

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Hattiesburg, Mississippi welcomes DEFIANCE as Forrest County Multipurpose Center is hyped! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway and there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, is everywhere!

CONOR IF MALAK WINS THE FIST I SWEAR TO GOD
REFORM > ELON
FREE CONOR BUT ALSO NO DON'T OH GOD
YO, TERESA, CHILL
JACK MACE IS THE FACE THAT RUNS THE PLACE
I COUNT ON NOVICK
WE ARE THE SIGN POLICE
MAX LUCK DIED OF DYSENTERY
MASON LUCK SHOULD HAVE CAULKED HIS WAGON BETTER
THE D GETS ME AND I GET THE D
MALAK CAN'T GROW A BEARD
MALAK IS MORE LIKE THE ASS OF DEFIANCE!
WELP... THE LUCKY SEVENS ESCALATED QUICKLY

DEFtv goes elsewhere...

THE G SPOT

Off to the arena parking lot we go as Malak Garland stands in section G alongside a DEFIANCE camera crew.

Malak Garland:

Greetings to everyone watching in TV land. Welcome to the parking lot, where word on the street is that satanic worshipper, Magdalena, just arrived and I want to confront that lady of the night over a couple of things. Before any of you wonder, yes, I know she just arrived because I hacked her iPhone and tracked her location so let's get over that before it ever has a chance at becoming a thing.

Doing his best Teresa Ames imitation, Malak stalks through rows of cars before happening upon Deacon's manager. With roller luggage in tow, Magdalena looks both ways before heading to the arena. Malak gets the jump on her.

Malak Garland:

Going somewhere!?

Like an evil villain in a sixties live action show, Malak pretends to curl the ends of his invisible mustache between his fingers. Taken aback, Magdalena looks around, unsure if she needs security or not.

Magdalena:

I'm going to work?

Malak likes to get in nice and close to his adversaries. He wants them all to feel his warm presence but cold words. Magdalena puts a hand up for Garland to "stop".

Malak Garland:

Hi Magpie. Don't worry, I'm not interested in you in the way you think a situation like this would normally play out. I'm strictly here on business.

Magdalena:

Good for you.

Garland smiles as he clasps his hands like the plotting super genius he is.

Malak Garland:

Take this little rendezvous as an invitation. Look, we both know Conor—cOnOr Fuse rose to popularity when he used to run his little interview segment, The Game Spot, right? Well, seeing that I now OWN cOnOr Fuse, I've got to let you know I've demanded he host a very special edition of his show later on tonight!

Magdalena sighs deeply.

Magdalena:

Sorry. Been there. Done that. Got the scars to prove it.

Magdalena steps around Malak but he grabs her by the wrist.

Malak Garland:

And guess what? Everyone is going to be a part of it!

The pair lock eyes without saying anything for an uncomfortable amount of time. For once, the six-foot plus Malak towers like a giant over the five-foot Magdalena.

Malak Garland:

Need I remind you, the last time Deacon and you appeared on The Game Spot, a massive, hulking henchman showed up and beat the living holiness out of that Sub-Zero wannabe! Remember? We wouldn't want something like that to happen again now, would we!? WOULD WE!?

Channeling Deacon's stoicism, Magdalena sets her jaw, holding the glare. The Source of Envy gently releases his grip on her arm.

Malak Garland:

I assure you there won't be any tricks involved this time, Magpie. Can't wait to see you there. We have lots to unpack, lots to unpack INDEED.

Garland walks off, leaving Magdalena with an unsettling walk to the arena.

TITANESS vs. THE GAME BOY

Things continue to move right along as the house lights dance around.

♪ *"Underground Corridor" by Snake's Revenge* ♪

A plume of pyro shoots upwards from the ramp as Teresa Ames and her Game Boy walk out on stage. Ames jives her body like she would on her webcam "sessions" which sends tingles in all the wrong places to all the marks in the first few rows.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this is a singles match with a twenty minute limit! Introducing first, I am told to announce him as TERESA'S GAME BOY!

DDK:

Lance, as Teresa and Game Boy make their way to the ring, it is important to note the implications this match has attached to it.

Teresa nestles into the apron as Game Boy gets in the ring and finds an equally comforting turnbuckle.

♪ *"Giants" by True Damage* ♪

The lights fade except a piercing violet spotlight, where Titaness steps into the light looking at the ground getting into the zone stretching her shoulders before flexing for the Faithful. They salute her with a cheer before she does a standing backflip on the stage, sticking the landing with an explosion of silver and gold pyrotechnics popping the crowd for an even bigger reaction before making her way towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

From The Bronx, New York. Weighing in at 200 pounds. She is the "SHOW OF FORCE." She. Is. TITANESS!

She fearlessly walks down to the ring, all the time pointing towards her new nemesis in Teresa Ames.

Lance:

Darren, if Titaness is somehow able to pull the win out tonight, the Favored Saints have said they will sign a match between her and Teresa at MAXDEF which is a wonderful way for Titaness to repay Teresa for that dating app fiasco just a few weeks ago.

DING DING

The ref starts the match as Titaness and Game Boy circle each other. The Show of Force is also weary of Teresa lurking around the apron. Ames playfully tries to swipe at Titaness' feet, which momentarily distracts her. The Game Boy pounces immediately.

THUD!

Lance:

Big body splash against the ropes by Game Boy!

Teresa claps evilly as Game Boy is looking to get his head rubbed. He leans through the ropes and like a pet, Teresa rubs the top of his mask.

Teresa Ames:

We got this, we got this. Stay on the attack!

Game Boy does what he's instructed to do as he puts the boots to Titaness.

DDK:

I mean, Titaness is no pushover by any means but Game Boy sure is physically imposing. 340 pounds of bulldozer!

Game Boy tries to kick one too many times as Titaness grabs her foe by the heel and conducts a desperation leg sweep! Game Boy hits hard on the mat back first! Titaness mounts her opponent and begins delivering quite stiff forearm shivers.

Lance:

Game Boy can't block it!

The wrestlers shift around on the mat until Titaness is facing Teresa, all the while pummeling Game Boy's masked face. Teresa tries to cheer her man on.

Teresa Ames:

This is nothing! Fight out of it! PUT YOUR ARMS UP! PRETEND I'M HITTING YOU WITH MY PURSE!

Once again, Game Boy does as he's instructed to do. Titaness swings wildly, only for her arm to be stopped dead in its tracks. Game Boy sits up, latches his arms around her and eventually gets to his feet!

Lance:

Spinebuster! What a devastating move by Game Boy!

He floats over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd cheers in anticipation as Titaness gets a shoulder up with authority. Ames doesn't like what she sees so she jumps up onto the apron where she is met by the referee.

Teresa Ames:

Count faster, ref! Come on! I will make it worth your while. Heaven knows Titaness doesn't want to shack up with any of this but maybe you do. I won't tell anyone if you don't.

While Ames tries to seduce the ref, Titaness gets to her feet and inserts herself into the situation.

DDK:

Ames jumps off the apron but manages to distract Titaness just enough again!

Game Boy hurls Titaness overhead with a vicious German suplex! Except, Titaness rolls through and back up to her feet!

Lance:

Lariat by Titaness! But The Game Boy is still standing!

Titaness tries another lariat but it barely sends Game Boy backwards so she tries one more time but this time she propels herself off the ropes! He's still wobbly from the attack, so she runs off one side off the ropes... then the other...

LADY LARIAT!

Game Boy goes down as Teresa nervously runs her fingers through her hair. Titaness's arm is killing her, but she tries to fight through the pain!

DDK:

Titaness with a boatload of momentum off that Lady Lariat! That might have taken everything out of her, but she's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Teresa's pet kicks out at the last possible moment. Titaness stays on the offensive as she cinches in a headlock and goes for a brainbuster!

Lance:

There's no way she can lift him!

It's not pretty and she does try... but when Game Boy fights his way out, she opts to simply jump and then drop Game Boy on his dome with a big DDT!

Teresa Ames:

NO! NO! NO!

Titaness gets up from the DDT and signals for the end before Teresa straight up slides into the ring and begins poking her in the chest.

Teresa Ames:

I LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU GET IT!? WE ARE VIABLE LOVERS! I WANT YOU BADLY! BE MINE!

Obviously, Titaness wants nothing to do with her at this point but the third distraction enables Game Boy to get up and POWER her up in the air before sending Teresa CRASHING with a huge release flapjack! Teresa quickly dips out of the ring as the referee counts! Game Boy makes a lax cover with a hand pressing down on Titaness' shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

NOPE!

Lance:

BARELY a kickout! The distraction almost cost Titaness!

DDK:

She's fighting for a chance to get her hands on Teresa Ames for trying to prey on her after that dating app nonsense!

Game Boy rolls to his feet and then tries to pull Titaness up... but before he can do anything more, he gets met with a surprise barrage of chops and forearms! Stunned, Game Boy gets a kick to his guts for his efforts. Noticing her opponent is doubled over in pain, Titaness locks in a double underhook. Fans begin to stand as they are in more disbelief over what's about to happen...

DDK:

Is she going for her finish!?

Lance:

I would have said no way... but we've seen insane feats of strength from Titaness!

She tries for the Titanium Driver... but no! The Game Boy is too strong and breaks her grip! He tries to flip her over with a back body drop, sending The Show of Force stumbling over the ropes and then crash-landing out on the floor!

DDK:

Ooooh! What an ugly landing!

The monstrous Game Boy sees Teresa Ames happily cackling at ringside. She points at where Titaness landed, then The Game Boy climbs through the ropes.

Lance:

Uh-oh... things are going to be bad if this action goes to the outside! But Rex Knox is counting them out!

Rex Knox starts his count as The Game Boy grabs Titaness up and picks her up by the body and then slams her against the apron!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Titaness gets slammed down! Teresa is loving this! The Game Boy is manhandling Titaness right now!

THREE!

FOUR!

Lance:

And The Game Boy is starting to head back into the ring!

FIVE!

SIX!

The DPad Destroyer follows Teresa's orders and then starts to walk up the steps... but no! Titaness clips the big man's leg! The Game Boy is doubled over when Titaness looks over at Teresa, equal parts afraid and... intrigued? Titaness grabs the arms...

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! SHE HAS THE GAME BOY ON HIS SHOULDERS...

SEVEN!

EIGHT

AND THEN SHE THROWS HIM OVER HER SHOULDER WITH A STANDING CLASH OF THE TITANESS! THE FAITHFUL GO INSANE AS TITANESS COLLAPSES AGAINST THE RING APRON AFTER THE SLAM!

Lance:

HOLY HELL! SHE JUST SLAMMED THE GAME BOY ON THE FLOOR WITH THE MODIFIED CLASH OF THE TITANESS!

Titaness' back is killing her, but The Tall Glass of Kick-Ass quickly leaps into the ring as The Game Boy is still down! All Teresa can do is cover her face! The Game Boy is arching his back...

NINE!

TEN!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a count-out... **TITANESS!**

Before any music can hit, Ames DIVES into the ring and begins clawing and scratching at Titaness! Eventually, Game Boy shakes the cobwebs out and tries to pull his seething owner from Titaness but the two women are viciously engaged at hurting each other.

DDK:

I think we need DEFsec out here!

Ames digs her nails into Titaness' face as Titaness tries to bicycle kick Ames off of her from the prone position.

Teresa Ames:

I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU! YOU RUINED MY LAST CHANCE AT LOVE AGAIN!

Game Boy FINALLY prys Teresa from the fray before they fall out of the ring shaken, not stirred. Titaness DEFIANTLY reaches her feet and sits on the middle rope just inviting The Cute N Qwerty Gurl back into the ring. The crowd roars as a MAXDEF graphic overlays the DEFiatron of Teresa Ames and Titaness. Game Boy ploddingly pokes Ames on the shoulder to get her attention to the video screen.

DDK:

It's official! Titaness versus Teresa Ames in a grudge match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Talk about a lover scorned! And Titaness looks pleased by this result! She slaps her backside to cheers from the crowd, then Titaness yells out to Teresa.

Titaness:

AT MAXDEF... I'M ALL YOURS... BABY!

As Titaness paces the ring and celebrates the ingenious win, Teresa's face turns to one of sheer and utter horror at the sight of the match announcement.

Teresa Ames:

Oh shit guy, shit. SHIT!

The ramp cam stays on Ames' face as long as possible before fading to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2022



FIST of DEFIANCE

The Deacon © vs. Malak Garland

w/ Conor Fuse as the Special Guest Enforcer

****if Malak Garland leaves FIST of DEFIANCE, Conor Fuse is free of his Comments Section contract***

AIN'T NO PRETTY CATCHPHRASES HERE

Backstage.

Chris Trutt.

And a very angry, wound-up animal pacing circles in the floor right behind him.

Oh, this can only end well.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... hi, everybody! I've got a guest with me right now and boy, if looks could kill, I'll tell you...

He chuckles. Very, very nervously.

Chris Trutt:

Right now with me... I've got "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace!

A nice welcome round of cheers erupts from The Faithful when The Killer Bear storms on set in full. He looks like he wants to be anywhere else right now --- possibly murdering someone whose name rhymes with Salvaro de Gargas -- but he also looks like he's got something on his mind.

Chris Trutt:

Now, Jack, I've...

Jack Mace:

Close your fuckin' mouth, Trutt.

Trutt does what the big hairy, scary man tells him to do.

Jack Mace:

Tonight, I ain't in a mood. Unlike that prick, Alvaro, short and sweet. I ain't here to sell a match or fire off a million pretty catchphrases like Al yelling "pendejo" twenty-six times in the same fuckin' promo...

The Killer Bear growls right ahead of him, speaking right to his rival of the past few weeks.

Jack Mace:

Al... no more pretty jokes. Despite all that Morrow did to me, I fought my way back here, I won, I earned my fuckin' freedom by soccer kickin' his chest until he blacked out. And when I fly me family in to celebrate that freedom... maybe actually ENJOY my career for the first time in two years after servin' that funny little dickhead, Tom Morrow and all the horrible things I did for him to make a few quid... you lay me out? Okay, fine. Not the first time I won't get up from...

His voice raises...

Jack Mace:

But you want to make this personal? SPIT on me father? AND me sister?

He growls.

Jack Mace:

Only ONE way this ends, tonight, Alvaro...

The words linger before Mace quickly eyes Trutt in case he has any more questions. When Chris says nothing, The Killer Bear storms off the set. Sweating bullets, Trutt eyes the camera and then looks like he shouldn't move as the show rolls on.

TYLER FUSE vs. MUSHIGIHARA

DDK:

Two weeks ago Tyler Fuse defeated David Fox. Now he has Mushigihara.

Lance:

Tyler has been rolling through everyone over these past few months. The God Beast, however, might be the top threat yet.

DDK:

To ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first... from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan... weighing two-hundred-ninety-four pounds... he is the King of the Monsters... MUSHIGIHARA!

♪ "Wake Up" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

The God Beast walks out to a good reaction from the Mississippi Faithful. He marches towards the ring.

DDK:

David Fox is not here tonight. I'm told he suffered a minor injury against Tyler Fuse in their match. Again, nothing major. He should return soon.

Mushi arrives at the apron, grabs the top rope and pulls himself up. He steps over the top rope to enter the ring-

WHAM!

DDK:

What the!?

Lance:

It's Tyler Fuse!

The OG Player appears seemingly out of nowhere with a crowbar in his hands. He smashes it across the back of Mushigihara, before the big man falls into the ring, face-first. Referee Brian Slater begins shouting at Tyler, as Mushi's theme music comes to an end and Tyler starts hammering the giant with additional crowbar shots.

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

It doesn't matter.

Tyler connects with a few more crowbar blows before tossing the object out of the ring. He falls to his knees and flips Mushigihara onto his back. Tyler gets to his feet and starts stomping Mushi in the neck and head. Over and over, it's relentless. The Faithful boo but Tyler sees no end in sight.

DDK:

I believe this match has been thrown out.

Brian Slater attempts to break it up but Tyler pushes him away. Fuse continues applying the boots until there's a small trickle of blood coming from Mushi's forehead. Finally, Tyler walks to the edge of the ring and snatches a microphone from Darren Quimbey's hands.

Tyler Fuse:

This right here...

Tyler points to Mushi.

Tyler Fuse:

Is *useless* material.

The fans boo.

Tyler Fuse:

Mushigihara has gone from main event star, fighting the likes of Cayle Murray and Kendrix, to barely having a week to week presence...

Tyler takes a moment to stomp Mushi's head in once more.

Tyler Fuse:

I will be DEFIANCE's purifier. No one wants to see this man anymore. He's a waste of your time and he's a waste of mine, too.

Tyler looks into the apron camera.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry Kuroyama, I want you to know if you ever cross my path again, you'll end up like this man. It's time I showed my worth...

Tyler drops the mic, methodically walking over to The God Beast. He peels the big man off the mat with all his might... and in an impressively display of strength, Tyler positions Mushigihara for what looks to be a piledriver or powerbomb.

DDK:

There's no way he can do this.

Tyler closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. With both arms he pulls Mushi into a piledriver and quickly drops down, throwing The Monster of Mito on his head.

Mushi doesn't move as Tyler easily discards him to the side. Fuse stands and stares coldly at the motionless giant while the fans jeer. Fuse turns to Slater.

Tyler Fuse:

By the way, they'll be no match...

And slips out of the ring.

DDK:

Like you even had to tell Brian that.

Fuse stoically walks up the rampway to a chorus of boos as DEFSEC come down to help Mushigihara. The scene switches to the announce team.

DDK:

So let me get this straight, it's a cheap attack by Tyler Fuse. If Tyler wants to PROVE Mushigihara is worthless, why

not go at him clean?

Lance:

It's a fair question.

DDK:

The piledriver did not look good.

Replays of the piledriver show.

Lance:

No, it did not. Mushigihara hasn't moved since.

DDK:

We're not going to show DEFSEC and Mushi right now, folks. We're going to stay here until he's removed from the ring and if we have an update, we'll certainly tell you.

There is an awkward silence from the announcers for a brief period.

Lance:

Don't forget, in two weeks we are in Atlanta. Followed by Miami for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

The announce team runs through additional information as best they can before The God Beast is stretchered to the back and the show returns to ringside.

THE BONGCLOUD ATTACK

DDK:

Another match down, Lance, a couple left to go. We still have a big match between ADV and Jack Mace tonight!

Lance:

And don't forget, a Unified Tag Team Championship match between the Saturday Night Specials and the Honor Society!

DDK:

I can't believe Ned Reform managed to weasel his way out of his match against Elise Ares, Lance. What kind of connection could the "doctor" possibly have with the Favoured Saints in order to pull that one off?

Lance:

Who would want to be friends with Ned Refor...

All I wanna do is... **BANG BANG**

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

The Mississippi Faithful unexpectedly rise to their feet as the lights in the Forrest County Multipurpose Center change to blue-violet and gold. Swaggering out from backstage is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, Elise Ares, under trademark LED sunglasses reading "CERTIFIED" "GENIUS". Wearing a matching crop top violet and gold leather jacket, Ares drops it to the ground before launching her sunglasses into the Faithful. Darren Quimbey stands in the ring confused as the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style makes her way to the ring hips asway.

DDK:

Well... this isn't on the docket tonight. I thought we were about to throw to a commercial.

Lance:

Elise Ares looks like she's ready for a match! The Pop Culture Phenoms didn't come out with her and poor Quimbey looks completely unprepared to make an introduction so he just... hasn't.

The South Beach Starlet struts across the ring apron, provocatively posing for the Faithful and entering the ring with a sense of purpose. Marching up to Darren Quimbey she smiles and releases the microphone from his hand and waves him along as the music cuts.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBYs! There's this really crazy rumor going around backstage that my match against Ned Reform tonight had been canceled by the Favoured Saints? Maybe they just forgot to tell me? Sooooo to me that sounds like I still have a match tonight. So if Hector or Carla could give me a hand... or hell I'd even take Brian at this point, why not? Thanks!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That's... that's not a referee.

Ned Reform and TA Cole, both dressed to compete for their tag match later tonight, barge through the curtain. Cole is carrying a wooden briefcase of some sort as he marches, and Reform is holding a mic. Reform continues his brisk stride as he speaks into the mic, stopping where the ramp begins.

Ned Reform:

Excuse me. Excuse me! Cut the music please.

The Honor Society's theme fades out as Reform paces back and forth, mic in hand.

Ned Reform:

I understand that you're generally very confused, but I will try to make this as clear as possible: we will not be wrestling tonight. In fact, I am wasting precious time just being out here right now - Mr. Cole and I should be preparing to become the new Unified Tag Team champions later this evening. However...

Reform holds up a single finger, both to emphasize the next point and silden the jeering crowd.

Ned Reform:

I am willing to engage you in a competition tonight. In fact, I am willing to face your entire band of merry morons. Just... not in the ring. In another game of wits!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

YES! Two weeks ago, children, I made a grave error: I challenged Ms. Ares here to an intellectual competition that was able to be won by dumb luck. That, I must confess, is my error. Trivia is a simpleton's game, and I lowered myself to it. Lesson learned, yes? But tonight!

Reform gestures to Cole, who swings open the wooden briefcase... turns out, it's not a briefcase at all, but it becomes a makeshift small wooden table... with a chessboard on top. Cole opens a small black potch that was stored inside to reveal black and white chess pieces.

Somewhere, a man named Brusch squeals. He is the only Faithful happy.

Ned Reform:

We will enter the arena of the truly learned... for I challenge YOU, Ms. Ares... and all your friends... to face Ned Reform one on one... IN CHESS! We will see who reigns supreme on the true battlefield of the elite.

Reform's melodrama is entering super-villain-like levels here.

Ned Reform:

Do you accept!?

Elise Ares:

As much as I normally enjoy playing games, BBY, I'd much rather you come down here and get the loss you deserve. What's wrong? Are you scared to touch a woman? I'll be gentle, I promise.

A smirk crosses Ares' face as she backs away from the ropes, leaving room for Ned to enter the ring. The Faithful begin to chant for Ned Reform to answer Elise's challenge as she patiently waits.

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

FIGHT!

Reform looks around at the chanting Faithful with disgust. He shakes his head in a manner that lets you know he has no intention of giving them what they want. Elise gives a very cute pouty face as he begins to answer.

Ned Reform:

Listen to me. Listen very closely. There will be all of eternity for us to meet as competitors in the ring. In fact, should you and your phallic friend asmass a few more victories in the record books, Mr. Cole and I will be happy to grant you a tag team championship opportunity after we secure the belts tonight. But that's not what this is about. Two weeks ago, you were very fortunate. And as a result, there are those...

Reform shudders. It takes great effort to get these next words out.

Ned Reform:

...there are those who are claiming that you are...

He gags. Pretends to throw up a little. Struggles again.

Ned Reform:

...as smart as I am.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Uh, I think they're saying she's smarter, actually.

Ned Reform:

And so this untruth must be squashed here before it has a chance to seep into the fabric of DEFIANCE lore. And so you ALL will face me in the game that separates the pretenders from the elite. And you will do so now. Unless, of course, you are willing to concede that you are no match for Dr. Ned Reform on the mental battlefield? That would save us some time. Yes?

Elise Ares sighs, pondering how to get out of playing another ridiculous game before...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The D leads Flex Kruger and Klein out to the stage area, marching right up to Ned with microphone in hand.

The D:

Do you really think you can defeat four people simultaneously in a battle of tactical brilliance? And you call yourself a doctor?! I'll have you know I've never gone a single game without being kinged. I'll be moving forwards AND backwards with such precision you won't even know what's going on! Back in the day I...

Klein immediately puts his hand over the microphone and pulls it down before The D can finish his bragging about being King of Fifth Grade Indoor Recess. Klein shakes his head and begins to whisper into The D's ear as Elise rolls out of the ring, then begins marching back up the aisle while Ned Reform responds.

Ned Reform:

Brilliant. Yes. Excellent. So shall we get started then? Mr. Cole?

Levi Cole hurriedly begins to place all the chess pieces in their starting positions. Reform steps back, giving himself some space as he begins to do jumping jacks. Following that, he reaches down to touch his toes as he stretches. After a quick PCP huddle, The D seems to proclaim himself as ready to be the first to challenge Reform. The D takes a seat next to the chessboard, locking eyes with The Good Doctor the entire time. Reform sits down across from, not breaking eye contact himself. He gestures to his side.

Ned Reform:

BEGIN!

Ned gestures as if allowing The D the first move. The D raises an eyebrow, peering at the board and thinking deeply... when he suddenly grabs his king and moves it across the board... diagonally. Satisfied with his play, he leans back in his chair and grins.

The D:

Your move, baldy.

Reform blinks twice, looking at the board.

Ned Reform:

You can't... you can't do that.

The D:

But... I DID!

The D proclaims then laughs as if that's the most outrageous thing he's ever heard. But Elise catches his eye and sadly shakes her head "no" with a deep sigh confirming that Reform is unfortunately correct.

Ned Reform:

You're disqualified. NEXT!

The D rises, shaking his head in annoyance. He keeps muttering.

The D:

This guy isn't a doctor! He's not even a referee! This game is more rigged than that game of high card where I totally annihilated that guy and they told me I bust.

Klein:

That was blackjack.

A hand appears on The D's shoulder... the hand of Klein. Klein makes a calming motion, lightly leading his buddy away from the chessboard. Reform, meanwhile, puts the king back to its starting position.

The D:

The D's gotta bust Klein. The D's gotta...

Klein:

It's okay, I think I have this one figured out. I learned from a master in the park one day. Or a Cracker Barrel. I can't remember.

Klein fills the seat opposite Reform. Ned shakes his head in amusement and again gestures, allowing Klein to make the first move. Klein studies the board, tapping his fingers against his own knee while deep in thought. Finally, he puts his fingers on his bishop... and jumps a pawn.

Problem is, it was his own pawn.

Lance:

Definitely a Cracker Barrel.

Reform gives a very Jim Halpert-esque look into the camera as if he invites everyone to watch this nonsense with him. Finally, he turns to Klein, who is eagerly awaiting Reform's countermove.

Ned Reform:

You are also disqualified. Please stand up.

The crowd boos as Klein looks around confused. He starts motioning to the D that Ned isn't wearing a referee's shirt so how can he disqualify people. The D consoles him in the same manner.

DDK:

So far, this is going exactly the way Ned Reform would have wanted.

Lance:

Any chance we're going to get back to wrestling matches any time soon?

DDK:

We can only hope.

Klein reluctantly stands, his fists clenched in anger. Suddenly, he shoots both his hands out and grips the board tightly. The crowd comes alive and Reform's eyes go wide as Klein threatens to topple the whole thing over - he looks out into The Faithful as if to ask, "should I?" They respond in the affirmative while Reform shakes his head "no." Cole moves to intercept Klein... but before Reform's TA can stop him... Flex of all people steps in to stop his stablemate.

Flex Kruger:

I've played chess before, it's important that a peak physical specimen can flex his brain as hard as his pectorals and biceps.

Elise Ares:

Wait... he can talk?

Klein looks at Flex. Looks at The D. Looks at Elise. They all shrug. Flex takes the seat as Reform is absolutely giddy with laughter at this new challenger.

Ned Reform:

Try not to think too hard, my muscle bound companion. I wouldn't want you to pull something.

Reform laughs again and Levi Cole, ever the kiss ass, also howls with exaggerated laughter. Pretending to wipe tears from his eyes, Reform lets Flex know that he is free to move first. Flex studies the board for a moment... places his hand on one of the chess pieces... Reform, PCP, the announcers, and all The Faithful hold their breath in anticipation... ..and Flex successfully moves a piece!! He is not disqualified!! He has made a legal move!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

You show him, Flex!

Reform is smiling and shaking his head, seemingly impressed with even a baseline of competence. He does a mock golf clap. The Good Doctor, without even looking at the board, places a hand on one of his own pieces and moves it forward. Flex looks at the board, thinking about his next move. The D and Klein move in to offer their thoughts, but he shoos them away as he continues to stare. Only Elise stands off to the side, arms folding and shaking her head as if this is all a gigantic waste of time.

Flex makes his move. A smirking Reform immediately responds. Flex moves again. This time, Reform puts his hand on one of his pieces... but pauses. He studies the board. Raises an eyebrow. Squints suspiciously. Takes his hand off the piece, pulling back and rubbing his chin.

Lance:

Flex is... Flex is holding his own here!

The crowd begins to heckle Reform as he thinks, but Ned doesn't seem to be paying them any mind. The Philosopher King finally reaches out and moves a piece. He seems satisfied with his choice... until Flex quickly responds. Ned's eyes go wide and he actually stands up from his chair, putting both hands on his hips and looking down at the board in slight concern. The camera man moves right up into his face, and he locks eyes with the lens before swatting it away.

Ned Reform:

Out of my way.

Reform continues to glare at the board, stroking his beard. His head tilts suddenly, as if he's now looking at the board from a new angle. Slowly, a smile breaks out on his face. He looks up at Flex.

Ned Reform:

Decent attempt, dear boy... but I've got you now.

With a swift motion, Reform moves a piece. He knocks over one of Flex's pieces.

Ned Reform:

Should have protected your queen. You fell right into my trap.

Now it's Flex's turn to look distressed. It would appear that Reform has him on the ropes. The Good Doctor sits back down in his chair, folding his arms and smirking.

Ned Reform:

It was a good attempt, but this match is over. Make the only move that you can so I can end this.

Flex stares at the board, shaking his head in what appears to be acceptance of Reform's words. He begins to move his hand toward the board...

Elise Ares:

Wait! Hmmm... it's been a while, but I'm pretty sure you can do this...

Ned and Flex both turn to look at Elise, who is walking forward to take position next to the seated Klein. Elise looks at the board for a moment before smiling.

Elise Ares:

Check this out, Flexipoo, if you move this dorky tower thing over this way by the pony...

Reform barks out a laugh.

Ned Reform:

It's not your turn yet, bimbo. Why don't you wait until I...

While staring daggers at Reform, Elise swiftly reaches down and moves a single chess piece. She folds her arms and raises an eyebrow.

Elise Ares:

Matchpoint!

Everyone stares blankly back at Ares as she squints a bit.

Elise Ares:

Touchdown! Tender match! Uno? Checkmate! Is that the word I'm looking for?

Reform smiles. Looks at the board. Slowly... slowly... ever so slowly... the color drains from Reform's face. His eyes begin to bug out.

Ned Reform:

What..... what? WHAT!?

Elise Ares:

THAT WAS THE WORD! YOU LOSE BALD MAN! EL BURRO SABE MAS QUE TU!

Flex jumps to his feet as Elise Ares begins to dance in celebration. The Faithful roar triumphantly as The D and Klein throw their arms in the air and begin running around in the background, becoming her impromptu hype men.

DDK:

Elise Ares just did it again! She outsmarted Ned Reform at his own game!

Lance:

These last two showings from Elise have to be the least likely things I think I've ever witnessed on DEFtv. What is even happening? She's an idiot savant!

DDK:

Maybe she is a genius?! Is that possibly a real thing?!

TA Cole tries to point out something on the chess board but Ned Reform flips the entire thing scattering pieces all over the stage. As the Pop Culture Phenoms lift Elise Ares onto their shoulders, Reform begins to kick the pieces out into the crowd at the Faithful. Mincing him, Cole begins to do the same but many of them fall short and simply roll off the stage. Reform picks up the board and rips it in half before launching the pieces individually into the air like a frisbee while "Live For The Night" by Krewella serenades his temper tantrum.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



NUMERO UNO Y NUMERO DOS

DDK:

We've seen an intense night of in-ring action so far! We saw Tyler Fuse mix it up with Mushigihara and Titaness overcoming The Game Boy to earn the right to face Teresa Ames one-on-one at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, but later tonight we'll be seeing two former business associates going one-on-one between "El Sol Dorado" Alvaro de Vargas and "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace.

Lance:

We saw the trials and tribulations that Tom Morrow put Jack Mace through after kicking him out of Better Future Talent Agency, who have just fallen into complete shambles as of late. The Lucky Sevens were released from their contracts for their destructive behavior against both staff and DEFIANCE Wrestlers. Jestal's contract has been held up and Morrow literally only has Alvaro now.

DDK:

Jack Mace got his freedom from Morrow and destroyed him in a mostly one-sided steel cage match, but ADV couldn't leave well enough alone. We've seen him get obsessive over revenge like he did with Henry Keyes.

Lance:

DEFTv 169, Alvaro de Vargas jumped Jack Mace and then spit on his father and sister, Randall and Esme Mace. They had nothing to do with anything, but Alvaro has to go and make things personal to get ahead. And on 170, the two men fought in the main event of DEFTv teaming alongside The Saturday Night Specials and The Lucky Sevens. They fought backstage and after that, tonight's match was made between th...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Lance almost jumps out of his chair!

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in street clothes... an unzipped sleeveless black hoodies, his wrestling tights and red-tinted sunglasses, the fiery giant Cuban doesn't pose on the ramp.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Que bola, pendejos! Apaga la música ahora! Shut that shit off... now.

Alvaro is quickly approaching the ring starting to unzip his hoodie.

DDK:

This match is scheduled a little later, but I guess Alvaro has something he wants to say...

Lance:

That doesn't surprise me one bit. If he's not talking, it's because he's sleeping.

El Sol Dorado walks out to loud jeers from the Hattiesburg crowd and then climbs inside the ring.

DDK:

What does he want? I'd ask what other fuel he can pour onto this fire between he and Mace, but... well, look who we're talking about.

The fans of Mississippi give Alvaro the riot act in the form of mighty big booing, but ADV presses on.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Close your fucking mouths, pendejos. A star is talking now!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

They get louder, so ADV does as well.

Alvaro de Vargas:

First off, there WILL be justice for The Better Future Talent Agency! Tom Morrow is fighting to get the jobs back of The Lucky Sevens for being UNJUSTLY kicked out of this promotion. YOU fuckers screwed THEM out of a title match they earned! And WE'RE the bad guys!

As he's taken to doing lately, he literally spits on the mat beneath him. Not sanitary at all.

Alvaro de Vargas:

But I'm not here to fight their battles... I'm here to fight this one I shouldn't even have to fight against Jack Mace... the alleged Oso Asesino... Killer Bear? More like perra perdida... a lost... little puppy dog. Since this issue started between you and me, pendejo, you fail to understand your place in the DEFIANCE food chain. Because I'm un chico muy agradable... a very nice guy... I brought along some pictures so that you and even people who are actually proud to be from Biloxi or Shitsville... wherever paid big money to have REAL stars like us show up... These pictures are going to show how big the gap is between me... Numero Uno... and you, Oso Asesino... Numero Dos...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Hattiesburg!

He points at the DEFIAtron. A picture of Alvaro de Vargas, victorious in his first pay-per-view as the first recruit of Better Future Talent Agency, standing over Uriel Cortez.

Alvaro de Vargas:

That is me. Ascension Night One, 2020. Alvaro de Vargas... El Sol Dorado... proved that no matter how big or how small you are... THIS PROMOTIONS REVOLVES AROUND **ME!**

The next slide shows Jack Mace when he was much heavier... about a hundred pounds or so... being a second to Oscar Burns and "Bantam" Ryan Batts as The WrestleFriends.

DDK:

This is when Ryan Batts and Jack Mace made their debut as a team with Oscar Burns. It was Oscar Burns who brought both men into DEFIANCE in the first place to help him against Scott Stevens and the Stevens Dynasty.

ADV grins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

THIS... this man pretending to walk around like some sort of badass when the biggest singles victory that he's ever had is kicking around Tom Morrow in a cage. A man who isn't even a trained wrestler... THIS is him. That hairy piece of shit in the fake bearskin. THAT's the monster you pendejos cheer?

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Of course you do. Next slide, please.

Then fast forward to DEFIANCE Road - Feb 4th, 2021. When Jack Mace made his return as a member of Better Future Talent Agency.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You'd floundered on the main roster like everyone knew you would, Jackie. You got sent to BRAZEN in 2019 and sat there for over a year, just barely avoiding getting cut from this roster while you had to lose a hundred pounds. You were lost... completamente perdido y sin propósito. Until Better Future Talent Agency came along... until *I* came

along... and gave you a future!

He presses on despite jeers. Then to a slide of Jack Mace from DEFIANCE Road 2022 when Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens physically assaulted Mace and then threw him out of the group.

Alvaro de Vargas:

And then the day that you fucking ruined it, Jack. The day arruinaste todo.... You ruined everything. You whined and begged and pleaded for more opportunities... but you couldn't win the Favoured Saints Championship. You couldn't win a major pay-per-view match after we signed you. You habitual fuckup! No hiciste nada bien! You did nothing right!

The next one shows some of Alvaro de Vargas' achievements! That same night at DEFIANCE Road in February 2021.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pinning that pendejo that calls himself DEFIANCE... Oscar Burns. That's ME spiking his head into the canvas with a piledriver!

Then a clip of ADV's announcement on the TEFP Top 100 List.

Alvaro de Vargas:

TEFP Top 100! Number 23, my first time making that list... a list YOU'VE never been on.

Then a slide of various wrestlers... Scott Stevens. The Game Boy. Flex Kruger. Minute. Uriel Cortez. Henry Keyes.

Alvaro de Vargas:

My Burn Victims... don't worry. You can still make THAT list.

The crowd continues to jeer loudly, but ADV moves on. He rolls a finger for the next slide on the DEFIatron. The most recent review of the ACE of DEFIANCE UNCUT Special from coveted wrestling reviewer Tim Tillinghast.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Malak Garland stole that ACE from me... but still... I carried six other DEFIANCE stars to the best matches of their careers! El Sol Dorado! Five Stars! I proved that night El Sol Dorado burns with the fire of FIVE suns, pendejo! Now... let's look at YOUR achievements in DEFIANCE, Jack Mace...

One more slide...

And lots of jeers for the bad joke while Alvaro is laughing like an asshole.

DDK:

That's disrespectful.

Lance:

Does he really think making Jack Mace angrier before their match is a smart thing to do?

Alvaro looks at the camera near ringside.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You have ONE chance, Oso Asesino... you either forfeit tonight's match... you walk away with your tail between your legs and acknowledge me as superior... or I might book a flight out to the UK... I can do more than spit on your frail little papi... or I can introduce tu hermana to a different bodily fluid of mine...

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

LOUD cheers... no, not because of the utterly appalling thing that Alvaro de Vargas just said about Mace's older sister...

Jack Mace, RUSHING down the ramp!

DDK:

Jack Mace has heard all he's going to take! Alvaro sees him coming!

Lance:

These two aren't going to wait for bell time!

Alvaro rips off his jacket and tosses it down before sliding out of the ring to meet Mace on the ramp... but The Killer Bear HOISTS him up and DRILLS him right against the ring apron before he starts battering El Sol Dorado with a number of right hands upside the head!

DDK:

Jack living up to his moniker as a Killer Bear! He's mauling de Vargas right now!

But before long, Alvaro fights back by clawing at the eye of Mace, then RAMMING him down to the ground as well! The two men continue to fight until several members of DEFSec, as well as some of the DEFIANCE officials spill out! Alvaro tries to kick at Mace, but Jack grabs his foot and then SLUGS him with a stiff headbutt to the face! The crowd cheers when he tackles Alvaro to the ground again!

DDK:

DEFSec and Officials are trying to break these two up! They're supposed to be in competition later tonight, but neither man is going to wait!

Lance:

I'm... I'm being told we have to take a quick commercial break... and that the match is being moved up! If we can get some order restored, Jack Mace will go one-on-one with his tormentor, Alvaro de Vargas, after this break!

Mace continues to try and tear through DEFSec to get to Alvaro as the show goes to a commercial!

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN



ALVARO de VARGAS vs. JACK MACE

When the show returns from a break, the fans in Hattiesburg are being treated to two large men beating the ever-loving hell out of one another in the ring! Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace are being booed and cheered respectively with each forearm swing they can throw at one another! Referee Benny Doyle is in the middle watching the action!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, if you were just joining us, we've got one-on-one match! This bad blood has been brewing for weeks and just exploded before our last commercial break between Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace!

Lance:

Benny Doyle had to rush to ringside while DEFSec broke these two up! Now, we've got action here tonight!

Alvaro buries a pair of knees into Mace's chest, then sends The Killer Bear flying into the corner, but the crafty and cunning ADV gets his foot up first! Mace stumbles back when ADV charges... only to get caught and TOSSED overhead with a huge belly-to-belly suplex to the delight of The Faithful!

DDK:

And these men are going tooth and nail at one another! Jack Mace already up! He wants payback for Alvaro attacking him and then embarrassing he and his family in Texas a few weeks ago. All cause he had the gumption to walk away from BFTA!

ADV stumbles up when Mace catches him by the side... then throws him with a release German suplex! Mace stands up and then unleashes a loud roar, reciprocated by the thousands in attendance! He waits as ADV gets up, only to pick him up one more time... this time, a massive gutwrench suplex! Mace rolls over for the cover!

ONE... TWO...NO!

El Sol Dorado kicks out!

DDK:

A trio of different suplexes by Mace, but Alvaro managing to hang on! No feeling out process, no pretty mat wrestling! It's all bombs so far!

Lance:

Neither man backing down, but right now, Jack Mace is in the driver's seat.

DEFIANCE's Wild Man stands up and then goes to charge at Alvaro in the corner with a running shoulder tackle, but ADV moves at the last second...

CLANG!

DDK:

No! Mace hits the steel first! He charged blindly and Alvaro saw it coming!

Alvaro grabs Mace by his hair and trunks before he pitches him through the ropes. He pushes The Killer Bear out to the floor and takes a moment to catch his breath before he steps out on the ring apron. He has an evil glint in his eye and a sinister grin on his face as he points at a hurting Mace, trying to stand on the floor. Once Mace gets up...

SOMERSAULT APRON DIVE BY ADV!

The crowd loses their minds when the 6'8" Alvaro takes a huge risk, but it appears to be worth the reward because both men are down!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas with that rolling senton off the apron! Picture perfect, he wipes out Jack Mace!

With Alvaro starting to sit up first, he starts to lean up and mimics a fireball-type explosion with his hands first, garnering more jeering. He slowly starts to rise up, then grabs Jack Mace first by pushing him back inside. Alvaro taunts Mace and then starts to climb...

DDK:

Wait... where is ADV going now? We've seen him do that rolling senton, but what is this?

Alvaro de Vargas perches himself on the top rope... then points at the sky... then takes flight...

MACE ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

ADV barely lands on his feet after trying a diving double foot stomp. He turns to see Mace trying to get to his feet in the corner. He charges, but when he gets there... Mace CRACKS him under the jaw with a European uppercut! He staggers backwards when Mace shoots himself out of the corner and launches himself right at Alvaro with a huge running shoulder tackle! The Faithful cheer as he bowls Alvaro right over!

DDK:

Oooof! Alvaro misses what could have been a DEADLY stomp off the top, but Mace returns fire with a dropkick! And he's not done!

The Killer Bear launches himself back up while Alvaro is down, then heads off the ropes to deliver a HARD running senton across the chest! ADV thrashes about after the blow when Mace turns around and goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Another big kickout by Jack Mace! There's no holding back so far from either man. They both want this win and want to be out of the other's hair!

DDK:

And look at Jack Mace! He's gearing up!

While Alvaro is still trying to sit up, Mace starts to stomp his foot and gets the crowd chanting, yelling "Oi!" with each stomp!

Jack Mace:

Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi!

OI! OI! OI! OI! OI!

Mace runs off the ropes and tries what is becoming his popular Roy Kent Kick... but before he can connect... ADV GOOZLES HIM BY THE THROAT! He KIPS to his feet while holding Mace by his throat...

CHOKESLAM!

DDK:

No! ADV saw the kick coming! And counters from the kip-up right down! ADV with a cover now!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Before the three hits, the shoulder of Mace rises off the mat! ADV shouts at Benny Doyle and slaps his hand. "UNO! DOS! TRES!"

Lance:

Not agreeing with the count of Benny Doyle, but that's not just any official... that's DEFIANCE's most experienced and head official. That count was perfect.

ADV climbs on Mace's chest and throws down with a number of clubbing forearms across his body to wear down The Killer Bear. He tries putting his guard up, but he continues to rain down shots until Doyle orders him to break on a five-count. Alvaro punches away until three and then backs off while Mace tries to crawl upward.

DDK:

What's Alvaro doing now?

With Mace in his sights, Alvaro runs forward and delivers a soccer-style kick of his own to the chest of The Killer Bear, nailing him square in the ribs! As he doubles over in pain, Alvaro holds both hands up to tell the crowd that the kick was good! He taps an ear as the crowd continues jeering and then spins around to crush Mace in the corner as he tries standing! The running corner clothesline connects and that leaves DEFIANCE's Wild Man hunched over for the moment.

DDK:

ADV talking trash to Jack in the corner now. That won't win you the match, Alvaro!

He taps him across the face and smirks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Be right back, pendejo.

With another run, ADV speeds to one side of the ring and then comes back for another big move... but before can hit the move, Jack Mace CATCHES him in his arms... then drops him right over with a huge Jackdrop Suplex!

DDK:

Big move by Jack Mace! Jackdrop Suplex out of the corner! Lateral press!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

ADV uses the power of his legs to kick out of the cover! Now it's Mace's turn to get frustrated, but unlike ADV, he doesn't waste any time yelling at the official.

DDK:

These men are literally throwing whatever they can at the other! All that time in Better Future Talent Agency together means they know each other well and have scouted the other's moves.

The ailing ADV starts rolling away to move as far back from Mace as he can. He rolls through the ropes, but before he can get too far, The Killer Bear grabs him with both hands by his hair! He tries to pull ADV back into the ring, but ADV hurls a quick elbow to the side of his head, then pulls him out to the apron again. He looks out to the crowd and tries another chokeslam... but Mace throws own elbows to free himself!

Lance:

That chokeslam on the ring apron might have been the end of it if he landed! But now what's Mace doing?

Jack Mace elbows his way out, then he tries to suplex him on the ring apron itself as well... but ADV frantically fights and squirms until he BITES Mace's forehead! Mace yelps out and has to let go when ADV clubs him in the back of the head. He then musters all the strength he can to get Mace up...

BACK SUPLEX ON THE RING APRON!

DDK:

OH, NO! NO! THAT BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX MIGHT HAVE ENDED THIS!

The crowd CRINGES when he hits the ring apron (hArDeSt PaRt oF tHe RiNg!)? ADV rolls over and pushes him back underneath the bottom rope... then gets back into the ring. ADV takes his time while Mace is still not moving for the moment. ADV climbs up to the middle rope... then leaps off and delivers the diving double foot stomp to his chest!

DDK:

Ooooooh! Back suplex on the ring apron and that double stomp! That has to be it! Has to be!

ADV arrogantly covers the leg of Mace and laughs.

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

Then the laughter dies! He shoots Benny Doyle a hateful gaze, then points at Mace to yell it was a three-count! Doyle holds up two fingers!

DDK:

We've seen first hand how tough Jack Mace is. He's returned to DEFIANCE with a renewed drive to hm after what Morrow did to him!

ADV decides that he's done. He grabs the body of Mace and pulls him up slowly by the hair. He starts to slowly set him up for Ardiendo. The crowd jeers heavily when they know the piledriver is coming. He hooks the body of Mace... but as he tries to lift, Jack counters back! DEFIANCE's Wild Man kicks and then SHOVES him over with a back body drop! ADV is in pain while Mace is left in pain, just hanging by the ropes!

DDK:

Uh-oh... Mace sees an opening! I think he's thinking Roy Kent Kick?

He still holds his back... but then rushes across the ring... then CRACKS him in the chest with a huge soccer ball kick! ADV goes reeling as the crowd cheers him on!

Lance:

And he gets it! But... he's calling for one more!

DDK:

He wiped Tom Morrow out with these kicks at DEFCON! The Faithful have loved seeing this move since he incorporated it into his arsenal!

Mace takes his time as El Sol Dorado tries to get up... then nearly KICKS his soul out of his body with Roy Kent Kick Number Two! ADV is holding his chest in pain while Mace plays to the crowd, holding up a finger for one more!

DDK:

And if hits the third one... this is over!

Jack is taking his time with the last kick after the abuse he's absorbed, but he's hell bent on getting it. ADV tries to cradle his hand over his chest when Jack Mace lines him up... he runs for Roy Kent Kick number three...

BUT GETS BLASTED WITH A HUGE RIGHT BY ALVARO AND COLLAPSES!

DDK:

WHAT?!

ADV has a chain wrapped around his hand in full view of Benny Doyle, who calls for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING!

Lance:

ADV had that chain! We've seen him use that chain to assist that spinning backfist, Garra del Tigre, before! But Mace had no idea the chain was on his hand and he just got sluged!

The camera cuts back to Jack Mace as the bell continues to ring... and Alvaro has the chain on his hand! He holds a chest with his free hand -- no doubt still reeling from being kicked viciously twice... but he swings...

GARRE DEL TIGRE WITH THE CHAIN!

Mace goes **SPILLING** through the ropes and the big man collapses to the floor while ADV holds the chain up proudly.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a disqualification... **JACK MACE!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

ADV leans against the ropes and kisses the chain while Jack Mace is on the floor... now bleeding from his head!

DDK:

Two big shots with that chain just busted him open! Mace was on track to win that match when he broke that chain out! And look! Alvaro isn't done!

He unwraps the chain from around hand and then climbs to the outside... to **STRANGLE** Mace with it! He pulls back on the chain, trying to choke Mace while Doyle continues calling for the bell! But ADV isn't listening!

DING DING DING DING DING!

Doyle leaves the ring, but ADV isn't letting go! He continues choking Mace with the chain as the non-bloody parts of his face start to turn purple! ADV cranks back a few more moments until he sees more DEFSec spilling out from the back. Before any more incidents occur, he lets go of Mace, and then stands with a foot on the chest of The Killer Bear!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

This match was shaping up to be a great knockdown dragout fight, but ADV takes the disqualification to use that chain of his! Any battle you can walk away from in his eyes, makes him the real winner.

Lance:

There's no way these two are done after tonight! It won't be the last that Alvaro de Vargas sees from Mace!

ADV starts to hobble to the back, limping but feeling like a winner right now cause he's the one that gets to walk out under his own power. He slowly meanders to the back behind the curtain, holding the chain one more time above his head as he takes his leave. Meanwhile, DEFSec attends to Jack Mace, still bloodied up from the chain and barely conscious after being choked out.

MODELS, EXPENSIVE DRINKS... THIS IS THE LIFE

Somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico
The Day of DEFTV 171

In the background the soft sounds of...

♪ "Sailing" by Christopher Ross ♪

Plays as the sun shines down on a yacht somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico. Women in their string bikinis, sunbathing and feeding the SOHER Champion Scrow grapes while laying on a beach chair with a pair of shades on. A tequila sunrise in one hand and his other hand rubbing the championship he has around his waist.

Scrow:

Ahhhh...fresh sunshine, open waters, no mouth breathers, no hillbillies from Mississippi around to breathe the same air as the greatest Southern Heritage Champion....EVER! SCROW!

He chews on another grape from a girl in a green bikini.

Scrow:

Nothing can ruin this moment....

As though on cue, Scrow's cell rings on the table.

Lady in Pink Bikini:

Scrowie your phone is ringing.

Scrow:

Sigh, answer it will you.

Lady in Pink Bikini:

Hello....Who am I? This is Lorelei, who is this?.... Why are you yelling?

Scrow:

Who is it Lei.

Lorelei:

It's some grouchy woman....she sounds old...

She quickly pulls the phone from her ear as you can clearly hear the shouting from the other end.

Scrow:

Give it to him.

She hands the phone to Scrow.

Scrow:

The number you have reached is no longer in service.....BEEEEPPPP!

Minerva Hive:

SCROW YOU HANG THIS FUCKING PHONE UP WE SWEAR TO GOD!

Scrow:

Hive?.... Scrow thought you were on the cruise. Where exactly are you?

Minerva Hive:

Oh, how nice of you to ask, we are at O'Hare International Airport. We are about to board the plane for Jackson-Medgar Wiley Evers International. Guess what? We just got off the phone with Ravanna.

Scrow:

Ah, what's the old hag up to lately?

Minerva Hive:

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR DAMN MIND!?

Scrow:

Whoaa.....whoaaaa you are doing that thing again, you know talking and ruining my mood.

Minerva Hive: *[You can tell her frustration on the phone as she growls]*

You no show me at 170, and now you are out somewhere in God knows where...

Scrow:

Well, Scrow is about 500 miles off the coast to be precise.

Growling continues.

Minerva Hive:

Breath Hive...breath...Scrow did you see what Henry did to Rezin?

Scrow:

Took a magic boat ride?

Minerva Hive:

NO! They beat the utter shit out of each other! You will never guess who won?

Scrow:

No...but Scrow is sure you are going to tell him.

Minerva Hive:

Henry has two wins under his belt....do you plan on addressing this situation anytime soon?

Scrow: *[munching on some grapes for a moment]*

Minerva, it has come to Scrow's attention that you are awfully tense. You could have been on this yacht he rented and be relaxing soaking up the sun and forgetting about the piety things in life.

Minerva Hive: *[trying to collect herself]*

Let's try this if Henry is your next opponent and you lose, it will not be our head it will be YOURS!

Scrow:

What do you have a head hunter or something?

Minerva Hive:

You know damn well who you will be on the bad side with and believe us you do not want to be on his bad side.

Scrow:

Ooooo the big bad Crimson Lord, the man that couldn't even beat Oscar Burns! News flash Minerva...SCROW BEAT OSCAR BURNS! Now see what you did you ruined my nirvana....Goodbye!

Scrow hangs the phone up and tosses it out into the sea and repositions himself to try and get back into complete nirvana.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

THAT'S THE SPOT

The scene is set up inside the ring. A throwback SNES style mat covers the canvas. There are two bean bag chairs in front of a tube television screen, looking like something out of the 80s. There's an NES, SNES and Sega Genesis hooked up to the television and a bunch of games scattered around in-between the consoles and the bean bag chairs.

DDK:

So this is going to be... well... two years ago, Conor Fuse introduced an interview segment called [The Game Spot](#). He debuted it when he interviewed Magaldena, but it was a trap, a way to lure out Deacon. And that's when The Game Boy debuted. He viciously assaulted Deacon, putting Deac through a tube television, much like the one you see before you.

Lance:

Key word, two years ago. But Malak Garland demanded a segment like this for DEFtv and since Conor is part of The Comments Section, I guess he's obligated to do it.

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

The crowd erupts as Conor Fuse makes his way out. Upon viewing what's in front of him, The Ultimate Gamer looks rather apprehensive but either way he smiles for the crowd and attempts to pump them up. Conor sports lime green Adidas track pants and his DEFIANCE-branded 8-BIT BADASS t-shirt. Unfortunately, he has to wear a trademarked COMMENTS SECTION headband. It's white with hashtags of internet trolling comments, lots of Lindsay Troy sucks and Deacon slander.

Fuse arrives at ringside. He jumps onto the apron and then clears the ropes with another leap, landing on his feet but flawlessly collapsing into a bean bag chair after. Conor picks up a controller, pretends to play and then shakes his head before dropping the controller as his theme song closes. Fuse rises from the chair.

Conor's handed a microphone. It takes him a moment because the fans are chanting heavily.

Conor Fuse:

Hellooooooooo!

Another cheer.

Conor Fuse:

Let's be real, this thing is not gonna go according to plan. That's because this wasn't my plan to begin with!

Fuse surveys The Game Spot setting.

Conor Fuse:

But this used to be my bit and you know what... my bit it will be. A lot of people are questioning what I will do at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. If Malak Garland walks out with the FIST, Conor Fuse is free from The Comments Section forever...

The fans boo at the first part of Conor's statement.

Conor Fuse:

Well before that nimrod, Malak Garland, comes out here, let me be clear... Conor Fuse is an HONEST gamer. I got myself into this Comments Section mess and I, and only I, will get myself out of it.

He looks dead into the apron camera.

Conor Fuse:

At the expense of NO ONE ELSE.

The Faithful cheer.

Conor Fuse:

And I-

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

BBBBBB000000000000000000000000000000.

The arena is unglued as Malak Garland appears behind the curtain. He shakes his head with displeasure but also looks like he expected no less from cOnOr. The Snowflake Superstar reveals he's not alone. The Game Boy appears, as haunting, muscular and looming as ever before. Even though you can only see The Game Boy's eyes from beneath his Nintendo-styled luchador mask, he does not look happy after losing earlier in the night to Titaness by countout.

Garland casually strolls down the rampway, Game Boy by his side. The feed switches to Conor inside the ring. The gamer paces, obviously not surprised he was interrupted.

Garland gingerly walks up the steel steps alongside his Game Boy. The massive 6'6", 300+ lb henchman looks like he was ripped right out of a Batman comic book as he tugs the top and middle rope open for Garland to easily slip through. Game Boy steps over the top rope and both men stand in front of Conor.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Garland snatches the microphone from Fuse.

Malak Garland:

Aren't you going to... [head tilt] welcome me?

Conor tells his rival who no longer has the microphone.

Malak Garland:

I am the number one contender to the FIST World Championship!

BBBBBB000000000000000000000000000000!!!

DDK:

No surprise here with The Faithful booing at Malak misrepresenting the name of the main title.

Lance:

Albeit likely on purpose, Keeps. Malak is a world class troll.

Malak Garland:

It's okay, cOnOr. I will welcome myself. I am the next FIST Championship belt winner! I am the tender, upbeat, main event of this company! I AM DEFIANT! I AM MALAK GARLAND!

Hard boos. The fans in Mississippi can't stand this guy.

Malak Garland:

And I-

BOOM!

♪ "The Resistance" by Skillet ♪

A massive shot of pyro EXPLODES from the rampway. Malak Garland is startled AF and so is Conor Fuse. The Game Boy, however, doesn't flinch.

Soon, Magdalena is at the top of the stage and then the champion, the FIST, the legendary Deacon follows, title over his shoulder.

DDK:

What an ovation for one of wrestling's all-time names!

Lance:

And it's a complicated situation. One month from now Malak Garland will challenge for the FIST with Conor Fuse the Guest Enforcer!

The match graphic for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE shows at the bottom left-hand corner of the television feed as Deacon and Magdalena make their way to ringside. Deacon grabs the middle rope and pulls himself onto the apron. He steps over the top rope, too, just like Game Boy while Magdalena enters up the stairs and through the ropes without an escort like Malak.

Skillet fades, leaving a Gregorian chant as the champion stands face-to-face with his challenger...

Garland doesn't back down but only because to his left, standing DIRECTLY beside him is The Game Boy. TGB rotates his shoulders and cracks his neck. Garland looks up at Deacon, the energy of the crowd allows the interaction to continue without intervention...

Until Malak Garland pulls away and brings the mic to his face.

Malak Garland:

Okay, Sub-Zero.

Malak rolls his eyes.

Malak Garland:

It's clear I am the next champion but...

Garland shoves the mic into Conor Fuse's hands.

Malak Garland:

This shit sipper over here won't moderate this interview segment like he's supposed to!

Conor smacks his forehead. Before he's even able to speak, Garland takes the mic back.

Malak Garland:

I am the next champion because cOnOr fUsE is gonna do as I say. He's gonna enforce the FIST Championship match and make sure no silly business [pointing at Deacon] from you and your little friend ends up happening. And if for some reason cOnOr fUsE doesn't do the right thing then I am going to make his life a living hell, EVEN MOAR OF A HELL THAN BEFORE.

The fans are fuming and so are the others inside the ring. Garland continues on his soap box.

Malak Garland:

I am so DEFIANT. I am the DEFIANCE staple. I am the one everyone needs in the main event spotlight. Not-

The arena pops LOUDLY! Magdalena snatches the microphone from the challenger.

Magdalena:

Everyone keeps saying that, saying they're DEFIANCE. There's a lot of people who are DEFIANCE - Oscar Burns [BOOOOO], Lindsay Troy [CHEERS]... but at least they had the common decency to have waited until they held THIS!

Magdalena slaps the gold on Deacon's shoulder.

Magdalena:

But there's a lot of people who are DEFIANCE. Dex Joy [CHEERS]. Elise Ares [CHEERS]. Titeness, Rezin, & the Saturday Night Specials [CHEERS]. I have no problem even saying Conor's fouler tempered brother, Tyler, as DEFIANCE. The problem is that what each person claiming to "BE DEFIANCE" is trying to do is to say that they represent the best in DEFIANCE. And the problem with that is [Magdalena turns to the towering Deacon, looks at the championship on his shoulder, and smirks] this right here says that particular job is already taken, unless you are able to take it o-

Malak nods.

DDK:

Look out!

Suddenly, The Game Boy roars forward in the direction of Deacon and Magdalena but Conor Fuse jumps in front and puts a stop to it. He leans hard into The Game Boy's chest, jumps back and then roundhouse kicks at his former friend. Game Boy is nimble enough he's not hit with the shot but Magdalena swings Conor around to face her and The Deacon. She seems to be saying how her and Deacon can look after themselves. This allows Game Boy to recollect himself and charge forward once again...

Conor nails Game Boy with a superkick. It only stuns the giant as The Halo From Hell takes a small step backwards and cracks his neck. Magdalena shouts again at Conor Fuse but this time Malak Garland comes in with a shoulder bump to Conor, which knocks him into Magdalena, which knocks her into The Deacon. Fuse shoves Deacon and starts mouthing off to the champion off-mic.

Conor Fuse: [off-mic]

You think I'm not gonna do the right thing!? WTF, man. I thought we were cool.

Deacon stares down at Conor Fuse, shaking his head. Magdalena watches Garland slip away as he hops over to the ring ropes. Meanwhile, The Game Boy has fully recovered and refuses to halt his attack on either "do gooder".

Conor ducks and Game Boy's clothesline goes straight into The Deacon. However, The Mute Freak is barely stunned himself. The crowd is electric, they want to see the two giants go at it.

DDK:

There's no love lost here!

Game Boy throws a left punch into the side of Deacon's face but it doesn't do much. Another punch... barely budges the champion. A third. Fourth. Finally, Deacon rams his head straight into Game Boy's neck. This rattles the henchman until TGB returns the favor with a low blow! The Faithful boo as Game Boy winds up again...

But Conor Fuse leaps into the middle of the picture and lands on Game Boy's arm. Conor is wrapped around Game Boy's arm and then slides upwards, hammering a fury of left hands into the luchador mask. Game Boy peels Conor off him and throws the former tag team champion into Deacon! The FIST immediately discards Conor to the side and walks up to Game Boy... only to be turned around by Conor Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

I can handle this, you know.

Conor points to Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

That dipshit is my responsibility. I got this.

Fuse continues to get in Deacon's face.

Conor Fuse:

And what the hell, man!? I thought we were cool!?

Garland's face is Grinch-like, seeing the tension between Conor and Deacon continue to grow. He tells Game Boy to "wait it out" and let the two deteriorate on their own.

Once more, Magdalena tries to intervene. It's clear her and Deacon are not seeing eye-to-eye with Conor Fuse.

Finally, Malak gives Game Boy "the signal". The D Pad Destroyer explodes and shoulder blocks Conor Fuse, who ends up clubbing Magdalena in the side of the head! Deacon bursts forward, grabbing Conor and throwing him out of the way. The Ultimate Gamer smacks the side of the tube television as Game Boy hurls a beanbag chair at Deacon, in an attempt to slow the champion down. It does little. Deacon clobbers Game Boy and the fight is on.

Both men are going HARD blow for blow and neither back down. Magdalena is out on the canvas, although she is conscious and rubbing the side of her head. Deacon looks to gain the upper hand when the coy Malak Garland slithers over, picks up the SNES system and leaps forward...

WHAM!!

Cracking the console over Deacon's head!

The FIST is stunned. He falls to his knees and The Game Boy hits the ropes.

THUMP.

DDK:

Game Boy hits I Trigger!

Garland jumps around in a joyous display.

Malak Garland:

GET HIM! Get him GOOD!

The Deacon is on a knee when Game Boy hits the ropes and blasts the champion with another I Trigger.

WHAM!!

And Malak Garland uses the NES system this time, smashing it over the shoulder blades of The Mute Freak. Deacon is down and Garland is calling for the final blow...

The crowd comes alive as Conor Fuse kips to his feet. He CRUSHES Game Boy with another superkick, turns around-

WHAM!!

...And eats the Sega Genesis to the face, courtesy of Malak Garland!

The challenger stands over Conor Fuse. Malak discards the broken system and starts screaming into Conor's unconscious face.

Malak Garland:

You're gonna help me, fUsE. You're gonna help me good or this will ALWAYS be your life!

Garland points to the fallen Deacon.

Malak Garland:

That man has some forever online grudge against you! Why do YOU care what he thinks? He doesn't give AF about cOnOr fUsE. Neither should you! Make me the FIST and leave me forever. It's WIN-WIN, my "friend".

Garland turns around to The Game Boy and rubs his hands together.

Malak Garland: *[with a evil smirk, pointing at Deacon]*

Now... FINISH HIM.

Game Boy lifts Deacon. It takes a moment but he places the champion on his shoulders. Magdalena has come to but she's still laying on the mat. Malak Garland scurries over to her and stands overtop, demanding she watch but also imposing a physical threat, where if she tries anything, he will put a stop to it.

Game Boy aligns himself across from the tube television screen. Everyone inside the arena knows what's coming.

DDK:

Not again!

Deacon tries to break free... he's attempting to work his way from the clutches of The Game Boy.

Game Boy grunts.

Game Boy shouts.

Game Boy charges.

...And The Deacon struggles some more...

...

Magdalena shoots upright and tries to intervene...

...

But Malak Garland grabs her.

...

CRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Dammit!

The crowd is stunned and watches in horror as Game Boy throws The Deacon straight through the tube television screen. Glass shatters everywhere. Drops of blood are already present on whatever broken pieces of the screen lay outside of the TV. A couple of electronic pops from the television go off as Deacon remains motionless, his legs hanging out from the TV.

Magdalena screams as Malak Garland merely tosses her back to the canvas. The Snowflake Superstar marches up to his henchman and pats him on the shoulder.

Malak Garland:

Joy.

The two of them stand in the middle of the carnage... Conor Fuse knocked out on the canvas to Malak's left, the Deacon half-inside the broken television directly in front of them, and Magdalena a broken mess on the mat to his right. She might be dealing with a concussion as she continues to rub the side of her head, but Magdalena is most certainly dealing with the shock of watching the Deacon, two years since the last time it happened, lie motionless inside the shattered television.

Garland walks over to Magdalena and gives her a wink.

Malak Garland:

You're certainly no Siobhan but I mean, I'm interested. Text me.

He gives "the nod" to The Game Boy. Both of them exit the ring, with Malak slipping through the top and middle rope and The Game Boy stepping over.

DDK:

This is not good. All of it, not good.

Lance:

There will be another day to fight for Deacon. Hopefully in a month when it's time for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE...

DDK:

I also mean Conor and Deacon's relationship. This whole thing is not good.

Lance:

We are getting trolled by a snowflake, Lance.

Garland walks backwards up the rampway while The Game Boy simply marches forward, without looking back.

Malak Garland:

Gosh, I am so, so DEFIANT. Aren't I? AREN'T I!?

Lance:

We're getting trolled hard.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SNS Â© vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY

DEFTv is back! An aerial shot of excited fans holding up their signs transitions once again to the commentation station.

DDK:

Welcome back to what has been an action packed edition of DEFTv, ladies and gentlemen - and we're not done yet. It's main event time!

Lance:

Earlier we saw Ned Reform again face embarrassment at the hands of Elise Ares, but up next he teams with his protege TA Cole in an effort to defeat The Saturday Night Specials for the Unified Tag Team Championship.

DDK:

I'm no conspiracy theorist Lance... but it does seem odd that The Favored Saints have released the number one contenders and awarded Honor Society, a team nowhere near the top of the ranks, with a tag championship opportunity, doesn't it?

Lance:

I can't speak to that, Keebs, but we can all agree that he Lucky Sevens left DEFIANCE little choice but to take extreme action. It does beg the question of who will be challenging for the tag championship at Maximum DEFIANCE - and who the champions will be.

DDK:

Well, we can answer one of those questions... right now!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights turn purple as the camera cuts from our dynamic duo of an announce team to the entrance curtain, which flutter and part to reveal a second, but maybe less dynamic, duo: Ned Reform and TA Cole, collectively known as The Honor Society. Reform, per usual, takes center stage, adjusting his elbow pad and smiling widely to the jeering legions. Cole wears no smile: he is all business as he hops up and down behind Reform, warming up and shaking out his hands in preparation. The two men begin a slow walk toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship! Introducing first, the challengers: Ned Reform and TA Cole - THE HONOR SOCIETY!

Reform is up on the apron, wiping his feet. Cole joins him and uses his knee to open the ropes for the Good Doctor. The Honor Society enters the ring, with Cole using the ropes to stretch and Reform heading up to the top turnbuckle to bask in the "adoration" of the booing fans. As the music dies down, Reform moves to the center of the ring and demands the mic from Quimbey.

Ned Reform:

Children!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As Reform speaks, he tries to maintain his usual composure, but it's clear that the earlier incident with Elise Ares still lives in his head rent free.

Ned Reform:

Tonight, you have the honor of witnessing the beginning of The Honor Society's tag team championship dynasty. You will witness us wipe the floor with a pair of delinquent drunks and expose the pitfalls and dangers of alcohol abuse, and I...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The crowd ERUPTS! Reform is cut off by the theme song of the tag team champions, and the pop grows in intensity when “The Innovator” Brock Newbludd, “Black Out” Pat Cassidy, and “Bally Cat” Ophelia Sykes appear at the top of the ramp. Pat and Brock each hold a championship belt high while Ophelia struts and poses with the rest of the gold. Both tag champs step forward and play to opposite sides of the arena before the music dies down. Cassidy has a mic of his own, and he raises it for the crowd to see, drawing another round of cheers, before addressing the Sage on the Stage.

Pat Cassidy:

WHAT’S UP MISSISSIPPI!?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

Doc... say no more, buddy. I appreciate the lesson on the dangers of alcohol. I think Newbludd and I can only repay the favor with a lesson of our own.

The crowd cheers as in the ring, Reform stares with disgust.

Pat Cassidy:

Tonight... you can consider this ass kicking as a lesson on the dangers of having your head up your own ass.

The crowd laughs as Reform stomps around and complains to TA Cole, pointing up at SNS and mouthing various threats. Cassidy hands the mic over to Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLLLYYY...

He raises the mic into the air.

The Faithful:

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Saturday Night Specials fist bump as the crowd goes crazy. Both Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy sprint toward the ring, rolling under the bottom rope and playing to the cheering Faithful. They hand over the belts as Ned Reform gives his student an encouraging pat on the shoulder before taking position on the apron. Cassidy and Newbludd engage in a quick game of rock/paper/scissor - a game that sees Brock as the victor, so Pat moves outside the ring and grabs hold of the tag rope.

DDK:

Looks like it’s Brock Newbludd and TA Cole to start off this tag team contest!

DING DING

Brock and Cole begin to circle the ring, eyeing each other up and looking for an opening to start the contest. Cole is pure focus whereas Brock appears to be amused by his scowling. Newbludd pauses, turns to the crowd, cups his hands over his mouth and...

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLYYY...

The Faithful:

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Brock grins at the positive crowd reaction while on the apron, Reform loses his shit, turning to the crowd and demanding that they be silent. In the ring, Cole goes in for the lock-up and the wrestling is underway. Brock shoots

behind with a hammerlock and when Cole twists out of that, Newbludd locks on a headlock instead. Headlock take down on Cole. Brock cranks on the headlock, causing Cole's shoulders to go to the mat. Hector Nevarro moves in...

ONE!

No, Cole twists and lifts one of his shoulders off the mat. Maintaining the headlock, Brock brings both men back to their feet. Cole fires some elbows into Brock's midsection to cause him to break the hold, but when Cole shoots off the ropes and charges at the Milwaukee Made Man, Brock answers with a crisp armdrag! Cole back up - he turns into a second armdrag!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd reminding us that pound-for-pound, he's one of the most gifted athletes and proficient mat wrestlers in DEFIANCE.

TA Cole is in the corner now, and Brock lights him up with a series of knife edge chops to the chest. Newbludd reaches out and tags in his partner followed by both Saturday Night Specials shooting Levi Cole off the ropes and catching him on the rebound with a double back elbow. Then the champs lock arms in a manly handshake... before both dropping onto Cole with a double elbow!

Lance:

Tandem offense by the champs!

Cassidy brings Cole into the corner before climbing on the second turnbuckle. He readies the crowd for what's about to come before lighting Cole up with punches.

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

Cassidy stops and raises a fist toward the crowd, simulating a drink. In response, The Faithful lift up their own red "Ballyhoo" solo cups and call out...

The Faithful:

CHEERS!

Cassidy hits the final punch on Cole before hopping down off the turnbuckle. Black Out sends Cole off the ropes and on the rebound meets him with a kitchen sink knee to the stomach. Cole flips forward, landing in a seated position - leaving him wide open for Cassidy to nail a stiff kick to his lower back. Pat with a quick tag to Brock, who bounds into the ring and finishes the punishment with a running dropkick to the back of Cole's head! Brock covers...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Cole can't get out of the gate here, with The Saturday Night Specials effectively isolating him and wearing him down with quick tags. That's how you get to be the longest reigning champs!

Lance:

Ned Reform does not appear very happy with how this match is playing out.

Indeed - Reform is pacing and muttering to himself on the apron. Brock brings his Teaching Assistant back up to a vertical base and whips him into the ropes. Brock also sprints into the ropes, looking to come back at the running Cole with a big move, but Reform takes the opportunity to hit Brock with a knee to his back as he hits the ropes. Brock stops, holding his back for a second before turning to look at Reform with daggers in his eyes. Brock with a stiff right

hook that knocks Reform off the apron and to ringside below!

DDK:

But that distraction allows TA Cole to hit Brock with a lariat that nearly takes his head off!

Brock is stunned and Cole sees his chance to get into this match competitively for the first time. He hooks Brock from behind... German Suplex! He holds it for the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Brock is able to power out of the hold. Levi grabs The Saturday Night Special and brings him over the ropes, placing his head draped over the bottom rope. Cole presses down on Brock's head with his knee, choking the proprietor of Ballyhoo Bro. Nevarro moves in to count Cole out for the DQ, but The All American Athlete releases the choke at four.

Lance:

Lots of shortcuts like that became a part of Levi Cole's repertoire since he came under the tutelage of Ned Reform.

With Brock on the ropes, Ned Reform (who had returned to the apron during Cole's comeback) reaches out with a hand and calls for the tag. Cole brings Brock over to the Honor Society's corner before tagging in The Good Doctor. Reform begins to pepper the downed Brock Newbludd with kicks, and when the crowd starts to boo, he sneers at them before kicking with even more intensity.

Lance:

Ned Reform seems a little more... aggressive than normal. I'm thinking that the incident earlier with the Pop Culture Phenoms may be in the back of his mind, and that's not good. That's when a wrestling takes their eyes off the ball.

Ned Reform stands over Brock. He points a single finger out, points it all around at all the jeering Faithful, then uses it to point to his head in the "I'm so smart" taunt. With the finger still pressing against his head, he drops down into an elbow drop onto Brock's chest. Thinking Man's Elbow Drop! He covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Nope!

The Philosopher King rolls over Brock, shaking his head in frustration and yelling at Nevarro for his general incompetence. He brings Brock back up before whipping him into the ropes. On the rebound, Ned goes for a clothesline, but Brock ducks. When Brock bounces back toward The Good Doctor, Reform leapfrogs over his charge. Ned lands on his feet, smiling at the jeering for fans and proud of his act of athleticism...

...but he turns right into Brock Newbludd's FACE MELTER! The fans cheer as Reform drops after the running enzuigiri, and they cheer even louder when a fired up Brock kips back up to his feet! You know who else is fired up? Pat Cassidy, who leans as far as he can into the ring while maintaining a hold of the tag rope. Brock points to Cassidy, asking the crowd if he should tag him - when they loudly respond in the positive, Brock tags in "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

Cassidy is a house of fire! He sends Reform into the corner... SPLASH OF JAMESON!

Pat whips The Good Doctor into the opposite corner... he runs... a second Splash of Jameson! Reform sent into a third corner... one more Splash of Jameson! Pat figures why not, let's go for all four... and he does!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy with the big leaping splash in all four corners, and Reform is out on his feet...

Ned stumbles out of the corner and he widely flails an exaggerated punch at the air before he simply falls forward onto his face. Cassidy hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! Cole breaks it up at the last second!

Having saved his mentor from eating the pin, Cole grabs Reform and rolls out of the ring. Once Ned's feet hit the floor, he points up the ramp and makes a "let's go" motion. The Honor Society begin to walk up the ramp as Hector Nevarro starts the ten count!

DDK:

Reform and Cole are walking away!

Lance:

Not so fast, partner... I don't think they're going to get very far.

Indeed not - as The Saturday Night Specials have left the ring and charge up the ramp to intercept the challengers for their championship! Just before The Honor Society reaches the curtain, they are hit from behind! Brock hammers away on Cole while Cassidy throws right hands to Reform's shiny dome. The fans are on their feet as the champions bring their opponents back into the ring. It's back down to the legal men: Ned Reform and Pat Cassidy. Cassidy boots Reform in the gut and sets him up for a pumphandle slam... but as he's lifted, Reform slips out and lands on his feet.

In desperation, Reform pushes Cassidy forward... and he lands head first into TA Cole's boot which he has rested on the top rope. With Pat stunned, Ned tags in TA Cole. Cole goes right to work with surgeon-like focus: Pat eats a big Exploder Suplex! Pat hits the ground and instinctively reaches out for the tag, but he's nowhere near his partner. Cole doesn't let him get to The Saturday Night Special corner, as he picks him up and ragdolls him across the ring with a big overhead belly-to-belly!

Lance:

Levi Cole is getting The Honor Society back into this match with his high impact offense. Cole, for all his faults, is extremely athletic.

DDK:

He's a stud, no doubt... now Pat Cassidy is hooked high into the air with the big stalling brainbuster that has become one of Cole's trademarks.

Cole has Cassidy suspended, and he lifts him up and down, up and down, up and down... before finally driving him head first into the mat. Brock reaches out for the tag, but his partner is nowhere near their corner. Reform, seeing that Cassidy is now in a bad way, calls out for a tag of his own.

Lance:

Ned Reform, like a true vulture, is looking to pick up the scraps.

Reform circles the downed Cassidy, strutting and laughing and drawing ire from the live crowd. He plants The Scrapper from Southie with a bodyslam and looks toward the top rope. Reform climbs to the top and stands there, waiting for Cassidy to regain a vertical base - likely looking for the missile dropkick. Pat rolls over onto his hands and knees - but he foils Reform's plan when, instead of standing up straight, he lunges forward and jostles the top rope! Reform sways back and forth before eventually losing his footing and tumbling sideways onto the top rope - crotch first! The crowd cheers as Reform straddles the ring rope, holding his little chess pieces in pain. Pat grabs the top

rope, shoots the crowd a shit-eating grin, and then bounces the ropes up and down, up and down, up and down - taking Reform on a very unpleasant ride! Reform finally falls sideways to the mat, allowing Pat to drag The Good Doctor into The Saturday Night Special's corner. Cassidy tags the eager hand of Brock Newbludd, and the Milwaukee Made Man leaps athletically to the top rope before flying off with a picture perfect elbow right into Ned Reform's heart!

DDK:

SNS back in control... and look! They want TA Cole!

Reform's carcass is thrown by both SNS members into the Honor Society Corner, and they both taunt TA Cole - daring him to make the tag and get into the ring with both of them. Cole looks down at his teacher, looks at The Specials - and makes the tag! He leaps over the top rope and beats his chest, firing up and ready to take on both the tag team champions... but he runs right into a Double Spinebuster!! The Saturday Night Specials are in control, and they call for the Keg Stand!!

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials looking for their patented spike piledriver!

Brock Newbludd again climbs to the top rope while Cassidy sets Cole up in the piledriver position. Reform, who is now on the apron and woozy, moves like he's going to intercept, but Cassidy momentarily tosses Cole aside to nail him with a right hand, sending him flying off the ring apron and into the guardrail. Pat returns to Cole and again positions him for the piledriver, lifting him into the air. Brock, standing upright on the top rope, turns to the Faithful and pumps his hand along with their chant...

The Faithful:

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Brock leaps off the top, driving TA Cole's head into the mat with the KEG STAND! Brock covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

"Bally Cat" Ophelia Sykes comes into the ring, holding all the gold while beaming and cheering her guys on. Cassidy and Brock share a quick-bro hug before grabbing one belt apiece and holding it high into the air! The fans are on their feet, showering the champs in appreciation for the fast paced main event.

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials have retained! They head to Maximum DEFIANCE as tag team champions!

Lance:

And with their number one contenders having been released, it's still a mystery who they'll be defending against...

SHOT OF FIREBALL FOR THE ROAD

Ophelia Sykes stands in the center of the ring, posing dramatically as Pat and Brock hold their tag belts high, encouraging the fans to continue their vocal support for the popular duo.

Suddenly...

The DEFtron fires up.

DDK:

Wait... what is... ?

It's unclear what is on the screen. The camera shakes erratically, giving us the impression that we're seeing cell phone footage as opposed to a professional. Whoever is holding the phone is outside and it's night time, and as the phone shakes the glare from street lights makes it even harder to make out what we're supposed to be looking at. A voice speaks... a voice that is familiar to the DEFIANCE Faithful and The Saturday Night Specials...

Mason Luck:

Thought you guys might want to see this ...

We don't see Mason ... but we do see what his phone is pointed toward. A crowd of people - all looking and pointing in the same direction. They all wear various expressions of shock. One woman has her mouth covered with her hand in distress. And although it's the dark of night, all of the people are illuminated by a faint orange glow. Among the crowd is Max Luck, who has both his hands up on his cheeks (think Home Alone style) in a mock show of concern. Mason's voice is heard again.

Mason Luck:

Max and I have a bunch of free time on our hands all because you two were afraid to put the titles on the line against us. We stopped out here for a drink ... but well ...

Quick cut to Brock, Pat, and Ophelia, who are still in the ring looking up at the screen. Although they appear confused by this interruption, a look of concern is growing on all three faces.

Back to the footage: the camera swings from the group of on-lookers to what they are looking at. And it suddenly becomes clear why the people were concerned and why they were lit up by a yellow glow. They were all staring at a building that was totally engulfed in flames.

A building in New Orleans.

Ballyhoo Brew burns.

There's an audible gasp from The Faithful in the arena, but we don't cut back to DEFtv. Instead we stick with this footage... just as the ceiling integrity of the building gives way, and the bar/brewery collapses into a fiery heap, sending a fresh plume of black smoke into the air.

The camera bobbles up and down - and The Lucky Sevens both step into view. With the burning wreckage of what was once Ballyhoo Brew behind them, they smile into the camera while throwing up the patented Winning Hand symbol.

Hard cut to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

RIP Ballyhoo Brew, 2020 - 2022