

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Fayetteville, NC welcomes DEFIANCE as the Crown Coliseum is hyped for DEFtv 193! 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!

MOMMA MICK LOVES BUTCH VIC!

ANGUS > LANCE 4 LIFE

^SCOTTY FLASH APPROVES THIS MESSAGE

I AM CREATIVELY BANKRUPT BUT I STILL WANTED TO BRING A SIGN

**I'M GLAD IT'S A STREET FIGHT NOT A BUILDING FIGHT, AMES MIGHT'VE LICKED THINGS
AGGRESSIVELY**

BRO WTVR HAPPENED TO THE REAPERS?

NOBODY FLEX LIKE REX. WAIT.

REPEAL FLEX APPEAL

The scene goes to ringside, DDK and Lance Warner!

MV1 vs. SCOTT HUNTER

DDK:

We are ready to kick things off with... well... I hesitate to label it a "grudge match"... but it sure is starting to feel that way!

Lance:

For the last month and a half, perhaps longer, we have seen MV1 become increasingly frustrated and annoyed with the over-the-top overtures of "friendship" from Scott Hunter.

DDK:

I think the issue is that, to put it gently, MV1 has had a hard, long run of difficult relationships with those he's called "friend". Even after breaking free from Lord Nigel Trickelbush, Corvo Alpha has yet to reunite and take on the mantle of a Masked Violator once again. And we all remember how TA Cole let MV1 - and the world at large - down by betraying MV1 in favor of Dr. Ned Reform and The Honor Society back at MAXDEF.

Lance:

I think it would be fair to also point out that Scott Hunter may be one of the most infuriating individuals I have ever encountered in all of my many years in this business. MV1 has shown a lot of patience and grace while Hunter has awkwardly tried to ingratiate himself. Far more than I could have... but this is a match that has seemed inevitable.

DDK:

And now we're here! Let's go to the ring and our friend, Darren Quimbey!

In the ring, Quimbey smiles in his tux, bringing the mic to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our opening contest is scheduled for one fall... Introducing first...

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

An audible groan ripples through the arena just as Scott Hunter appears atop the ramp. Sparklers fizzle around him disappointingly, but he doesn't seem to pick up on their lackluster impact.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Miami, Florida and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and forty six pounds! Please welcome... **SCOTT HUNTER!**

Hunter pumps his fists so hard with excitement that he nearly falls off of the steel ring steps. Catching the middle rope, he jerks himself back upright, wipes his boots on the apron, and steps into the ring with over-the-top energy and enthusiasm.

DDK:

For all of his, uh, "quirks", it's important to point out that Scott Hunter is thus far undefeated in DEFIANCE and is said to be something of a wrestling savant.

Lance:

Both very shocking facts.

The lights dim for just a moment before pulsing red, blue, and yellow. The Faithful hit their feet at the rattle of snare and scream of electric guitar.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent!

Rocketing onto the stage with determination spelled out across his mask, MV1 is dressed in his trademark red wrestling singlet trimmed with blues and yellows with matching pads and boots. Pausing at the ramp just long enough to raise a single index finger high over-head, he streaks down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Unknown and weighs in at two-hundred and thirty-three pounds! He is **MV1!!!**

Sliding into the ring like a missile, Hunter nervously ducks out to the ringside floor.

Lance:

Listen to this Fayetteville crowd!

Wasting no time, MV1 checks in with Referee Carla Ferrari, letting her know he is ready to go... and the fans seem to be as eager as he is! Hunter, on the other hand, is hesitant to get back in the ring. When he finally does so, he edges towards the center of the ring and extends his right hand out for a handshake. MV1 rolls his eyes behind the mask.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Perplexed, Hunter pulls his right arm back, eyes the fans a moment, and instead extends his LEFT hand.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Leaning back in the far corner, MV1 shakes his head in disbelief as Hunter shrugs and tries the right hand again, eliciting another round of boos from the Faithful. Ferrari appears to be losing patience and motions both men to take their place before signaling for the bell.

DING DING

Arm still extended with a bewildered expression, Hunter seems insistent on a handshake. With a sigh, MV1 relents.

The masked man extends his right hand and a handshake ensues to a very loud and very mixed reaction.

Lance:

Ok, well, at least they can be civil!

Without warning, MV1 *SLAPS* Hunter hard across the face with his free hand.

OHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

MV1 has had enough!

A stupified Hunter stumbles backwards, rubbing his cheek. MV1 starts circling, beckoning.

MV1: *[off-mic]*

Come on, let's go!

They lock up in the center of the ring with a snap. Harnessing his frustration, MV1 is quick to push his opponent backwards into a corner. He lays in a few knees to the midsection before measuring Hunter and fileting him with a stiff knife edge chop.

DDK:

Similar height, similar weight, similar build! Who has the edge here, Lance?

Lance:

It's so hard to say. You're right, the tale of the tape tells a story of parity. I hesitate to pick a winner in this one!

Stepping back, MV1 beckons Hunter to "bring it on" once more. He does so and they lock up again. This time, it's Hunter who finds the advantage, finding a reversal into a hammerlock. MV1 reaches in every direction with his free hand, probing for a weakness in Hunter's hold and finding none.

Lance:

You mentioned Hunter's wrestling talent, and it's clear that – questionable personality aside – he is a pure athlete with a ton of upside. The question is... can he hang with the heavy hitters of DEFIANCE? The outcome of this contest is likely to go a long way in providing the answer to that question.

Hunter cranks on the hammerlock... and MV1 opts to backpedal, sending Hunter back-first into the turnbuckle and causing him to release his hold. MV1 goes to chop Hunter in the corner, but Scott ducks it and shoots an elbow into #1's temple before hurling him into the corner.

Now, it's Scott Hunter who tees off with a wicked knife edge chop. MV1 staggers out of the corner and Hunter locks on a side headlock. Not for long though as MV1 shoots Hunter off of him and into the ropes.

DDK:

MV1 drops down as Hunter hits the far ropes! Back he comes! LEAPFROG by MV1! Hunter, again off the ropes, HEADLOCK TAKEOVER by MV1!

Lance:

But Hunter isn't taking it lying down, IMMEDIATELY powering back up to his feet in that side headlock by MV1! Hunter with an ATOMIC DROP – NO! MV1 flips up and over and lands on his feet behind Hunter! Rear waistlock! GERMAN SUPLEX!!

DDK:

NO! Hunter lands on his feet! DROPKICK to the back of MV1's head! And MV1 goes spilling through the ropes to ringside with a crash!

Ferrari leans through the ropes, starting her deliberate but fair mandatory ten count with little delay. As MV1 uses the ringside guardrail to pull himself to his feet, in the ring, Hunter sits on the middle rope, politely gesturing for MV1 to return to the ring with an objectively dumb expression on his face.

Ferrari pauses her count to urge Hunter to wait in a neutral corner... he does so as MV1 climbs back up on the apron and steps back in the ring. The tenor of the crowd rises as the pair start slowly circling again.

DDK:

Another measured lock-up and this time, MV1 ducks under and behind! Another rear waistlock! Full-nelson! OH MY!! DRAGON SUPLEX! BRIDGED!!!

ONE!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!

Both men are quick to find their feet! MV1 blitzes ahead with a wild clothesline that Hunter ducks! MV1 springboards off the middle rope and finds a FLYING BACK-ELBOW! Hunter is up but walks right into a scoop and thunderous spinning SLAM in the center of the ring by MV1!

DDK:

What impact! MV1 is streaking up the turnbuckle... wait, is this it?!

Lance:

Is it 1-derstruck time?!

MV1 stands atop the top turnbuckle, pulls down a single singlet-strap before signaling with a single raised index finger.

DDK:

IT IS!

MV1 leaps from the top with a somersault – BUT HUNTER ROLLS – and MV1 LANDS ON HIS FEET! ...Oddly.

DDK:

What a recovery! Wait... did you see how #1 landed there?! His right leg buckled under him!

And like that, MV1 crumples to the mat, clutching his knee.

Lance:

Oh no...

Carla, with a hand raised, asks Hunter to halt for a moment and to his credit, he does so. Concern crosses the face of Scott Hunter as Carla kneels at MV1's side.

DDK:

Fans, standby... Masked Violator #1 may be seriously hurt here.

The anxiety in Keebler's voice is notable and the fans have taken note of the change of vibe in the ring, on their feet with morbid curiosity.

Scott Hunter leans over Carla, asking her questions. The camera pans down to the knotted, tight mask of MV1, contorted in agony.

Lance:

Yeah, this looks bad, Keebs.

In a subdued frenzy, Scott Hunter leaves Carla and MV1's side to kneel down, leaning through the ropes towards Quimbey and the timekeeper at ringside.

Scott Hunter:

He needs help! Get DEFmed out here! Quick!

There's a flurry of activity at ringside and a murmur of concern as DEFmed team members race down the aisle. They hit the ring and Carla steps back, commiserating with Hunter as the team does what they do.

There's a long stretch of uncertainty until we see MV1 using the ropes to pull himself up to his feet, politely pushing DEFmed away from him, continually muttering "I'm fine, i'm fine!"

DDK:

Well, that's a relief.

Still clearly in discomfort, MV1 shakes out his right leg before testing his full weight on it. He winces but continues to urge DEFmed away and out of the ring.

Lance:

What a gutsy performance... the heart of this man!

And suddenly, Hunter pounces, taking this opportunity to roll MV1 up! His shoulders pinned! Ferrari is momentarily

stunned at Hunter's actions before grudgingly hitting the canvas and making the count!

ONE!

TWO!!!

...THREE!!!!

DDK:

What a *dick*!

DING DING DING

MV1 kicks out awkwardly and, in the background, we see a shaken Darren Quimbey look to Carla for confirmation. He gets it when she reluctantly raises the arm of Scott Hunter.

Darren Quimbey:

Uh... the winner of this match... by pinfall...

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

Hunter jumps around the ring, arms raised in victory, as if he'd just won an Olympic medal. What a moment. For him.

Darren Quimbey:

...SCOTT! HUNTER!

Hunter climbs a turnbuckle, pumping his fists once again, apparently unaware of the torrent of boos raining down on him.

On the opposite side of the ring, DEFmed, along with Referee Carla Ferrari, are checking on MV1.

DDK:

A lot of concern right now for the well-being of MV1 by everyone present here tonight...

The camera cuts back to Scott Hunter's ridiculous celebration.

DDK:

Except for maybe that guy.

Lance:

Unbelievable.

DDK:

Fans, we are going to have MV1 tended to. Let's cut away, if we can.

Lance:

More action ahead, folks, don't go anywhere!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



TWENTY BUCKS

Outside.

Around back, where the trucks load in.

There are always a couple of entrances outside of the public view for wrestlers and production staff to get in and out of the building without having to stop and sign autographs or cut promos on little kids or what have you. Standing at one such door is the former Executive Producer of all things Defiant, Angus Skaaland.

He is not amused.

Angus Skaaland:

Excuse me?

A lone DEFsec “officer” stands between Angus and the door. We’re not talking about one of the Brute Squad, either. This is a skinny kid getting either a hotdog or a handshake, but not both, to stand out back with an earpiece and keep the door “secure.” Let’s call him Steve.

DEFsec Steve:

I’m sorry Mr. Skaaland, but I’ve got orders to call it in if and when you show up! Now you’re here, so now I’ve got to call it in.

Skaaland scoffs.

Angus Skaaland:

Wait. You’re being serious right now, aren’t you?

Steve nods. Angus rolls his eyes. Steve presses a button on his earbud.

DEFsec Steve:

He’s here. Uh-huh.

Angus blinks. Steve listens. Angus waits impatiently.

DEFsec Steve:

Yeah, uh-huh. Sure, yessir, uh-huh. Alrighty then.

Angus Skaaland:

And what did Wyatt tell you?

DEFsec Steve:

That was actually Mr. Warner.

Angus Skaaland:

You mean *Lance Warner*?

Steven nods.

Angus Skaaland:

And what does *Lance* say?

DEFsec Steve:

Mr. Warner says you’re not on the list.

That’s it, Angus’s head explodes. Metaphorically, that is. He tries to blink away the internal apoplexy at the situation

without reaching out and strangling this kid who is absolutely not being paid enough to deal with that.

A moment passes; Angus takes a deep breath. Another moment passes and the Motormouth of Malcontent whips out his phone and taps it to life.

Face recognition be damned.

Angus Skaaland:

Wyatt, yeah it's Angus. Can you meet me out back real quick?

...

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah, thanks.

Angus smirks. Time lapses. Wyatt Bronson emerges from the door behind Steve and the big bad DEFsec boss side-eyes the kid before reaching out a meaty hand to Angus, they share the loosest handshake in the history of loose handshakes.

Wyatt Bronson:

What seems to be the problem here, gentlemen?

Angus shoots eyes at the kid. Wyatt's glare settles on the diminutive junior DEFsec dork. Right about now, Steve is wishing he'd have worn his yellow pants today.

DEFsec Steve:

Mr. Warner paid me twenty bucks to call him when Angus arrived!

Angus Skaaland:

That sniveling little sh-

Bronson interrupts.

Wyatt Bronson:

That tracks. Lance's been actin' all weird ever since you came back.

Angus Skaaland:

Uh, I don't know if you forgot, but Lance has been weird since the day we opened in 2009. How is this new?

Wyatt Bronson:

I dunno. Mayhap the kid's job-scared.

In the background, Steve is doing his best to remain part of the background and not part of the active conversation. His squirming has not gone unnoticed by either Angus or Wyatt.

Angus Skaaland:

Come again?

Bronson turns his attention back to Steve the stooge.

Wyatt Bronson:

Scram, kid. There's a pile of hotdogs in catering with yer name on 'em.

Having been relieved of his duty, the kid does as he's told. Once he's gone the two old friends continue on with their conversation.

Angus Skaaland:

So what gives?

Wyatt Bronson:

Nothing, really, not that I've heard *officially*. But you know how it is around the water cooler, right? Rumors been goin' 'round for months how ain't nobody happy with the job he's been doin' on Color ever since you walked.

Angus Skaaland:

Good! The kid needs to be job-scared, especially if *everybody else* thinks he sucks. It might motivate him to remember literally anything I ever taught him about the job!

Wyatt Bronson:

Maybe. Maybe he thinks you're here for his job.

Angus considers this for a moment.

Wyatt Bronson:

Ya ain't, are ya?

Angus makes faces as he contemplates further.

Wyatt Bronson:

Well, are ya?

Angus Skaaland:

Maybe I am, Wyatt, and maybe I ain't. I can say this much though, brother, I'm here to give DEFIANCE *and* the Faithful everything that they have deserved and haven't gotten since the day I walked out of this place.

It's Wyatt's turn to consider. Another moment passes.

Wyatt Bronson:

Fair enough, brother, now...

They shake hands again, for real this time. Wyatt claps Angus on the back.

Wyatt Bronson:

...come on in.

Cut.

WALKING THE RED CARPET RALEIG-I MEAN FAYETTEVILLE!

DDK:

I'm looking forward to that one Lance. Arthur Conor is a fusion of styles I didn't realize I wanted. But oh, I'm, I'm getting word we're meant to throw it to our correspondent in the field.

Lance:

Wait what? Since when?

DDK:

Scotty Flash!

Lance:

Him!?

Fade in to none other than Scotty Flash holding a DEFIANCE microphone, standing in front of cobble streets and bright blue and orange entrance. The word "Cameo" is largely displayed above, along with a few signs for Kyle Shield's Presents : Flex Appeal behind him.

Scotty Flash:

Hello DEFIANCE Faithful! I've taken a little break from slowly transitioning into the greatest wrestler the sport has ever seen down at BRAZEN to check out the heart of Fayetteville's Historic District. Today, at the Cameo Art House, I'm meeting with the brains behind Flex Appeal, the most fascinating and profitable workout company since Richard Simmons... he, is, KYLE! SHIELDS!

Stepping into frame is the con man himself, walking down a nice red carpet and dressed in his nicest "looks expensive but is actually cheap" attire he can find, is none other than Kyle Shields. Shields adjusts his Foakleys and holds his own DEFIANCE microphone.

Kyle Shields:

Thank you for the warmest of introductions, Scotty! It's truly a pleasure to be here in person with you today!

Scotty Flash:

Likewise. I gotta say. I didn't initially "get" the appeal of Flex Appeal.

Kyle Shields:

Nice!!

Scotty Flash:

Not until I tried your free sample! I mean, I've lost like, 3 pounds, I can run the ropes like, three times as long now. Plus, since I subscribed to the Uber-Colossal Tier, which came with all that workout equipment... there's way less space in my living room, so it's also helping with my flexibility.

Kyle Shields:

I got you down for 24 more weeks at least, right?

Scotty Flash:

Oh of course. Probably more!

Kyle Shields:

Great. NOW! Faithful! God. This place just looks poor... either way, the WORLD PREMIERE, live in front of the... cameo? Your theater is named after a BIT PART?!

Kyle Shields grabs the brim of his nose, lowers his head, and shakes it twice.

Kyle Shields:

Either way, you are home to the site of the American Physical Revolution, a momentous occasion that will turn those Super Sized Fries into a Super Sized Six Pack. Washboard baby! Woo!

Kyle pats his own stomach.

Kyle Shields:

But first, none of this would be possible without YOUR DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, Flex Kruger, and the other guy! The Boxman. He's got the thing on his head... just play the music!

Kyle Shields points off screen, where Sweet Delilah Sanders wears a southern belle outfit and holds a boombox in the air like Say Anything. "Flexicution" by Logic plays as Flex steps out, wearing a tuxedo pants and shirtless, letting his pecks do the dancing. Klein follows him, tentatively, and gives a "Oh, I remember you" sort of reaction to Sanders as the two pass. Kyle reaches out and puts his arm around Flex, as he motions for the cameraman to cut Klein out of the frame.

Kyle Shields:

Flex, welcome to Fayetteville! We won't have to stay here long. But you've got a big announcement for the Faithful tonight, don't you?

Flex Kruger:

Without a doubt Kyle. See, my music, my finisher, it's all about FLEX-ecution.

Flex strains and shows off his bulging muscles as he says it.

Flex Kruger:

And today, I unveil the machine that you can buy, that I use EVERY day, to flexicute. The FLEXICUTION!

Flex and Kyle part on opposite sides of the screen to reveal a large item draped underneath a cloth. Sweet Sanders places down the boombox next to it, and pulls off the red velvet cloth to reveal.

Elise and the D, flexing for their debut.

The two charge forward, springing into action. The D takes Flex off his feet with a spinning wheel kick to the face. Kyle Shields freaks out and screams, running toward Scotty Flash and shouting "GO! GO!"

The D charges toward the cameraman and grabs him on both sides.

The D:

Don't listen to this rubbish. It's a scam. It's just a butterfly machine with the word "Flex" on the side! Kyle Shield's has stolen and brainwashed our friends and he wants to steal all of your money too!

The D lets go of the camera and heatedly turns toward the other side, and pauses, as Klein steps back into view. The camera widens out a bit, and Elise and Flex stand up behind the D and Klein on either side.

DDK:

There's a bit of a staredown in the streets of Fayetteville Lance.

Lance:

We could see the Tag Team title match live in North Carolina today!

There's a moment of simmered tension until Elise blurts out.

Elise Ares:

How DARE you. A red carpet?! That's our schtick!!! First you steal our friend, then you steal workout equipment that we rightfully stole, now you steal OUR GIMMICK?! NOW YOU'VE CROSSED THE LINE!

Shouting from a nearby rooftop, Kyle Shields protects Scotty Flash.

Kyle Shields: *[shouting]*

That was my idea!

Elise grits her teeth and gets into Flex's face. Klein tries to calm the two down but the D gets into his, and Klein backs down.

Meanwhile, Sweet Delilah Sanders just waves to all four members of PCP.

Sweet Delilah Sanders:

Heya. Uh... Remember me?

Elise, The D, and Klein turn and shout "NO!" before going back into their murmured arguing. Sirens start to pop off in the distance, and cooler heads seem to prevail. The D motions for the Tag titles as Klein clutches his close to his chest. Flex lets his pecs do the talking, telling them to bring it.

DDK:

This is going to be a powder keg Lance. Remember the barn burner they had at DEFCon 2022? This one, this one's personal. Just imagine what lengths Flex in a Box will go to.

Lance:

Flex Appeal, as Kyle Shields would demand we say, have their work cut out for them. PCP and Flex Appeal, they know each other like family. I'd expect lots of counters and lots of tentative grappling until one of the teams makes a mistake, and then it's off to the races...

DDK:

We won't have to wait long to find out!

Lance:

Let's head back to ringside.

DAN LEO JAMES vs. BIG KAHUNA ALI™

DDK:

We've seen my former broadcast partner, Angus Skaaland, tease something big lately with his return but if he were still calling the action he'd call this next match a HOSSFITE! And that's exactly what we get! Before Titanes Familia take on The Devil's Circus at Acts of DEFIANCE, representatives meet in singles action when Dan Leo James takes on Big Kahuna Ali'i!

Lance:

Tom Morrow has enlisted The Devil's Circus to make life hell for Titanes Familia since they got involved in his business with M4NTRA a few months ago. Morrow got some revenge against the family with Jestal attacking "Memaw Titan" Carolina Cortez, enraging Uriel Cortez and leading to his suspension for attacking referee Brian Slater.

DDK:

But Titanes Familia took the fight to The Devil's Circus two weeks ago and the match was made official for Acts of DEFIANCE! Uriel's wife, Titaness, and Dan Leo James look to even the score but tonight, Dan Leo James challenges "The Suave Savage" Big Kahuna Ali'i next!

To Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

POWERFUL guitar riffs fill the arena! In one spotlight... Titaness! And in the main spotlight this evening... The Young Titan himself! The Faithful roar their approval as golden lights flood the arena!

Darren Quimbey:

...Accompanied to the ring by Titaness, from Salt Lake City, Utah weighing in at 263 pounds... representing Titanes Familia... **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Titaness is wearing a sleeveless blue and gold Titanes Familia shirt, black leather pants and high heels with Dan Leo James in his blue and gold singlet! He shouts to the masses and then heads to the ring!

The graphic appears on the tron for the upcoming match at Acts of DEFIANCE with Titanes Familia and The Devil's Circus.

DDK:

As announced two weeks ago, Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i of The Devil's Circus will be taking on the Titanes Familia team of Titaness and Dan Leo James!

Lance:

But this match promises to be a slugfest tonight between James and Big Kahuna Ali'i!

The 6'7" Titan gets into the ring with Titaness clapping for him. He points to the Mother of Muscles and then to the entrance ramp, holding up his good chokeslamming hand! He waits calmly for his massive opposition to arrive.

No music plays, as DLJ notices Big Kahuna Ali'i with his La Parka Vest coat on and black tights make his way through the crowd. Tom Morrow decked in a very expensive suit trails the big man of the group and behind him is Jestal in what can only be described as mix of a Las Vegas show style suit (its silver and green with rhinestones all over it). He has a hat with peacock feathers pulled back like a mohawk. He also has a pair of yellow glasses but the top of it is cut off like a half a moon style.

Tom Morrow:

Titaness... how's the old ball and chain doing stuck at home? Better yet, how's the mom of the old ball and chain

doing?

BOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

Don't worry, Titaness! Tonight, Big Kahuna Ali'i here is gonna play the part of Danny's Daddy and put that little baby in a corner where he belongs. Now... introducing, from Pearl City, Hawaii! Weighing in at a SUAVE AND SAVAGE THREE-HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS... he is The Best-Dressed Beast! He is The Suave Savage! He is... **BIG! KAHUNA! ALI'II!**

Much to the displeasure of The Faithful after Tom's introductions he keeps talking running down the people of Fayetteville, North Carolina. As they reach the barricade Ali'i tosses his coat to Tom and rushes into the ring.

DING DING

The bell ring and right away, James CRASHES right into Ali'i with a shoulder block! Ali'i backs up a step, but doesn't go down. James points at the ropes and then charges across the ring before he comes back and then clocks him with another shoulder block, but the Best-Dressed Beast doesn't go down. Ali'i beats on his own chest and shouts at Dan to hit the ropes. Titaness, as well as the North Cackalacki Faithful cheer on The Young Titan as he runs off the ropes...

DDK:

Dan taking the fight to Ali'i... OH!

The Big Kahuna LEAPFROGS over Dan as he keeps on running! When the tall young kid comes back, The Suave Savage TRUCKS Dan Leo James right over with a jumping shoulder block him off the return! Ali'i gets to a knee and then beats on his chest confidently while Jestal and Tom Morrow watch on proudly.

Lance:

Tom Morrow... I have to hand it to him. Say nothing else about the type of lowlife he is.... He knows how to find these talented diamonds in the rough and Big Kahuna Ali'i shines brightly among them.

DDK:

Indeed. With Alvaro de Vargas MIA, Big Kahuna Ali'i could be a real winner here.

When Dan tries to get back up, The Best-Dressed Beast charges off the ropes and crashes into James a second time using a big running body block! He knocks him down a second time and now, the 325-pound beast stands over Dan and lets out a howl.

DDK:

Big, strong, fast. Talented upbringing. Ali'i was originally trained by none other than Vae Victis' Sonny Silver, but cared more about the almighty dollar, hence why he signed with Tom Morrow.

Lance:

That all tracks. Look at these suits he's been wearing since joining with Morrow and Jestal!

The Clown Prince of DEFIANCE watches his partner pick off Dan Leo James slowly with a STIFF Mongolian chop on either side of his neck. He gets doubled over before STRIKING Dan with another chop to the chest to back him up into the corner. Ali'i is hurt, but The Young Titan fights back! He nails the big man with a few chops to the chest in retaliation to try and fight his way out of the corner. They stun Ali'i momentarily, but BKA fires back with a big knee lift to back him up into the corner once again. Kahuna grabs James by the waist and then BEARHUGS DLJ!

DDK:

OH, GOD! Bearhug Suplex by Big Kahuna Ali'ii! On Dan Leo James!

The crowd is in awe when The Suave Savage not only gets the big man in a bearhug, but hits an overhead belly-to-belly suplex out of said bearhug position! Big Kahuna Ali'i gets back up and then runs off the ropes to deliver a vicious running leg drop and not giving James any breathing room!

Lance:

James has yet to get any substantial offense on Ali'i yet!

DDK:

Crazy, considering a few weeks ago, he took the fight to an unsuspecting Henry Keyes for the Southern Heritage Title! Cover by Ali'i!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

James pushes out of the cover and tries to get away from The Devil's Circus member, but Ali'i rolls him over and starts battering the young Utah native with forearms!

DDK:

What a brutal series of attacks by Ali'i! Normally, this is what James does! He throws people around and just moves fast for a man his size, but Big Kahuna Ali'i has just completely stymied anything James can do.

Lance:

And now he's got this locked up!

Ali'i grabs James by the side of the head and starts to pull the tall Utah native up. He starts to apply a ura-nage position, but James throws an elbow! Titaness cheers him on as he throws another one! He fires back a third one and then starts to PICK ALI'I UP on his shoulder! Morrow and Jestal are both in shock when James has picked him up!

DDK:

GOODNESS! Danny has him up...

DLJ looks out to the crowd...

Dan Leo James (and the crowd):

YEET!

And THROWS Ali'i over the shoulder with the delayed back body drop! Morrow and Jestal can't believe it! Danny holds his back in pain while Titaness slaps the ring apron and gets the NC Faithful behind James!

DDK:

He hits the YEET and now James has a chance to fight back! But can he?

Lance:

We know he's going to try!

DLJ gets up slowly while holding his back just as Big Kahuna Ali'i uses the nearby corner to get up to his feet. But when he looks ahead of him, he sees James charging at him to hit a running shoulder thrust in the corner! Ali'i gets doubled over, but he's not done as James charges cross-corner and comes right back with a big body avalanche. The Best-Dressed Beast gets rattled but James STILL isn't done as he charges off the ropes and then hits a third charging splash!

DDK:

Look at James go! Not one, but THREE big splashes to Ali'i in the corner! And he's still on his feet!

Ali'i is staggered out of the corner as James runs off the nearby ropes. Big Kahuna Ali'i swings for a back elbow, but James sidesteps and keeps running... then KNOCKS HIM DOWN with the Dash and Bash!

DDK:

Dash and Bash! What a shoulder tackle by James! He's got him down!

Lance:

But what's he doing now?

James gets back up and then points to the top rope. He slowly crawls towards the ropes and then heads up top. Morrow yells and tries to warn his client about what's coming, but by the time Ali'i gets back up, he sees a large man diving off the top turnbuckle... with a MISSILE DROPKICK?!

DDK:

What the hell! BIG risk by Danny pays off! Cover on Ali'i!

He rolls over to hook the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The Suave Savage kicks out and rolls onto his stomach! Titaness and The Faithful can't believe it, but Dan isn't discouraged.

Lance:

I've NEVER seen James use a missile dropkick, let alone for a man 6'7" but he had to use something extra to keep Ali'i down!

DDK:

He's gonna try for Titan's Orbit, but can he get Ali'i up for the chokeslam?

James gets to his feet and holds the hand out as The Faithful know what's coming next, but Jestal stands on the apron to try and get his attention. That doesn't work out so well for The Jester of Jesters when Titaness rushes over and grabs him by the leg, snatching him up off the apron! Dan looks outside. Tom Morrow looks on in shock while Dan laughs inside the ring. Jestal's sexy hat falls off.

Jestal:

My hat! How dare you!

Titaness looks down at the hat and then without any hesitation stomps on it. Jestal looks on in horror.

Dan Leo James:

My Muscle Mom can beat up your clown!

Lance:

Things breaking down at ringside now! And inside!

But Dan turns around and gets a BIG Kahuna Kick that sends James through the ropes! Big Kahuna Ali'i goes after him!

DDK:

Dan just got caught with that massive savate kick and gets knocked to the floor! Big Kahuna Ali'i going after him!

The Best-Dressed Beast goes to the outside with Morrow cheering on his massive client while Rex Knox is trying to break things up! He goes after Dan, but James springs back up and pushes Ali'i into the barricade! The two big men get into a fight at ringside and are exchanging fists! Knox is counting!

Rex Knox:

One... two... three... four... five...

Lance:

Ali'i and James are fighting it out! Jestal fighting back against Titaness! The battle between Titanes Familia and The Devil's Circus got personal a few weeks ago!

DDK:

But Titanes Familia are fighting back! Rex Knox is still warning both men to get back in the ring...

Rex Knox:

Six... seven...

Big Kahuna Ali'i WHIPS Dan into the barricade a second time!

Rex Knox:

Eight...

They continue to fight as Big Kahuna Ali'i charges... but Dan moves! He crashes into the barricade!

Rex Knox:

NINE...

Then Dan CRASHES into him with another Dash and Bash, sending both men THROUGH the barricade at ringside!

Rex Knox:

TEN!

DING DING DING

The fighting between Jestal and Titaness stops momentarily at ringside when they stop and see both big men for each team taking each other through the barricade at ringside! Neither man appear to be moving for the moment with The Faithful watching in awe!

Darren Quimbey:

Due to neither man returning to the ring at the count of ten, this match is considered a double countout!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Despite all that... Ali'i is STILL the first one to get up and goes after James on the ground with more rights!

DDK:

Ali'i STILL getting up and fighting?! That was unreal!

Dan tries to defend himself just as a flurry of DEFSec led by Wyatt Bronson and security head down to ringside! Jestal attacks Titaness from behind and clubs her with a few forearms as they resume! She tries to turn and lunge at him, but three members of security block them from fighting before they can do anything more!

Jestal:

You unfashionable DAFT COW!

Titanness:

The HELL you call me, runt?!

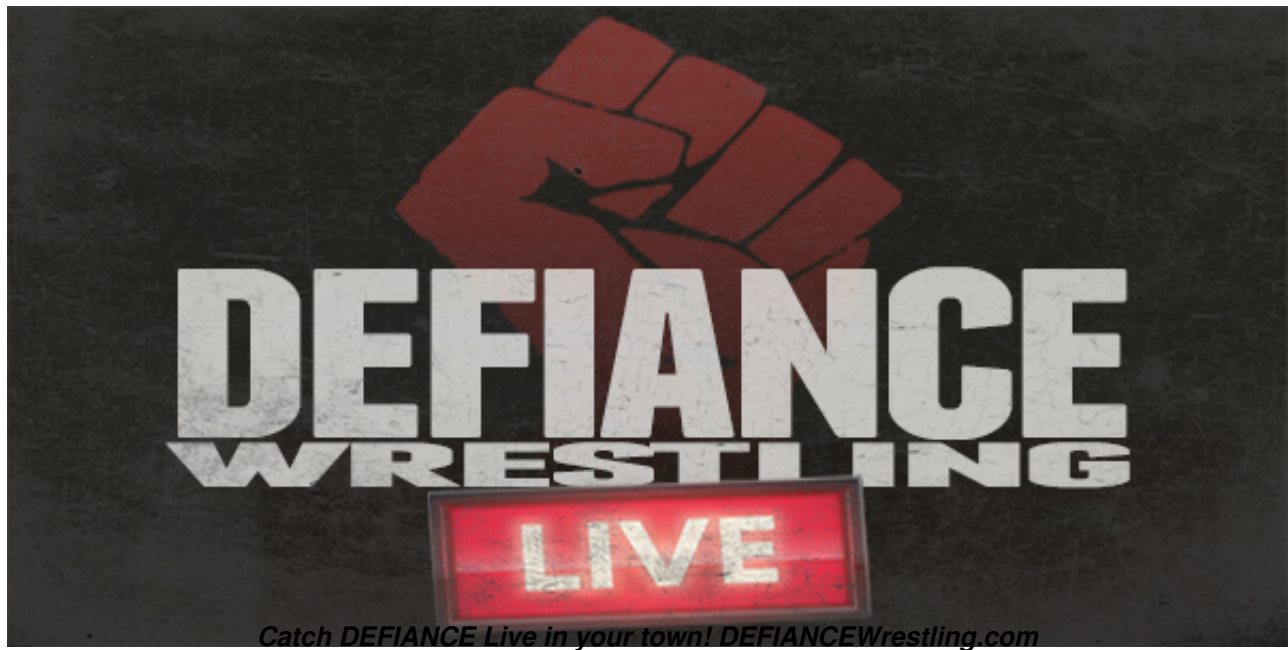
Lance:

The Familia is fighting for two of their own! For Uriel Cortez and Memaw Titan! And they'll have to wait until Acts of DEFIANCE to get there!

Jestal:

You heard me wanker!

Titanness manages to push through a security guard but the other two manage to keep her separated from Jestal, who continues to shout out British obscenities toward her. Morrow is watching the fight unfold between all four participants! Fists are flying everywhere before the scene has to move on!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

BACK IN THE GAME

Backstage in front of a DEFIANCE banner stands Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time... "Black Out" Pat Cassidy.

The fans show their approval as Cassidy steps into frame, dressed in jeans and classic "SNS" t-shirt. No Ophelia Sykes tonight - Cassidy is flying solo. Pat grins at the fan reaction.

Christie Zane:

Pat. Two weeks ago, we'll never forget that emotional tribute to your former tag team partner Brock Newbludd. But here we are this week, and I have to ask: what's next?

Cassidy nods solemnly.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. Rough day at the office, huh? Never easy when you have to close the door on the career of a friend, mentor, and brother... is it? The Saturday Night Specials... hell, I'll say it... The Saturday Night Specials were the BEST damn tag team that this place ever saw. You can quote me. And do you know why?

Cassidy holds up a new finger every time he adds to his list.

Pat Cassidy:

Were we the biggest? The strongest? The most technically gifted? The most daring daredevils? The best looking?

A beat.

Pat Cassidy:

Okay... maybe we were the best looking... but not those other things. So why, Zane, did SNS make such an impact?

Cassidy closes his fist and bangs his heart.

Pat Cassidy:

Cause of this right here. We never gave up. We stared down some of the biggest, meanest, baddest mother[BLEEP]ers DEFIANCE had to offer. We took our ass kickings. We came back for more. THAT'S what The Saturday Night Specials were all about. And with Brock gone... that's what "Black Out" Pat Cassidy is going to be all about.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cassidy turns from Zane to look into the lens.

Pat Cassidy:

So right here. Right now. Ain't no better time to kick off my singles career. And no better time to whip it out and mark my territory.

A beat. He looks at Zane for a second.

Pat Cassidy:

Uh... figure of speech.

Back to the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Consider this one of them there open challenge. Why not, right? Everyone else is doing 'em! So here we go. Anyone in

need of a dance partner for ACTS of DEFIANCE. Come step into the ring with the kid. Show me what you got. Cause I'm itching for a fight... itching to show what I can do... and itching to keep the spirit of The Saturday Night Specials alive. DEFIANCE... BRAZEN... PRIME... HOW... you can bring back Classic... WWWWFXTREME2000...I don't give a shit. As long as you got a pulse, I can put you down for three seconds.

A grin.

Pat Cassidy:

Let's party.

With that, he winks at Zane and moves out of frame.

Christie Zane:

There it is. An open challenge for ACTS of DEFIANCE! Back to you guys.

STREET FIGHT: TERESA AMES vs. SIOBHAN CASSIDY

BRAZENette star, Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe exits Siobhan Cassidy's locker room, looking back and spouting some last words of inspiration before continuing down the hall.

DDK:

Up next we have the long brewing street fight between Siobhan Cassidy and Teresa Ames!

Suddenly, Ames comes up from behind and whacks Blythe in the back of the head!

Lance:

It looks like Teresa isn't waiting around to get this thing started!

Ames hammers JIB before tossing her into a collection of garbage pails. The Tasty Gurl remains on the attack and drags JIB by Siobhan's closed locker room. The door eventually swings open and out pops Siobhan who jumps on Teresa's back.

DING DING

Mark Shields appears in frame as the bell sounds, officially starting the match. Cassidy has a choke hold in but that doesn't stop Ames from dragging Blythe to the outer edges of the arena. JIB goes hurling into the concrete wall shoulder first. Teresa throws Cassidy over her head and onto the ground!

DDK:

Teresa taking on both Jocelyne and Siobhan here! They're in the backstage area, which we know can always be dangerous.

Which is how things look to get as Teresa acquires a steel chair before slamming it against Jocelyne's lower body! The steel smacks off the concrete floor which makes a loud noise. Cassidy runs at Ames but she is quick to duck the clothesline and nail her foe with a tornado DDT on the floor! Teresa focuses on eliminating Blythe as she grabs her by the hair and barrels through the arena exit doors. Another camera crew comes rushing up from the outside as a car sits inconspicuously close to where they are fighting. Ames hammers away as she provides a few choice words to Jocelyne.

Teresa Ames:

Jocelyne, you little bee. You thought you could take me out by powerbombing me onto the windshield of a car, didn't you? Time to repay the favor.

Mark Shields watches with wonderment as Ames pulls Blythe over to the front of the black sedan.

Teresa Ames:

Chew on this, hun!

Ames powerbombs Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe into the windshield as hard as she can. It's clear Jocelyne isn't getting up from that anytime soon.

Teresa Ames:

Windshield wenchens for life! Bonded by glass. Shit guy, shit.

Blythe lays motionless as Ames views the damage she caused. Her back is turned long enough for Cassidy to come up from behind with a pipe to the legs! Mark Shields jumps as he didn't see her coming! Siobhan introduces Ames' face with the side of the car. The impact causes Jocelyne's limp body to slide poetically out of sight.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Tonight is when I end you!

Cassidy backs up and then rushes in, delivering a knee strike Malak would be proud of to the head of Ames and the car door all in one. Moving away from the battered car, Cassidy notices a set of descending concrete stairs just ahead. She hatches a plan.

DDK:

They're heading towards the stairs! Don't tell me Siobhan is going to toss Ames down them!?

Indeed that's the plan exactly as the two wrestlers begin exchanging blows at the top of the stairs. Mark Shields can barely handle his shit as Cassidy impresses the in-arena crowd with a roundhouse kick Teresa never sees coming. The impact forces Ames to take a tumble down the stairs! Shields jumps down and checks on Ames who is bloodied and scratched to hell.

Lance:

SHE THREW HER DOWN THE STAIRS!

Smiling, Cassidy walks down the steps until she's got about five to go. Ames struggles to get onto all fours. Everyone watches and anticipates what's going to happen next.

DDK:

Cassidy won't do what I think she wants to do, will she?

Even Mark Shields is trying to wave her off but to no avail as Cassidy lunges off the steps and curb stomps Ames into next week! The crowd in the arena start their HOLY SHIT chants as Shields checks on Ames.

Lance:

This was quick. This was brutal. But this has to be over. There is no way Teresa can continue to fight. Thrown down stairs? Literally curb stomped!? My goodness.

Cassidy dusts her hands as she takes a stroll to compose herself. Yeah, she just did that shit. Meanwhile, on the other hand, Ames is breathing but she's still down. Cassidy eventually marches over and screams at Shields to get out of the way. Siobhan nudges Teresa over and hooks a leg. Mark counts.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE EIGHT!

Ames shoots her shoulder up at the last moment, enraging Cassidy.

Lance:

How is Ames wanting to fight on!?

Cassidy nearly tears her hair out as she pouts around. Not before long, Siobhan notices Teresa. On her feet. Groggy as all hell but putting her dukes up, asking for more.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Oh bitch, it's on.

Cassidy notices a white pickup truck conveniently parked with its tailgate open next to a smattering of "catering" tables next to it. She whips Ames over in that direction.

DDK:

I think Cassidy has sinister plans to end Ames tonight and it's not going to be pretty!

Ames instinctively climbs into the bed of the truck, covered in blood. Cassidy follows but she failed to notice a wooden handled shovel right there for the taking. Ames grabs it and swings for the fences, knocking Cassidy off her feet!

DDK:

Ames trying to claw back into this thing!

Teresa pulls herself to her feet with all her might and begins to look around. The Tasty Gurl has to wipe the blood from her eyes before she plunges the head of the doubled over Cassidy between her legs. She takes a deep breath before delivering a jumping piledriver to Cassidy right in the bed of the truck!

THUD!

DDK:

PILEDRIVERRRRRR!

The suspension of the truck is thoroughly tested as Cassidy's body bounces off of it and to the side of a seated Ames. Teresa begins to feel the adrenaline flow as she neatly places Cassidy onto one of the many tables around the truck. Ames climbs back into the bed of the vehicle and looks down at Cassidy.

Lance:

NOW IT'S AMES WHO'S LOOKING TO END CASSIDY!

The fans in the arena watch on as a buzz begins to rise. Ames looks down at Cassidy who is near comatose on a table below.

Teresa Ames:

THIS IS FOR POISONING MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MALAK! I STILL LIKE HIM!

Ames jumps off but Cassidy moves at the last moment, sending Teresa crashing through the table. Luckily for Teresa, she was going for a leg drop and most of the fall was broken by the undersides of her legs. Still, she comes up empty as Cassidy jumps on her foe and begins clawing away to the point where Mark Shields has to pull the two apart in order to properly check on Teresa.

Lance:

Cassidy moved at the last second! Ames' body must be broken!

Cassidy is seething as she waits impatiently for the referee to complete his check. Once he does, he gets out of the way fast as Cassidy signals for the end.

Siobhan Cassidy:

It's time. For real. I'm about to end this. You will never see "your man" again. He's mine.

Cassidy latches onto Ames as they both limp over to the open tailgate once more but this time, they don't climb up. Cassidy grins evilly as she gets in position to deliver a move but not just any move.

DDK:

She's not going to- is she?

Lance:

She is Darren. She is.

Cassidy slams Ames onto the open tailgate lip of the truck.

With an Irish Goodbye.

The crowd is left in awe.

Cassidy hooks a leg as Ames lays on the asphalt, out cold.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Mark Shields raises Cassidy's arm in victory as the pain on both competitors' faces is evident. Siobhan checks to make sure she's still got all her teeth after that gritty, bloody contest.

DDK:

What a street fight. I think this was much more brutal than people were expecting. Siobhan certainly showed up for a fight tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, SIOBHAN CASSIDY!

Lance:

Very interesting she hit the Irish Goodbye to secure the victory, Darren and not something like Snowfall or one of Malak's other moves.

Cassidy holds her arm up high as she stumbles away from the wreckage. DEFmed storms the site and tend to Ames. Relief finally hits Siobhan Cassidy. She's done it. She slayed the fan favorite Teresa Ames, with style no less.

DDK:

Cassidy walks away the victor of their months long war in a very hard hitting street fight. We'll be right back, after these messages!

DEFtv fades to commercial break as Siobhan bumps her chin with her fist, indicating just how tough of an out she is.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023***FIST of DEFIANCE******Dex Joy (C) vs. Oscar Burns******No Holds Barred******Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood vs. The Honor Society******The Lucky Sevens vs. M4NTRA******Titanes Familia vs. The Devil's Circus***

AFTER YOU

An EARLIER TODAY tag appears at the bottom of the feed.

The Faithful watch a beat up Chrystler Lebaron pull up into the Fayetteville parking lot. With quiet murmur and anticipation, they swell in cheers as Jack Harmen, formerly known as High Flyer, and Flying Frenchie exit out of the driver and passenger doors respectively. Pulling up the rear is HF IV, who grabs all three gym bags and tosses one to his father.

Flying Frenchie:

Completely blown away by it! I'd been wrestling over a decade by zen, and you t'ink you know all of ze tricks. I'd always been proud of my fundamentals, and here Frontier shows up and everyt'ing was just so crisp. Do you remember his hiptoss? A HIPTOSS! Everybody does a hiptoss. It's like ze second move you learn after headlock. I begged him to show me how he did it. Not a word a lie, on my knees, begged him. I had promised to only do it at house shows...

Suddenly, Pierre Delacroix comes to a stop mid-sentence as they approach the arena entrance, realizing they are not alone.

Tyler Fuse, alongside Princess Desire are standing there.

Fuse takes a moment to look over The Flying Frenchie while Jack Harmen and High Flyer IV are ready for... well, anything really.

Tyler Fuse:

Pierre, it's nice to meet a true legend in this business.

Fuse says, barely acknowledging Jack Harmen who stands beside the frenchman. Fuse cracks his knuckles. Harmen leans over to his kid and whispers something in his ear, which is no doubt "be ready."

Tyler Fuse:

I'm going to lay it out. I have a problem with the Harmen family and, therefore, I have a problem with **you** since you're associating yourself with the Harmen's.

Fuse switches his attention over to the OG Harmen. Jack turns back to Tyler and loudly points at his own chest, eyes wide as if to say "oh me?"

Tyler Fuse:

I told you I'm going to end your career.

Jack doesn't blink.

Jack Harmen:

Then you better kill me.

Tyler nods.

Tyler Fuse:

I might.

Into the picture walks Victor Vacio.

Tyler Fuse:

But we're not there... yet.

Tyler pats Vacio on the shoulder. Vacio turns his head toward Tyler with a displeased look as Fuse takes notice and

removes his hand from Victor's shoulder.

Tyler Fuse:

We can detour, I don't mind. I love to see the Harmen family struggle and I'd love to get my hands on all of you if I'm being honest. Not just Jack...

Meanwhile, Princess Desire has wandered off from the confrontation.

Tyler Fuse:

So at ACTS of DEFIANCE, the three of you against myself, Vacio... and a surprise.

Tyler shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

I mean... if that's of interest.

Flying Frenchie:

I can't speak for ze Harmens, but if you t'ink I'm one to back down from a challeng, zen you have me confused wit' someone else.

Fuse walks DIRECTLY into Flying Frenchie's face.

Tyler Fuse:

I saw you met my brother. You *wrestled* my brother. Make no mistake, legend...

Tyler looks down on the ground and then back up at Pierre.

Tyler Fuse:

I am **not** my brother.

In the blink of an eye, Fuse seemingly changes course. He smiles politely, takes a step back and reaches out for the entrance door handle.

Tyler Fuse:

Now... where are my manners? After you guys, please.

Harmen and Frenchie enter, each looking over their shoulder. Harmen mumbles something inaudible to Frenchie.

HFIV, however, pauses, looking Victor Vacio directly in his face.

High Flyer IV:

You are one ugly sonova...

HFIV smiles, and sticks out his chin just ever so slightly, daring Vacio to strike. Victor, for his part, remains statuesq. HFIV laughs and walks toward the arena.

High Flyer IV:

I hear DEFIANCE may ask you to put the mask back on, cause Tide won't advertise uggos. DUECES!

HF IV throws up a V sign to Vacio and turns a corner, departing backstage. DEFtv goes elsewhere.

Amigos! It is I! I am him! He is me! Can you believe the amount of power I am feeling right now!? All because of this!

He points at his treasured mask.

Malak El Frío:

I believe the first thing I ever said on DEFIANCE television was 'Ahhhhh, after ten thousand years, I'm free!' and pareja, I FINALLY FEEL FREE! This persona is what I was meant to become! It has unlocked my spirit! Watch me pull sick planchas in the ring and nail my foe with a devastating arm scissors tieras! I am Lucha libre and so are you! ALL HAIL THE COLD!

The inset goes away as Malak hands his special belt to Mark Shields who holds it up to the crowd.

DDK:

Pretty sure an arm scissors tieras isn't a move but don't tell Malak. That's strike two.

Shields hands the belt to a ring crew member and calls for the bell. Everyone settles into their seats.

DING DING**Lance:**

Darren, and for the faithful viewers at home, before this match gets too far underway, I need to tell you the quotes I was getting from Malak's camp backstage earlier in the day. He wanted everyone to know that his spirit quest is now complete and that even though he's transformed, it doesn't mean he's different. If that even makes sense. He also said that although the Paper title is nearly weightless, the responsibility of this IMPORTANT reign is on his shoulders like a one million pound luchador. Which also doesn't make sense. He went on to finish saying that he is going to defend his title in Luchador "Speciales" which I have no idea what that means either, but apparently he's all about this Lucha "craze."

El Frío circles King, trying to tag him on the thigh, unsuccessfully. King swats the hand tag attempts away and instead gets in a waistlock. With the challenger behind him, El Frío runs to the set of ropes in front of him. He jumps so his feet meet the top rope where he manages to escape from the waistlock by somersaulting backwards over King. He plants his feet and spreads his arms out wide, landing in style.

DDK:

I think he's taking this a little TOO seriously. Like this whole Lucha gimmick has gone to his head.

El Frío jumps once more and nails a head scissors! King rolls into the corner where Malak charges in and splashes his opponent! The champ follows that offense up with a bulldog, jump to the top rope and a frog splash!

Lance:

He calls that series of moves flippy-dippy-do-dah, apparently. I'm done, I can't read these notes anymore.

El Frío delivers a standing splash, then a moonsault and finally, a 180 leg drop. The aerial assault is quite impressive for a wrestler who typically doesn't bunch up the same style of offense together. He covers King.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mark Shields holds up two fingers as he's rather impressed with his boys top flight maneuvers.

Mark Shields:

Shit, you been practicing, boy.

Malak's viewing window is getting foggy as the precipitation from his lips builds up around his mouth area.

Malak El Frío:

How are you supposed to breathe in these?

El Frío lands a standing shooting star press but King rolls him into a small package! The tandem rolls around the ring, not long enough for Mark to even count one on any pinning attempt. Instead, the crowd does their typical whoa chant as King and El Frío roll around the ring like a momentum gaining ball!

DDK:

There's a fine line between genuine aerial athletics and mockery. I feel like Malak is infringing on the latter.

The pair bounce off each bottom rope as if they are a pinball. Finally, Malak unhooks his grip, rolls himself up and hits King with a shotgun dropkick!

Lance:

Malak to the top rope once more!

He slaps the top turnbuckle.

Malak El Frío:

wEaPoN gEEEEEt!

El Frío proceeds to miss a 450 Super Splash as Aaron King moves out of the way at the last moment!

Lance:

Nothing but mat there! Malak hit it solid, too. Chest first.

The tassels from his arm bands are all twisted up as he tries to give himself a self soothing hug. Seizing the momentum, King comes in with a running shin to the back of the head! Doubled over, El Frío finds himself in a waistlock once more but this time Aaron deadlifts the champion overhead.

DDK:

German suplex! King holds on!

Another one!

Lance:

This is King saying I'm going to slow down your high flying Lucha momentum and ground and pound you into oblivion!

Another plex!

DDK:

The fans are in awe at this awesome display of power!

King throws Malak around a few more times before finally planting him one last time. He holds the champ for the pin. Shields slides in for the count.

DDK:

NEW CHAMP, NEW CHAMP!

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE SEVEN!

El Frío breaks free at the last moment. Aaron King thought he had the Paper title in his hands.

Lance:

Looks like Malak is trying to shake the cobwebs out. Undoubtedly this is his first time wearing a mask while wrestling. Knowing him, there's no way he would have practiced for this moment so I wonder if being a bit rattled is taking him some time to adjust.

King smells blood in the water and looks to go for his gamebreaker neckbreaker but just as he raises El Frío for a vertical suplex, the champ wriggles free and slams King down with a crude looking poison rana! The fans are stunned.

Lance:

Wow, what a move by Malak El Frío! Also, I can't believe I called him that!

Malak springboards off the ropes with a senton bomb. King is left coughing in pain on the mat before Malak jumps to the second turnbuckle. He waits for the perfect time to hit Aaron with his ROTFLCOPTER Sunrise!

DDK:

Malak hits the destroyer after jumping from the second turnbuckle!

Having King near dead to rights, Malak lathers himself up for some more Lucha madness.

Lance:

Malak plants Aaron King with a DDT from his knees!

El Frío points to the sky before ascending to the top rope. He puts his arms out wide and falls off the top, perfectly executing his SNOWFALL headbutt. There is a caveat though. The spikes on his mask jab into King's shoulder, immediately creating red gashes. Mark Shields covers his face upon impact!

DDK:

Malak just skewered the shoulder of Aaron King with his mask spikes! How is that legal!?

From his knees, El Frío gives King one more solid headbutt, this time flush from skull to skull, knocking the challenger out cold. Malak hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Marianela (Que Pasa)" by HUGEL, Merk & Kremont ♪

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, AND STILL PAPER CHAMPION! MALAK ELLLL FRIOOOOO!

Malak celebrates, holding both arms high. He makes the "cut the music" sign with his hands before retrieving a microphone.

Malak El Frío:

I did it! I did it! Hey, look everyone! I beat Aaron King as a Luchado! Just like my good friend, Mil Vueltas did a couple of shows ago!

By now, the entirety of Malak's plastic viewing window is foggy.

Malak El Frío:

Although, let's be honest. I did it with more style and flare than he could have ever done.

El Frío raises a finger to the sky as a defeated Aaron King slumps out of the ring alongside Mark Shields.

Malak El Frío:

Speaking of my amigo, Mil. I think you should come down here.

The sweaty, but victorious Malak awaits... and doesn't have to wait long. Without music, the Faithful CHEER for the arrival of Mil Vultas, wearing a white mask with greed and red tassels, along with a white t-shirt and blue jeans. Flanked by his promoter, Thomas Keeling, the pair walk towards the ring.

DDK:

You have to wonder what this is about. Mil Vultas was really going above and beyond indulging ANYTHING having to do with Malak Garland, but he's been wary of Malak's wishy-washy history as well.

Lance:

Don't forget, years ago when The Comments Section were on the rise, it was they who took the Unified Tag Team Titles from Mil's old team, The Sky High Titans with Uriel Cortez. He knows first-hand how bad Malak can be.

Mil finally reaches the ring with a microphone in hand.

Mil Vultas:

...Okay, Malak. You tell me, amigo. De qué demonios se trata esto?

Malak El Frío:

You know what, Mil? I just wrestled my first Lucha match and-

His voice fades. His mask is covered in precipitation but it doesn't stop him from going mask-to-mask with Mil Vultas.

Malak El Frío:

I don't like it.

DDK:

What?

The fans start to boo as they can feel something coming on. Mil's face is mostly obscured, but many can still see the "I knew it" look on his face.

Malak El Frío:

You see, I thought I was going to feel fulfilled by donning this new persona and while it has its perks-

He points to the row of studded spikes across his hairline.

Malak El Frío:

I must admit, wrestling Lucha kinda sucksssss.

BOOOOOOOO!

It's easy to understand why Mil is getting a bit upset. He looks at Thomas Keeling, who shakes his own head with disgust.

Malak El Frío:

Now listen, listen. Just because I tried it and wasn't a big fan of it doesn't mean I won't stash this persona away in my tiny back pocket for use if and when I deem fit because I will. I reserve the right to do anything I want.

Mil balls his fists.

Malak El Frío:

And I know we literally just tore up Tijuana or whatever it was called last week but I've had a change of heart because this isn't the best fit for me. I've fallen back in love with my true self. I should have never gone on a spirit quest. It was a mistake to ever think that I needed to run away from my oRiGiNaL inner spirits. Let's face it! This mask business is quite silly dilly clown shoes. I mean, look at my face. You can barely see it through all the sweat and grossness!

Neglecting the fact that Malak chose to have a huge plastic window on the face of his mask, he naturally decides that passing the buck is a much better course of action.

Mil Vueltas:

Malak... amigo... I KNOW what kind of gilipollas you are. I indulge your stupid trip... Senor Keeling over there HELPED you... and you want to disrespect who I am... what I am... what I do? I saw this coming... but I'm still disappointed in you. As your mother probably is, she didn't swallow first...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH

Mil Vueltas:

...But you think you can do what I do better than ME, copo de nieve? PROVE IT! You and me, Acts of DEFIANCE! I will SHOW YOU what I can do! I will SHOW YOU what lucha libre is!

That gets a big pop!

DDK:

Big challenge there by Mil Vuelas? What's Malak's answer going to be?

It doesn't take long for him to respond.

Malak El Frío:

You're on! You call yourself The Man of a Thousand Flips? I can do 1,009, including the super-secret ones nobody talks about! I will...

He stops to boot Mil in the chest and then fires off a few right hands, getting the drop on The Man of a Thousand Flips first!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Malak taking the fight to Mil! He whips him to the ropes... backflip kick! Enzuigiri! Malak just showed out! Maybe he knows more than we thought!

Malak smiles as he knocks down Mil Vueltas with some fancy footwork! He taps the mask and then runs at the ropes. He runs and tries to hit him with a flipping headbutt... BUT MIL MOVES FIRST! Malak hits nothing but canvas and holds his head in pain!

DDK:

No! Mil showing off how fast HE is! He flips to his feet!

Mil charges off the ropes and just as Malak tries to catch him, The Man of a Thousand Flips rotates not once, but TWICE around him before snapping him over with a lightning fast headscissors! Malak El Frío immediately goes flying out of the ring just as Mil flips to his feet!

DDK:

And look... MIL NOT DONE!

Mil runs and starts to LEAP up the ropes just as Malak gets up! Malak El Frío bails away from the ring before The Man of a Thousand Flips can make his move. Mil balances himself on the top cable and then backflips off the top rope to land on his feet back in the ring before calling for Garland to fight!

DDK:

The challenge has been made and accepted for Acts of DEFIANCE! It will be Mil Vultas against... Malak El Frío...

Lance:

Malak tried to get the jump on Mil, but Vultas just showed what he can do!

Thomas Keeling and Mil Vultas watch the wannabe luchador take off and head back up the ramp with his Paper Championship in tow. The two stare one another down as the show heads to commercial!

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



GAGE BLACKWOOD & BRONSON BOX vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

The scene starts in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the MAIN EVENT and it is a TAG TEAM MATCH for ONE FALL!

Everyone loves to know it's one fall!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... TA Roosevelt Owens... TA Bobby Horrigan... WEIGHTED GRADE!!

Owens and Horrigan march onto the stage, revealing they aren't alone.

DDK:

Ugh. Can we get those other two out of here?

Keebler is, of course, referring to TA Cole and The Good Doctor himself, Ned Reform. However, Cole and their educational leader remain at the top of the rampway, while Owens and Horrigan descend the ramp.

DDK:

At ACTS of DEFIANCE, make no mistake Faithful, we are going to see Ned Reform and TA Cole get theirs. For tonight, it looks like THEY'LL be the ones receiving the education lesson...

Lance:

Oh, I like that.

Horrigan and Owens enter the ring, as Ned Reform races to the interview table and TA Cole is quick to follow. Both of them don't want to be by the entrance.

Lance:

Smart move. They know who's walking out next.

The crowd readies for the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... GAGE BLACKWOOD and BRONSON BOX!!

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

Out walks Blackwood and Box, paying absolutely no attention to Ned Reform seemingly quivering from the interview booth. The two Scots make their no-nonsense walk down the rampway and enter the ring.

DDK:

Just like that, we're ready to go.

Lance:

I love it, Keebs. I really do. Who cares about Cole and Reform when you have another match in front of you? BOXWOOD have to pay attention to their current match. One victory at a time!

Referee Hector Navarro, who is known for not allowing tag team matches to get out of hand, has a discussion with both parties before taking a step back, pointing to the time keeper's table and calling for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

We have TA Horrigan kicking it off against Gage Blackwood-

Keebler isn't able to finish his sentence before Blackwood marches forward and fires a hard left forearm into Horrigan's chest. It knocks Bobby back but the big man looks like he absorbs it well so he walks towards the center of the ring and asks for another.

WHAM! Blackwood's forearm connects once again and it stumbles TA Horrigan a few feet closer to the ropes, yet does not knock him down. TA Horrigan looks over to TA Owens as if this was child's play when-

WHAM! The crowd explodes! With a leaping force behind him, Gage Blackwood connects with a **flying** forearm to the chest. This one sends Horrigan into the ropes as Blackwood shoots off the mat and delivers another forearm smash, followed by an exploder suplex, sending Horrigan into the center of the ring!

Lance:

Unbelievable strength!

The former FIST of DEFIANCE cranks his arms around and waits for Bobby to rise, then Blackwood scoop slams the TA. Blackwood drops an elbow to the chest and wrangles Horrigan into an arm bar submission. This sends Roosevelt into the ring. He drops an elbow into the back of Blackwood, snatches The Noble Raider by his tights and ejects him out of the ring before dusting off his hands.

Bronson Box wants to enter but he's blocked by referee Hector Navarro, who usually tries his best to limit chaos. Roosevelt Owens goes to his corner anyway and Gage Blackwood gives Box a thumbs up from outside the ring as he re-enters.

Horrigan is there to apply a number of wicked stomp to Gage once the Scot slides in. Horrigan whips Blackwood into the ropes and then levels Blackwood with an elbow smash, knocking Gage down. The TA lifts Blackwood off the canvas, walks over to his corner and tags Owens.

Owens rumbles in with a belly smash, grabbing Blackwood and flipping him down on the mat with a pancake slam. TA Owens hits the ropes and delivers a knee drop. He hooks the leg, but only gets a two.

DDK:

Barely a two!

Owens hurls Blackwood into a free corner and comes roaring in with a big splash. Except this time Blackwood falls to the mat in a heap the second Owens is supposed to connect. This was clearly done on purpose and the only way for Gage to escape, as he rolls towards the center of the ring, snaps back onto his feet and charges in with a dropkick to Roosevelt's back. This sticks TA Owens even further into the corner, as Blackwood takes hold of the big man. In a display of unbelievable strength, Blackwood lifts Owens onto his shoulders and performs a cutter!

The crowd roars as Blackwood stumbles upright, walks over to Bronson Box and is about to make the tag-

When TA Horrigan runs in, blows past referee Navarro and clubs Gage in the back of the head. The crowd roars with boos and, of course, as Box tries to enter the squared circle but he's stopped by Hector Navarro who says he will throw the match out if needed.

TA Horrigan goes to his corner while on the top of the rampway TA Cole claps with pride and Dr. Ned Reform simply stands there, watching.

DDK:

Wondering what's going on in The Good Doctor's head?

Lance:

Yes. Fear. Fear he isn't going to take down BOXWOOD. Even though Weighted Grade has the match in their control, I

bet it doesn't take long for Gage to shift the momentum in his favor.

Warner and Keebler watch the events unfold almost exactly like Lance said they would. TA Owens knocks Blackwood around the ring before he hurls Blackwood into the ropes and then Gage drops down to deliver a swift punch under Roosevelt's chin.

The TA shoots backwards, as Gage pops up and hammers Owens with a spinning heel kick, hitting the exact same spot on Owens' jaw with the soles of his feet.

Gage races over to his corner and this time he makes the tag!

The Faithful EXPLODE as Horrigan is also in the ring but Box easily ejects him. Box unloads on Owens, time after time, rocking the big man with fists and working him into a corner. Box mounts himself on the second buckle as the crowd counts the punches along, all the way through TEN.

Box is going to administer a final, ELEVENTH rocking blow when Owens lifts Box from the ropes and drills him into the mat with a spinebuster slam!

BUT BOX IS ON HIS FEET!

The crowd ROARS with approval while TA Owens looks like he's seen a ghost! Rosey's begging Bronson not to lay a beating down but it's too late. Box clubs Owens across the chest... then again... again... again... the fans continue to cheer as Box whips Owens into the ropes. It looks like Box is going for his claw hold when-

Horrigan trips his partner up and drags Owens out of the ring!

Blackwood immediately enters the ring, shoots off the ropes and dives between the top and middle ones, clobbering both TAs with flying elbows to their faces!

At the top of the rampway, TA Cole isn't clapping anymore and Ned Reform is spooked.

Blackwood is up first. He snatches TA Horrigan and throws Bobby into the steel steps. Then he takes hold of TA Roosevelt and pushes the big man into the ring.

Bronson Box is waiting.

A HARD headbutt to Owens. This is followed by a wicked European uppercut. Then another headbutt. A second European uppercut. And so on!

Lance:

I think Box is working himself into a combo with no sense of stopping.

It's true. Box keeps it going. He's delivered about five of each before he whips Owens into the ropes and meets him halfway, delivering a sidewalk slam, shaking the entire ring in the process!

Box drags Owens to his feet when TA Roosevelt tries for a low blow-

But Box pulls his legs together at the last second, trapping Owens' hand around Bronson's knees. Box looks over at referee Navarro, as if almost suggesting to Hector that he saved the match for Roosevelt Owens... even though it's clear a world of hurt is coming the TA's way.

Box delivers one of the sickest looking boots to the face. Owens is DOA on the mat, the smacking sound echoing throughout the arena. Box marches over to his corner and tags Blackwood back in.

The Noble Raider hops over the top rope, lifts Owens with ease once again and this time performs a northern lights

suplex with a bridge!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY HARRIGAN!

DDK:

First of all, it's unreal for Gage to have this kind of power. Second, Harrigan almost didn't arrive in time. I'm not going to argue with Hector, though. He's a pro, it was a two-point-nine-nine-nine-nine-nine...

Box REALLY wants to let loose in the ring. He's been held back by Hector Navarro three times already, maybe even more (Bronson wasn't counting) but nevertheless the referee is there to stop Box from doing so.

It looked as though Bobby Harrigan was returning to his corner but decides he has an opening so he punts Gage in the side of the head. This allows Rosey Owens a moment to collect himself, hit the ropes and land a splash to Gage. It wasn't Owens' exact finisher, but it was definitely a modified version...

Navarro sees this and slips into position.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd cheers as Box throws his hands up in excitement! He knows he couldn't have gotten there in time but he was pretty sure his protege had it in him to keep the match going... and Blackwood did!

DDK:

The TA's can't believe it!

Lance:

None of them can! Cole is beside himself! [Pause] Well, he's beside Ned Reform. But Reform is a statue!

The crowd rallies, stomping their feet for Gage to get his offense back together. Owens hammers shots on Blackwood's skull, in the hopes Weight Grade can keep the match in their favor. Owens whips Blackwood into his corner and tags Harrigan in.

Blackwood BLOWS UP both TA's with his arms, pushing them back. He sprints forward and delivers a dropkick, one leg against each opponent. Gage shoots to his feet. With the crowd roaring, Gage connects with an exploder suplex to Owens and then a German suplex to Harrigan. The Noble Raider dives to his corner and makes the tag!

SLAP!

Box with a HARD AS SHIT slap across Harrigan's face.

SLAP!

And a second.

Box is smiling ear-to-ear by now.

DDK:

Payback is coming!

Box knocks Horrigan in the side of the head with a forearm. Bronson hits the ropes and spears Bobby out of his boots! The OG DEFIANT is up on his feet quickly and then latches onto Owens' head with God's Fiery Right Hand!

DDK:

Bronson knows Rosey isn't the legal man, right?

Lance:

Absolutely! Look at Box keep an eye on Horrigan. I think this is to make sure Roosevelt doesn't interfere moving forward!

Owens barely escapes as he breaks free but falls through the middle and bottom rope. Box stomps his way to the BOXWOOD corner and tags Gage.

Blackwood hurries in. He takes hold of Horrigan and props him onto his knees. Blackwood hits the ropes...

GAELIC STORM!

DDK:

O-V-E-R!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

HEY, HOLD ON JUST A SECOND!

The MOMENT the bell sounds TA Cole slides into the ring and connects with a clothesline on Gage Blackwood!

THE UPGRADED MODEL

Blackwood is up on his feet, however, he eats a big Bobby Horrigan body slam and then a running splash by Roosevelt Owens that turns him into a Scottish pancake. Horrigan adds his own splash for good measure as the fans boo their hearts out. Cole beats on Bronson Box in the corner....

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

The Faithful get a moment of hope as Box fires up, hammering away on Cole with right hands! Levi is stunned. TA Horrigan charges, but Box cuts him off with some clubbing blows! Shots for Owens! Shots for Cole! Shots for Horrigan! The Original Defiant is on FIRE! Until...

WHACK!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Box turns and is absolutely blindsided by the damndest chair shot across the skull you've ever seen... courtesy of one Ned Reform. The Scot hits the mat like a ton of bricks and a sneering Reform stands over him and lets the chair fall to the mat.

DDK:

MY GOD! Ned Reform nearly broke that solid steel chair over Bronson Box's skull!

Reform: *[yelling]*

Get him up!

TAs Horrigan and Owens take position... each grabs Box by an arm and lifts him into a position where he is on his knees facing Ned.

DDK:

I'm being told Jack Harmen and company have been taken out in the back by none other than The Fallen!

Lance:

This might have something to do with Tyler Fuse, no?

The scene quickly cuts to the back where Jack Harmen, High Flyer IV and Flying Frenchie are being attended to.

DDK:

Either way, Blackwood and Box are on their own right about now!

DEFTv goes back to ringside where TA Cole walks over to make sure Blackwood isn't getting up anytime soon. Box is loopy and trying to clear the cobwebs as The Good Doctor leans forward so they are face-to-face.

Ned Reform:

You've been waiting to hear from me, yes? Perhaps you can hear me now?

Reform unceremoniously SLAPS the Bombastic One across the face. This has the opposite effect of what he may have been going for though: it seems to snap Box back into reality and his face turns beet red as he LUNGES for Reform. Horrigan and Owen are able to maintain control, however, so he just buckles as Ned takes a step backwards.

Ned Reform:

Pathetic. Nothing to do with all that rage. All that bravado! Perhaps it's time you sat down and silenced for once, you sad simple-minded Scottish...

Ned never gets to finish his alliterative insult, as Box hawks a mighty loogie directly into his learned eyes. The crowd goes "ooooohhhh" as Reform stops mid-rant to recoil. For a minute, time stands still as The Good Doctor stares off into space processing what just happened. Finally... he... smiles?

Lance:

Uh oh. I think we might have hit the breaking points.

Ned reaches up and wipes the spit from his face - grinning all the while. He lets out a little laugh...

...before suddenly darting toward Box and planting his boot directly into the Original DEFIANT's face!! Box goes down, but Ned doesn't stop. He's all over him with punches as his often dignified face turns red with rage.

DDK:

We haven't heard a word from Ned for what seems like months, and now he's going off the deep end!

The Sage on the Stage continues his onslaught for about fifteen seconds before pulling back. Box is now stunned, and Reform commands Weighted Grade to again lift him into the kneeling position. Ned drops all pretense of the sophisticated gentleman and now with eyes full of vitriol that appear ready to burst out of his skull, he leans in close to the dazed Box.

Ned Reform:

"Boxwood. Is Going. To. Kill. You." That's what I've heard for two months!! Two months!! At the airport, at my place of employment, on the internet...

The Faithful know when it's their time to shine.

BOXWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU
BOXWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU
BOXWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU

Ned points aggressively into the fans, but doesn't take his eyes off Box.

Ned Reform:

YOU SEE!? YOU SEE!? NO, YOU SIMPLE MINDED CRETINS - NO ONE IS GOING TO KILL ME. IN FACT....

He turns to face the people.

Ned Reform:

I am going to expose this broken-down fraud for exactly what he is: a has-been. A shell of his former self who refuses to let go of his glory days. No, children, nobody is going to kill me. I am going to do exactly what I say I'm going to do: I am going to thrash both Mr. Box and Mr. Blackwood in the middle of this ring - and there isn't a single thing any of you can do about it.

DDK:

He's lost it.

Reform points to the DEFlatron.

Ned Reform:

Put it up there! NOW!

The screen roars to life, and a familiar countdown appears...

COUNTDOWN TO ADMITTING NED REFORM IS THE GREATEST WRESTLER IN DEFIANCE HISTORY

315 Days, 23 hours, 9 minutes, 23 seconds.

315 Days, 23 hours, 9 minutes, 22 seconds.

315 Days, 23 hours, 9 minutes, 21 seconds.

315 Days, 23 hours, 9 minutes, 20 seconds.

Ned Reform:

I PERSIST toward my goal!! I. AM. THE GREATEST. WRESTLER. OF. ALL. TIME. And no Ghost of DEFIANCE Past is going to rise up and take that title from me.

Reform turns back and again leans in close to Box's face.

Ned Reform:

When our match has concluded, and you lay broken and bloody at my feet, you will have no choice but to acknowledge my claim. You may be the original Defiant, Mr. Box, but you are staring into the eyes of the upgraded model...

WHAM!!!

Reform cries out and throws the mic as Box headbutts him as hard as he can!! A trickle of blood has appeared on The Good Doctor's face as he recoils back. At this point, Gage Blackwood picks his spot and attacks! He blindsides Cole with a lariat before taking the fight to Bobby Horrigan. This allows Box to break free and hammer away on Owens while Reform falls to the mat holding his own now bleeding face.

DDK:

It's breaking down in Fayetteville!!!

And just as Blackwood and Box begin to take it to The Honor Society, DEFsec is sprinting down the ramp and hit the ring. They swarm the six men - seemingly to prevent Boxwood from causing any permanent damage. The fans boo as the wrestlers are separated. Reform, still holding his bleeding nose, rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring.

Lance:

Ned might have a broken nose!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

And the fans come alive again as Box breaks free from the hold of DEFsec and also gets out of the ring! He spears an unsuspecting Reform to the ground and begins to hammer away!! DEFsec is on him but they struggle to get him off the Sage on the Stage, who can do nothing but cover up...

DDK:

FOLKS! We're out of time! We'll see you back here for Night 2!!!

The fans are going nuts as Box rains the hammering blows down on Ned Reform...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.