

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

LOUISVILLE welcomes DEFIANCE as the KFC Yum! Center is hyped for DEFTv 189 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 DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**CHOPPY CHOPPY YOUR VV
WHO LET VINCE RUSSO IN THE BOOKING MEETINGS
I AM A MARK FOR ARTHUR
DON'T SAY HIT ME WHEN PLAYING BLACKJACK WITH LUCKY SEVENS
I'M EN-FUSE-IASTIC ABOUT TONIGHT! (stolen)
THEY MADE ME AN OFFER I COULDN'T RE-FUSE
THESE JOKES ARE CON-FUSE-ING
HIT ME WITH A PANCAKE (DROP)
DEF'S RATINGS DIP IN JULY
CYCLICAL BUSINESS, BROTHER**

We go to ringside with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

TITANES FAMILIA vs. ALVARO de VARGAS & M4NTRA

DDK:

We're getting RIGHT to the action tonight here on DEFtv 189! Coming up next, Mil Vueltas rejoins forces with his Titanes Familia family in Uriel Cortez and Dan Leo James for the first time since branching out on his own. They'll take on mutual enemies in the form of Alvaro de Vargas and the team of M4NTRA - Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander - in six-man tag team action!

Lance:

At MAXDEF, It's Titanes Familia vs. M4NTRA! It's Alvaro de Vargas vs. Mil Vueltas in a Falls Count Anywhere match! But tonight, they're looking to build on momentum heading into the big show! Let's go!

No wasting time tonight! The Faithful are BUZZING with energy in Louisville!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your opening contest and is a six-man tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES as a spotlight shines in tune with the appearances of the trio. Left side of the ramp: Titaness! Right side of the ramp: Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Center of the ramp: Dan Leo James~!He is standing backwards in the spotlight until Uriel rolls his eyes, flips him around so he's facing the right side, then points to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

...Being accompanied by Titaness, at a combined weight of 604 pounds... they are the team of **DAN LEO JAMES AND URIEL CORTEZ... TITANES FAMILIA!**

The Faithful give them a nice ovation for the team of multiple-time Unified Tag Team Champions! Uriel, Dan and Titaness all high-five the fans heading down to ringside before they reach the ring in DEFIANCE's old stomping grounds. Once they get there, Uriel reaches up to pull himself up onto the apron, then steps over the ropes. Behind him, Dan looks out to The Faithful and points, blows kisses, and pumps his fists before he climbs inside and they wait for their partner.

♪ "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 Vueltas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring! At ringside, Thomas Keeling greets Titaness with a hug, then joins the rest of the Familia in the ring!

Thomas Keeling:

And introducing their partner! He is your Prince of the Plancha! The Dynast of the Dive! Thbe 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!

Mil lands in the ring and does front flips in a circle around the ring! He greets his best friend, Uriel Cortez with a handshake, then gets picked up by Dan Leo James, who's happy to be tagging with "Big Little Uncle Mil" again! Mil gestures for him to put him down and then does so before their opponents arrive...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Here we go...

Thomas Keeling and Titanes Familia in the ring stare up at Tom Morrow as he switches on his headset.

Tom Morrow:

I'm in Hell right now. A whole CABAL -- with a C -- of my worst enemies. Dad and the turncoats that poisoned. Your little family reunion is about to get cut SHORT! Introducing MY family...

He says with a snarky grin.

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

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:

The man that is going to IMMOLATE that little flippy kid for good when FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE at MAXDEF! From Miami, Florida, by way of Havana, Cuba... weighing in at 278 pounds... "**SUPERNOVA CUBANA**" **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

Mil doesn't take his eyes off the much larger Alvaro de Vargas as he peers out. His music fades as he gets ready to introduce his partners.

Tom Morrow:

And introducing... Better Future Talent Agency's tag team of THE FUTURE! He is 251 pounds of pure perseverance! He is YOUR Inspirational Machine! Nathan Eye! And coming up right behind him, weighing in at 234 pounds of pure perseverance! He's totally Nathan's friend and not YOURS, Danny...

Cut to Dan Leo James, exaggeratedly putting up his proverbial dukes.

Tom Morrow:

THEY! ARE! **M4NTRA!**

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 matching gear and his newly earned matching glasses. The pair do matching hand signals at the top of the ramp before they make their way down towards the ring.

DDK:

Week by week, the Kool-Aid intake of Declan Alexander is getting worse!

Lance:

Regardless of how we feel, M4NTRA have gelled together as a great team very quickly. Nathan Eye has almost turned the luck of Declan Alexander around. And not to mention... these are two thoroughbred stars from BRAZEN that Tom Morrow has in his camp. Two of BRAZEN's most decorated stars!

ADV and the M4NTRA collective hit the ring. Once both sides of the ring fill up with both teams, the BFTA collective get ready to fight.

DING DING**DDK:**

Here we go! Mil Vueltas starting off with Nathan Eye!

The Man of a Thousand Flips meets the Inspirational Machine in the middle of the ring with Nathan doubling him over with a knee lift before he hurls Mil into the ropes and knocks him over with a shoulder block! Mil goes down and Nathan stands over him.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the prize!

Nathan picks Mil up and then whips him again. When he comes back, he tries a back body drop, but Mil flips over and lands on his feet behind Natty Eye. He waves at him and then as Eye charges, Mil ducks past him and runs the ropes. He comes back and tries a headscissors, but Nathan uses his power to hang on!

DDK:

Nathan trying to powerbomb Mil... no! Mil lands behind him!

When Nathan turns, he gets doubled over with spinning kick to the gut by Vueltas, followed by a 540 kick to the side of the head! The Faithful cheer as Mil kips to his feet and Nathan staggers to a corner. Mil charges at him and looks like he's going for a monkey flip... but instead, hits an **IMPLODING** flip out of the corner to take Eye over with a big hurricanrana out of the corner, leaving the crowd with collective jaws dropped!

Lance:

That was crazy! I don't even know what to call that!

DDK:

Imploding hurricanrana, I guess! Nathan gets staggered around and Mil with a shotgun dropkick! Nathan in the corner of Titanes Familia... tag to Uriel Cortez! The original Sky High Titans reuniting tonight!

The Faithful cheer on the former long-time tag team as Uriel whips his own partner into an aided corner dropkick on Nathan! Eye gets checked, then staggers forward into a **STIFF Chop of Ages** by Uriel Cortez that knocks him off his feet! Titaness and Thomas Keeling cheer on the Familia at ringside while Tom Morrow looks upset.

Lance:

Great tag team work as always... Uriel tags in Dan Leo James! He's wanted to get his hands on Nathan Eye for weeks now and he's finally got his chance!

The two giants both double him over with knees! Nathan tries to struggle while they hold Nathan Eye over before Mil leaps into the ring and jumps on Nathan's back, posing for The Faithful to a loud cheer!

DDK:

There's The Familia Portrait! Couldn't happen to a nicer Eye!

Uriel slams Eye and leaves the ring as Nathan jumps off the ropes, spins sideways, and brings his back down with a twisting senton! After that, he hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVED BY DECLAN ALEXANDER!

Dan looks up and sees Declan, but can't bring himself to do anything about his friend. Meanwhile, a snarling ADV is shouting at Nathan Eye to get up and tag in with Morrow trying to calm down his most nuclear of BFTA clients.

DDK:

Declan making the save for his own M4NTRA tag team partner.

And while Dan is concerned with Declan, he turns only to take a cheap shot via a jumping enzuigiri from the athletic big man, Nathan Eye! The crowd jeers but Nathan stumbles back and makes the tag to Declan to get out of the ring.

Lance:

And here comes Declan for the first time! He measures up James from the apron...

DDK:

GGEZ!

The rolling thunder dropkick into the ring rings his bell quickly! With James down, Declan hooks the far leg of his (former?) friend!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Kickout now by Dan Leo James, but Declan keeping him grounded.

James kicks out, but Declan does his best to try and keep the big man contained with a front facelock. Dan tries to fight up, but Declan moves him to the corner where Nathan Eye gets a tag. Alvaro continues to watch and growl quietly as M4NTRA work over Dan Leo James. Nathan Eye hits a running corkscrew splash in the corner, then whips him into a Red Line from Declan! James sinks to the mat then Nathan follows that up with big leg drop!

DDK:

An amazing combo there by M4NTRA! And now the cover made by Nathan Eye!

ONE!

TWO!

RUNNING SHOOTING STAR BY MIL VUELTAS!

Lance:

Great breakup of the cover by Mil Vueltras! A little more flash on that type of thing than we usually see!

Mil returns to his corner and now Alvaro finally wants a tag. Nathan Eye keeps hold of Dan Leo James. The Young Titan tries to squirm out, but Alvaro gets a tag!

DDK:

And here comes Alvaro tagged in for the first time!

Nathan holds onto James and allows ADV a free punt kick right to the ribs! He doubles over in pain before Alvaro grabs him by the side and then holds him up in a stalling belly-to-back suplex! Alvaro rolls over but instead of going for a cover, Supernova Cubana looks over at Mil Vueltas, flashes a grin, then starts BATTERING James with a number of grounded punches to the head! Hector Navarro starts a five-count to get him to stop and de Vargas finally breaks off at the count of four and a half!

Lance:

Alvaro knew exactly what he was doing there. He's still incensed that he lost to Mil Vueltas two weeks ago. He was upset and he wants payback, which is why he wanted a Falls Count Anywhere match at Maximum DEFIANCE!

The rest of Titanes Familia and Thomas Keeling watch Alvaro go right to choking James on the mat. He finally stops after another four count from Navarro and then stands up... then suddenly CRACKS Mil with a big boot to knock him off the apron!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Of course Alvaro de Vargas takes the cheap shot!

ADV has an evil grin on his face when Uriel tries to get into the ring. Navarro tries to get the big man to stop, allowing ADV to turn around and get another jumping double stomp to James' chest as a second cheap shot! The big redhead sucks in air while Alvaro growls and makes another tag to Eye.

DDK:

James has been worked over by both Alvaro and M4NTRA! He needs to get to his corner fast.

While Mil Vueltas and Hector Navarro are still trying to keep Uriel contained while in the ring, Nathan yells at Declan to have him watch behind him. Declan keeps watch on the corner as Nathan is handed the metal-covered copy of his autobiography! The same one that knocked out Dan Leo James back on DEFtv 186!

DDK:

Hey! Hey! He's about to use that book!

Eye looks like he's about to use the book when Declan's attention is back on Eye. Eye QUICKLY ditches the book trying to hide it from his tag partner... but when he gets back up, James BLASTS him with a huge side belly to belly suplex! Morrow is angry while Alvaro yells at Nathan Eye for messing things up! He reaches in and as Nathan rolls to his corner, he tags himself in!

DDK:

Nathan tried to cheat again and it just might have cost their team! James has a chance to tag out!

Alvaro grabs the leg of James to keep him, but James turns around and WHACKS ADV with a massive Fastball Chop to the chest! ADV is stunned from the massive hit as James goes over and tags Mil to a HUGE cheer from The Faithful!

Lance:

Here comes Mil and Alvaro! They meet at MAXDEF, but they're not done after Alvaro powerbombed Mil two weeks ago through our announce table!

As Alvaro goes into the ring, Mil takes flight and hits a springboard missile dropkick! Alvaro stumbles back into the ropes as Mil kips up to his feet! The Man of a Thousand Flips runs off the ropes and when he comes back, he dropkicks the knee out from Alvaro de Vargas! Supernova Cubana's knee buckles out from under him as Mil hits the

ropes and fires off a bicycle kick to ADV! The angry Cuban is staggered, but blindly charged at Mil. Mil pulls the ropes down and ADV stumbles over the ropes and goes crashing to the floor below!

DDK:

The Duke of the Dive is about to... well, DIVE!

With The Faithful in the palm of his hands, Vueltas charges off the ropes and then comes back with a step-up right into a superman pose into a tope con hilo, crashing down onto ADV with a move called The Come-up!

Lance:

There's The Come-Up by Mil Vueltas! He just wiped out Alvaro big-time with that move!

Mil Vueltas is back up first after the dive while Alvaro hobbles up and tries to get himself back into the ring to avoid a countout. Once he's back in, Mil goes into the ropes. But doesn't see the tag by Declan! Mil leaps for a corkscrew...

DDK:

Mil doesn't see the tag!

He hits a corkscrew... but before he can complete his next move, The Faithful go NUTS when Declan catches him on the way down with the Play of the Game! Tom Morrow can't believe it, nor can Titaness and Thomas Keeling on the other side of the ring!

Lance:

THAT WAS INSANE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! DECLAN MIGHT HAVE SAVED THIS FOR BETTER FUTURE!

He hooks a leg on Mil for the cover after the incredible timing of the landing.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SAVED BY DAN LEO JAMES WITH A RUNNING SENTON!

DDK:

JAMES JUST SAVED THE MATCH FOR HIS TEAM! HE DIDN'T WANT TO STRIKE AT DECLAN, BUT HAD NO CHOICE!

Lance:

NOW WHAT?!

Declan is holding his back in pain and looks at James, who looks regretful, but he looks like he isn't going to hesitate to fight back now if he has to since Declan has not done the same with him. Declan gets up, but before they can lock up, Danny is attacked from behind with a running dropkick by Nathan Eye!

DDK:

Things are breaking down in the ring now! Nathan jumps James from behind! Now Uriel is back!

Uriel jumps into the ring and PLOWS through both Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander with a double running shoulder tackle! Cortez goes nuts in the ring until Alvaro comes back and tags his old adversary with a Scorcher thrust kick! He attacks Cortez in the ring!

DDK:

Cortez trying to save Mil and James, but Alvaro going crazy in the corner!

Alvaro goes back to trying to attack Mil even though he isn't the legal man! Hector Navarro yells at him to leave the

ring, but ADV ignores his warnings and beats away on Vueltas! James comes back and tries to pull Alvaro off of Mil and in the process, they both knock over Navarro! Hector gets knocked down as ADV and Dan fight it out, then calls for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

The Faithful are JEERING now after that finish!

DDK:

I don't know who hit Hector Navarro first, but he's been warning ADV all match and he isn't even the legal man, Declan was!

Lance:

I don't know, but they aren't stopping!

Darren Quimbey:

This match has been ruled as a double disqualification!

Nathan Eye goes over to help Alvaro de Vargas with a two-on-one as they both jump on James. Eye looks over to Declan asking if he wants to get on on the attack and Declan looks unsure.

DDK:

They've seen enough!

Uriel Cortez is back in the ring with Titaness right behind him, and as soon as they see him coming, Morrow yells at the other members of BFTA to hightail it out of the ring! Titaness and Thomas Keeling join them as Nathan pulls Declan by the arm. Alvaro snarls at Mil Vueltas trying to stand in the ring as he yells out.

Alvaro de Vargas:

THIS CLOSE, PENDEJO! THIS CLOSE!

DDK:

The members of BFTA retreating from the ring for now, but I don't know what Declan Alexander was thinking about Nathan Eye and Alvaro de Vargas double-teaming Dan Leo James like that at the end! He didn't seem like he cared for that kind of tactics.

Lance:

M4NTRA have been very successful since they started this pairing... but Declan has always had reservations about everything surrounding his friend from BRAZEN.

DDK:

Nevertheless, we need to restore order, but those two matches promise to be hard-hitting. M4NTRA vs Titanes Familia! Alvaro de Vargas vs. Mil Vueltas in a Falls Count Anywhere Match! We'll be right back!

Mil hobbles to his feet while grabbing his neck after being intercepted with a Play of the Game by Declan. Uriel and Dan watch the group head back up the ramp with Titaness checking on both men as the show moves on.

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****SOHER****Henry Keyes (C) vs. Rezin****Steel Cage****Oscar Burns vs. Corvo Alpha****Identity Theft Match****Elise Ares vs. Malak Garland*****if Malak Garland wins, he takes Elise Ares' identity****Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Lucky Sevens****Ned Reform vs. MV1****Titanes Familia vs. M4NTRA****Kerry Kuroyama vs. David Fox****Ria Lockhart vs. Tripp Wise****NDR vs. The Company Men****& The Wedding and Wedding Reception of Ms. Caitlyn Kinsey and Mr. JJ Dixon**

THE RAVEN AND THE PLAGUEBEAST

As we return from the commercial, Scrow, and Arthur Pleasant are fighting backstage.

DDK:

Folks, during the commercial break these two crossed paths, and ever since have been going at it.

Lance:

Arthur has been playing these mind games with Scrow, what was that stroking his hair two weeks ago while he was unconscious?

Scrow is speared into some chairs and metal pipes. Arthur reigns down haymakers on a prone Scrow. Without warning Arthur screams in agony holding his face, as it appears Scrow got him with the yellow mist.

DDK:

Scrow with that yellow mist, which just got him out of a bad situation there.

Scrow gets up and grabs Arthur and tosses him into some production crates. Pleasant soars over the boxes and Scrow shoves a few out of his way. Then uses one to smash Arthur against the wall repeatedly!

Arthur still trying to find his sight, while being assaulted by the crate. Security finally arrives on the scene and pulls Scrow away, but the little bit of recovery time allows Arthur to regain his bearings, and Pleasant leaps into the crowd of security and gets in more shots on Scrow.

DDK:

I think we are going to need more security.

Lance:

Without question.

A few moments later a second wave of security and now bookers, and officials join in the mix. They finally separate the two and get them to leave in opposite directions.

DDK:

Finally, it's over.

Lance:

Keeps I think this is far from over.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. NO FUN DEAN

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Two words, followed by two letters, written in signature style, appear on the DEFIATron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete that slices through the bottom of the screen with a violent effect. Arthur Pleasant, meanwhile, has already begun making his way out from behind the curtains.

**YOUR NIGHTMARE,
AP**

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way down to the ring, from Under The Midnight Sun in Utqiavik, AK... weighing in at 225lbs... he is DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare... the PURE Wrestler of DEFIANCE... ARTHURRRRRRRRRRRR
PLLLLLLLLLLEASAAAAANT!!!

Wearing his black and red duster, Pleasant saunters down to the ring with the words "I SAY FUCK A LOT" written on the back in a scratch-type font.

DDK:

Well, then. Thanks for the info, Arthur!

Lance:

I... have no idea.

Shedding the duster, he looks up at No Fun Dean, who has yet to receive his entrance. Dean looks back, like a man walking the gallows.

Darren Quimbey:

Already in the ring with absolutely no entrance music... weighing in at 250lbs... he is a wrestler on DEFIANCE's roster... NO... FUN... DEAN!

Pleasant wags his finger at No Fun Dean before making his way to the steps. Yelling at Brian Slater to keep his opponent away, Pleasant cautiously makes his way up the rest of the steps as Slater complies and makes sure to advise NFD to stay away from Pleasant while he enters the ring.

DDK:

No Fun Dean isn't even near Arthur and he's screaming at Slater to keep him away!

Lance:

I mean, it's... Arthur Pleasant.

DDK:

Fair enough.

DING DING

As soon as Slater calls for the bell, Pleasant is on Dean like white on rice. Rushing Dean with menacing chops and fists to the abdomen, Pleasant drives him into the turnbuckles with brutal shoulder tackles. One after another, Pleasant punishes Dean to the point where Slater physically pulls Pleasant from Dean, drawing a cackle from the PURE Wrestler of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Well, Arthur's not wasting any time with this one!

Lance:

Yeah. Considering No Fun Dean's NOT a Fun-Sized dude, Pleasant's showing some great strength here!

Just as Slater backs Pleasant up, though, No Fun Dean lunges forward with a fierce punch, but Arthur skillfully dodges, his agility on full display.

DDK:

Pleasant is looking mighty good out there against a man who outweighs him nearly 20lbs.

Lance:

I mean, let's be honest. No Fun Dean is winless at 0 and 20. Pleasant, despite my disdain for the guy, is among the upper echelon of competitors here in DEFIANCE. I... don't like Dean's chances here.

After dodging the punch, Pleasant once again goes low, this time for a takedown. Lifting Dean up into the air, Pleasant twists with Dean in his grasp and slams him with an amateur-styled slam! Grabbing a leg, Slater is right there for the count!

ONE!

And for the first time in his career, No Fun Dean kicks out at one!

DDK:

Is... that the first time No Fun Dean kicked out at one?!

Lance:

I think it might be. That's... that's, uh, something I guess.

Guiding Dean to his feet, Pleasant measures him up and delivers a nasty Muay Thai shot to the midsection that sucks the wind out of him completely. Dean falls to his knees and again Pleasant measures himself up, delivering an echoing **CRRRRRACK** across Dean's head with a buzzsaw kick that reverberates across the KFC Yum! Center!

DDK:

Narcolepsy! This could be over.

Lance:

Pleasant with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Pleasant pulls No Fun Dean's shoulder up to a chorus of boos!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh come on! This was over right then and there.

Lance:

Yeah. I mean, really? Why would he feel the need to punish a man with such a winless record like No Fun Dean?!

Arthur Pleasant grabs No Fun Dean by the throat, attempting to choke him into submission, but Slater begins the count for him to remove his hand from the illegal choke.

One...

Two...

Three...

Four...

Pleasant releases the choke.

Then he applies it again!

One...

Two...

Three...

Four...

FI- Pleasant releases his grip and Slater admonishes him for pushing the boundaries of the rulebook.

DDK:

This is stupid.

Lance:

He had the match won and now he's blatantly cheating for no reason. God this guy disgusts me!

Pleasant's face contorts into a mischievous grin as he pulls No Fun Dean up by his throat. Hooking Dean up for a fisherman's suplex, Pleasant crashes to the mat into a fisherman's buster... but holds on! Rolling to his right, Pleasant lifts Dean up again and comes crashing back down with a second fisherman's buster. Rolling one more time to his right, Pleasant lifts up and, you guessed it, snaps down with a third and final fisherman's buster! Standing up after executing the sequence of fisherman's busters, Pleasant bows to the crowd to raucous jeers.

DDK:

Land of Make Believe. Not sure it was necessary but, there it was. The triple rolling brainbusters.

Lance:

Oh, I'm positive that was unnecessary.

Pleasant with a lateral cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR- Pleasant exaggerates a phantom kickout and acts like Dean was able to do it on his own power.

DDK:

What a horse's a-

Lance:

Agreed.

Pleasant, fueled by his psychopathic nature, acts as if he's in the last 5-minutes of an Iron Man match. Gearing up for

something, Pleasant hunkers down into the corner as No Fun Dean struggles to remain conscious, never mind standing on his own two feet.

No Fun Dean summons his inner strength and rises to his feet, albeit unsteadily. As he turns around slowly, Pleasant shoots forward with a single-leg dropkick that folds No Fun Dean inside out.

DDK:

Provocation. Just pin him, Arthur. Lord have MERCY.

Lance:

Well, we'll see now.

Pleasant places his knees across No Fun Dean's chest and counts along with Brian Slater.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... ARTHUR... PLEASANT.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



IF YOU'RE FREE...

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

The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Conor Fuse emerges from the top of the rampway behind the FIST logo. He sports his typical '8-BIT BADASS' lime green t-shirt and black Adidas track pants as he looks to be in a relatively happier mood than the past few months.

DDK:

As you can see, we're joined by Conor Fuse, who said he wanted to make an... announcement.

Fuse walks over to the interview stage where Jamie Sawyers stands as Conor's theme dies down.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, thank you for joining me.

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:

You know, Jamie, usually I go down there [pointing to inside the ring]. My ADHD is all over the place, I kinda forget this stage even exists.

Fuse laughs as Jamie smiles in return.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well either way, I've been told you wanted to make an announcement!

The Faithful cheer and some of them break out in !RANK chants as Conor takes a moment to look into the crowd. The cheers get louder and the look on Conor's face is definitely appreciated. He eventually turns his attention back to the interviewer.

Conor Fuse:

Yes, I do want to make an announcement. But I won't go into details until he is out here... so Flying Frenchie, come on down!

The crowd explodes again as Conor says his name. The announcers can only speculate but it doesn't take long for Frenchie's theme to play him out.

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

There's an overwhelming amount of support for the legend, as Pierre Delacroix walks out from behind the FIST logo and makes his way to the interview stage. Frenchie and Conor greet each other, as Fuse pats Frenchie on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

First, thank you for teaming with me two weeks ago.

The crowd gives another cheer as Frenchie replies with a "you're welcome" off-mic.

Conor Fuse:

And my second thank you... while I'm still not over losing to Dex Joy, I'm feeling better and I'm pretty sure that's due to you.

Once again, Pierre seems grateful for what Conor has to say.

Conor Fuse:

You're a damn good pep talker...

Frenchie nods like he knows, while Conor pauses to make sure additional emphasis is placed on his next statement.

Conor Fuse:

You're an even better wrestler.

The fans chant.

YOU STILL GOT IT! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.
YOU STILL GOT IT! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.
YOU STILL GOT IT! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Conor Fuse:

Yes. Yes, he does. Clearly. Most definitely. And I'll tell you what...

Again, Fuse pauses. He walks directly towards Frenchie and stands in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

I want a piece!

The crowd cheers at the idea of a potential dream match, while Conor is psyching himself up.

Conor Fuse:

I know you're sticking around for a while. You've got nothing at MAX DEF... I have nothing at MAX DEF. So I would love nothing more than to face you, one-on-one. May the best man win!

Frenchie looks like he's into this.

Flying Frenchie:

Conor, you know I didn't come to DEFIANCE to sit on ze sidelines. Ze Flying Frenchie versus Conor Fuse at MAX DEF? Absolutely!

Frenchie takes a moment to let the crowd react with a mix of excitement of the match and disappointment that it's not happening at the show they paid for.

Flying Frenchie:

But Conor, I want to be clear. You know zat I wrestle wit' a particular style, one zat's served me well over ze years, and which is a bit more...flexible in regards to strict adherence to ze rules. While I am grateful zat our pairing two weeks back lead to my first victory in DEFIANCE, at MAX DEF I'll be looking to keep zat streak going. You're a friend, but I can't afford to go easy on you, nor do I expect anyt'ing less from you.

Conor takes a moment to contemplate Frenchie's words. He's just about to reply when-

♪ "John Wick" by Why-S ♪

BBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

There is NO need for this idiot! NONE whatsoever!

Nevertheless, none other than Thurston Hunter appears from the back. The Faithful hate every second of seeing this Comments Section goon weaseling his way into two fan favourites interacting with one another. Hunter has a mic in hand but he's not planning to approach the interview stage. He's staying right where he is, at the top of the ramp.

Thurston Hunter:

Whoa hold on a second, brap, brap!

BBBBBB0000000000000000000000000000000000!!

Hunter flicks his fingers against themselves.

Thurston Hunter:

Conor man, you're soft. You don't want anything to do with me so you choose... him?

Conor responds with an off-mic "that's right" and obvious head nod.

Thurston Hunter:

And French, man, French. Fucking bullshit ya gangster ass prick, why the hell do you want to be in DEFIANCE anyway? It sucks here!

More boos.

DDK:

Then leave, Thurston.

Thurston Hunter:

But anyway what-

Flying Frenchie:

Excuse me Hunter, but I'm only bilingual. I have no idea what you're saying. Is zere an interpreter available backstage?

At first, Thurston totally believes what Frenchie is saying. He peeps behind the curtain, perhaps asking for someone to bring him an interpreter. Then he shouts towards Lance and Keebler, asking if they know anybody who can lend a hand. Meanwhile, Conor pinches his nose and closes his eyes, trying to wish this NPC to GTFO.

Conor Fuse:

Hunter, two weeks ago Frenchie and I pounded you into oblivion. If you want to test your luck again, you're more than welcome to, anytime.

Hunter doesn't look like he wants to.

Conor Fuse:

That being said bud, you seriously need to go fly a kite or something.

Hunter shakes his head in disgust.

Thurston Hunter:

"Fly a kite"? Really? Bro, what a shit trash talk statement. I don't need an interpreter for that. Can't you add a FUCK or two in there? Swearing is badass, man. Fucking badass! DEFIANCE needs MOAR swearing. And I'm-

Flying Frenchie:

An obnoxious piece of merde?

Huge pop.

By now, it's clear Thurston's miffed. Maybe not so much at the jab but the fact Frenchie doesn't understand Hunter's English. The goon takes a moment to collect his thoughts, looks around at the cheering fans and then gives a cold stare towards "French" and Fuse.

Thurston Hunter:

Fine. Ya know what, I'll fuck off! You two have your little MAXDEF match, what do I care!?

Relief crosses Conor's face... but Hunter doesn't go away, yet.

Thurston Hunter:

Conor, I'll never bother you again. You have my word. French, maybe I'll see you down the road...

Hunter lowers his head, drops the mic and exits behind the FIST logo to another chorus of cheers. Meanwhile, The Flying Frenchie and Conor Fuse have turned their attention back towards each other.

Conor Fuse:

We're still on?

Frenchie nods and sticks out his hand.

Flying Frenchie:

I wouldn't miss it for ze world.

Fuse shakes Frenchie's hand as Jamie Sawyers is bursting with excitement.

Jamie Sawyers:

It's official, Conor Fuse against Flying Frenchie at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE... wow!

The crowd keeps cheering as the two wrestlers pat each other on the chest and DEFtv goes elsewhere.

"THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO vs. KENNY YI

Cut to the commentation station.

DDK:

We have more live action lined up here on DEFtv, let's go down to the ring to Darren Quimbey.

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, already in the ring and accompanied by Lee Laz, weighing in at two hundred and eight pounds ... One half of ONLYFLIPS ... KENNNNY YIIIIIII!

The Faithful give a respectable cheer to the tag team.

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage as the live audience begins to boo.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from MEXICO CITY, MEXICO! ... Accompanied to the ring by LOS CAIDOS!

DDK:

Los ... who?

The eerily haunting piano drones through the public address system as machine-made smoke slowly rises from the stage.

Lance:

The Barrio Boys ... or as Victor is now calling them, Los Caidos ... "The Fallen."

The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain, into the cloud of simulated fog, and onto the DEFIANCE stage. He is quickly flanked by Corey Nunez and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez with the big man, Gerardo Villalobos, bringing up the rear. The three-man team, formerly known as the Barrio Boys, have traded in their red tracksuits for black denim pants and leather jackets.

Darren Quimbey:

... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pooooounnds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCTOOOOORRR
VAAAAAACIOOOOO!

In the smoke-distorted view, his black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of Vacio's black tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine-generated mist; as he and his new crew slowly make their way to the ring.

DDK:

New name. New attire as well, I see.

Lance:

Black heart, black clothes, I suppose.

Vacio and The Fallen make it to the ring and enter.

DDK:

And a black mask, that just two weeks ago, High Flyer IV laid down the challenge... putting his blue dreaded hair on the line against Victor Vacio's black mask!

Lance:

We haven't yet had any confirmation on whether or not Victor Vacio will accept that challenge.

The men formally known as the Barrio Boys stand between Only Flips as Vacio removes his leather waistcoat and drapes it over the corner. Benny Doyle stands between the two sides waiting for any sign of unrulyness.

DDK:

High Flyer obviously didn't just come up with this out of the blue either, Lance. This stems back to DEFCon, where in a dastardly move - Vacio hacked off a couple of those blue dreadlocks.

Lance:

I think High Flyer is in an advantageous position, Darren. He's already lost some hair ... what a little more if it can afford him the opportunity to force Victor Vacio to show he might actually care about something. He might actually care about the rich and storied Lucha Libre history that his mask represents.

The bowed chest staring contest slowly turns into and shouting match and Benny Doyle starts dowing out the stern warnings. Los Caidos seem to be ready to strike but Vacio parts the black sea and motions for them to leave the ring.

Lance:

... but that right there, *that* is what High Flyer IV has to be wary of. Vacio was already a worthy opponent and now he has the numbers!

Los Caidos do as they are told and once the coast is clear, Lee Laz quickly confirms with his teammate before exiting to ringside as well.

Benny Doyle checks with both competitors and calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

I can't argue with that, Lance. Kenny Yi may need to heed that warning as well here ... as we have a lock-up!

Vacio shoves Kenny Yi off, breaking the lock-up.

Lance:

Kenny Yi is giving up two inches and nearly twenty pounds to Vacio.

The competing pair begin to circle the ring, Yi carefully measuring his opponent, looking for his opportunity. Vacio reaches behind his head, checking the laces of his mask. He gives it a little tug to ensure everything is in place and secure.

Lance:

Got to wonder, has this challenge from High Flyer already gotten in Vacio's head?

DDK:

If it did, it'd be lonely, to say the least, Lance.

Yi shoots in, and Vacio goes to lock up. Arm drag. Vacio finds himself on his ass and instead of guarding himself, once again checks his mask. Yi pulls Vacio up by a side headlock. Vacio reverses with a suplex but Kenny Yi rolls off Vacio's back and lands on his feet.

Yi reaches down and pulls Vacios feet out from under him, sending Vacio face-first down to the mat, Yi steps on Vacio's back and over him and hits the ropes. Doyle checks on the motionless Vacio.

Lance:

Kenny Yi gaining some momentum here!

But Corey Nunez hooks an ankle and sends Yi face-first to the mat. Benny Doyle missed it but doesn't like the look of things and warns of Corey anyway. Lee Laz didn't miss it and has something to say about it but before he can get to the offending, Corey Nunez, he is leveled with a clothesline from the big man, Gerardo Villalobos.

Lance:

This is what I was talking about, Darren. These are the numbers High Flyer IV has to be wary of.

Back in the ring, Yi scrambles to his feet but Vacio is already up and nails him with a big lariat, sending Yi flipping up and over the ropes and down to the floor. Vacio mocks him from inside the ring.

Victor Vacio:

¡Solo volteretas! Si!

Sub Titles: Flips Only! Yes!

Benny Doyle starts the ten count, but Nunez draws his attention as he slides a chair in the ring at Vacio's feet. Doyle's not having any of it and steps on the chair and he admonishes Vacio and Nunez. Doyle removes the chair from the ring, keeping everything fair and safe.

All the while, big GV and Lips are working over Yi on the outside and they aren't holding anything back. Right on schedule, they shove the worse-for-wear Kenny Yi back into the ring and DEFIANCE's most senior official is none the wiser.

Vacio grabs Yi by the wrist and drags him to the middle of the ring and places a foot on his chest. Doyle hesitates but relents and drops down to count the three.

ONE!

TW--

KICK OUT!

DDK:

Kenny Yi, despite the outside interference by Los Caidos, manages to stay in this one!

Vacio reaches down and pulls Yi to his feet, but before he can do anything, Yi fires up and lays in a big right hand. Vacio is stunned but returns fire. Yi returns the favor, Vacio stumbles back into the ropes and comes back off with a big right hand. Yi swings again. Vacio returns. Yi draws back with everything he has in him and clocks Vacio, who once again stumbles backward into the ropes. Vacio bounces back into the fray with a head full of steam and a vicious lariat that flips Yi completely over and sends him crashing to the mat.

Again, Vacio mocks Yi, this time directed at Los Caidos at ringside.

Victor Vacio:

¿Lo ves? ¡Solo volteretas!

Sub Titles: You see it? Flips only!

Los Caidos erupt with laughter as the Faithful boo incessantly.

Vacio, feeling the exchange with Yi, tries to shake it off as he heads to the corner. Benny Doyle begins the standing ten count.

ONE

TWO

Yi crawls toward the ropes. Vacio takes his time to recover, checking his mask and now, more importantly, the position of his jaw.

THREE

FOUR

Before Doyle can get to FIVE, Yi has pulled himself to his feet and let go of the ropes, standing on his own. The Faithful ignite in hope, respect, and admiration for Kenny. Only for it to be instantly cut short.

DDK:

SUPERKICK! Vacio nearly took his head off!

Lance:

Patada de Impulso!

DDK:

Cover!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner ... "The Lost Cause" VICTORRRRRRRR VAAAAAAACIOOOOOO!!

The Faithful's boos are deafening as Vacio returns to his feet. He kicks at the ailing Kenny Yi, rolling him to the apron with each kick. He leaves him there for Lee Laz to retrieve, assuming he isn't still seeing stars. Benny Doyle attempts to intervene insisting he has to raise Vacio's hand in victory but he is waved off.

Corey Nunez hits the ring with a mic in hand. He turns it over to Vacio as the other two Los Caidos' enter the ring. Vacio takes a moment to catch his breath and waits for the music to fade down, before raising the mic to his masked face. Before he speaks though he bee-lines it to a cameraman standing on the apron for the close-up. Victor ensures is an extreme close-up.

Victor Vacio:

Flyer, ¿entonces quieres quitarme la máscara para probar que soy algo diferente a lo que digo? Bueno... ¡Tomaré tu ridículo cabello para mostrarte que un pavo real tiene muy poco en la cabeza y demasiado en la cola!

Sub Titles: Flyer, so you want to remove my mask to prove that I am something other than what I say? Well... I'll take your ridiculous hair to show you that a peacock has too little on its head and too much on its tail!

Vacio backs away from the camera and takes notice of the non-reaction of the Faithful in Kentucky. He hands the microphone to Corey Nunez.

Corey Nunez:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Nashville! High Flyer ... you're on, puto!

The Faithful ignite.

DDK:

Well, Lance ... sounds to me like the Faithful of Kentucky like the idea of Victor Vacio losing his mask and possibly gaining some humility.

Lance:

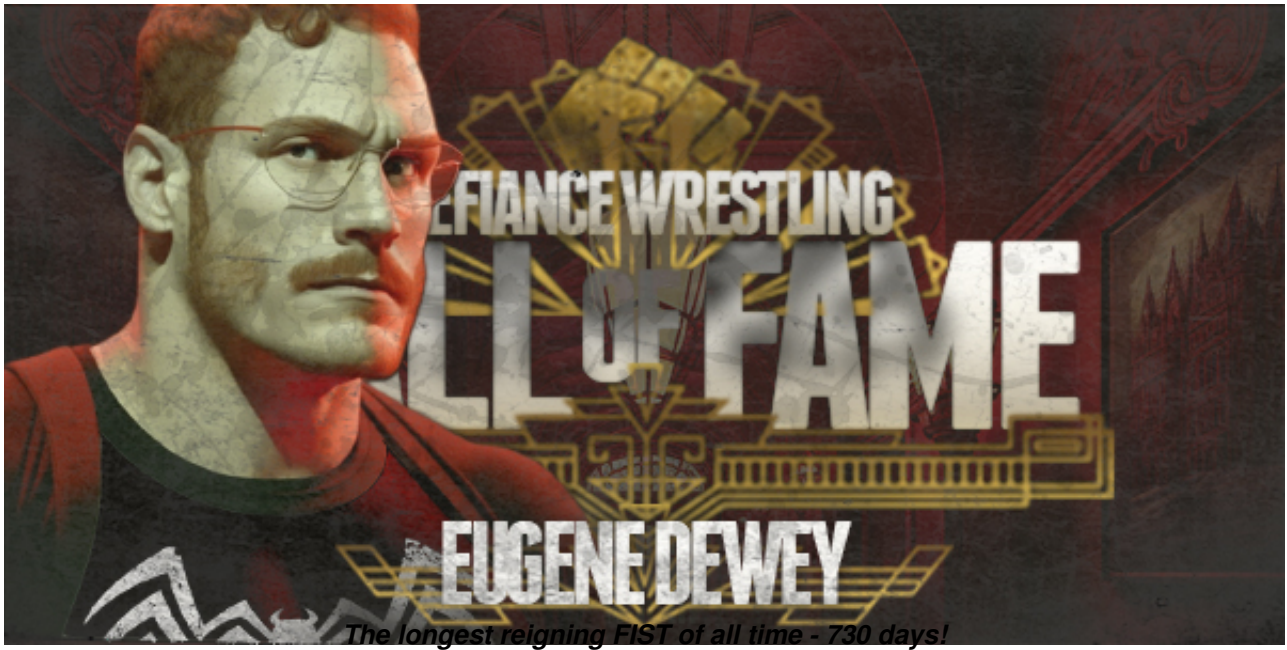
Yes, Darren but, not to beat a dead horse here, but we saw how the addition of the Barrio Boys or Los Caidos, as it where, played a huge factor in the outcome of this match. Can High Flyer overcome Vacio *plus* three!

DDK:

Gerardo might make four honestly ... but only time will tell! We'll be right back with MORE DEFIANCE action!

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY



BRONSON BOX & GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT

With The Midcard Experiment (and Darren Quimbey) inside the squared circle, the crowd readies for the sight of a brand new team.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a tag team match for ONE FALL!

The Faithful love that it's for one fall! They clearly needed to know this information.

Darren Quimbey:

Already in the ring, CAGE! and Walter Levy!

The camera also reveals Hijo del Fishman Deluxe is on the outside.

DDK:

Fishman as the valet in this one and his uncle, Hector Navarro, as the referee.

Lance:

Well, we've seen Mark Shields referee his brother Kyle before. I'm sure seeing Fishman not in this match has nothing to do with Hector, as there will be no funny business here. Hector's our best ref at limiting outside issues but Hijo isn't one to get involved, anyway. They're a by-the-book team. I don't think Walter Levy ever drops that smile!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

The crowd quiets down while everyone is on their feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Jack Harmen... the team of Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box!

The trio emerge from behind the FIST logo to an overwhelming amount of cheers and, surprisingly, no theme music. Box and Blackwood sport their typical ring gear while Jack Harmen wears black jeans and a t-shirt with plain white font on it reading 'ACTING MANAGER'.

DDK:

Figured Jack would wear something so obvious.

Box and Blackwood are nothing but business as the two Scots make their way down the ramp. Neither of them have taken their eyes off CAGE! and Levy.

DDK:

Two weeks ago Gage Blackwood said he and Box would beat their opponents quickly, sending a message to the Lucky Sevens for their upcoming battle at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Right. Blackwood stated he and Box would win in ten moves. Then Gage moved it down to nine. You think he was serious?

DDK:

Walter Levy's been around for a while, he's not a pushover. CAGE!, too, has abilities despite his silly Nicholas Cage mask. It's not like these guys-

Keebler cuts himself off as Blackwood rolls under the bottom rope and immediately tells Navarro to ring the bell. The referee does because CAGE! also wants to have a quick go.

DING DING

Blackwood roars forward with a forearm smash, catching CAGE! right under the chin. The Noble Raider marches over to Bronson Box and makes a tag. The Faithful are unglued!

Box enters through the top and middle rope in a cold and calculating manner. Gage holds CAGE!'s arm up but Box shakes his head no, he has other ideas. The fellow younger Scotsman nods, lets go of CAGE! and then The Original DEFIANT snatches CAGE!'s waist, throwing him into a delayed German suplex! CAGE! seemingly lands on his head!

Box slowly leans down, waiting for CAGE! to get on his feet. Once he does, Box levels the Midcard Experiment member with a clothesline, sending the 6'1" Ghost Rider inside out and down to the mat.

Bronson turns back to Gage and Jack.

He puts up three fingers.

DDK:

They are counting the moves!?

Meanwhile CAGE! crawls to his side of the ring and tags out. Levy charges in, realizing Box has his attention diverted. However, Walter runs straight into the turnbuckle when Box moves aside at the last possible second.

Levy stumbles out of the corner and is hit with a vertical suplex.

Box tags Gage Blackwood.

The Noble Raider storms in but then stops when he reaches Levy. Once Walter shows signs of life, Blackwood grabs him by the shoulder, pulls him upright and then hammer throws Levy back into his own corner!

CAGE! wants another opportunity. He leans over the ropes and tags himself back in. The masked man roars towards the center of the ring but Blackwood ducks a clothesline attempt. Blackwood ducks another clothesline attempt when the former FIST of DEFIANCE bounces off the ropes and CRUSHES CAGE! under the jaw with a leaping knee!

Spit flies out of CAGE!'s mouth. He's on roller skates as Blackwood reels him in and performs his Midlothian Hangover, a high angle brainbuster.

Some of the crowd groans upon seeing the sheer brutality of the move. They are clearly still in support of seeing Gage and Bronson manhandle The Midcard Experiment but nevertheless CAGE! was dropped to the mat with such an immense amount of force.

Blackwood tags Box back in.

DDK:

It's all Box and Blackwood.

Lance:

I didn't think it would be any different.

Box looks like he's calling for the end. He positions CAGE! in the middle of the ring for his Boston Massacre, a camel clutch but has to move when Walter Levy enters and runs towards Box.

Suddenly, Box ducks and Blackwood lowers the ropes. Walter falls out of the ring and stumbles to the ground. As Fishman Deluxe walks over to help his teammate and motivate him to get back into the ring, Box looks down to the mat, ready to apply the Boston Massacre again...

But he doesn't see CAGE!

Instead, CAGE! is up and takes a serious run at the Hall of Famer.

WHAM!

One-armed side slam by Box!

DDK:

CAGE! is TKO'ed!

Box goes for the cover but Blackwood walks in and nudges Box off.

DDK:

What's going on?

Blackwood holds up eight fingers and a sadistic smile crosses his face.

That same smile then crosses Bronson's face.

Lance:

They said they'd win in nine moves, Keebs. I believe they are at eight.

Box quickly peels CAGE! off the mat while Blackwood goes to his corner. Box walks over and tags Gage in while holding CAGE! up as Blackwood hits the ropes...

Gage goes high with a missile dropkick to CAGE!'s face as Box basically HURLS CAGE! into the move, allowing further damage.

WHAM!

DDK:

NOW CAGE! is definitely out!

Blackwood covers as Box moves over to the ropes and knocks Levy off the apron, who was trying to make the save.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... the team of Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood!

Gage looks up and nods at Bronson with a smile. Jack Harman does a quick recap and counts on his fingers, realizing that yes, it was nine moves to pull off the victory. The high flying legend joins the Scots in the middle of the ring, as Hector Navarro raises Blackwood and Box's hands.

POCKET ACES

DDK:

Well I believe this was a statement to the Lucky Seve-

WHACK!

The crowd explodes in boos as Jack Harmen is immediately sent to the mat via a chair shot by Mason Luck.

DDK:

Hey, hold on a second! Where the hell did he come from!?

WHACK!

Before Lance can even begin to answer this question, Blackwood is ambushed by a chair shot from Max Luck!

However, Bronson Box is quick on his feet! He knocks Mason in the side of the head, bounces off the ropes and then spears Max nearly out of his boots. The crowd goes batshit insane and Max's chair flies away!

But Mason is back on his feet and looking to take down the final member-

SWOOSH!

The crowd gives a vibrant cheer as Box ducks the chair shot and wraps his massive tree trunk arms around Mason...

When he's tripped up by someone else entering the ring. It's not Tom Morrow...

It's Princess Desire.

She just gets enough of Bronson's leg to ensure he stumbles briefly. This leaves the legend's back open for Mason's overdue chairshot.

WHACK!

Box doubles over and falls to his knees.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

But three more chair shots send him down.

Max slowly stands. It's clear he's groggy and not happy about the spear he just ate. Nevertheless, he slowly finds the second chair.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Max and his brother unload more shots across Harmen and Blackwood.

DDK:

This is disgusting!

Lance:

To answer your question, Keeps, I think the Lucks were under the ring this entire time! Princess, too. I also believe

they quickly took out Walter Levy and Fishman before entering the ring.

A quick replay shows Warner is right. Directly after the three, Max and Mason emerge from under the ring and knock down Walter and Fishman. Now inside the squared circle, Princess elbows the spit out of CAGE!'s face, as drool leaks out the front of his mask. Princess holds CAGE! by the back of his tights and then ejects the Midcard Experiment member violently out of the ring, as he falls down beside his fallen teammates.

Hector Navarro is losing his shit in the middle of the ring but Max and Mason impose their physical stature to ensure the referee can do nothing more but shout at them, eventually make his exit for safety reasons, and ask the time keeper to ring the bell.

DING DING DING DING DING

It doesn't matter. The Lucky Sevens punch the hell out of Harmen, Blackwood and Box.

The crowd lets out another loud boo as Tyler Fuse emerges from the top of the rampway, sporting black jeans and a second retro High Flyer IWO t-shirt (he wore one two weeks ago). The stoic Fuse calmly marches down while the Sevens continue unloading shots to the three fan favourites.

Finally, none other than Tom Morrow appears. He, too, from under the ramp. He slides into the ring and asks for one of the chairs. Max easily hands one over.

Morrow puts the edge of the chair against Blackwood's neck, therefore suffocating the Edinburgh native, while Max holds the Scot in place. The crowd HATES what they're seeing, as Tyler Fuse carelessly walks up the steel steps, enters through the top and middle rope and digs into his pockets.

He tosses a set of handcuffs to Mason, then another pair to Max and a final pair to his wife.

DDK:

What the hell is Tyler doing with the Lucky Sevens!?

Lance:

Common enemies, Keebler. It has to be. You know Fuse wants revenge on Jack Harmen. Unfortunately, it makes sense we're at this point.

The Sevens, Desire and Morrow don't have too much of a problem handcuffing each member to a bottom ring rope, across the way from one another. Tyler stands in the middle of the ring, taking a moment to eye what's going on.

He strolls over to Jack Harmen, kneels down and snatches Jack by his head.

A small trickle of blood is already rolling down the top of Harmen's skull.

Tyler Fuse: *[off mic]*

Hey.

The nearby fans boo their faces off as Tyler continues to have a casual, emotionless chat with a passed out legendary high flyer.

Tyler Fuse: *[off mic]*

I told you. After you stuck your nose into a place it didn't belong, it gives me permission to do the same.

Fuse looks back at the Sevens. He can't help but show emotion for a very split second. He grins as Max and Mason keep choking and stomping the piss out of Box and Blackwood.

Tyler continues his off conversation, picked up by the nearby apron camera.

Tyler Fuse:

You're over extending yourself, Jack.

Tyler alludes to Harmen's new team.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't worry, soon enough I'm going to make you their full time manager.

Tyler runs a finger across the trickle of blood coming down Jack's face. He flicks the blood at Jack after.

Tyler Fuse:

At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE I am going to end your career.

He once again watches the Sevens, who are absolutely laying into the Scots.

Tyler Fuse:

That's gotta hurt.

Princess now stands beside Tyler, but Fuse remains hunched over, his right hand holding Jack by the top of his skull.

Tyler Fuse:

Did you like that? The Luck's and my wife waited the entire show under the ring, for the perfect time to strike. It's a cute little plan, huh?

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

I mean... I didn't need to wait. I'll just come down with handcuffs, ya know? I don't hate you like they hate your teammates.

Tyler smacks Jack across the face. He grits his teeth, no longer looking so emotionless but rather angry and amused.

Tyler Fuse:

You're going to be so sorry, Jack.

Pause.

Wink.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh wait. You already are.

Tyler stands. He holds his hands out as if asking for... something. Princess walks to the center of the ring and picks up one of the chairs.

DDK:

No, Tyler. Don't. DON'T.

Fuse places the chair around Harmen's neck. At first, it looks like he's going to kick it in. Fuse takes three steps back, readies... measures... waits...

Then forgets all about it.

Tyler turns his back to Harmen and finds the Sevens beating down Box and Blackwood.

So Tyler joins in. He stomps Gage Blackwood over and over, then he pats Max and Mason on the chest and turns to Tom Morrow. Fuse exits the ring but before he heads up the rampway, he stops by the time keeper's table and tosses a microphone into the ring. Morrow catches it clean.

Tom Morrow:

It's true! Tyler gave us a little jingle-jangle last week and laid things out so we could lay you out! Did you assholes actually think that you were just going to get the drop on the Lucky Sevens and there wasn't going to be any payback?

The Lucky Sevens are both still pummeling Gage and Box while they are restrained by handcuffs! Mason grabs Gage by the chin and then applies the Winning Hand, squeezing his skull!

Mason Luck:

Want to talk trash now you marble-mouthed fuck?! WE are the Main Event Monsters!

Tyler is already halfway up the rampway, leaving the carnage in the ring. Box tries to fight back with his feet, but he's helpless against Max taking a chair to his stomach and jabbing him in the ribs with it!

Max Luck:

When The Lucky Sevens comes around, there are no such things as legends, bitch! Just victims!

The Winning Hand is locked in on Bronson Box as well! Both Scotsman struggle but the Lucks are too strong!

DDK:

Someone needs to get out here and stop this! This whole setup is heinous!

Finally, DEFSec rushes down to the ring but the damage has most certainly been done. The Sevens drop their holds, walk to the center of the canvas and Morrow raises their hands to an array of jeers.

DDK:

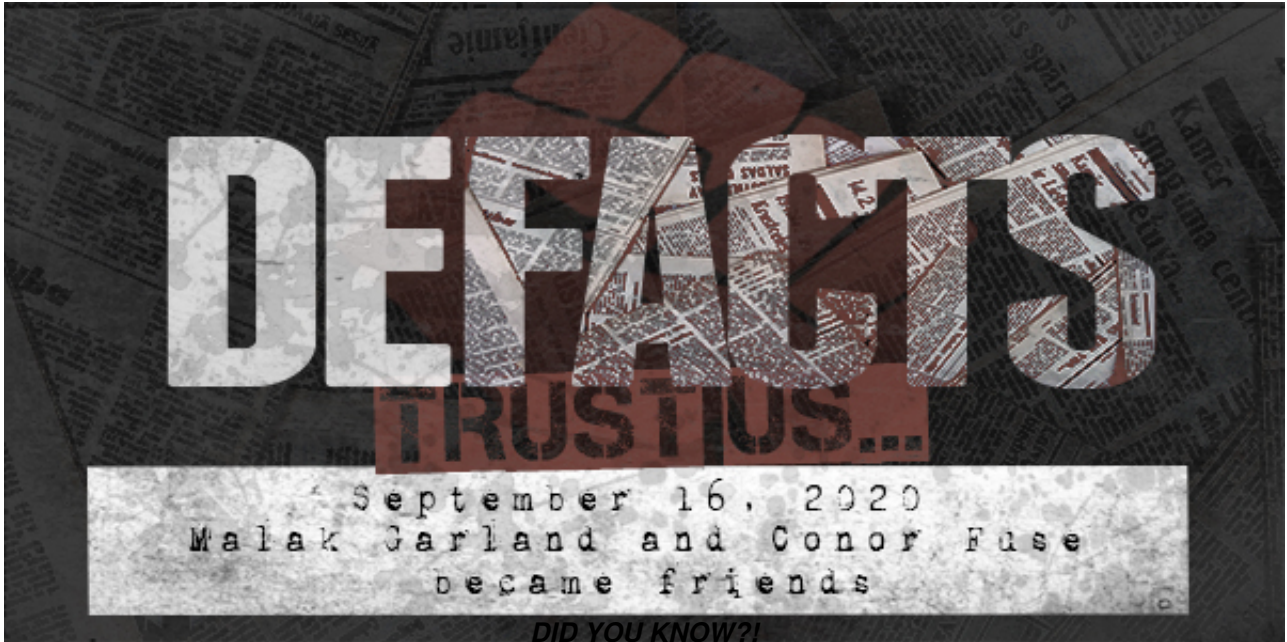
There is going to be hell to pay in three weeks, Lance. Hell.

Lance:

I don't know. This attack is definitely going to impact Harmen, Blackwood and Box in three weeks.

DEFtv goes to commercial as the Sevens exit the ring but continue to congratulate themselves.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE FACTS



SCROW vs. BIG KAHUNA ALI™

♪ "I Against I" by Mos Def feat. Massive Attack ♪

Tom Morrow is the first to step through the curtain. Everyone waits for Ali'i but he no shows. Tom goes into his usual introduction for his group.

Tom Morrow:

LADIES! GERMS! SLOW REDNECKS! PLEASE WELCOME! YOUR CLOWN PRINCE OF DEFIANCE JESTAL! AND NEXT, THE MAN THAT'S GOING TO **FLATTEN** SCROW BACK INTO A MESS OF EMO MAKEUP AND REGRET... HE WEIGHS IN AT THREE-HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS! HE IS... **BIG! KAHUNA! ALI'I!**

They finally spot him coming through the crowd, Jestal from the west, and Ali'i from the east. Both have black towels over their heads. They reach the barricade at about the same time, Morrow meets up with them as they hop over the barricade. Ali'i slides into the ring after getting some words of encouragement from his two new friends.

The stage lights go out once more. The sounds of the lights burn out as they do. The BIG Kahuna Ali'i stares into the darkness of the stage. 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 the 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, suddenly the stage lights turn back on and the ring is now pitch black.

♪ "Shatter" by Bullet for My Valentine ♪

Darren Quimbley:

His opponent being accompanied by Minerva Hive. He weighs in at 198 pounds and stands 6'0" from the Fields of Torment, "THE RAVEN'S EYE" ...SCROW!!!

The Faithful cheer when they hear Scrow and Hive's names

Scrow and Hive appear at the entranceway The Faithful shout even louder as the two appear. Scrow is in red ring gear with black trim and black birds on the shin pad and on the side of his trunks. His new logo of a bird trying to escape a puddle of ooze on the front of his trunks. That same logo is on the back of his black leather coat. and 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 and Hive disappear into the darkness of the arena. Suddenly the lights pop in a firework pyro display of the lights shattering and burning out. The entranceway is now in darkness and the ring and ringside lights are back on.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha

Scrow sitting on the northeast turnbuckle, then over to Hive who is sitting on the northwest turnbuckle.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha

I don't exist, I was never alive!

Hive looks out into the Faithful as they continue to follow along with the lyrics.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha

But now I know I am ready to die!

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha

I don't exist, I was never alive!

Scrow looks out into the Faithful as they continue to follow along with the lyrics.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha

But now I know I am ready to die!

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha

The music cuts off but that doesn't stop the Faithful continuing to shout Whoaa....Ohhhha.

BIG Kahuna Ali'i looks over his shoulder toward Scrow sitting on the northeast turnbuckle, then over to Hive who is sitting on the northwest turnbuckle.

DING DING**DDK:**

After Ali'i betrayal a couple of weeks ago, Scrow has some anger issues to work out.

Lance:

Ali'i wanted to make a statement coming up from BRAZEN and it appears he got the world talking about him.

Scrow leaps off the turnbuckle, and Ali'i catches him mid-air right into a bear hug. Scrow tries some strikes to the top of the head. Ali'i absorbs them, but an eye gouge is enough to break the hold. Scrow hits the ropes and slams into Ali'i like he just decided to run head-first into a brick wall.

DDK:

Scrow is not going to match the power of BKA, he is going to have to stick with his quickness here.

Lance:

There is still very little we know about Ali'i. Who knows what Morrow has coached him up on since last we saw him?

Scrow gets up and the two circle, Jestal hops on the apron quickly and Scrow goes to strike but he hops off quickly. Scrow with a sixth sense quickly moves out of the way as BKA was looking to make him a flapjack in the corner. Scrow unloads with his barrage of strikes, at first they look like they were effective, but BKA starts to absorb them. He stomps out of the corner as Scrow continues to unload now not having any effect. Until an eye rake!

DDK:

Scrow is trying to find SOMETHING, to get the advantage here. What he is a master of seems to be not working.

Lance:

The eyes work with everyone and it appears he is going to have to stick with that dirty-handed tactic to overcome this beast.

Scrow hits the ropes and tries a clothesline, BKA steps back he hits the ropes again another then another until Ali'i is against the ropes. Scrow hits the ropes once more and Ali'i grabs him into a spinning uriangle!

DDK:

My GOD! Ali'i just continues to take whatever Scrow has and then pay him back with interest for it!

Lance:

What a move Scrow is feeling the effects of that uriange BIG TIME!

He only gets a near fall, Ali'i pulls Scrow off the mat spins him around looking for a release german suplex...

DDK:

Pitch Black!

Lance:

Ali'i is rocked with that pele kick!

Jestal hops on the apron again, and this time Hive is there and Minerva and Jestal are now fighting all the way to the back leaving Morrow with no protection.

DDK:

Hive has neutralized Jestal!

Lance:

Scrow is rocking Ali'i with his strikes. A haymaker to knock the massive man to the mat!

Scrow waits as Ali'i rolls to his stomach, Morrow hops on the apron and gets knocked right off by Scrow.

DDK:

Twist the Knife!

Lance:

Scrow with that Robinson Special!

The Faithful are cheering on as Scrow looks to be setting up for the Raven's Call.

DDK:

Wait a minute it's ARTHUR PLEASANT! Officials AGAIN could not keep Arthur from Scrow and here we go again!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

Rex has called for the bell, and it looks like Scrow is going to take this one by DQ.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via disqualification... The Raven's Eye... SCROW!

The two rivals go at it in an uncontrollable fit of even more rage than it was at the beginning of the night. Here come the DEFIANCE officials again! The more they try to pull these two apart the more of a pointless effort it becomes. These two want to kill each other it would seem. After a good fifteen minutes of fighting. A security guard manages to pull Arthur out of the ring.

DDK:

Finally, it looks like this brawl is getting contained again. Seemed like it was more difficult this time.

Lance:

You can fill the hatred from both these men for each other.

As Arthur is contained midway up the entranceway. Scrow is pacing back and forth in front of the blockade leading to the entranceway. He finally wants a microphone.

Scrow: *[labored breathing]*

Enough of this crap! Arthur let's finish this at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Scrow paces back and forth while Arthur is nodding his head.

Scrow: *[labored breathing]*

For years now you have been a disease to DEFIANCE! Well, at Maximum Defiance consider Scrow, the CURE!

Scrow slams the microphone, and Arthur has a sick smile on his face as he points at Scrow and then himself and to the MAXDEF promo logo on one of the video screens.

DDK:

Scrow Vs Arthur at MAXDEF 2023! Two men who have had all the momentum so far, whose will stop and whose will continue?

Arthur Pleasant: *[intense breathing after the fighting with Scrow]*

I never thought you'd ask! But if you want to rid DEFIANCE of me? You're gonna have to dig down deep, friend!! You're going to need to tap into something you've never tapped into before. At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, we kick the absolute shit out of each other in ways that *only* people who've had the privilege of wrestling in the Tokyo Dome could possibly understand! That means, no referee DQing us for taking liberties on us. Instead, we get three free shots from an illegal weapon EACH! Anything beyond those three shots, the ref can call for the DQ!

Scrow:

DONE, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

DDK:

Now that's an interesting proposition. Three free shots with a weapon of any kind? Wow.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh, I'm not done, Scrowtum! In addition to pinfall and submission, why don't we exhibit our Muay Thai skills to the world and have the first person to get knocked down THREE TIMES by a standing strike, they lose! Whether it's a forearm, a roundhouse, or a simple uppercut... we get three chances to get up from that, or its game over! So how about it now, Elder Scrowlls?!

The crowd is roaring at this point!

Scrow:

I don't care WHAT stipulation you pull out of your ass to face him! Do you want to have a STRONG STYLE MATCH and get embarrassed in front of the world?! You're ON! And you're DONE! It's time to cut the cancer out of DEFIANCE! Once and for all!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Scrow Vs Arthur at MAXDEF 2023! In a... STRONG STYLE MATCH! Two men who have had all the momentum so far, whose will stop and whose will continue?

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME NOW?

The scene switches to The Flying Frenchie making his way out of the KFC Yum! Center and to the parking lot. Once he exits the building, duffle bag in hand, he walks down the lot, heading towards his car. It's dark outside, although he can still see just fine but as he approaches what looks to be his rental, he comes to a stop...

As none other than Thurston Hunter reveals himself to be leaning against Pierre Delacroix's car, clearly waiting for him to arrive.

Flying Frenchie:

Am I supposed to be intimidated? Are you going to scratch ze car? It's not even mine, and I got ze extra insurance, putain. Probably best for everyone if you were on your way.

Hunter stands upright, moving away from the car and towards the legend.

Thurston Hunter:

I said I'll "see you down the road".

Hunter looks around. He shrugs.

Thurston Hunter:

Although this is more like a parking lot.

The Wannabe Gangster smacks himself on the side of the head.

Thurston Hunter:

No, wait, it IS a fucking parking lot.

However, Thurston slowly becomes frustrated when remembering Frenchie is bilingual and likely doesn't understand him.

Thurston Hunter:

Dammit! I need an interpreter!

Suddenly Hunter's not alone. There's a looming shadow hovering behind Frenchie.

And it's getting bigger and bigger as the sound of heavy footsteps approaches.

Frenchie turns around to see The Game Boy is a few feet behind him.

Thurston Hunter:

There he is. Maybe he will help CLARIFY a few things.

Hunter SPRINTS forward but Frenchie catches him with a back elbow. Game Boy comes at the legend next but Frenchie clubs him on the side of the head. Frenchie fires off some body blows to Game Boy, until Hunter is back on his feet and tries to hook Pierre into a headlock. However, Frenchie uses Hunter's hold against him as he runs Thurston straight into Frenchie's own rental.

WHAM!

It's all for not. Game Boy hammers Frenchie with a crazy shoulder block and the former fWo star crashes into his side door.

Game Boy clubs Frenchie in the side of the head. Once. Twice. Three times. Then Game Boy seemingly destroys Frenchie with a knee to the temple.

Meanwhile, Thurston Hunter is slowly getting back to his feet and likes what he sees. As Game Boy continues to apply a beating, and Frenchie continues to try fighting back but to no avail, Hunter starts popping up and down in excitement while rubbing the back of his neck.

Thurston Hunter:

GET IT! GET IT FUCKING GOOD, 'BOY!

Game Boy does. He throws Frenchie into the car across the way, straight onto the roof. Frenchie lands with such a slam it echoes into the night.

Thurston Hunter:

Ahhhhh BRAP, BRAP!

Game Boy peels Frenchie's body off the top of the car... and then hurls him into the hood of his own rental.

Thurston Hunter:

I hope this is the interpreter you had in mind!

Game Boy peels Frenchie off the hood of the car. He walks the broken down legend towards Hunter...

And Hunter bitch slaps Frenchie in the face.

Thurston Hunter:

I'M NOT THAT STUPID FRENCH, I KNOW YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!

Hunter spits in Frenchie's face. You can see Pierre wants to fight back but he's already heavily beaten.

Hunter leans forward and whispers something in Frenchie's ear.

Thurston Hunter:

By the way, Conor is in on this whole thing. After losing to Dex, he changed his mind. You'll see.

Hunter drills his right forearm into Frenchie and gives the nod. Game Boy has Frenchie by the neck, walking him over to the rental, then holding him high in the air...

CRUNCH!!!!

Only to chokeslam Frenchie on top of the roof of his car! ALL the windows explode upon impact and the roof caves in DEEP.

Hunter starts dancing while Game Boy... doesn't do a thing. Suddenly Conor Fuse comes running into the scene, absolutely fuming.

But before he can even get his hands on Hunter, DEFSec is there to attend to Frenchie while also ensuring nothing further can happen.

It doesn't matter, Hunter is already walking away with The Game Boy by his side.

Thurston Hunter: *[shouting over]*

Thanks, Conor! We got him good!

Fuse runs his hands through his hair, worried for Frenchie's wellbeing.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting back]*

I'm NOT on your side, idiot! How many times do I have to say this!?

By now, Hunter and Game Boy are already well out of the picture. Fuse turns to look at Frenchie... who's being attended to.

Blood is everywhere.

Conor shakes his head, showing great concern for the legend as DEFtv quickly goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN



OH THE PLACES YOU'LL GO

DDK:

We're just about to hear from the champ to close out our night before Maximum DEFIANCE. Before we hear the FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, speak on her upcoming title defense, we have to show you what she did to her challenger two weeks ago. Dex Joy was in the middle of an interview when this happened ...

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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.

Moments Later

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!

The replay wraps up and it is back to Keebler and Warner.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy has tried to play aloof and be dismissive of Dex Joy coming after her title but her actions say something completely different. In my opinion, she's looking at one of her toughest challengers.

DDK:

Vae Victis act a certain way and then do another. We shouldn't have been surprised when it happened but ...

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful start getting loud enough for the commentators to stop and take notice of someone stomping through the audience until they leap over the barrier. The lone figure takes a microphone right out of Darren Quimbey's hands and before anyone knows what's about to happen ... the jacket comes off!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

IT'S DEX JOY!!! DEX JOY IS HERE!!! WE HEARD RUMORS HE WAS GIVEN TONIGHT OFF TO RECOVER FOR MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!!!

Lance:

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LINDSAY TROY'S TIME TO SPEAK, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE DEX HAS A DIFFERENT PLAN IN MIND!!!

The aura of The Biggest Boy is off. He's different tonight than when he is his usual jovial self and wears a DEFIANCE t-shirt and jeans and his attention is focused in the direction of the stage.

Dex Joy:

LINDSAY TROY!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Dex Joy:

If you think *this* ...

Dex taps the microphone on his neck.

Dex Joy:

Or *this* ...

He rolls up his left pant leg and shows off a black protective sleeve on the knee. The same knee that the knee bar was applied to.

Dex Joy:

... is going to stop me from rolling into Maximum DEFIANCE, dropping you on your dome, taking *your* title and making it *ours* ... you are *dead ass wrong!!!*

The Biggest Boy is in no mood to play.

Dex Joy:

DEFIANCE Wrestling deserves a better champion! These people deserve a better champion! Our sport deserves a *real* fighting champion! Four years ago when I was laughed out of the building for looking like a fan?! Now this place is gonna have someone that *looks like them* come out here and *represent* them the way a real champion *should!* You have the stones to ask Dexy Baby how he's gonna stand and be this company's savior after you jump my ass!? How am I gonna stand here, huh?!

Dex looks up.

Dex Joy:

... *I'm* not ...

Dex then goes out of the ring. He walks down the steps and then he stands in front of some of the Wrecking Crew in the front row.

Dex Joy:

BUT WE ARE!!! THE WRECKING CREW!!! THE DEFIANCE WRESTLING FAITHFUL!!! THE FANS!!! PAYING CUSTOMERS!!! CALL US WHATEVER YOU WANT!!! WE ARE MARCHING INTO MAXIMUM DEFIANCE AND THE PROMISE THAT I MADE TO THESE PEOPLE WILL GO FULFILLED!!!

He lets the roaring crowd make some noise and holds the microphone out as he gingerly walks around the ringside area. After he makes a circle around the ring he stops in front of the ring and gets back inside.

Dex Joy:

LET ME SAY SORRY TO THE PRODUCERS OF THIS SHOW CAUSE THIS AIN'T PAY PER VIEW HYPE MODE ANYMORE! THIS IS "ON SIGHT" MODE, QUEENIE! SO GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE ... HAVE SONNY HOLD YOUR EARRINGS! HOLD YOU BACK A LITTLE THEN GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE AND TRY TO FINISH WHAT

YOU STARTED WHEN MOMMA JOY'S BABY BOY IS LOOKING YOU DEAD IN THE EYES!!!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Looks like we don't have to wait for long, Darren!

The Silver-Tongued Devil and the FIST of DEFIANCE stroll out onto the stage, looking mighty displeased with having their air time co-opted by this gnat that just won't die already. Dex sees them coming and quickly ditches his microphone by throwing it behind him.

Sonny Silver is cradling the title belt like a newborn baby. Lindsay Troy has a microphone of her own at the ready, because of course she does. The ACE heaves a heavy, annoyed sigh.

Lindsay Troy:

Y'know, I was really hoping it wouldn't have to come to this.

She and Sonny start walking down the ramp.

Lindsay Troy:

On the one hand, I get it, I do; I was the plucky little underdog who was told time and again that I'd never get to the top of the mountain because of who I was: too loud, too brash, too opinionated, too confident, and most of all too *not a man*. It took me awhile but I finally proved all those people wrong, and *boy* did it feel good when I did. You want to be a similar representative and hey...maybe I shouldn't fault you for that after all.

There's a murmur of confusion amongst the Faithful at the Queen's admittance.

DDK:

I—I'm not sure I follow. Is Lindsay Troy...having a change of heart?

Lance:

I'm not sure either, Darren. It looks to me like there might be some common ground here after all?

Troy and Silver have reached the ring and each ascend a different set of steps before slipping inbetween the ropes. They stand a couple of feet away from The Biggest Boy.

Lindsay Troy:

Buuut...on the other hand...I'll be damned if I let you get to the top of DEFIANCE off *my* hard work, *my* sacrifices, and *my* blood, sweat, and tears.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I knew it was too good to be true.

So did the Faithful, who are letting the Queen have it. Sonny yells at the crowd to shut up before looking back at

Lindsay and Dex. Champion and Challenger haven't taken their eyes off each other.

Lindsay Troy:

As a matter of fact, Dex, the only place you're gonna go is back to Momma Joy's house in a goddamn **body bag**.

At this, Sonny throws the FIST of DEFIANCE belt at Dex. He catches it out of instinct and then he catches a kick to the face from the Queen of the Ring! The kick is square and almost takes him off his feet!

DDK:

They're done talking all right! Lindsay Troy with another blindside assault on the challenger for the FIST!

Dex is staggering around the ring when another boot hits him in the face and he is kicked right into a corner. Troy keeps throwing kick after kick into the chest of Momma Joy's Baby Boy in a frenzy. Sonny picks up the belt and then he is holding it out with the crowd booing them both out of the building!

Sonny Silver:

This belt is never gonna be yours, Dex! Never! You should've just stayed home!

Sonny hands Troy the belt and she gets ready to strike Dex down again ... but not this time! Dex runs out of the corner and hits Troy with a clothesline that has the champion spinning!

DDK:

Dex is fighting back! He's not going to let himself be a victim this time! Not so close to Maximum DEFIANCE!

Sonny has nowhere to go and tries to escape through the ring ropes but Dex grabs two handfuls of his shirt and snatches Lindsay Troy's manager back into the ring! DEFsec are starting to charge the ring now trying to do everything they can to protect the main event of Maximum DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Security has seen enough! After how their last confrontation went down, nobody here is taking any chances tonight!

Dex puts Sonny on his shoulders with DEFsec about to swarm the ring!

DDK:

DEX-5 ON THE WAY FOR SONNY!

Dex is about to get Sonny with DEFsec starting to fill the ring ... when he gets hit with a CHOP BLOCK BY LINDSAY TROY!!! Dex collapses and drops Sonny Silver and that allows Troy to grab him and get both of them out of the ring.

Lance:

That might cost Dex Joy! He came out here looking for payback against Lindsay Troy for what she did to the Biggest Boy and she attacks the knee a second time!

Dex wants to get to the champion now but by the time he's able to get up, they are halfway back up the ramp with her title back over her shoulder. He's shoving DEFsec away who are doing everything they can to contain the Biggest Boy from going after the Queen of the Ring.

Lance:

I understand Dex's need for revenge but was this a mistake? Did he just cost himself his match before he even competes for the title?

DDK:

Dex Joy is bound and determined to fulfill a promise that he's made to the DEFIANCE Faithful but is he going to be able to keep it after the second straight attack on that knee? Troy has a target now and we know she will exploit it to the fullest.

Dex is still fighting off DEFsec and yells at Troy to come finish what she's started but as far as she is concerned the damage is done for the evening. The title is held up and Sonny smirks.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy will defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against Dex Joy! We will see you all at Maximum DEFIANCE!!!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.