lee leaps up to a foot, then CRACKS him with an enzuigiri! OTM stumbles over, then Laz rolls to tag Kenny Yi! He rolls into the ring with a slingshot and then he ALSO nails him with the rolling thunder into a dropkick to the chest!

Lance:

Very impressive move! Kenny Yi is a former gymnast who blends this in with lucha libre stylings!

He gets OTM back up and then whips him into the ropes, only to drop him over with a snap powerslam! He leaps back to his feet to circle the ring, then he runs off the ropes. He hits a springboard moonsault... OTM rolls out of the way, but Kenny lands on his feet, then hits a feint standing moonsault instead! He pops the crowd for a cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

OTM kicks out, but Kenny Yi feels he has the crowd!

DDK:

Close fall by Kenny Yi, but Oliver kicks out!

Kenny Yi leaps over the corner and then waits for OTM. He jumps up and then hits a springboard crossbody... but Olivert reverses the move into a roll-up of his own!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Yi kicks out of the reversal! OTM gets up and Yi clips him with a low spin kick, but when he rushes the ropes and tries a move of his own, OTM ducks the move, then leaps off the middle rope to come back and hit a springboard clothesline off the middle rope!

DDK:

Wow! OTM and Lord Sewell seem to decry most high-flying that that inside springboard clothesline is called the Pistol Whip!

OTM rolls out and tags Lord Sewell before rushing over to knock Lee Laz off the ring apron with a running knee. He goes over to hook the arms of Kenny Yi, then lifts him into Sewell with an aided double underhook into a swinging neckbreaker!

DDK:

And that move is the Handshake Deal! A double-team finish... oooh, but look at Sewell!

Lance:

I think they could have ended it there, but Lord Sewell is thinking something else!

He quickly crosses the legs of Yi, then CRANKS back aggressively on the hold! A cross-legged full nelson! He continues pulling at the neck... then Yi has to tap!

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Lord Sewell cranks back on the hold for a moment before the official makes him relinquish the hold. Sewell finally lets go and then stands up, dusts himself off, then demands his coat.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

Lance:

Impressive DEFtv debut for Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe! OnlyFlips looked good at points, but tonight belonged to Gentlemen's Agreement!

DDK:

And great skill on the mat. A rare submission victory in tag team action as well. These two look like they mean business.

Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe both put their coats back on and then take their quick leave from the ring, but not before they both wipe their feet at the face of Kenny Yi disrespectfully. When Lee Laz comes back into the ring, he

shoves Lord Sewell for the insulting act... but OTM pulls what looks like a white leather glove... then WHACKS him across the face!

Lance:

HEY! We saw these two use that glove against Sgt. Safety on UNCUT last week! I can only speculate that glove might be loaded!

OTM nods at the glove and gets more jeers before the two do the same to a pained Lee Laz, wiping their feet in front of him, then leaving the ring.

DDK:

With some more time, these two could be a dangerous force in the tag team division.

AND TOTALLY REDEEM YOURSELF!

The camera cuts to Jamie Sawyers in the back standing next to Magdalena. A good deal taller, Jamie looks down at Magdalena as the crowd's immediate pop starts to fade. With a nod, he leans in.

Jamie Sawyers:

Last week was a moment for Team "I Believe." Some have said this throwback to the Game Spot of two years ago is truly getting into Deacon's head. Since the FIST isn't much of an interview, what can you tell us about his state of mind?

Magdalena:

He's called the Mute Freak for a reason. At best, I'm only guessing his thoughts.

Sawyers nods along but looks perplexed.

Jamie Sawyers:

So not even you know what the Deacon's thinking after he went through the video screen like he did almost two years ago?

Magdalena:

Not a stretch here, but I'm guessing - "ouch." Also not a stretch to say it wasn't exactly a surprise given that it was on the same "talk show." I can reach a bit to say, leading into MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, facing off with that manipulative drama Jehoram, Malak Garland, with his special guest enforcer, Conor Fuse, who proved a year ago he can play whatever part to get whatever end he needs-

Conor Fuse:

You can't be serious.

The crowd immediately pops at the voice before the camera and Conor can move to give the visual of The Character Formerly Known as Player Two standing on the other side of Jamie Sawyers. Of course, upon seeing The Power-Up King, the crowd cheers again. Jamie seems frozen, looking from Magdalena to Conor and then back again when Magdalena steps closer to the microphone.

Magdalena:

Probably not as serious as you did when you forced me to watch what happened to Deacon two years ago. FORCED me!

Conor Fuse:

Yes!

Jamie moves the microphone toward Conor. Conor steps toward the microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Just kill me already, sis. *Two years ago*. I was trying to make a name for myself.

Conor smacks Jamie on the back.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, no excuses. I sucked in 2020. I did a lot of heinous, embarrassing things. Can't people redeem themselves in this business? Didn't I redeem myself with Deacon against "Doctor" Ned Reform *last year*?

The younger Fuse stops to think about his own question and then nods like a child who finally realized the answer.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah. Totally. Did.

Conor pauses and holds up two fingers.

Conor Fuse:

Two years ago, Conor Fuse S.U.X.

Now he holds up one finger.

Conor Fuse:

Conor Fuse last year, pretty decent dude.

No fingers held up.

Conor Fuse:

Conor Fuse now, stuck in some kinda unbearable video game hard mode. Snowflake on right, giant angry freak on left.

He narrows his view to Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

Crazy girl with a grudge in the center, thinking I gotta answer for these sins FOREVER.

Magdalena steps toward the microphone again. Resigned, Jamie moves back and just holds the microphone between Conor and Magdalena.

Magdalena:

Redemption is there. It's a given, but not by Deacon or I.

Fuse huffs.

Conor Fuse:

So, let me see if I understand you. Stalker can terrorize DEFIANCE AAAANNNNNDDDD Deacon's child for months and yet you two want to rEdEEem *him*? Conor Fuse legitimately tries to be a good guy for *[stop to scratch head]* six-hundred-and-fifty-five days but Mags and Deacs with the hard pass.

Magdalena's facial expression doesn't budge.

Magdalena:

This isn't about Stalker. We're not being asked to trust him.

By now, The Ultimate Gamer looks like he wants to puke.

Conor Fuse:

Well let me assure you, come MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, Malak Garland ain't getting no pass. And ya know what? Deacon's not getting any, either. I figure it like this: Imma make sure no funny business goes on. If Malak can actually walk outta Miami with the FIST, he's gonna do it **without** cheating. As a nifty little bonus, I go free. And if Deacon retains, well...

Conor eyes Jamie and then goes back to Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

I only have myself to blame for all this mess to begin with. Might as well stay.

Another short pause.

Conor Fuse:

I have a job to do - to be the special enforcer and I'm calling it straight down the middle whether it means I'm with

Garland from now until hell freezes over. Which is kinda funny because he's a snowflake and I'm not sure anything can melt in his woke little snow globe but-

Fuse smacks himself in the back of the head.

Conor Fuse:

I digress. Let's just worry about tonight. The main event. Conor Fuse and Deacon versus Malak Garland and my former friend, The Game Boy. Tonight I stand with Deacon.

Magdalena:

No. You're not.

Conor's face twists into a bit of confusion.

Magdalena:

I didn't give Deacon the contract so he never signed it.

Head tilt, Fuse. Eyebrow raised, too.

Conor Fuse:

So... two-on-one then? You sunk that low, eh?

Magdalena shakes her head.

Magdalena:

Oh no, you got a partner for tonight's match.

Conor has an "oookkkkaaaayyyy" look across his face. He likely Weapon Got it from Lindsay Troy.

Magdalena:

I don't trust that you won't put Deacon in a bad way - AGAIN, this time just before he has to face a rather slippery challenger... *[Magdalena tilts her head letting her ponytail flow with the gravity]* and potentially you, for the FIST. *[She holds a hand up]* Don't you worry though, you do have someone's name on that contract - MINE!

DDK:

What!?

Magdalena turns on her heels and walks away, leaving Conor and Jamie Sawyers watching her. The interviewer glances at Conor a moment before moving the microphone toward the gamer. Player Two glares at the departed Magdalena, then Conor pushes the microphone down and storms away. Sheepishly, Jamie speaks into the camera.

Jamie Sawyer:

I guess that's the end of this interview.

To ringside.

WE CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT (AND WE HAVE!)

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! I gotta say, Lance, this Atlanta crowd has been a hot one as we roll through our last stop before Maximum DEFIANCE!

Before Lance can respond, the lights suddenly dim. A half-second later, the Georgia Faithful erupt...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Lance:

Something tells me things are about to get a lot hotter, partner! Here come the tag team champions!

The Saturday Night Specials, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, make their way out onto the stage and receive a thunderous ovation from the crowd. Despite the reception, the tag team champions barely acknowledge the Faithful as they hit the ramp and head towards the ring - walking with a purpose. No fist bumps, no smiles, no messin' around. Just a pair of matching scowls to go along with a look in both of their eyes that is the definition of 'bad intentions'.

DDK:

This is not what we had scheduled next, folks, but we're going to roll with it. If there's one thing that's been on everyone's mind over these last two weeks, it's the torching of Ballyhoo Brew. As big of a loss as it was for the tag team champions, it might be an even bigger one for The Faithful.

Lance:

You can say that, again. Brock and Pat's homebase was turned into a pile of ashes. The latest I've heard is that there are no solid leads on who the arsonist, or arsonists, were but I think everyone has a pretty good idea who was behind it.

DDK:

Former DEFIANCE employees, The Lucky Sevens.

Lance:

Bingo. Not to mention Ophelia Sykes, who you'll notice isn't with the champs tonight. Pat Cassidy seems pretty sure that she was a Better Future mole the entire time, as the police made it clear that whoever burned down Ballyhoo had a key to gain entry to the back office.

Both men slide into the ring and immediately pop up to their feet. Walking to the opposite side of the ring, Pat Cassidy locates Darren Quimbey and motions for a couple of microphones. The veteran ring announcer opens his mouth to protest due to the champion's unscheduled appearance but the glare Cassidy gives him makes him think otherwise. Quickly he procures two microphones and hands them up to Black Out. Snatching them up, Cassidy spins around and tosses one to Brock. Catching it with one hand, Newbludd looks towards the stage and raises the mic up.

Brock Newbludd:

Cut' the fucking music.

Newbludd continues to glare towards the stage with the menacing look that Cassidy gave Quimbey and a few seconds later Alestorm abruptly stops blaring out of the arena's speakers.

DDK:

I've seen SNS fired up before, Lance, but I've never seen them look this angry. Both of them look like they're a second away from snapping.

Lance:

Can you really blame them?

Running a hand through his hair, Newbludd paces around the ring while the scowling Cassidy leans forward onto the

top rope, looking out into the people. Having collected his enraged thoughts, Brock stops and raises the mic up.

Brock Newbludd:

We're not gonna mince words or fuck around tonight, guys. Let's get right down to it. We're out here...

Newbludd's train of thought is suddenly derailed when a fan in the front row stands up on top of his chair and turns to face the sea of people behind him. Cupping his hands around his mouth, the obviously inebriated fan lets loose with a rally cry.

Drunk Fan:

Ballyhoo FOREVER! Ballyhoo...BALLYHOO...BALLYHOO!

The rest of the McCamish Pavilion instantly joins in to create a deafening chant that shakes the rafters.

The Faithful:

BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO!

Hands on his hips, Brock sighs and tries to force a smile through his clenched jaw. Failing, he looks over to Cassidy to see the same mix of emotions on his face. Turning back to the still chanting crowd, Brock raises a fist up to signal for the chanting to stop. Slowly but surely the crowd obliges him.

Brock Newbludd:

You goddamn right Ballyhoo forever! Three weeks ago hearing that would've made me happier than a pig in shit. Now, all that does is make me want to slam my fist into a fuckin' wall. But, I'm not gonna do that. For one, I don't even have any fuckin' walls to punch anymore. Just like everything else that I owned, loved, and worked my ass off for, my walls have been burnt to a fuckin' crisp. Now, all I got is rage. That's what The Lucky Fuckin' Sevens left this guy with!

Eyes wide in said rage, Newbludd barks a maniacal sounding laugh out.

Brock Newbludd:

And now I'm gonna take that rage and put all of it behind these fists! I'm gonna put it behind them and send them straight through Max and Mason's thick fucking skulls! I don't give a SHIT anymore! I don't care what I have to do, or who I have to go through to do it! Mark my words, people! Those two colossal cocksuckers are going to PAY for what they've done!

Lowering the mic, the worked up Newbludd begins to pace again. As he does so, he screams out an audible 'Fuck!' that's picked up by the mic.

Lance:

It's our obligation to clarify that as of this moment, the police can't pin anything on The Lucky Sevens.

While Brock struggles to keep himself together, Pat steps up to address the people. Before he can, an irate Newbludd cuts in.

Brock Newbludd:

And for WHAT!? For this!? For this fuckin' gold!?

Jerking the microphone down, Brock whacks the mic against the front plate of the tag title belt fastened around his waist.

THUD!THUD!THUD!

Brock Newbludd:

Anyone's welcome to take their shot! Anyone! You want it!? Come TAKE IT! We said we'd be fighting champions when we won em' and since then we've fuckin' lived up to that promise. And we've done it longer than any other team

before us! Whatever team stepped up, we knocked down! That includes The Lucky Sevens! TWICE! TWICE I rolled one of those big fuckers up, pinned him, and sent him back to Tom Morrow with his tail between his fuckin' legs!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Brock Newludd:

You can fool the cops, boys, but you can't fool the champs. Cass and I have been searching up and down the strip just hoping to run into The Lucky Sevens, but they're conveniently nowhere to be found. And so we're right here, right now, on national television: and we're calling your bitch arsonist asses out.

Brock moves away from the center of the ring while Cassidy moves from his position leaning on the top rope to snatch it away. As he speaks, Pat paces around the ring, cutting his promo while marching with intensity and keeping his eyes pointed toward the mat.

Pat Cassidy:

You know the saying, kids - fool me once, shame on you. Well... fuck that, cause today it's fool me once, get your ass kicked! Ophelia, you weren't the first pretty face to get me all bent out of shape... and hell, you're probably not going to be the last. You did it - you got me to feel sorry for you and you played me for the fact that unlike most of the people you associate with, I'm not a total piece of shit. Good on you. I'll give you that one.

DDK:

We uh - apologize for the language during this segment, folks. The Saturday Night Specials, for obvious reasons, seem to be a bit emotional.

Pat Cassidy:

But much like you, Sykes - payback is a bitch. And if you and your pair of brainless muscle bound fools are too scared to step up and fight us like men, then we're gonna have to come to you.

Cassidy stops pacing, turning to look into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

We know you don't work here anymore, fellas. You got shitcanned because you're too stupid to function, nevermind work in a professional wrestling company. But we don't care. Fired, employed - doesn't matter. The Saturday Night Specials are looking to not only beat your asses, but beat your asses in front of the entire world!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Brock steps in to also look directly into the lens.

Brock Newbludd:

We want your asses at Maximum DEFIANCE. If you have any kind of balls, you'll show up to Miami ready for a fight, and the whole world can watch us get some payback for Ballyhoo Brew. Now...

Brock turns to the people, the first hint of that classic Saturday Night Special playfulness all promo.

Brock Newbludd:

We figure DEFIANCE isn't going to be too hot on that idea, right? They just got those two apes out of their hair, and here we are inviting them back to the front door. I don't think DEFIANCE is much in the habit of letting uncontracted athletes appear on their shows, especially two assholes that can't help but cause thousands of dollars in property damage every time they pass gas. In fact, DEFIANCE is probably gonna try to shut this whole challenge down pretty quickly and tell us to shove our idea up our asses. But Cass and I were prepared for that...

Brock drops the mic and nods to his partner. Both of the Unified Tag Team Champions hastily exit the ring, heading down to opposite sides of the ringside floor. Both men throw back the ringside apron, reaching in to produce two camping chairs and two small coolers! As the fans cheer this display, The Saturday Night Specials re-enter the ring

and unfold the chairs, plopping them down in the center of the squared circle. They both take a seat and the coolers are quickly opened, revealing two cans of Ballyhoo Brew (which now must be a collector's item). The tops of the cans are popped, the foaming beers are clanged together, and both men sit back and begin to sip!

Pat Cassidy:

In case it isn't obvious to the bow-tie wearing monkeys in the back, your boys here are bringing this whole production to a halt. We're gonna sit here in this ring until we get our match at Maximum DEFIANCE. I know you're all looking forward to the main event, kids, but I'm sorry... a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, and this show ain't going nowhere until we get our payback. Besides, did you REALLY want to see a Malak Garland match?

As the fans murmur at this latest development, Cassidy and Brock continue to sit back and sip away at their beers.

DDK:

I don't believe what we're seeing here, Lance... is this a sit in protest?

Lance:

They're likely correct, Keebs, that DEFIANCE would not bring back The Lucky Sevens after the way they left the company. But is this going to be enough to get them the match? We've got a huge Conor Fuse & Deacon vs. Malak Garland & Gameboy main event set to close the show, but if SNS don't get their way we might not even see it!

Several more moments go by of the tag team champions lounging and drinking. Midway through, a stage hand comes out and tries to get SNS to leave, but Cassidy flips him the bird until he walks away dejected. Brock is pointing to some cheering fans while Pat Cassidy tries to balance a beer bottle on his head.

DDK:

Alright, I love the tag champs as much as anyone, but at some point it might be time for security, no? I do want to see tonight's main event.

Lance:

I think that we might be able to...

DDK:

Hold on a second, Lance! Sorry to cut you off, but I'm getting word from the back.

A few seconds of dead air as DDK is seemingly listening to someone from DEFIANCE brass in his headset. In the ring, Brock is shotgunning his beer while Cassidy points at him ala Scott Hall. Brock finishes and Cassidy leaps into the air doing his best cheerleader impression while the fans laugh along. Both men reach into their respective coolers for a third round. Cassidy also grabs his mic again.

Pat Cassidy:

This shouldn't be news to fuckin' anyone in the world, but just in case you haven't caught on in the past two years: we can do this all night.

Suddenly, a rustle. We cut to the commentary station where "Downtown" Darren Keebler has risen from his chair and is holding a house mic.

DDK:

Excuse me, ladies and gentleman. And excuse me, SNS. I've just received word from the back and I believe you will both be interested in what they have to say.

Both Saturday Night Specials are up from their chairs, all pretense of having a good time gone. They both lean over the top rope toward the stage, hanging on DDK's every word with looks of intensity etched on their faces. When DDK speaks, it's clear that these aren't HIS words, but he's acting as someone else's mouthpiece.

DDK:

I've been told that despite not appreciating your negotiation tactics, it's clear that this means a lot to you. We here at DEFIANCE also mourn the loss of Ballyhoo Brew, and we can sympathize with your feelings. We are prepared to offer this: we will grant you the opportunity to fight The Lucky Sevens at Maximum DEFIANCE...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

...just so long as you sign a waiver that waves DEFIANCE of any and all liability. If we are going to allow two wrestlers who are not under DEFIANCE contract into our ring, we need to make sure that it will not come back to be an issue for us. Agreed?

Two smiles break out on the faces of the champs. Not friendly smiles.

Brock Newbludd:

You've fucking got it, cowboys. We're on.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen - looks like we're going to see The Saturday Night Specials vs. The Lucky Sevens at Maximum DEFIANCE in a non-sanctioned match! Or is it right to call it a match? More of a brawl?

DDK (*rustling the headset as he sits back down and puts it back on*):

What a development, Lance!

In the ring, Cassidy and Brock play to the crowd for a moment before beginning to pack up their stuff, when suddenly...

Tom Morrow's Voice:

HOLD UP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The fans voice their displeasure as the brains behind The Better Future Talent Agency, Tom Morrow, wheels himself out from the back and brings his wheelchair to rest at the top of the ramp. Wearing his trademark headset, Morrow looks around in disgust at the booing Faithful, allowing them to get some of their vitriol out before he continues. In the ring, Cassidy and Newbludd have stopped their shenanigans to again take position leaning onto the top rope toward Mr. Morrow.

Pat Cassidy:

Well, look who it is, boys and girls... Max, Mason, nor Ophelia have the stones to show up to face us... so they send Rolly McWheels a lot to their dirty work.

Morrow, for his part, laughs that last line off.

Tom Morrow:

You guys are in that ring talking all tough knowing that the Lucky Sevens aren't part of DEFIANCE Wrestling because you got them fired ... and you talk tough for a pair of guys that only won their last match against the Sevens using Ophelia Sykes. Are these the type of champions you people want representing DEFIANCE Wrestling?

The loud cheering tells Tom Morrow what he probably already knows.

Tom Morrow:

If that doesn't change your feeble minds, nothing will move that needle. I'm gonna make this simple enough for even you two and the people of Atlanta, Georgia to understand...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

The Lucky Sevens are smart businessmen - they don't work for free. They don't come groveling back to a place that never appreciated their talents and never featured them with the spotlight they deserved. And they sure as hell don't do what you two drunken hillbillies say. You want The Lucky Sevens at Maximum DEFIANCE do you? Really bad? Because you want to avenge your bar for something they didn't do?

Pat and Brock nod vigorously. They very much do.

Tom Morrow:

Well, guess what? YOU BOYS AIN'T CALLING THE SHOTS. We've got all the cards and I intend to play 'em. There is one... and ONLY one... condition in which you will see The Lucky Sevens at Maximum DEFIANCE. And that's if you agree to give them the one thing they've deserved for months now... their shot at the Unified Tag Team Championship!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What? Morrow must be crazy. There's no chance DEFIANCE is going to agree that their titles can change hands in a match that they haven't even sanctioned. The Lucky Sevens don't work for us anymore - they can't be in contention for the championships. Morrow is grasping at...

Brock Newbludd:

You. Fucking. Got it.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

Oh boy!

Pat Cassidy takes the mic from Brock and looks into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

And while right now, DEFIANCE no doubt has its DEFasshole puckered DEFtigher than it's ever DEFbeen, hear this: you let us defend these titles, or WE don't show up to Maximum DEFIANCE. Understand? Unless you want to see your Unified Tag Belts in PRIME, or Classic, or the SHOOT Project... you'll sign this God damn match. You know what I mean?

Cassidy turns back to the ramp.

Pat Cassidy:

Tell your trained gorillas it's on, Morrow.

On the ramp, safe in the confines of his wheelchair, Morrow smiles a self satisfied grin.

Tom Morrow:

I know you two were stupid, but I didn't think you were this stupid. You just made the biggest mistake of your professional careers.

Brock cuts him off.

Brock Newbludd:

Nah, Morrow. But we can't say the same for you. Give The Sevens a message for us, will ya?

The Saturday Night Specials spike the mics into the canvas as they dash from the ring... and begin to march with a

purpose up the ramp and right toward Tom Morrow!! The fans rise as Morrow's grin morphs into a look of terror. He tries desperately to wheel himself backwards, but when he realizes that isn't fast enough... he stands from the wheelchair and attempts to dart to the back!

DDK:

It's a miracle, he's healed!

Even with his newfound miracle mobility, Tom Morrow isn't fast enough, as Brock Newbludd is able to grab the scruff of his collar just before he disappears through the curtain to safety. Brock brings Morrow around until he's face to face with the champs and Tom throws his arms up and begins to beg, to plead, to cajole... for mercy. The fans roar their approval as his request is denied and the tag champs both march him down the ramp and into the ring!

Lance:

Without The Lucky Sevens, Tom Morrow doesn't have much backup! He'd better hope Alvaro de Vargas catches wind of this in time!

DDK:

I don't think ADV is even in the arena tonight!

In the ring, Morrow is on his knees, again begging the champs for some compassion... but he doesn't get any as he is roughly grabbed via the hair by Pat Cassidy! Cassidy brings Morrow up scalp-first to his feet before smiling at the brains behind Better Future... and hooking him in the piledriver position! The Faithful are on their feet as Brock leaps up to the top rope. He points down at Morrow who is still held upside down for a piledriver. While standing upright on the very top, Newbludd looks into the nearest camera.

Brock Newbludd:

We're coming for your asses, Lucky Sevens!

As the fans roar their approval, Brock leaps off the top rope and drives Tom Morrow's head into the mat with The Saturday Night Special's patented spike piledriver, The Keg Stand!

Lance:

This is unreal, Keebs! The Saturday Night Specials send a message to the men they believe were responsible for destroying Ballyhoo Brew!

DDK:

But in the bigger story, we've got ourselves a tag team championship match at Maximum DEFIANCE - and in maybe the strangest development, a championship match that isn't even sanctioned by DEFIANCE!

Lance:

In fairness, we have yet to see whether DEFIANCE is going to allow the titles to be defended... but I think with SNS threatening to walk out with the belts, they have little choice!

Brock Newbludd is on the top rope, pumping his arms and SCREAMING to rile the DEFIANCE Faithful up. Morrow's left foot twitches slightly as a horde of officials rush ringside to peel Morrow's broken form off the canvas. Pat Cassidy leans over the top rope and gets close to the ringside camera, looking into it and smiling.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey Sykes? I think we should see other people.

Pat flips the camera off before moving backwards and joining his partner in playing to the roaring people.

DDK:

Folks... we're way overdue for a commercial, but when we come back it'll be time for tonight's main event! Don't go anywhere!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

CONOR FUSE & MAGDALENA vs. MALAK GARLAND & THE GAME BOY

DDK:

Well Faithful, it's main event time and it's going to be a very interesting main event tonight. What was going to be Deacon and Conor Fuse against Malak Garland and The Game Boy, a match Malak specifically ASKED for... has now turned into Malak Garland and The Game Boy versus Conor Fuse and... Magdalena.

Lance:

Lots to... uhh, unpack here? God, I hate that phrase.

DDK:

Same.

Lance:

But it's true. First off, why did Malak Garland want to go against Conor Fuse? I believe it's because he wants Conor to understand what it's like to go against him. Conor's never beaten Malak and since Fuse is technically a part of The Comments Section forever, Garland can do whatever he wants, knowing he has Conor to deploy at his will. Second, Magdalena can make any excuse she wants but deep down I feel like Deacon's not cleared to wrestle right now, after being put through the tube television two weeks ago. We haven't seen him. No one has since that time. I hope he's okay for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE but for now, I'm not sure he's fit to fight.

DDK:

Those are good points. Let's go to Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the main event! Introducing first...

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Boos galore as Malak Garland dances out alongside the stoic giant Game Boy.

Darren Quimbey:

...The team of Game Boy and Malak Garland!

All smiles, The Superstar Snowflakes makes sure to tell everyone in the front few rows this is the last DEFtv without him wearing the FIST Championship around his waist.

Lance:

Still butchering the name of our title, I see.

DDK:

Expect anything less?

Warner doesn't answer. Instead, the announcers stay silent as Garland and Game Boy enter the ring. Soon, however, a new theme hits the airwaves.

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

The Atlanta Faithful cheer loudly for The Power-Up King as Conor Fuse scoots onto the stage and makes his way down. He's trying to stay loose and have fun but knowing what lies ahead (and who his partner is), you can see Conor's having a harder time than normal.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... first, The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUSE!

Once Conor gets to ringside, his theme comes to a close.

♪ "Revolution" by Skillet ♪

No Gregorian chant. No Deacon. Same type of crowd pop when Magdalena stepped through the curtain. The non-wrestler was stepping into the ring, not exactly for the first time but likely the first time where she could easily be wrapped in knots and thrown around the ring. On Magdalena's face isn't so much fear as concern. She signed this contract. She agreed to this match. That contract was due and though she wasn't certain how she'd pay this off, she steps forward to figure it out.

Finally arriving beside her partner, Conor gives his head a shake of frustration before sliding into the ring and asking Magdalena to wait in their corner.

Referee Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Faithful menders settle into their seats as the buzz never leaves the air. Malak reaches over the ropes from his corner and begins rubbing the broad shoulders of Game Boy.

DDK:

Looks like Malak is trying to limber Game Boy up but I don't think someone of that size needs any extra attention.

Game Boy just stares down Conor Fuse who stands in the opposite corner. Malak is quick to whisper some instructions to his large henchman before sitting back to enjoy the action himself, at least until Magdalena reaches in and tags Conor's back! The entire arena is shocked! Conor glitches like a dusty N64 as Magdalena steps beneath the second rope and stands next to Conor.

Conor Fuse:

What are you doing!?

Magdalena winks.

Magdalena:

My best impersonation of Lindsay Troy.

She gets on her tiptoes as if trying to see over the massive Game Boy still flummoxed in his corner. Maybe flummoxed. Can we really tell with that mask on?

Conor Fuse:

Y-you're not Lindsay Troy.

Magdalena smiles and tilts her head playfully.

Magdalena:

I know. I'm actually cute.

With that word (cute), Malak Garland's eyes go wide and he realizes–

Malak Garland:

Wait! Wait, wait, WAIT! WAAAIT!

He slaps Game Boy's back and half trips trying to step into the ring. Game Boy turns to Malak for a moment who gleefully waves the big monster out of the squared circle before Benny Doyle reminds both Conor and Game Boy to exit the ring. Both comply.

With an evil grin, Malak steps forward, rubbing his hands.

Magdalena:

Hey Conor, see if you can keep up.

DDK:

I don't believe what I'm about to see here!

Malak reaches for the collar and elbow but finds air as Magdalena ducks beneath before running into the ropes. Garland spins around just as she returns with a baseball slide that sends her through Malak's legs and out of the ring before landing gracefully on her feet. Now, Malak seems to be glitching, his glee turning to a glare. He charges outside the ring. Magdalena backs up several steps, her face growing more concerned.

Magdalena:

Keep up, Conor! Keep UP!!

Conor gets the hint and leaps off the apron, crashing down on the back of Malak. Hector Navarro slips out of the ring as Magdalena slides back to the safety of inside the ring (yeah, you read that right). Hector works to separate the two but Fuse helps by throwing Malak back in the ring. Conor arrives at his corner and receives a quick tag from Magdalena, letting her exit. Conor grabs Malak by the hair and rears back with a fist. The crowd erupts as Malak's about ready to get his comeuppance.

Malak Garland:

No. Noo! Noooooooo!

Malak's Emperor Palpatine impersonation is met by confusion by Conor Fuse.

Malak Garland:

You work for me!

Which is followed by a devious thumb to Fuse's eye and a race to the corner.

DDK:

Great. Here comes The Game Boy, Conor makes the tag.

TGB steps over the top rope while Conor recovers his sight. When it clears, he's not surprised to find his old friend. They begin to circle each other.

Lance:

This has to be awkward for both Conor and Game Boy. I mean, they were once a team. Conor brought the D-Pad Destroyer into DEFIANCE and yet here we are. Game Boy has been a stalwart member of The Comments Section for a while now.

DDK:

Malak did the brainwashing. He made the giant believe there was more spotlight to be had.

Lance:

Hmmmm, sounds familiar.

The two men finally lock up but only for a moment before they break away to reassess. Conor rushes in and locks horns again but this time, Game Boy is the one to unhook and strafe away, only because Conor was about to leap onto his shoulders.

DDK:

These men would undoubtedly know each other's strengths and weaknesses so it'll be interesting to see who gets the

upper hand. Granted, Game Boy is VERY strong.

Conor goes for the hips this time and manages to cinch in a waist lock. However, The Game Boy immediately peels Fuse's arms off him by the wrists.

DDK:

Armbar by The Game Boy!

Conor tries getting on his tippy toes in an effort to alleviate some pain but it's no use as Game Boy is simply too strong.

Malak Garland:

MY GAME BOY! Bring the prey over yonder!

As instructed, Game Boy drags Conor by the arm to his corner so Malak can tag in. The Snowflake Superstar slaps his Game Boy on the back rather hard to tag in.

TAG!

Game Boy scoop slams Conor to the canvas before exiting the ring which also allows Malak to walk up on his video game frenemy.

Malak Garland:

Whoa, what a predicament. What a predicament indeed.

Malak shoves Conor by his head.

Malak Garland:

You know you're beneath me, right? You've always been beneath me and you will do what I say during this match or I'll make your life a living hell!

Lance:

And now I know why this match was suggested by Malak...

Conor just stares upwards at Garland.

Malak Garland:

Tag Magpie in IMMEDIATELY!

Conor looks out to The Atlanta Faithful. Their reaction is instantaneous and LOUD. They shout all kinds of advice towards Conor, ranging from tagging in Magdalena to kicking Malak square in his reproductive organs.

DDK:

What's going to happen? Is Conor going to listen to Malak!?

Conor slowly gets to his feet and Malak backs up, allowing The Ultimate Gamer the space and time to make a choice, the right choice that is.

Lance:

Conor is walking over to his corner.

Malak mouths the words, "do it, I want to get my hands all over that for free!!" as Conor turns his focus to Magdalena.

DDK:

Neither have their hands out for a tag.

Conor suddenly turns and DEFIANTLY shakes his head no.

RAAAHHHHHHH!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd's elation quickly bursts as Malak tags Game Boy.

Business picks up as Game Boy runs in with a ton of energy. He downs Conor with a shoulder block but the 8-bit badass bounces right back up. Game Boy slings himself off the ropes and sends Conor flying with a huge lariat! Completing a trifecta of devastating moves, Game Boy drops a leg over the back of his former running mate.

Lance:

NOW I think Conor needs a tag out.

DDK:

Yes but Game Boy has his former mentor right where he wants him. And I don't think Magdalena, or ANYONE for that matter, is going to put up a fight versus Game Boy!

Game Boy snatches Conor by the throat and tosses him left, right and center. Malak is expletive jubilant on the apron.

Malak Garland:

Drop another leg on him! Break his back! Make him feel pAiN dammit!

The D-Pad Destroyer ends up mounting Conor and laces the back of Fuse with dangerously hard shots until the referee's count reaches four. Game Boy rises off a hurt Conor Fuse with his arms raised in the air like he's an innocent Game Boy.

Lance:

Not looking good, Keebs.

Game Boy backs up into a tag by Malak yet again. Meanwhile, Conor is crawling slowly to his corner. Malak gets down on all fours and crawls alongside Fuse, coaxing him the entire way.

Malak Garland:

Crawl like the ant you are! Go tag Magpie in! I want it. I need it. Do what you're told just like you'll do what you're told in Miami!

Nearly frothing at the mouth, Malak doesn't hold back.

Malak Garland:

I OWN YOU! DO YOU HEAR ME!? You will help me win the FIST from Sub-Zero at MAXDEF and you will tag in Mags RIGHT NOW so I can cripple tHe mUtE fReAk'S girlfriend!

Magdalena smacks her head.

Magdalena:

I'm not his girlfriend.

Garland sneers.

Malak Garland:

Mistress then. Whatever you are.

Conor finally arrives at his corner and Magdalena has her hand extended this time. Conor looks up... but shakes his

head no. Fuse pulls himself up with help of the ropes and faces his bitter enemy. It's clear Conor has no intention of tagging, even though Magdalena is completely willing to enter.

Frustrated, The Keyboard King pulls at his own hair with immense anxiety. He rushes to his corner and tags The Game Boy.

Malak Garland:

GET THE HELL BACK IN THERE AND BANE HIS ASS INTO OBLIVION!

Conor quickly shoots off the ropes. He leaps across the mat with a flying forearm smash that makes a very minor dent in The Game Boy's armor. Fuse hits the ropes again and this time connects with a missile dropkick to The Halo From Hell's right knee. Conor's off the ropes for go number three... and hits another missile dropkick, this time to TGB's left knee. Fuse is into the ropes for the fourth time, he FLIES across with a crossbody block...

DDK:

Game Boy catches Conor!

And Game Boy with a fall away slam!

But the crowd cheers! Because Conor Fuse ends up finding the second turnbuckle pad and landing on it perfectly.

Game Boy methodically turns around and Conor jumps off with a wicked looking roundhouse kick. This stuns the big man but he doesn't fall down... not yet. Conor throws his ENTIRE body at the back of Game Boy's legs.

They buckle.

The giant goes boom.

And the crowd cheers wildly!

Fuse kips to his feet. He looks at Magdalena and winks. He looks at Malak Garland and gives him the finger. He rams his heel right underneath Game Boy's chin with a superkick. Another superkick. A third. Fourth. Fifth. The fans are going wild. They count along.

Conor Fuse:

SUPERKICK COM-BOOOOOOO!

WHACK!

What has to be ten superkicks by now, Conor Fuse has his old Game Boy reeling. He shoots into the ropes...

...And then seemingly, out of nowhere, Game Boy gets a second wind. The Bane wannabe catches Conor Fuse and hits him with a spinebuster slam!

The ring shakes. Game Boy hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

I thought there was a chance Game Boy had it. When he lands MAJOR offensive maneuvers, man, they are flawless!

Malak wants the tag so The Game Boy slowly rises and stomps over, tagging Garland in. The Mega Troll flings himself over the top rope and over to Conor Fuse. He kneels down and looks at Conor, before propping the gamer onto his knees and smacking The Codebreaker across the chest.

Garland has a shit eating grin on his face.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get.

But before Malak can steal one of Conor Fuse's moves, the former Fuse Bro finds his own second wind. He shoots up and crushes Garland with a forearm smash followed by a Resolution DDT. Then, out of habit, Conor leaps to his corner and tags Magdalena.

IMMEDIATE regret crosses Conor's face, remembering who his partner is. But it's too late. She's ready to go.

The fans are HOT. They want to see it. With Garland on all fours, he's helpless for a moment as Magdalena struts in.

WHACK!

And places a perfectly located crescent kick across Garland's temple!

LET'S GO MAGS!

LET'S GO MAGS!

LET'S GO MAGS!

Magdalena hits the ropes and lands a dropkick to Garland's face! The Source of Envy falls over, covering his mouth and rolling around like he was stabbed in the chest and will now absolutely bleed out and die.

The arena is going apeshit as Magdalena "rolls up her sleeves" even though she has none. She's ready to do more when...

The Game Boy enters the ring and stands in front of her.

DDK:

Game Boy isn't legal!

Lance:

Pretty sure Hector Navarro knows this! But there's nothing he can do.

The Game Boy doesn't do anything to Magdalena other than stand there. Conor Fuse is on alert as well. He's ready to intervene at a moment's notice...

DDK:

ROLL UP BY GARLAND!

Game Boy moves into Conor Fuse's path so the gamer can't put a stop to the pinfall. Navarro has no other choice but to count.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd ROARS at the last second kickout by Magdalena. She jumps in the air, punts Garland in the side of the

face and then slides perfectly through Game Boy's legs and over to Conor Fuse who's back in their corner.

DDK:

Magdalena tags!

Conor slingshots over the top rope and connects with a spinning heel kick to The Game Boy. It stuns the big man for a second but it's enough time for Conor to find Malak Garland and throw MagnumG right into The Game Boy's stomach. Fuse spins Garland around and connects with PWN'd, his tilt-a-whirl DDT. The arena is rocking, thinking they're about to see the end of the match. Fuse points to the top rope and is up there quickly...

However, Game Boy drags Malak Garland to his own corner and tags him.

DDK:

You can't do that!

Lance:

Of course you can't but... Game Boy just did.

Navarro counts the tag, even though he was screaming at The D-Pad Destroyer the entire time. Game Boy pushes the ropes down and steps over them, seeing Conor Fuse on the top rope across the way. Conor shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

Whatever man. Fuck you.

Fuse jumps and hits a perfectly placed Head Stomp on Game Boy! The hulking henchman doubles over, holding his forehead...

Meanwhile Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter arrive at ringside. They gingerly take Malak Garland down from the apron while Thurston cleverly places a foreign object in The Superstar Snowflake's hands. Soon, Collins and Hunter are directing Garland towards the corner of Conor Fuse and Magdalena. The corner where Magdalena is standing, paying attention to what's going on INSIDE the ring, not outside.

Conor Fuse and the crowd continue working into a frenzy! Conor jumps onto the other free turnbuckle pad. He measures Game Boy...

And hits a second Head Stomp!

TGB is still on his feet but barely. The fans are eating this shit up because it looks like Fuse is finally going to best his big man. However, some of the Faithful in the front row see Hunter and Collins helping to steer Malak Garland around ring post number one, with Magdalena in their sights.

Conor raises both hands and shouts into the rafters-

The lights go out.

Fans attempt to shine their cell phone lights into the ring but can't make out what's happening. At first, anyway, there's silence. Approximately twenty seconds into the darkness, major thumping sounds from inside the ring echo throughout the arena.

WHAM.

THUMP.

And even a cry or two for help.

The lights come back on. The crowd pops again!

The Deacon is there, in the middle of the ring, standing overtop of The Game Boy. On the outside, Malak Garland stands alone, with Thuston Hunter and Percy Collins laid out cold beside him and that foreign object which was once in Garland's hands is now nowhere to be seen.

DDK:

Deacon!

Lance:

Not only did he likely save Magdalena but-

DING DING DING

Conor Fuse looks over at referee Hector Navarro with a Luigi looking death stare.

DDK:

Oh no...

Navarro walks over to the edge of the apron where Darren Quimbey stands and they begin to converse. Quimbey nods and raises his mic.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, I am told this match is now over. The winners of this match by disqualification...

As Darren speaks these words, Conor Fuse's head is slowly moving towards The Deacon's location.

Darren Quimbey:

Game Boy and Malak Garland!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The jeers are loud as Hector Navarro apologizes to both Conor Fuse and Magdalena and then attempts to explain himself to the FIST of DEFIANCE. Magdalena notices an empty handed and confused Malak Garland only a few feet away from her but she also sees Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter laid out beside him. Eventually, she's able to put two-and-two together before entering the ring and walking over to Deacon.

However, as time continues to pass, Conor Fuse's face becomes more irked. Soon enough, he turns to face Deacon directly.

And then smacks him across the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

What the hell, man!?

DDK:

This is not good.

It's a rare sight but Fuse's face is beet red. He's fuming.

Conor Fuse:

Not good enough to wrestle but good enough FOR THIS BULLSHIT!?

Magdalena shakes her head no.

Magdalena:

It wasn't like that.

Conor laughs sarcastically.

Conor Fuse:

I had this match wrapped up! You had no business getting in MY way!

Lance:

I don't think Conor knows Malak and company were about to sneak attack Magdalena!

DDK:

He may have a point about Deacon getting involved with The Game Boy, though.

Lance:

Okay. But also Game Boy put Deacon through a television two weeks ago...

Deacon doesn't flinch while Magdalena tries to explain to Conor what really took place. Fuse is having none of it.

Meanwhile, on the outside, Malak Garland watches the argument transpire from inside the ring with a blank slate... until he starts to clue in. A little more. And a little more. And a little more, still.

Garland smiles.

Giggles.

Loves what he's seeing.

Magdalena and Conor continue to argue back and forth. By now, no one is sure of the topic. Deacon stands stoically, with Game Boy passed out below him and the FIST resting over his shoulder.

Garland slips into the ring, undetected. In stealth mode, he creeps behind everyone and reaches out for the FIST of DEFIANCE, only to graze it ever so slightly with his fingertips, like something out of Hannibal Lector lightly touching Clarice's hair in the park. Garland bails out of the ring soon after.

And as Magdalena and Conor Fuse continue to shout at each other, Malak Garland is euphoric. It's as if that brief interaction with the FIST has got his FOMO working overtime. The Woke Warrior sways back and forth as he wanders up the rampway, not a care in the world about the health of Percy Collins, Thurston Hunter or for that matter, The Game Boy.

Inside the ring, Magdalena and Conor Fuse show no signs of calming down.

DDK:

We're in trouble, aren't we?

The DEFtv signature appears on the broadcast as Malak Garland stands at the top of the rampway. He falls to his knees. He closes his eyes.

And he takes a deep breath.

The next FIST of DEFIANCE?

He just might be.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.