

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

ST. LOUIS welcomes DEFIANCE as the Enterprise Center is hyped for DEFTv 184! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**WHEN YOU ACTUALLY THINK ABOUT IT NED REFORM IS KINDA RIGHT
THIS SIGN IS DIRECTLY REFERRING TO A MAJOR STORYLINE
MY SCOTTY FLASH SIGN IS GOING TO BE ON DEFTv
LANCE WARNER ON DEF RADIO? I'M BUSY DOING ANYTHING ELSE
I TALKED MYSELF TO DEF ONCE
SCOTTY FLASH FOR GOVERNOR
BACKGROUND CHARACTERS LOOKING REAAAALL NERVOUS RIGHT NOW
PROVEL TONY DAVIS, STOP HOLDING UP SIGNS ABOUT VIAGRA. NO ONE CARES.
VICTOR VACIO FEARS RADICCHIO
I SHIP MALAK & TERESA. I SHIP THEM HARD
WE ARE #1!**

Plus there's also a SNOWFLAKE FLUTTER CLOCK in the bottom right hand screen counting down the next two hours. It will likely come and go at the start of returning from a commercial break, as by now it has vanished.

The scene shifts to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

JOHN HANCOCKS

After the intro of the show, the camera pans to the ring where the ring has been decorated with a pristine white table along with two pricey conference room chairs with a black folder containing the contract for the FIST of DEFIANCE Title Match in the center. On either side of the contract, several bottles of water have been placed on the table as well.

DDK:

Folks, we're just moments away from a unique take on a big contract signing for the big FIST of DEFIANCE main event of DEFCON! Over social media a week ago, it was Tom Morrow, the representative of the challenger Alvaro de Vargas. He lobbied a unique challenge to have Vae Victis' official spokesperson and Lindsay Troy's manager, Sonny Silver, to handle the contract signings on behalf of their clients.

Lance:

Contract signings have a history of going south in our sport. Both the champions and challengers' representation have mutually agreed to this meeting of the minds between them to preserve the safety of their respective clients.

DDK:

With that, we will take it on over to the ring now as we await the arrival of both parties.

The DEFIAtron shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter... The colors then become blue... and white...

And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The familiar blue-white pillars of flame shoot from the stage, but rather than belonging to his client Alvaro de Vargas, out steps Tom Morrow and he does not look happy but he has to put last night's events out of his mind to focus on what is coming ahead. Dressed for what might be one of the most important meetings of his life in a dark blue suit with subtle pinstripes, Morrow adjusts his glasses and then heads to the ring.

DDK:

It's a shock that Lindsay Troy and Alvaro de Vargas have not come to blows. Twice now, Lindsay Troy has almost goaded Alvaro into a fight, but Morrow hasn't allowed it.

Lance:

I hate paying this man any sort of a compliment, but that's the smartest thing he can do. ADV has the match he's wanted for the better part of six months right in his sights. He shouldn't jeopardize it now. He's already had enough issues in the last twenty-four hours with The Lucky Sevens.

Morrow finally arrives in the ring amongst the loud booing. He takes a seat at the table and plays with his signature BFTA headset. When the music of his client fades out, it allows the opposition's to start up.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Stepping out first, Sonny Silver walks out to the jeering audience sporting a black short-sleeved burgundy-colored

shirt -- VV's colors -- with black dress pants and burgundy-colored Oxfords as he approaches the ring. The former wrestler doesn't use up any time getting to business as he arrives in the ring, with a surly look on his face as if he doesn't want to be there. He looks down at BFTA's snake oil salesmen, then he has a seat...

DDK:

Sonny Silver is a silver-tongue devil and, unlike Morrow, was a very successful Hall of Fame wrestler in his career. He's not the type of person to take liberties with here tonight.

Lance:

Normally I'd agree, but Morrow has noted correctly that Lindsay Troy's prior challenges for her FIST of DEFIANCE were against competition that either had injuries or situations that she could prey upon. He's smart not to let this get to that point.

Once Sonny's music fades out, he puts his Oxfords right up on the desk, much to the chagrin of Morrow. The BFTA Brainchild looks disgusted by Sonny's lack of manners as he leans back in his chair with mic in hand. Tom puts the BFTA headset in his ear and turns it on for the crowd to hear him just as "Stranger Fruit" cuts out.

Tom Morrow:

This... this is how we're gonna start this, Sonny? I generously foot the bill for all of this... the table, the comfy chairs... and you want to put those cheap-ass shoes on my pristine table?

The VV Advocate and spokesperson doesn't take his eyes off Morrow as he pulls his mic up to his lips, serious as a heart attack and tapping his feet together.

Sonny Silver:

...Yep.

The Faithful have a laugh, but the Hall of Famer picks up on it quickly.

Sonny Silver:

Shut up, assholes, adults are doing business things. I'm not here to give you dumbass smarks some line of the night.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Back to Morrow.

Sonny Silver:

All right, Tommy Boy. You called this meeting of the fucking minds over social media which... that's an oxymoron that we don't have time to unravel. What exactly do you have to say before I sign Alvaro de Vargas' death warrant on behalf of THE CHAMP?

The outright confidence on behalf of Lindsay Troy's representation has Morrow almost put off a little.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, I got plenty to say to you... but let me ask you something first, Sonny. Before either of us put pen to paper... Do you honestly, **HONESTLY**, **HONESTLY** think that Lindsay Troy is just going to show up and have this match won? Just like that? All wrapped up, signed, sealed, delivered? Cause... I'll be honest, Sonshine. What I've seen out of her and of Vae Victis... I have my doubts.

Silver tilts his head as Morrow speaks.

Tom Morrow:

Sgt. Safety and Conor Fuse on the same night. Brock Newbludd. Conor Fuse and his hippy-dippy goody-good squad. JJ Dixon. She has the nerve to question how MY star team and YOUR Unified Tag Team Champions, The Lucky Sevens, get things done but she's pretending that there weren't little asterisks with most of those defenses?

Morrow runs through them.

Tom Morrow:

Safety was a layup, give me a damn break. But Conor Fuse was attacked by she and Keyes before that second match. Same with Newbludd. Conor Fuse and his idiots were a powder keg waiting to happen and when it exploded, she and Keyes didn't have to do a damn thing but pick up the scraps. JJ Dixon had a bum shoulder and despite Teri Melton using her hundreds of years on this Earth, Lindsay Troy pulled it out. I'll give her that one. That shows she shouldn't be underestimated. But let me ask you this...

He taps the contract.

Tom Morrow:

Are you STUPID to think that I don't know what she's been trying to do? She KNOWS first-hand how dangerous Alvaro de Vargas is, so she's trying to goad him into a fight before the REAL fight begins at DEFCON cause that's what she wants... another injured and compromised challenger. Despite him wanting to rip her smarmy little throat out of her neck two weeks ago -- which he could have done by the way -- I didn't give him the kill order because I'm not a fool. Going ALL the way back to his BRAZEN days, Alvaro destroys whatever needs to be destroyed to get what he wants and unlike Lindsay, he doesn't double-talk and say it's for the good of DEFIANCE. At the end of the day, it's for the good of Alvaro de Vargas, Alvaro de Vargas' bank accounts, and for MY bank account. And from day one, he has had one single, solitary focus, Sonny...

Morrow opens the folder containing the contract.

Tom Morrow:

He isn't Conor or Tyler Fuse. He isn't Brock Newbludd. He isn't JJ Dixon. He isn't Pat Cassidy. He CERTAINLY isn't that gutless little coward, Malak Garland. He doesn't give a damn about making friends and bringing people together. He's focused on one thing... and that is being the absolute, unequivocal, GOD. DAMN. BEST in this company. He wants the FIST... and I will make sure he accepts nothing less at DEFCON.

He grabs the pen and quickly adds his signature. When he's done, he clicks the pen and gives it over to Sonny.

Tom Morrow:

With all that said, Silver, tell me you honestly think Troy is walking out of DEFCON with that title still?

Feet not moved from the table, Sonny gives his answer.

Sonny Silver:

...Yep.

The confidence on display has Morrow peeved, but Sonny presses on.

Sonny Silver:

Now, don't get this shit twisted, Broke-Ass Jeremy Piven from Entourage... though, he got canceled, right? So now I could have just said Jeremy Piven and that would have amounted to the same thing.

Tom Morrow:

Get to your point.

Sonny, knowing now that he has Tom Morrow's attention, smiles for the first time as he continues.

Sonny Silver:

I will. Anyway... don't get what I'm saying confused for overlooking Alvaro de Vargas. How long have you been managing with your dad? Twenty years, right? That's a lot of experience... but I got thirty that trumps you AND I'm a second-generation wrestler. You have an eye for talent and dollar signs... but I KNOW this business from both sides. I study this business. I am so ingrained in this business, I know NOTHING else in life BUT this business. I know enough

about Alvaro to know that big bastard has a BRIGHT future... but it's a bright DISTANT future from where Vae Victis is sitting, Tom-Tom. One day, he just might be champion... but DEFCON will not be that day.

The Silver-Tongued Devil taps the table.

Sonny Silver:

He slaughtered Deacon and headbutted Magdalena's face through her skull to earn this shot. That alone makes me a fan of his and that alone makes him a threat to almost anyone in DEFIANCE. You keep bringing up the fact that Lindsay Troy picked off injured opponents and took advantage of situations to retain the FIST... but you ever stop to think that maybe you're not the only person watching all the goddamn angles, Morrow? You think you're the only person who doesn't strategize? You think you're the only person that knows the system. We know what goes on in that locker room and in this ring inside and out... and it offends me. It offends Lindsay, Henry, Oscar, Kerry and Clay.

Morrow soaks in every word with Sonny now getting more braggadocious.

Sonny Silver:

And you seem to be backing a horse with a lot of unknowns, Tommy. Has Alvaro de Vargas even HAD a main event match on a PPV? Lindsay Troy has. Has Alvaro de Vargas been the FIST? Lindsay Troy has. Twice! In fact, the only other active person right now that's done that on this roster is also in Vae Victis. Sup, Oscar. How are you so sure he can handle the pressure? He probably could rip Lindsay's throat out if he was given the opportunity, but she hasn't gotten as far as she has in DEFIANCE and in wrestling in general by being soft. Alvaro will NEVER get that chance. Lindsay Troy is a world class wrestler... like me. Like Oscar. Like all of Vae Victis...

He puts out his hand.

Sonny Silver:

Alvaro's a nuke, sure... but nukes don't run businesses, they destroy them. Vae Victis is slowly but surely changing the way things are done around here. Back to the way things used to be before all the cartoon characters, snowflakes, pretenders, druggies, and softies made this place a laughingstock. A volatile monster like Alvaro isn't what this promotion needs. It needs steady hands... not shaky hands of shaky pricks that think the world owes them something. Not snake-bitten challengers who fight with their gosh-darn pluck and moxie to hope to win the day. It needs ruthless, cutthroat people willing to dirty their hands to do what needs to be done to keep this promotion strong. People like our esteemed champion, Lindsay Troy.

Now it's Sonny's turn to grab the contract and pull it over to himself.

Sonny Silver:

And if you think that WE'RE not going to do what needs to be done to keep that title with Vae Victis, then you're fucking dumber than the fake name you gave yourself!

He puts the microphone down and jots his signature down on contract on behalf of the defending FIST of DEFIANCE. Once that's completed, he finally takes his feet off the table and sits up.

Sonny Silver:

We done here? I got things to do and post-DEFCON celebrations don't plan themselves... not that you know or your client know anything about World Title wins.

OOOOOOOOOOH!

Blood boiling over, Morrow watches as Sonny puts the microphone down on the table and then gives him a playful pat on the cheek....

SLAP!

Out of nowhere, Morrow's right hand COLLIDES with the side of Sonny's cheek!

Lance:

What?! Is he out of his mind?!

The leader of BFTA stares up at Sonny in a fit of rage until he realizes the folly he's just committed. He looks up at the spokesman of Vae Victis and turns ghostly white! Sonny starts to run his tongue inside his cheek where he got struck, then slowly cranes his head towards Tom.

YOU FUCKED UP! YOU FUCKED UP! YOU FUCKED UP! YOU FUCKED UP!

DDK:

What in the HELL is Tom Morrow thinking?! Sonny Silver may not be an active wrestler, but he's got at least four inches and probably fifty pounds over that scrawny twerp! He'll rip him in half!

Lance:

Sonny pushing Morrow's buttons out here and he retaliated in the WORST way!

Tom starts to slowly retreat, but Sonny is already on top of him! He SNATCHES Morrow by his coat and pulls him in close! The BFTA Brainchild tries to get away, but the Silver Lining has him...

Until the crowd reaction changes...

Sonny hears it, too...

DDK:

WAIT! LOOK! LOOK! ALVARO DE VARGAS! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND SONNY!

Hiding under the ring, Supernova Cubana rolled out and is now behind Sonny! He turns just as Morrow frees himself from Silver's death grip...

...

FIREBALL TO THE FACE OF SONNY SILVER!

The Faithful GASP as Sonny's face gets caught by the bright blue-white flames! He falls to the canvas clutching his face, rolling around in agony while Alvaro and Morrow now stand over him!

DDK:

Son of a... this was a TRAP! This was a damn TRAP by the challenger! Get Sonny Silver out here so they can do... this!

Lance:

We need Iris and the med crew out here right now, Darren.

Alvaro and Morrow stand over Sonny, still laughing and gloating; de Vargas in particular giving Vae Victis' advocate an earful about what was said about him and his chances of claiming the FIST of DEFIANCE for himself at DEFCON.

Alvaro de Vargas:

THERE'S YOUR NUKE, PENDEJO! THERE'S YOUR NUKE!

Suddenly, a roar from the crowd interrupts their celebration as Lindsay Troy bolts through the curtain and sprints to the ring with the rest of Vae Victis hot on her heels. ADV looks up with Morrow telling him they have to go!

DDK:

Here comes the calvary!

Lance:

And de Vargas and Morrow are heading for the hills!

Morrow yanks Alvaro away from Sonny and the two slip out of the ring, toss Darren Quimbey and a cameraman aside, and hop over the barricade and into the crowd. Lindsay Troy by-passes the ring completely and makes a bee-line for the two BFTA baddies. She steps onto Quimbey's chair, leaps over the barricade, and races after them. The Faithful make way for the Queen, cheering her on as all three DEFIANTS get further and further from view.

In the ring, the rest of Vae Victis have taken a knee and formed a circle around Sonny; Henry Keyes and Oscar Burns in particular look the most upset with what's happened. Kerry and Clay watch on, intently. Butcher tries not to look like he's going to vomit. Iris Davine and her team have appeared from the back and are hurrying down the ramp, and they aren't alone.

DDK:

Oh my, that's...

Lance:

That's Kazuhiro Troy and Archer Silver, the former BRAZEN tag team champions with Les Enfants Terrible. Archer is Sonny's nephew...

DDK:

And Kaz is Lindsay's son. They both graduated from Sonny Silver's wrestling school in Seattle before being signed to BRAZEN.

Lance:

I can't imagine what these young men are thinking, or what Vae Victis is thinking right now.

Kaz and Archer get out ahead of the med team and slide into the ring while the VV boys make room for them. Once Iris and company are between the ropes, they ask for room to work. The men stand up and move to a corner, watching on silently but not leaving the ring. Archer puts his head down and his hands on his hips while his tag partner grips his shoulder and tries to talk him through it.

Meanwhile, a visibly angry Lindsay Troy has made her way back through the crowd towards the ring. Some members of the Faithful shout words of encouragement while a few braver members pat her on the shoulders. The gestures bring her no comfort, though, as she hops back over the guardrail and immediately flings Darren Quimbey's chair out of her way and swipes everything off the timekeeper's table with a frustrated scream, sending papers and headsets and water bottles every which-way.

DDK:

It looks like the FIST wasn't able to get her hands on Alvaro and Tom Morrow, Lance. I've watched Lindsay Troy compete in DEFIANCE for over five years, all told, and I can't remember the last time I've seen her this angry.

Lance:

She and Sonny go back 20 years, Darren, and in that time they've been unlikely allies, bitter enemies, and now partners in crime. What happened here was unconscionable, but if I had to guess, for Lindsay Troy it's unforgivable.

The Queen runs her fingers through her curls and is about to take her grievances out on the ring steps next when she notices both her son and Archer Silver standing near her stablemates. She immediately abandons her ringside destruction and slips under the bottom rope, shoots a quick, concerned glance over to Iris Davine and her team, then makes her way over to the two young wrestlers. The camera doesn't pick up what is said, but it's clear she's talking specifically to Archer. The young man nods as Lindsay speaks, while Henry Keyes and Kaz Troy each place a hand on her shoulders in solidarity. Behind them, DEFmed has gotten Sonny up to a sitting position with a compress over one side of his face.

DDK:

Looks like DEFmed's done all they can do out here, Lance. It's good to see Sonny moving around at least.

Lance:

I couldn't agree more. We're going to take a short commercial break, folks. Don't go anywhere.

The scene lingers on DEFmed and Vae Victis helping Sonny out of the ring. Both Lindsay Troy and Archer Silver help walk him to the back, and then we go to black.



COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

RIGHTFUL CHAMPIONS

The Dangerous Mix of David Fox and Mushigihara are stationed in the locker room, observing. The duo isn't booked for action tonight, but as prospective challengers for the Unified Tag Team Titles once again, they seem to be keeping tabs on the rest of the division, watching tape and archive footage

Mushigihara:

So, you think we're any closer to the Sevens?

Fox chuckles.

David Fox:

Sure do, big man. We pulled out that win over Flex in a Box, and in between that and getting the main PCPs at DEFROAD, I think we have a solid case!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

David Fox:

Huh, must be the pizza.

With a shrug, Fox opens the door and is greeted by an excited...

Klein:

Hi!

Klein excitedly waes. Flex in a Box has come to visit a very visibly confused Dangerous Mix, and the silence lingers for a few moments before David tries to speak up.

David Fox:

I...

Without any warning, Flex Kruger... well, flexes. Off David's reaction...

Klein:

He does that a lot.

Flex Kruger:

I do.

Klein:

A lot.

Flex Kruger:

It's my thing.

Klein:

So, listen, Flex and I were talking. And we were talking with Elise, and I tried talking to the D but his jaw's still wired shut... and we all think you should be the honorable DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions. You're truly the Faithful's champs. So...

Flex pulls out a small black bag, made of the finest felt. A golden tied rope is yanked and pulled, as Klein Santa Claus's two sets of very much replica's-you-can-buy-as-a-fan versions of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Titles. Klein bows to both men, as Flex just shrugs toward a confused David Fox.

Klein:

So, one for you. And one for you.

Klein sets one on Mushi's shoulder. He then shoves one into the confused chest of David Fox.

David Fox:

Uh...

Klein:

Don't thank us! Cause see.

Klein turns serious, and gets nose to nose in David Fox's face.

Klein:

We're coming for those belts. DEFCon. Us. You. One last time. WINNER. TAKE. ALL.

Fox doesn't turn away from Klein but side eyes toward Mushi, who seems in favor.

David Fox:

Ookay.

Klein instantly returns to his go-lucky charming self.

Klein:

Well, smiley day to ya! C'mon Flex! Let's get ready to get those titles back!

Klein pats Flex on the back and directs him down the hallway. As he leaves, Mushi and Fox can both hear Flex say the following.

Flex Kruger:

Uh, can't we just buy another set from the merch stand?

Before turning the corner and fading out of view.

Mushigihara:

...what?!

David simply looks down on the strap resting on his shoulder, and shakes his head.

David Fox:

...I don't know, Mushi. I just... don't know.

Mushigihara:

Did we just agree to a match at DEFCon?

David Fox:

I. Don't. Know.

FLEX IN A BOX vs. THE REAPERS

DDK:

First match of the evening, and we've got a Reaper sighting.

Lance:

Reaper Red and Blue, and we got the whole cadre of fellow Reapers ringside here to start off DEFtv.

DDK:

Have you converted to Reaperism?

Lance:

I... I didn't think it's become a religion. Listen, say what you will about the Reapers, but this iteration here? They're probably the best I've seen. Talented grapplers, no doubt!

The lights cut. A flood of boxes zoom in on the DEFiatron.

~♪"Man in a Box" by Alice in Chains~♪

Flex is the first to emerge from the entranceway, flexing his pecs to cheers from the Faithful. Rushing out from behind him, wearing his traditional box on his head is none other than Klein, who kneels before Flex and does his own muscle pose.

DDK:

We're starting off hot here, Reapers taking on Flex in a Box, who came up short last time against Dangerous Mix.

Lance:

Dangerous Mix have to be putting themselves back in line for a shot at the tag team titles. Flex in a Box, however, challenged them to DEFCon earlier tonight, and that match, is official!

Flex and Klein make it to the ring after slapping the fans hands. They each ascend one turnbuckle and muscle pose, before hopping into the ring. Ref Hector Navarro checks the Reapers, and then checks FiaB, before ringing the bell.

DING DING

Flex and Reaper Red start it off with some technical wrestling. Flex uses his strength to shove the lighter Reaper around the ring, winning two tie ups before Red starts using his speed to his advantage. A tilt-a-whirl headscissors takes Flex off his feet to a pop, but when Red charges to follow up, Flex back body drops him up and over the top rope. Reaper Blue hits the ring to Hector's chagrin and Flex back body drops HIM out! Then Klein enters, and Flex back body drops his own partner to the outside onto the recovering Red and Blue! Green even gets knocked back a bit from the blow as Cyan, Magenta and Chartreuse complain from ringside. Klein wastes no time grabbing Reaper Red and flinging him back into the ring.

DDK:

What a tandem maneuver there!

Lance:

And Flex in the Box are going to have to work fast. There are six Reapers ringside Darren. This is basically a lumberjack match!

DDK:

Reaper Green outside shouting commands out, the rest of the Reapers start swarming the ring, each one taking a side.

Inside the ring, Flex has locked in a neck nerve hold, putting pressure onto Reaper Red's shoulder. Reaper Red tries to fight out, but Flex breaks the hold and swats him back down, before locking in a rear chinlock. Red fights back out,

breaks the hold, but Flex reaches out and a full nelson.

DDK:

This could be over! Flex has him ready for that full nelson-plex, but Red catches his feet under the ropes by his corner!

Lance:

And Blue tags in! Blue rocks Flex and breaks the hold with a spinning back elbow, into a german suplex with a bridge!

Klein breaks up the pin. Blue picks up Flex and starts rocking him with strikes in the corner. Irish whip, but he's whipped into PCP's corner so Klein blind tags. Blue charges, going for a splash, but Flex drops down and Blue hits the buckles. Klein is in behind him, and lifts Blue onto his shoulders. A protesting blue is spun, and spun.

DDK:

Klein, showing impressive strength! OH! There goes Red!

Red charged in and ate Blue's boot. Once there, Klein spins and tosses Blue on top red with a TKO. Red clutches his chest as Cyan pulls him out, only for Klein to roll over Blue.

One.

Two.

No. Blue gets a shoulder up. Klein can't believe it.

DDK:

Remember, Klein did that very move against the SEG, former FISTs Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix, and it allowed PCP to defeat their mentors!

Klein tags out to Flex and they hit a few powerful double team moves. Backbreaker into an elbow drop. Another tag, German suplex / lariat combo. Another tag, Flex hits a full nelson slam, as Klein flies off the top with an unexpected shooting star press that pops the Faithful! As Klein stands up and soaks in the cheers...

DDK:

Reaper Red and Cyan! They just pulled blue out, and Red's sliding in?

Lance:

They may have just saved this match Darren!

Klein turns and drops down, covering Reaper Red.

One.

Two.

ROLL UP BY RED OUTTA THE PIN!

One!

TWO!

THR-NO! Barely! Klein powers out.

DDK:

They almost had 'im!

Red and Klein get up, Red charging and eats a clothesline that turns the cruiser inside out... but he lands on his feet! And then pele kick's Klein square in the box! Red starts climbing a turnbuckle, when Green hops onto the apron shouting commands. Blue tosses Red a pair of brass knucks, as Red steadies himself to fly.

Meanwhile, Klein remains down on the mat with the box on his head, and Flex... appears nowhere?

DDK:

Get Green down!

Lance:

Blue handed Red some knucks, He's going for a fist drop!

Red flies, and eats a double boot! Red staggers, stunned, as Klein stands and hooks him in full nelson. Red's arms flail as he tries to fight it.

Just then, Klein slowly pulls himself back on the apron.

DDK:

Wait! That's Flex! Flex Kruger has Red! They did the switcheroo! Just like the Reapers did!

Lance:

I think Hector's just realizing that... both Klein and Flex are wearing boxes!

DDK:

Flex Plex! Into a bridge! And Klein hits the ring!

One!

Klein rushes and hits Blue off the apron, and then clobbers Green.

TWO!

Cyan tries to slide in but Klein puts the boots to him.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

And even Chartreuse! They just barely miss the dive to break up the pin. Pretty sure that woulda caused a DQ.

Lance:

A lot of things in this match shoulda caused a DQ Darren, but Flex in a Box pick up the win, verified by our official Hector Navarro. An, odd opening match to say the least!

DDK:

But Flex in a Box pick up some momentum heading into their rematch with Dangerous Mix at DEFCon! While the Reapers have a strong showing, and without that switcheroo, I think the Reapers had 'em!

Lance:

Hoisted by their own petard.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022

CARD AS IT STANDS...

FIST of DEFIANCE

Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Alvaro de Vargas

#1 CONDER MATCH FOR THE FIST of DEFIANCE:

Dex Joy vs. Conor Fuse

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

Dr. Ned Reform vs. Elon Musk?

MV1 vs. Corvo Alpha

****if MV1 loses, he leaves DEF. If Corvo Alpha loses, Lord Nigel leaves DEF***

Titanes Familia vs. Team HOSS

TERESA AMES vs. MICHAEL VAN WARREN

♪ "Upper Echelon (feat. T.I. & 2 Chainz)" by Travi\$ Scott ♪

DDK:

Here we are, folks! The debut of "Mr. Onslaught" Michael Van Warren on DEFtv!

Lance:

The two-time BRAZEN Onslaught Champion looks ready to GO, too!

Standing six-foot five inches tall, the bearded, long black-haired standout of BRAZEN makes his way out from behind the curtain to quite a positive reaction.

DDK:

Well, the fans certainly have gained a lot of respect for MvW after the way he cut Arthur Pleasant in half on UNCUT this past week!

Lance:

That Zodiac Spear was one of the most vicious looking spears I've ever seen, and seeing Arthur Pleasant get destroyed by it made me such a happy man. Big things are on the horizon for this big kid!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way down to the ring first, from the Yokota Air Base in Tokyo, Japan, weighing in at 265lbs... Mr. ONSLAUGHT... MICHAEL... VAN... WARREN!!

Clad in a black and blue wrestling singlet with long tights- where the black singlet has a blue trim with the letters MvW on the abdomen- and the legs are blue with the black outline of "crosshairs" all over the legs, MvW makes his way down to the ring. Bumping fists with the Faithful along the way down.

DDK:

Michael looks to be all business right now. He knows he cannot sleep with Teresa Ames-

Lance:

- you, of course, mean SLEEP ON?!

DDK: *[clearing his throat]*

Yes. Yes THAT's what I meant! Michael knows he cannot sleep on Teresa Ames in this match. Ames is a seasoned competitor, and she is *not* someone you can walk over in your first match on DEFtv.

Lance:

One-hundred percent, Keebs.

The crowd is restless as pink and green smoke plumes from the ramp.

♪ "Toxic" by Britney Spears ♪

The Faithful eventually fangirl out at the sight of none other than the OG Tasty Gurl, Miss Teresa Ames herself. She stands prominently in her signature red combat suit as she gazes out towards the sea of fans who simply adore her. She marches down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, from Joliet, Illinois, weighing in at "ENOUGH" she is TERESA AMES!

Ames slaps hands with a few of the first row fans before focusing on her menacing opponent in the ring.

DDK:

This is undoubtedly a huge task ahead for Teresa who is actually on a bit of a losing streak ever since the fans have embraced her,

Ames stands across from MvW as the match begins.

DING DING

MvW doesn't budge. Ames doesn't budge. The fans are restless!

Lance:

Who is going to blink first here?

Eventually, Ames darts towards MvW's shins with a drop-kick, but even the big powerhouse has enough agility to easily get out of the way. With Teresa on her back, MvW drops a gigantic elbow!

DDK:

That's what Teresa needs to look out for! This is clearly a physical mismatch, but if Ames can keep her attacks light and fast, she might have a chance to compete here tonight.

Ames manages to slide out from under her opponent's rather large frame. She tries to put the boots to him, but he simply powers out. Ames slingshots off the ropes and gets destroyed by a diving shoulder block!

Lance:

I felt that impact up here!

MvW lifts Ames into the air by her hair and swings her around like a rag doll! Somehow, Ames is able to wrap her snake-like legs around her foe's neck. She squeezes for all they're worth as MvW has no choice but to try to pry the Tasty Gurl off him.

Lance:

It's almost as if Ames is the spider on the wall that MvW is trying to squash!

Eventually, MvW does get a solid grip on her and proceeds to toss her down to the mat with authority. Gasping for air, Ames manages to keep MvW off her for the moment.

DDK:

Ames is quick to her feet! Off the ropes again but this time she's caught in a front headlock by MvW!

The brute wastes no time DDTing Ames' cranium first into the canvas but he's not done there.

Lance:

What a planted DDT by MvW! But look! He still has the headlock cinched in!

MvW smiles as he knows the type of pain he's about to inflict on Teresa. Keeping her in the DDT position, MvW sits up and delivers a second consecutive DDT, albeit this one has a touch of elevation to it!

DDK:

Double DDT! This one definitely had more height to it, though! It's clear that Teresa is in trouble now!

MvW holds onto the front headlock once again and once more he sits up, holding Teresa in place for a third DDT.

Lance:

The smile on that man's face is just sadistic.

MvW double underhooks Ames by the arms and holds her up in the air for a pause before slamming her into the mat

head first once more! Some fans cover their mouths at the sight of the trifecta DDT.

DDK:

I don't know if I've ever seen something like that! Hitting your opponent three times in a row with different styles of DDT! Each more vicious than the last!

Ames lays limp on the canvas as MvW doesn't even bother hooking a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE NINE! WOW OKAY!

Cue the fans igniting in chants here.

SHIT GUY, SHIT!

SHIT GUY, SHIT!

SHIT GUY, SHIT!

SHIT GUY, SHIT!

Each time the fans say shit, Teresa gains a little more energy until she somehow makes it up to her feet, much to MvW's surprise.

Lance:

This one's not over! I thought that last DDT would have put things away for MvW!

Van Warren lunges forward but misses the chance to grab his foe. Teresa readies her elbow and goes for a desperation CTRL+ALT+ASLEEP but the big man is right there to block and subsequently catch Ames by the arm. She gazes up at her maker. That was her best shot and she blew it.

DDK:

Uh oh. I think Ames is in trouble here! She wasn't able to get back into this thing!

MvW drops the arm, then cunningly shoots off the ropes. He nearly snaps Teresa in half, hitting her with a spear but also hooks his arm around her leg, rolls through and in one solid motion, slams her down with a makeshift schoolboy bomb!

DDK:

That's the Zodiac Spear, but Teresa is so light and tiny that Michael Van Warren easily latched onto add a bomb onto the end of that move! And what a move it is!

Seeing stars, Ames lays there, looking at the bright lights which surround the ring. MVW covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, MICHAEL VAN WARREN!

MvW doesn't stick around long enough to get his hand raised, as he does not get paid by the hour and his job appears to be done. He pushes himself off Teresa and starts to make his way to the back. People eye Teresa in the ring to gain visual confirmation she is in one piece.

Suddenly, MvW turns around to see if Ames is still alive as well.

DDK:

It wasn't long, but my goodness was it hard hitting! This goes to prove MvW is no joke. He just about PERSON HANDLED Teresa Ames tonight! HUGE win for him in his debut on DEFtv!

Ames moves gingerly, wincing like crazy, but she gives a thumbs up and blows a kiss or two to the crowd. She grabs at her hamstring as if she's hurt her leg badly before rolling out of the ring and heads to the back, all with the help from the referee.

Lance:

The fans here giving a warm thank you to Teresa who left it all out in the ring tonight, but it was just not meant to be. MvW was more than she could handle tonight!

MvW raises his hands in victory to the crowd, when all of a sudden...

DDK:

WHAT?! ARTHUR! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?!

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

Unexpectedly, after jumping from the guard rail while disguising himself as best he can in street clothes, Pleasant runs full speed ahead, catching MvW's chin with the single-leg dropkick just as he turns around!

DDK:

PROVOCATION!

Lance:

Michael just got taken down to the ramp hard!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

With Teresa Ames and the referee walking up the ramp, they give Pleasant a wide berth, who surprisingly ignores them. With MvW grimacing on the ramp, Pleasant withdraws a microphone from inside his waist band. Sitting Indian Style above MvW's supine position, Pleasant caresses his Uncle's hair.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh, Michael. Tsk, tsk, tsk. You thought you could make a name for yourself in DEFIANCE off of MY name? That was... smart, actually. To be honest, I don't blame you one bit. It was a smart play. But here's where underestimating your older "nephew" comes into play... because I accept your challenge.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Arthur Pleasant:

With one caveat, of course! If I beat you? You stay in BRAZEN and cannot compete on the DEFIANCE main roster... EVER.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Arthur Pleasant:

But I'm not an unreasonable man, Mikey. Because if you beat ME? I will leave DEFIANCE... FOREVER.

RAAAH!!

Kissing his Uncle's forehead, Pleasant stands up and drops the microphone across MvW's chest.

Turning toward the guerilla position, Pleasant smiles deviously, satisfied with himself.

But in a reversal of roles from UNCUT, this time it is MvW pulling himself up... with a giant smirk on *his* face.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

PUSH COMES TO SHOVE

DEFTv comes back from commercial break where Teresa Ames walks through gorilla and into the backstage hallway. She seems down, having lost matches on back-to-back DEFTvs. She doesn't have long to stay with these thoughts, however, as she bumps into Princess Desire and behind her, Tyler Fuse. The duo are standing there patiently. It's like they were waiting for her...

Princess Desire:

Hey, girl.

Desire speaks in a calm and relaxed manner. Tyler simply stares off in the distance.

Ames collects herself. She wants to put on her bravest face, even though she's feeling a little rattled.

Teresa Ames:

Oh, hey...

Desire reaches out and grabs Ames' right arm.

Princess Desire:

Don't worry about the loss sweetie, it happens.

Ames shrugs her shoulders as Desire lets go of her arm.

Teresa Ames:

Easy to say for someone who wins their matches. Sigh.

Ames leans onto her left leg, in order to look past Desire and see Tyler standing in the background. Teresa politely smiles and waves which forces Tyler to lower his eyes and acknowledge her.

Teresa Ames:

So what are you up to these days? I haven't seen too much from you since DEFIANCE Road...

It doesn't look like Tyler is going to answer. Instead, the Princess speaks up.

Princess Desire:

Oh, Tyler and I will be teaming for the foreseeable future. In fact...

She leans forward, as if to suggest she doesn't want anyone else to know, even though no one else is around.

Princess Desire:

We'll be teaming together on UNCUT this week. Don't forget to check it out.

Surprisingly, Tyler adds a comment.

Tyler Fuse:

I still get along with Conor but as long as he's tied to Malak Garland...

And then it makes sense, why Tyler would speak up. After he says Malak's name, a sense of depression crosses Ames' face.

Teresa Ames:

Hmmm, yeah? Malak, huh? Wonder what he's doing.

Desire shows a sigh of relief.

Princess Desire:

It's good you got away from the troll. [Changing the topic] Hey, if you ever need new friends, the offer stands tall with us.

Ames looks thankful for the offer and at the same time... apprehensive. Since Tyler is just standing there, mostly deadpan and even Princess Desire, well, something about her seems off.

Teresa Ames:

Hey listen, I am planning a cheer-me-up-buttercup ASMR session IN THE RING at the next DEFtv. If you two aren't busy, maybe you should stop by. Tyler, I think you could benefit from soothingly tapping on something soft. Desire, girl, I sure could use some girl power there! What do you two say?

Desire and Fuse exchange a look before glancing back the Tasty Gurl's way.

Princess Desire:

We'll think about it.

Ames winks after receiving the message. She begins walking off in the other direction.

Teresa Ames:

Okay, super sweet! Text a bitch, willya?

Ames disappears from sight and Princess Desire watches her leave the entire time, before DEFtv goes elsewhere.

THE HONOR SOCIETY vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

To the commentary station. Both men maintain their professional demeanor, but it's also clear that whatever they're about to discuss has them slightly... perplexed.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, two weeks ago, DEFtv 183 Night 1 ended with a rather... bizarre challenge by one Ned Reform.

Lance:

That's right. We've seen Reform seem to go slightly off the deep end over the past weeks - in fact, he even went so far as to request a release from his DEFIANCE contract - but he seemed to be on the upswing after an uplifting talk from his tag partner, Levi Cole. And then... well, then he challenged tech millionaire and divisive pop culture figure Elon Musk to a match at DEFCON.

DDK:

The question on everyone's mind has been about the seriousness of this challenge: does Reform really expect Musk to accept and show up? Is this some sort of publicity stunt? Part of a larger scheme that has yet to be revealed?

Lance:

All that remains unclear. What IS clear, however, is that if this is all a publicity stunt... it has worked. The clip of Reform's challenge on the DEFIANCE YouTube channel has currently been viewed upwards of 100,000 times and growing. Ned has been on local news and even national entertainment shows. The world seems to be paying attention.

DDK:

Most of the world, because as far as I can tell, radio silence on the part of Elon Musk.

The announcers look at each other. All they can do is shrug. And that's when the Gulf Coast Connection's theme kicks in.

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Crescent City Kid is out first and then behind him comes "Wingman" Titus Campbell is out next in a silver themed Mardi-Gras hat and sunglasses with lights! Finally, out comes Theodore Cain! The Gulf Coast Connection take a moment to pose and pump up the crowd, soaking in their very respectable response from the St. Louis Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from New Orleans, Louisiana... being accompanied by Theodore Cain... Titus Campbell and the Crescent City Kid!

DDK:

The Gulf Coast Connection is set to square off with The Honor Society tonight.

Lance:

The Connection has proven they can pull out the win at any time. Reform's mind had better be on this match and not his potential DEFCON opponent.

Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young child in the audience with his parents before they start to head inside. Campbell, CCK and Cain all bump fists. Surprisingly, Campbell motions for a mic! The theme dies out as we hear from the eager GCC member.

Titus Campbell:

Hey! I just wanted to get this off my chest before our big match tonight.

Campbell grows serious. He looks into the hardcam and points a finger forward.

Titus Campbell:

Since I don't have a DEFCON match right now... CHRIS PRATT!!! I WANT A PIECE OF YOU!!

The crowd and the other GCC members have a good chuckle at that one. Theodore Cain takes the mic.

Theodore Cain:

Damn, Titus. Kinda stealing my thunder there. I was planning on...

Cain mimics Campbell's "serious" motion into the camera.

Theodore Cain:

CHALLENGING TOM HOLLAND!!! SPIDER-MAN - YOU! ME! STEEL CAGE! DEFCON! THEODORE IS REEEEEAAADDDYYYY!!!

Another round of laughter.

Crescent City Kid:

Well... might as well, right? SCARLETT JOHANSEN! I'M COMING FOR YA!

An awkward moment of silence. The Kid shrugs his shoulders.

Crescent City Kid:

What? I like her work. Besides, she could give me a better match than Ned Reform.

Now that cues the laughter.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

This is where the boos should begin. Except, oddly... they don't. Oh there's some, but not nearly as much as usual. In fact, part of the crowd reacts in what could be considered... dare I say... a positive way. TA Cole appears first, jumping up and down with clenched fists, ready to compete and clearly full of adrenaline. He seems to not be hating the semi-cheers, too. Behind him comes Ned Reform. If the Gulf Coast Connection's mocking promo bothered him, he isn't showing it. Reform rolls his neck to crack it a few times before pausing on the ramp, smirking. He looks first left and then right, taking in the entire arena and nodding his head slowly.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... TA Cole! Ned Reform! The HONOR SOCIETY!

Cole continues his bouncing ball of energy routine as they walk to the ring. The smile never leaves Ned's face but he's far more calm.

DDK:

We shouldn't forget too, Lance, that we saw on Uncut that Reform challenged Elon Musk to show up tonight.

Lance:

I'm not so sure that challenge is going to be answered, Keebs. The most famous person backstage today was Elise Ares.

Cole leaps over the top rope while Reform wipes his feet on the mat a few times before climbing in. The music dies out as the competitors move into position. Crescent City Kid is eager to start for his team, as TA Cole takes point... until he is called over by Ned Reform, who insists that he himself start the match!

DDK:

When is the last time you saw that?

DING DING

Reform and the Kid circle each other, eyeing each other up and down and looking for an opening. As they do, the most amazing thing begins to happen. It is by no means echoing through the arena and most fans do not take part, but there is a noticeable "DOC - TOR - RE - FORM (clap clap, clap clap)" chant breaking out amongst a few small pockets of The Faithful! CCK seems perplexed by this, while this causes Reform's smile to widen even more. Ned hops to the top rope, posing for "his people" and receiving a small amount of cheers for the act. The Good Doctor returns to the ring, resuming his "ready to lock up" stance. He and CCK finally lock up, and Ned immediately goes behind with the standing switch. CCK tries to reverse with a hammerlock, but Ned suddenly just kicks him in the junk!! The Kid falls to his knees while Carla Ferrari gets in Ned's face. Reform protests it was an accident as she threatens to disqualify him. Now the entire arena is booing The Sage on the Stage - and he seems to enjoy that even more than the cheers! As Carla checks on The Kid, Reform AGAIN jumps up to the top rope - but this time to mock the fans and soak in the jeers.

DDK:

Well, that was a short lived run as a fan favorite.

Carla checks on The Kid, who indicates that he does not want the match to end in a DQ and he would like to continue. Reform waits in the corner until he loses his patience, at which point he moves in and shoves Carla aside. He picks the aching CCK up and throws him roughly into the corner where he hammers away with multiple kicks to the body. CCK slumps, and Reform uses his boot to choke out the high flying member of GCC. He breaks it before Carla reaches a five count. He whips The Kid into the opposite turnbuckle, but instead of slamming into it, CCK is able to leap up on top of it! As Ned charges after him, the high flyer catches The Good Doctor with a big crossbody! The quick-thinking Doctor is able to roll through, however, and the move ends with Ned back to his feet and holding CCK's legs as he lays in front of him. Ned hits a sharp boot to CCK's nether regions ("it was his stomach!" Ned protests to Ferrari) before again smirking at the crowd. Reform brings him back up - reverse Atomic Drop followed by hitting the ropes for a stiff clothesline. CCK gets taken into The Honor Society's corner and Reform tags out - holding CCK's arm extended allowing Cole to hit a cheap shot as he enters the ring. Cole hooks CCK and hits a reverse suplex. He covers.

ONE!

TWO!

No! CCK powers a shoulder up. Cole keeps on the pressure with a chinlock, taunting Titus Campbell as his partner flails. Cole drags CCK back to the Honor Society corner. He tags in his mentor, laying out CCK with a body slam as Reform climbs to the second rope, hitting a crisp leg drop from the second rope. Instead of covering, Reform pops back to his feet and points to his big brain a few times to rile up the crowd. The Kid gets brought back to his feet and with a smirk, Ned grabs him by the back of the neck, gets a running start, and launches him over the top rope and to the floor below. Reform pie faces Campbell, drawing the powerhouse into the ring - but he's cut off as the pass by Carla Ferrari! This distraction allows Cole to clothesline The Kid out of his shoes on the outside and stomp away a dozen times before rolling him back into the ring - just as Theodore Cain makes it over to run him off. Just as this happens, a commotion begins to rise up among the people. We don't see what it is at first, but eventually the camera finds the source: a man walking through the crowd, toward the front row, wearing a plastic Elon Musk mask!

DDK:

Oh my!!

Lance:

That can't be...? Right...?

DDK:

I have my doubts. But either way, I'm sure it's someone trying to get Ned's attention!

In the ring, Reform's attention indeed has been drawn away from CCK... his eyes bug out of his head as "Elon Musk" (henceforth known as "Elon Mask") makes it to the front row. Ned points at this person, yelling things that the camera

doesn't pick up, but it doesn't seem to be pleasant. He seems to tell Elon Mask that he's going to show him before hooking CCK for the Syllabuster! He jaw jacks with the mystery man as he lifts... but he is caught off guard as CCK turns the move into a hurricanrana mid-move! Reform flies forward, landing with his upper torso draped over the second rope. The Kid gets a running start and plants Ned as he swings through the ropes with the 504! Crescent City Kid completes the onslaught by leaping over the top rope with the Hurricane Press! CCK covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout! Ned kicks his feet and powers out, but it was damn close. On the outside, Elon Mask mock claps for that. Crescent City Kid doesn't waste time with Reform down, tagging in to his larger partner Titus Campbell. Together, both men send Reform off the ropes... but he is able to stop his momentum and roll under the bottom rope! Immediately, he storms over to the guardrail where he gets in the face of Elon Mask.

Ned Reform:

I KNOW IT'S YOU!! TAKE THAT OFF!!! SHOW YOURSELF, COWARD!!

Meanwhile, in the ring, TA Cole takes it on himself to charge The Gulf Coast Connection, but he runs right into a double arm drag. Crescent City Kid hits the ropes and drops lighting quick leg drop on Cole. Campbell brings TA Cole up and biels him across the room - all the while, Reform is in the face of Elon Mask and has no idea! The Crescent City Kid leaps to the top rope, but Cole surprises Campbell with a back elbow and stuns him for a moment... just enough time for Cole to get a running start and LEAP up to the rope, hooking and dropping CCK with a belly-to-belly superplex!! Titus Campbell has recovered, though, and as TA Cole gets back up he's put right back down with a big boot. Cole gets hooked and dropped with Campbell's "Hook-Up," but he's not the legal man... in fact, the legal man has snuck back in the ring behind Titus and he drops him with a fameasser! With Campbell down, Reform signals for his "Thinking Man's Elbow Drop" - he points a finger into the air as if he just had a great idea. He uses that finger to point all around the arena as he turns in a full circle... finally stopping to point directly at Elon Mask, whose mask covered face is unreadable (duh). Reform uses the finger to point to his big brain and then leaps into the air with a standing elbow drop right into the heart! Surprisingly... this gets Ned his biggest positive reaction of the night! This audience can't seem to make up its mind. Ned stalks Titus Campbell, circling him like a hungry vulture while licking his lips. When Campbell makes it back up... Ad Hominem! Reform's version of the crossface chicken wing proves to be inescapable, especially when Reform allows Campbell's momentum to bring him down and The Good Doctor grapevines him with his legs. Campbell puts up a decent fight, but has no choice but to tap.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners... THE HONOR SOCIETY!

Reform rolls into a seated position, immediately looking over to his "arch nemesis" - but Elon Mask has vanished without a trace! The Good Doctor's face flushes red with anger and he quickly gets to his feet. As The Gulf Coast Connection roll out of the ring to fight another day, Reform leans over the top to demand Quimbey's mic. He gets it and he signals for his music to cut off as Cole begins to use the ropes to get back to his feet. Reform points in the direction of where Elon Mask used to be as he angrily begins to cut his promo.

Ned Reform:

LAIR! CHARLATAN! FRAUD! You may be able to escape consequences on your bird social media nonsense, but this is DEFIANCE! You shalt not escape my wrath, you fiend!! I vow this to you!!

Ned turns to the fans.

Ned Reform:

And I vow this to all of YOU as well... in two weeks time... DEFtv 185... Elon Musk WILL be on this program!

RAAAAAAAAAA!

Ned Reform:

Oh yes! And not only that, but he will be my guest on Office Hours... as he and I sign our DEFCON contract!

Reform slams the mic down as his music kicks in again.

DDK:

That's quite the promise!

Lance:

This just gets more bizarre. Is there any chance Elon Musk will actually be at DEFtv 185 in Knoxville? Who was under that mask? Is this match really going to happen?

Lance's questions remain unanswered as Reform checks on the condition of a recovering TA Cole.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. MV1

We shift to the announce table, where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner greet the viewer with a pair of smiles.

DDK:

It's been an absolute roller coaster these last two nights in St. Louis as the Gateway to the West has served as the Gateway to DEFCON and yet somehow, somehow, we aren't done yet!

Lance:

We still have the... "Snowflake... Flutter Countdown" winding down for later tonight as well! ...I can't believe I just read that on air.

DDK: *[sighing]*

Let's focus on the task—and the match—at hand, shall we?

A graphic for Arthur Pleasant vs. Masked Violator #1 replaces the announcers on our collective screens. Pleasant's sick smile, MV1's determined eyes; blue under red. As Lance speaks, highlights from the referenced moments scroll by in the lower-right corner of the screen.

Lance:

It was two weeks ago in our main event when there proved to be no escape from a pair of handcuffs for "The Escape Artist" Rezin. Arthur Pleasant made the most of every single opportunity presented to him, including Oscar Burns' handicapping of DEFIANCE's favorite anti-hero! But it's not all sunshine and roses for Arthur!

DDK:

Thank God!

Lance:

On UNCUT last week, he was reminded that family can be a handful when Michael Van Warren delivered a devastating spear AND a pointed message to Arthur!

DDK:

Meanwhile, MV1 knows he faces the savage Corvo Alpha in 5 weeks at DEFCON. He knows his career is on the line along with the managerial career of Lord Nigel Tricklebush depending on who can walk out victorious. And he knows that tonight could be the biggest test he faces on his path to facing, and hopefully *freeing* Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

Let's go to the ring.

The house lights dim.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Our following contest is the MAIN EVENT of the EVENING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Parts Undisclosed... weighing in tonight at 233 pounds...

MV1 bursts onto the stage with energy in a glow of red, blue, and yellow revolving lights. The Red Rocket streaks down the aisle, tagging outstretched hands with purpose.

Darren Quimbey:

He is **M... V... 1!**

He slides into the ring and ends in a pose; knelt on 1 knee, 1 arm and 1 single finger held high. In front, behind and all around him, red *"WE'RE #1!"* foam fingers surge and sway throughout the arena. Bounding to his feet with a smile stretching his mask wide, the music and lights slowly fade out and the Faithful murmur in anxious anticipation.

♪ *"Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet* ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Two letters appear on the DEFIatron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete graphic that slices through the bottom of the screen.

AP

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at 225lbs...**ARRRTHURRR...PLLEEEAAASAAANT!**

DDK:

Annnnd here comes the most beloved man in all of DEFIANCE! *[laughs]*.

Lance:

Every time I see this idiot, I feel like I'm 8-years old and somebody just told me that Santa Claus isn't real.

Wearing a longcoat with a blood spatter design and the DEFIANCE Fist logo wrapped in barbed wire, Pleasant stops at the top of the ramp. He smirks evilly while scanning the Faithful before locking eyes with MV1. Continuing his way down, the fans continue to shower him with boos, but Pleasant couldn't give a shit even if he wanted to. Sliding under the bottom rope, Pleasant snakes his way to the middle rope, where he greets "his fans" with both fists raised in the air.

Jumping down from the middle turnbuckle, Pleasant careens toward MV1 like he's stalking him, but stops when referee Brian Slater steps between the two opponents.

DDK:

Good on Slater for getting in between these two. You can't trust Arthur to start a match honorably.

Lance:

I doubt "honor" is even in his vocabulary.

MV1 tightens a grip around his wrist tape, eyes narrowed across the ring at his opponent, who stretches a leg in the corner. Slater quickly checks in with each man before signaling...

DING DING

No hesitation as the two are quick to lock-up. The advantage seems to ebb and flow, with each man pressing the other against the ropes, the other finding a way to reverse the upper hand, and back again.

Lance:

It's hard not to note just how similarly matched these two professional athletes are in some ways. In height, in weight, and in build... MV1 might have a little more bulk to him, but that might just be today. In styles, however, Masked Violator #1 has proven himself to be a skilled technician between the bells who isn't afraid to take to the skies if it might make a difference in the outcome. Pleasant, on the other hand, isn't afraid to brandish weapons or take creative advantage in EXTREME circumstances! But recently, we've seen Arthur evolve to a more astute, studied catch-as-catch-can style when needed. It will be interesting to see which Arthur that MV1 gets tonight! The hardcore madman or the ring general?

#1 edges Pleasant backwards towards a corner when Arthur offers a stiff open hand **SLAP** across MV1's mask.

DDK:

That might just be your answer.

Unable to wipe the cocky smirk off his face, Pleasant chuckles as he and MV1 fall into circling one another. Another lock-up, this one with a more taut snap to it. MV1 forces Pleasant towards a corner once more and then quickly reverses direction, arm dragging him over and down to the canvas with a thud. #1 works to apply pressure and maintain control of his opponent by controlling Pleasant's left arm. Squirming and flailing for a moment, Pleasant finds a knee and then both feet under him. MV1 finds a rear hammerlock. Wrenching on it, you can see the shock on his mask when Pleasant ducks out of it and wrings MV1's arm instead.

What follows is a dazzling series of counters and counter-counters. One gives, the other takes. One swings, the other misses.

Rights from MV1.

Lefts from Pleasant.

The tension builds and the anticipation mounts.

A headlock takeover.

A head scissor takeover.

Before long, both competitors are at a standstill. The fans begin clapping out of respect for both men and the action they're bringing to everyone in attendance.

DDK:

Well damn. This... is gonna be good.

Lance:

As much as I hate to admit it? Yeah. This could be an absolute *banger*.

Pleasant cracks his neck, nodding his head as if to say, "Okay. I see you.". MV1 slaps his shoulders, ready for the next page in the story. Having created separation from each other, they circle like lions defending their den. Finally, their arms slap together as they go in for a *hard* collar and elbow tie up. MV1 pushes forward, but Pleasant digs his heels in and pushes back. Neither of the men give an inch before releasing.

DDK:

Geez. Neither of them are looking to make that first mistake.

Lance:

You can say that again!

MV1 artfully ducks a swinging right hook from Arthur then hooks him from behind and backslides Pleasant's shoulders to the canvas in a flash.

ONE.

TW- SHOULDER UP!

Pleasant springs back to his feet to meet MV1 and fires off a roundhouse kick.

DDK:

MV1 ducks the kick! But Pleasant dives over the masked man, rolling him up in the process!

Slater slides into position.

ONE.

TWO – KICKOUT!

Still cradled in place, MV1 shifts his weight and rolls Pleasant's back to the mat, reversing the roll-up.

ONE!!

TWO!!!

Pleasant smacks his heels into MV1's temples and edges a shoulder off the canvas at the same time. Both men roll backwards to their feet, synchronized, MV1 ducks a wild clothesline before springboarding off the middle rope – landing in a seated position on Pleasant's shoulders, eliciting a gasp from the Faithful. The masked man adjusts his balance and rolls forward–

DDK:

VICTORY ROLL-UP! MV1 has Pleasant, center-ring!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR-

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant is visibly frustrated... but Masked Violator #1 isn't going to catch him off guard! Not that easily!

Both men upright, Pleasant charges at #1 who sidesteps and catches a deep arm drag, snapping Pleasant onto the mat with a **THUD**. Once more pressing his weight down on Arthur, using his own left arm against him, MV1's mask is twisted up in a focused grimace. Arthur curses MV1 before slapping the canvas twice in annoyance. Digging deep, he kicks his right leg up, catching MV1 on the crown of his mask and sending him backwards, forcing him to release his hold. In a flurry of motion, Arthur is back to his feet, streaking into and bouncing off of the ropes and BLISTERING MV1 with a spinning buzzsaw kick that sends the masked man crashing into the corner – his red mask bashes into the turnbuckle awkwardly.

DDK:

Narcolepsy may have just knocked MV1 out!

We split screen, an instant replay of the viscous kick on the left and a live feed on the right. MV1's hand twitches as Brian Slater kneels over him, checking in. Pleasant collects himself, his eyes darting around the ring, planning his next move.

Yanking Slater out of the way as politely as he possibly can, Pleasant slinks into a cover, hooking the far leg.

ONE!

TWO!!!

THR- SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

AP caught MV1 with that one!

DDK:

But he's far from out of it!

Finding himself in firm control for the first time, Arthur pulls MV1 back to his feet and whips him across the ring – but MV1 reverses the momentum, sending Pleasant springing into the ropes instead. MV1 meets him with a HUGE standing vertical dropkick! Taking a breather and a knee, MV1 winces in pain, cradling his head in hand for a fleeting moment. He adjusts the mask on his head and stands up–

DDK:

PROVOCATION! Pleasant just SCORCHED MV1 with that Provocation kick! He hooks the leg! Is this it?!?

ONE.

TWO.

THREE?!

NO!!!! NO!!!!

DDK:

How did MV1 kick out of that?!? Pleasant is as shocked as the rest of us!!

He is. In total disbelief, Pleasant screams at Slater, clapping his hands 3 times for emphasis. Hitting his feet and jawing with the fans, Pleasant brushes a lock of black hair from his eyes and hocks as loogie to the ringside floor. Turning back to finish what he started, Pleasant reaches down for MV1 – and is suddenly ROLLED UP WITH SHOULDERS DOWN! The crowd moves with Brian Slater!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR- BIG KICKOUT BY AP!

Pleasant kips up, MV1 reaches up for the top rope and quickly pulls himself to his feet in one motion – and Pleasant charges! MV1 ducks down and AP floats over him, rolling off of #1's back and hitting the far ropes.

Lance:

MV1 catches him – SPINNING TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER! What a maneuver!

With both combatants down, the Faithful fuel the moment with their voices, and before long the rhythmic clapping takes hold. MV1 slaps the mat in time with their clapping as he uses a turnbuckle to find his footing. #1 eyes Pleasant, clutching his lower back across the ring and measures him.

Eyes alight under his mask, MV1 points a single finger to the sky and the foam fingers in the crowd ape him. He bounds up the turnbuckle!

DDK:

THIS COULD BE 1-DERSTRUCK!

#1 barely pauses, instead leaping in the air off the top rope and revolving forward into the somersault legdrop – BUT AP ROLLS OUT OF THE RING – and MV1 spotted it, somehow aborting the move midair and landing on his FEET instead!

It is at that moment when an odd commotion buzzes through the arena and heads crane all at once towards the entranceway.

DDK:

Oh no! What is HE doing here!?

Being rolled onto the stage by a prehistoric butler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush is rail thin and sickly looking. His bowler cap sitting on his bony lap, Lord Nigel's steel gray eyes are focused square on the ring, ignoring the booing fans. His handler, Mr. Barnaby, takes a moment to wipe the sweat from his master's brow with a musty square cloth.

Lance:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush has no business being out here!

In the ring, MV1 sees the latest spectator slowly rolling down the aisle with skepticism and concern. He pulls his arms through the red straps of his wrestling singlet and steps on the bottom rope, bellowing in Lord Nigel's direction but his words being swallowed by the Faithful.

DDK:

Is Lord Nigel out here scouting MV1 ahead of DEFCON... or is he bringing Corvo out here?!

Lance:

I'd say MV1 is wondering the same thing!

MV1 waves for Nigel & Co. to "bring it on" as, in the background, a figure slithers under the bottom rope and into the ring and all of a sudden, it's too late.

Fireman's carry.

He smirks out into the Faithful

Pushing up under MV1, Pleasant snaps to the mat with his knees extended, with *DEVASTATING* force!

DDK:

CALAMITY PAIN! Arthur just NAILED MV1 with one of the sickest Calamity Pain's I think we've ever seen!

Lance:

A cover! Ever the opportunist!

ONE!!!

DDK:

Please, God, not again.

TWO!!!!

THREEEEE!!!

Lance:

Son of a b-

DING DING DING

Arthur allows his arm to be raised as he gets to his feet, and then petulantly jerks his arm away.

♪ “Immigrant Song” by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this contest, as a result of a pinfall... **ARRRTHURRR PLLLEASANT!**

Lance:

It wasn't pretty... but it sure was... “Pleasant”.

DDK:

Why would you say that?

Lance:

Practicing for my radio gig. I know, I know. I feel gross after saying that.

Pleasant celebrates on a turnbuckle, sneering at the crowd.

DDK:

Another DEFtv and another opportunistic victory for Arthur Pleasant! It's impossible to ignore the mind games and presence of Lord Nigel Tricklebush at ringside, Lance. And clearly MV1 wasn't able to ignore it. That being said... a great, gutsy performance from Arthur Pleasant as he continues his winning ways back in DEFIANCE!

At ringside, Lord Nigel sneers. He yelps at Mr. Barnaby and the ancient manservant ploddingly “springs” into action, turning Nigel's wheelchair around to return up the ramp. Sliding out of the ring to sit on the ringside floor, using the ring steps as his backstop, MV1 watches Tricklebush melt away with frustration. Adjusting the mask on his head, MV1 is slow to his feet, slapping supportive front-row hands.

But, just when everyone thinks the show has come to an end, the crowd ROARS as Michael Van Warren, still in his ring gear from his earlier debut match with Teresa Ames, jumps the barricade!

A TIGER DOESN'T CHANGE ITS STRIPES

DDK:

OH MY GOD! LOOK!

Mr. Onslaught slides into the ring, creeps up behind Arthur Pleasant, and catches him in a katahajime!! Pleasant is SHOCKED as his eyes go wide and gasps for air!!

Lance:

LIMIT BREAKER!! HE'S CHOKING OUT ARTHUR PLEASANT!! EYE FOR AN EYE FOR A DAMN EYE!!

Almost rag-dolling his own "nephew", MvW finally throws all of his weight up into a grapevine, taking Pleasant down to the mat. Before Pleasant can even contemplate tapping out, he is completely unconscious!

But Michael Van Warren KEEPS the deadly submission hold on his own older nephew and former Family Values tag team partner!

DDK:

I'd say get some help, but... you know. It's Arthur's time to experience what a sneak attack felt like! After all, he just did the same thing to MV1!

Lance:

Yeah. Let 'im CHOKE!

Finally, after several moments, MvW relinquishes the maneuver and rolls to his feet. Looking down at Pleasant's unconscious body, he yells so the audio picks up every word.

MvW:

Get those applications ready, fam. 'Cause... YOU'RE ON, BITCH!!

MvW then looks out at the Faithful, raises a lone fist into the air, and face-washes Pleasant's unconscious face with the heel of his wrestling boot.

DDK:

Well, tonight has been one hell of a DEFIANCE Television debut for Michael Van Warren! I don't think anyone's going to forget THIS moment any time soon!

Lance:

Agreed. But, as much as I hate to say it, this could be only a handful of appearances he ever makes on DEFtv. 'Cause now it appears to be "ON", as Michael just said. It's loser leaves town, or loser never performs on the main roster again!

Exiting the ring, MvW turns back to Pleasant and shrugs, front-row fans elated that this newcomer to DEFtv has made such a bold statement to one of the most dangerous men in DEFIANCE.

Michael Van Warren reaches the top of the ramp where MV1 is. Showing MV1 a sign of respect by patting him on the shoulder, both he and MvW disappear through the curtains as DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

SNOWFLAKE FLUTTER COUNTDOWN CLOCK

The crane cam slowly swings around the arena, showing a packed house of wrestling fanatics sitting in their seats and going about their business. Inside the ring, a pile of merchandise sits neatly in the center of the canvas. Suddenly, the countdown clock to end all countdown clocks magically appears on the DEFiatron. The fans know who is associated with the clock, so naturally, they boo emphatically until a certain theme song hits.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

DDK:

Oh great. Here we go, Lance. The Tenderest Tweeter in the land is about to come out and make a mockery of dare I say one of the greatest wrestling promotions in history. Some might find it hard to argue against the idea that there would be no DEFIANCE if it wasn't for a place like the fWo. They might be a relic in terms of time but they certainly put wrestling on the mainstream map. I know for a fact it was an internet sensation during its era!

Out comes Malak Garland and Siobhan Cassidy. All smiles, Garland is wearing the oddest t-shirt. It's got an fWo logo half buried in snow prominently printed across the chest. Garland and his girl walk hand-in-hand down the ramp. They only look at the clock once inside the ring, which still has eight minutes and change remaining on the timer. Malak addresses the crowd.

Malak Garland:

St. Louis, Missouri. Welcome to the Snowflake Flutter Countdown Super Spectacular eXtRaVaGaNzA! Now don't worry, we'll deal with the clock and this pile of putrid garbage trash in a moment but first, I need to air some grievances with your kind.

He pauses for a moment to allow the crowd to simmer.

Malak Garland:

I came here expecting nothing but trash pandas and ditch pigs and to my surprise, this town is quite clean. Like damn, you people are the home to a wOrLd cLaSs baseball organization in the Cardinals.

Insert obligatory cam shot of a fan wearing an Arenado jersey here.

Malak Garland:

Touche. Touche. You got me there because your team is actually pretty good. I can't quite rip on them the way I want to because, for the most part, they are vaunted in baseball lore. So when my private jet landed here, I wasn't expecting much but I will say my hotel rocked so thanks for that too, St. Louis.

Some light cheers come from the crowd because they're obviously quite happy with their town.

Malak Garland:

That's where the politeness ends even though I think I'll take it easy on you people. After all, you lost the Rams to Los Angeles a while ago.

BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

There it is. Always a backhanded comment from the Comment King himself.

Malak smiles.

Malak Garland:

Hey, look at it this way.

Garland walks over to the pile of fWo merchandise just sitting there. He picks up a wrestling buddy plush doll and holds it up.

Malak Garland:

At least your town isn't known for producing a strangler! This is the Boston Strangler and he can go straight to hell!

Malak throws the doll to the mat as hard as he can. Siobhan follows things up by kicking it out of the ring. Malak turns his attention back to the pile.

Malak Garland:

Hmmmm let's see? What else do we have here?

Lance:

This is going to be so embarrassing. I can't believe we're airing this disrespectful nonsense but I guess that's what you get when you have the Favored Saints in your back pocket!

Malak picks up a t-shirt and holds it up for the world to see.

Malak Garland:

Here, take this honey.

The Keyboard Master hands the shirt for Siobhan to hold up.

Malak Garland:

BiG LiTTLe iTaLy. Wow, okay. Wait a minute. He wasn't ever in the fWo, was he? How did this CWL trash get in there!? Nevertheless, what a vertically challenged dwarven loser he is, if you ask me. Way to put some disgrace on a country well respected for soccer and pizza. I like both but clearly not you. We wouldn't have gotten along if we shared a locker room. Next item, hun.

Siobhan tosses the shirt down and grabs a poster. She unfurls its tattered edges.

Malak Garland:

Kodiak Vic Creed. Menacing looking neanderthal if you ask me. While I am a fan of your work boots, I'm not a fan of your wrestling, you poser. Stick to what you know and I hope your business sees you well through retirement.

DDK:

This is so embarrassing but Malak thinks he's nailing this.

Siobhan grabs the next item, which is a collectors cup.

Malak Garland:

What do we have here?

The fans start to cheer wildly as a zoomed in shot of the collector cup shows some familiar faces.

Malak Garland:

cOnOr and Tyler Fuse? A power-up cup? THEY GOT A COLLECTOR CUP IN THE FWO!?

Enraged, Malak tries his best to keep his arrogant composure. He ends up slapping the cup out of Siobhan's hand in a white hot rage.

Malak Garland:

RIDICULOUS. NEXT. ITEM. NOW.

Siobhan is quick to move on, grabbing another shirt.

Malak Garland:

Look at this shirt. It belongs in a landfill. Ultra Violet? That's not even a name I know.

Siobhan leans into the microphone.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I believe Ultra Violet made it pretty big.

Malak deadpan stares back at Siobhan.

Malak Garland:

Back in the pile it goes. Grab me something with some gusto, will you?

Siobhan ruffles through the large array of items until she pulls out a special replica fWo World Championship belt.

Malak Garland:

Superstar Vince Jacobs. Lots to unpack here. Clearly, you're the most famous Vince in all of wrestling, seeing that you were the world champion of the top promotion for its time. Look, they even made a replica belt PERSONALLY for you. Pathetic. Anyone who does that just to feel unique is absolute human trash.

The crowd looks around, hoping Malak will catch on but obviously, he won't.

Lance:

See paper championship. I rest my case.

Siobhan holds up one more item as the timer is finally below three minutes.

Malak Garland:

Jonathan Conspiracy. Snore. The only thing that's a conspiracy here is how you got your own sunglasses merchandise! ENOUGH OF THIS!

Malak pouts around the ring like a baby before diving head first into the pile.

Malak Garland:

I've had enough of LINDSAY TROY, SONNY SILVER, RUBEN ROSS, that last name sucks by the way, HIGH FLYER, whoever that is, KEITH SCOTT ZIMMERMAN!? THE LIST GOES ON AND ON! BURY IT ALL!

He's nearly out of breath and at the bottom of the pile.

Malak Garland:

Graphic Violence. The only thing graphic about this t-shirt is the dump in the form of a blizzard I'm about to take on all these artifacts. Not even Black QUICKsilver will be fast enough to stop this.

That's all well and good but there's still a hefty minute and a half left on the clock. Malak's impatience grows worse and worse with each passing millisecond. He eyes the clock incessantly.

Malak Garland:

Come on, come on! Isn't there any way to speed this thing up!? I'm out here and I am RAGING in a way I haven't RAGED in months! DROP THE SNOW ALREADY!

Near tears, Garland falls to his bottom. A book sits next to him. He decides he has no choice but to grab it as Siobhan begins rubbing his tender shoulders.

Malak Garland:

The life and times of Ric Chronos? More like Chronos TRIGGERED, am I right? Haha. People actually bought this shit

twenty years ago!? Maybe the problem isn't the fWo. Maybe, IT'S YOU.

Garland snarls as he points to the camera recording him and then the greater number of people in the stands.

Malak Garland:

YOU ARE THE PROBLEM! WRESTLING FANS ARE IDIOTS! YOU DESERVE NONE OF THIS. YOU CERTAINLY DON'T DESERVE MY TALENTS! DO IT! DO IT! BURY IT ALL IN SNOW NOW! NOT JUST THE PILE OF FWO MERCH! COVER THE LAND! WELCOME TO THE ICE AGE OF MALAK WHERE ONLY I SURVIVE! BAHAAHAHAHA!

He's gone insanely off the deep end as the clock widdles its way down under thirty seconds. Everyone gets a little closer to the edge of their seat in anticipation for what will happen next.

Twenty-nine, twenty-eight.

DDK:

I have a bad feeling about this.

Lance:

Especially after what Malak just said too. He wants to expand the snowfall to cover *EVERYONE!*?

DDK:

And to think this all started after Malak lost a couple of matches to former fWo talents, Lindsay Troy and The Deacon. What a baby.

Malak rocks back and forth like the crazily obsessed lunatic he is as everyone watches the clock expire.

Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four.

Three. Two. One.

ZERO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A loud hockey-like buzzer sounds off. A moment passes and the lights turn off. Only the shrill shrieks of the fans can be heard.

Lance:

If this is truly the end, then I hope my family gets damage pay for this.

Slowly, sky blue lights turn on. They illuminate parts of the arena that are most important to see. Suddenly, from the rafters, powdery white snowflakes begin descending. Malak wasn't lying. His threats are coming true as a blizzard starts within the arena.

DDK:

I hope Malak knows he's in the center of all this and if he's trying to bury an arena full of people, and the historical fWo, that he's prepared to fight through a crowd that will hold him down too! He won't escape to see the light of day!

A camera shot shows Malak, sitting there, legs crossed and laughing as the chaos falls all around him and Siobhan.

Malak Garland:

ICE. AGE. OF. MALAK!

The snow starts picking up to a feverish pace, only really accumulating on the ramp and ring ropes.

Until.

It stops.

Abruptly.

The house lights turn back on as the looks of concern on everyone's faces begin to melt away. Somewhat shocked, Malak looks around with an expression of 'who turned off the snow' on his face.

DDK:

What's happening NOW? The snow stopped falling all of a sudden.

The lights go out. Again.

They come back on, and the entrance stage is crowded by dozens of women in choral robes.

DDK:

More over the top nonsense from Malak Garland!

Back in the ring, Malak seems as perplexed as anyone, as the choir starts singing.

Choir:

The revelation!

The revelation!

The revelation!

See the revelation!

The women then part like the Red Sea, clearing a path to the stage entrance, from which a tall, backlit man appears. He takes a few graceful strides and pauses at the top of the ramp. Reaching behind him, he pulls out a small, folded hat, snaps it flat, places it on his head and squares it off.

Not just any hat, mind you.

A beret.

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

As the music plays, many people are unsure, while some are losing their minds. It's not until the grand reveal of this logo on the DEFiatron does the entire arena come UNGLUED.

The quickest of camera shots cuts to Malak Garland who is freaking the hell out. Jaw agape, his eyes don't blink as

the one, the only, the Flying Frenchie, Pierre Delacroix, stands at the edge of the stage beaming and taking in a raucous reception.

It's clear Malak has the look on his face that he just soiled his pants as this is the last thing he ever expected.

Frenchie makes a beeline towards the ring, his eyes locked on Malak Garland, who rather than meeting his stare seems to be in deep conversation with Siobhan. Pierre climbs the ring steps and vaults over the top rope. He pauses briefly, seeing a plush Lamont the Cat in Malak's pile of merchandise. He picks up the toy, smiles, and tosses it into the crowd. Finally, he approaches Malak, grabs him by both shoulders, and turns him so that they're face to face. They briefly stare each other down, before Frenchie holds out his right hand expectantly.

Flying Frenchie:

Well?

Garland hands Pierre the microphone, since he clearly doesn't need it for his very important conversation with Siobhan, which he has decided of his own volition would best be held over in the far corner of the ring.

Flying Frenchie:

Ah, merci. Monsieur Garland here clearly knows who I am, but some of you do not. For zose who have ze distinct pleasure of meeting me for ze first time, I am ze Flying Frenchie, Pierre Delacroix. For ze last fourteen years, I've been wrestling all over Europe, but I assure you zat Monsieur Garland does not know me for zat. Non, for ze better part of a decade, I made my name wrestling for ze FWO. I had a storied career, wit' many accomplishments, all of which I've been asked not to run down in list form. You all have smartphones. Google me, it will save us all some time.

The fans can't believe what they're witnessing. Malak still looks as white as a ghost.

Flying Frenchie:

For almost a year now, Malak Garland has decided to be ze root cause of all of his troubles is ze FWO. I confess, I do not understand why. Ze FWO was a fine organization, wit' many fantastic competitors, but it has been dead for fourteen years. Fourteen! Monsieur Garland may as well be upset zat *UP*, ze cartoon wit' ze balloons and ze talking dogs, did not win Best Picture at ze Oscars.

Frenchie pauses, clearly amused by his own words, and plows on.

Flying Frenchie:

But I did not fly all ze way from Toulouse to St Louis to ask why Malak Garland feels he must diminish a dead wrestling company to make himself feel bigger. And I did not come here to address only ze Fait'ful. Monsieur Garland, what I have to say next, zat is for you.

Intrigued, Garland comes out of the corner tentatively ears first,, not sure if he's about to be talked down to or swung on.

Flying Frenchie:

For a year, Garland, you have been running zat mout' of yours, and you never considered ze ramifications. Your words echoed across ze globe, and ze worst possible t'ing happened. Your words found me, and now I have found you. What happens next, mon ami, zat is up to you.

Frenchie's smile is gone, and the joy, if not the accent, has dropped out of his voice.

Malak Garland:

Whoah whoah whoah. You seem angry, but like, I'm the one who's been wronged. You're a guest here, and right now you're being very dismissive of my lived experiences. Your shoddy wrestling show hurt me, in real and intense ways, and I'm feeling very attacked right- oof!!!

The Faithful erupt!

DDK:

That's one way to shut him up. Frenchie has hefted Malak Garland up onto his shoulders, and he brings him crashing to the mat with the Loire Valley Driver!

The fans are at a rabid pitch as Malak lays there like a dead fish on the mat. Back on his feet in a flash, The Flying Frenchie ascends the nearest turnbuckle. He then takes flight, crashing down on Malak Garland with his signature guillotine leg drop. Once more he rises, and scoops up the microphone Malak had just moments ago dropped.

Flying Frenchie:

Non mon ami, **now** you're feeling attacked. I'll see you at DEFCON, putain.

Frenchie dumps the microphone. There is no snow. There is no threat. There is no burial. Siobhan crumbles down to check on her man as the Beret Barrager kindly exits the ring.

DDK:

DEFCON! IT'S GOING TO BE MALAK GARLAND GETTING SERVED BY FLYING FRENCHIE! WOW!

The broadcast slowly fades to black on Flying Frenchie donning his signature smile as the DEFIANCE logo chyron appears on the lower portion of the screen.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

DEFCON 2023**MALAK GARLAND vs. FLYING FRENCHIE**