

SHOW OPEN



[♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪](#)

Torreón, Mexico welcomes DEFIAVCE as the Coliseo Centenario is hyped for DEFtv 192! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere! Most of them are in Spanish.

REZIN MADE ME CRY ON DEFRAUDIO
VINE POR EL GALLO BLANCO!!!
TENGO HAMBRE DE TIRAS DE POLLO!!!
QUIERO TENER TUS BEBÉS, CHRIS!!!
#NUEVORECORD
I'M ON A MEXICAN DEF RADIO
¡TERI MELTON! ¡ESTÁ LISTO! ¡PARA SU PRIMER PLANO!
REÚNE A LOS ENMASCARADOS... UHH... ¡HOMBRES!

We go to ringside with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to Night Two in Mexico!

Lance:

If Night One was any indication, we're going to be in for a hell of a night! Let's get to it!

THE FLYING FRENCHIE vs. THURSTON HUNTER

The match graphic appears and The Faithful give a loud shout, knowing payback from a few months ago is FINALLY on its way.

DDK:

Been waiting for this to be booked for a while.

Lance:

Two months ago, Hunter attacked Frenchie alongside The Game Boy in the parking lot. It left Frenchie's MAXIMUM DEFIAНCE match in question versus Conor Fuse. Now, luckily, Pierre was cleared a few days before the pay-per-view so everyone saw it. Hunter did try to get involved there but he was put in his place by Frenchie and Fuse, after Conor "paused" the match so Frenchie could let Hunter have it. Anyway, we have the OFFICIAL payback contest.

DDK:

Let's go to ringside!

The scene switches over to ringside and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

The Faithful love receiving information that is usually meaningless since 99% of matches are ONE FALL.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from THE STREETS... weighing one-hundred-seventy pounds... he is THE BAD ASS GANGSTER... THURSTON HUNTER!!!

♪ "John Wick" by Why-S ♪

Hunter pops out from the back wearing a white undershirt and blue jeans. Ripped, of course. He makes his way down as a picture-in-picture shows with a pre-recorded interview of The Wannabe Thug.

Thurston Hunter:

BRAP BRAP, yo. Thurston Hunter here. I wanted to say Frenchie, your ass is grass and I'm going to smoke it! That other Hunter has nothing on the cool beats I lay down. Also, I wanted to let Conor Fuse know you don't have to worry about me anymore, brothaaa. As long as you're wrestling Arthur Pleasant... I'M OUT. Arth Arth is scary as shit, guy. I ain't going anywhere near him OR you. So Thurston Hunter is on his own. Maybe Game Boy or Percy Collins couples up with ya but don't worry about this thuggg gangstaaaa. Thurston Hunter... OUT!

The broadcast goes back to one picture as Hunter rolls into the ring.

DDK:

Did you understand anything this man said?

Lance:

Barely.

Why-S's theme song comes to a close (R.I.P.) as the crowd gets ready for the REAL moment...

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

The Mexican Faithful ERUPT for the French star as Flying Frenchie walks out onto the stage after a brief moment of waiting out his theme song. Inside the ring, Hunter looks ready to go and wonders why the hell Frenchie isn't coming down quicker to fight him RIGHT THIS SECOND.

Meanwhile, Game Boy is slowly and methodically making his way down the ramp.

Frenchie is whipping Hunter pillar to post. He's throwing the gangster all over the squared circle. Pierre has clearly caught on to how awful a referee Shields is, so he tells Mark to "look over there". Mark does, and then Frenchie connects with a double armed low blow to Hunter and the delight of the crowd!

Game Boy marches a little faster down the ramp, although it's still very slow, even for a guy his size. Frenchie Irish whips Hunter into the ropes and then lands a perfect running belly-to-belly suplex!

Frenchie covers.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Frenchie reels Hunter in for a death valley driver but at the very last second, Hunter shows SOME signs of life (and actual wrestling skills). He breaks free, bounces into the ropes and hits a desperation chop block on the bigger, legendary wrestler.

Hunter's eyes bug out of his head. He realizes he has an opening here. He also realizes he can barely move from the beating he's already taken...

Thurston grabs Pierre by the neck and lands a DDT.

DDK:

I don't think Hunter got all of it.

Lance:

Well either way... we've got company!

The Game Boy has reached the bottom of the rampway and is now at the apron, watching the match.

Hunter smiles at Game Boy, although it's a rather weak smile. The Bad Ass Gangster pulls Flying Frenchie off the mat with him- and then he's met with a surprise uppercut!

The fans cheer as Frenchie hits another. Another. Another! ANOTHER.

Frenchie whips Hunter into the ropes and catches Thurston with a hip toss, followed by a leaping leg drop, followed by an arm bar submission.

Hunter looks like he wants to tap immediately but Game Boy grabs the top rope and pulls himself onto the apron so Mark Shields walks over to see what's up.

Meanwhile, Thurston Hunter IS tapping out like a man possessed!

DDK:

C'mon! This bout is over!

The referee finds Game Boy at the ropes.

Mark Shields:

Hey man, what's fucking up? Did you check out that chick in the front row? She has aged like fiiiiiiiiine wine...

Mark Shields, channeling his inner Scott (who's Scott???), while Game Boy realizes he has to play along and take a look over to where Mark's eyes have landed.

Thurston Hunter still taps, and then the hulking henchman meets Shields' eyes again.

Game Boy, of course, says nothing.

With Hunter nearly passed out on the mat due to the pain he's in, The Flying Frenchie's work is done. He drops the hold, walks over to Mark Shields and spins him around. Pierre directs the referee back to the match and will likely put another hold on Hunter. Shields will realize Thurston is DOA and call for the bell-

WHAM!

Game Boy levels Flying Frenchie with a left hand!

The crowd boos LOUDLY as Game Boy hops off the apron. Mark Shields spins around and doesn't know what the hell is going on!

DDK:

If Mark was a competent referee, he'd DQ Game Boy and this match on the spot, award Flying Frenchie as the winner!

Lance:

But he's not competent, Keebs. He's an idiot.

Shields surveys the entire scene...

He comes to the conclusion the match will continue! He doesn't know what happened to Frenchie.

Mark scratches his head.

Mark Shields:

Did he get hung up on the ropes or something?

DDK: *[sarcastic]*

"Or something". Yeah, exactly what happened.

Thurston Hunter SLOWLY comes to. He sees where Frenchie is laying out cold on the mat and starts to slither over. It takes the Comments Section goon a while to get there but when he does...

He drapes the arm over top.

DDK:

Not this way!

ONE.

TWO.

DDK:

C'MON!

THREE-

SHOULDER UP!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

Yes! There's no way an idiot like Thurston Hunter in any way, shape, or form should hold a victory over the legendary Flying Frenchie!

The crowd rumbles their feet in the hopes to will Frenchie to his. Both men are trying to get there, while replays show The Game Boy's left hand was stiff-as-shit and punked Pierre Delacroix square in the jaw.

Both men are fighting to stand.

Fighting...

Fighting...

Hunter is up first but then with a major second wind, Flying Frenchie meets him! Frenchie blocks the right hand from Hunter and connects with a wicked headbutt!

DDK:

It probably wasn't a good idea for Pierre to use his head here.

Lance:

He's got a rush of adrenaline, it doesn't matter now!

Frenchie lifts Hunter up for the death valley driver when Game Boy hops back on the apron. This time, however, Frenchie drops Hunter and then tosses Hunter into The Game Boy! The big man is almost knocked off the apron but still remains... so Frenchie hits the far ropes and comes FLYING across the ring with a spinning heel kick that catches Game Boy under the jaw!

Game Boy STILL remains on the ropes. So Frenchie drops down, hits him with a low blow and then hangs Game Boy's head with a cutter off the top rope.

THUMP!

The big man falls to the floor below!

DDK:

LOOK OUT FRENCHIE!

Hunter with the ROLL UP OF DOOM!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

No!

Frenchie rolls through, has Thurston Hunter on his shoulders and then connects with that illusive death valley driver, known as the Loire Valley Driver.

The crowd counts along as Frenchie hooks a leg for good measure.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

And Flying Frenchie officially gets his revenge!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... THE FLYING FRENCHIE!

Frenchie's theme song plays as Mark Shields walks over and raises Frenchie's hand. Mark tells him all about the older looking chick in the front row, who looks amaaaazzzzing for her age.

Frenchie shrugs.

The camera pans to The Game Boy who is slowly picking himself off the mat. Although you can't see his facial expression under the Nintendo luchador mask he wears, his body language suggests he's fine but absolutely fuming.

Pierre Delacroix figures it's a good time to get out of there, as DEFtv goes elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIAНCE LIVE

TERAPIA DE GRUPO

The scene reads EARLIER TODAY at the bottom of the right hand screen as Victor Vacio heads into the Coliseo Centenario. However, as he reaches the end of the talent parking lot and arrives at the back entrance door, there's someone there to meet him. Rather, a couple...

Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire.

Desire looks like her rather disinterested self. She stares off in the distance while Tyler is the one who is much more focused and seemingly was waiting on Victor Vacio this entire time.

Tyler Fuse: *[deadpan]*

Passport please, sir.

Vacio comes to a halt a couple feet away from Tyler. Obviously, he doesn't hand Fuse anything.

Tyler Fuse:

Welcome to Mexico.

Fuse's voice is a little livelier than normal, which catches the announce team off guard since Tyler isn't known for any theatrics.

Tyler Fuse:

Welcome... home.

A coy, ever-so-slight grin crosses the left edge of Tyler's face. Vacio, all business, takes a step forward and reaches out for the entrance door... but Tyler Fuse smoothly steps in front of it. The OG Player digs into his right pocket through the black jeans he's wearing and pulls out his own Canadian passport.

Tyler Fuse: *[smacking the passport with his free hand]*

Visa's in there. All checks out.

There's a brief moment of silence before Tyler slips the passport back into his front pocket and continues.

Tyler Fuse:

Listen, it's quite the homecoming for you. Are you booked on this show? Me neither. Favored Saints couldn't have been bothered, huh?

Tyler looks to his left and then to his right. He lands in the middle and meets Vacio eye-to-eye.

Tyler Fuse:

You're a lot like me. In many ways we're similar. You're playing way behind the "high rollers", aren't you?

Fuse shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

There's another guy with my last name, everyone inside there will love him. I know the feeling of... not being prominent.

Desire has started to wander around the parking lot like an aimless soul having no clue what she's searching for. Tyler realizes he should get to the point.

Tyler Fuse:

I'll stop the "small talk". We go back, you and I. I never had a problem with you in that... uh... group we were a part of. Yeah, group. Let's call it a group.

Fuse's smirk is now widely across his face. It's a demeanor suggesting he hated his time as much as Vacio might have in this so-called "group".

Tyler Fuse:

You're the only guy I enjoyed working with.

Fuse bites his bottom lip and takes a step forward.

Tyler Fuse:

You know, we can work together again.

Tyler reaches into his left pocket this time and pulls out the line-up for tonight's show. He hands it over to Vacio, except Victor doesn't take the sheet of paper. The camera catches some of the names on the list, including High Flyer IV and Jack Harmen as an acting manager in an upcoming contest when DEFtv begins. Those names have been circled.

Tyler Fuse:

All I'm saying is we've got some common enemies.

Realizing Vacio won't take the DEFtv outline, Fuse folds it up and puts it back where it came from.

He takes another step forward and places a hand on Victor's shoulder. Victor cocks his head and looks at Tyler's hand on his shoulder and then back at Tyler, resulting in Tyler removing his hand smoothly but in a hurry.

Tyler Fuse:

Think about it. When I proposed an idea to the Lucky Sevens two months ago, we did some good work out there. Of course, it didn't end well for them but I had no part in their pay-per-view match.

Fuse takes a couple of coy, fluent steps backwards and opens the door to the arena. He invites Vacio to pass with a wave of his free hand.

Tyler Fuse:

I can play a small role for you... perhaps a **big** role. You want to prove a point, we can do something collectively come ACTS.

Vacio takes a step forward.

Tyler Fuse:

Think about it.

And Vacio enters the arena. Tyler closes the door behind him, as Princess Desire has wandered up to Tyler just in time.

Fuse stares at her. He grins. She grins. DEFtv goes elsewhere.

2005

Departing through the entrance curtain with his evening completed is none other than the Flying Frenchie. Having just broken the lightest of sweats defeating the former Favoured Saints Champion Thurston Hunter, Frenchie takes a towel from a nearby stage hand and a bottle of water and refuels.

He wipes down before realizing...

Flying Frenchie:

Zis isn't my usual towel boy.

Indeed, the camera zooms out to reveal that Jack Harmen, the one third of the Scottish trio whose name isn't Scottish. He smiles at the Frenchman as the Mexican Faithful pop.

Somewhere, Malak Garland is throwing a hissy fit.

Jack Harmen:

It's been six months. You don't call, you don't write, don't even stop by to say hi. I thought we were f-Dubs but I guess we're f - the dub, huh?

Pierre smirks.

Flying Frenchie:

Believe it or not, it's not out of malice. I've just been on ze wrong side of enough falls, I was afraid you'd want anot'er match as well. I don't recall zose generally going my way.

Jack Harmen:

Honestly, I think we're even, I remember you beat me pretty thoroughly before Cyberslam in '05... that being said, you don't got anything I want. Maybe put some gold 'round your waist and we can go back 20 years and relive the glory days, huh? Or I can go try winnin' some, give you the first crack?

Flying Frenchie:

At ze very least I'd be happy to steal it again. Some traditions are wort' holding on to.

Harmen smiles. He just nudges Frenchie with his elbow.

Jack Harmen:

It's weird... You asked me twenty years ago who I might be sitting here, chatting up like old friends... the dude with the beret was not at the top of that list. No offense old timer.

Flying Frenchie:

None taken. It's like I was telling Conor, I know a somet'ing about jackass friends. Normally it's me. Perhaps age does mellow us all. Or maybe it's just after you've been doing zis long enough, you can't treat every match like it's life or deat'. You in touch wit' any of ze rest?

Jack Harmen:

My kid and Brand Frontier still text, they're close. I uh... never could escape Mega Job. And for less comedic reasons, I never could escape Lindsay Troy. Deacon was here too for a bit... still scary and mute but full of all that goody two shoes vibes. Burns was around a few years back, he did a quick moonlight. Dude had an awesome Tiger Jacket... It's good to see you. I don't get to say that in this sport often, and even less so when being genuine. You see my kid's doin' this now?

Flying Frenchie:

I did. Seems to be doing well for himself, non? Twenty years ago, you'd t'ink zat you were trying to build a legacy wit' your work, and suddenly you have a version of you zat's younger zan you ever remember being and realize zat's your

legacy. We're trying to keep ours out of ze ring. It's hell on ze knees.

Jack Harmen:

You ain't kiddn'. I'm on my third. Oh, y'know, the number you gave me for Ultra Violet went to a pizza place.

Flying Frenchie:

Oh?

Jack Harmen:

Pizza was good, I'll say that much... Half of it was Chicago deep dish, the other half was thin crust. It blew my mind...

The two nod and continue their conversation as DEFtv goes elsewhere.

SCOTS TAKE NOTHING PERSONAL

“Dare to Tame Me” by TRIDDANA with its driving guitar and pipes erupts throughout the arena signaling the arrival of our next act. The Faithful are immediately on their feet banging guardrails and clapping hands along with the driving beat of the music. Palpable excitement washes over the arena as the music builds and swells...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen! FAITHFUL! Making their waaaaay to the ring. From the HIIIIIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND! GAAAAAGE BLACKWOOD AND THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOON BOX!

Gage Blackwood is out first, sprinting right to the edge of the stage and playing to the fans. Marching briskly behind him, nearly tearing the entrance curtain off its rod comes the Bombastic Bronson Box. The audience might as well not be there as the Strongman is so laser eye focused on the task at hand. Harmen brings up the rear and waves a rally towel above his head. Standing in the ring having made their entrance during the commercial break is the task themselves, the appropriately named Midcard Experiment. Buffalo, New York native Walter Levy and second generation luchador Hijo del Fishman Deluxe.

Lance:

Family affair tonight, Keebs. Hijo del Fishman Deluxe down there being the nephew of the referee of tonight's contest, DEFIANCE official Hector Navarro.

DDK:

Hector having passed the mask and name down after he retired from the ring years ago.

As Blackwood and Box start down the ramp towards the ring the Faithful punctuate the Scotsmen's arrival with a rousing round of “YOU'RE BOTH F/[censored]ED! YOU'RE BOTH F/[censored]ED! YOU'RE BOTH F/[censored]ED!” directed at the poor, terrified Midcard Experiment boys. Harmen takes the Faithful's lead and starts conducting the crowd like an orchestra.

DDK:

As some dedicated viewers might have seen on UNCUT recently, these two were tasked with getting themselves booked or face eviction from referee Navarro's apartment back in NOLA.

Lance:

And boy did they ever get booked, boy. Yikes. I mean, on the bright side at least they'll have someplace to convoless once Bronson and Gage are through with them!

Gage hops through the ropes and power walks past Walter and Fish and climbs the turnbuckle just past them. Boxer takes his time but once his boots meet canvas he reaches a hand out to ringside and is almost immediately tossed a microphone.

TAP TAP

Bronson Box:

Faithful, Gage and myself were gonna come down here and handle business real quick when behind the curtain back there one of my little birdies told me we have someone makin' a spectacle of himself out in the crowd tonight... where is he, I know you're there PROFESSOR... raise a hand so I can pick ya' o... oh, oh my Ned look at all that fo/[censored]n' shite.

The house lights are raised just so in the arena and a spot cast down on a single section, completely devoid of humanity save for one man sitting still as a statue with his arms folded across his chest. Doctor Ned Reform scowls as the camera crew make a bit of a todo about getting in close for a good shot. Reform is wearing a red baseball cap and sunglasses - clearly trying the tried and true method for being incognito - but it's obviously him. Still perched on his turnbuckle Gage Blackwood leans out and gives Ned a big facetious wave and yells...

Gage Blackwood:

AYE. Professor, what are you doing out there all alone!?

Reform, from behind his lens, gives no noticeable response.

Lance:

I mean, he's out here. Obviously he's paying heed to the Scotsmen, so why the silent act the last few weeks? Why ghost every interviewer we send his way? He's about to wrestle one of the highest profile matches of his career and he's got nothing to say on the matter?

DDK:

I believe there's a colloquialism about someone suffering from the proverbial "limber tale" partner. Scuttlebut is Ned wanted to scout this match but A. didn't want to get too close, hence the nosebleed section and B. he wanted to, and I quote "keep the undesirables and filth a safe distance away from my person" end quote.

Lance:

Good thing is that goes both ways and The Faithful don't have to deal with the undesirables either...

The Original DEFIANT bristles his mustache with his index finger as he paces back and forth at the ropes nearest Ned's side of the arena.

Bronson Box:

Professor. This is gettin' old, boy'o. Week after week you ghost poor Christie Zane when the poor lass is just tryin' to do her bloody job. Ironically her job is to get YOU to open yer' mouth and give yer' bleedin' opinion. Traditionally I understand that isn't an exceedingly difficult task, I'm right there with you lad I've also been known to run my mouth from time to time. All Christie wants is a short blurb on your upcoming death senten... I mean TAG TEAM match at the PPV.

Bronson shares a laugh with Gage still perched patiently on his turnbuckle before turning his attention to the still nervous Walter Levy and Hijo del Fishman waiting with the poise and grace of someone waiting for their first colonoscopy.

Bronson Box:

You know you both seem like good lads, but do either of you know how much trouble you're in? See, Gage and myself need to show that eejit sittin' out there all by his lonesome just how much trouble he and his meathead friend are in come ACTS of DEFIANCE. Yer' to be made an example of, ya' see...

Bronson turns to referee Navarro.

Bronson Box:

Hector, I'm real real sorry but... I'm gonna have to gut yer' nephew and his loud little friend right here in front of you, sunshine.

He no-look passes the microphone to Blackwood, finally down from his perch.

Gage Blackwood:

Nothin' personal, lads. Aye, it's just business.

BRONSON BOX & GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT

Blackwood pats both Walter and Fish on the backs before shoving them towards Bronson who short arm clotheslines both, sending the Midcard Experiment scrambling back into their corner. Harmen hops off the apron signaling for the bell to be rung, and rung it is!

DING DING

After a quick round of rock paper scissors lizard spock Hijo del Fishman Deluxe finds himself starting this match against the former two time FIST of DEFIAНCE, one of the most terrifying individuals to ever place boot to canvas, Bronson Box. The Strongman barely waits for the bell before lunging back in for more peppering Hijo del Fishman's thick midsection with body blows, throwing in a few wild, reckless European uppercuts here and there for good measure.

Blow after blow Hijo del Fishman Deluxe finds himself backed into a corner as Boxer lifts several high knees into the luchadors breadbasket. Before Fish can catch a single breath, Box wraps his tree trunk sized arms around the wide young man...

DDK:

BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!

Like flinging a giant sack of potatoes Bronson hucks Hijo del Fishman Deluxe across the ring. Moving like a man half his age Bronson lunges at the downed Fish Jr and clamps his legendary sharp RED RIGHT HAND down just below Fishman's ribs in the agonizing claw hold he calls...

DDK:

Bronson locking on the SACRED HEART!

Lance:

He's tryin' to Kali Ma the poor guys liver out of his body, Keebs!

DDK:

Hijo del Fishman Deluxe is a sweet kid, good wrestler but against Bronson Box? Yikes.

As Bronson grips his wrist and bears down all of his weight Hijo del Fishman Deluxe SCREAMS out in agony. The intentionally left-long fingernails on Boxer's right hand tearing into the portly lovehandles of the luchadores "dad bod." Clawing at the canvas Hijo del Fishman Deluxe is obviously desperate. Out of pure desperation, without really thinking, Hijo del Fishman reaches up and grabs a fist full of the only thing within reach that could conceivably get him out of this predicament.

Bronson Box:

GAAAAAAH YOU [censored] RIGHT [censored] IN YOUR [censored] [censored] HELLS!

DDK:

HE JUST YANKED ON BOXER'S MUSTACHE, FOLKS!

Lance:

Oh kid, oh no you didn't.

One quick, painful yank later Box does indeed relinquish the hold... without thinking about his partners well being one bit Hijo del Fishman Deluxe tags out to Walter Levy. The poor bastard barely has time to register what just happened when he feels Boxer's giant mitts grab him by the shoulders. Eye to eye for just a brief moment before...

DDK:

STIFF HEADBUTT FROM BRONSON BOX! JESUS!

Lance:

Levy is on dream street, folks! Pack that poor bastard up and send him back to Buffalo!

Quick cut to Ned Reform, whose eyes have gone wide as he pulls the shades down a bit.

Bronson assists Walter back into the ring via his trademark second rope elevated deadlift suplex with such ease the lithe Levy ragdolls halfway across the ring and slumps into the most available opposite corner. Box smiles as he tags out to Gage Blackwood who with a quickness launches himself across the ring and into the corner hosting Walter and waylays the poor man with a flipping cannonball senton before rolling to his feet.

RAAAAAAAHH! Gage plays to the crowd before dragging Levy out of the corner by the scruff of his neck and popping off a quick, neck compressing snap dragon suplex. As Levy writhes in pain on the canvas Gage makes the tag to Boxer. Walter seems to be praying as Boxer reaches around Walter cracking off a neck popping German suplex that simply ragdolls the lithe indie journeyman. Bronson makes the tag back to Gage. Harmen on the outside doing his best supportive coach impression and slapping his own hands above his head to signal the tags.

DDK:

Quick tags here from the Scotsmen! Even more tag team cohesion from Box and Blackwood ahead of the PPV, partner.

Showing off his own power in the face of his meaty tag team partner Gage reaches down and locks his hands, deadlifts Walter up off the mat and simply hucks his opponent with an effortless gutwrench suplex that sends him halfway back across the ring. Boxer nods impressed as he's tagged in yet again by Blackwood. Gage holds out his hands in an almost "after you, sir" sort of motion. Box can't help but crack a small sinister smile.

Lance:

Walter Levy's NOT looking so good here guys. These two idiots really drew the short straw this week.

DDK:

They came looking for a booking at the wrong time, my friend. The WROOONG time.

Lance:

But hey, bright side! They DID get a booking, they can stay crashing at referee Navarro's apartment according to their deal.

DDK:

Oh he must be just THRILLED at that, Lance.

Hijo del Fishman can be heard yelping from the corner "OH MY GOD WALTER I'M SO SORRY, DUDE!" as the apparent Scottish suplex competition continues. The Original DEFIANT can't help but sinisterly smile even bigger as Hijo del Fishman's sorrowful bellows meet his ears.

Lance:

It's like that caber tossing highland game, only instead of a huge log it's some tiny guy from upstate New York.

Box hoists Levy up into a delayed vertical suplex position as effortlessly as you or I would pick up a jug of goddamn milk. It can't be understated the absolute ease with which Bronson Box holds Walter aloft with but one of his massive arms. With his free arm Boxer urges the crowd back into a frenzy, you know what's next...

Blackwood eggs on the crowd as they begin counting.

UNO!

DOS!

TRES!

CUATRO!

The counting continues... and continues... and CONTINUES...

In a small section of the arena, The Good Doctor tussles the spot where hair should be.

At a somewhat merciful CUARENTA the Wargod drops a red faced Levy limply to the mat.

Lance:

That's a sloppy FOURTY for all you dumb Americans out there!

DDK:

The pure, unrivaled, haggis fueled bull STRENGTH of the Bombastic Bronson Box on display!

Bronson looks up at Ned still all by his lonesome up in his taped off section in the upper decks.

Bronson Box:

YOU WANNA IGNORE DEAR CHRISTIE'S QUESTIONS NOW, PROFESSOR? WHAT ARE YE'... F[censored]N' RUDE, YA' LITTLE PRICK?!

Bronson just bellows out over the din of the Faithful, they roar back with laughter.

Lance:

I guess "rude little prick" yelled loud enough translates pretty easily wherever you go, huh Keebs? Isn't language amazing?

DDK:

Looks like the Scottish Strongman's banter has Doctor Reform a little red in the face, partner!

Walter is on his knees crawling desperately towards his corner... Hijo del Fishman Deluxe clearly, visibly worried he might just have to tag back into the match. Boxer just stands and watches and smiles as Walter digs his fingernails into the canvas. Much to Fishman's shagrin Walter reaches out and tags the portly luchador back into this match. At the exact same time Bronson makes the quick tag to Blackwood. Gage quick steps through the ropes and lunges right at Hijo del Fishman, picking his wrist and whipping the poor bastard back towards Bronson who spins and lariats Hijo del Fishman so hard even referee uncle Navarro stops, holds his heart and looks away grimacing. Harmen takes the moment to hop onto the apron and hand Uncle Navarro a letter.

DDK:

Looks like the Scots and a Lunatic have handed Uncle Navarro a condolences letter.

Lance:

Hector's going to have a lot of explaining to do to his sister after tonight.

Box rolls out of the ring as Blackwood scales the most available turnbuckle. He points down at Fishman still writhing on the canvas below him.

DDK:

DIVING HEADBUTT DO THE STERNUM OF HIJO DEL FISHMAN FROM BLACKWOOD!

Yet another quick tag between the Scotsmen as Bronson ducks back through the ropes, stomps the luchador a few times on the back of the neck before snarling in Ned Reform's general direction, slicing a thumb across his throat, locking his hands underneath Fishman's chin and...

Lance:

BOSTON MASSACRE! BOXER LOCKS ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE!

Hijo del Fishman taps almost instantly.

DING DING DING

The bell begins clanging at ringside but Box however doesn't hear a damned thing. The Scottish Strongman is far too focused on not breaking eye contact with Doctor Ned Reform up in the stands. The ACE leans back on the hold, synching his hands even tighter under the masked chin of the poor luchador. Reform stands up in his seat, throwing off his glasses and hat. His eyes are nearly bugging out of his head as he watches the action. Referee Navarro keeps calling for the bell, screaming at Boxer to let his nephew go.

DDK:

Uh oh Lance. We've seen that look in Boxer's eyes before, partner...

Helpless in words alone, referee Hector Navarro rears back and cracks a desperate retired forearm across the side of the Bombastic Bronson Box's face, immediately backing up realizing his mistake... the sudden jolt however being just what Box needed to snap back into reality and release the poor kid from his violent touch.

RAAAAAAAHH! The sight of the long time retired former luchador, mostly known now for his officiating lay hands on one of the most dangerous men in DEF sends the Mexican crowd into an uproar.

Lance:

Holy hell Hector, are you CRAZY?!

DDK:

It's his nephew, partner! He had to do something!

Box looks like he might lay hands on ref Navarro only for Iris Davine to suddenly hit the ring with several of her DEF medical team to begin checking on the wellbeing of the Midcard Experiment. As she brushes by Bronson she shoots him a rather intentionally dirty look, immediately calming the raging Scotsman some. Blackwood is also quick to lean in and have words with his partner, obviously looking too to de-escalate before anything needless happens. Gage swats Harmen away, who no doubt is doing his best to be a bad influence on Box's other shoulder.

Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" starts to play as Blackwood leads Box back up the ramp. Trying his best the whole way to simmer the veteran down. They look over towards Ned, who is still standing in disbelief. The Scottish duo look eyes with The Good Doctor... and Reform briskly turns and hastily makes his way up the stairs and out of the arena.

DDK:

I think for once in Ned Reform's life... actions speak louder than words!

Lance:

We have one more DEFtv until Ned Reform and TA Cole have nowhere to run... if history has taught us anything, it's that The Good Doctor makes the go-home shows count.

DDK:

Same could be said about Box, partner. I don't care what Ned thinks he has up his sleeve... the Original DEFIANT is in rare form.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

GROUP TROOP

DEFtv returns from commercial break as David Fox makes his way through the backstage area. He passes by a few of the ring crew before noticing Cyrus Bates lagging not too far behind him.

Cyrus Bates:

OUT OF THE WAY, RING HANDS! DON'T YOU DARE LAY A FINGER ON DAVID FOXTROT HE'S FAR TOO PRECIOUS!!

Bates shoulders the workers hard even though they came nowhere near David when they crossed paths. Annoyed, Fox looks to the heavens for an answer.

David Fox:

Seriously, man? You're still following me around? This has gotten old.

Bates points back to the ring crew he just bumped away.

Cyrus Bates:

Commander Lieutenant Foxtrot! But, but, but did you see how close those guys came to brushing by you? Look, I know I'm not your favorite person right now but I have to admit, we have something special clicking here.

Fox wastes no time. He moves on to catering where he begins filling his plate with the good stuff, broccoli, cauliflower and other healthy vegetables. Bates ponies right up with a plate of his own.

Cyrus Bates:

Instead of me beckoning for you to fix my walkie talkie, I'm trying to understand that you have bigger and better things to do. Heck, I'm not the only one who has noticed your meteoric ascent here in DEFIAНCE.

Fox stands there, deciding if he wants a blueberry or strawberry smoothie, completely ignoring a belligerent Bates.

Cyrus Bates:

That's why I think you require something. It came to me in a dream. Yes, I dreamt about you.

Bates piles on the pulled pork to his brioche bun but before he can say another word, David Fox is off walking towards the interview stage.

Cyrus Bates:

Did he even eat his food!?

Bates follows along like a lost puppy as he sees Fox standing in front of cameras and next to Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Faithful, I'm here with David Fox! Now David, you've been on a roll as of late. What's next for you in DEFIAНCE?

Fox opens his mouth to speak but the deep, grumbly voice of Bates is all that can be heard.

Cyrus Bates:

Championships.

Their heads turn over to the Search Party specialist who is standing there, cramming his face full of sweet potato casserole.

Cyrus Bates:

Commander Lieutenant Foxtrot is chasing championships and you know what? He's not alone on his journey.

Bates steps up onto the interview stage. Meanwhile, David can be seen off to the side silently mouthing the words "why me?"

Cyrus Bates:

You see, what a PREMIUM talent like David Foxtrot needs to guide him towards title gold is none other than a HEAVY. That's right. Look no further than yours truly. I'm a proven HEAVY.

He pauses to allow the moment to breathe.

Cyrus Bates:

I'd be lying if I said I didn't have a vested interest in this but it's clear I've been going about things the wrong way. Providing protection to you will win you over. You can focus on winning matches and eventually, you'll help me fix my walkie talkie. I know it.

Fox goes to speak into the microphone Zane is holding but again, Bates doesn't give him a chance to say anything.

Cyrus Bates:

No need to say anything. I already know your answer and I know it's a yes. Be seeing you around, Commander.

Cyrus slithers away, leaving Zane and Fox standing there. Hands on his hips and microphone pointed to his mouth, David Fox gets the last word. Finally.

David Fox:

...I think I'm going to have... the blueberry smoothie today.

An awkward pause before Christie responds.

Christie Zane:

Good choice, actually, it's really good.

A nod of concurrence from David sends him on his way back to catering as we cut away.

HFIV GAUNTLET vs. LOS CAIDOS

DDK:

Up next, we have a unique contest. We've seen these a few times in the past, back in the day, like when Andy Sharp had to go through all of SEG to get to Mikey Unlikely. Tonight, we've got a good ol' fashion gauntlet match!

Lance:

That's right Darren. The feud between Victor Vacio and High Flyer IV has heated up to an unforeseen degree. The numbers game between Vacio's Los Caidos and HF IV's lack of allies on the main roster... it's become quite a problem.

DDK:

It has, and HF IV, instead of getting the Favoured Saints to allow adjustments to the rest of LET's contracts, is out on an island by himself. So, his big idea? If I can beat Los Caidos in a gauntlet match, Vacio will have to give him a fair one on one fight, no?

Lance:

Vacio, Darren, is anything but fair. Let's take it down to ringside.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following match, is a gauntlet match!

The eerily haunting piano drones through the public address system as machine-made smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad yet maskless Victor Vacio steps through the curtain, into the cloud of simulated fog, and onto the DEFIAНCE stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the gauntlet ... representing LOSSS CAAAIIDDOOOS COREY NUNNNEZZZ ... HUGGOOO GONZALEZZZ ... and GERARDDDDOOOO VILLLAOBOSSSSSS!

Vacio flanked one by one as their names are announced by Corey Nunez and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez with the big man, Gerardo Villalobos, bringing up the rear. The three-man team, Los Caidos, dressed in black denim pants and leather jackets.

Vacio stands motionless as the three former Barrio Boys, now known as Los Caidos or in english, The Fallen, make their way to ring side.

DDK:

Vacio, obviously feels like three on one is more than solid odds, he doesn't even deem this match worth spectating from ring side.

Lance:

Well, Darren, when it comes to odds, you're always better off if you can see Vacio. Vacio, out of sight, is a dangerous situation waiting to happen.

♪ "The Best" by Awolnation ♪

As the song flurries into a crescendo, High Flyer IV steps out from the backstage area, all business. His hair has grown out a bit and he's dyed two white lightning bolts into either side. He roars to life and throws his father's devil horn taunt high in the air before sauntering toward ringside.

DDK:

Well to that point, it's not every day the victim books his own execution.

Lance:

High Flyer IV is a special sort of luchador, Darren. One that's never been able to compete in the illustrious lucha halls of Mexico. I've never seen a kid as agile as this one, not since his father. That being said... he's got his work cut out for him against Vacio's Fallen.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD EXPLOSION DOUBLE DROPKICK!

Before the bell, HFIV springs off the top and dropkicks both Nunez and Gerardo. Nunez goes sailing out of the ring as Gerardo takes a powder. Hugo jumps on HF IV and pounds on the back of his neck with his forearms.

DING DING

Hugo hooks HF IV and tosses him off the far ropes. Into a tilt-a-whirl, into a second tilt-a-whirl reversed by HF IV into an arm drag. Gonzalez stumbles dazed into the corner as HF IV charges, and monkey flips him out. Hugo takes a powder and collects himself among his Fallen brethren.

Only for HF IV to give his charge no quarter, leaping off the top rope with a springboard shooting star press with a nice extra twist for emphasis. The flashbulb-inducing dive takes out all three members of the Fallen, with the third-generation superstar landing his feet to toss devil horn taunts to the Mexican Faithful. It's not long before Hugo's rolled in and HFIV climbs onto the apron. As Hugo stands, HF IV leaps with a springboard 450 Lou Thesz press into a series of punches!

DDK:

Shades of father Harmen, but always with just a twist. That 450 into a thesz press looks magical, and those rights and lefts rain down on Hugo Gonzalez!

Lance:

HF IV's fist certainly found the face of the Fallen's Hugo! Over and over!

HF IV lets up, on the verge of disqualification. He climbs up to the top rope, and before Corey Nunez can hook the leg, to distract, HF IV has already swan-dived onto the now standing and dazed Hugo Gonzalez.

DDK:

Moonshot special! Center of the ring.

One

Two

Three!

The Faithful cheer as HFIV throws his hands up in the air. Before he can even take a moment to realize his celebration is premature, Gerardo Villabolas charges in from behind and hooks him in a HUGE rear waist-delayed german suplex. HF IV folds up like an accordion, as Corey Nunez shouts and cheers his friend. Hugo slides out, only to be helped to his feet by Corey.

DDK:

And there's the equalizer. Gerardo, the former BRAZEN DOC champion, is going to have his way with throwing around the smaller lucha Harmen.

Gut wrench, dead lift into a jackknife powerbomb. HFIV's folded up like an accordion.

One.

Two.

HFIV tosses a shoulder up. Gerardo can't believe it, so he picks HFIV up again and lifts him up onto his shoulders. He starts charging toward the ringside and looks to powerbomb him over the top. At the last moment, HF IV backflips out of the powerbomb, using the ropes as leverage to hurraconrada Gerardo up and over the top rope and to his awaiting Fallen. As Corey tries to get both members of Fallen to their feet, HF IV springboards off the middle rope with an Asai Moonsault, taking out both Gerardo and Hugo just as Corey skitters away.

DDK:

Do you think this kid can do it, Lance? Do you think he can beat all three members of Los Caidos?

Lance:

He's been able to beat the big boss before, but having to take all three men on in one single night? Tough charge for anyone, especially for a youngster like HF IV!

HF IV tries to lift Gerardo back up, but it's tough going. He grunts and groans and barely is able to push Villabolos under the bottom rope. Just as he shoves Gerardo under and the ref checks on him, HF IV turns and eats a spinning leg lariat to the jaw that takes him off his feet. Nunez grabs HF IV off the mat and tosses him inside, just to get accosted by the official. Nunez pleads his innocence, shouting "He slipped" in Spanish.

DDK:

Nunez taking liberties.

Lance:

It's already unfair Darren, and he agreed to it being unfair. But he didn't agree to the excess outside interference!

Both HF IV and Gerardo get to their feet at roughly the same time.

Villabolos overhand chops HF IV so hard, somewhere, both ADV and Uriel Cortex heard it en espanol. HFIV collapses like a house of cards but keeps fighting to his feet. Somehow, Gerardo's second chop is louder than the first, taking the luchador again completely off his feet. Gerardo lifts HF IV up and shoots him off the ropes. He goes for a huge overhand palm slap to the chest, but HFIV ducks underneath into a go-behind. He goes for a German, but Villabolos is too weighty and points to his head before flexing for the crowd.

DDK:

Nice attempt, but you've got to imagine, 9 times out of 10, that German ain't happening.

Instead, HF IV leaps up and Poisonrana's a showboating Gerardo Villabolos to a pop. Gerardo falters into a far corner, as HF IV charges, kicks off his gut, and backflips, kicking Villabolos under the chin before landing on his feet. Once he does, he charges forward and hits his father's patented Locomotive kick in the corner.

Lance:

WHAT A KICK!

DDK:

Shades of Papa Harmen continue to bleed through this kid's ringwork. I think he's got Gerardo. He's on Dream Street.

The former BRAZEN DOC champ's eyes roll into the back of his head as he timbers. HF IV dives on top and hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

CRACK!

DING DING DING

Standing over HF IV with a steel chair in hand is none other than Corey Nunez. He slams the chair two more times onto the back of HF IV as Carla Ferrari calls again for the ring bell.

Nunez takes a moment to mimic La Parka, strumming the steel chair before tossing it aside.

DDK:

This is just a plain-out assault!

Nunez rolls up HF IV and shouts at Carla to make the count. Reluctantly, she dives into place.

One.

Two.

Three.

Nunez drops the leg and dusts his hands. Gerardo and Hugo both hit the ring, lifting Corey to his feet. Gerardo then lifts HF IV up with a quick jerk and Hugo catches him.

DDK:

... Positive Outlook?! That TKO from Hugo... seems like they should probably change the name.

Lance:

This is just a beat-down Darren, plain and simple. The only difference between this week and last DEFtv is the ring ropes.

Gerardo hits HF IV with his Over the Shoulder Cutter. Corey grabs the steel chair and slams it twice more into HFIV's back. He places the steel chair's legs so they wrap around the arm that was injured by Tyler Fuse last year. Villabolos and Hugo hold him in place as hops onto the apron and starts climbing the top buckle.

"ALL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA..."

♪"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne"♪

Corey's eyes go wide as sprinting down the entrance rampway is Papa Harmen, steel chair in hand. Even a bit bandaged from the Fuse beating a month ago, he's raring to go.

The shocking thing? Beside him, sprinting, beret in place is none other than the Flying Frenchie.

Lance:

It's Jack Harmen! It's the Flying Frenchie?!

DDK:

It's the calvary, Lance!

Both men slide into the ring. Harmen waits no time and charges, taking out Hugo with his signature Locomotive. Gerardo Villabolos looks across at the legend, slaps his chest, and rushes toward Frenchie.

DDK:

DTH! Ooh, you see Gerardo's face spike!

Lance:

And now, Corey is in a not-so-good place!

Corey, on the top rope, tries to plead his innocence. Harmen and Frenchie start stalking, as Corey tries to make a quick exit. Harmen is there first, but Frenchie isn't far behind, hooking him and pulling him back to the top turnbuckle. Frenchie and Harmen hold him there as Flying Frenchie adjusts his position. He then takes two steps, with Corey on his shoulders.

DDK:

Time Bomb! Center of the ring! HARMEN!

Lance:

450 splash!

DDK:

HF IV! 630!

As Gerardo and Hugo recover on the outside, Vacio appears on the entrance stage and watches on as Flying Frenchie tells and asks Harmen to "Hold my Beret."

Frenchie climbs up to the top turnbuckle and looks out at the Faithful.

Lance:

Are we going to see it? 450... 630... 810?

DDK:

Guillotine Legdrop instead! Corey Nunez is a flattened pancake!

In the ring, the Harmen family is discussing what just happened, as Flying Frenchie gets to his feet and tosses his hands out to the Faithful. Frenchie throws a wink to Harmen, smiles that Cheshire grin-like smile that Harmen has tried to steal for decades, and just says one thing.

The Flying Frenchie:

You owe me.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, via referee's reversed decision... High Flyer IV!

♪ "The Best" by Awolnation ♪

Harmen raises his son's hand as the two watch Frenchie casually exit the ring. The entrance ramp in view ahead of Frenchie shows Vacio is already gone.

At ringside, the larger pair of the Fallen quietly collect the destroyed Corey Nunez, pulling him to the apron.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023*FIST of DEFIANCE**Dex Joy (C) vs. Oscar Burns**No Holds Barred**Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Honor Society*

ENOUGH

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen up next we're told there has been some time set aside for Scott Hunter to come out here and say a few words.

Lance: *[groaning]*

Oh God. This guy again?

DDK:

Apparently so. He's been, some would say, stalking Masked Violator #1 for the last few weeks and it's my understanding that he wants to address those failed attempts.

♪ “Burning Heart” by Survivor ♪

Scott Hunter steps through the curtain onto the stage. He's dressed once again in his ring gear, blue and yellow trunks, blue and yellow boots, blue and yellow arm pads, and blue and yellow tassels hanging from those arm bands. He is not wearing knee pads because he thinks they make his legs look funny. He also has a small greasy looking paper bag slung over his left shoulder.

Lance:

Someone eventually is gonna tell this guy he doesn't have to show up in his gear when he doesn't have a match scheduled, right? Someone's gonna tell him, right?

DDK:

I mean, I guess someone could. You volunteering?

Lance:

No. I just decided I don't care enough.

Scott reaches the ringside area and waves at a crew member for a microphone, which he receives in short order. He climbs up onto the apron into a seated position, then rolls in under the bottom rope. He leaps up to his feet and lands in a pose, then straightens up to a relaxed stance.

Scott Hunter:

Hola mis insidiosas bayas de mono. Tengo mucha mucosidad durante mi México. Un señor llamado Juventud me dio un pañuelo. Es suave. Bajo el puente del centro entregué mi vida. Ve con Dios. La noche es oscura y llena de terrores.

Literally every single person in the crowd stares up at him in confusion.

Scott Hunter:

Así que ahí vas otra vez y dices que necesitas tu libertad. Bueno, ¿quién soy yo para mantenerte abajo? Es justo que lo toques como lo sientes. Pues escucha atentamente el sonido de tu soledad como un latido que te vuelve loco en la quietud de recordar lo que tuviste y lo que perdiste. Oh, los truenos sólo ocurren cuando llueve. Los jugadores sólo te aman cuando juegan. Dicen mujeres, vendrán y se irán. Cuando la lluvia te lave limpio lo sabrás.

Lance:

Oh no...

Scott spreads his arms out proudly, and waits for applause, but none comes. After a few awkward moments, he frowns.

Scott Hunter:

Okay look, I wanted to honor all of you in this great nation by coming out here tonight and speaking to you in your native tongue, but I see that you are too dumb to understand your own language so from here on I will be speaking only in American.

The crowd boos.

Scott Hunter:

First thing is first. I have a bone to pick with the local welcoming committee. For one thing, when I arrived at the airport here in Jolly Old Mexico, there was no local welcoming committee. One guy tried to pick my pocket and another one called me a 'puta', whatever that is, but no one offered me any refreshments or a hot towel or fresh tortillas or anything. And that is not all!! The concierge guy was so rude. He kept saying things like "I am not a concierge guy" and "Why don't you go (BLEEP) yourself."

There's an audible gasp from the fans.

Scott Hunter:

I know! And then when I asked for restaurant recommendations, the suggestions were absolutely ridiculous! I was outraged! How in the heck in the entire nation of Mexico can there not be a single TACO BELL?!? I thought you people invented tacos. How can you not have the greatest taco restaurant ever conceived?? Not even one!

Scott shakes his head in disbelief, and most of the crowd does likewise, for different reasons.

Scott Hunter:

But that's okay. I wandered around El Mercado for a little while... that's Spanish for 'the moment poop turns white', which I thought was weird because it was really just a market. Anyway, I found some taco knockoff place. The guy out front kept claiming that the food was totally 'authentic', whatever that means. I thought they tasted pretty good though, so I bought some, and I brought them here.

Scott reaches into his bag and pulls out an arm full for tacos. He takes one and flings it into the crowd.

Scott Hunter:

You get a taco!

And then he flings another.

Scott Hunter:

And you get a taco!

And then another.

Scott Hunter:

And you get a taco!

And another.

Scott Hunter:

And you!

And finally he steps back, takes a short running start and throws one more...

Scott Hunter:

AAAAAAAAAND YOU GET ONE!!

...deep into the crowd. It hits an old lady in the face and splatters all over her sarape, but Scott isn't paying attention.

DDK:

I'm speechless.

Scott Hunter:

Now, the real reason I am actually out here is because of what has been happening the last few weeks. Twice now I have approached the Masked Violator number one and offered up my hand in friendship. Twice he has been very very rude to me and refused to even shake my hand. I did not actually offer to shake his hand, but I feel like he should have known that it was the right thing to do. Bottom line, he is rude. So before we go any further.

Then, suddenly...

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Stepping through the curtain dressed in a red wrestling mask, blue jeans, and a dark blue "¡Somos el número uno!" t-shirt, Masked Violator #1 is working hard to balance "happy to be in front of this crowd" with "supremely annoyed" with limited success.

DDK:

This man has been through a lot in the last year... but few things have been as challenging to endure, it seems, than the needling and pestering of Scott Hunter.

MV1 pauses as he climbs the ring steps to smile at the cheering fans. Behind him in the shot, a handful of blue "Numero Uno" foam fingers sway in the air. Raising an index finger in the air, the cheers rise before he steps between the ropes, pulls a microphone from his back pocket, and loses the grin.

Lance:

Let's not mince words, Keebs. Hunter is a pain in the you-know-what.

DDK:

He is. Talented between bells but... good grief.

MV1 waits for the crowd volume to lower a bit before raising the mic to his mask.

MV1:

I've got a lot to say to you. But give me one moment.

MV1 bolts back towards a corner and raises an arm and a finger back into the sky, eliciting a hearty reaction.

MV1:

¡Mis amigos! ¡Es un honor estar de vuelta en este país frente a algunos de los mejores fans del mundo! Nunca olvidaré mi primer partido en este mismo edificio... En aquel entonces, éramos mi mejor amigo y yo los que corríamos por estas carreteras.

Melancholy passes over the mask of the singular Violator.

MV1:

Él y yo no estamos haciendo equipo en estos días. Estoy trabajando en ello. Sé paciente. Y algún día, con suerte pronto, verás al equipo enmascarado favorito de vuelta en este ring, pateando traseros y tomando nombres. Hasta entonces...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

MV1 drops off the turnbuckle and goes nose to nose with Hunter.

MV1:

You and I seem to have a problem.

Hunter demures, juggling the greasy paper bag in his hands for a moment before digging into it with a free hand.

Scott Hunter:

No! No-o problemo, el Senior! I got-a you something!

The greasy bag hits the mat with a *PLOP* as Hunter reveals a small wrapped taco... complete with a tiny red wrestling mask on it.

Half the crowd giggles, the other half groans, and an inexplicable third half just quietly shakes their collective heads in disbelief. MV1 isn't impressed.

SLAP!

He WHACKS the taco out of Hunter's hand, sending the miniature, bemasked deliciousness careening to ringside in a mess of meat and lettuce.

MV1:

I don't know what your deal is... but you've been an espina en mi costado for MONTHS! You've been out here, insulting these people, and insulting my intelligence... Maybe you've noticed but I've HAD IT.

Scott Hunter: *[frowning]*

Why do you keep suddenly speaking Mexican in the middle of your sentences? Are you some kind of el anchorman reporting on the unrest down in *[Scott does a terrible Spanish accent] Guadalajara?*

MV1 nudges the bag of tacos out of his way with his boot before nosing-up to Hunter once more.

MV1:

You seem to want attention, Hunter. Specifically; MY attention. Well, now you've got it. Undivided and focused attention. All of it. You can keep your "gifts" and all of your foolish "ideas" to yourself. I'm gonna give you what you want. En dos semanas, en DEFtv 193 en Carolina del Norte, ¿qué tal si les muestro cómo es toda la atención? Tú y yo. Uno a uno. En este anillo.

The Mexican Faithful respond with a burst of excitement at the potential match... leaving a quizzical expression on Hunter's punchable face.

Scott Hunter:

I do not know what you just said. For some reason all I heard was mariachi music in my head while your lips were moving and now I am wondering what is the relevancy of that.

MV1:

You and me in two weeks. In this ring. That's the relevancy of that. I'll show you what my full attention feels like.

He pushes his mic into Hunter's hands, it clatters against his own, before the masked man dips out of the ring and happily tags the hands of fans.

DDK:

MV1 wants Scott Hunter in two weeks at DEFtv 193... and I think Scott Hunter is set to get what's coming to him!

Lance:

One can only hope! Don't go anywhere, friends! We've got some great tag team wrestling coming up!

MEXI-SNOW

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are at The Commentation Station ready to introduce what the fans about to witness next!

DDK:

Last night, we saw Mexico's own Mil Vueltas give it his all when he battled Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIAНCE. He gave everything he had, but the power of The EveryChamp was just too much for him to overcome. Despite this, he received a standing ovation from the Faithful just before Malak Garland appeared at ringside!

Lance:

We didn't know at the time what Malak Garland said, other than he has some strange infatuation with Mil Vueltas - more appropriately, the spirit of lucha libre. A film crew followed Malak Garland and Mil Vueltas after last night's show... and well... judge for yourself.

Fade.

Everything is dark. Only the voice of a snowflake can be heard.

Malak Garland:

Dude, I promise you, this is going to be an awesome time. Really appreciate you listening to me back there. Dude, like, dude. You don't know how much you're helping me on my spirit quest right now. This is going to be a night we'll never forget. Oh shit, hey camera person! Wake up! We need you to document our exploration!

The environment comes to life as if a kidnapping head mask just got removed. A camera person shoots footage of Malak Garland, Mil Vueltas and his manager Thomas Keeling holed up in the back of a taxi van as they get driven through Torreón at night. Malak sits in the back, rubbing his hands together like he's hosting a bombastic backyard barbecue blowout.

Malak Garland:

Oh I can't wait to get going. Señor! Step on it! My amigo and I want to see all the Lucha libre sights Mexico has to offer!

Malak leans towards Mil.

Malak Garland:

See what I said there? I called you my amigo because you're going to teach me all about the Lucha libre lifestyle. This is the best thing for me. It's the best thing for us. Get out and see the town when in Mexico, am I right? I'm glad I'm with you too because I'd be too afraid to check out the streets by my lonesome. Also, hey, forget about losing to Dex Joy. Your high flying flips were enough for me to see. I knew this was what I wanted.

Mil looks unimpressed and rather skeptical, as does Thomas Keeling.

Mil Vueltas:

Let *me* be clear, amigo... I'm only doing this because you told me you'd stop stalking me. I don't want anything to do with this mierda. I show you around, you leave us alone. Entiendo?

Garland is overjoyed regardless of Mil's lackluster reply. In fact, he unzips his backpack and pulls out a ziploc baggie of white powder.

Camera Person:

Uhhh, is that drugs? Technically we're still on the clock so, umm, I might have to report you.

Malak Garland:

No you dumb f\$#k, it's cocaine. SHUT UP CAMERA PERSON, NO ONE ASKED YOU TO TALK. I KIDNAPPED

YOU TO DOCUMENT MY DISCOVERY OF LUCHA LIFE. Holy heck, if I knew you were going to be chatty Kathy, I would have kidnapped someone else. Now, let's all take a sniff and get snazzy with our inner chakras! LUCHA LIBRE FOR LIFE!

Thomas Keeling: *[starting to hyperventilate]*

Oh, no, not again! I...

Mil looks at his promoter, slightly perturbed.

Thomas Keeling:

Young man, the early 2000s were... not a great time in wrestling...

Malak shoves the camera down into the seat as the footage cuts wildly, neither indicating or denying whether any noses touched snow but things catch up to the five of them standing at the iconic Cristo de las Noas statue. Malak walks up to it and begins to pray. The taxi driver wrinkles his face as he, Mil and the camera person spectate.

Malak Garland:

Oh great monte cristo of Noah's arc! LEND ME THE STRENGTH TO LEARN LUCHA LIBRE! THAT IS MY NEW DESTINY! THAT IS MY NEW SPIRIT QUEST! LUCHA LIBRE IS THE RIGHT ANSWER! WHO KNEW!?

Mil walks up to Malak and places a hand on his shoulder with Keeling not far behind him.

Mil Vueltas:

Tenemos que irnos antes de que un rayo te golpee.

Malak Garland: *[Looking at Thomas Keeling]*

What'd he say?

Thomas Keeling:

Don't pee on a bike rail right now, young man. I'll put it that way.

Malak Garland:

No pray here? No comprendo? Shit. I am bad at Lucha libre. I'm new to this, Mil. Teach me. Show me the ways of the mask. Please. Let me in. I promise I will do good.

A figurative lightbulb goes off above Malak's dome.

Malak Garland:

A mask! THAT'S IT! I NEED A LUCHA PERSONA! BRILLIANT JOB, MIL!

Malak caresses Mil's masked face until the man of countless flips pulls back.

Malak Garland:

LFG! LET'S GET ME A LUCHA MASK!

Malak sprints to the taxi van but Mil takes his time and walks over.

Mil Vueltas:

Amigo... you... you really want to learn about the true Lucha lifestyle? Like, for real? Like, for REAL real? Cause, amigo... if this some kind of joke, I know what back alleys to leave you in Torreón.

Garland takes a deep breath. He leans halfway out of the open sliding door.

Malak Garland:

I'm more sure about this than when I falsely reported maltreatment on my parents to my high school so I could get out

of doing chores. NOW, SHOW ME!

With the heaviest of heavy sighs, The Man of a Thousand Flips holds a hand out towards the cab...

What happens next is epic, if what came before this point wasn't. Insert montage here. Mil, Malak, camera person and the taxi driver tear through Torreón, experiencing everything it has to offer from vintage tequila shots to crushing the freshest fish tacos you can find in Mexico. Heck, they even find the time to visit a decrepit old gym to watch some CRAZY Lucha style matches between random masked men. Malak woos at the sight of all the amazing flips. He munches some popcorn whilst in the front row. Mil sits there, arms crossed but with a smile on his face. He's at home and enjoying himself. How could anyone not have a good time watching some indie Lucha action? The match concludes and Malak celebrates like he's won the Super Bowl.

Malak Garland:

LET'S GO! THAT WAS F\$#KING AWESOME! I'M JACKED UP NOW! MORE MATCHES, MORE MATCHES, MORE MATCHES!

Garland playfully tussles Mil's shoulder who is apprehensive at first but lightens up within mere seconds. It's Mexico, after all. Let loose and enjoy the finer things it offers. Before they know it, they are both shouting, screaming and chanting for more, more, more. They blink and the next thing they realize is that they're in the alleyway. Malak is bent over a trash can, hurling up his very existence. Mil stands watch as he's a bit wobbly himself. The taxi driver is having a smoke and the camera person can barely hold the shot steady.

Mil Vueltas:

LUCHA! LUCHA! LUCHA!

Thomas Keeling looks up, worried slightly, but shrugs it off.

Thomas Keeling:

Twenty years sober, I had a good run... LUCHA! LUCHA! LUCHA! And... I think I need to call it a night...

Malak hurls as fans exit the venue.

Malak Garland:

Just. Need a second. Hold on! Too much cerveza!

The Snowflake Superstar finally pulls himself from the depths of vomiting and swings his arm around Mil's shoulder.

Malak Garland:

With all due respect, I want you to know I am trying my absolute best to be super respectful of the Lucha libre lifestyle. Heck, I am just going to come right out and say it. I feel like we're bonding HARD over this!

Mil Vueltas:

Whoa... not enough alcohol for THAT...

Malak Garland:

But. Mask.

Malak drunkenly points to his face.

Malak Garland:

Me need a mask and Lucha persona, stat. I am way too into this not to get further invested in things and Mil, DO NOT worry. Opening me up to your sacred way of life is not lost on me. It will not blow up in your face. I won't piss and shit all over. You can trust me. I deserve this. I won't make you ever regret letting me in. I promise.

Mil Vueltas:

I... I don't believe you... but amigo, we're already this far...

All Mil does is raise a finger and the footage fast forwards to the group sitting in red velvet chairs, in a decadent ropa lounge. The only person missing is Malak. He's in one of the change rooms. The taxi driver is smoking a cigar by now and Malak is furiously swapping garbs until finally, the mirrored change room door swings open. Out walks the Social Media Savant. The rest of the group watches with bated breath as they lay eyes on Garland.

Malak Garland:

View me.

Malak stands there as if on display. He's in brand new wrestling gear. Blue and white pants-length tights wrap around his legs all the way to his waist. Black boots are on his feet. He's sporting those 80s arm bands with the tassels, white wrist tape and of course, a mask. However, this isn't just any mask. It's Malak's. It's special.

Taxi Driver:

Whoaaaaaaaaa.

Everyone is in awe at the sight of this mask. The fabric is white but it's open at the top, allowing Malak's anime-like hair to flow freely in the wind. At his hairline is a row of spikes. You read that correctly. Spikes. You know, like the kind that can be found on dog collars. Now they line his forehead. Also, kind of redundant to the whole Lucha-mask-hiding-your-face-type-thing but his entire face; eyes, nose, and mouth are visible through a dark blue tinted plastic viewing window. Obviously, Mil looks a bit confused.

Mil Vueltas:

Hermano, your rostro. I can see your face. At least have the window over the eyes only?

Garland folds his arms DEFIANTLY.

Malak Garland:

Listen chico, this is MY mask. I have to be comfortable in it. Therefore, my entire face is shown through this window but like, it's still technically behind the mask so I don't see the problem with it. If Clark Kent can wear glasses, I can wear this mask and consider my identity concealed. Comprendo?

Mil's eyes suddenly drop downwards to his phone as he notices a half dozen missed messages from Thomas Keeling waiting for him to reply to. No one realizes it's quite late in the night or early in the morning, depending on your take of things. Seeing this, Malak quickly needs to make it all about him again.

Malak Garland:

I have an announcement. I am no longer Malak Garland.

He strikes a pose eerily similar to that of a Power Ranger.

Malak Garland:

From this point forward, this persona will hence be known as Malak El Frío.

This catches back Mil's attention.

Mil Vueltas:

Por supuesto que es... of course it is...

A patron of the ropa lounge approaches the group. Malak nods with satisfaction.

Malak El Frío:

I will need this mask IMMEDIATELY! Put it in your finest box and ship it the American address I'm about to tell you so I can UNPACK this back at home! A NEW HERO IS BORN AND LUCHA IS HIS LIFELOOD!

Mil can only utter one single word after Malak Garland's newfound revelation...

Mil Vueltas:

...f**k...

THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS vs. NO FUN DEAN & SLIGHTLY FUN JEN

No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen wait for their opponents in the ring. They watch the Faithful look toward a part of the arena where TDC has arrived.

No music plays, the only thing you hear is Tom Morrow's lovely voice that no one wants to hear. The Devil's Circus appears in section 5, walking down Hell's Mouth of Faithful who would love to get their hands on Tom Morrow. Fortunately for him, he is surrounded by security.

Tom Morrow:

Let me get this out of the way... I'm not a guy that brings politics into wrestling... and I DO NOT like the previous guy that used to be in charge of our place... but mannnnn, I see why people wanted to build a wall!

Tom gets major heat for that remark, and security is making sure to stay close to him while his boys make their way through the crowd.

Tom Morrow:

Now, a team that represents the USA and you penny earners can see an American-made group. Weighing in at 585 pounds the Best-Dressed Beast, The Suave Savage ...**BIG KAHUNA ALI'I!**, the ... The Mad Prince! The Jester of Jesters... **JESTAL!...THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS!**

Both men have their parka coat vests with white fur hoods, both have green towels covering their faces in their respective ring gear. Morrow is dressed in a business suit.

While Morrow talks shit to the Faithful as they make their way through the crowd. Finally reaching the barricade TDC hops over to enter the ring. They both remove their jackets walk up the steps and enter the ring.

DING DING

The action quickly starts and Jen is quickly disposed of by Jestal. Dean and Ali'i trade clubbing blows, as Jestal is removed from the ring. Dean manages to get the advantage, but his pride gets the better of him as he takes his eyes off Ali'i to show the Faithful he is in full control.

DDK:

OH, he took his eyes off Ali'i for a second and was met with a vicious headbutt!

BKA grabs Dean off the mat showing off his power he lifts Dean up into an Inverted Samoan Drop!

Lance:

No denying the power of the Big Kahuna here.

While the action continues in the ring, we get an 80s-style box in a box. Jestal and Ali'i stand sideways looking at Morrow in the middle. Ali'i in a business suit with black shades, as well as Morrow in business attire. Jestal looks like he went to a pimp shop he has a bright yellow business suit with lime green stripes and a pair of diving goggles on that are also yellow.

Tom Morrow:

Tittanes Familia is falling apart and I take immense pride in that. Uriel is a flight risk, and just like these people in Torreón, Mexico, we do not need another man supporting this crappy culture! Right here is the next best thing in the tag team division here in DEFIAНCE. The future of the Tag Team Division! Big Kahuna Ali'i and Jestal - the Devil's Circus!

Jestal chuckles.

Jestal:

Two weeks ago, this David vs. Goliath narrative proved that once again David has been the superior man in that versus! *{Jestal points at Ali'i}* This here is Hurt, *{points at himself}* and consider me Heal. He Hurts ya, and I Heal ya with humor. Tonight will be a joyous night my duckies for Dean and Jen will face US.

Tom Morrow:

So in closing DEFIANCE when you see The Devil's Circus, you should remember one thing.

A close-up happens, as TDC dominates No Fun Dean in the ring. Ali'i takes his shades off, and Jestal pulls his goggles over his forehead, as it gets to a headshot shot all three say in unison.

The Devil's Circus:

RUN!

Return to the match in full screen.

Jestal charges at No Fun Dean both in neutral corners. He strikes with a hip attack he runs to Dean's corner knocks Jen off the apron once more and charges from that corner into another hip attack. Dean's head is being bounced off the second turnbuckle after each shot. Jestal runs to his corner, Ali'i tags and Jestal charges for a third time into another hip attack, he quickly rolls out of the ring. As Ali'i outstretches his arms shouting something in his native tongue and charges at Dean full force like a freight train! Dean's head is nearly taken off by the impact.

DDK:

They call that the Carousel of Pain! Jestal just pulled Jen off the apron and right into the steps!

Ali'i pulls Dean to his feet and lifts him up for a slam, Jestal hits the ropes and jumps on top of Ali'i driving Dean's carcass to the mat!

Lance:

35-Deep! Dean has no idea where he is. There goes Jen AGAIN this time by Ali'i!

Jestal is poised to strike as Dean stumbles about finally getting to his feet....Jestal with a release german suplex! The jester shows off his power, in mid-air Ali'i grabs Dean and spins him into an Urinage!

DDK:

Around Until Morrow!

Ali'i covers with his five fingers across an unconscious No Fun Dean's chest.

Lance:

You can count to 100 this one is over in record time!

DING DING DING

♪ "Welcome to the Circus" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

Morrow quickly gets in the ring and raises both his men's hands.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... **THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS!**

Jen manages to get in the ring to check on Dean.

DDK:

WAIT WAIT WAIT A MINUTE!

Ali'i pulls her to her feet....

Lance:

KAHUNA CRUSHER! Was that really necessary?

Tom laughs as his boys look down at the devastation they left in their wake... but when they see company coming down the ramp, he stops and tells The Devil's Circus!

DDK:

Titanes Familia! The rest of Titanes Familia are here! Titaness and Dan Leo James!

Sure enough, Titaness has a chair in hand and speeds towards ringside with Dan Leo James not far behind! Big Kahuna Ali'i wants to stay, but Morrow and Jestall tell the monster to fight another day. As The Young Titan enters the ring with Titaness behind him, Jestal and Morrow head out the other way with Big Kahuna Ali'i staring them down!

Lance:

It was Jestal who attacked Uriel Cortez's mother two weeks ago and then made Uriel Cortez snap, causing him to get suspended without pay for sixty days!

DDK:

But the rest of The Familia want a fight!

Titaness clangs the chair once, daring Big Kahuna Ali'i back into the ring with James even leaning over the ropes, but The Devil's Circus have already headed into the crowd. Titaness snatches a microphone.

Titaness:

MORROW!

She shouts at Morrow, halfway in the crowd.

Titaness:

My husband can't wrestle for two months because of what you assholes did, but you're gonna WISH that you had me suspended, too... especially after we just talked to management...

The Mother of Muscles points at herself and Dan.

Titaness:

Titanes Familia! Devil's Circus! Acts of DEFIANCE!

That gets a cheer from the crowd as Dan Leo James grabs the microphone. Big Kahuna Ali'i continues to want to fight, but Jestal and Morrow are both holding the Suave Savage back.

Dan Leo James:

I hope you guys like dinner because you're about to get a biscuit with this two-piece!

Dan throws the microphone down, but then stops and asks Titaness if she planned to use it. She shakes her head and points the chair at Morrow and company. Jestal and Ali'i look ready for a fight.

DDK:

And I'm just hearing in my headset... we can confirm this match! It will be Titaness and Dan Leo James representing Titanes Familia against The Devil's Circus!

Lance:

After Uriel Cortez got baited into losing his cool and two months away from the sport, revenge is on their mind for the rest of The Familia!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

YOU UNCUT GEMS vs. THE ESTATE

DDK:

At the last Uncut - and I think we all knew this was going to happen -- Teri Melton and Your Uncut Gems struck revenge in their literal blood feud against The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey!

Lance: [V/O]

It started with Caitlyn Kinsey and Co. explaining their vile actions at the last DEF TV. First, Tabitha explained why she and her minions decided to humiliate Teri Melton!

Tabitha Kinsey:

We did not just intend to teach HER a lesson. It was our goal to teach YOU a lesson as well.

Lance: [V/O]

And Caitlyn... after whining about having to ride a bus to school and Aurora never identifying her father said...

Caitlyn Kinsey:

As far as you, Mother...The only thing I apologize for is not wrapping a steel chair around your skull earlier!

Lance: [V/O]

After Caitlyn's display, The Gems issued a challenge for a rematch here tonight -- and then they came for blood...

Caitlyn stands panicked in a strobe light with JJ behind her while Raiden takes a railroad spike to Cristiano's head and Reeves rakes a cheese grater over Dubya's face.

Lance: [V/O]

And then Teri Melton, as she is known to do... grabbed the spotlight!

Teri Melton, with a shaved head, stands behind Tabitha Kinsey and starts to strangle her with an electric cord.

Lance: [V/O]

And the ordeal ended with Tabitha not pleased at Caitlyn's response to Teri's assault — as Caitlyn, frankly, stood there like a coward!

Tabitha shoves Caitlyn to the mat and scolds her.

Tabitha Kinsey:

I AM YOUR PRIORITY!

Lance: [V/O]

While Teri Melton addressed her adoring public in a true show of DEFIAНCE --

Teri stands at the top of the entrance ramp. She holds up the microphone as the crowd yells for her --

Crowd:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

And then she spikes the microphone down to the floor.

Lance:

And now, we have a rematch between these six combatants involved in a war as brutal as we have ever seen here in DEFIAНCE. It feels so genteel now that it started with Tabitha Kinsey "only" ripping an earring directly from her former protege's earlobe!

DDK:

Making things even more interesting — this is a homecoming of sorts for Cristiano Caballero of The Company Men,

whose very wealthy family has deep roots here in Torreón. However, Caballero was largely educated in European boarding schools and by live-in tutors located at the Caballero family's villas scattered throughout the globe. He has never spent much time here.

Lance:

And, of course, DEFSec is refusing to offer protective services for The Estate. And with this passionate crowd here in Torreón, I can only hope common sense will prevail and they will not antagonize our fans.

A handful of mariachi men come out first in their traditional outfits, blowing on trumpets. Then two Mexican ring girls - wearing sparkling dresses with big smiles - come out holding a Mexican flag. The Torreon crowd roars with patriotic fervor, with the camera showing a group of three fans pounding away on their small drums, along with the sounds of hundreds of air horns going at once.

*¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!*

But then --

♪ Theme From Succession ♪

The menacing piano and drum beat kicks in. The ring girls then lay the Mexican flag on the ground. Brayden "Dubya" Leverington and Caitlyn Kinsey slowly walk out first. Dubya is wearing an American flag headband, has an American flag-themed jacket with red, white and blue tassels on the arms, along with American flag Zubaz pants. Caitlyn has on a similarly themed leotard, also with red, white and blue fringe. She turns around and double points at her shoulders and reveals what's written on her back in bedazzled red white and blue jewels:

"Made In The USA!"

One of the ring girls is holding a stack of 1,000 denominated pesos. A second ring girl holds a lighter with a large flame. Dubys holds a thick Montecristo cigar above his head and places it in mouth. He peels off a 1,000 peso bill, sets it on fire with the ring girl's flame and uses that to puff on his cigar. The peso bill is burnt to a crisp as Dubya blows a big cloud of smoke above his head.

He holds up the cigar and laughs as he first flicks ash onto the Mexican flag before intentionally dropping it onto the fabric and stubs it out with his boot.

DDK:

Dear god! He just used the Mexican flag as his personal ashtray! What an absolute insult -- not just to the fans here tonight, but an entire country!

Lance:

We have our answer about how they would react to our audience. *[sighs]*

Caitlyn now snatches a 1,000 peso from the ring girl. She holds it in the face of a pre-teen boy at ringside as if she is going to give it to him. At the last second, she pulls it back and rips it up before dropping the remnants in his lap. Caitlyn then does the same exact thing to a fan on the opposite side of the entrance ramp, laughing the entire time.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Count me off 50,000 pesos. Now!

The ring girl quickly counts off 50 of the 1,000 peso notes and hands it to Caitlyn. She sniffs the money, holds it up

high, and then rips up the bundle of cash in her hands. A It rains down on her like a ticker tape parade. She turns to a section of the crowd.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Your currency is worthless! Your money means nothing to us!

Lance:

That is one of the most cruel and obnoxious things I have ever witnessed in my life! That's 50,000 pesos! That's an incredible amount of money, especially in a country unfortunately struggling with poverty! There are people in this country who don't make that kind of money in a year!

The Mexican crowd is apoplectic. And, without DEFSec there to offer any protection, the trash and liquids start to come flying.

¡Chinga tu madre!
(Fuck Your Mother)
¡Chinga tu madre!
(Fuck Your Mother)

And as that chant heats up... now arrives "The Matriarch" Tabitha Kinsey from the back. She is holding up a stick carrying a car dealership sized American Flag, along with her trademark Chanel Tweed power suit that has multiple - dozens - post 9/11 style American flag pins adorning the lapel of her dress coat. She pauses before the Mexican flag before stomping on it and waving the Stars-and-Stripes enthusiastically, with her face plastered with a wide smile. Standing next to her smiling is a ring girl proudly holding Tabitha's prized Faberge Egg weapon-of-choice.

The crowd starts to register this. But before they can completely register it, "native son" Cristiano Caballero sprints out and leaps in the air for a hometown reaction. The crowd realizes he's wearing the same American Patriot outfit — headband, fringed bootleg US Olympic team-inspired jacket, Zubaz — as Dubya.

Cristiano Caballero:

¡Mexico es basura! ¡Torreón es basura!
(Mexico is garbage. Torreón is garbage.)

DDK:

Are they insane? They're trying to get us killed! They are antagonizing the entire nation of Mexico!

¡Pinche Cabron! (Clap clap clap clap)
(Fucking Asshole)
¡Pinche Cabron! (Clap clap clap clap)
(Fucking Asshole)

(Fucking Asshole)

One fan at ringside is gesturing like he wants to fight Caballero. "The Marketer's Dream" turns to him and stares right in his face.

Cristiano Caballero:

Muestro respect, guey. Soy millonario. Somos millonarios. Somos millonarios estadounidenses. Mi familia os posee como sirvientes. Soy tu rey. Estados Unidos es el mejor país del mundo. Soy demasiado guapo para México. Torreón es un asco. Tu agua es orina de hepatitis. Vivo en América. Eso me convierte en tu superior. Muestro respect, guey.

(Show respect, man. I am a millionaire. We are millionaires. We are American millionaires. I am your king. The United States is the best country in the world. I am to handsome for Mexico. Torreón sucks. Your water is hepatitis piss. Long live America! I am your superior. Show respect, man.)

The joyous air horns have been replaced now with jeering whistles. They are non-stop. One of the drummers shown earlier is within view of the camera. He whips his drumstick at The Estate. They are not even flinching at this point.

Cristiano Caballero:

Sois campesinos. Tus hijos morirán como campesinos. Deja de abuchear. Sabes que es la verdad. Estados Unidos es el mejor. ¡Nadarías hasta América! Nadarías en orina de hepatitis para llegar a Estados Unidos.

(You are peasants. Your children will die as peasants. Stop booing. You know it's the truth. America is the best. You'd swim to America! You'd swim in hepatitis piss to get to America.)

Duby turns to one set of fans and pantomimes doing a Michael Phelps freestyle. Caitlyn holds her nose and swivels downwards like a scuba diver. Tabitha continues to wave the giant flag, a look of true love-of-country on her face.

A beer is thrown directly in Caitlyn's face. A series of water balloons now come flying toward the entourage -- a practice known to happen at Estadio Azteca for Mexican national team futbol games, and the balloons don't have water.

The arena noise can be described as "literally riotous." Arena security stops more fans from hopping the ring railing. Dubya and Cristiano hop up on the apron, holding the ropes open so Caitlyn can enter, followed by Tabitha who regrips the flagpole and waives the Red, White and Blue furiously. The ring girl places the Faberge Egg in their corner.

A deafening -- that cannot be emphasized enough -- chant breaks out as The Estate members turn to the hard camera and put their hands over their hearts.

*¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!*

Cristiano Caballero: [In English]

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE! TO THE FLAG! OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA --

The lights go out immediately. The Torreon crowd buzzes, with many holding up their phone flashlights. Then, softly in the background, starts...

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

The spotlight comes on in an aisle about halfway to the floor. The crowd erupts, at first knowing the disgusting display from The Estate and "hometown hero" Cristiano Caballero has come to an end. And then they register who is in the

aisleway.

It is Your Uncut Gems. On one side is "The StarChild" JP Reeves. On the other is his tag partner Raiden. Standing in the back is JJ Dixon. And, as always in the front, is Teri Melton.

Teri's head is shaved. That's not the most noticeable thing about her. She's not wearing her trademark silver gown. Tonight, she is wearing an emerald green, white and red dress in both the style of the Mexican flag and as a girl having her quinceanera.

But tonight, it's what the Gems are wearing that are causing the crowd to buzz. They're each wearing matching green-and-white futbol kits --

Lance:

Those are the jerseys of Santos Laguna, the beloved soccer team here in Torreon! Your Uncut Gems are never shy. But tonight, they don't need to say one word to get the love of the locals here in Torreon!

JJ pops his kit and the Torreon faithful start the loud chant of the nickname for people from their city.

¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!

The Gems continue to stare as they motion for the crowd to stand and chant some more, with Reeves pointing to a fan in the front row frantically waving a Mexican flag. Next to him is one of the few fans not standing, sitting down wearing a green mask.

¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!
¡Mexico!

JJ stops egging the crowd on. He makes his DiamondHands, and the arena follows suit, with fans drumming in rhythm.

¡Vamos, Gems!
(Let's Go Gems!)
¡Vamos, Gems!
(Let's Go Gems!)

Teri Melton holds her hand up in the air with a wicked beam cast to her arch-enemies in the ring. She bats her eyes and with one flinch, the crowd says her catchphrase -- in Spanish!

Teri Melton/Audience:

¡TERI MELTON! ¡ESTA LISTO! ¡PARA SU PRIMER PLANO!

That is all it takes.

DDK:

And the battle starts already!

The Company Men (without Caitlyn) hop off the apron and jump the railing into the crowd, traipsing over the ringside fans -- especially the fan in the green lucha mask who has not yet moved. All three Gems come down to meet and the fists start flying immediately.

Lance:

And I'm already seeing blood! These sides just spent the past two weeks cutting each other in ways you only usually see in a prison riot!

Benny Doyle gamely tries to keep the brawl from unfolding. As The Company and NDR brawl, JJ is backing up to try and protect Teri from catching any stray rounds.

DDK:

Caitlyn Kinsey just clobbered JJ with a chair! Caitlyn was laying in wait, grabbed a chair, and ran and sideswiped her ex-fiance across the head with his head turned! His cut from two weeks ago has not even healed! He's got a gusher already! And oh no —

Caitlyn reaches into her trunks and has some kind of powder she whips into JJ's eyes head on! JJ immediately begins to claw at his eyes, screaming at whatever

Lance:

JJ's always looking to protect Teri, who is like a maternal figure to him! And The Estate always find a way to exploit it.

JJ falls over the ring railing to the floor. Caitlyn grabs him and rams him head first into the ring post, opening up the fresh scars on his forehead. She looks over her head for approval from Tabitha, who is applauding her Lovey with approval.

Lance:

She is making Grandma just oh so proud!

Meanwhile, The Company Men and NDR continue their brawl, now headed up the aisle toward the general concourse. The four men are somehow still recognizable despite the blood pouring. Objects of unknown origin are being aimed towards Cristiano.

DDK:

Caitlyn's raking her boots across JJ's forehead, and he's going to be visiting at least an urgent care center here in Torreon. Benny Doyle is now screaming at Caitlyn Kinsey to stop --

Lance:

I think he is about to rule this match out!

But before he can, Teri gets in his face. She has vile in her eyes — it is clear she is in a very, very dark place!

Teri Melton:

No! We are having this match at all costs!

Doyle shrugs and agrees.

DDK:

The desperation in Teri's face says it all! She will do anything to win this match, even though JJ is now at a severe disadvantage!

DING DING**Lance:**

I don't think Benny Doyle even cares what Cristiano, Dubya, Raiden and Reeves are doing to each other!

A handheld camera has now found the four men on the concourse area, blood oozing across all four men. Arena security are keeping fans at bay.

DDK:

Cristiano just threw a napkin dispenser right into Raiden's face! Reeves has Dubya and shoves him into the shelving area of the concession stand serving area.

Some popcorn boxes and tortas fall to the floor.

Lance:

Tabitha is ordering Caitlyn to roll JJ into the ring, which she of course does! Of course, Tabitha is also keeping one eye on Teri tonight, considering just one week ago Melton nearly strangled her to death!

Caitlyn rebounds off the ropes with a big boot to JJ's bloodied forehead. She grabs his arm and whips him into the corner.

DDK:

Caitlyn now charges - back handspring elbow to JJ! And she rubs the point of her elbow further across that gaping cut of her ex-fiance! Now she grabs JJ by the chin -- CUTTER!

But instead of going for the pin, Caitlyn sits on JJ's back and with a horrifying smile to her clapping grandmother, she smears JJ's bloodied and blinded face across the mat.

Back on the concourse, Raiden has Caballero by the back of his hair and is rubbing his face against the concourse wall, leaving a trail of blood all over the wall. Dubya comes from nowhere with a mopstick, which he jabs into Raiden's head, sending him briefly to the floor. Reeves now charges with a full garbage can and blows into Dubya, sending him to the floor, with the various foodstuffs and who knows what pouring all over him.

Meanwhile, back in the ring --

DDK:

Caitlyn measures JJ... she bounces off the rope... and a flying tackle that buckles his right knee!

Lance:

The Estate has used their GemBreaker finishing hold throughout this war. It has proven unbeatable, and you can tell Tabitha wants her Lovey to make JJ tap out to it once again!

Teri can barely look on as Caitlyn casts her a scolding look before stomping on JJ's left knee multiple times.

DDK:

Caballero and Raiden now pulling out clumps of each others' hair... but Caballero just shoved Raiden into that vendor!

The vendor falls to the floor, spilling his case of micheledas all over him and all around him. Dubya and Reeves continue to slug it out --

DDK:

Dubyá just managed to send Reeves crashing to the floor with a football tackle straight out of Friday Night Lights!

The cagey Caballero sees Dubya with the advantage. He shoves a merchandise table into the middle of the concourse and yells something to his partner. Dubya nods and lifts Reeves up --

DDK:

10-K! 10-K right through that table!

Reeves crashes through the merch table,. Lucha masks and various DEFIANCE merch (especially Nathan Eye's big stack of books, translated into Spanish~!) fall on top of him and the floor, as Reeves is out cold.

Lance:

They may have taken Reeves out for good with that!

Raiden sprints with a running Yakuza kick across Cristiano's jaw. But he's met with a lariat from Dubya that sends him crashing awkwardly on some of the crumpled table. Cristiano charges with a diving set of double knees to Raiden's head, crunching his skull onto the concrete.

Back in the ring --

DDK:

Caitlyn with a snap suplex to her ex-fiance, who was taken out of this match before it even began! He is essentially fighting this match blind! She's waiting... springboard discuss leg drop right when JJ was trying to get to his feet! Now she has the left leg -- spinning toe hold! And another! And a third! All while mouthing off right at Teri!

The Company Men have one leg each of Raiden and come back down an aisleway, giant smiles on their faces, dragging him as his head bounces off each step.

Teri can't help herself, and she starts screaming at Caitlyn --

DDK:

OH NO! TABITHA FROM BEHIND JUST SHOVED TERI MELTON INTO THAT STEEL RING POST!

Lance:

Tabitha Kinsey, from the start of this brutal feud, has been trying to eliminate Teri Melton every chance she can!

DDK:

And Caitlyn off the middle turnbuckle with an elbow with pinpoint accuracy to JJ's left knee!

JJ holds his knee and screams, still clearly having problems with his vision.

The Company Men have Raiden up near the ring railing. The striker manages to catch Dubya in the jaw with an elbow, but Caballero runs down the steps and crossbodies him over the railing, near the top of the entranceway. Dubya now hops over the ring railing, and taunts some fans before stomping away at Raiden. Cristiano points to the top of the entranceway.

Lance:

This could be an absolutely devastating loss for Your Uncut Gems! The Company Men want to destroy Raiden at the top of the aisle for all the world to see! And Caitlyn and Tabitha are already salivating at the thought of making her ex-fiance JJ Dixon tap out for a second time to The GemBreaker!

Tabitha beckons Caitlyn over. Caitlyn leans between the top and middle rope with a cat-and-canary smile, along with some of JJ's blood on her. Tabitha sits on the apron and plants a big, wet kiss on the side of her Lovey's cheek. Then both of them make DiamondHands high in the air before turning them upside down -- their signal for the dreaded GemBreaker!

At the top of the ramp, right in front of the DEFiaiton, Dubya holds Raiden between his knees as Caballero is gesturing for something. Many in the crowd are pleading “no” as they realize what The Company Men are planning on doing.

Lance:

The Company Men want to crush Raiden with a spike piledriver! The most feared move in the history of lucha libre!

But --

DDK:

That person at ringside in the green mask is standing up! The mask comes off —

Lance:

It's Aurora Kaye! It's Aurora Kaye! Caitlyn just two weeks ago nearly ended her mother's life with a chair shot!

Aurora steps over the ring ropes and pounds on the mat to get JJ's attention and calmly telling him some kind of instructions.

Aurora Kaye:

JJ... pop your left shoulder up and then swing you other hip right when you feel Caitlyn hook the feet!

DDK:

Those are the steps to reverse The GemBreaker! We saw Tabitha give Caitlyn instructions on how to procure that move at the infamous wedding gone awry!

Caitlyn has no idea and hooks the kegs for The GemBreaker, only to see her mom screaming at JJ —

DDK:

JJ does as Aurora told him! He torques his shoulder and his opposite hip! He spins out! All of the pressure is on Caitlyn's knees! She has to let go!

Lance:

Aurora has long been rumored to be the only person in history to have reversed the unbreakable GemBreaker! She has given away the family secret! She has been lying in wait all night long in that mask to ruin this moment for Caitlyn and Tabitha!

Dubya sees the commotion at ringside and turns his head. That gives Raiden enough time to plant his feet to the ground and back body drop Leverington onto Caballero.

DDK:

Tabitha has that Faberge Egg of hers and is screaming at Aurora! She's going to hit her with it —

Only --

DDK:

No! Teri Melton just crawled from under the ring! Tabitha had no idea where she was! Teri snatches the Faberge Egg from Tabitha! She blasts Tabitha in the forehead with her family heirloom turned weapon!

The strike from the Faberge Egg spins Tabitha into the steel post, and sending her to the floor. Caitlyn, despondent, is screaming all kinds of threats at Teri.

Lance:

Look! Where did he come from?

“The StarChild” JP Reeves perches himself on top of the DEFiatron and waits as the crowd buzzes as they see what

is about to happen. He leaps with a crossbody —

DDK:

THE STARCHILD JP REEVES WITH A DIVE FROM THE HEAVENS ON TO CABALLERO AND DUBYAI!!

Caitlyn is crying, leaning between the ropes and about to help Tabitha — who instructed her last week about being her granddaughter's priority, turns her back to her ex-fiancé. Even while blinded, his instincts kick in.

Lance:

JJ ROLLS UP CAITLYN!

iiiUnoooo!!!

iiiDosssss!!!

iiiTressss!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

THE GEMS WIN! THE GEMS WIN! THE GEMS WIN!

Lance:

Just when it looked like it was over, Your Uncut Gems pull a rabbit out of their hats and get one back against their enemies to the grave!

Teri and Aurora, embracing each other (after years of tension) jubilantly walk up the aisle to join Raiden and Reeves. JJ, bloodied and limping, quickly joins them.

Caitlyn, meanwhile, is screaming nonsense at Benny Doyle before falling to the mat on her back. pounding her hands and feet and screaming like a toddler that didn't get the Paw Patrol toy she wanted.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

THIS ISN'T FAAAAAAIRRREE!!!!!! NOOOOOOO!!!!

The Gems all untie at the top of the ramp, beaming with pride, with Aurora holding up her DiamondHands proudly! They turn to applaud the fans, with Raiden ripping off his bloodied Santos Laguna kit and tossing it eight rows deep. Fans fight for it despite any public health concerns.

The first of The Company Men to rise to feet is Cristiano Caballero, now surrounded by all of The Gems.

Lance:

I am getting the impression that Cristiano Caballero is going to regret every word that came out of his mouth when he ridiculed his family's longtime home!

JJ grabs a bottle of water from a ringside fan and splashes it in his eyes to clean them out a bit. He then steps behind Cristiano and gets him in a Full Nelson. Caballero shakes his head "no" rapidly, but no matter.

DDK:

JJ drops Caballero with Sunset Boulevard right onto the steel! And the crowd loves every second of it!

;Vamos, Gems!

;Vamos, Gems!

;Vamos, Gems!

;Vamos, Gems!

;Vamos, Gems!

;Vamos, Gems!

The DEFtv signature appears on the broadcast as JJ pounds his head and lassos his hand around, pointing at the crowd while The Gems strut to the back. Teri blows the audience a kiss and is so amped she somehow forgets to take center stage and scream her catchphrase.

The crane camera does a swooping shot around the Coliseo and shows the fans all standing and chanting.

¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!
¡Lagunas!

Esto.

es.

DESAFÍO.