

SHOW OPEN

["DEFY" by Of Mice & Men](#)

Raleigh, North Carolina welcomes DEFIANE as the PNC Arena is hyped for DEFtv 203!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

NEWBLUDD = NEXTFYSTT

MOAR SIGN SECTION

WHO ELSE FEELS LIKE THEY'VE LOST THEIR FAMILIA?

NC LUVS THE BRUVS

MV IS THE 1

M4NTRA ISN'T VERY SM4RT

JUST GIVE ME SOME PCP PLEASE

I STOPPED WATCHING DEFIANE WHEN MALAK BECAME FIST

NO YOU DIDN'T

WELL I'M GOING TO STOP RIGHT NOW

NO YOU'RE NOT

LUCKY THE SEVENS WERE AROUND TO REPORT ADV

BROCK 4 PREZ

I CAST LVL 9 FIREBALL ON MALAK GARLAND'S FIST REIGN

MV1 HAS THE COOLEST MASK

MALAK'S NEEDLESSLY LONG AND IRRELEVANT ONE NIGHT TOURNAMENT OF RESILIENCY

A cold open shot shows Malak Garland standing in the parking lot, beside the open door of a stretch limousine.

Malak Garland:

I am feeling uber confident tonight. Let's get a move on people! I am not sure how long this feeling will last! Strike while the iron is hot, hot, hot!

One by one, his minions exit the vehicle. Cyrus Bates is dressed to the nines and wears his sunglasses at night as he exchanges The Comments Section super secret handshake with Malak. It's far too complex to describe but hey, it looks cool.

Malak Garland:

Brap, brap. So good to see my main man Cyrus in the house!

Next up is Thurston Hunter who is wearing his brand new 'PALM OF POWER' t-shirt. He pats his chest like an uncaged beast.

Thurston Hunter:

I AM THE STREET FIGHTED! BEHOLD, THE PALM OF POWER!

He raises the hand he slapped Malak with last DEFtv up high. Surprisingly, Malak claps and chuckles. Wow okay, he's in such a good mood right now.

Malak Garland:

Indeed, Thursty! You got the Palm of Power! You helped me retain my Paper Title over Brock Newbludd on my own last DEFtv. Much appreciated.

Next out is Teresa Ames who looks as promiscuous and hot as ever. She does a hair twirl as she smiles fondly at her leader.

Teresa Ames:

How about some finger flutters for good luck tonight? I feel something magical in the air.

Ames calms Garland's already centered spirit with some finger flutters in and around his ears. The tingles he experiences are out of this world. He smirks.

Malak Garland:

Love it. Love it. I love this for me.

Then, at the same time, the BRAZEN Women's Champion, Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe and Siobhan Cassidy exit with linked arms. They smile flirtatiously at the beltless FIST of DEFIANCE.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

Raleigh is kinda junk but I mean, at least we are here, right? It's not like we're going to be Hurricanes and become big losers in this arena, am I right? Haha.

Siobhan does a little curtsy and winks at her man.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I love you.

Malak Garland:

Thanks.

The rest of The Comments Section, yes there is still more, gets the door slammed in their faces. Well, almost. A hand extends and catches the door just before it latches closed. Out exits a woman who looks much too like the champion.

Malak Garland:

Mother! Oh me, oh my. Didn't see you there. Kind of forgot about you if I'm being honest but I'm glad you're here I guess.

Sporting her very own 'Cougar Garland' shirt, Margot, mother of two, pinches her son's cheek with excitement.

Margot Garland:

Deary, it's okay. I know you have lots going on. That's why I've made my own arrangements tonight. I've got somewhere to be so I'll catch up with all of you a bit later on, okay? Love you, sweetie.

Malak does an about face turn and marches right towards the arena. His entourage follows him all the way to the arena floor where he's met with hostility and a host of security guards. Somehow, they all make it to the ring, unscathed and Malak raises a microphone to his newly tattooed face.

Malak Garland:

North Carolina sucks. Thank you security team for escorting me SAFELY to the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Garland:

However, I got to thinking and after some deep contemplations and celestial tarot card readings about further aligning my chakras, it has been decided that I will be the true FIST of DEFIAНCE. I thought it over and everyone does deserve to see me as the champion, with the belt. Unfortunately, a moment like that will have to settle to happen in a dumpster fire like this place.

Siobhan, Teresa and Jocelyne clap until their hands fall off.

Malak Garland:

I've decided to be more brave as champion because of the way I've found to be most comfortable as FIST. By the show's end, I promise everyone will see me with the belt together for the first time ever. Call it a **GENDER REVEAL**, if you will.

DDK:

Faithful, welcome to DEFtv and indeed, don't adjust your sets. Malak Garland is spewing nonsense once more.

Malak Garland:

But seeing how I'm being so brave as champion and I'm not dragging hands with this process at all, my chakras indicated that I need to have a contender set in stone against me so I can focus properly. You and I both know that finding someone deserving of a shot at the title might be VERY hard to come by.

Lance:

Well, Darren, within two microseconds of thinking, I can't help but conjure up the name Brock Newbludd in my mind.

DDK nods as the fans get the hint too and begin chanting 'BROCK! BROCK! BROCK!'

Malak Garland:

My name is Malak, but thank you. I always knew Carolinians were special but like, know who you're chanting at. I don't love this look for you.

Malak sighs loudly into the microphone and rolls his eyes in annoyance as the people continue to chant. Raising a hand up to them, Garland begins to speak but is promptly cut off by music suddenly booming out of the arena's speakers.

BAAAAAALLLYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Quiet Riot ♪

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Ask and you shall receive! Milwaukee's Beast has answered the Ballyhooligan's call!

Making his way out onto the stage, Newbludd throws a fist up to The Faithful as he heads down the ramp. Taking his sunglasses off and hanging them off the collar of his SNS tank top, Brock glares up at Garland as he stomps towards him.

DDK:

Brock isn't looking too happy, and who can blame him? Malak screwed him out of a fair match on the last DEFtv, confirming that our new champion is just as petty as ever.

Inside of the ring, Malak covers the mic with his hand and tells something to Ames who quickly nods her head. Sliding underneath the bottom rope and down to the floor, the Keyboard Queen moves to the bottom of the ramp and plants her feet. She's quickly joined by Hunter and Bates to create a barrier between Brock and the ring.

Lance:

Speaking of... I thought Malak just said he was going to be braver?

Brock stops a few feet before Malak's human shield and smirks. Reaching into the back pocket of his jeans, he pulls out a microphone of his own.

Brock Newbludd:

First of all, Malak, leave the good people of Raleigh out of this. They don't give a shit about your chakras.

The Faithful reinforce Brock's words with a loud cheer. Siobhan throws a comforting arm around her boyfriend and sneers at her ex.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, yes, a nice hug from Satan will make the little champion feel better.

Malak tightens his grip on Siobhan as she glares wide-eyed at Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

Take it easy, Shiv. That is not a good look for you. Mrs. Garland...Margot...wishes you'd stop being such a grouch and I'd have to agree. But, I also know you're a huge hate-filled bitch, so I ain't gonna hold my breath.

Siobhan snaps and tries to break loose but Malak valiantly holds his grip. Stomping a foot into the mat, Siobhan manages to calm herself with her boyfriend's help.

Brock Newbludd:

Yikes. Listen, just like Siobhan, I ain't gonna hold my breath on you changing your ways. We all know what you're doing, Malak. You wanna come out here and let us know what your chakras are telling you and waste everyone's time complaining about how a good challenger is so hard to find...whatever. You're full of shit, like always. So, let me just get to the point and tell ya how it is. You screwed me out of a match two weeks ago, Malak. You know it, and I know it.

Malak looks nervous as panic sweats settle in. He was hoping Brock wasn't going to catch on but he also severely underestimated Newbludd's intelligence.

Malak Garland:

Ummm yeah, about that. Well, that was the old me. You know, before I got my chakras realigned as champion. Sometimes you have to go through a journey before you realize the mistakes you made and I realize that giving you a Paper Title shot was a huge one on my end.

His lackeys laugh alongside him as Brock remains unimpressed.

Brock Newbludd:

I just ran this situation by my chakras. They all indicated to me that our previous match was a bunch of bullshit and I shouldn't let it slide. They said I needed to have my rematch right here TONIGHT!

The crowd lets rip with a loud roar and Newbludd puts a hand up to calm them. Malak begins shaking even more.

Brock Newbludd:

But, I don't want another shot at your precious Paper title. You had your chance to properly defend that and you chose not to. No, tonight, you're putting the FIST on the line!

Garland twirls the microphone in his hand in deep contemplation.

Malak Garland:

Wow okay. Lots to unpack here. I love that challenge for you but you came up short against me for my Paper and you'll come up short against me for my FIST. I tell you what, tickle me intrigued on one condition. I will grant you a match for the FIST TONIGHT, but only if you can get through my "Needlessly Long and Irrelevant One Night Tournament of Resiliency" which will test you mightily.

DDK:

The fact Malak calls it needlessly long says enough.

The Faithful let out an approving cheer at the news of a FIST match possibly happening tonight but Newbludd cocks a suspicious eyebrow at Garland.

DDK:

Brock better check the fine print on whatever deal Malak is about to offer him.

Malak Garland:

Basically, you're going to wrestle a series of matches. All tonight. If you win, you move on. If you lose, whoever you lose to moves on in your place until a winner is left to face me in the main event for the FIST. Sounds good? Show me how resilient you are and I'll show everyone the belt and I together at the end of the show. Heck, if you somehow manage to win the first match, which you won't, I'll even let you select your opponent for the second contest. However, it must be someone from my entourage and it can't be Siobhan. I'm the only one who can get fingerprints on her if you know what I mean. You already let her go a while ago. I picked her up and haven't fumbled her since.

Garland flashes Siobhan a proud smile and she gives him a peck on the cheek in return. Down on the floor, Brock rolls his eyes at the sight.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't worry, shitslips, that walking nightmare is all yours. But, as far as your offer goes...I am feeling pretty loose right now after that massage your mom just gave me backstage...

Brock looks out to the crowd for guidance and a second later points a finger up at Malak.

Brock Newbludd:

You know what, let's do it! You're on, Garland!

The Keyboard Warrior nods approvingly at Brock's decision.

Malak Garland

Wonderful, I love this for you. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to mentally prepare and ummm I believe your first match is about to start after this next commercial break and your opponent is already down here!

Malak grins as he points down to Thurston Hunter who stands mere inches from Brock on the outside. Carla Ferrari can be seen making her way down to the ring as Brock and Thurston begin exchanging pleasantries off mic before the broadcast fades to commercial.

DDK:

Faithful, don't go anywhere! It's Brock Newbludd and Thurston Hunter squaring off NEXT!

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. THURSTON HUNTER

DDK:

We're not wasting time here, Lance. This first match is happening right now!

Things resume with everyone but Brock and Thurston removed from play. Carla stands in the ring with the competitors as she calls for the bell.

DING DING

Thurston looks uber confident as he raises his palm to the sky.

Thurston Hunter:

PALM OF POWER! BETTER WATCH OUT! IT GON GET YOU!

Thurston playfully swings his new secret weapon at Brock but purposely doesn't hit him. The scare tactic doesn't faze Brock at all. If anything, it reminds Milwaukee's Beast how Thurston last ended things between them.

Thurston Hunter:

THE POWER OF THE PALM OF POWER COMPELS YOU!

DDK:

Gosh, Thurston sure is all about this Palm of Power nonsense.

Lance:

How about the brash assertion of our champion tonight, Darren? Forcing Brock into a one night tournament in order to get a shot at the FIST?

Brock has had enough. He calls Thurston on to make a move already. Hunter winds up and slaps his Palm of Power across Newbludd's chest as hard as he can. He immediately goes into celebration mode, not noticing Brock didn't budge an inch.

Thurston Hunter:

PALM OF POWER!!!!!!!!! ARGH!

Still clad in his street clothes, Newbludd looks down to see that Thurston's Palm of Power has broken the sunglasses he had hanging off the collar of his tank top. His eyes narrow in anger as he watches Hunter continue to pump himself up and celebrate. Tossing his broken shades over his shoulder, Brock snarls and charges at Thurston.

DDK:

The Palm of Power has betrayed Thurston Hunter! He better turn around!

Thurston does. Just in time to be obliterated by a wild swinging lariat from Newbludd! The blow instantly derails Hunter's adrenaline as he turns inside out and crashes stomach first onto the mat.

Lance:

You could hear the impact of that clothesline all the way up here, partner. Brock held nothing back on that. He must've really liked those glasses.

DDK:

That, or he really wants a shot at the FIST.

Ripping his shirt off, and earning a few cat calls from the crowd as a result, Brock tosses it out to the crowd and stalks towards Hunter. Yanking his dazed opponent off the mat, Newbludd immediately fires him into the ropes with an Irish whip. Milwaukee's Beast plants his feet and crouches low, catching the incoming Thurston and popping him up high in the air. Staying underneath, Brock catches Hunter in a gutwrench as he falls back to the mat and instantly pops his

hips. The crowd roars in approval as Thurston is sent flying across the ring!

Lance:

Woah! Beautiful pop-up gutwrench suplex by Newbludd. He tossed Thurston like he was an empty keg of beer.

The woozy Hunter crawls to the ropes and pulls himself back up to his feet. Drunkenly spinning around, Thurston is yanked away from the ropes by Brock and promptly sent back down to the mat with a short-arm clothesline. Still gripping Thurston's wrist with one hand, Brock points a finger to the sky with his other.

DDK:

Brock's calling his shot and the people are up on their feet!

Wrenching on Thurston's arm, Brock hauls him up off the mat and quickly cinches in a front facelock. With a stomp of his feet, Milwaukee's Beast lifts Hunter up into a vertical suplex position and begins to walk towards the center of the ring.

Lance:

Thurston's about to find out what real power is all about!

Keeping Hunter upright, Newbludd sticks one hand up to raise a fist to the crowd and they respond with a cheer. Brock keeps his fist raised for a few more seconds before lowering it and DRIVING Thurston's head into the mat!

Lance:

Wisconsin Death Trip! Newbludd hits his patented screwdriver!

Rolling Thurston's limp body over, Brock hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

One down and two to go for Brock Newbludd!

Lance:

He's made it past Malak's first opponent for him but he's still got to pick up two more wins tonight to earn a shot at the FIST. Lucky for Brock, he does get to pick his next opponent which should help his chances if he chooses wisely.

As his music hits the arena, Newbludd leaves Hunter to writhe in pain on the mat and quickly rolls out of the ring. Walking backwards up the ramp, Milwaukee's Beast grins and raises a fist to the cheering crowd.

DDK:

Yeah, but the one caveat is that whoever he picks must be a part of Malak's inner circle. That tells me it's either going to be Teresa Ames or possibly Cyrus Bates.

Brock disappears through the curtain and the picture focuses back on the ring where Thurston is being helped out of the ring by Carla Ferrari.

Lance:

Both good guesses, partner. We'll all be finding out soon enough when DEFtv returns in a few moments.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

WHO GIVES A FLIP

Off the commercial break the match graphic shows, revealing Mil Vuelta vs. Tripp Wise is next.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RAAAAAHHH The Faithful go but suddenly they are stopped when a theme song overtakes the ring announcer's presence.

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

DDK:

Wait a second.

Tyler Fuse: [from out of view]

Introducing first, he is the ACE of DEFIAНCE - which means he is **the** pending FIST of DEFIAНCE. He is...

The OG Player walks out to a chorus of boos. Tyler wears a plain black shirt and black jeans but has the Flying Frenchie's bloody beret from months ago now on the top of his head. Fuse holds a mic in his left hand and the ACE of DEFIAНCE in his right. He stands at the edge of the stage, deadpan, leaving the announcers and crowd likely wondering how someone so uninterested in being present can also sound so lively over the mic just a moment ago.

Tyler surveys his surroundings. He sarcastically frowns.

He finishes the introduction.

Tyler Fuse: [continued in deadpan]

Tyler Fuse.

More boos. Obviously, they don't phase him.

Tyler Fuse:

I said I was going to take the deadweight out of DEFIAНCE before I became the FIST. And I'm going to. Why stop with Jack Harmen and Flying Frenchie when...

Fuse motions to the back.

Tyler Fuse:

There's one man in particular who's going to march out here momentarily and show what he can do.

Tyler pauses.

Tyler Fuse:

Which is nothing.

Fuse slowly starts to stroll around the top of the rampway.

Tyler Fuse:

This *flippy shit kid* was beaten at the hands of his former tag team partner... and that's not something I would know. He's continuing to take up space, wrestling one of our BRAZEN talents.

DDK:

I don't think Tripp is BRAZEN anymore.

Lance:

I don't think it matters, Keebs.

Tyler Fuse:

Flippy shit doesn't *fly* in this company. Never has, never will. This man is a colossal failure, yet the Favored Saints continue to give him time because the kids love him.

Cheers from the Youthful Faithful. Fuse looks disgusted. He closes his eyes and pictures running through the man he's talking about.

Tyler Fuse:

I am on the god damn roll of my life and I'm not going to be stopped.

Tyler runs a hand across the bloody beret on his head.

Tyler Fuse:

I've KILLED two legends. I not only caught up to, but I lapped my brother... and now... flippy idiot...

Tyler looks directly into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

There's a reason why everyone in your family has left you. You're ripe to pick, pluck... and toss the hell out.

Fuse underhands the mic into the crowd and walks behind the FIST logo, unimpressed.

MIL VUELTAS vs. TRIPP WISE

Lance:

These comments from Tyler Fuse directed at Mil now? What do you make of that!?

DDK:

Tyler needs to calm down. The only reason he took out Frenchie was due to a brutal and gutless sneak attack. I will give him Harmen and his brother, but even then, let's relax. Tyler is going to lose eventually. He better focus on the FIST.

Lance:

Needless to say, The Man of a Thousand Flips returns to active competition and that match is right now! Tyler, take a seat and watch!

The camera goes to ringside with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

The picture of confidence, the stand-up comedian/wrestler heads to the ring. The music cuts quickly as he pulls out a microphone.

Tripp Wise:

Mil... Milli Vanilli... One in a Mil-lion... goddamn, dude. What'd you do to deserve the world dogpiling on you?! I heard what Tyler Fuse said and... yikes. I usually come out here and talk some trash, make myself laugh and pick up a win tonight, but I almost don't want to kick you while you're down...

DDK:

Great. Tyler's inspired Tripp to open *his* mouth.

Lance:

I wouldn't worry, Tripp's a lot less talented.

The Wise Ass gets to the ring.

Tripp Wise:

...but NAAAAAAAHHHHH I'm Tripp effing Wise, baby! Poking fun at people is what I do! I'm just as good at doing those things as you are at losing family members!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tripp rolls into the ring.

Tripp Wise:

I'm sorry that Thomas Keeling got the belt, I'm sorry that Uriel Cortez powerbombed you into the earth's crust and I'm sorry that nobody loves you...but I won't be sorry for walking over you on my way to a W, Mil-quetoast. Let's go.

He throws the microphone down and waits for his opponent. Thankfully, Tripp won't have to wait long.

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the man himself! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, The Man of a Thousand Flips arrives! Green, red and white pyro sparks up from the stage but he walks right through all of that and chooses to fast-walk.

Darren Quimbey:

...If you want to know where he lives... JUST! LOOK! UP! Weighing in at 168 pounds... he is "**THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FLIPS**"... **MIL VUELTAS!**

With no Thomas Keeling to make his usual bombastic intro, Mil doesn't flip. He simply marches to the ring at a rapid-fire pace!

DDK:

This doesn't seem like the typical Mil Vueltas we know. Always a showman, always exciting. But he looks like **WANTS** a fight tonight after how DEFCON went and after Tripp Wise ran his mouth!

Tripp looks amused by Mil Vueltas doing no flips on his way to the ring. He walks up the steps and leaps over the ropes. Carla Ferrari checks on both competitors with Mil getting ready to fight and Tripp slowly unbuttoning his vest. Carla calls for the bell...

DING DING

Mil charges right at Tripp Wise, but the larger athlete throws his unbuttoned vest at him! Mil swats the clothing away, but the distraction allows him to throw a boot to his gut. He doubles the former two-time Unified Tag Team and Favoured Saints Champ with a pair of brutal shots across the back. He doubles him over with a quick snapmare, then runs off the ropes and delivers a sliding hip attack! The Wise Ass gets jeers as Wise stands up on his own two feet and looks proud of himself.

DDK:

Wow! Tripp Wise gets the drop on Mil to start here. If there's a chance for Tripp Wise to pick up a big win, tonight would be the night.

Lance:

I believe that. Mil's mind has to be on a million different things right now.

Tripp Wise pulls The Man of a Thousand Flips to his feet and then whips him towards the corner. Tripp charges right behind him, but Mil twirls right through the top and middle rope to land on his feet on the apron. Tripp tries to charge, but Mil leaps up and CRACKS him across the face with a leaping enzuigiri from the ring apron! Mil leaps to the top cable, he rolls over Tripp Wise and then hits a handspring before coming back to CRACK him a second time with a handspring gamengiri kick!

DDK:

What a move! Mil kicks Tripp in the face twice! He's out of the ring!

Mil sees Tripp Wise land outside the ring, grabbing his face with one hand in pain before trying to gesture for a time out. He doesn't get a time out, but he does get Mil Vueltas ZIPPING through the middle and bottom rope with one of the fastest suicide dives ever recorded, sending Tripp CRASHING backwards into the barricade!

Lance:

Look at this! Mil's on the warpath tonight! And look, he's already back in the ring!

The Man of a Thousand Flips charges back into the ring, but very briefly as he zips across the ring like a rocket and then DIVES through the ropes again with a second bullet-like suicide dive that sends him crashing again!

DDK:

Tripp's paying for running his mouth already! And look at Mil...STILL not done!

Mil heads into the ring a third time! Tripp Wise has barely had a chance to even stand remotely when he sees The Man of a Thousand Flips come at him a third time, this time through the middle and top rope with a cannonball senton that knocks him OVER the barricade! The North Carolina Faithful are on their feet and applauding for Mil's aerial barrage!

DDK:

Listen to the people tonight! Mil Vueltas is throwing some extra heat into those signature dives of his!

Tripp barely manages to poke his head up with Mil grabs him and drags him as fast as he can over the barricade. He rolls Tripp under the bottom rope. The Faithful are cheering loudly!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

Mil shuts out the crowd and he's firmly focused on going to the top rope. He Supermans that by making the leap to the top in a single bound, then hears The Faithful...

630 SPLASH!

DDK:

Otra Voltereta! 630 Splash connects!

Mil stays on top and makes the cover by merely sitting on Tripp's unconscious body and hooking a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

Mil jumps off the body of Tripp. The stand-up comedian/wrestler slowly is aided out of the ring while Mil goes for a microphone from ringside. He gets one just as Darren Quimbey makes the announcement official.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... Mi...

Mil Vueltas:

Escuchar!

Cutting right over Darren Quimbey, the music cuts as the irate luchador begins to pace around the ring.

DDK:

What's he got to say?

Mil takes a moment to listen to The Faithful and collect his thoughts after his quick win. He runs a hand over his mouth, taking in some things he wants to say.

Mil Vueltas:

These last few months... I go through things no one should go through. I lose brother... I lose familia... I lose Thomas Keeling, a man that means great deal to me. He's hurt... and I couldn't save him.

Even though it's somewhat broken English, the fans still hang on his words.

Mil Vueltas:

I... I'll be honest. I didn't know how I was gonna show up tonight after what happened at DEFCON... I got to this arena. I looked at the doors and had to stop. Had to ask myself... "do I still even belong here?" After everything I've been through... really. For the first time since I came from BRAZEN to main roster... I'm alone now. Can I hang in here? Can I survive without familia? Can I survive without friends?

Letting that sink in for a moment, Mil remains still.

Mil Vueltas:

No sé... I don't know. I don't have answers... but coming out here... showed me I still have you people.

RRRRRAAAAHHHH!

Mil Vueltas:

That sound right there... those cheers as I came through curtains... told me I was right to come out here. After the worst defeat of my DEFIANCE career. After a loss that, for weeks, made me question if I want to keep coming to work... if I want to keep trying... if I even still have the stomach... you still believe in me...

A loud cheer erupts from The Faithful as he continues.

Mil Vueltas:

...It's time I do, too.

He turns to the camera in front of him at ringside.

Mil Vueltas:

Tyler Fuse!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mil Vueltas:

Perro, you're ACE of DEFIANCE! You can call shot on Malak Garland anytime you want... but you worry on little old me, amigo? You want to take me out of DEFIANCE? Eso no está pasando! I decide when it's my time to go! Not you! And you know what time it is now?

He looks out to the Faithful...

Mil Vueltas:

...Time to do flippy shit.

RRRRRAAAAHHHH!

Mil tosses the microphone down, then runs across the ring and does a FULL front flip over the ropes, landing on his feet outside the ring to a HUGE ovation! Mil looks all around the arena and then heads up the ramp with some swagger back to him, high-fiving fans on the way out, but with his head also on a swivel.

DDK:

You heard it here first! Mil Vueltas, in spite of everything he's been through, will NOT be intimidated!

Lance:

But when has that attitude ever stopped Tyler Fuse from doing what Tyler Fuse does best... hurting people?

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

PROMOTIONAL CONSIDERATION

We cut to a pre-taped piece, the words “Earlier Today - Outside the PNC Arena” appearing in the lower-left corner of the screen for just a moment. Upbeat rock guitar, thumping bass & pounding drums. Shots of PNC Arena’s glass exterior facade interspersed with quick cuts of exuberant fans, lining up to go inside. Some hold up signs, others proudly show their DEF-related t-shirts. All are excited to be there.

MV1: [voice-over]

I tell you... Stuff like this is what makes it all worth it.

We cut to a professional placard that reads: “APPEARING THIS AFTERNOON – MV1!” and a sped-up shot of the long, winding line of faithful that eventually leads to Masked Violator #1, where the film returns to normal speed. He is seated at an autograph table, all smiles.

MV1: [voice-over]

I mean, I love what I do. Being in that ring. Testing myself against another top athlete. I pride myself on my conditioning... I pride myself on my speed, my technique in there. I love being in that ring, that time between bells, locked up and LEARNING. Always pushing myself, *always* learning. And you get that reaction, that response, from the fans... what a feeling. There's really nothing else like it.

Dressed in a bright red wrestling mask trimmed with blue and yellow, a matching blue tank top -- inspiring guns on full display -- blue jeans and cowboy boots, we cut to him taking various photos with other grinning fans before a DEFtv backdrop.

MV1: [voice-over]

Being able to meet these amazing people... The fact they want to meet ME?! It's just so humbling and thrilling at the same time.

We cut to MV1, seated, interview style. He is clearly speaking to someone just off camera, just over the “shoulder” of the lens.

MV1:

It's not always easy, you know? If it was just the sport of it... just about that time between bells, maybe it would be easy.

A weary smile.

MV1:

But it's not always easy.

Back at the autograph table, a fan slides a photo circa 2016 of the Masked Violators. It is a posed promotional picture; both dressed to compete but standing in front of a red backdrop. MV1 stands with his back to his partner, arms folded, standing up straight, pearly whites shining. Masked Violator #2 is down on one knee, lip curled below his yellow wrestling mask, a 5 o'clock shadow creeping in. In the clip, we see MV1 pick the photo up and regard it for a moment. He grins up at the teenager who'd asked him to sign it and, before doing so, they share muted words.

MV1:

It's just never that simple.

Cutting to another clip, a mother accompanies her young son to the autograph table. She leans down, offering encouraging words to the boy. He steps forward.

Boy:

...I hope you kick JJ Dixons BUTT.

Signing a standard 8 x 10 promotional shot, MV1 chuckles.

MV1:

I hope I do too, my friend!

Boy:

Can I wear your mask?

Another chuckle. The mother apologizes but MV1 is quick to brush it off.

MV1:

No, sorry. I have an old saying: "The mask doesn't come off. That's Rule Number One." But!

Retrieving a replica red, blue & yellow mask from a box at his feet, he hands it to the boy, who is beaming!

MV1:

You can have *this* one!

We cut to a shot of MV1 helping the mask on the child. Another clip of the boy, now bemedaled, holding up an index finger and posing alongside his masked hero.

MV1: [voice-over]

It's never that simple... It's rarely easy. But... it's *always* worth it.

Cutting back to MV1 signing more autographs. A messenger trots past the line of fans and hands MV1 an envelope. He appears puzzled. Thanking the messenger, he apologizes to the waiting fan.

He opens the envelope and unfolds a letter. It can't be a long one because the expression stretched across his mask grows darker and more serious very quickly. Something in his eyes has changed. He tersely folds the letter back up in its envelope, folding it once again, and plunges it in his jeans pocket.

MV1: [voice-over]

Even when times are tough. When you feel all alone. Even when it's complicated. It's worth it.

When he looks back to the stream of fans, to sign the next photo, the masked man smiles. But like his eyes, it isn't what it was.

MV1: [voice-over]

Right?

The music, and the scene, fades out.

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. "RANDOM FAN"

DEFtv returns to the airwaves to show Darren Quimbey standing in the middle of the ring, microphone in hand.

Referee Carla Ferrari slides into the ring to join Quimbey just as the ring announcer addresses the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall and is the second match in Malak Garland's "Needlessly Long and Irrelevant One Night Tournament of Resiliency!"

Quimbey shakes his head at having to spit the ridiculously long title out just as music hits the PNC Arena's speakers.

BAAAAAALLLYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ "Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot ♪

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv where Darren Quimbey said it. It's time for the second match in Malak Garland's "Needlessly Long and Irrelevant One Night Tournament of Resiliency". A ridiculously named special tournament that our brave FIST put together for Brock to try and earn a title shot.

Brock hits the stage and receives a loud ovation from The Faithful. Now clad in his ring gear and an "Over The Top" sleeveless shirt, Milwaukee's Beast stops at the top of the ramp and looks out at the sea of people with a big grin on his face. He keeps the shit-eating grin as he slaps hands with fans on his way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin...weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-nine pounds... "MILWAUKEE'S BEAST" BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Sliding into the ring, Brock pops up to his feet and climbs up the closest set of turnbuckles to soak in a few more cheers. Still smiling, Newbluudd hops down and focuses his attention to the stage.

Lance:

Brock's looking confident heading into this second match, to say the least. He must be feeling good about his choice of opponent, partner.

DDK:

Newbluudd's always been a pretty upbeat guy, Lance. That being said, he better not take this bout too lightly considering he could potentially have two more matches tonight.

Standing in a neutral corner, Brock fixes his hair and asks Carla if it looks alright. A confused shrug is all he gets as a response from the referee. He gives her a dismissive wave and refocuses on the stage as he hops anxiously from one foot to another.

Lance:

Well....who's it going to be?

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Malak Garland appears on stage. Visibly shaken, he wags his head as he makes his way to the commentary station. He dons a headset.

Malak Garland:

Darren and Lance. My two favorite doorknobs. What of it? I'm here because I'm pissed Thurston lost and now this

nimrod gets to select his second opponent. I hope he knows Teresa will tear his eyes out.

♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Quiet Riot ♪

Suddenly, Margot Garland saunters out on stage alongside Ophelia Sykes! The elder Garland is in a black leather domination bodysuit as the crowd goes WILD. A camera shot of Malak’s face shows his jaw nearly smack the floor.

DDK:

IS THAT YOUR MOM!?

Brock is in the ring, busting a gut while Margot struts down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, costing more money in one night than you get paid in a year, she is the COUGAR CRUSHER, MARGOT GARLAND!!!!!!

Lance:

This is fantastic!

Brock sits on the ropes, enabling Mrs. Garland to enter as Malak remains tongue tied.

DDK:

Malak looks stunned! This is great! Come on, man! Say something!

DING DING

A double feature shot shows Malak frozen in place as Margot and Brock circle around each other. Margot reaches out for a test of strength but it’s obvious she allows Brock to gain her back with a waistlock. The crowd is spicy as they watch these two essentially pillow fight.

Lance:

Hey, you said Brock could choose ANYONE from your entourage. I think your mom is fair game.

No response from Malak. He doesn’t even blink.

Brock gently slams Mrs. Garland to the canvas where he happily joins her. He puts a sleeper hold on but like, his arm is visibly loose around her neck. She playfully slaps his backside before a really uncomfortable Carla Ferrari checks on things.

DDK:

I wonder if Margot is going to go down for the count here?

Lance:

Maybe she will piledrive Brock?

Hey, in all seriousness, Darren and Lance have dealt with a ton of shit from Malak, so in essence, their fun poking is totally fair.

DDK:

I think she has the momentum now!

Mrs. Garland pushes Brock into the corner, where he sinks down to his rear. She backs up to the opposite corner before rushing in with a bronco buster! Newbludd and the fans are loving it. Malak is losing his mind.

Margot Garland:

I want you to pin me so bad, Brock. You know, like you did backstage.

Brock scoops and once again gently slams Malak's mom in the middle of the ring. With her back to the mat, he conspicuously pins Margot in an arrangement that would score one less than seventy. Carla Ferrari can't count fast enough.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Malak still doesn't move. He sits there. Headset pasted to his scalp.

DDK:

Looks like your mom just got pinned by Brock Newbludd. A sentence I never thought I'd say!

Brock takes his time getting off Malak's mother, all the while staring at the FIST of DEFIAНCE. Malak finally discards his headset and disappears to the back, visibly distraught. Newbludd chuckles until Thurston Hunter thunders in from behind and smacks the challenger with a chair!

Thurston Hunter:

CHAIR OF POWER!

He whacks Newbludd on the back once more before tending to Margot.

Thurston Hunter:

Mrs. Garland! What are you doing here? Did Brock hurt you?

Margot Garland:

Not nearly enough.

She winks.

Thurston Hunter:

Come on, we gotta get out of here.

Thurston clearly doesn't read the room as he grabs Mrs. Garland by the wrist and pulls her to the back but before they leave the ring, she manages to throw her hotel key by the fallen Beast.

DDK:

I really enjoyed that match. Mostly because Malak had no words but yet again, he gets an assist after the match by Thurston Hunter who has hit Brock with a chair twice.

Lance:

Hopefully Brock can pull things together for the third match of this gauntlet.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIA NCE HALL OF FAME[The DEFIA NCE Hall of Fame](#)

A TITAN OF A CHALLENGE

DDK:

Two weeks ago on DEFtv, we saw what happened between Titanes Familia and The Hollywood Bruvs. It was Kendrix of the Bruvs taking on Titanes Familia's "Good Son" Killjoy and in the end thanks to the numbers of the Familia, Killjoy walked away by earning the biggest win of his young DEFIANCE career!

Lance:

And not to mention the brutal post-match assault! Uriel delivered his 218 powerbomb to Mikey followed by Titaness delivering the Pretty Striking spear to Kendrix! The Bruvs aren't in attendance due to the assault, but earlier today, we received this video from Titanes Familia celebrating this very occasion:

Earlier This Evening

Somewhere, a studio doors gets kicked wide open. Poking through and having to crouch through is "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez. With a cameraman behind them recording his exploits, the head of Titanes Familia shouts.

Uriel Cortez: [sing-songy]

Honey... we're home!

When he gets no response, he continues squeezing through the door frame before standing to his full 7'2" height on the other side, wearing a slick dark grey suit with a gold tie and pocket handkerchief. Behind him, his wife Titaness is dressed in a black and gold sequined body dress also looking nice.

Titaness:

Dinner was nice, Uri. And this is a fun detour.

Uriel Cortez:

It is! Mikey Unlikely's personal podcast studio... home of his E-Spread Podcast!

Titaness:

How'd you get us in here?

Uriel looks proud of himself.

Uriel Cortez:

I made an agreement with the security guard. He lets us and the cameraman in here. In exchange, he got to keep his teeth in his mouth.

Titaness:

That's a fair deal... so... this is where the podcasting magic happens, huh?

Uriel Cortez:

So they say, T. So they say.

He turns to the door.

Uriel Cortez:

You coming, Killer?

Also emerging through the doorway, the 6'10" Killjoy walks through the door. In addition to his black mask that obscures his facial features, he wears a torn sleeveless gray button-up dress shirt, black pants and a "Familia" belt buckle - his attempt at being dressed nicely. He quietly observes his surroundings and lets out a snort.

Uriel Cortez:

Hey, I'm a good dad AND a man of my word. I said we were getting gussied up, we did that. A nice steak dinner, we

had that. Then, this field trip. Well, here we are.

He holds out his hands and observes the high-level recording studio in all its glory.

Uriel Cortez:

Not only did we show the world that we're better in the ring than those assholes, The Hollywood Bruvs, in the ring... but we can put out a more entertaining product than those frittatas could any day of the damn week.

The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia jumps up and down excitedly.

Titaness:

Wait... are we... are we finally gonna do that thing on my bucket list?

Uriel Cortez: [with a wry smile]

I was hoping that would be later after we had some alone time...

Titaness: [annoyed]

I meant co-hosting a podcast together, asshole.

Uriel taps his nose, then points over to the open door of the recording booth. Titaness looks unnaturally giddy.

Titaness:

A man after my own heart. Do you know how to even work this?

Uriel starts fiddling with the producer's control panel.

Uriel Cortez:

Course I do... we're DEF Radio legends. And I made Joe Stats give me a crash course on how this stuff works before we left.

Titaness:

So... is DEF Radio really done or not?

Uriel Cortez:

I'll be honest... no damn clue.

Fifteen Minutes Later

Having a slightly uncomfortable seat in a normal-sized person's chair next to a mahogany table, Uriel's jacket is draped over said chair. He has a pair of headphones that BARELY fit over his head while Titaness has on a pair of her own. In the back, Killjoy tries to fit one over his head...

CRACK

And it breaks! Killjoy grumbles silently at the crumpled headset and tosses it off to the side in a huff. Uriel pats the massive surrogate son of Titaness Familia on his arm.

Uriel Cortez:

Whoops. Sorry, guess it's just you and I, T.

Titaness:

Let's do this. Camera guy, fire up the intro.

A quick musical intro starts to play in the background while the married couple wait for their cue.

Uriel Cortez:

Welcome to the T-Fam Podcast! Where the legend of the Hollywood Bruvs is made up... and the beatdowns are real!

Ten Minutes Later

The scene shows Uriel and Titaness in mid-commentary over the finish of the match from two weeks ago featuring Killjoy against Kendrix.

Uriel Cortez:

We're almost to end of the T-Fam Watchalong! Here we go, here comes one of the best parts!

Titaness:

Check this out, check this out... OOH!

The footage shows Titaness jumping Mikey Unlikely from behind towards the finish of the match. Uriel and Titaness erupt in a fit of laughter as Titaness stands over him.

Titaness:

That's history right there, Uri. That's recorded proof of the first time Mikey Unlikely had a woman behind him and he didn't even have to pay in advance for it.

Uriel Cortez:

Hahaha, yeah. He likes the hookers.

Footage is suspiciously omitted of a place where Kendrix kicks Titaness off the mat, but instead, moves forward to Kendrix setting up a downed Killjoy for the Bellend double-knee facebreaker.

Uriel Cortez:

Kendrix sets him up... Bellend coming! OOOH!

Kendrix tries to go for it, but Killjoy blocks the move on pure strength! The worry on Kendrix's face is clear!

Uriel Cortez:

Now here's where you find out why they call him JFK!

Titaness:

Why?

Killjoy wraps a hand around his throat and hoists him up to deliver The FreeFall!

Uriel Cortez:

...Cause he just got ASSASSINATED!

Both Uriel and Titaness slaps their hands on the table and count along together.

Uriel Cortez and Titaness:

One! Two! Three!

DING DING DING

They both laugh as the bells ounds during the footage. Killjoy continues to watch, arms folded with a tilted head observing the footage. There's almost a hint of enjoyment behind the mask. Uriel slaps his chest and then reaches over to put up a fist to Killjoy.

Uriel Cortez:

Good job, son. Put 'em up.

Killjoy looks down at his fist... then the two giants bump fists together. The footage then shows Uriel DROPPING Mikey Unlikely with the 218! Then Titaness with the Pretty Striking spear on Kendrix, nearly breaking him in half! Titanes Familia stand over the Hollywood Bruvs as the footage ends there.

Uriel Cortez:

That was awesome. Six stars in the Tokyo Dome or whatever the fuck these nerds get all hot and bothered over. How should we celebrate?

Titaness:

Glue-kiss?

Uriel Cortez:

Glue-kiss.

The husband and wife share an uncomfortably long kiss right then and there. After about a good twenty seconds has elapsed, Uriel and Titaness go back to the recording.

Uriel Cortez:

Stay tuned to defiancewrestling.com to find out when you can listen to the T-Fam Podcast Killjoy/Kendrix Watchalong in all of its entirety. But for now, like any good podcast, we save the best for last. And that's why we're going to bring you this T-Fam Podcast Exclusive!

Uriel turns directly to the cameraman. Beneath him, the words "T-Fam Podcast Exclusive" appear in the group's signature gold and black colors.

Uriel Cortez:

That's right, **Bruvs**. Anything you can do, Titanes Familia can do better. The beatdown two weeks ago wasn't enough for you? Us handling your studio isn't enough? You still want to pop off on defcom? If you're looking for round two with the Fam, here's your chance.

The Man of the House continues.

Uriel Cortez:

Maximum DEFIANCE. Titanes Familia versus The Hollywood Bruvs. And I don't just mean a traditional tag team match... you get THE ENTIRE FAMILIA. Me, T, and Killer... against Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix... and anyone dumb enough to team with the two of you.

Titaness leans forward in her chair.

Titaness:

You think we haven't done our homework? We're more than just tall, pretty, powerful, awesome, handsome, destructive giants. How many enemies you got, Mikey? It took you forever just to dig up Kendrix when the Gems outnumbered you. PCP are too busy dealing with M4NTRA and the Lucky Sevens to handle YOUR fight, too. So if you can't find anyone? Then it's a handicap match.

Killjoy stands behind the happy husband and wife.

Uriel Cortez:

Then? As you Hollywood types say... That's a wrap.

Black.

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. CYRUS BATES

DDK:

Alright folks, it's time for the third match for Brock Newbludd tonight and the stakes couldn't be higher. If he can pull through with another win he's earned a shot at the FIST. A shot that he will have to take still tonight!

Lance:

That's right, Lance. It's been an eventful night already for Milwaukee's Beast with him already scoring two quick pinfalls against Thurston Hunter and...yes, you heard me right, Malak's mom, Margot.

DDK:

Well, rumors were flying around not too long ago that sparks flew between Brock and Margot after she met him on the set of Over the Top. From what we saw earlier, I'm going to say that the rumors were true.

Lance:

Agreed, partner. And while it looked like Brock had pulled a fast one on Malak by choosing his own mother as his second opponent, a couple of hard chair shots from Thurston Hunter immediately followed the match definitely evened things out. Milwaukee's Beast isn't entering this match as fresh as he had originally planned, that's for sure.

DDK:

Well, we're about to find out what shape Brock is in as we send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions.

Quimbey and referee Carla Ferrari stand in the middle of the ring. Raising his microphone up, the veteran ring announcer addresses the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is the third match in Malak Garland's "Needlessly Long and Irrelevant One Night Tournament of Resiliency!"

♪ "Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot ♪

The Faithful rise up to their feet and again show their support with a loud ovation for Brock as he makes his way out onto the stage. Newbludd has a much more serious tone about him this time around as he throws a fist over his head and walks down the ramp with a slight limp.

DDK:

Brock looks determined to see this through to the end though he's clearly suffering from the after effects of those chair shots he took earlier.

Sliding into the ring, Newbludd pops up and makes his way to a neutral corner. With his music fading out in the background, Brock takes a deep breath and uses the ropes in an attempt to loosen his back up.

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Cyrus Bates walks out on stage, wearing his traditional wrestling gear. He pulsates his pectorals to the beat of the music, like he usually does before climbing into the ring and screaming like an uncaged beast.

Cyrus Bates:

I'M DOING THIS FOR MALAK!

Lance:

Cyrus Bates is the most legitimate threat against Brock thus far. Let's see if The Bellicose Brawler can utilize the trials and tribulations Brock has already endured against him.

DING DING

At the sound of the bell both competitors explode out of their corners and collide in the middle of the ring for a collar and elbow tie up. The two powerhouses jockey for position for a few seconds before Bates makes the first move by raking the holy hell out of Newbludd's eyes.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

It took roughly four seconds for The Comments Section's resident powerhouse to resort to dirty tactics. Typical.

Brock instinctively breaks away from Bates as he puts a hand up to his eye. Referee Ferrari tries to admonish Cyrus but he ignores her warnings and quickly moves by her to nail Newbludd square in the lower back with a running double axe handle. The blow causes Brock to arch his back in pain and the Bellicose Brawler wastes no time in following up by lifting his opponent up in the sidewalk slam position.

Lance:

Bates showing off that aforementioned power by picking Newbludd up with ease.

Cyrus turns towards the middle of the ring and hits Brock with a solid backbreaker. Not letting Brock roll off of his knee, Bates transitions the backbreaker into a submission by pushing down on Newbludd. Brock stomps a foot in pain as he's bent backwards across the Keyboard Warrior's knee.

DDK:

Cyrus Bates came into this match with a plan. And that's targeting Brock's surgically repaired back.

Lance:

Hunter softening that back up with a steel chair earlier tonight doesn't hurt Bates' chances for success either, partner.

Carla moves in to check the submission but quickly jumps away when Brock fires a fist up and cracks Cyrus on the nose. The watery eyed Bellicose Brawler instantly drops Newbludd to the mat and backs away. He quickly recovers from the punch and unleashes with a flurry of stomps to Brock. After eating a couple of the kicks, Brock rolls away from his attacker and under the ropes down to the floor.

DDK:

Newbludd took the only option he had and wisely exits the ring to create space from the vicious Bates.

Cyrus is quick to follow Newbludd out of the ring and keeps the pressure on by nailing him with a stiff forearm to the back. He then grabs an arm and irish whips Brock into the barricade. Not taking his foot off the gas, Cyrus latches onto Milwaukee's Beast again and whips him back towards the ring apron. Unable to stop his momentum, Newbludd is helpless as his lower back crashes into the hard edge of the apron.

Lance:

If Bates keeps working that back, we won't be having a FIST match tonight. This will be the end of the line for Brock.

While Carla starts the ten count on the inside of the ring, Brock struggles to hold himself up after the double whammy to his back. Bates wastes no time in continuing his offense as he charges in and drives a shoulder into Brock's gut, crushing his back against the apron again. Ferrari barks at Cyrus to get back in the ring and he responds by quickly rolling into the ring then back out to restart her count.

DDK:

The Bellicose Brawler has been in control since the bell rang and it looks like he wants to keep things on the outside.

Feet back on the floor, Bates delivers a pair of forearms to the side of Brock's head and follows up with a knee to the gut. He snatches the doubled over Brock in a front facelock and yanks him away from the ring apron. The Bellicose Brawler cracks Brock in the back with a couple of forearms before setting him up in the suplex position.

Lance:

What's Bates thinking here?

A couple of Ballyhooligans shouting insults catches Bates' attention and the powerhouse simply smirks at them as he powers Newbludd all the way up.

DDK:

Looks like a suplex on the floor!

With only a half second to spare, Brock begins to kick his legs and fight back. With the crowd coming alive in the background, Bates tries to finish the suplex but his heavier opponent's struggling is too much and he's forced to drop Newbludd back down. The second his feet touch the ground, Brock capitalizes on the opportunity and hits Cyrus with a swinging neckbreaker!

Lance:

Newbludd with the reversal! He got all of that neckbreaker and now Bates finds himself staring at the lights.

Grimacing from his aching back, Brock pulls himself up with the ring apron and rolls under the bottom rope. Just like Bates, he too chooses to roll back to the floor and reset Carla's count. Brock seizes control and whips Bates into the ring steps!

DDK:

I think this is a pivotal point in the match that Brock really needs to capitalize on if he has any intentions on winning!

Bates somehow gets up and charges at Milwaukee's Beast but runs right into a move that uses his momentum against himself.

Lance:

Overhead belly to belly on the floor by Brock!

Newbludd knows the only way to win the match is in the ring, so he throws his opponent in there. Brock climbs up the apron with help from the ropes and leans between them to enter, however, Cyrus hits a desperation scissors kick over the broad shoulders of Brock Newbludd.

DDK:

Bates covers!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Visibly hurt, reaching for his shoulders, Brock kicks out. Bates swats Newbludd a few times before lifting him up for a powerbomb. Newbludd slinks out of it at the last minute and hits a ripcord lariat, using Bates' own arm against him!

DDK:

I think Brock needs to look to finish this sooner rather than later so he can retain whatever energy he has left!

Breathing heavy but not blown up, Brock nails Bates with a German suplex. Bates is groggy upon his rise and is met with a kick to the gut and an elevated jumping DDT!

Lance:

That could do it!

Newbludd locks in the full nelson and forces Bates to his feet. The fans are at full throat as Bates gets sent for another ride!

Lance:

SHOCK! AND! AWE!

Newbludd impressively holds Bates in the dragon suplex for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

HE DID IT! BROCK NEWBLUDD HAS WON HIS THIRD MATCH AND JUST PUNCHED HIS TICKET TO THE MAIN EVENT TONIGHT FOR THE FIST OF DEFIAНCE!

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, the winner of this match, BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Shining from the overwhelming amount of sweat on his body, Brock releases the hold and gets his hand raised in victory by Carla Ferrari. Cyrus Bates remains prone on the canvas.

DDK:

Brock Newbludd is red hot right now! If I were Malak Garland, I'd be shaking in my boots! Newbludd easily disposed of Hunter. He had his way with Margot and now he just took care of Cyrus Bates in impressive fashion! He's been on a huge tear as of late. Now, he's coming for the richest prize in wrestling!

Newbludd makes the belt gesture around his waist and raises a finger to signify he's got one more in him. The best is yet to come.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

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

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: PCP (C) vs. M4NTRA

DDK:

Faithful, up next is a big matchup for the Unified Tag Team Championship, and it's one the internet is excited for.

Lance:

Just last DEFtv, M4NTRA became your number 1 contenders to the straps that PCP have held since Acts of DEFIAНCE over 230 days ago. You've got the original Internet sensations, the incredibly poorly received yet somehow critically meme'd Lake Placid Vi turned the Pop Culture Phenoms into DEFIAНTs. Now, you have the next generation, Let's Play Declan alongside Tony Robbins himself, Nathan Eye.

DDK:

In another life, in another time, these four might just be the best of friends.

Lance:

But the vibes Darren. PCP's vibes are dated, M4NTRA's time is now, or that's what Makayla told me to say.

DDK:

She told you?

Lance:

Well, she asked. And I didn't want to ruin the vibes.

DDK:

Whereas Elise seems to have her focus elsewhere these days. Always considered just a step below the FIST, It's eating at her Lance.

Lance:

That glass ceiling might be size, might be sex, might be the albatross of the D and Klein and the tag team legacy that is the Pop Culture Phenoms, we don't know. But what we do know is that tonight, she and the D defend their tag team championships, a title they've held for over 500 days. And they're facing new challengers, a very talented duo who, as long as the vibes stay right, I believe will become Tag Team Champions one day. Let's head to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIAНCE Unified TAG TEEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

M A N T R A.
♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The Faithful serenade accompanying boos over the beats of Bring Me The Horizon when the lights in the arena flicker to the pulsating percussion. A wave of gold washes over the Faithful as the camera focuses in on a sign in the audience reading "THE M4NTRA SECTION" accompanied by four neckbeards doing the M4NTRA Ray. Back on the entrance, Makayla Namaste enters the arena dressed in a gold tube top with a sheet white lace button up and a pair of huge third-eye sunglasses. Behind her walks out Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander side-by-side, hocking books.

Nathan Eye of course has the metal-plated copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* while Declan carries the popular sequel of *502 Pages of Shared Success*.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste, at a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-two pounds ... NATHAN EYE!!! "DEC4L" DECLAN ALEXANDER!!! M4NTRA!!!!

DDK:

This is an incredible opportunity for M4NTRA! They have defeated the Lucky Sevens, even though it was by disqualification, to earn this shot and if they can defeat arguably one of the best team to ever do it in DEFIAНCE Wrestling ...

Lance:

I don't think we will ever hear the end of it!

DEC4L and Nathan Eye pose on separate turnbuckles and hold out their books with Makayla Namaste leaning on the ropes flashing a smile!

♪ “Live For The Night” by Krewella ♪

In contrast the Faithful erupt as the golden waves of M4NTRA disappear into SoCal shades of teal, magenta, and yellow. Inside the ring, the “Good Vibes” of Makayla Namaste suddenly turn sour as Elise Ares is the first to march out into the arena with the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship above her head. Her LED sunglasses read “DOIN” “GOAT” “THINGS” as The D and Klein have her flanked. The D comes up to his long-time tag partner and they clank their championships together before they start heading down towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents hailing from Hollywood, California. They are the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions.... The D and Elise Ares, The POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEENOMS!

The D shakes his head at Darren’s poor attempt at showmanship.

DDK:

As big as an opportunity as this may be for M4NTRA you could make the argument that they’re in the wrong place at the wrong time as the Pop Culture Phenoms are on one of the most dominant reigns we’ve seen in the Tag Team Division for a LONG time, Lance.

Lance:

They certainly have their work cut out of them, that’s for sure. Especially after interrupting Elise Ares in the middle of what appeared to be a rare passionate speech for the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style.

DDK:

That might be something both Elise and M4NTRA have in common though Lance. A very deep, distinct love for themselves.

On the apron The D and Klein hold the ropes open for Elise Ares to enter the ring as suggestively as possible before taking the spotlight directly in the middle of the ring. Taking off her sunglasses, you can see her mouth “To my number one fan.” before tossing Makayla her LED sunglasses, who reacts as if a bug just flew directly at her. Nate and Declan go to make a move but The D and Klein are there to back up their leading lady as Hector Navarro stands between them. Eventually (after quite a bit of showboating) Navarro holds the Tag Team Championships in the air before handing them off for safe-keeping,

DING DING**DDK:**

And here we go! M4NTRA vs. PCP, tag team titles are ON the line live on DEFtv! First time, two on two!

The D and Elise Ares are in their corner, and the D defeats Elise in a quickly contested game of rock paper scissors. Klein cheers him on from the outside. Nathan and Declan Alexander do the same.

Declan throws out paper. Nathan throws out four fingers and waves them around.

DEC4L:

Rock!

Nathan Eye:

Waves of enlightenment. They beat anything ... including these geeks!

DEC4L:

No cap, that was well-played, fam.

The D and Nathan start to circle one another, as the D shoots in to grabs the legs. Eye dodges to the side, and then points to his noggin as if he's the smartest man in the room. Natty Eyece looks over at the D and raises his hand for a test of strength.

DDK:

Unusual move from Nathan here, but he does have about sixty pounds on the much smaller D.

Lance:

The D has asked if anyone ever calls him small, to add the line "Not where it counts."

DDK:

Oh. OH! Really?

Lance:

It's right here in his contract.

The D laughs and points at Eye from across the ring. Elise encourages him on as the D takes a few steps closer to Nathan. As the D reaches up to grab Eye's hand, Nathan stands on his tippy toes so it's just out of reach.

The Hollywood A-Lister shoots into a go behind rear waist lock, surprising Nathan. Nathan starts walking to one rope, and then another, before finally being able to grab the top rope closest to his corner. The D tries for a school boy roll up but Nathan holds the ropes firm. DEC4L blind tags himself in, as the D rushes into the corner. He grabs Nathan and monkey flips him out. Eye scrambles out of the ring and rushes to Makayla's side as DEC4L flies! The D side steps and DEC4L splats on the canvas face first. Here, the D grabs him and tosses him over the top rope and into the awaiting arms of Nathan Eye.

DDK:

Makayla moves fast when the vibes here aren't her scene!

Lance:

That might be for the best. Watch out!

The D rushes and leaps, clearing the top rope without touching it before landing on both DEC4L and Nathan Eye to a huge pop from the Faithful. The D wastes no time, grabbing DEC4L and tossing him back in under the bottom rope. As DEC4L gets up to his feet, stunned, the D has climbed onto the ring apron and springboards, catching him with a springboard dropkick. DEC4L flies into PCP's corner, tumbling into a seated position.

The Faithful know what's about to happen as The D reaches out and tags in the Leading Lady of DEFIAНCE.

Stomp time.

DDK:

Ah, classic PCP! The Blacklist maneuver. While not flashy, it's most effective.

Lance:

Literally, it's a tag, stomps until a four count, and then another tag. It's just a corner mugging Darren, and a reminder of just how ruthless PCP can be when they put their minds to it.

DDK:

M4NTRA seemed a bit cocky there at the start Lance. Do you think they expected this explosive burst from the D?

Lance:

Darren.

DDK:

What?

Lance:

Ignoring that thinly veiled dick joke.

DDK:

Oh. Oh, no, sorry!

Lance:

I think you're right. M4NTRA is cocky as all hell after pulling one over on the Lucky 7s last week. They feel they're destined for the Tag Team titles, it's their karma receipt.

DDK:

I don't think they know how karma works.

Lance:

They're getting a lesson now! Five tags back and forth and the D is now back to being the legal man, and Declan just got stomped into a cartoon pancake.

The D lifts DEC4L off the mat and uses the ropes to shoot him across, but DEC4L reverses. As the D hits the far side, Nathan Eye pulls the top rope down and the D tumbles outside. Both Elise on the apron and Klein on the floor point and yell at Hector Navarro, who's quick to reprimand Nathan. Yet the damage is already done, as the D fell outside and slammed the back of his head into the DEFIA NCE barricade. Nathan points at the "third eye" in the center of his forehead.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the prize and you can take any titles you want!

DDK:

Shady maneuver from Nathan Eye there, but he's certainly shifted momentum in this tag team title match.

Lance:

Based on how loud the D hitting that barricade was, we might even have a count out victory for M4NTRA.

DDK:

Which, I imagine, would go against their intended vibes.

Lance:

Of course.

The D is ginger to get to his feet, as Hector counts to five in the ring. At six, the D shakes the cobwebs loose, and slides in at 7 only to eat a bunch of boots to the back of the head from DEC4L. Declan takes the D and tosses him into M4NTRA's corner, tagging in Nathan. The two double hip toss the D out of the corner, and then Nathan grabs DEC4L and Trust Fall Exercises DEC4L onto the D. There's a delay as Hector chases DEC4L out of the ring before Nathan dives on top for the pin.

One.

Two.

The D gets a shoulder up. Nathan Eye immediately locks the D into a rear chin lock, and just starts pulling, with his knee dug into the D's back.

Makayla on the outside cheers her charges on as DEC4L tells Hector to ask him.

DDK:

This is just an insult to ask the D if he submits, isn't it?

Lance:

This is a wear down hold, Darren. It's just as much psychological as it is physical.

The D refuses to quit as Nathan digs his knee further into the small of the D's back. Even still, the D refuses. Elise from the apron starts stomping the turnbuckle pads and her feet on the apron and the Faithful feed into the D. The D fires up to his feet, Nathan all the while trying to keep on the rear chin lock, before it's just broken into a side headlock. The D then fires with an elbow, a second, and a third, and rushes off the far ropes.

DDK:

Rise and Grind! My lord that impact shook the ring didn't it?

Lance:

If the D wasn't in a bad position before, he most certainly is now!

Nathan tags in DEC4L who's already halfway up. He flies with a picture perfect diving elbow into the chest of the D, straight into a cover.

One.

Two.

Elise is quick to enter and break it up. Hector admonishes her back to her corner, as DEC4L picks up the D and tosses him into a neutral corner.

DDK:

DEC4L taking a page, or at least a portion, out of Nathan Eye's arsenal with that elbow drop.

Lance:

And look, Nathan couldn't be prouder.

DEC4L hits the D with a few kicks to the gut, a standing side kick to the face, and then a leaping spin kick to the jaw. Dazed, the D comes off with a clothesline attempt that DEC4L avoids, and then rolls...

DDK:

GGEZ from DEC4L! M4NTRA are really taking it to the D. I think they might have this won if they can keep the D isolated from his corner.

Lance:

Big if, Darren. They've got the advantage, and they have to press it, but they can't make a mistake and leave an opening for the D to tag out.

DEC4L tags out to Nathan, who enters the ring and starts dragging the D up to his feet to M4NTRA's corner. Natty Eye starts spitting venom at the D, taunting him and standing between the D and Elise.

So the D just slaps the spit out of Nathan Eye.

Nathan lunges for a clothesline which the D rolls forward, but then backrolls as Eye turns around. D wraps his legs around Nathan and headscissors him over. Both men back to their feet quickly, as the D backs Eye into the ropes. Irish whip, into a reversal. The D baseball slides under the awaiting Eye. As Nathan spins, he eats the ever quick D's crescent kick to the jaw.

DDK:

With Everything! The D With Everything takes down Nathan Eye!

The D hops to his feet on fire and charges toward M4NTRA's corner, taking DEC4L off the apron with a stiff elbow shot. Makalya pouts about the nasty vibes as the D turns and hooks Nathan from behind, nailing a reverse front face russian leg sweep.

DDK:

Contractual Obligation! Center of the ring. The D spins Nathan over and covers!

One.

Two.

Nathan gets a shoulder up. The D slams his hand once into the mat, and then quickly gets back on the attack. He tosses Nathan into the PCP's corner.

DDK:

Oh, could Nathan Eye be joining... YES! He's just joined the Blacklist!

The D and Elise take turns tagging in and out while simultaneously stomping the ever loving beejesus out of Nathan Eye. Eventually, the D hears DEC4L and Makayla from the apron protesting and turns, shouting "IT'S LEGAL BUTTERCUP!" He rushes back to Nathan and leaps with a Stinger Splash.

DDK:

D in your Face! Nathan Eye tumbles out and flops onto the canvas!

Lance:

Elise from the top... EXTREME MAKEOVER!

DDK:

That's it. Cover by Elise!

One.

Two.

DEC4L dives in and breaks it up, by shoving the D into the pin and causing all four combatants to tumble over each other.

From here, things just break down into a wild pier six brawl. Elise and Nathan, DEC4L and the D, as both pairs go tumbling out of the ring into wild rights and lefts. Nathan tosses Elise into the ring post, while the D does the same to DEC4L. The two turn and stare at each other across other sides of the ring. Nathan takes off running toward the D, who gets spun around by Makayla.

The D looks at her, uses both hands thumb & index fingers to mimic a box like a camera, and then shakes his head "Nah, she ain't no good." to a Faithful pop. However, this allows Nathan to catch up and spike the D's head with a one handed bulldog onto the steel steps.

Meanwhile, DEC4L and Elise Ares both crawl into the ring. Elise is first to her feet, but she's got a small amount of blood dripping down from her forehead, small enough she hasn't even noticed it yet.

As the action continues to play out, there's a couple interested observers on the ramp.

Mason, Max and Lonnie Luck! The Twin Terrors of DEFIAНCE and their cousin watch from the top of the ramp,

wearing green, red and gray plaid suits and sunglasses respectively.

DDK:

And as if all heck wasn't breaking loose enough! The Lucky Sevens have a vested interest in who comes out on top in this one!

Elise sees it coming ... DEC4L with a school boy!

Lance:

DEC4L! DEC4L IS TRYING TO STEAL IT!!!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Both DEC4L and Elise rush to their feet and DEC4L charges into a huge clothesline from Elise. Elise sizes up DEC4L as he stumbles to his feet.

DDK:

Amethystation! She just laid out Declan!

Lance:

Elise, I don't think she's done!

Elise indeed climbs to the top rope. Once there, she blows a camera to the aerial crane cameras.

And then hits a beautiful Phoenix Splash, into a double knee drop.

DDK:

OH GOD! Elise just pulled out the trump card!

Lance:

Your Feature Presentation Darren! Rarely seen, but always deadly! This is academic!

One!

Two!

The-NO! Nathan Eye barely dives in and breaks it up!

DDK:

Oh this match was all but over, and Natty Eyece barely saves it!

Nathan Eye poses over the fallen and dejected Elise. He turns and notices the Lucky Sevens on the ramp.

That's enough for the D to come in and hook Eye.

DDK:

A-Lister! Double feet to the jaw! And Elise clotheslines Eye out of the ring!

The D slips back into his corner. The Lucky Sevens continue to watch, discussing strategy. Lonnie looks up at his cousin and they nod at him. With Nathan down on the outside and DEC4L down in the ring, Elise reaches out and tags the dazed D. The D climbs to the top rope, and from there...

DDK:

B-Movie! Center of the ring!

Lance:

Wait... what the?

Sliding into the ring just as the D lands is none other than Lonnie Luck! Luck looks around, as Hector shouts at him to get out of the ring. The D is covering DEC4L, who just lies there as there is no count. The D gets up and starts yelling at Lonnie, as does Elise from the apron.

The :

Just who the hell do you think you are! SECURITY! ARREST THIS FAN!

Lonnie Luck:

Fan *this* asshole!

Lonnie Luck reaches out, kicks The D and then grabs the D in a $\frac{3}{4}$ headlock. Before he can react, Lonnie's drug him into the nearest corner, and uses it to flip off to crash his face into the mat!

DDK:

POCKET ACES?! On one half of the Tag Team Champions!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

While they're fighting for the belts. Darren, I. I think Lonnie Luck just caused M4NTRA to get DQ'd!

Elise Ares lifts up Lonnie and shoves him. Lonnie looks down at the D and back at Elise and to the recovering M4NTRA, who are regrouping in their corner. Nathan pulls DEC4L in as they huddle and watch! Klein slides into the ring, gesturing at Lonnie.

Lonnie Luck:

What're you gonna do huh? He started this! I earned my place on this roster not to be called a damn fan ...

Klein waves enthusiastically, and then nods in agreement. But this isn't logical, so Klein rushes forward and *pushes* Lonnie to the canvas clear across the ring. He flexes toward the fallen Lonnie, and the camera cuts up on the ramp to the Sevens. The shades are coming off and they're storming the ring!

Lance:

Klein just shoved Lonnie Luck! Remember two weeks ago when the D called him a fan! Lonnie must have taken it personally... but even still, Klein is not going to stand for what Lonnie Luck just did!

DDK:

And here comes the Sevens! You don't put your hands on family!

Mason climbs into the ring! He climbs over the ropes. M4NTRA see what's happening and they take leave. Max steps into the ring alongside his brother and then they both *l/eve/* Klein with a double clothesline!

DDK:

The fireworks are going off! PCP and the Lucky Sevens have never gotten along in all their years in the ring. Tonight is no different!

Elise jumps on Max's back and applies a sleeper! The D tries to get up and help, jumping onto the back of Mason, but he can't seem to lock in the sleeper himself.

The D:

Bad tigers! Bad!

He struggles but Mason just uses his strength to swat the D off him like a fly. When the D lands on his feet, Mason locks in the Iron Claw! The D's eyes go wide before he's slammed down with a huge Winning Hand Slam!

Lance:

The D gets dropped by the Sevens! Hell's breaking loose! All three teams want the gold ... and look at M4NTRA!!!

Outside, M4NTRA get away. Nathan has a smile on his face and seems to be enjoying the show. The trio help each other get away from the war zone! Max grabs Elise in a press slam and throws her outside the ring on top of Klein! Klein catches her but both take a tumble on the floor!

DDK:

And there goes Elise! The Sevens have just cleared the ring!

Mason and Max walk over and help Lonnie to his feet, then the trio raise up the Unified Tag Team titles in the air! M4NTRA look on in horror from the ramp and Klein helps Elise and The D outside the ring as they are now forced to watch the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE hold the gold they currently have!

Lance:

Despite M4NTRA scheming their way into this title match, the Lucky Sevens have just flipped everything upside down and sent a powerful message: they want the gold!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd has defeated three others, and after this commercial break, he finally gets the chance to end the reign of the FIST of DEFIANCE. Malak... curse word Garland.

Lance:

I know how you feel Lance. It's just like the D feels when the Sevens are holding his gold.

The D is kicking the barricade in annoyance looking on and shouting at both Klein and Elise as the scene fades. In the background, we see M4NTRA at the top of the ramp, heading backstage. The camera cranes into the ring to show the Lucky Sevens watching their carnage as we fade to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

GENDER REVEAL

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! It's main event time and for the fourth and final time, we get to see Brock Newbludd in action tonight!

Lance:

I think he sets a record with his fourth match here tonight. Hopefully he can end the reign of Malak Garland as FIST in the process.

Suddenly the arena lights go out. A second later, a lone spotlight shines down on the ring and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following is our main event match of the evening and will be for the FIST of DEFIAНCE!

The packed arena cheers in anticipation as they turn their attention to the stage.

BAAAAAALLLYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Quiet Riot ♪

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

For the fourth and final time in the evening The Faithful stand up for the arrival of Brock Newbludd. Saving their best cheers for last, they give Milwaukee's Beast a tremendous ovation as he appears on the stage. Despite showing some visible wear and tear from his busy evening, Brock feeds off their energy and works both sides of the stage to rile the crowd up even further.

DDK:

Listen to the Ballyhooligans! They've been behind Brock all night and he hasn't disappointed.

Lance:

He successfully navigated his way through Malak's challenge and has earned this opportunity, no doubt about it. The question is, once the adrenaline wears off how much does he have left in the tank to bring the fight to Malak?

Multi colored pyro shoots off from the stage as Newbludd walks confidently down the ramp with an arm stuck out for the fans to high five.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! The challenger! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin...weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-nine pounds... “MILWAUKEE'S BEAST” BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Stepping into the ring, Brock climbs up and throws a pair of fists up to the cheering crowd. He hops back down to the mat and begins to pace anxiously as he stares up at the stage, ready for the champion's arrival.

♪ “Tap In” by Saweetie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the FIST of DEFIAНCE! HE IS MALAK GARLAND!

Everyone is left waiting, including Mark Shields and Brock Newbludd in the ring to the point where Brock consults Mark with what's going on. Obviously, Mark has no clue.

DDK:

Maybe Malak finally got the message that he's not wanted here and chose not to show up?

Lance:

After all this, Brock earned his title shot and now Malak is too in his feelings to follow through? While we're not surprised, I think this should send a crystal clear message to The Favored Saints to think about stripping our champion of his prize.

The song fades. Newbludd throws his hands to the sky in frustration. Shrieks perk up through the crowd as Thurston Hunter runs by everyone and hops in the ring with another attempt to ambush Brock from behind but this time he turns and is ready for it!

DDK:

Hunter swings and misses with the chair!

Lance:

SHOCK AND AWE!

Hunter hits the top of his head after being on the receiving end of a brutal bridging dragon suplex! Milwaukee's Beast stands tall, checking his surroundings for the next incoming attack.

The lights go out.

They come back on and a dark eyed Malak Garland lurks behind Brock Newbludd. The champion is holding something. It's a blue burlap sack, shaped like a belt. Malak grins evilly before thwacking Brock over the back of the head with it! Everyone is left stunned!

DDK:

IT'S MALAK! HE JUST ATTACKED BROCK NEWBLUDD FROM BEHIND!

Garland stands over a fallen Newbludd as he "gender reveals" what is in his burlap sack. Blue and white confetti falls from the rafters as Malak Garland pulls out his very own custom made FIST of DEFIAНCE championship belt. It's a beautiful, diamond encrusted snowflake logo, not unlike his neck tattoo, attached to a gold plate centerpiece, all resting on sky blue leather.

Lance:

IS THAT IT? IS THAT WHAT HE PROMISED US? HIM BEING SEEN WITH THE FIST OF DEFIAНCE?

DDK:

Oh lord, no. It isn't. Malak isn't the FIST. Not anymore. He's become something different.

Malak holds the belt high with supreme confidence.

Malak Garland:

You will never get this. You will never have this. Your title shot is nil. Revoked. Not now. Not ever. I AM CHAMPION!

DDK:

Sadly, he's become the FLAKE of DEFIAНCE.



THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.