

**SHOW OPEN**

[\*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪\*](#)

CLEVELAND welcomes DEFIANCE as the Rocket Mortgage FieldHouse is hyped for DEFtv 188! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

***KERRY IS LESSER-TIER***

***JUSTIN SANE FOR COLOR COMMENTARY***

***I BOUGHT TERI MELTON'S EARRING***

***COUNT ON A VICTORY FOR NOVICK***

***DEX'S NECK GOT RE-WREX'D***

***THIS SIGN IS IN BLACK AND WHITE***

***FROM THE DESK OF LAWYER PLAGUE DOCTOR, ESQ.***

***SCOTT HUNTER VS. NED REFORM FEUD WHEN?***

***PUT HENRY KEYES IN A BODYBAAAAAAAAAAG!***

***TUCKER CARLSON FEARS VAE VICTIS***

***THIS IS THE ONE CITY THAT MAKES REZIN LOOK CLEAN***

## YOU BEST PROTECT YA NECK

Tonight's episode of DEFTV is kicking off live and in color from the Rocket Mortgage FieldHouse in Cleveland, Ohio.

What better way to properly start tonight's show ...

Dex Joy entering the arena!

### **DDK:**

We are live tonight in the Rocket Mortgage FieldHouse and we understand Dex is here tonight to have a face to face confrontation with Lindsay Troy!

### **Lance:**

Dex Joy defeated Clay Byrd two weeks ago in a brutal match. We've heard rumors about the condition of his neck, but he has kept quiet about those.

The Biggest Boy and the #1 Contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE is walking through the halls while wheeling a travel bag behind him.

### **Christie Zane:**

Dex? Dex? Can we get a word with you tonight?

The Wrecking Crew Foreman stops in his tracks to welcome Christie.

### **Dex Joy:**

For you, Christie? I'll do you one better ... I'll give you *several* words and they're all about how Dexy Baby is one step away from the FIST! Let's go, pally, I'm in a good mood!

### **Christie Zane:**

A big congratulations on your win on DEFTV 187 over Clay Byrd as you promised.

### **Dex Joy:**

Ah thank you, Zaney. He was a tough sonuva if you get Dexy Baby's drift, but I've been telling Lindsay Troy for months she and VV can't stop me! I got that Biggest Boy Magic and at the stroke of midnight on July 20th, DEFIANCE's Merry Godfather is gonna be waving that magic wand and making this Vae Victis title reign go...

Two snaps of the fingers.

### **Dex Joy:**

POOF!!!

### **Christie Zane:**

And what about the rumors that have been floating around that the match with Clay Byrd could have done something to aggravate your prior neck injury? Do you care to address those at all?

### **Dex Joy:**

Wherever these rumors started ... I'll say this. We know what we're getting into when we set foot in a wrestling ring. People get hurt. Injuries happen. But I made a promise many, many moons ago, Christie and *MOMMA JOY'S BABY BOY* intends on keeping it! I got a second chance after I mopped the ring with Corvo Alpha and I told everyone with two good earholes that Dexy Baby is gonna hand Vae Victis more L's than an episode of Sesame Street! I've lived up to everything I've said. No matter what condition my neck is, my *back* and these *shoulders* are more than strong enough to strap this company to them and keep it upright! I *will* be at Maximum DEFIANCE no matter what! And I *will* be the next FIST of DEFIANCE!!!

Joy frantically taps on his ears.

**Dex Joy:**

Christie, I'm gonna ask *you* a q! Who wrecks like ...

A belt shot to the back of the head and neck cuts off the Biggest Boy before he can finish his signature catch phrase, courtesy of the champ herself!

Lindsay Troy, rocking a pink tee with VAE VICTIS written in large electric blue font, stands over Dex, who is down to his knees after taking the swift belt shot.

**Lindsay Troy:**

I do ... *pally*.

The champion holds the title belt up and watches Dex struggle to regain his bearings. The fans watching in the arena boo loudly at the scene being broadcast on the DEFIATron. The Queen swings a second time ... but Dex catches her hands first to block the second shot! LT's eyes begin to widen when the powerhouse starts to stand toe to toe with her!

Out of nowhere, the manager for Lindsay Troy kicks Dex Joy down south! Sonny Silver stands by the doubled-over Dex.

**Sonny Silver:**

You don't *ever* touch my mic, asshole!

Troy swings again and this time she strikes Dex square between the eyes with another belt shot! The fifteen pounds of gold and leather bring Dex flat to the floor, but she's still not done. Sonny shoos Christie Zane off then pulls Dex up by the hair again.

**Sonny Silver:**

One more!

Despite all that he's taken, Dex is weakly trying to fight and attempts to pull Sonny's hand off him, but a third belt shot from Lindsay Troy hits him in the back of the head again! Joy sinks like a stone. Troy gives the title to Sonny and then grabs Dex's leg to apply a painful knee bar submission!

**Lindsay Troy:**

C'mon Dex! Tell me how you're gonna strap the company to your back when you can't put any weight on your leg! Tell me how you're gonna be the savior when you can't even *walk*!

The Biggest Boy is screaming in agony and has no strength left to try and pry his way out of the deadly MMA submission. Sonny's laughing like a hyena as he stomps away at Dex's neck, while Lindsay wrenches the hold in tighter. After a few more agonizing moments, DEFSec enters the picture and the massive team try to force the champion off!

**DDK:**

I don't believe this! Lindsay Troy and Sonny Silver jumped the challenger for her title!

**Lance:**

This is all they've been doing since she won the FIST! Picking off challengers one by one before her defenses! She's picking her spots and she just did it again with Dex!

DEFSec have a heck of a time prying Lindsay Troy's grip off the knee bar but are finally able to do it! Sonny Silver is shouting over them to unhand their champion. Troy picks up her title belt and not once do her eyes leave the challenger before security finally force her away!

**DDK:**

Those belt shots and that knee bar! If Dex wasn't 100% before, he certainly won't be now.

Security and now some trainers are on the scene to help the challenger for the title, but the damage has been done by the champ.

The camera lingers for another minute before cutting to ringside.

## M4NTRA vs TEAM HOSS

### **M A N T R A**

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Gold and white lights flash around the arena to the opening rhythm of Bring Me The Horizon leading to the pause, where the black DEFIatron comes to life like an opening eyeball to reveal the word M4NTRA on the screen right as the beat drops. Nathan Eye leads the way, holding up a copy of his book 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance (now available in the DEFshop) wearing his trademark white ring gear with gold trim and his "Third Eye" glasses. Behind him "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, flanked by Tom Morrow, is wearing his new ring gear. The shorts are gone, replaced by white tights with the usual D4 logo and stripes in gold.

#### **DDK:**

Here comes M4NTRA. I can't believe Declan Alexander is buying what Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow are selling ... but the thing you can't argue with are results. Declan defeated Dan Leo James back on DEFTV 186, then he and Nathan Eye debuted as a team against the Barrio Boys and were successful.

#### **Lance:**

They're about to take on past legends of DEFIANCE, Team HOSS! That's a huge step up in competition, but Team HOSS - who Tom Morrow used to manage, to remind everyone — haven't been on quite the same page since that loss to Titanes Familia at DEFCON followed by DEFTV 186.

#### **Tom Morrow:**

All right, Ohio. I have your next *tag team sensations* and I know a little something about that! Team HOSS, our opponents tonight! Titanes Familia! The Lucky Sevens! I manage *world class* tag teams and this next one is great! Tonight, Cleveland, you're gonna get a live demonstration. Team HOSS are gonna be your Cavaliers ... and my team here are the Knicks!

Booing fills the building. Morrow points at Nathan Eye.

#### **Tom Morrow:**

He is two-hundred fifty-one pounds of Pure Perseverance! The Golden State Guru! Natty Eyce! He is NAAAATTTTHHHAAAANNNN EYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!

Nathan points at his "third eye" glasses! Then Morrow points at Declan.

#### **Tom Morrow:**

And this is his partner ... the best partner that any man could ask for! The man who is currently being inspired by Nathan Eye! He weighed in today at two-hundred thirty-two pounds of raw talent! This is DECLAAANNNNN ALLEXXANDDEERRR! But you may call them MAAAAANNNTTTTTRRRRAAA!!!

By the time Morrow finishes his jeer-inducing introduction the trio are already in the ring, where Nathan Eye grabs the microphone from the head man of BFTA and holds his book high into the air.

♪ "By The Sword" by iamjakehill ♪

Smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp and out come the monsters, one at a time. Strong AF, flexing his muscles and hitting a pose to show off his massive arms, but Angel Trinidad bumps him on purpose. Aleczander The Great shows off his own pecs and hits the pec dance. The Big Bad of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad, stares down both members of the group.

#### **Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents, being accompanied by Aleczander The Great... at a combined weight of 574 pounds... they are the team of Aleczander the Great and Strong AF... TEAM HOSS!

#### **DDK:**

The body language from Angel Trinidad towards Strong AF doesn't seem to be good. We have some quick picture-in-picture footage that will shed some light on this.

Cut to picture-in-picture of Team HOSS before the match backstage. Angel Trinidad staring down at the Seattle Strongman.

**Angel Trinidad:**

You EMBARRASSED us a few weeks ago in that Titanes Familia rematch, Allen. Either get your shit together tonight against Tom Morrow's latest suckers or you're out of the group. That simple.

Strong AF says nothing backstage and watches the massive New Yorker leave. Aleczander turns to Strong AF and the cocky Brit nods his head.

**Aleczander The Great:**

Like he said, mate... get your shite together! We're Team HOSS! Not Team LOSS!

Strong AF continues to angrily glare at his teammates and the footage cuts to the ring. Angel and Strong AF stare down one another as all members get ready for the match to come.

**Lance:**

Titanes Familia beat Team HOSS at DEFCON, then in a two-on-two rematch where Strong AF took the fall. That message was pretty cut and dry.

Strong AF wants to start and opposite him, the former BRAZEN Star Cup holder and former BRAZEN Champion, Declan Alexander!

**DING DING**

Alexander surprises Strong AF with a big drop kick right at the start! Morrow and Eye cheer on the Intrepid Influencer when he waits for the strongman. Declan hits him again with a standing drop kick and then he pops upward. Strong AF is starting to stumble up when Declan attacks the bigger wrestler with chops across his chest. He is trying to cover up and that leaves himself open for Declan to get at him. Morrow instructs Declan to bring the big muscle monster over to the corner and he does as he's told so he can get a tag to Nathan Eye!

**DDK:**

Team HOSS have the experience edge, but Tom Morrow knows their playbook! If M4NTRA want to win tonight against this team, quick tags and cutting off the ring will be the key.

**Lance:**

Here comes Nathan Eye. Both of these kids are among the best home-grown talent that DEFIANCE Wrestling has put together. They could have even more potential as a team.

Nathan and Declan each take an arm. Angel Trinidad looks angry while standing on the apron watching Strong AF get hurt. A double Irish whip off the ropes leads to Declan doubling him over with a Hadouken-style double palm strike! Nathan runs the ropes from the side and then kicks Strong AF in the side of the head and then that leads to Declan coming out of nowhere with a russian leg-sweep. Declan leaves the ring and then Nathan stands over Strong AF.

**Nathan Eye:**

EYES ON THE PRIZE!!!

Then he jumps and hits a big leg drop on Strong AF ... brothers. He goes for the pin!

One ...

Two ... no!

**DDK:**

Quick sequence of moves there by Declan and Nathan. You can tell their chemistry from BRAZEN and more recent training appears to be working!

**Lance:**

I've seen that big leg put hundreds of men away, but even with the tenacity shown here Angel does not look pleased at all.

Aleczaender the Great is outside. Angel Trinidad is watching on the ring apron with his arms folded. Neither look pleased with the power house being schooled by the newfound tag team. Nathan takes the fight to Strong AF when he gets back up and plants a series of left jabs into the side of his head followed by a big standing drop kick of his own! Strong AF is in the corner when Nathan gets up and then runs towards him with a corkscrew corner splash. Eye looks at Angel Trinidad and then he points at his forehead.

**Nathan Eye:**

Conceptualize! Actualize! Realize!

**DDK:**

Is this really a good time to be giving self-help tips to people?

Nathan Eye grabs the hand and then tries to get Strong AF back to his corner ... but he finally makes a big move and tackles Nathan Eye back to his corner. Strong AF pulls the referee out of the corner and gives Aleczaender a chance to trip Nathan!

**Lance:**

The referee doesn't see the interference from Aleczaender the Great!

Strong AF runs full speed ahead and smacks Nathan Eye down with a massive flying shoulder! Then the tag goes to Angel Trinidad. The six-foot ten monster steps into the ring when Nathan is trying to get up and then charges at Nathan and hits Trampled Underfoot! The pump kick scores and Nathan Eye is down!

**DDK:**

Team HOSS take over!

Angel Trinidad covers Nathan and gestures to Tom Morrow that he's going to embarrass his new guys.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

Nathan kicks out!

**DDK:**

That was a good series of moves by Team HOSS, but Nathan makes the kick out! M4NTRA still in this.

Tom Morrow doesn't look pleased with current events. Declan Alexander is watching as Angel lays right into Nathan with a series of strikes at the stomach. Angel strikes him with a headbutt and takes him back into the corner. He hits a splash in the corner and then snaps at Strong AF. He makes a tag and then pulls Nathan out of the corner. A side walk slam is followed up by Strong AF with a standing splash. Angel tells him to finish the job and Strong AF tries to get the win.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*NO!!!*



Declan comes in and makes the save for Nathan Eye after the double team!

**Lance:**

Dan Leo James of Titanes Familia has been trying to help Declan, but it may be too little too late. He seems like he's bought in complete to this M4NTRA team.

Declan is told by the official to go back to his corner. Strong AF locks in a neck crank on Nathan Eye and tries to keep the Golden State Guru down on the mat.

**DDK:**

Strong AF trying to keep his spot in Team HOSS and keeping Nathan grounded. Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander have made for a strangely effective combination.

**Lance:**

These two were friends in BRAZEN back when Nathan Eye reigned as champion and Declan Alexander had just arrived. They have that bond, but Dan Leo James has been trying to convince Declan that Nathan and Tom Morrow are manipulating him.

Declan is doing his best to fire up the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Nathan is trying to turn and he starts to escape with the help of a few jabs to Strong AF. Strong AF fires back with a punch of his own and then picks up Nathan on his shoulders for a move called the Cool-Down ... but Nathan ducks free! Strong AF spins to face him ...

**DDK:**

Nathan plants Strong AF! Rise and Grind! That was great strength on display by the man who calls himself Natty Eyce!

**Lance:**

Look at Angel and Aleczander! They do not look happy at all with this.

Nathan Eye gets to his corner and the tag is made to Declan Alexander! DEC4L starts climbing to the top rope and jumps off with a flying crossbody to wipe out Strong AF... then rolls up to hit a head-tucked rolling drop kick called the GGEZ to Angel Trinidad! Trinidad gets kicked off the apron by Declan's sudden attack!

**DDK:**

Goodness! He takes out two Team HOSS members for the price of one! Angel never saw the GGEZ coming!

Declan is feeding off everything the crowd is giving him right now and waits on Strong AF to stand back up. He kicks him in the stomach and then hits a jumping DDT.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

**Lance:**

What is going on? Aleczander is trying to distract the referee now!

**DDK:**

Get off the apron!

Tom Morrow yells at the referee to pay attention. That is enough for Nathan Eye to come back in and hit a big boot to Aleczander to take him off the apron. Natty Eyce runs and takes to the skies with an incredibly powerful tope con hilo over the ropes to wipe out Aleczander!

**DDK:**

Nathan keeps Aleczander from interfering!



Declan is distracted by the action all around him when Strong AF tries the school boy rollup!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

Declan kicks Strong AF away to the ropes ... and he gets hit with Natty Eyce's loaded book by Tom Morrow!

**Lance:**

Tom Morrow smacks Strong AF with that book! It's got something in it! He did it to Dan Leo James and I don't think Declan knows about it!

All Declan sees is Strong AF stunned on his feet then jumps up to hit the leaping cutter that he calls the Play of the Game!

**DDK:**

Play of the Game by Declan!

Declan rolls and shoots the half on Strong AF. Angel tries to reenter the ring, but finds himself being cut off by with the Side Eye shoulder by Nathan Eye!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*Three!!!*

**DING DING DING**

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Declan throws his fists up and Nathan Eye laughs when he is able to continue his win streak!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winners of the match ... M4NTRAAAAAAA!!!

**Lance:**

Give the assist here to Tom Morrow, but M4NTRA with a big win in tag team action! And Team HOSS don't look happy at all!

Alecander helps Angel up and they completely abandon Strong AF by himself at ringside, but he looks like he doesn't even know where he is. Tom Morrow summons Declan Alexander and Nathan Eye into the ring.

**DDK:**

Does Tom Morrow have something on his mind after that win?

Their victory music goes quiet.

**Tom Morrow:**

That's *two big wins* now for M4NTRA!!! These two men are the future of DEFIANCE Wrestling and the future of the tag team division! And there isn't a team back there who can tell Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander otherwise! They are M4NTRA and their mantra is "win at all costs!"

Nathan Eye agrees and kisses the plated book that has knocked out Dan Leo James and now Strong AF. Declan doesn't look like he's completely buying into that last bit, but he still starts to shake Nathan's hand... until an angry Dan Leo James comes barreling down the ramp in a blue and gold muscle shirt and jeans.

**Dan Leo James:**

Declan, don't shake that assbutt's hand!

The Faithful cheer for Dan and not far behind, the rest of Titanes Familia -- Uriel Cortez and Titaness -- both head down the ramp.

**Dan Leo James:**

Declan... buddy, I'm trying to tell you that Nathan Eye isn't your friend. You're right not to trust Tom Morrow, but Nathan isn't cool, either. They're just using you. I mean, do you want to do stupid things like jogging... or do you want to do FUN stuff like play Mario Kart 8 on the Switch! Conor Fuse showed me how to hook it up to the tron like when you guys did it that other time!

Dan Leo James pulls out a pair of Switch Joy-Cons from his pockets and waves them in Declan's direction! The POGChamp looks like he's considering it, but Tom Morrow interrupts the fun.

**Tom Morrow:**

Look here, Jolly Green Ginger! It's time that Mommy and Daddy took you out for ice cream and out of my life! This is ADULT business and Declan Alexander doesn't have time for this nonsense, so get the hell out of...

DEC4L begins to side-eye Tom Morrow before a voice quickly grabs both of their attentions.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Why don't you shut up, bitch?

*RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHH!*

The Titan of Industry has had enough and has a microphone of his own.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Enough of this bullshit, Morrow! You and Cracked-out Tony Robbins over there have a receipt coming for what he did to Danny a few weeks ago.

**Nathan Eye:**

Uncalled for! That's not very inspirational or helpful! Declan's with M4NTRA now! We even have a hand signal!

Nathan puts out his hands together to make the letter "M" with each pinky out and index fingers touching.

**Dan Leo James:**

Oh, no... this is serious. Guys, they got a finisher, a tag team name, matching gear AND a hand signal... YOUR HAND SIGNAL IS STUPID!

Uriel ignores Nathan and turns to Declan.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Declan, you don't know me or Titaness very well, but you DO know Danny and you know he isn't a liar!

**Dan Leo James:**

That's right! No caps here! No caps at all! No caps detected! By the way, Giant Dad, cap means lie, so no caps...

**Titaness:**

It's "no cap" and we know what "no cap" means, Dan!

The Intrepid Influencer calls for a microphone from ringside and it's given to him. He taps it to make sure it's on before replying.

**DEC4L:**

Look, I already said this in the comments but I'll say it again. Dan, Giant Dad, Dommy Mommy. I know you think these guys are trying to finesse me but I can handle myself. You didn't forget did you? I'll let 'em know. I'm the Kingslayer. The PogChamp. It's your boy, DEC4L. I've got a good thing going on here and if things start to get a little cringe I can take care of my own busine-

**Tom Morrow:**

EXCELLENT IDEA!

Morrow whispers something to Nathan. Nathan seems like he's in full agreement.

**Tom Morrow:**

Since you sit there and dare question our bonds, let's put your little family bond up against OUR bond! M4NTRA vs. Titanes Familia! Maximum DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

Whoa! What a match that will be!

Dan looks back to answer, but Uriel jumps ahead of him.

**Uriel Cortez:**

YOU'RE ON!

Cortez spikes the microphone down. Morrow looks pleased with the challenge. Declan and Nathan both look happy with this, but Dan does not. He tries to talk to Uriel and Titaness, but they are both already back up the ramp.

**Lance:**

Titanes Familia vs. M4NTRA! M4NTRA have been a high-level team after only a few appearances, but we'll see how they'll fare against the Titans at Maximum DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

Dan doesn't want this at all, but it's happening.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**

## ARE WE STILL ALLOWED TO WEAR PINK ON WEDNESDAYS, OR ARE ALL COLORS BANNED NOW?

We go backstage.

The camera is within the Vae Victis private lounge.

...oh, you didn't know? Yes, the Rocket Mortgage Fieldhouse has a private lounge designated for the members of Vae Victis.

In fact, *every* arena on this tour has a lounge; it's clearly stated in their contract rider as a base requirement for any and all road appearances.

Normally, these rooms would only be seen by a privileged few. That few being six, to be exact.

And okay, Butch is there too. But seriously, can we call him privileged?

Tonight, however, millions of ungrateful, uncultured slobs watching from home are being given an absolutely free glimpse of the divine.

They have seasoned backstage interviewer Jamie Sawyers to thank. He's there now, about as welcome as a fart in an elevator.

### **Jamie Sawyers:**

Good evening, Faithful! Jamie Sawyers here, being given rare access to the vaunted "V-V-I-P" suite belonging to DEFIANCE's inner circle of self-proclaimed elite, Vae Victis!

*"BUTCH, THIS BEER IS TOO WARM!"*

The reporter cringes at the booming voice of the FIST of DEFIANCE piercing the air from somewhere off camera, wherever her throne of power is. The cameraman wisely doesn't pan in that direction, because to look that way would be the same as gazing into the Ark of the Covenant.

In the background, Butcher Victorious scrambles through the shot with bags of ice in either hand. Jamie clears his throat and presses on.

### **Jamie Sawyers:**

Well... maybe we should investigate what's happening over on *this* side of the lounge...

Sawyers moves over to a pair of plush seats looking into the arena proper, occupied by none other than Vae Victis stalwarts Kerry Kuroyama and DEFIANCE's own Public Enemy Number One, "The Bluevocateur" Henry Keyes.

### **Jamie Sawyers:**

Here we have "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama and reigning SOHER, "The Kraken" Henry Keyes.

Kerry double-takes when he notices Sawyers standing off to the side of them, looking confused as to who may have allowed him in. Henry doesn't even look in his direction.

### **Jamie Sawyers:**

Good evening, gentlemen! Forgive the intrusion.

### **Kerry Kuroyama:**

No.

### **Jamie Sawyers:**

Uhm... how are we enjoying the event thus far? Spectacular view from up here.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Yes. It is spectacular.

**Henry Keyes:**

Spectacular.....

Keyes takes a sip out of a Helen-branded plastic cup, surely available in the arena's many merch booths, and spit-takes in an absurd way - both in quantity and in angle of spray.

**Henry Keyes:**

*PFFFFFFFTTTT!!!* BUTCH! IS THIS MICHELOB? ARE YOU KIDDING ME??

Butcher Victorious scrambles into frame carrying a fresh pitcher of bronze liquid, a slightly different tint than the contents of the cup Keyes has haphazardly thrown over his shoulder (which splashes a few feet away). Butch looks ready to GTFO, but Keyes holds up a finger. Butch pauses as the Kraken sniffs the fresh pitcher, gives it a sip, swishes the liquid around his petty meanie squid mouth - and finally gives a single nod of approval. At the nod, Butch darts off screen.

Sawyers again clears his throat and stays on task.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

In any case, what are your thoughts on the main event tonight, gentlemen?

Both men shift uncomfortably in their seats.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

As you know, the Favoured Saints Championship will be on the line, as reigning champion Rezin defends against David Fox.

Someone snorts. It sounds like it came from Kerry.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Naturally, the Escape Artist is looking to pick up one more successful defense to bring himself a step closer to challenging for the Southern Heritage Championship. Given what's at stake, I imagine you'll be quite interested in watching how that plays out, Henry?

Henry's gaze and full attention has not left the pitcher. Kuroyama chooses to answer on his behalf.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

No, Jamie, if Henry is interested in anything, I presume it's his next show-stopping, five-star quality main event performance, against an opponent worthy of his time and superior skill. And I can all but guarantee that it will be neither Rezin nor David Fox.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Why do you say that?

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Because I intend to challenge whoever walks out of here with that title in two weeks at DEFtv 189.

Sawyers balks.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Really?! That's quite the announcement!

Kerry nods.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

So you see, if Rezin retains, it will be of no consequence. There's a lot of people in DEFIANCE that have the memory of goldfish, but a faithful few can still recall the night I put that homeless scumbag on his ass to win my first Favoured Saints Championship. As for Fox? A complete pushover. We all remember what happened last time we were in the ring.

He sternly points into his chest.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

But you see, Jamie, for months, the public has seen me as being restless. Like I'm feeling looked over. Lost in the shuffle. And the reason why is because they don't have the foresight for the long game. Truth is, I've been biding my time. Waiting for an opportunity to arise. Doing everything that's been expected of me, and doing it with a level of professionalism that can't be equated by any of the other bums in that locker room that work for hotdogs and handshakes.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Now, I don't think the professionalism of the other--

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

*Listen to me, Jamie...* THIS is the opportunity I've been patiently waiting for. THIS is my chance to finally prove to all those protruding-brow, knuckle-dragging low-lives out there that talk of me being the "toadie" just exactly what I bring to this group. Specifically, I'm bringing in DEFIANCE gold. And when I do here in two weeks, Henry here can finally enjoy a long and bountiful reign as the SOHER without having to worry about any half-talented upstarts earning title shots over a pointless and outdated stipulation.

**Henry Keyes:**

That reminds me, Kerry - that's one more thing we can celebrate at 189. I've finally found the top blueberry pancake man in Louisville for the Henry Keyes SOHER Spectapalooza, Sponsored by IHOP-

At IHOP, Keyes stares down the barrel of the lens and points. Lip readers are pressed hard to figure out why he might be whispering "Ryan" (we think it's Ryan. Or close to Ryan.) After a beat, he breaks his stare and returns his attention to his teammate.

**Henry Keyes:**

And after you beat...whoever the hell...

Keyes waves his hand dismissively in the vague direction of the ring while taking a deep swig of the pitcher. He lifts the pitcher higher, and for the first time it's high enough to clearly see the bottom of this beer vessel. There's a decal. As the FAITHFUL get a clear view, cheers erupt, which visibly confuses Kuroyama.

*RAHHHHHHHHHHH!*

At home, the image becomes clear: a Skull & Crossbones with the bones replaced by black studded PUNK RAWK belts, with the following text surrounding it:

**REST IN PUNK RAWWWWK**

**HENNERY KEYES**

Keyes lowers the pitcher and clears his throat. There's foam in his mustache.

**Henry Keyes:**

-then Vae Victis is back to holding all the singles gold in the land. And thennnnnnn, we won't just be celebrating ME



and the greatest Southern Heritage Championship run In history...we'll be celebrating YOU, too!

Sawyers keeps holding out his microphone, hoping beyond all hope that Keyes acknowledges it, or him, or the question he asked earlier - and soon, that hope is lost. Then, suddenly-

***RrrrrAAWWWWOWWWWOWWWWOOOOOOOOOWWWwwwrrrr!!***

A mighty tiger's roar is heard off camera, badly startling the intrepid Jamie Sawyers. We think he may have gotten out the semi-word "BAKTUYU" before hauling his whole ass in the opposite direction of that sound. After a beat, we hear the start of a belly laugh from the Queen of the Ring. Bracing itself, the camera bravely (and quickly) pans over to Lindsay Troy. We see her holding out her phone, which is connected to a small speaker. She presses her phone's screen again, and we hear the same tiger's roar with the same tone and same inflection we heard a moment ago.

The camera quickly pans back to Henry and Kerry. Henry wipes his face with the back of his forearm but otherwise does not acknowledge anything involving Jamie Sawyers's life and livelihood. Kerry chuckles as he turns towards Lindsay and acknowledges the success of her "Oh No They Let Helen In This Sports Arena" gag.

**Henry Keyes:**

In fact, I'm blocking off something special for you during the celebration. Set it in stone, Kerry. That's how confident I am in you. You're going to win the Favoured Saints Championship, and you're going to be acknowledged and celebrated for doing so. And that's that! This company refuses to give you the flowers you deserve, but you are Vae Victis, and so we'll do you better than flowers.

Keyes locks his eye forward, staring in the direction of the ring, as Kerry looks on with a determined and sinister gaze.

**Henry Keyes:**

**BUTCH! BRING OVER A PILE OF CHILI CHEESE FRIES!**

***AND NACHOS!***

We fade out.

## **RIA LOCKHART vs. THOMAS SLAINE**

**DDK:**

We've got an interesting match coming up next! DEFIANCE veteran Thomas Slaine takes on the debuting Ria Lockhart!

**Lance:**

I'm looking forward to this one!

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The crowd starts to jeer as Thomas Slaine enters the arena from the backstage area. He sneers at the fans as he stomps his way down to the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

From Natchitoches, Louisiana!... Weighing 221!... THOMAS SLAAAAAINE!

Slaine slides into the ring and goes to a neutral corner. He rests his hands on his knees, focus locked onto the entrance way.

**DDK:**

So Lance, what do you have on our new roster member?

**Lance:**

Well, Ria Lockhart has been wrestling for over 10 years! She's a former tag champion in the SHOOT Project promotion and she's also competed over in PRIME Wrestling, along with Bang! Pro Wrestling in Japan and various indies all over America.

♪ "Find Your One Way" by Daisuke Ishiwatari fr. Naoki Hashimoto ♪

The crowd comes alive as Ria Lockhart makes her way out onto the ramp. She takes a look around the arena, a look of cool confidence on her face. She starts her walk to ringside, an elaborate sleeveless leather jacket and heart shaped sunglasses on her face.

**Darren Quimbey:**

From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!... Weighing 150 lbs!... RIIIIAAA LOCKHART!

Lockhart climbs onto the apron, tossing her sunglasses into the crowd. She climbs onto the turnbuckles, giving a quick wave of her arms to fire up the crowd further. As her music dies down and Ria unrobes, Tripp Wise wanders down the ramp, stopping halfway. He crosses his arms on his chest and eyes the ring.

**DDK:**

Tripp Wise?! What the heck is he doing out here?

**Lance:**

Maybe some scouting on our new signee? It's a fair question, Darren!

**DING DING**

Slaine charges forward and blasts Lockhart with an elbow, flooring her! He keeps the pressure on, stomping away while Ria tries to roll to the ropes. Even in the sanctuary of the ropes, Slaine continues smashing at Lockhart with stomps. Carla Ferrari is quick to step in to admonish Thomas, but the assault continues. Ferrari starts her count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Slaine finally backs off, but not without a bit of jawing in Carla's face.

**DDK:**

Slaine has the early advantage here and doesn't look interested in relenting.

**Lance:**

I'm not sure if he's hungry for a win or if he just wants to punish Lockhart. Either way, it's not good news for Ria!

Lockhart's attempt to climb to her feet is aided by Slaine grabbing a handful of hair to drag her up. A sharp elbow from Slaine sends Lockhart stumbling across the ring and into the corner. Thomas looks out the crowd for a moment, some kind of cross between a snarl and grin on his face. He charges towards the corner...

**DDK:**

Lockhart moves! Good awareness by the veteran there!

**Lance:**

Thomas got a bit too preoccupied with the fans. He might end up paying for it!

Ria moves in to take advantage. She starts to blast Slaine in the chest with mid-kicks, with the crowd chanting along!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*THREE!*

*FOUR!*

*FIVE!*

After the fifth kick, Lockart backs off, allowing Slaine to fall forward to the mat. She positions Thomas in a sitting position before smashing his back with a stiff soccer kick! Slaine groans before dropping to his side. Lockhart covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

**DDK:**

It's going to take a bit more than that to put down a guy as tough as Slaine.

**Lance:**

No doubt. I'm thinking she went for the cover there to see how much Thomas had left, test the strength of his kickout.

Lockhart pulls Slaine to his feet before putting him right back down with a snap suplex. She clamps on a grounded headscissors to squeeze his head and neck. The doesn't last too long, as Slaine begins to frantically hammer on Lockhart's knee. It finally ends up being enough to get her to release the hold. Both competitors climb to their feet.

Slaine throws a wild haymaker with his right hand that Ria gets her left forearm up to block. It seems Thomas anticipated this, because he uses his left hand to gouge Ria's eyes!

*BOOOO!*

Slaine hits the ropes and comes back with speed. He clobbers Ria with a Shotgun Dropkick, sending her flying off her feet and to the ground roughly! Slaine scrambles over to her prone body and goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

**DDK:**

Close call for Lockhart there! Slaine is hitting her hard every chance he gets!

**Lance:**

I'm not sure Slaine knows how to hit any other way!

Thomas runs a thumb across his throat, calling for the end. He roughly pulls Ria to her feet and double underhooks her arms...

**Lance:**

Here it comes! The Bipolar Affect!

**DDK:**

No, wait! Ria slipped behind Slaine!

Indeed, in slick maneuver, Ria manages to slide behind Thomas while keeping one of their arms hooked. She quickly gets a Full Nelson applied before jerking backwards and dropping Slaine on his neck and shoulders with a sick 'Steel Dragon' Snap Dragon Suplex! Both wrestlers lay on the mat for a moment. Ria recovers to her knees... before slamming her palms on the mat and letting out a fired up scream!

*YAAAAAAAHH!*

**DDK:**

Lockhart is stoked! I think she might be ready to finish this!

That assumption proves right as Ria gets into a slight crouch, eyes fixed on Slaine. The brawler tentatively recovers, groggily turning around as Ria charges forward...

**DDK:**

LOCKPICK!

**Lance:**

That's gotta be it!

Carla drops down for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Find Your One Way" by Daisuke Ishiwatari ft. Naoki Hashimoto ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **Ria Lockhart!**

On her knees, Ria pumps her fists in celebration!

**DDK:**

A good showing for Lockhart in her debut match!

**Lance:**

That it was! I think even Tripp was impressed!

Speaking of, a smirk crosses Wise's face as he turns and walks back up the ramp...

**COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2023**

*FIST of DEFIANCE*  
*Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Dex Joy*

*Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Lucky Sevens*

## FEEDBACK AND FAIR PLAY

In the backstage area of the Rocket Mortgage Field House, there is an atmosphere of anticipation, adrenaline, and camaraderie. These words would get you a very high score in Scrabble, sure, but the ambiance here is so much more than that.

Down a hall, near the end where the walls are littered with deadbolted doors to nowhere, is a humble locker room. Inside on one end of the locker room, is a small not-so-well-equipped training nook. Adjacent to a panel of lockers are showers and a changing area. A slightly cracked mirror hangs on the wall, crooked and slanted just to the right.

The camera perspective pans slowly until it comes to rest on Scott Hunter, dressed and ready to go to the ring, complete with light blue trunks and alternating blue and yellow wristbands and kneepads. There is a distinct "SH" on the side of his trunks.

Scott stands in the middle of the room with a not-too-bright expression on his face. He looks like he's trying to decide the difference between green peas and chickpeas because that's exactly what he's doing.

After a moment though, he remembers where he is and snaps to attention.

### Scott Hunter:

Hello everyone. It's me, Scott Hunter here in Cleveland Ohio. We are at the Rocket Mortgage Field House, which I don't really understand because when I asked the guy at the door about interest rates, he told me in a very firm tone to "get lost". Then I went inside and got lost. But it's ok, I found a nice lady who told me where my dressing room is. I don't remember her name but she smelled like smoked gouda, which is very odd for a person who works for a mortgage company but whatever.

Scott frowns.

### Scott Hunter:

Before we get into the topic of the day, I would first like to address some concerning anonymous feedback I received on my first television appearance back at DEFtv 187, which is the police code for murder. That is appropriate because if I ever find out who sent this feedback in, I will murder you, or at least refuse to get you a cold beverage. That is just as serious because I have manners. So shut your damn mouth. Anyway, apparently I...

Scott holds up air quotes.

### Scott Hunter:

...'talk too much'. Well, listen here al-anon moose. I'm very sorry that alcoholism has begun to affect the moose community, but maybe it's YOU that talks too much! Did you ever think of that?? No, because you're SELFISH! And why should I listen to a selfish person?? That is a trick question because I SHOULDN'T! You probably actually WANT me to talk about you more because YOU'RE SO SELFISH. I bet you think this segment is about you, don't you? Don't you? DON'T YOU?

Scott finishes his statement with a flourish, ending with a very serious expression while pointing at the camera. Then, after a moment, he waves it off.

### Scott Hunter:

But that's quite enough about you. This week I am making my grand return to the wrestling ring in a match against Massive Cowboy. Remember that I have won more than one wrestling match in a row, so this week I am going for the record. But more importantly, what I really want to talk about is how Massive Cowboy is a BIG FAT CHEATER! And I am not fat-shaming anyone, but if you fall down I will probably laugh. NEVERTHELESS! It has come to my attention that this 'Massive Cowboy' is actually six-foot-three while he claims to be six-foot-five. He obviously did that so he could claim to be taller than me and thus qualify for the '6'5" or Taller' discount at Denny's, but I have news for you 'Massive Cowboy'. Denny's doesn't like cheaters! You hear me!? Take that crap to IHOP, pal. And even more importantly, I DON'T LIKE CHEATERS! I doubt you're really even a cowboy. You got that hat by beating up an old



lady at a Garth Brooks concert, and you don't even LIKE Garth Brooks!! Yet another thing you have lied about!

Scott huffs and puffs, indignantly.

**Scott Hunter:**

The bottom line is this. I am going to slap you back to wherever you really came from, which is probably like the suburbs of Pittsburgh or something, TONIGHT! Yeah, that's right. I will run through you like Bobby Dean at an all-you-can-eat pancake breakfast, and then I will wrap your knees up in a knot. And you'll tap out. Oh, believe me, you'll tap out. And if you don't, I will DEFtv 187 you, even though this is DEFtv188, which is the police code for 'unbearable body odor', which I bet you also have! We'll see.

Scott puts both hands on his hips and tilts his head upward slightly.

**Scott Hunter:**

This is the beginning of my destiny. It's the beginning of your big massive end. I'm not talking about Bobby Dean and his big gelatinous butt again. I am talking about how you are going to maybe die, or at least go home sad. Welcome to my world, pardner.

Scott makes a shooing away motion.

**Scott Hunter:**

Now git.

Scott slowly turns away from the camera as it fades to black.

## FIGHT NIGHT ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ERIE

**DDK:**

Coming up next is a rematch from last week pitting NDR and The Company Men -- a feud between two tag teams new to DEFIANCE that has become a war with victims already.

**Lance:**

The feud started on Uncut, where NDR had The Company Men dead-to-rights in a match that ended when Dubya and Cristiano decided to take a time limit draw than to take a pinfall loss. Their rematch saw Teri Melton reveal herself as NDR's manager, welcoming them into Your Uncut Gems, and helping ensure their victory for a spot on DEFIANCE! But then we saw two weeks ago. The Company Men prevent that from happening, with Tabitha Kinsey ripping out Teri Melton's earring, and we haven't seen her since! And last week, The Company Men got the big win over NDR and were trying to end the career of Raiden, only for them to be saved at the last minute due to the pleas of Aurora Kaye, Tabitha's daughter!

**DDK:**

Got all that?

**Lance:**

For a TLLDR -- They hate each other.

The lights go out and the crowd buzzes as they do when the lights go out and in recognition of the walk-and-talk style of Teri Melton and Your Uncut Gems. But instead --

♪ Theme From Succession ♪

Boooooooooo --

The crowd erupts in boos as instead we see Brayden "Dubya" Leverington (the first Wharton MBA graduate as a wrestler, if you didn't hear) and "The Marketer's Dream" Cristiano Caballero paired next to each other wearing matching black Patagonia finance bro vests with their initials over them. And standing in front of them, in her St. James Knitwear tweed skirtsuit, her hair styled to high society perfection, is Tabitha Kinsey. They just reek of Bushwood County Club-style smugness. Tabitha is also holding one of her prized Faberge Eggs, covered only by her hand with a giant, glistening diamond wedding ring.

**Dubya:**

StarChild. Raiden. There is a reality you have to face. The reality is that, for the rest of your careers, you will have to live with the fact that your big DefTV debut was a loss to us — The Company Men! We stole your spot. We ruined your manager. And the only reason your careers were spared is because a woman begged for our mercy. But you did not learn the lesson, did you? You should have accepted your fate and left DEFIANCE and watch The Company Men's rise and reign as we don't just become the most dominant tag team alive... but we use what we gain to replace these pieces of trash with men and women who matter! But since you insist on facing us once more... well, we'll gladly do the honors and take you out for good.

**Cristiano Caballero:**

Hola amigos and most important amigas. What we did two weeks ago? Haha! That was just the start. You see stardom when you look at me. I am muy guapo — sexier than 1,000 telenovela stars combined. My beautiful features? Smooth, bronzed skin? That I speak 18 languages fluently? I am The Marketer's Dream (in Spanish.) Last week? I celebrated by having a lot of sex. This week? I have even more!

**Tabitha Kinsey:** [yawns]

I apologize for being so tired. It's just that money never sleeps — and I have an incredible amount of money. And money is nothing that you wretched refuse will never understand. You believe money is best used to purchase fancy cars and yachts and vacation homes. And while I have all of those, money is also a way to obtain power. Politicians in this country are not made by your votes. They are made by the checks I write. And those lucky recipients of my checks know that my generosity does not come free. That is why you wastrels pay taxes and fees while people such as myself

get gifted tax breaks even with all the money we control. You people work for me from the cradle to the grave, and the best you can hope to do with your sad lives is to hope that I do not fire you, foreclose on your home like I likely did to The StarChild's father, and send you to the sad reality of the soup kitchens... of course built by my charitable arm, Kinsey Philanthropies!

*Booooooooo!!!*

**Tabitha Kinsey:**

Oh, hush, you ill-mannered Cleveland peons! As my charges stated before, the only reason the forgettable duo NDR have the ability to walk any longer is because of our mercy. You should have left well enough alone. Because since you dared challenge us one more time, we will not grant you that any longer. Instead, we and the rest of the world will give you pity. Pity because your once promising careers ended in such an ignominious manner. But then again, that makes you two incredibly relatable to the unemployables here tonight — only capable of having meaningless lives forever in the shadow of people who actually matter!

*Booooooooo!!!*

**Tabitha Kinsey:**

Just accept that tonight is the last night of your careers. Because...

The Company Men throw up The DiamondHands gesture made popular by former Uncut Gem JJ Dixon, and then turn them upside down in a mocking gesture. At the same time, Tabitha mocks Teri Melton's dramatic entrance with her hands as the video screen turns off, and the spotlight comes on at ringside, with Tabitha's back to the ring and each Company Man flanking her.

**Tabitha Kinsey:**

You'll thank us —

But before Tabitha can get the words out, her mouth drops as mere inches from her face already waiting is —

**DDK:**

Teri Melton! Teri Melton is back! Teri Melton is here!

The crowd explodes when it registers that Teri Melton was somehow already waiting for her and is mere inches from her face. What stands out first is Teri's clearly mangled earlobe courtesy of Tabitha's actions a few weeks ago. What stands out next is that Teri still has an aura-over-aura look, her hair black with a few silver streaks throughout, wearing a bright silver necklace over her v-necked silver gown. But what stands out the most is that she has a wry smirk on her face that turns into an even wryer smile. With one bat of her eyes, her adoring public knows what they are about to scream.

**Teri Melton/Her Adoring Public:**

**TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!**

Then the spotlight grows bigger and brighter, causing Tabitha and The Company Men to wince. They don't immediately recognize that Teri is not just standing face-to-face with Tabitha Kinsey, but she's also holding two folding chairs that are at eye level with Cristiano and Dubya...

And Raiden and Reeves are flanking Teri on each side in their matching black hoodies. And each of them delivers leaping spin kicks sending the chairs colliding into Dubya and Cristiano's faces, and hard!

The crowd erupts even louder after the loud cracks of the chairs to their domes.

**DDK:**

Oh we have another brawl with these four, but this time NDR got the jump! Reeves is sitting on Dubya's chest, pummeling him with punches straight to his face! Raiden is beating Cristiano with that chair! And again! And again!

Raiden stands over Caballero and takes the chair and jackhammers it into The Marketer's Dream with full force and rage. Caballero just screams in pain as he tries to cover up, which just leads to more chair shots. Reeves now has his chair, ramming the top of it into Dubya's throat before choking him with it. The crowd is roaring with the destruction they are watching, as the ring bell goes off frantically just adding to the chaos.

Tabitha looks on at each of her men shocked. She turns her head for one second, and Teri goes to snatch her prized Faberge Egg from her. But Tabitha clutches it and backpedals up the ramp as DefSEC comes rushing down to pull Raiden and Reeves off Dubya and Caballero, as they continue to get their kicks in.

**DDK:**

This is absolute chaos! Dubya and Caballero are both rolling around in pain and need medical assistance. Our security team is pulling the two of them away — oh no not more!

Raiden rolls into the ring during the middle of the scrum and leaps per with a reckless dive onto the throng, wildly throwing punches now at Dubya and accidentally clocking security members at the same time. Teri hands a chair to Reeves who then swings it over his head to clock Caballero one more time in the back. Now even more security and refs and even a Cleveland police officer come running out, essentially tackling NDR and Teri Melton before forcing them up the ramp as DefMED come running down the ramp with two stretchers.

*Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems!*

**DDK:**

This is an absolute war between these two stables! An absolute war and all the participants want to do is hurt each other permanently!

**Lance:**

This has completely escalated and the next step of the escalation was because of a well-laid trap from Teri Melton!

## **NUMBER ONE CONTENDER TO TAG TITLES: FLEX IN A BOX vs. HEAVY ARTILLERY**

**DDK:**

Folks, I'm getting word backstage of a commotion.

Taken from the booth to the lockers, we see Roosevelt Owens running and squashing Klein into the concrete wall. Flex and Bobby Horrigan are throwing haymakers at one another as the Wyatt Bronson led DEFSec rush the scene. They get between Rosey and Klein, and beg Owens to step back.

A few members of DEFSec try to separate Flex and Bobby, but four DEFSec members are tossed aside, two each, until Kruger and Horrigan meet in the middle with more rights and lefts.

**Lance:**

This is chaos Darren! We're supposed to have these teams compete right now, but it looks like they got an early start!

**DDK:**

I'm being told it was in fact Heavy Artillery who were the aggressors, attacking Klein and Flex before their entrance could even begin.

With a rush of cheers from the Faithful, Klein jumps high as if to crowd surf through security, only to land on Rosey and start laying in elbows. Owens relents a step but then fires back and we've got two hockey fights going on.

**Lance:**

Wyatt and his team just can't separate all this beef.

**DDK:**

I'm told that this match is being thrown out... Whoo boy. Hold on Lance. We're going to clear this up and get back to the action after this commercial break!

Flex in a Box and Heavy Artillery are slowly seperated by Wyatt's team on opposite sides of the backstage area, fuming at one another.

**COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW**

## MAXDEF ANNOUNCEMENT: TRIANGLE TAG MATCH

To the commentators, who smile into the camera.

**DDK:**

It's been confirmed. We have a major announcement regarding our upcoming PPV event, Maximum DEFIANCE. This concerns one of the crown jewels of this promotion, and the focus of our previous brawl: the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships.

**Lance:**

For weeks, BRAZEN team Heavy Artillery - the duo of massive heavyweights Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens - have been forcefully trying to insert themselves into the tag title picture. Despite the best efforts of champions Saturday Night Specials and their chosen number one contenders Flex in a Box, Heavy Artillery seemingly won't be denied.

As Lance speaks, we see silent footage of the attack from two weeks ago, while the backstage brawl remains fresh in our minds. Back to Keebler and Warner.

**DDK:**

Two weeks ago, they interrupted what was shaping up to be a classic when SNS defended their championship against Flex in a Box, laying out both teams and sending DEFtv off the air in a state of chaos and disappointment. And just moments ago, Heavy Artillery jumped the gun and ruined a perfectly good number one contendership matchup. Well, we've received word earlier today that their efforts have paid off, their bad behavior has been rewarded. At Maximum DEFIANCE, it will be a TRIANGLE TAG TEAM MATCH for the Unified Tag Team Championship!

♪ "Icky Thump" by The White Stripes ♪

As Maximum DEFIANCE's theme song kicks up, the match graphic appears with all six men (and one gal + a D):

### DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

#### TRIANGLE TAG MATCH

**The Saturday Night Specials (c) (w/Ophelia Sykes) vs. Flex in a Box (w/The D) vs. Heavy Artillery**

The fans applaud for a match announcement!

**DDK:**

Heavy Artillery was shunned by their efforts to join The Saturday Night Specials, and now they're looking to show the champs exactly why that was a mistake! They're big, they're mean, and they're seemingly unafraid to hurt people. They have not been featured in a major role as of yet, but at a combined weight of nearly six hundred pounds, anytime you are in the ring with Heavy Artillery you run the risk of the injury. Both teams would do well to remember that.

**Lance:**

Let's not forget Flex in a Box... as they pointed out, they've been a tag just as long as Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd, but they feel significantly less featured. They showed us how serious they are to put themselves on the map as a major tag team in DEFIANCE two weeks ago when they took it to the champs! Flex Kurger and Klein have the pedigree, they have the experience, and they have the will... I would not call it an upset if we see the two Pop Culture Phenoms walk out of Maximum DEFIANCE with the gold.

**DDK:**

And finally, our reigning champs. There's no doubt that Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd have carved out a place in the conversation of greatest tag teams in DEFIANCE history, but we also know that they are not unbeatable. Fresh off a victory over their hated rivals, SNS has got to stay focused and not rest on their laurels or reputation... they are facing two hungry teams who are eager to knock them off their perch. The champions are at a significant disadvantage in a match like this, and they're going to need two significantly different gameplans to face both the giants and the PCP.

**Lance:**



Well, good news, Darren: The Saturday Night Specials will get an opportunity to scout both their opponents in one week's time when they join us here at ringside. Uncut 141 is headlined by a major TV ready main event when Flex in a Box look to get revenge for the recent attack when they face off against Heavy Artillery!

**UNCUT 141****FLEX IN A BOX VS. HEAVY ARTILLERY****DDK:**

The champs will be at the announce table calling the action, and with all three teams in the house, you've got to believe that things are going to get combustible!

**Lance:**

Only one place to catch that showdown, folks! Right here on DEFonDEMAND in ONE WEEK's time!

**DDK:**

We'll be right back with more DEFIANCE action.

## GOOD TALK

The scene opens as The Faithful give a booming cheer for Conor Fuse walking down the halls of the Rocket Mortgage FieldHouse. Clearly by the look on his face, Conor doesn't seem all too chipper. It's been at least a month in this low state, since he lost to Dex Joy and has seemingly had the fun sucked out of him. It also doesn't help that Thurston Hunter and the rest of The Comments Section goons outside of Malak Garland continue to push their way onto him.

Fuse approaches another locker room door that reads 'THE FLYING FRENCHIE'. The crowd cheers once again as Conor calmly knocks and then enters, seeing Pierre Delacroix lacing up his right wrestling boot. Frenchie notices who enters and Conor begins talking.

**Conor Fuse:**

Hey man, so, uh, thanks for being my teammate out there tonight. I really appreciate it.

Conor's a little unsure of himself, so he doesn't notice Frenchie is planning to reply. As a result, Conor keeps speaking his mind.

**Conor Fuse:**

I know the past few weeks haven't been that great of a time for me, but I also appreciate the pick-me-up a couple weeks back and, like I said, teaming together tonight and stuff.

Conor scratches the back of his neck as he carefully tries to tip-toe around the next sentence.

**Conor Fuse:**

I promise after this match that'll be the last you see of the stupid Comments Section.

However, Conor slowly realizes he can't exactly promise anything...

**Conor Fuse:**

Well, come hell or high water, or whatever that saying is. I'm going to try my best to make sure we never see them again. So sick of those guys, it's time to move on.

It looks like Frenchie is going to say something but Conor inadvertently steamrolls.

**Conor Fuse:**

Then again, I'm the one who won't leave the group, 'cause I don't quit things, you see. I refuse to quit. Quitting is for dummies!

He continues to contemplate. By now, Pierre Delacroix wouldn't even interject if he could.

**Conor Fuse:**

I guess that means I won't quit feeling good, either. Yeah. [Slowly starting to gain back some confidence in his voice] Yeah! Screw those guys. And yeah, I wasn't successful at DEFCON but I'll have another shot at the FIST eventually. Go Dex Joy! I hope he crushes Lindsay Troy. Hmmmm, then again, do I really have a problem with Lindsay Troy? She let me wrestle Cancer Jiles at PWA2. Is that canon here? Hmmmmm, well, I DO have a problem with Thurston Hunter and Percy Collins and those NPCs cramping my style. This is certain. Facts. Boom.

Conor starts nodding to himself.

**Conor Fuse:**

Like, I'm a good guy, eh? Not bad. Sure, I've said the 'f word' a little too much recently but Imma drop it. Imma drop it, clean. A-SAP. No getting Brian's or Karen's mad anymore. Wait, is Brian the male name for a Karen? I dunno, I digress. Uh, anyway...

Fuse slowly strolls up to Frenchie and pats him on the back.

**Conor Fuse:**

See ya out there and thanks, again.

The Ultimate Gamer makes his exit, leaving Flying Frenchie to run through the entire one-way conversation. He flashes a wry smile at the camera.

**Flying Frenchie:**

Mon Dieu, I am killing zese pep talks.

## SEE IF I CARE

Returning from two living legends backstage to the ever-brightly dressed Christie Zane. She nods to the camera with a stick in her hand.

**Christie Zane:**

Ladies and gentlemen. Please welcome... CAGE!

The camera zooms out to reveal CAGE!, the white-faced man who believes he's Nicholas Cage. He keeps his eyes and mouth agape and looks at Christie.

**CAGE!:**

CAGE!

**Christie Zane:**

I'm not entirely sure why you scheduled this interview time. In fact, in the five years you've been here, I think the only thing you've said on camera is CAGE!

**CAGE!:**

CAGE!

**Christie Zane:**

Riiiiight. Okay then.

Suddenly, CAGE! is shoved off the interview stage by a blue-haired daredevil. HF IV leans into the frame. He leans over the edge of the side interview stage.

**HF IV:** *[off mic]*

You're alright. Walk it off.

HF IV walks up onto the interview stage and asks for the microphone. Christie reluctantly hands it over.

**HF IV:**

Thanks, Christie. Stick around, it'll be fun. I've got a message for Victor Vacio and his twiddle-sticks. Hey Vaccine. The Greatest is here to remind you that even with a KABAL full of idiots, you're still nothing. You stand for nothing. You want nothing. You are nothing. And y'know, plain and simply I just don't like you...

HF IV pauses, motioning to the crowd. The Faithful boo.

**HF IV:**

... and I'd say the Faithful don't either.

As he soliloquies, he addresses Christie as much as he does the Faithful and Vacio.

**HF IV:**

But then I wonder. Why recruit anyone if you don't care? You don't do anything, ever, and yet here you are, surrounding yourself with the Barrio Bros. You go and cost me the FS title a few weeks back, that shows me what you want. You want to make me suffer. That's a motivation I can exploit. But I know what you're gonna say. 'Nah. Whatever. I don't care. Puto.' But I think that's all a front. You gotta prove to everyone you don't care about anything, because you just care way too much. The problem with that is you'll never really get what you want: success, glory, and adoration from the Faithful. Not like this. Not unless you start listening to me instead of your fragile ego. It's okay to want Victor. We all want... but y'know, whatever, right? Go ahead, keep pretending not to care. It's a great excuse when you suck. So what? Whoops, I failed in the biggest moment of my career. I wasn't really trying anyway.

HF IV laughs and shakes his head.

**HF IV:**

No Zane, see Vacio, your secret is, you've been trying. This is just as good as you can do. So here, lemme prove that and throw this out there. You cut my locks at the Pay Per View.

HF IV grabs his hair, pulling three dreads, one shorter than the other.

**HF IV:**

I found out something you want. You want MY hair. See, The Greatest wants to make Victor Creel over there an offer. Face me at DEFRoad. You can have ALL my blue dreadlocks, shave me bald if you win.

Christie Zane leans in and pulls the microphone slightly to her to speak.

**Christie Zane:**

I, uh, I assume you'd want something if you were to win?

**HF IV:**

Something Empty shouldn't care about losing, right? I want his mask.

Cheers from the Faithful.

**HF IV:**

But I don't want your mask as a trophy Victor. I want it to set you free. I want it to show the world and the Faithful your simple face. And we'll all see, finally, how much you really care.

**Christie Zane:**

There you have it, folks ...

High Flyer glances at Zane briefly before storming off and out of the shot. Christie takes notice and turns her head in his exciting direction before getting things back on track for a television broadcast.

**Christie Zane:**

The challenge has been laid down, High Flyer IV versus "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio ... HAIR versus MASK! Back to Darren and Lance in the booth!

Cut back to DDK and Lance Warner helming commentation station.

**DDK:**

There were some rumblings after DEFCON... some assumptions, one might say, that this tit-for-tat between High Flyer IV and Victor Vacio may lead to this very conclusion!

**Lance:**

A lot of the buzz surrounding the opening of DEFCON Press Conference was centered around just that!

**DDK:**

Well, now the proverbial gauntlet had been thrown down but will Vacio respond in kind?

**Lance:**

Only time will tell, Darren... but now with Vacio's newfound followers in the Barrio Boys ... will he accept or just send his goons to take his lumps for him?

**DDK:**

We will keep the Faithful updated as the information comes available, but for now, we have more in-ring action ready for you all!

**Lance:**

Indeed! Speaking of Vacio and his new legion, the man who decimated Corey Nunez a few weeks back takes on Scott Hunter!

## SCOTT HUNTER vs. MASSIVE COWBOY

**DDK:**

Heading back to the ring now, we are about to witness the debut of Scott Hunter, who has shown himself to be quite the annoying personality in his limited time in DEFIANCE so far.

**Lance:**

Scott Hunter is quite an intriguing person to keep an eye on. I did get a chance to look at some of his video footage from earlier in his career and he's a surprisingly talented professional wrestler. Not the sharpest knife in the drawer, though.

**DDK:**

Well, I guess we're about to find out what he's all about as he takes on Massive Cowboy in his first-ever match in DEFIANCE. He'll need to be careful. Massive Cowboy can mix it up with the best of them.

**Lance:**

Scott Hunter won't try to brawl with Massive Cowboy if he's smart, and we already know he's not, so really this could go either way. I think we'll learn a lot within the first few minutes of the match here tonight.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

...from the Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, and weighing in at two hundred sixty-five pounds... MASSIVE COWBOY!

Massive Cowboy steps through the curtain and starts to head down to the ring, cowboy hat on his head and lariat in his left hand. He holds the lariat up in the air as he walks, receiving a nice ovation from the faithful for his efforts.

**DDK:**

Massive Cowboy certainly is an imposing physical specimen.

**Lance:**

He certainly is. Based on what we saw earlier tonight, his opponent Scott Hunter doesn't think all of that size is natural.

**DDK:**

So he thinks he got this strong by juicing??

**Lance:**

Actually, no. He didn't question his musculature at all. He accused him of faking his height.

**DDK:**

...

**Lance:**

Kid you not.

**DDK:**

I have no words.

Massive Cowboy climbs in through the ropes and throws his left arm in the air again, and walks to the ropes to soak in the cheers from the crowd.

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪



**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, from Miami, Florida...

Scott Hunter steps out and gives a quick glance to the faithful, shaking his head, then turns his attention to Massive Cowboy in the ring. He points directly at his opponent, wagging his finger in admonishment.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...weighing two hundred forty-five pounds... SCOTT HUNTER!

**Lance:**

See? He seems to think it's his job to police... height, I guess?

**DDK:**

I hope you're not expecting me to make sense of that.

**Lance:**

I don't think anyone could make sense of this guy.

Hunter reaches the ring and climbs up onto the apron slowly, and keeps an ever-present eye on Massive Cowboy, who is frowning while leaning against a turnbuckle, and waits. Scott finally, slowly, climbs through the ropes, then throws both arms up to the crowd. The faithful don't seem to know what to do with him though, so he gets a mixed and somewhat subdued reaction, which he does not like one bit. He frowns, then spins around, and points at Massive Cowboy again.

***DING DING***

Hunter hops from foot to foot as Massive Cowboy starts in his direction. With a yell, Massive Cowboy fires in with a big clothesline that misses the mark as Hunter ducks underneath. When the Cowboy turns around he's greeted with a quick snap arm drag that flings him over and to the mat.

**DDK:**

A nice little counter there by Scott Hunter.

Hunter points to his head, irritating Massive Cowboy, who charges in again.

**Lance:**

But here comes the Cowboy again...

This time, when Massive Cowboy gets close enough, Scott Hunter dropkicks his knee. Massive Cowboy drops to one knee and then eats a sick to the side of the head. Cowboy raises his arms but still takes the brunt of the kick and flops over onto one side. Not wasting any time, Scott Hunter drops an elbow across his chest, then gets back up and drops another, and makes a cover.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Hunter wastes no time and grabs Cowboy by his right leg, then fires a kick into the side of his knee. Cowboy winces in pain as Hunter holds onto the leg and drives another boot to the side of Massive Cowboy's knee. Twisting it with a step-over-toe hold, he then leans back and falls into a modified single-leg knee bar.

**DDK:**

Well, we said we weren't sure if Scott Hunter was smart enough to avoid the strength advantage of Massive Cowboy,

but I have to say, so far his instincts in the ring look sound.

Just then, Scott lets loose of Massive Cowboy's leg and gets back up to his feet, pulling his opponent up with him. He holds Cowboy in place, then leaps up and hits a high-standing dropkick that catches Cowboy right in the jaw. Hunter scrambles to his feet and, placing a measuring hand on Cowboy's chest, leaps into the air and drops a knee across the sternum. In one quick continuous motion, he jumps back to his feet and leaps again in the air, and drops a leg across Cowboy's throat. Hunter reaches and hooks a leg, while he keeps a leg across the throat and motions for a pinning attempt.

ONE...

TWO...

TH... KICKOUT!

**Lance:**

Surprising quickness for a man his size in there, Keebs. Scott Hunter is a fairly thick individual himself, although he does seem considerably more athletic than Massive Cowboy, at least based on what we're seeing here tonight.

Hunter jumps up and grabs Cowboy's leg again. This time he does a front somersault that yanks the leg and wrenches it as Hunter lands. Cowboy yelps in pain, while Hunter pulls him up by the hair, then quickly lifts him up, folds his knee up underneath him, jumps up, and comes down in a vicious knee breaker.

**DDK:**

Big knee breaker and he might have broken the Cowboy's leg there! He's writhing around in pain!

**Lance:**

Yeah, that one hurt to watch. Amazing to see Scott Hunter actually get air on the knee breaker. The impact sounded terrible.

Hunter pulls Massive Cowboy back up, but he's having trouble standing and ends up hopping on one foot. In desperation, he swings and connects with a fist to the jaw of Scott Hunter, surprising the upstart. Hopping forward, he throws another haymaker that staggers Hunter back toward the ropes. But, on the rebound, he dives down and takes out Cowboy's injured knee one more time.

**DDK:**

I thought Massive Cowboy might have some momentum, but I looked like Mr. Hunter has stopped him cold in his tracks!

Hunter grabs at his face, then hurries over and takes Massive Cowboy by his injured leg. In one quick fluid motion, he swings his leg through and falls back into a figure four leglock. Massive Cowboy instantly starts to scream in pain as the referee drops down to check on him.

**Lance:**

Figure four! A move which, you might be surprised to know, Scott Hunter claims to have invented!

**DDK:**

My Lord.

Massive Cowboy holds on for a few moments, but the pain is just too intense, and he begins furiously slapping the mat in capitulation.

**DING DING DING**

**DDK:**

What a debut for Scott Hunter as he forces Massive Cowboy to tap out to the figure four, a move which he... *(sigh)*... invented.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match... SCOTT HUNTER!!!

Hunter jumps to his feet, excitedly pumping his fist as Quimbey raises his other hand in victory.

**DDK:**

Once again an impressive debut for Scott Hunter! We'll be back with more right after this commercial break!

**COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME**

## SEE YOU AT THE SUMMIT

Backstage.

David Fox stands with poise next to intrepid backstage broadcaster Jamie Sawyers, who is ready to get down to business.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

I'm here with David Fox, as we get closer to his opportunity at Rezin and the Favored Saints Championship of DEFIANCE. David, you've been a part of DEFIANCE for many years, so what is your mindset going into tonight's main event?

The Soul Survivor nods solemnly as the microphone is brought to his face.

**David Fox:**

Well, Jamie, I don't know if this is public knowledge to anyone but the most seasoned DEFIANCE fan who's been following since day one, but in all my years here, I've never, EVER held a singles championship.

He makes eyes with us, that solemn look still on his face.

**David Fox:**

I've been trios champion before, but I've never had any kind of accolade I could just have to me, myself, and I. Well, that changes tonight. Rezin's one of the toughest, most unpredictable, and dare I say it, craziest wrestlers to ever step in a DEFIANCE ring, and he's been champion as many times as he has for a reason.

A shake of the head.

**David Fox:**

But I've known that DEFIANCE ring inside and out for longer than I can even remember. I've seen all kinds on the other side of that ring, and even if I didn't win every time, I held my own, and never went down without a fight. And I've been waiting, as patiently as possible, for my chance to show the Faithful here that I'm not just some nostalgic figure to pout on highlight reels, no. I'm here to prove that I have what it takes to be a DEFIANCE champion in 2023, to be a champion NOW. To prove that I'm as much a name to watch out for as the Rezins, the Lindsay Troys, the Dex Joys, as ANYBODY.

A pause as he takes a deep breath through his nose.

**David Troy:**

I've waited for a long time for this moment, and I promise you, Jamie, and I promise Rezin, and I promise EVERYONE in DEFIANCE, from Favored Saints management, to everyone in the locker room, to EVERY SINGLE ONE of the Faithful, that tonight...

Tonight's challenger brings a clenched fist to his face and grits his teeth as he stares daggers at the camera.

**David Fox:**

I won't let it go to waste.

Fox turns once again to Jamie with a grin.

**David Fox:**

Well, destiny awaits. See you at the summit.

David Fox confidently strides off, leaving Jamie alone as she looks back at the camera.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Strong words from tonight's challenger for the Favored Saints Championship. Back to you, Darren and Lance.

## CONOR FUSE & THE FLYING FRENCHIE vs. THURSTON HUNTER & THE GAME BOY

The scene is at ringside.

**DDK:**

We actually don't know who Hunter's teammate is going to be from The Comments Section.

**Lance:**

Rumour is, well...

Lance is cut off by the ring announcer.

**Darren Qumbey:**

This match is a tag team match. Introducing first... the team of Thurston Hunter and...

The lights go out before Warner can finish.

♪ "John Wick" by Why-S ♪

Out struts BAD ASS Thurston Hunter to a chorus of boos. Soon to emerge from behind the LCD FIST logo is also...

The Game Boy.

All 6'6", 300+ pounds of the looming former Conor Fuse henchman. In his Game Boy luchador mask and gray-and-red Game Boy coloured singlet, the D-Pad Destroyer follows the much smaller framed "gangster" down to the ring.

**Lance:**

I was going to say Game Boy. My understanding is The Comments Section wants to get Game Boy a lot more action moving forward.

**DDK:**

He's got skills, I'll certainly say. He was once rather green in the ring but I hear he's been working very hard over the past year. Regardless, the sheer size of this man is going to make up for A LOT of shortcomings.

**Lance:**

We've seen Game Boy wrestle here and there, and he is always a force.

Hunter slides under the bottom rope while Game Boy steps over top of the ropes at the same time. A thunderous pyro goes off in the center of the ring, which scares Thurston but he tries to brush it off like he knew it was coming.

Their theme song closes.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents. First... CONOR FUSE!

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

Conor walks out from behind the FIST logo, nowhere near his high energetic self but he's trying to put on a brave face. Fuse walks halfway down the ramp and stops as his theme song closes.

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his teammate... THE FLYING FRENCHIE!!

The crowd explodes for the legendary wrestler, who emerges from the back, ready to go. He meets Conor Fuse at the middle of the ramp and they bump fists, making their way down.

**DDK:**

Frenchie is ultimately looking for his first win since coming to DEFIANCE.

**Lance:**

I think you have to like his odds. Perhaps outside of Game Boy...

Fuse hops onto the apron and then clears the ropes with another jump while Frenchie marches up the steel steps and through the top and middle rope.

Before Fuse and Frenchie can do anything more, Thurston slips into the ring and chop blocks Conor's knees from behind!

Referee Mark Shields wonders if he already called for the bell but does so anyway.

***DING DING***

Shields tells Frenchie he is not the legal man and points him towards a corner.

**DDK:**

Since when is Mark competent?

**Lance:**

The fact Mark let the match start after a cheap attack is kinda proof he isn't.

Hunter stands and bounces up and down the canvas, waiting for Conor to rise. The look on Fuse's face is pure exhaustion, knowing he'll have to put up with this goon for the next fifteen minutes.

Conor is on his feet and calls Hunter towards him. Except...

The BADASS Gangster walks over to his corner and tags in The Game Boy.

The crowd stands and Conor braces himself. He nods Game Boy towards him, ready to go.

**DDK:**

This might be the shot in the arm Conor needs.

Game Boy charges with a clothesline but Conor ducks and bounces into the ropes. Fuse ducks another clothesline and hits the next set of ropes. The Ultimate Gamer leaps in the air but Game Boy catches him, flips Conor around and lands a crushing back breaker to Fuse! The giant discards Conor to the mat and the crowd boos.

**DDK:**

That could've broken his back! It didn't, but it could've!

**Lance:**

Technically any move could break someone.

**DDK:**

I'm just saying the explosive force of Game Boy, it sure is something.

Fuse grabs the bottom rope and begins pulling himself up... just in time to see Game Boy running towards him.

Big boot!

Fuse twists around and then folds like an accordion onto the mat. Game Boy peels Conor off the floor and hurls the gamer into an empty corner. Game Boy comes charging in with a massive splash and the ring shakes on impact!

Conor is on roller skates. He refuses to hit the mat but he's also in no shape or form to do anything further. Game Boy bounces off the ropes and with a wicked head full of steam, he flips Conor inside-out TWICE before Fuse collapses via a clothesline from hell.

Game Boy stares down Flying Frenchie. Frenchie, however, doesn't flinch.

**DDK:**

I highly doubt you're going to get the veteran off his game. He's seen it all.

Game Boy whips Conor off the mat and into another free corner. The D-Pad Destroyer bursts in with a running splash this time, knocking the spit right out of Conor. Fuse wobbles into the center of the ring and another big boot puts Conor down.

Game Boy places his right foot on Conor's chest for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

**DDK:**

Look, you've still got to PIN the man. Conor can certainly take a beating.

**Lance:**

Well, he IS taking one.

The Halo From Hell lifts Conor off the mat by his neck. It looks like he's going for a chokeslam when Conor slips out, finds the ropes and nails a superkick under Game Boy's chin.

It merely stuns the giant. Game Boy returns the blow with a forearm smash to Conor's chest. A blow so hard, Fuse doubles over.

The NPC Nightmare hits the ropes and charges Fuse with a spear-

*SLAM!*

The Boy hits it!

This time he actually covers Conor.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

**DDK:**

It looked like Flying Frenchie was thinking about making the save but trusted his partner to kickout.

**Lance:**

That's some trust. Conor is being man-handled.



Game Boy whips Fuse around the ring and then powerslams him to the mat. The giant turns to his corner and sees Thurston Hunter is itching to go.

A tag is made.

The crowd boos as Hunter slowly strolls into the ring, measuring Fuse. Hunter drops a knee to the temple. Then another. Then another. Hunter starts laughing.

**Thurston Hunter:**

Should've listened to me, Con!

Hunter lifts Fuse to his feet but he's immediately surprised with a jawbreaker!

Hunter SHOOTs up in the air, his legs bicycle kicking as he comes crashing to the mat. Conor turns to his corner, and Frenchie's arm is extended. The crowd rumbles their feet as Conor tries to get there. Meanwhile, Hunter is making his way back to Game Boy with tears in his eyes.

**Thurston Hunter:** *[to Game Boy]*

THAT PRICK HURT ME!

The crowd cheers! Conor tags Frenchie!

Then there's a major rush of concern... because Hunter tags Game Boy!

**DDK:**

You're not going to get Pierre to back down.

Keebler's words ring true, as Delacroix walks to the center of the ring, and waits on the looming giant.

**Lance:**

Frenchie is not a small man, either. He's only a couple inches shorter. The weight and muscle mass, however...

Game Boy meets Frenchie in the middle of the ring and tries to impose his size advantage.

Frenchie chops Game Boy in the chest but it does nothing. He tries again and it does nothing. Frenchie shrugs.

He pokes Game Boy in the eyes.

The crowd comes alive and of course Mark Shields doesn't notice. Frenchie flies into the ropes and performs a springboard plancha- but Game Boy catches Frenchie! He swings the legend around his shoulders and then is surprisingly planted with a DDT by Pierre!

Frenchie shoots up to his feet. He hits the ropes again and connects with a springboard dropkick to Game Boy's face. The blast repositions the giant's luchador mask, to the point it's over his eyes and he can't see.

Frenchie whacks Game Boy in the chest with an elbow. Then he tells Mark Shields to "look over there" and hammers Game Boy below the belt with a low blow to the delight of The Faithful.

Fuse, meanwhile, has collected himself in their corner. The low blow seemingly also gets a pop out of Conor who can't help but smile. Frenchie doesn't waste long before he hits a flying headscissors takedown on Game Boy, since the big man was already doubled over. Frenchie marches over to his corner and tells Fuse to stick out his hand.

The tag is made and Conor enters. Both Fuse and Frenchie hit shotgun dropkicks the second Game Boy gets to his feet. The henchman doesn't stay down, it looks like he's very angry as he tries to reposition the mask on his face.

Frenchie offers his hand and then Irish whips Conor towards Game Boy. Conor leaps in the air right before he reaches his former teammate and roundhouse kicks Game Boy in the side of the head. Fuse pushes Game Boy towards Frenchie and the legend lands his signature drop toe hold!

**DDK:**

You don't see Game Boy fall like that often!

On the outside, Thurston Hunter is perplexed but he also doesn't want anything to do with the men in the ring.

Fuse scurries into the ropes, leaps off and performs a picture perfect lionsault with a hook of the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

With Frenchie back in their corner, Conor kips to his feet and takes hold of Game Boy's head. It definitely looks like Conor is feeling it. While he's still not at the hyper level he's used to, Conor's lifebar is on the up.

This time it's the Ultimate Gamer who tells Frenchie to stick out his hand for the tag. Fuse walks a groggy Game Boy over to their corner and quickly tags the Frenchman. Fuse tells Frenchie to go to the top rope, as he tangles himself around Game Boy and then headscissors the giant towards Frenchie's corner.

Flying Frenchie jumps and lands a twisting leg lariat to Game Boy's neck. Conor bounces off the ropes, shooting halfway across the ring with a moonsault.

Frenchie and Fuse peel Game Boy off the mat and then both of them wrap their arms around the giant... moving him into the Comments Section's corner.

**Mark Shields:**

TAG!

Hunter is stunned.

**DDK:**

Mark thinks Game Boy tagged out, when in reality The Game Boy literally just bumped into Hunter because Hunter was pushed into the corner.

Thurston doesn't want to enter the ring.

But needless to say, Conor snatches Hunter by the head and hurls him over the top rope. Fuse ensures Game Boy won't be a further problem because Conor hops onto the top rope and lands a Head Stomp to the big man.

In the center of the ring, Frenchie has the crowd eating out of his hands. He fires them up with his left hand, while holding onto Hunter with his right. Thurston tries to push away but he isn't able to. Finally, Frenchie kicks Hunter in the stomach and then performs the Time Bomb.

**DDK:**

Delayed powerbomb by Frenchie!

The crowd cheers and Frenchie goes to the top rope.

**DDK:**

Could it be...

THUMP.

**DDK:**

Yes! The Guillotine Legdrop!

Conor Fuse hits Game Boy with a second Head Stomp to ensure there's no interruption of the pin.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

The crowd EXPLODES witnessing The Flying Frenchie's first win in DEFIANCE.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... Conor Fuse and The Flying Frenchie!

By now, Conor is feeling good. He marches over to the center of the ring and pats Pierre Delacroix on the chest. Frenchie's theme song plays as Mark Shields points to the winners and then exits the squared circle without raising their hands.

**DDK:**

A solid victory for Conor and Frenchie. I have to admit, they did a decent job neutralizing The Game Boy.

**Lance:**

Hunter was easy. Game Boy, not so much but after the initial beating Conor took, both Fuse and Frenchie took care of business!

The Flying Frenchie walks to a corner of the ring and keeps pumping up the crowd as Conor stands in the middle of the canvas, looking down at the fallen Thurston Hunter, shaking his head.

**Lance:**

It looks like Conor's got some of his mojo back during this match.

**DDK:**

It seems that way.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

**COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN**



## **SHE'S BAAA-ACK! AFTERMATH OF FIGHT NIGHT ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ERIE**

The shaky camera follows Teri and NDR as DefSEC continues to push them away. Teri sees the camera and wanders over with a devilish smile as Raiden and Reeves continue to bicker with security, keeping their attention. In the background with looks of shock on their face at the chaos JJ Dixon and Caitlyn Kinsey.

### **Teri Melton:**

I'm baaaa-aaaack! And did you really think I was gone, Tabitha? Huh? I have a lot of business to attend to, and first on my agenda is the destruction of Tabitha Kinsey and The Company Men! You are either with us or against us in our war, and that goes for every single last person who is on the DEFIANCE roster!

Over Teri's shoulder, we see JJ and Caitlyn watching The Company Men now on stretchers being attended to as two ambulances pull up. Teri's lips purse as she looks over at the wreckage and then holds up her left hand.

### **Teri Melton:**

While I wasn't able to take your prized Faberge Egg, Tabitha, I did managed to take from you a lovely consolation prize during our skirmish!

Teri smiles widely as she dramatically holds up Tabitha's diamond wedding ring with her right hand and slides it onto her left ring finger. She looks at it admiringly, holding it up to the camera.

### **Teri Melton:**

It must be your wedding ring from your beloved, deceased billionaire husband. It's gorgeous! How many carrots is this? It looks so so so beautiful around my finger. In fact, I might not pawn this right away...

Teri looks over her shoulder and sees Tabitha now next to the medics as they are about to load her charges into the ambulance.

### **Teri Melton:**

... Because it will look so much better across your jaw!

Teri does a quick "b-button" spin around the security team member behind her, who is still barking back and forth with Raiden and Reeves. Teri paces over quickly, her fist already cocked back.

### **JJ Dixon:**

Teri, no!!!

Tabitha looks up as JJ says that. This times at the perfect moment of Teri, with all of her might, coldcocking Tabitha right in the jaw/nose/eye region with the ringed finger. Tabitha lets out a primal scream of pain eerily similar to the growl Teri made when her earring was ripped out. Blood immediately comes flying from Tabitha's face as she falls to the floor, right at the feet of JJ and Caitlyn. Security comes running immediately to drag Teri away and more medics attend to Tabitha.

As Teri is pulled apart, she smiles at JJ and mouths the word "thanks" to him. JJ's mouth drops in shock.

### **Caitlyn Kinsey:**

Grandma!

Caitlyn starts bawling and screaming, kneeling besides her fully knocked out grandmother as JJ stops staring at Teri and then comes beside his girlfriend. There is no hesitation at all as JJ gets into the ambulance with Tabitha as it speeds away...

And Caitlyn quickly gets into the ambulance with Cristiano and (especially) Dubya as it speeds away.

## FAVORED SAINTS: REZIN (C) vs. DAVID FOX

Thump... clap  
 Thumpthumpclap  
 Thump... clap  
 Thumpthump-zooooooooom

♪ "Same Ol'" by The Heavy ♪

Those triumphant strings fill the air as the Rocket Mortgage FieldHouse is bathed in a sea of bright light.

**Lance:**

And tonight's main event is on the horizon!

**DDK:**

Indeed, the Favored Saints title is on the line, and here comes the challenger!

David Fox emerges from the light, all business as he paces toward the ring. The challenger has a determined expression as he breezes past the crowd, rolling into the ring with little fanfare or hoopla.

**DDK:**

Earlier tonight David said that this was an opportunity he would not let go to waste, and that he was going to make a statement, that he is still every bit a threat in DEFIANCE as anyone after all these years. Tonight, he'll get a chance to prove that!

Fox is already at his corner, staring daggers down the aisle towards the entrance and the incoming champion.

*FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!*  
*FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!*

♪ "I Have Prepared a Statement" by Whores. ♪

*RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!*

To raucous cheers from the thousands of fans in attendance, the Favoured Saints Champion REZIN emerges through a wall of smoke and strobe lights. He lingers a few moments on the stage to soak in the reaction and let the song play out. Then, readjusting the FS Title to his shoulder, he descends down the rampway.

**DDK:**

The champion is here! And he looks more confident in himself than ever!

**Lance:**

And it's no mystery why. After his victory over Victor Vacio two weeks ago, he's half of the way to the four victories he needs to secure a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. And, more specifically, the man who holds it: Henry Keyes.

**DDK:**

He can bring himself one step closer tonight with yet another successful defense, but the veteran David Fox I don't feel is an opponent anyone should sleep on.

Rezin paces a lap around the ring to keep the fires of the Faithful burning, then finally scales the steps and poses once more by wrapping his arms into the ropes and suspending himself upside down in an inverted Jesus Christ pose. When the music cuts, Darren Quimbey begins the announcements.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's MAIN EVENT! Is scheduled for one fall to a finish, and it is for the DEFIANCE

Favored Saints Championship!

The Cleveland Faithful gives a good ovation for one of the most competitive prizes in the company as Darren Quimbey continues his spiel.

**Darren Quimbey:**

First, the challenger in the corner to my left! Fighting out of Blackwood, New Jersey, weighing in this evening at one hundred ninety pounds... this is, Daaaaaaaaavid... FOX!

A respectable cheer for one of DEFIANCE's longest-tenured competitors rises, but the Soul Survivor is unfazed, continuing his tunnel stare at the champion.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the opponent, in the corner to my right! Hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the reigning Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE... the Escape Artist... RrrrRRREEEEEZIIN!!

Rezin sacrilegiously holds the Favoured Saints Championship into the air while it's positioned upside down and basks in the cheers.

*FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!*

*FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!*

Eyes never leaving Fox across the ring, Rezin hands the title belt over to official Brian Slater, who hands it off to a ring attendant.

**DDK:**

The next step in Rezin's journey takes place here tonight! But if he's not careful, it could all end here.

**Lance:**

And begin a new one for David Fox, making a statement as a singles competitor. This is an opportunity he knows he must make the most of, and I feel like he'll be bringing his A-game here tonight.

**DING DING**

Fox stands stone still, while Rezin ambles about his corner, opening up with some jawjacking until David holds up three fingers and points them to his opponent.

**DDK:**

What could Fox be trying to say?

Rezin looks at him in puzzlement until Fox folds one of his fingers, counting down. Then, with a grin and a nod, the Favoured Saints Champion seems to get the gist.

David now only holds one finger up, before pointing to Rezin with a nod of his own, before letting out a loud...

**David Fox:**

GO!

Champion and challenger close in on each other like a shot, meeting in the center and exchanging slaps, kicks, and elbows as the crowd goes wild for the ensuing fight!

**Lance:**

Looks like the main event is off to a wild start!

Rezin and Fox go blow-for-blow, cycling between chops, elbows, and the occasional headbutt, but Fox eventually gets

the upper hand, pushing Rezin towards the ropes, where Fox clocks him with a hard elbow, followed by a high roundhouse kick to the head, and ANOTHER roundhouse kick! The former kickboxer is in his element, grabbing the dazed Rezin and whipping him across the ring! Fox rushes in with a big boot, but Rezin ducks under it and backs it back for the rebound!

**DDK:**

CLOVEN HOOF KICK! THIS MATCH HAS JUST STARTED AND REZIN NAILED ONE OF HIS SIGNATURE ATTACKS ON DAVID FOX!

Fox is PLOWED by the spin kick, flopping around on the mat until he manages to roll under the bottom rope and onto the floor to gather his bearings! However, Rezin has other plans, and he rushes back to the far side of the ring for momentum, before diving to the outside and connecting with his challenger!

**Lance:**

WOW! WHAT AN EXPLOSIVE START TO TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT!

**DDK:**

Strap yourself in, Lance! Cause I feel this is going to be a bumpy ride!

Indeed, the Cleveland faithful are PUMPED as Rezin leans onto the nearby guardrail and David Fox stumbles to find his footing.

*RE-ZIN!*

*RE-ZIN!*

*RE-ZIN!*

**DDK:**

He's gotten on the side of the Faithful in his battles with Vae Victis, but you cannot question the love Rezin has gotten from the fans!

**Lance:**

But this isn't Vae Victis he's facing! David Fox is no more than what you see, but as we've known for so long, that one man is capable of fighting HARD, with everything he has!

**DDK:**

Time will tell if that will be enough tonight, Lance!

Fox manages to get on all fours, pulling himself by the ring apron as Rezin stamps on over and grabs him by the scruff, before rolling him back into the ring and following suit. Rezin leads off with a stomp to Fox's back, before picking him back up to his feet and chucking him in the corner. The champion mashes his challenger with a hard kick to the breadbasket, before pelling him out with one hand and dropping him face-first to the mat with a bulldog headlock, then making the cover as referee Brian Slater comes in for the count!

ONE!

Fox doesn't take long to kick out, but he is visibly rattled, not able to do much as Rezin chuckles to himself and scoops his challenger back up. Rezin nails Fox with a roundhouse kick to the thigh, followed by another to the ribs, before he bounds for the ropes, only to be met by a David Fox big boot right in the face, taking him down, ass-over-teakettle onto his knees, as Fox follows up with a roundhouse kick of his own, to the kneeling champion's chest!

And another!

And another!

**DDK:**



Fox is absolutely PUNISHING the champion with those kicks!

**Lance:**

He knows he can't let up even for a second! He's got the champ against the ropes, and the veteran knows when to press his advantage!

The champion reels, while David Fox appeals to the crowd, waving them on before bounding off the ropes himself, and connecting with a penalty kick to the ribs that gets Rezin rolling onto his back, prone for a David Fox cover!

ONE!

Rezin kicks out relatively quickly himself, but Fox is immediately on the hunt again, pulling the Favored Saints Champion up to his feet and leading him to the corner, before lashing several stiff kicks to the champion's sides! Fox grabs the champ by the scruff and plants a pair of Muay Thai knees right into his face, before dashing towards the opposite corner and appealing to the crowd once more before sprinting towards the corner...

**DDK:**

HEADS UP!

...and EATING BOOT courtesy of the Favored Saints Champion! Rezin manages to put a foot up just in time, sending a dazed challenger staggering in the center of the ring, leaving him WIDE open for Rezin to climb the turnbuckle and LEAP OFF...

**DDK:**

REZINSAULT! Could that be the big break Rezin needed to defend his championship tonight?!

The Rezinsault is a direct hit on the standing Fox, who crumples to the mat as Rezin holds on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

The challenger shoots and arm up and forces himself off the mat! Brian Slater holds up two fingers, as Rezin rolls back to his feet and stumbles backwards to the corner, and David Fox rolls onto all fours and starts finding his way back to his feet.

**DDK:**

This has been an amazing and fast-paced battle thus far!

**Lance:**

Both competitors were hot out of the gate when this match started, and now, they're practically on fire!

*FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!  
FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!*

Champion and challenger meet eyes and stare as if communicating in some unspoken language, as they slowly rise. The champion lunges forth with a forearm, and Fox responds with an elbow of his own. They go back and forth, an elbow there, a roundhouse there. Fox eventually gets the upper hand with a powerful push kick that sends Rezin back into the corner, only to sprint out and launch another Cloven Hoof Kick...

**Lance:**

Nothing but mat!

The champion plants on the mat, having whiffed the Cloven Hoof kick, and scrambles to get back to his feet, but he makes one of the biggest mistakes one can make in the ring against David Fox...

**DDK:**

Rezin's struggling! He's wide open, and DAVID FOX KNOWS IT!

...leaving an opening for the once-and-future Slayer of Giants, and a bent knee for him to climb. Fox sees the opportunity laid before him, and rushes forth, stepping one foot onto Rezin's knee, and raising the other one as high as he can, over the champion's head for a split second, before dropping his heel right onto the back of his cranium.

**SMACK!!!****DDK:**

ROUGH DIVIDE!! FOX NAILS IT!!

**Lance:**

We could be seeing an UPSET here tonight!

Rezin sprawls off the impact off the step-up axe kick, legs clipping the ropes when his ragdolling body finally comes to rest. David Fox is exhausted, but musters up the strength to pull the Favoured Saints Champion away from them before making the cover and hooking the legs.

**DDK:**

DAVID FOX, FOR THE WIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--KICKOUT!!

*RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!*

David looks to the official in disbelief. A quick PIP instant replay shows Rezin's shoulder jerking itself a hair off the mat mere microseconds before Brian Slater's hand hit the mat for the third time.

**Lance:**

SOOOOO close!

Rezin flops over onto his chest and fumbles for the ropes, eyes rolling in his head like a man who has no idea where he is. The camera focuses on David Fox's face, staring at us at home as he shakes his head, teeth on his lower lip, and wincing in both exhaustion and frustration, knowing full well this battle isn't quite over.

**DDK:**

Unbelievable resilience on display from the Escape Artist! Precious seconds made the difference, but Rezins survives the Rough Divide!

**Lance:**

Still, for a moment there, I thought we had a new Favoured Saints Champion!

**DDK:**

Not yet, but if Fox maintains this kind of momentum, he may be soon kickstarting his own reign!

The Faithful are feeling it, and begin to cheer on the longtime veteran DEFIANT.

*DA-VID!! DA-VID!! DA-VID!! DA-VID!!*

**Lance:**

These fans are feeling it, Dean!

**DDK:**

But where does David Fox go from here?

Rezin begins to stir, but Fox stays on him, driving a pair of knees to the side of the head while he's still grounded to keep him stunned, then hooks the arms to force him back to his feet. Rezin gets dumped into the corner and takes a few shoulder blocks to the midsection to keep the wind out of him. Then, David begins to take him up top.

**DDK:**

Fox is taking this one to high risk territory!

**Lance:**

But he knows that it's now or never! If he gives the Escape Artist a chance to escape, his opportunity will slip away like smoke in the wind!

Rezin is listless on the top rope facing out toward the crowd as Fox climbs up after him. The Goat Bastard suddenly snaps to life and delivers back elbows to knock David away... but a forearm to the back of his own head cuts his rally short! Wasting no time, Fox grabs him around the waist.

**DDK:**

David Fox with a SUPER GERMAN SUPLEX--

Rezin LANDS ON HIS FEET!!

*RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!!*

The champion sticks the landing and pounces toward the corner... only for David to climb to the top and perform a backflip of his own, sans assistance.

**DDK:**

And Fox MOONSAULTS behind Rezin!

Fox charges, but Rezin tumbles back and somersaults to avoid a spinning leg lariat from the Jersey Devil. When Fox turns around again, Rezin snags him by the head.

**DDK:**

INTO THE VOID!!

NO.

FOX SLIPS FREE!!

**Lance:**

Rezin, out of desperation, rushed the move and couldn't keep him locked in place! David has an OPENING!!

Fox spins and puts all his centripetal force into a sharp discus throat jab that leaves the Escape Artist stunned. Rezin drops to his knees, and David hits the ropes to get himself moving.

**DDK:**

Fox for the SECOND ROUGH DIVIDE!!

DUCKED!!

David's leg hits nothing but air and collides with the mat, as Rezin slips beneath Fox and stumbles in the ropes. Losing his balance, Fox buckles to his knees, and jelly-legged Escape Artist practically trips over him into an--

**DDK:**

OKLAHOMA ROLL BY REZIN!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREEE!!

***DING DING DING****♪ "I Have Prepared a Statement" by Whores ♪***DDK:**

HE GOT HIM! By the skin of his teeth, Rezin ekes out a third defense!

**Lance:**

Rezin was really pushed to his limit here tonight!

**DDK:**

David Fox came close to victory many times, but though he comes away with a loss, it almost feels like the veteran DEFIANT has finally found his groove as a singles competitor.

Brian Slater is handed the Favored Saints Championship belt from ringside, and brings it to the exhausted champion.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match, and STILL! Favored Saints Champion of DEFIANCE... "The Escape Artist," RrrrrrrrrrrEZIN!

David Fox is still sitting on the mat, face weary with fatigue and disappointment as he shakes his head rising to his feet. Rezin is barely able to stand up straight, and wanders the ring aimlessly before the two men find each other face to face once again. The crowd starts to murmur as the fierce rivals stare each other down...

**DDK:**

It looks like this isn't over just yet, Lance!

...and Rezin extends an open hand towards his challenger.

David Fox nods and shakes the champion's hand with a smile, as the crowd applauds the display of sportsmanship

after such an exciting main event! Rezin then raises Fox's hand as both men soak in the applause despite looking like they just went through a battle... because they did.

**Lance:**

Great show of class by the Favored Saints Champion, as defense number three of his title may have been his most challenging yet, Keebs!

Fox breaks away and splits from the ring, taking a second to point to the champion as if to beckon the crowd's attention to him, and claps for Rezin before making his way out of the arena.

**DDK:**

Ladies and gentlemen, what an incredible first night of action it's been here in Cleveland, Ohio, capped off by an absolutely amazing main event! Join us again tomorrow for Night Two! Alvaro de Vargas takes on Mil Vuelas! Corvo Alpha will finally get Oscar Burns in the ring for a match! And in the main event, Arthur Pleasant and Jestal take on the team of Scrow and Big Kahuna Ali'i! This and so much more, so don't miss it! For my partner Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Good night, Faithful!

***THIS***

***IS***

***DEFIANCE.***