

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

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

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**MY PERSONAL M4NTRA IS TOM MORROW IS A [blurred expletives]
NO, GET THE BURLAP SACK, DANNY
GAGE + BLACKWOOD + HARMEN > LUCKY SEVENS IT'S COMMON MATH
OH, GOD... MALAK IS RIGHT. ABOUT COUNTRY MUSIC, LET ME BE CLEAR
HEY, PLEASANT! MY ACTUAL NIGHTMARE IS BEING STUCK IN AN ELEVATOR WITH ANGUS SKAALAND,
SCOTT STEVENS, AND CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS, LISTENING TO THE THREE OF THEM ARGUE ON WHO
PICKED UP THE MOST CHICKS! AT LEAST FREDDY KRUEGER HAD A LOOK AND UNIQUE WEAPON, YOU
DISCOUNT SLASHER VILLAIN!
WARNER VS FLASH AT MAXDEF - SIGN IT, FS!
COLORFUL LANGUAGE IS STRONGLY DISCOURAGED
#0000FF**

The scene doesn't switch to ringside and the announcers. Instead, we go backstage!

JUMP

The camera cuts to just outside the backstage interview area with Christie Zane standing by.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Night Two of DEFtv 188! My guests are here with me right now to talk about their upcoming match-up with Alvaro de Vargas in a moment. Official promoter, Thomas Keeling, and Mil Vueltas!

A rousing ovation comes up for both Thomas Keeling, decked out in a colorful silver suit and tie. Next to him, Mil Vueltas in a new white mask with the red and green tassels out of the back. He's in his new silver coat with the same Mexican flag-inspired colors for the evening.

Christie Zane:

Mil, Thomas... tonight, you have a HUGE test ahead of you. You take on Alvaro de Vargas in in-ring action after a few weeks of back and forth with Tom Morrow. With how dangerous Alvaro de Vargas has been in recent times, do you have any trepidation in accepting this challenge tonight?

Thomas and Mil look at one another. Then Mil Vueltas succinctly speaks up.

Mil Vueltas:

No.

Thomas pats his client on the shoulder.

Thomas Keeling:

Rest assured, Christie, that we knew the risks when we took this challenge. Tom Morrow? My son? Waste of life, time, money and oxygen... but he knows what he's doing with recruitment. He knows how to find talent because he got it from me. But we haven't forgotten. Over two years ago when he first called himself Tom Morrow, he BURNED this young man with a fireball when he was known as Minute. ADV put him out of action for almost two months. And now... now, two years later and now starting his singles career? He's going to start it on the right note...

He taps him again on the arm.

Thomas Keeling:

You're dangerous, Alvaro. You're a badass. The list of people who have been burned by the fire you say you have... Everyone from the top to the bottom. World Champions. You just added a Hall of Famer in Sonny Silver to it. You got size, but there's NO threat Mil can't leap over! You've got power, but as much as you have, Mil has much more in SPEED! Tonight is long-overdue payback for what Tom Morrow did to me long ago and tried to do to this young man.

Mil finally speaks up.

Mil Vueltas:

ADV... tonight is big opportunity for me. Tonight, I do what I do best when I get in that ring and when I get big opportunities... PENDEJO...

He grins under his mask.

Mil Vueltas:

I jump.

Christie Zane:

Best of luck out there tonight. Thank you.

Mil bumps fists with Thomas Keeling as the two depart the interview stage and get ready to head to the ring.

ADV vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

Strong words by both Mil Vuelas and Thomas Keeling! Tonight, Mil is going to need every big aerial move in his bag of tricks to overcome the dangerous and destructive Alvaro de Vargas tonight!

Lance:

Let's get to the action! Alvaro de Vargas! Mil Vuelas! Tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is your opening contest of DEFtv! Introducing first... the official promoter for Tripp Wise's opponent... he is **THOMAS KEELING!**

Already at ringside, Thomas Keeling is decked out in a silver suit and tie, getting cheers from The Faithful.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, Other Darren! Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the exception to the laws that we call gravity! There's no jump he can't make and no leap he won't take!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the new leveled-up form! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, the new luchador sensation! Red, green and white pyro spark up from the stage! Mil Vuelas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:

One flip for every nickname he's got! Let's go!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! Dynast of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The FLIPPIEST of Doos! Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... JUST... LOOK... UP...

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

The Man of a Thousand Flips raises both hands in the sky and gets a great ovation from The Faithful! But soon...

Jazz music stops.

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

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light

blue flames running up one leg. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before. He takes his time as the jeers get loud. Tom Morrow is at his side, but unlike his standard fare with The Lucky Sevens or M4NTRA, there are no flashy intros for the man formerly known as El Sol Dorado. Morrow leads him to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by Tom Morrow... from Miami, Florida, by way of Havana, Cuba... weighing in at 278 pounds... **"SUPERNOVA CUBANA" ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas was cleared from his burns from Lindsay Troy after his violent DEFCON main event just last week! He made quick work of Theodore Cain on UNCUT. Now, I have to wonder if Mil Vuelas might be biting off more than he can chew.

Lance:

Mil doesn't look scared.

Once ADV steps up to the ring apron, he stands over the ropes. As the arena lights return to normal, he slowly removes his glasses and turns to hand them off to Tom Morrow at ringside. Morrow starts talking noise at ringside to Thomas Keeling, who largely tries to ignore his flesh and blood to focus on verbally pumping Mil Vuelas up. Supernova Cubana and The Man of a Thousand Flips get ready to fight with Rex Knox ready to call the action.

DING DING

Running dropkick by Mil Vuelas to start! ADV gets kicked back into the ropes!

DDK:

Mil right on the attack to start! Alvaro gets kicked! Mil back up!

The Man of a Thousand Flips kips up to his feet after the first kick, then runs off the ropes. He comes back and then clobbers Alvaro in the corner with a running gamengiri to the chest! Alvaro is doubled over from the speedy kick, but still upright!

Lance:

He's throwing everything he can at Alvaro right at the start! Theodore Cain tried this on UNCUT and almost caught him by surprise!

The Luchador Formerly Known as Minute is back on his feet again and then charges at a staggered Alvaro a third time...

CAUGHT.

Then SLAMMED into the mat with a massive body slam! The Faithful cringe from an extra-stiff impact from Supernova Cubana as he grabs Mil and then CLUBS him across the back multiple times while having him locked in a front facelock!

DDK:

ADV counters! Now Alvaro not giving Mil any time to breathe... OHH!

Supernova Cubana hooks Vuelas up in a vertical suplex, only to THROW him down with an especially ugly slam! Thomas Keeling watches him reel in pain while Alvaro hovers over him and talks some trash.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Little pendejo...

Then he pulls up Mil and KICKS him violently between the shoulder blades!

DDK:

Oof! Alvaro not wasting his time tonight. He wants to punish Mil Vueltas!

He grabs the small luchador over his shoulder and then hoists him up... then DRIVES him down with a stalling belly to back suplex into the center of the ring! The Man of a Thousand Flips arches his back in pain while Alvaro sits up and for the first time in a long time... a smile across his face.

Lance:

The Man of a Thousand Flips hasn't been able to execute a single flip in this match yet! Alvaro de Vargas completely overwhelming him tonight to kick off DEFtv!

DDK:

And he could go for a cover right now if he wanted, but Tom Morrow out there telling him not to!

Sure enough, Morrow is yelling at his charge to keep punishing Mil. Thomas Keeling looks worried for the safety of his charge as he pulls him up a second time. He grabs him by the body... but Mil fights back with kicks! The Duke of the Dive kicks viciously at the left leg of ADV to try and stun Supernova Cubana with more kicks! Alvaro shoves him back into the ropes, then comes back with another kick... NO! ADV grabs the leg and then pulls him up... into another stalling belly to back suplex into the mat! The Cleveland Faithful jeer him loudly, but Supernova Cubana doesn't care.

Lance:

No! Mil trying to get more offense going and ADV shutting it down just as fast!

DDK:

We've seen Mil Vueltas compete with new confidence since he patched things up and got the win for Titanes Familia at DEFCON over Team HOSS... but tonight, this is a massive step up from that.

Morrow orders Alvaro to start wrapping things up quickly. Alvaro nods and then grabs Mil by his mask once again. He pulls the young luchador up and for a third time, looks to go for another stalling belly to back suplex... but this time, Mil is able to backflip right over him and stagger backwards into the ropes!

DDK:

The third time wasn't a charm for Alvaro! Mil Vueltas escapes!

Lance:

And now Alvaro sees him! He charges!

An enraged Supernova Cubana speeds right towards Mil like a freight train, but Mil pulls the top rope down and Alvaro goes spilling over the ropes and out to the floor! Mil collapses to the mat as The Faithful starting cheering for The Man of a Thousand Flips!

DDK:

Look at this! Mil Vueltas finally has an opening to strike! Can he make the most of this opportunity given to him?

Mil sees Alvaro starting to rise to his feet, then snaps his head around to look out to The Faithful before he takes flight. He speeds off one set of the ropes and then STEPS UP the ropes before CRASHING down hard on ADV with a somersault senton to the outside!

DDK:

There we go! Mil Vueltas calls that The Come-Up! He catches ADV with that dive!

Lance:

And I don't think that he's done, either, Darren!

Mil gets up after the impact and then slides back into the ring! Morrow is freaking out when Mil charges off the ropes, then comes back with a cartwheel into a HUGE moonsault dive over the ropes to crash down on Supernova Cubana a second time!

DDK:

Mirame! He calls that the Mirame! A second dive takes out Alvaro de Vargas on the outside and now Mil finally has his chance he needs to turn this match around!

RRRRRRRRRAHHHHHHH!

The Faithful go wild for Mil as he slides back into the ring and tries to catch his breath after the cumulative assaults from Alvaro to open the match. ADV is starting to rise outside of the ring and Tom Morrow is warning him.

Tom Morrow:

Get back in there! Come on, Al! Go!

ADV sees his chance and then slides back into the ring to avoid being counted out... but catches a running thrust kick under the chin by Mil Vueltas just as he's reentering the ring!

DDK:

That kick caught Alvaro on the button! What a shot!

ADV is staggering in the ropes when Mil rushes as fast as he can and comes back with a big tiger feint kick! He catches Alvaro under the chin and then knocks him flat on his back in the ring for the first time in this match!

Lance:

He's got Alvaro on his back! Mil might be able to pull this off!

Mil Vueltas jumps to the outside of the ring and leaps to the middle rope. He poses for The Faithful... then JUMPS from the outside in with a springboard phoenix splash that wows the Cleveland Faithful!

DDK:

That was INSANE! Middle rope phoenix splash from the outside in! That's it! That's it! Cover by Mil! Cover by Mil!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

ADV SHOVES Mil Vueltas off of him! But Mil quickly goes up top!

DDK:

Alvaro kicks out at two, but Mil Vueltas keeping up with the aerial attacks!

The Man of a Thousand Flips scurries upward and climbs between the ropes. He starts to get through the ropes and then climbs to the top rope. He's about to get up there... but ADV is on his feet.

Lance:

Oh, no... Alvaro starting to get back up!

When Mil sees Alvaro rising back to his feet, he LEAPS off the top rope over ADV as he charges at the corner. Mil zips off the ropes and ducks underneath a running clothesline! When he comes back, Mi tries a headscissors, but ADV hangs on...

DDK:

CUBAN MISSILE BY ADV!

Mil CRASHES right into the corner with the vicious throwing snake eyes into the turnbuckle! He bounces back right into the grip of ADV who hits him with another stalling belly to back suplex!

DDK:

ADV now with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The Faithful JUMP when Mil Vueltas kicks out! ADV looks up at the official and snaps in Rex Knox's direction!

DDK:

Big kickout by Mil Vueltas, but now Alvaro isn't done with him!

Alvaro grabs the neck of Mil with both hands and launches him up before throwing him against the ropes. He hurls him into the ropes and then when he goes, he HURLS him high in the air!

Lance:

Alvaro THROWS Mil in the air... NO! WAIT!

Mil is thrown HIGH above the head of Alvaro, but he shifts his weight around and then rolls up Alvaro forward into the victory roll position and crosses the legs of Alvaro together!

DDK:

NO! MODIFIED VICTORY ROLL! COVER! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING***RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!***

ADV snaps out a moment too late! Mil Vueltas rolls away and collapses to the mat with Alvaro snapping!

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner of the match... **MIL VUELTAS!****Lance:**

HE DID IT! MIL VUELTAS PINS ALVARO DE VARGAS WITH THAT MODIFIED VICTORY ROLL!

DDK:

THAT HAS TO BE AN UPSET!

Mil has a huge grin on his face under the mask, pointing up at the sky before he rolls out of the ring to join Thomas Keeling to celebrate on the ramp!

DDK:

That was an amazing finish! Mil gets thrown up into the air, but shifts direction from that hurricanrana into that cross-legged victory roll pin!

Lance:

That was a great counter to whatever ADV had planned! And catches him with it! Alvaro is incensed!

Mil and Thomas Keeling go to celebrate on the ramp as the replay show what happened. Mil being thrown in the air in slow motion, only to shift around into a big roll-up pin...

But the camera goes back.. ADV BLINDSIDES MIL ON THE RAMP!

Lance:

Hey! Alvaro not taking this loss well!

DDK:

First, DEFCON... NOW TONIGHT! LOOK OUT!

Thomas Keeling gets shoved down by Alvaro to LOUD booing from the crowd! Tom Morrow then yells and points over to the commentary table nearby.

Lance:

Oh, no... no... he's coming our way!

DDK:

Time to go, partner!

Both Darren and Lance clear the table when Alvaro rushes over with the smaller Mil Vultas being ragdolled by ADV! He hoists him up...

POWERBOMB THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!

The table in the Commentation Station explodes! Alvaro de Vargas snarls over the fallen luchador in the pile and then unleashes another roar, reciprocated by The Faithful...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow points at his father, still on the ground.

Tom Morrow:

SOME WINNER YOU CHOSE, DAD! HE DON'T LOOK LIKE A WINNER FROM HERE!

Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow both depart from the stage with Lance Warner and Darren Keebler are scrambling to get their headsets working!

DDK: *[static]*

...we on?

Lance: *[static]*

...Maybe... Mil is hurt! We... d help!

Thomas Keeling finally picks himself up and the promoter for Mil Vultas flags down DEFMed to come out, rushing to the aid of Mil Vultas as the show cuts to break.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

HEY

The scene opens to outside the Rocket Mortgage FieldHouse in the talent parking lot where Tyler Fuse patiently leans against one of the entrance doors. Tyler sports faded black jeans and a faded brown High Flyer IWO t-shirt, from what looks like over twenty years ago. It says "Buy the Snow" but the letters are covered in falling snow.

Carrying a DEFIANCE gym bag from the GRINDHOUSE tour, the now silver snowhawked Jack Harmen's heavy foot stomps lead him to the entrance. He pauses as he catches eyes with Tyler, and holds his gym bag as if he were about to grab his six shooter from the holster around his waist.

Tyler repositions, standing upright and kicking himself off the brick wall. Tyler carelessly takes a step forward but also places his hands in his pockets.

Tyler Fuse:

Hey.

It's all the stoic elder Fuse brother says at first, while Harmen remains on alert.

Jack takes a moment to blink. But he doesn't move and stares toward Fuse intently.

Jack Harmen:

Desire's right behind me with a steel chair, isn't she?

Tyler's deadpan look doesn't break, although he takes a brief moment to roll his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

It's not like that.

Harmen doesn't drop his stance. However, since Tyler is a good ten feet away from him, the legend quickly cocks his head around and sees no one is behind him. Once Harmen's attention turns back to Tyler, the OG Player loudly sighs as if this stalling is wasting everyone's time.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you, it's not like that. There are no games here, old man. I'm not going to attack you and Jane isn't hiding in wait.

Tyler clears his throat.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm simply here... to talk.

It's one of the odd times Tyler shows a measurable, emotional expression. He smiles, ever-so-slightly. Harmen takes this as a cue, and points behind him.

Jack Harmen:

Her name is Jane? Really?

Tyler, undeterred, continues with his choice of topic.

Tyler Fuse:

[Off hand] Yeah, don't you read online bios at DEFIANCE.com? [Back on track] Anyway, we haven't had a chance to talk since... the incident.

Harmen catches on. Likely Tyler is referring to when he was Teresa Ames' mystery partner at DEFCON.

Tyler Fuse:

And then you align yourself with a new group of guys. I didn't want to interrupt that little get together...

Tyler's voice trails. He's thinking about what to say next.

Tyler Fuse:

You're in the twilight of your career, right? What are your goals now? Are you simply the Blackwood-Box manager? Teammate? Tag-along? Who do you plan to be with them?

At first, Harmen is a little apprehensive to reply, likely because he doesn't know if he's going to be given space to reply. But Tyler keeps his mouth shut and hasn't moved an inch, so...

Jack Harmen:

I don't plan Tyler. I just do. Always have.

The second Jack opens his mouth, Tyler has a wide, mischievous grin on his face. Jack keeps speaking, likely playing off Tyler's expression.

Jack Harmen:

I love it here. I literally own a piece of this place. This is my home. And I love wrestling. What don't you understand?

Harmen shakes his head at Tyler's non response.

Jack Harmen:

I just want the business to be better after I'm done with it. I want DEFIANCE to put on banger, after banger, after BANGER until we put on the best wrestling show anyone's ever seen. Then we do it again. BETTER STILL. I want this place to be the best wrestling promotion in the WORLD, and they'll do that by remembering exactly what it means to be DEFIANT. I know I should probably already be retired. A High Flyer reaching a half a century? My bones and joints are ground to chalk dust, we all know that, right? That's what everyone tells me. I lost a step. I'm not as good as I once was. But frak 'em, right? Isn't that exactly what it means to be HERE. Still fighting, even when everyone tells you to stop? DEF.

Harmen laughs. He looks behind him and shrugs, seeing nothing.

Jack Harmen:

Tye-Dye? My beef ain't with you. We're good, if you wanna be good... you're more DEFIANT than most of the roster, steppin' to me here where you know I'm vulnerable. What you did to me, takin' me out for about six months? I'd have done it too if I were in your shoes. Respect. It's a smart move, gives you cred. So I'm over it. I helped Teresa cause she's more DEFIANT than the two of us put together, not to get back at you. Plus, y'know, therapy helps.

Jack steps up. He exposes his chin.

Jack Harmen:

But go ahead. First shot's free.

Tyler doesn't step up.

Tyler Fuse:

Do you not listen? It's not like that...

Harmen nods and laughs a moment. He hides shaking his head no before just pushing forward into the arena. Once Jack motions towards the door, Tyler side-steps and blocks the high flyer's path.

Tyler Fuse:

Clearly, I'm not afraid of you. I'm also not afraid of the two by your side. Has beens. Just a trio of has beens...

Fuse runs a hand through his hair. He looks rather exhausted by this conversation.

Tyler Fuse:

The group of you are going to make it harder for me to get exactly what I want, though.

Wink.

Tyler Fuse:

But I'll get what I want.

Princess Desire slowly emerges from out of view with a lead pipe in hand as Harmen replies to Tyler, not noticing what's going on.

Jack Harmen:

What do you even want? Listen, we don't agree that Wrestling is Life, but you're good. You could be champ. If you just, loved, wrestl-

Suddenly, Jack sees Desire... but The Princess doesn't attack. Instead, she walks right past the legend and stands beside her husband.

Princess Desire: [greeting]

Hey.

Desire looks at Tyler, Tyler looks at Desire. The Princess calmly places the lead pipe on the ground and with a mischievous grin, similar to the one Tyler had moments ago, Jane Fuse strolls over to the FieldHouse door, opening it.

Princess Desire:

Age before beauty.

Harmen takes another hard stare into both of them before winking toward Jane. He enters the arena as an emotionless Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire let the doors slam behind him.

AS FAR AS WE CAN TAKE IT

The locker room. Physical trainers and DEFmed personnel sparsely roam about. Seated on a bench, an open gym locker behind him, is Masked Violator #1 - dressed to dance. Winding blue tape around his wrist, his eyes are narrowed and focused. A shadow falls across him and the camera slowly reels back.

Levi Cole:

Looks like we're paired back up tonight.

MV1 flashes him a quick smile before wrapping up the wrist-tape. Cole is dressed in a blazer and slacks, gym bag slung over his shoulder.

MV1:

Yeah, I saw the same thing.

Masked Violator #1 rises to his feet, tossing the tape in the locker and closing it behind him.

MV1:

You good with it?

Levi Cole:

I'm ready to go. Me and you. Let's do this.

MV1:

I think you impressed a lot of people two weeks ago how you stepped up when it was the right thing to do. I know you impressed me.

Levi Cole:

It's been a long time since I've been able to show what I've got as myself. I forgot what this was like. So... thank you, sir.

MV1 steps over the bench and claps Cole on the shoulder.

MV1:

Dang, kid. Let's just go out there, be ourselves, and show 'em what we can do. There's no other promotion out there with the level of tag team talent that DEFIANCE puts out there. I say we take this opportunity and run with it. As far as we can take it.

They fist bump.

MV1:

Alright, go get ready.

Levi Cole:

I'll see you out there.

OSCAR BURNS vs. CORVO ALPHA

The camera is back at the Commentation Station. In place of their normal announce table, they have been given a standard wooden fold-out table with monitors and other paperwork mostly restored.

DDK:

This night is off to a wild start tonight! Mil Vuelas defeated Alvaro de Vargas, but after the match, he was attacked and put through our very announce table with a chokeslam from Supernova Cubana! Mil Vuelas has been helped out and is being attended to by our medical team. But as we often have to do... we gotta switch gears, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed. We have another grudge match looking to be settled tonight. I'm talking about Corvo Alpha finally having the chance to get his hands on Oscar Burns here tonight. For weeks, Oscar Burns has been running his mouth about how much he hates the people he tried to otherwise say he loved for the last year plus. Corvo came out to answer an open challenge Oscar put out, only for Burns to walk out.

DDK:

Oscar scored a big win over fWo Legend, The Flying Frenchie, but tonight he now has to face the music. A vengeful, off-the-chain Corvo Alpha finally has Oscar Burns in the ring one-on-one!

Lance:

I've been looking forward to this one, Darren. Let's go to the introductions for both competitors right now!

To Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a very simple ring gear. A burgundy robe. Underneath? Black pants-length trunks, absent the usual Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE logos. White taped wrists and black wrestling shoes.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds, representing Vae Victis... **HE! IS! DEFIANCE! OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

No Butcher Victorious by his side tonight?

Lance:

I heard rumors that Butcher wasn't here tonight after Corvo choked him out with the Alpha Clutch. He was given the night off to recover from that attack by saving Oscar from his own Alpha Clutch.

DDK:

Oscar Burns going solo tonight!

When Oscar reaches the ring, the former two-time FIST and one-time Favoured Saints Champion walks up the steps. Oscar sheds his robe and then steps into the ring. When he reaches the corner, he leans towards the corner and stretches before he gets ready for what comes next... the chance to put Corvo Alpha behind him once and for all.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Electric Funeral (Instrumental) by Black Sabbath ♪

Red lights pulse throughout the building, setting the stage for an eerie presence.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Parts Untold and weighing in tonight at 270 pounds...

Alpha marches onto the stage, shirtless and dripping wet....A blood-red wound of clumpy paint on his chest marks where his heart might be... a swab of yellow paint, similar to his match against his ex-tag team partner, Masked Violator #1. Both hands weep red paint in drips and drops. Snorting and snapping, the monster... suddenly rolls onto his back... and kicks his legs up like a puppy?

Darren Quimbey:

CALL HIM... Corvo... Alpha?

The "monster" rolls towards the ring and then scurries inside under the bottom rope right at Oscar's feet...

Lance:

What... what even is this, Darren?

Corvo peers his head up and the lights return to normal...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...It is Butcher Victorious wearing facepaint and sticking his tongue out like a deranged asshole.

DDK:

What the...? MORE of these games? By Oscar Burns? One of the very best to ever do it in DEFIANCE... resorting to this kind of bush league antics?

The Cleveland Faithful realize they've been had once Oscar Burns is doubled over with laughter. The Kiwi is slapping a knee and pointing at the audience while referee Mark Shields rubs his eyes.

Mark Shields:

AAHAHAHAHA... I mean, aw, that's terrible... heh...

Oscar points at Mark.

Oscar Burns:

Time for this sad-packing, mangy flea-ridden Corvo to get his!

Burns slaps each of his arms and gets ready to warm up.

DDK:

We were promised Corvo Alpha and Oscar Burns... and once again, this isn't it! Favoured Saints and DEFIANCE marketed this match to take place tonight!

Mark Shields looks at Oscar... then "Corvo" across the ring... then calls for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

MARK! COME ON! THAT'S NOT CORVO!

DDK:

He either doesn't realize or he doesn't care... probably both!

Butch... er, "Corvo" gets up to his feet and charges at Oscar, only for The Kiwi to quickly sidestep out of the way. Corvo clears his throat and almost collides with the turnbuckle. He spins around and the black wig on his head almost falls off until he adjusts it.

DDK:

Can we end this farce? This isn't anything the DEFIANTs paid to see!

Butcher charges a second time, but Oscar snaps him over with a headlock takeover. And hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

"Corvo" kicks out but Oscar jumps on him with another headlock takeover. The wig comes off, but Burns clearly doesn't care.

"Corvo Alpha":

BUTCH VIC... ER, CORVO SAYS THIS BLOWS!

Lance:

Can we get someone out here to stop this? This isn't a match. This is a joke.

DDK:

Mark Shields is taking this seriously, though.

For once, the incompetent referee of DEFIANCE is into the action and he's pumped about watching Burns now wrangle "Corvo" in a tight rear chinlock, making The Faithful angrier.

DDK:

Don't tell me we're gonna have to watch this? I know we have a job to do as commentators, Lance, but I'm not calling a match that clearly isn't a match.

Lance:

I'm with you there, Darren. Disrespectful to those who actually WANT to have an opportunity to get into the squared circle!

Oscar continues working a hold (brother) while "Corvo" leans over to casually put his wig on, being so unserious.

"Corvo Alpha":

Nooooo... ahhhhh. My neck... my back...

DDK:

Please, end this now.

The former two-time FIST continues laughing as he has "Corvo" in the hold, back turned to the audience...

RRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!

...

Then the REAL Corvo Alpha appears on the ring apron, dangerous snarl included! A yellow swipe of paint across his

eyes and forehead, it mingles with the hair in his face.

DDK:

Oh, no! Oh, no! CORVO ALPHA IS HERE ON DEFTV!

The Cleveland Faithful are going BONKERS as Oscar appears to be now realizing what's going on!

Lance:

This is just like two weeks ago! Oscar had his back turned to Corvo Alpha and he got choked out because he was goofing off!

Corvo hovers in the ring as Oscar turns... AND THROWS THE BLACK WIG AT HIM! Corvo swats it out of the way, but leaves himself wide open for a running high knee to the face from Oscar!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wait... was... was this a TRAP for Corvo? Burns knew this kind of stunt in lieu of an actual match would get Corvo's attention!

Lance:

It is!

Oscar has Corvo down and attacks him in the corner with a big flurry of European uppercuts to the unchained monster! He fires off several more, then switches up to battering him about the head with a volley of elbow smashes in a corner! All the while Butcher is cackling behind his boss and Mark Shields is confused.

Mark Shields:

I'm seeing double... FOUR Corvos!

DDK:

Oscar takes a cheap shot and now he's got Corvo Alpha down! This is a rare position for this monster to be in!

The booing is electric right now as Oscar stands over Corvo in the corner with a knee pressed into his throat, trying to choke the life out of him! Burns then backs off and allows Butcher to get in a few stomps as well! He delivers a few stomps to the downed monster! He starts standing on Corvo and now takes his turn at attempting to deprive him of oxygen with his full body weight on him!

Lance:

Corvo being attacked in this two-on-one situation! I'm with you, Darren, Oscar had this planned. Have this "match" before the real Corvo Alpha had the chance to compete, get him riled up and then ambush him!

DDK:

And it worked to perfection!

Butcher Victorious jumps off of the beaten Corvo and then he revels along with Oscar in the jeering of The Faithful! The monster is still barely able to stand when Butcher goes back for seconds. He pulls Corvo out as Oscar laughs it up, making fun of some fans in the front row.

DDK:

Butcher now trying to spike him with A Winner Is Me... NO! CORVO FIGHTS BACK!

He ROCKS Butcher with a sick headbutt to the side of the head! Butcher stumbles back just as Oscar turns around...

EXPLODER SUPLEX TO BUTCHER ONTO OSCAR!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

No! No! Corvo is fighting back! He just suplexed Butcher and threw him AT Oscar! Now both men are down!

Corvo gets up and then speeds forward, NAILING Oscar with a big lariat that sends The Kiwi over the ropes! Oscar hits the floor with a loud thud!

Lance:

What a shot for Oscar!

Butcher is stumbled up again... then gets ROCKED with a spinning discus forearm from Corvo Alpha that also clears him from the ring! He stumbles through the ropes and then lands on the floor below next to Oscar, who is stumbling up and trying to get the hell away from the ring! Corvo stands tall in the ring and the monster is almost DARING Oscar to come back and face him like a man... er, Monster!

Meanwhile, Mark Shields holds the black wig in his hand and is slowly realizing what just transpired. He points at the backpedaling "Corvo" Vic... and then now at Corvo, who thankfully doesn't appear to notice the referee there. In a blur, Alpha has slipped under the bottom rope, out of the ring, and streaking after his prey.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is giving chase! And Oscar Burns, once this promotion's finest hero, is turning tail and RUNNING up the aisle!

Scampering after his idol like a proverbial "scalded dog", Butcher Victorious follows Burns, disappearing through the curtain.

Lance:

Burns came out here with a plan to taunt and provoke a very, very dangerous man. He mocks Alpha as being little more than a dog... Well, I'd say if Oscar Burns keeps this up he is going to get BIT!

DDK:

That cliché has real teeth, Lance.

Cutting back to the makeshift announce table, Keebler and Warner share a pair of amused smiles amongst themselves.

DDK:

We've got TAG TEAM ACTION like only DEFIANCE Wrestling can do it... AFTER THIS!

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2023***FIST of DEFIANCE******Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Dex Joy******UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS******Triangle Match******SNS (C) vs. Flex in a Box vs. Heavy Artillery******Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Lucky Sevens******Titanes Familia vs. M4NTRA******NDR vs. The Company Men***

MV1 & TA COLE vs. THE RAINBOW REAPERS

♪ "Rainbow in the Dark" by Dio ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall...

Colorful lights sweep the arena behind the two masked Reapers in the ring. Magenta appears to be hyping Cyan up in their corner, offering words of encouragement as their music slaps. At ringside, Reaper Chartreuse cheers on his comrades, while Reaper Green, the de fact leader of the group, stands quietly with his arms folded across his chest.

Darren Quimbey:

Already in the ring... weighing in tonight at a total combined weight of "near infinite density", they represent the most SINISTER aspects of the SPECTRUM... They are **Rainbow Reaper CYAN**... and **Rainbow Reaper MAGENTA**!

The Reapers raise their arms, parading around the ring as though they've already won.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

On their feet and excited, the Faithful greet Masked Violator #1 with raucous applause as he speeds down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

First, he hails from Parts Undisclosed and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds... HE IS **MV1**!

MV1 pauses with several young fans in the first row to allow their photo to be taken, bright smiles and index fingers up all around as the reds and yellows strobing in the crowd slowly shift to a deep purple and his music fades.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner...

♪ "Turkish March (Rondo Alla Turca)" by Cole Rolland ♪

Wearing an unadorned, solid purple wrestling singlet, Levi Cole pauses atop the rampway to stretch and take in the throngs of fans. His reception is surprisingly warm, even taking Cole a bit off guard.

Darren Quimbey:

From Omaha, Nebraska... stepping into the ring at two hundred and sixty seven pounds... **LEVI! COLE!**

At ringside, MV1 keeps his eyes on the Reapers as Cole joins him at the foot of the rampway. As one, each takes a different set of ringsteps up onto the apron, the pair with a singular focus.

DDK:

In the past several months, we have witnessed a professional rivalry slowly evolve into a mutual respect between MV1 and Levi Cole. After an impressive team win over Heavy Artillery two weeks ago, we'll see if they can maintain that momentum against... well... two of the most colorful characters DEF has ever seen!

In their corner, Magenta and Cyan appear to argue over who will start the match, while Cole takes the apron and MV1 stretches a hamstring in their corner. Finally, Magenta begrudgingly agrees to start for his tandem.

DING DING

As MV1 circles, Magenta pulls something out from an unseen pocket.

DDK:

What the... IS that Reaper Yellow mask?!

It is. Reaper Magenta unfurls the peace offering and hands it to a confused MV1, as if offering the Violator a spot as a Reaper. From outside of the ring, Greenie calls into the ring while insistently shaking his fist.

Reaper Green:

JOIN US, Masked Violator! Take upon the mantle of REAPER YELLOW, and join the SPECTRUM of DEATH! It is your DESTINY!

MV1 politely takes it, shakes his head no, and turns to lean through the ropes and hand the Reaper mask to a ring attendant. Before MV1 can return his attention to the match, Magenta pounces, laying in double ax handles to the back of the head and neck of MV1.

Lance:

All it takes is a momentary lapse in focus!

Magenta nervously tags out as MV1 finds his feet, leaving Cyan somewhat flummoxed. Annoyed, Cyan enters the ring and charges across it at his opponent.

DDK:

ARM DRAG takeover by MV1!

And another one! With the third arm drag, MV1 cinches in an armlock, effectively halting Cyan in his tracks.

Desperately flailing for a tag that's woefully too far away, Cyan recognizes he is in trouble early.

MV1 lets Cyan rediscover his footing, arm still cinched, then Irish whips him into the ropes. Cyan floats over a backdrop from MV1 and shoots off the opposite ropes-

DDK:

MV1 POPS CYAN UP - EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

It catches Cyan under the chin, staggering backwards into a neutral corner. Frustrated, he comes blundering at MV1 and is caught again in another DEEP arm drag that MV1 follows through down to the canvas.

Magenta bellows hollow encouragement across the ring as Cyan slowly fights back to a vertical base. MV1 transitions to a rear hammerlock which Cyan is able to duck out of and reverse, as surprised as anyone. MV1 ducks behind, grabs Cyan and DUMPS him on the back of his head with side suplex.

DDK:

Masked Violator #1 tagging in Levi Cole!

Cole goes right to work, clotheslining Cyan to the canvas before hoisting him up in the air and slamming him down with a thunderous vertical suplex.

Lance:

The pair of Cole and #1 is a compelling one for a number of reasons, Keebs! The all-american collegiate wrestling career of Levi Christopher Cole has been well-documented... and it's clear to anyone with a discerning eye that the man under that red, blue, and yellow wrestling mask shares a similar passion for technical wrestling. Where Cole has overwhelming power, MV1 has nimble speed. Where MV1 brings experience and wisdom, Cole brings youthful exuberance and vitality! I'm telling you, this is a tag team to watch in 2023 and beyond. There is something here!

Cole SLAMS Cyan with a running powerslam, hooking his far leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!!

Cole clubs Cyan back down to the mat, leaning for a tag. Masked Violator #1 is ready for it and springboards from the apron and ACROSS the ring with a Red Rocket Missile Dropkick!

DDK:

#1 with a cover of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kick out by Cyan, but he is reeling! MV1 hits the ropes and lands a SIT OUT DROP KICK!

Before Cyan can consider recovering, MV1 is pulling him to his feet by his arms. Cyan hopelessly reaches for a tag that Magenta just can't meet before being whipped into the ropes. MV1 is in the perfect spot to slide in a DROP TOE HOLD that PLANTS Cyan face-first to the canvas.

DDK:

MV1 rolls over, excellent ring placement, and easily tags Levi Cole in, who comes right in and takes over!

Lance:

You pointed out the ring generalship of the pair of MV1 and Levi Cole and I absolutely agree. If you ask me, these two are showing each other what they can do as much as they are trying to show the Rainbow Reapers!

Cole forces Cyan back up to his feet, and in a moment of awe-inspiring strength, POWERS Cyan up and OVER HIS HEAD! Cole parades Cyan over his head, walking around the ring, and Cyan AGAIN flails in vain for Magenta's tag, eliciting a chuckle from the Faithful.

DDK:

Cole just MUSCLED Cyan overhead and – OHH! SHIFTED HIM ONTO HIS SHOULDERS! THIS COULD BE IT!

Lance:

LETTER JACKET LOCKED IN! That TORTURE RACK!

Cyan taps almost instantly!!

DING DING DING

Like a sack of bright blue potatoes, Cole drops Cyan in a heap at his feet as the Faithful hit their feet.

♪ “The Fixer” by Pearl Jam ♪

Enthusiastic and buoyant, Masked Violator #1 climbs the nearest turnbuckle, holding up a single finger with one arm and pointing at Cole, in joyous surprise, with the other! Cheering fans surge around the ring as purple, red, yellow, and blue lights sweep the arena!

Darren Quimbey:

The WINNERS of this contest... the team of **MV1** and **LEVI! COLE!**

Now in the ring, MV1 insists on raising a reluctant Levi Cole's arm in victory. Finally relenting, Cole cracks an awkward smile as the city of Cleveland fully embraces him *and* this surprise pairing.

DDK:

A dominant, confident TANDEM performance by Masked Violator #1 and Levi Cole! This team is turning a lot of heads!

Lance:

The Rainbow Reapers were just over-matched and out-wrestled tonight! And I *absolutely* agree! It's time to take notice of Masked Violator #1 and Levi Cole as a legitimate pair in this promotion!

HIDE NOT THEY POISON WITH SUCH SUGAR'D WORDS

In the ring, MV1 lowers Cole's hand, slapping on the back with encouragement, when suddenly...

♪ "FUR ELISE" by COLE ROLLAND! ♪

RAAAAAAAAAA!

The Faithful give out one of those "cheering because we're surprised and caught off guard" pops. But that quickly changes into...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...as Ned Reform's music begins to blare throughout the arena! In the ring, Cole's mouth drops in shock, and he unconsciously takes a step away from MV1 as his eyes shoot toward the entrance. At the entrance, the man himself... Ned Reform... steps through the curtain! Dressed in slacks, button up, and tie, Reform offers very little in the way of posturing, instead marching toward the ring with a purpose.

DDK:

We haven't seen Reform since his DEFCON debacle!

Lance:

Rumors have been swirling around his current status here in DEFIANCE... I'm not sure any of us were expecting to see him here tonight...

DDK:

Least of which is Levi Cole!

Reform is up, through the ropes, and into the ring. Immediately, he comes face-to-face with his protegee, Levi Cole. Cole flashes Reform a shaky smile, and in return, The Good Doctor simply stares a hole through his Teaching Assistant... until The Sage on the Stage breaks into a wide friendly expression! Reform sticks his hand out for a shake, and a relieved Cole quickly takes it. The two men engage in a hearty handshake while MV1 looks on with hands on his hips - his masked face unreadable.

Lance:

One has to wonder what Ned Reform thinks about Cole's recent alliance with Number One.

Ned breaks the handshake... but only so he can go in for the hug! The two men embrace and it's evident, purely based on facial expressions, how much this means to both of them. Reform stops the embrace, and Cole eagerly motions toward MV1 as if by way of introduction. Ned turns, seemingly noticing MV1 for the first time. The smile doesn't leave The Good Doctor's face as he again sticks out his hand... this time for the masked Defiant to take!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful let MV1 know exactly how they feel about him taking the notoriously deceitful Ned Reform's hand in friendship. MV1 looks to the crowd before looking back to Ned as if weighing his options. Cole pats his new friend on the back, encouraging him to take it. We can see him mouth, "it's okay." MV1 still seems unsure, but after he looks into the sincerity of Levi's eyes... he extends his hands!

And MV1 and Ned Reform shake!

DDK:

Wow. What are we seeing here?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ah. There it is.

The jeers RAIN DOWN as Reform swiftly punts MV1 right between his legs! MV1 does what literally any person has to do in this situation - he hits the mat like a ton of bricks. Cole's eyes bug out and his hands go to his head in shock and alarm, but Ned doesn't offer much in the way of explanation... instead he immediately drops to his knees and begins to fire right hands right into MV1's masked skull!

Lance:

What else could we expect, really!?

Cole is distraught as he watches his longtime mentor pummel his new friend. Reform doesn't let up... it's just a barrage of fists. Carla Ferrari tries to pry Ned from his prey, but The Good Doctor simply pushes her away as his face becomes redder and redder... and seemingly more feral and crazed. Finally, Reform breaks his onslaught and stands, turning to Cole who has retreated to the corner.

Ned Reform:

Why are you standing there? Get over here and help!

But to Ned's surprise... for the first time seemingly ever, Cole shakes his head in the negative. But he doesn't stop Reform either... instead, the conflicted Defiant simply rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring. He begins a brisk walk to the back, shaking his head in confusion. Reform watches him go with disbelief.

DDK:

TA Cole is walking out on Ned Reform!

Lance:

But... he needs to turn around. MV1 needs help.

As Cole disappears behind the curtain, Reform shakes his head in disgust before turning back to the fallen MV1, who is just beginning to stir. Reform bends forward, hands on knees, stalking MV1 with a smirk. He watches... and waits... and watches... and waits... as MV1 composes himself and begins to climb to his knees, taking great care to make sure he is always positioned behind Masked Violator One. The Faithful try to warn MV1 of the impending danger, but it's too late... just as he gets to his feet, Reform swoops in, locking MV1 in the AD HOMINEM! Reform's version of the Crossface Chickenwing is ruthless, and MV1's air is immediately cut off as he futilely flails his arms. The Good Doctor wrestles him to the ground, clinching the hold in tight and it doesn't take long before MV1 is seemingly out of it. Carla begins to call for help as the timekeeper does the only thing he can do to help... ring the bell.

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

Finally, DEFsec hits the ring... but Ned, being no fool, breaks the hold and rolls under the bottom rope before they can lay a finger on him. They begin to check on an unconscious MV1 as Reform swiftly walks up the ramp, completely ignoring the jeers of the front row fans.

DDK:

Ned Reform was embarrassed at DEFCON... and I don't know if that's what's driving this disgusting display... or frankly jealousy at the MV1/Cole partnership... but either way he's reminded us all exactly the content of his character.

Lance:

All that is true, Darren... but a bigger question: does he even still work here?

Reform stops his purposeful stroll JUST before he walks through the curtain. He pauses. Turns slowly. Looks toward the ring where MV1 is just starting to come to.

And he allows himself the slowest and most sinister of smirks.

Before disappearing to the back.

DDK:

Folks, we're going to check on the status of MV1... we'll be right back.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

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

The people come alive for the likes of the Gulf Coast Connection!

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is a tag team match set for one fall! From New Orleans, Louisiana accompanied by Theodore Cain ... the Crescent City Kid and Titus Campbell... THE GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!!!

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd. Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents as the Crescent City Kid and Titus Campbell enter the ring to start the match.

DDK:

We have a tag team match set! A big opportunity for the Gulf Coast Connection members Titus Campbell and Theodore Cain when they take on the Lucky Sevens. The former two time Unified Tag Team champions take on the super team of former FIST Gage Blackwood and DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Bronson Box!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens said two weeks ago when they had a decision reversed against Screen 7 ... they aren't here to stack wins. They are here to stack bodies. And they'll make sure to have a body count going when they get to Maximum DEFIANCE!

Three numbers appear in gold as an old western theme starts to play. Three bells ring in tune with the numbers stopping on the digital slot machine.

DING!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

7 7 7

The stage lights up and flashes "JACKPOT!!!" all across the screen ...

WINNERS!!!

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Now in their ring gear of the tattered jeans and boots, the twin terrors called the Lucky Sevens are out in full force. Unlike last week, they have Tom Morrow, but the twins look like they have one goal in mind ... destroy.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing their opponents, at a combined weight of six-hundred twenty-three pounds... they are Mason Luck and Max Luck ... THHHHEEEEE LUUUUCCCKKKYYYY SSSEEEVVVVNNNNSSSS!!!

Mason and Max don't bother with hotdogging for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful like they do for other occasions. Instead, they climb into the ring quickly and then Max wants to start. "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck is who wants to start the match for his team and Crescent City Kid starts off for his. When both men enter the ring the referee calls for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

Here we go with this match! The Gulf Coast Connection are always popular no matter what side of the column they notch.

DDK:

Max Luck tries to attack!

The Beast of the Bright Lights jumps at CCK but the young kid in the Mardi Gras theme mask ducks it first and then hits a kick to his leg. Max swings wildly again but CCK ducks and the kid kicks his leg a second time. CCK jumps up to hit a punch on Max but he brushes that off and he pushes him away. Crescent City Kid hits the ropes but this time he goes low and then he decides to hit a basement drop kick at the left leg. Max hobbles around on his other leg after that kick and CCK goes with another kick!

Lance:

That is some nice footwork here by the Crescent City Kid!

Max snatches up the leg of CCK before he can kick his left leg again. A hasty shove puts CCK in the corner and the Faithful boo when Max waves both of his hands out.

Max Luck:

Blackwood! Box! Hope you're watching!

Max runs right to CCK in the corner but the cruiserweight wrestler gives him the slip and dips between the middle rope to the outside. Max hits the corner!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens might have Maximum DEFIANCE on their mind! If the Gulf Coast Connection can exploit that in some way, they can get somewhere tonight!

CCK goes to the top rope and then takes off with a spring board drop kick that knocks Max backwards. CCK with a nip-up back to his feet and then a run off the ropes. Max tries to kick him with a big boot, but The Kid sneaks by again. But when he comes back, Max hits him with a massive seven-foot cross body!

DDK:

No way! Max's agility is nuts!

Max stands up and then goes to the ropes. He comes back and he slams all his weight on CCK with the Box Cars elbow drop!

Lance:

It really is something to behold. You don't hold the Unified Tag Titles twice in this promotion by being rank amateurs. The Lucky Sevens are two of the most dangerous men in DEFIANCE Wrestling today.

Max grabs the arm of CCK and then picks him up. He climbs the ropes ... but decides against giving the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful a show by showing off for Walking the Strip. Instead of walking across the top rope, he walks the dog with CCK's body and picks him up. Mason puts a foot up on the top rope and allows his brother to slam CCK's masked face into Mason's boot, then tags in the Big Money Monster.

DDK:

First time in for Mason Luck!

The Big Money Monster grabs Crescent City Kid and then makes the kid take an involuntary flight across the ring with a powerful biel throw! CCK bounces right across the canvas.

DDK:

Big biel throw ... but he just threw The Kid right at the corner of Titus Campbell!

Lance:

And I don't think that Mason cares!

Mason paces around and he is daring Titus to make the tag. The Wingman obliges! Now the two super heavyweights are striking each other with elbows! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful get behind the Wingman for his efforts!

DDK:

Titus giving it as good as he's getting from Mason! And in fact, he's fighting back! Elbows from either side now!

Lefts and rights don't all connect but enough of them start to overwhelm Mason Luck while Titus is being cheered by the Cleveland fanbase tonight. The Wingman goes off the ropes and then a jumping shoulder block is able to knock Mason Luck off his feet! Tom Morrow is telling the referee that he's protesting what Campbell just did ... but he hasn't done anything.

Lance:

He sweeps Mason off his feet!

Titus is back up again. He runs at Max and then he lashes out with a running elbow smash. That blow hits Max right in the face. Titus turns around ... but he gets the Winning Hand locked in from Mason Luck!

DDK:

Mason Luck with the Winning Hand! He's got it latched on!

Mason Luck continues to lock the iron claw in tightly and then rams him at his corner. Crescent City Kid makes a blind tag and saves his partner by grabbing Mason's other arm and pulling it down over the ropes!

Lance:

CCK is the legal man! He saves his partner

Titus is hanging on when CCK jumps through the ropes again. He goes for the flying tornado DDT called the CCT ... but Mason blocks it on sheer strength alone and then *throws* Crescent City Kid outside the ring right on top of Theodore Cain!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens appear to be done playing around tonight!

Mason Luck has the Winning Hand locked in on Titus Campbell and now Max Luck joins him in the ring without a tag! The official tries warning both brothers to stop right now and get back to their corner or get disqualified. Max responds by *pushing* the referee down! They call for the bell!

DING DING DING

Max grabs a choke on Titus to help his brother ... DOUBLE WINNING HAND SLAM ON TITUS CAMPBELL!!!

Darren Quimbey:

As a result of a disqualification! Your winners are the Gulf Coast Connection!

The Lucky Sevens don't care! They go outside the ring to go after Crescent City Kid and Theodore Cain!

DDK:

The brothers said on the way to Maximum DEFIANCE that they didn't care about stacking wins! They were here to stack bodies! And they're gonna add a few more to their body count!

Mason grabs Crescent City Kid then hits the Deck Cutter on the floor! The yokosuka cutter drops CCK bad.

Lance:

Come on! You have proven your point! You want to show you don't care about wins, but you better care of Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box are going to make you regret it!

Theodore Cain attacks Mason and punches him repeatedly after what he's done to Mason, but Max Luck comes out of nowhere! He gets the Winning Hand ...

THEN A WINNING HAND SLAM ON SIDE OF THE APRON!!!

DDK:

That's enough! Come on!

DEFSec is finally on the scene, but Mason and Max have done the damage they set out to do tonight. Tom Morrow tells them they've had enough and they can go.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Doing stuff like this is *exactly* what got the Lucky Sevens fired from DEFIANCE Wrestling before Tom Morrow manipulated events to get them their jobs back! They don't care! They are two of DEFIANCE Wrestling's highest-paid men and they don't care who they have to destroy to get what they want!

Lance:

I'll tell you this, though Darren! It won't be this easy when they meet up at Maximum DEFIANCE with two of this promotion's most decorated athletes!

Mason and Max finally start leaving with Tom Morrow at their side! Mason and Max speak to the camera making sure to get the attention of their Max-DEF opponents.

Mason Luck:

GAGE!!! BOX!!! THIS IS ALL FOR YOU!!!

Max Luck:

FIVE-STAR BEATDOWNS FOR ALL!!!

Tom Morrow adds in.

Tom Morrow:

AND I'M GONNA GET MY JACKET BACK, HARMEN!!!

WHATEVER YOU CAN DO...

The scene switches Jamie Sawyers is backstage with Bronson Box, Gage Blackwood and Jack Harmen (in the Sevens jacket).

Jamie Sawyers:

It's great to see everyone and, gentlemen, it's great to see the three of you!

Gage doesn't look like he wants to entertain small talk. Neither, for that matter, do Box and Harmen. Blackwood asks for the mic to be positioned in front of him.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, a couple of solid victories for the Luck boys.

Gage turns to look at Box.

Gage Blackwood:

Well I'm here to tell ya in two weeks it's going to be **our** debut.

The crowd roars with anticipation.

Gage Blackwood:

As a warm up to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, for the first time in the history of DEFIANCE, Gage Blackwood teams with Bronson Box, Jack Harmen in their corner.

Jamie's eyes go wide. He's clearly excited.

Jamie Sawyers:

Wow, that's huge!

Blackwood pats Harmen on the back. He simply exchanges a glance with the DEFIANCE Hall of Fame.

Gage Blackwood:

And whoever steps up to face us... you aren't getting the Lucky Sevens. For as quick as their victories are, we can do it better.

He smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

We'll beat you in ten moves. Tops.

About to walk off, Gage decides to add one more thought.

Gage Blackwood:

Nine. Make that nine moves.

The trio walks off, leaving Jamie Sawyers ecstatic at the thought of what's going to come.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



PRESENTING: THE COMMENTER

This segment is best viewed at a 16:9 aspect ratio. Viewer discretion is advised.

Malak Garland stands in front of a glamor mirror. The huge, round vanity lights outline the mirror as their glow shimmers in Garland's eyes. He's always dreamed of being a big star and now he realizes this is his big chance. His gaze turns sideways, towards the wardrobe rack.

Malak Garland:

I see many cloths and clothes that could make me look amazing, like a movie superstar but I think there's only one outfit for me.

Malak walks over to the clothes and begins picking through him. His attention quickly turns to the rest of the studio. He passes by camera equipment and various DEFIANCE photoshoot props. That's when the door opens, stage left. The forms of The D, Elise Ares, and Klein casually walk into the room. Clearly The D is trying to convince Ares of something just out of range, but she isn't having it. She goes to bolt but Klein puts a hand on her shoulder. Locking her into place. Malak's eyes glimmer with hope at the sight of some of his past foes. He cozies up next to them but not before he grabs a rather beefy slab of papers.

Malak Garland:

Why fancy meeting you here! I mean, I didn't flood your inboxes with DMs to show up here at all now, did I?

He says it quite sarcastically, even throwing in a subtle wink.

Malak Garland:

Listen, I don't want any trouble. Elise, if anything, these last few weeks have shown me just how alike we are. Then I got to thinking and I came up with this.

Malak holds up the hefty stack of paper.

Malak Garland:

It's no paper championship but what's written on it is Oscar worthy. I want to be a movie star, just like my new bestie here, Elise and this is my first step to superstardom. This is a script I just whipped up. Let me pitch it to all of you.

The D:

We don't take solici-

Malak loudly cracks open his script and begins dictating to PCP.

Malak Garland:

My movie idea is about a superhero called THE COMMENTER, played by yours truly, of course. So get this, his job is to find offensive content on the internet and report it, then complain about it in the comments. I feel I am the bEsT FiT to play this character. I have the entire cast set all right here.

Malak's finger points to the page as he shows it off to PCP like they have the time to read it. Elise goes to lean in to have a look but Malak quickly pulls his precious script away.

Malak Garland:

Sorry, uhhhh, ummmm, Elise, I can't give away many spoilers right now but I just wanted to make you aware of my delectable film.

The word delectable sends a visible shiver down Elise's spine. She goes to turn around but Klein quickly puts a hand on her shoulder once again.

The D:

I'm interested in auteur filmmaking...

The D leans in next and points to the page.

The D:

So, who plays this character?

Malak Garland:

Me.

Garland doesn't even give The D a second to breathe before answering.

The D:

Not Elise?

Malak Garland:

No, She's ummmm, she's not in this picture. Like, at all. Sorry, it's not personal or anything but this has to be a blockbuster.

Perplexed, The D holds a hand to his chin.

The D:

I'm less interested. If we wanna sell this thing to Hollywood, we need SOME sex appeal. Who even is the villain?

Garland nearly facepalms as if it's obvious.

Malak Garland:

The internet, duh. Everyone else on the internet. All those stupid salty trolls out there. This script is my personal vendetta against them and let's face it, I asked all of you to meet me here in this studio because I know you're experienced at making movies.

Malak looks at Elise once more.

Malak Garland:

Not your kind of movies though. Those are direct to DVD "special adult" releases if you catch my drift.

Elise Ares:

I'm the only one allowed to make that joke. When you make that joke it's not funny or sexy any more. It's just sad. We're not seriously listening to this pitch, are we D?

Making a small screen in front of him with his index fingers and thumbs reversed into a rectangle, The D tries to picture it now.

The D:

Hmmm... So, this is the inverse of Jay & Silent Bob Strike Back, without all the call backs? I know Jason Lee, but we're not on the best of terms lately.

Malak Garland:

I have no idea who that is, nor do I care.

The D mumbles, dropping his small screen after his name drop isn't effective enough.

Elise Ares:

How do I put this... in order to get people to pay money to see the film, you need to cast somebody they still want to see. Even when the Aresites pretend they don't "like" (with finger quotes) me, they still love me... or at least lust me? Same difference. So D has to find someone more likable than you to sell tickets.

The D:

I could prolly get Tom Cruise still...

Elise Ares:

I've heard Will Smith has a lot of free time right now. OH! Mel Gibson might be good... do you think the public is over the whole anti-semitism thing? Actually, I don't think it matters. We're setting the bar pretty low here.

The D:

(Mumbling) I bet Mel Gibson's thetan levels are through the roof...

Malak Garland:

Listen, just think about helping me out with this. Running production or something. Whatever.

Elise Ares:

I think I could find a part for that guy who used to do those Subway ads, what was his name?

Ares reaches out to grab the script but Malak is quick to stash it away, but not before she caught a glimpse at a few lines. Her hand just hangs in the air as Malak takes a step back. The D turns to Elise, who looks like the human embodiment of the PTSD cat gif. She doesn't move. The D turns back to Malak with the biggest shit eating grin he can.

The D:

We truly appreciate you bringing this concept to our attention. We'll be happy to look over contract specifics and we'll have our people call your people?

Malak Garland:

Who? Who are your people? I need a contact in case I feel squirrely later. I mean, making a big budget film isn't cheap.

The D pulls out a business card and hands it over.

Malak Garland:

Reginald Boxman? Are you serious?

Garland eyes Klein.

Malak Garland:

I never knew that was your name.

The D steps in front of Klein.

The D:

No, that's Klein. Have your people call my people.

Elise Ares:

Did you just insinuate that everyone who wears a box looks the same?

Silence hangs in the air and Malak Garland subconsciously grabs his throat.

Elise Ares:

That is the most boxist thing I've ever heard in my life! That is not fetch.

Garland's teeth begin to grind and his fingers instinctively reach out to grab a keyboard only to find he's standing in the middle of a studio. In a panic, he turns around and sprints out of the room while holding his precious script tight against his chest. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sighs as if a great weight was just lifted off of her shoulders.

Klein:

Do we really all look the same?

The D:

No. Don't let him upset you. Some people just grew up in neighborhoods that didn't have any boxes so it takes some getting used to. Elise, are you trying to make fetch happen?

The FACE of DEFIANCE smirks.

Elise Ares:

Me? Nah bby, I totes figured since buzzkill was here somebody from DEFIANCE had to be filming. So I thought a Mean Girls reference might piss off Vae Victis.

Elise begins looking around the room and into the air, screaming while moving her head around.

Elise Ares:

IF YOU'RE MAD LINDSAY I'LL LET YOU CHALLENGE ME TO A FIST OF DEFIANCE MATCH TO GET YOUR REVENGE! I'LL EVEN WEAR PINK IF YOU SAY PRETTY PLEASE!

Klein shakes his box and puts his hand on Elise's shoulder again, steering her back around and towards the exit. The trio begin to exit the same way they arrived.

The D:

Did you find the camera?

Elise Ares:

No. I'm not sure if it's here. If not that would be such a weird interaction. Where is Flex, anyway?

Klein:

I'd tell you but as your lawyer I'd advise that you don't mention services that you frequently use on air without proper compensation. Just in case. Advertisers won't pay you to pedal their services if they can get you to do it for free.

The conversation continues as a distant muffle as the Pop Culture Phenoms disappear from the room and the scene fades to black.

SCROW & BIG KAHUNA ALI™ vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT & JESTAL

The stage lights go out once more. The sounds of the lights burn out as they do. It is pitch black. Not even the DEFIANCE logo is lit up. A light bulb turns on from what could only be the DEFIAtron. As it illuminates the area around it, The Faithful shout in excitement as Scrow's right side of his face is lit up. Scrow slams the lightbulb against the wall disappearing in the darkness, while the stage lights suddenly turn back on and the ring is now pitch black.

♪ "Shatter" by Bullet for My Valentine ♪

Scrow and Hive appear at the entrance way The Faithful shout even louder as the two appear. Scrow in blue jeans with black boots, a Turn, Back Shirt on, and his leather coat, a pair of shades on as well. He is standing in a scarecrow pose. Minerva is in black leather boots and pants, with a black tank top cut off just above her belly button. "Turn, Back" is written on the shirt. She is in an atlas pose, with her hands pointing at the ring with side gun poses. The two walk to the darkness now encompassing the ring. Scrow's music abruptly cuts off before he can disappear once more into the darkness on his way to the ring.

DDK:

Arthur and Jestal on the Defiatron!

Arthur, Jestal, and Morrow stand over a beaten-down BIG Kahuna Ali'i. Scrow and Hive quickly notice.

Lance:

Scrow just realized this tag team match just turned into a handicap match!

Scrow stoically stares at the Defiatron. He gives a glance toward Hive then runs to the ring sliding in. Motioning for the dastardly heels to bring it on.

Arthur Pleasant:

Now that we've dealt with Big Tuna, let's cap this night off with the removal of...

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Jestal however walks the other way instead of toward the gorilla position.

Arthur Pleasant:

HEY. Where the fuck are you going?!

Tom Morrow:

I believe they are playing your song, have fun.

Arthur Pleasant:

No shit they're playing-[*frustrated sigh*]- get back here you son of a bitches!

Tom follows Jestal, Arthur looks down at Ali'i and gives him one final boot in frustration.

Arthur Pleasant:

Fine. We'll do this mono-y-fucking-mono. Guess it's true what they say: if you want something done right, do it your-goddamn-self.

DDK:

Wait a second. Did this just turn into a one-on-one match?! Scrow may have just lucked out here. Jestal looks like he has no desire to fight Scrow!

Lance:

It appears so, Keebs. Arthur is livid! But everyone else in this arena seems to be happy, and we're about to get a monumental first live on DEFIANCE Television: the first-ever one-on-one match between Scrow and Arthur Pleasant!

Scrow smirks as Arthur shoves the camera out of view.

Moments later...

Arthur appears from behind the curtain, mumbling to himself as he makes his way to the ring to the raucous cover of one of the greatest rock songs to ever exist. Once Arthur reaches midway down the ramp, Hive shouts at Scrow and points to somewhere in the arena.

DDK:

Minerva has spotted something!

Lance:

WHAT THE- they played us!! Look! Coming through the crowd! It's that damn Jester of Jesters.

Lance indeed points out Jestal never left Arthur; he was coming to the ring through the crowd. Leaving Scrow with Arthur at the front and Jestal coming from the back. Arthur's livid expression turns to a devilish smirk.

DDK:

Should've known Arthur had a plan here. No way he wants to mess with Scrow one-on-one!

Pleasant points at his head as if to say "I r so fking smrt LOOOOOL" before power walking toward the ring. Scrow is looking both ways, realizing this has indeed turned into a handicap match.

DDK:

Scrow has to make a decision here! Jestal is hopping over the barricade... this doesn't look good for Scrow.

A fan shoves Tom, and in retaliation, Tom grabs his beer and throws its contents on him before security stops the escalation. Meanwhile, Scrow has dove through the ropes into a suicide dive!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

Scrow knocks Pleasant to the ground and starts to unload. Jestal rips off the towel over his head and marches around the ring, Clucky in hand.

Lance:

Here comes Jestal and that damn rubber chicken!

Minerva Hive:

Behind you!

Scrow picks up Arthur and just as Jestal is in striking range, Scrow spins Arthur around.

WHAAAACK!

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant just felt the effects of a loaded rubber chicken! Scrow has just even the playing field here.

Lance:

Jestal lost his focus and Scrow is now laying into him with a volley of striking blows.

A spinning back fist makes Jestal backflips over the steps to the other side. The Faithful cheer Scrow on as he fights off Pleasant's obvious paint-by-numbers plan. The Raven's Eye with a handful of Jestal's long green hair drives an

elbow shot into the back of the neck. He grabs him by the back of the pants and throws him into the ring.

DDK:

Tom Morrow has Clucky!

Tom goes to hit an unaware Scrow, but is stopped by Hive!

Lance:

Ms. Hive has that chicken...OOOOHH! Tom Morrow sent to dreamland!

The fans love every second of this as not only did Arthur get hit with a loaded rubber chicken, but now Tom Morrow too.

DDK:

I have to say it couldn't have happened to two worthy men.

DING DING

The match officially has started and Jestal is getting a mudhole stomped in the corner by Scrow. Arthur has started to stir outside the ring after the suicide dive then a loaded rubber chicken to the cranium. Scrow pulls Jestal to his feet and Irish whips him into the ropes right into a standing Spanish fly!

DDK:

Ink Stain! He nailed it!!

The Faithful pop for the move. Scrow backs up as Jestal rolls to his hands and knees. Scrow quickly spins in the air with a Robinson Special!

Lance:

Twist the Knife!

DDK:

Scrow is looking to end it right here and now!

Jestal staggers to his feet, having no idea where he is he turns around. And THEN...

Lance:

RAVEN'S CALL! Scrow has him!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! ARTHUR GETS THE SAVE AT 2.99999!

DDK:

Oh, joy. Pleasant is conscious again.

Lance:

Yeah. He is. And he just saved Jestal. Excuse me while I go waste tonight's amazing ceviche from catering down the toilet bowl. Or cower in a corner somewhere because this BS is the stuff of absolute nightmares.

Arthur starts laying the boots into Scrow. One after another. Each kick is infinitely more merciless than the last. He picks up Scrow and throws him right into the corner. He rushes in and tries a back elbow but Scrow moves out of the way just in time.

WHOOOO

WHOOOO

WHOOOO

DDK:

Scrow just knife edge chopping Pleasant down.

Jestal tags Arthurs calve. Scrow pushes Arthur back before throwing him into the opposite corner, but before he can make an attempt at a charge Jestal grabs him by the hair. Scrow turns around and cold clocks Jestal right off the apron.

Lance:

SPEAR! by Pleasant!

Arthur ignores the referee trying to get him out of the ring as he is not the legal man. Arthur though has never been one to follow authority and kicks Scrow out of the ring.

DDK:

Like a pack of hyenas circling their prey, Jestal and Arthur have finally taken control of Scrow!

Indeed they have as they are each laying in their own style of offense. The count has reached five now, and Arthur and Jestal just have no desire to care whatsoever.

CLANG!

Scrow goes shoulder-first into the steel steps. Hive wants to get involved but is not.

TEN!

The referee calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbley:

This match has been declared a double count-out!

DDK:

Arthur and Jestal are beating the holy hell out of Scrow.

DING DING

DING DING

DING DING

You can ring that bell all you want Jestal and Arthur could care less. They toss the now bloodied Scrow in the ring. Just as they do, the crowd cheers as Ali'i is in no shape of his own, fights off medical trying to stop him, and runs to the ring.

Lance:

Ali'i wants some payback here, regardless of what condition he is in!

The heels act like they want a fight but the moment he gets in the ring. They quickly exit. Scrow gets up slowly.

DDK:

SAMOAN SPIKE!... What the hell just happened?

Scrow grabs his throat in extreme pain. Ali'i looks down at his former partner. The entire audience is crestfallen. You could hear a pin drop for a moment before...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Was this all just a set-up?!

DDK:

Of course, it was, Lance! I'm disgusted right now. Absolutely sickened that Ali'i just turned on Scrow. Ugh.

Arthur and Jestal get in the ring. Hive is shocked. Morrow, who is still a bit groggy, has a big smile on his face. The jeers continue to reign in as now it's three-on-one. Jestal locks in *No Laughing Matter*.

DDK:

Jestal with that STF forcing Scrow to smile through his crimson mask.

Arthur is just trash-talking a helpless Scrow. Hive grabs the ropes and the moment she does Ali'i looks at her. Morrow gets involved and pulls Hive off the apron. Minerva is not too fond of that as she looks at Morrow.

Lance:

Scrow is barely conscious here, the effects of that camel clutch have taken what energy he had left.

Jestal releases the hold. Arthur drags Scrow to the corner and sits him in it. Ali'i who has gotten a...

FUCK YOU ALI

Chant going, the Big Kahuna outstretched his arms. Morrow points to the ring before Hive is about to knock him down. She looks and all she sees is a locomotive charging at Scrow with a hip attack and Scrow's head ricocheting backward.

DDK:

Enough you guys have done enough!

Security and medical personnel have rushed to the ring. Ali'i though goes to quickly attack anything that gets in the ring. Jestal meanwhile is running to empty turnbuckles and hitting Scrow over and over with hip attacks. Arthur is just laughing while all this is happening.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant is the most despicable human being on the face of the planet!

DefPersonal has given up trying to get in the ring. Arthur now wants Jestal and Ali'i to pick up Scrow.

DDK:

Enough already!

Ali'i and Jestal hold Scrow's arms. He can no longer stand so they are holding him up.

Lance:

No, No! PROVOCATION! This is just horrible!

Scrow just falls face-first. Morrow gets in the ring he stands between, Jestal and Ali'i, and in synchronized fashion

raise their arms to a symphony of jeering while they stand over Scrow.

Meanwhile, Pleasant sits right next to Scrow's fallen body. Sitting cross-cross, he picks Scrow's head up and rests it in his lap, caressing his face and hair.

Arthur Pleasant:

Shhhhhh. Don't worry. It'll all be over soon, my friend. Very, very soon.

Pleasant shushes Scrow's unconscious body like a Dad trying to get a baby to sleep.

DDK:

What in the actual-

Lance:

Yeah. Agreed.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.