

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Seattle, Washington welcomes DEFIANCE as the Climate Pledge Arena is hyped for DEFTv 199! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

TOSSED SALAD. SCRAMBLED EGGS OPTIONAL

LET DEX COOK

VICKIE FEARS MELTON

MALAK STOLE MY IDENTITY

GOODNIGHT SEATTLE

I'M LISTENING

SEATTLE LOVES KERRY

[CONFISCATED BY MANAGEMENT]

THE UBER DRIVERS AROUND HERE ARE LOUSEY

WE WANT STALKER

AM I INVITED!?

THE MOST SEATTLE THING EVER IS TO PASS ON THE 1YD LINE. THERE, I SAID IT.

ITS THE ERA OF EVERYONE BUT ESPECIALLY YOU

GOT HERE LATE - WHAT I MISS?

To ringside and the announce team of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone! We are ONE show away from two-hundred but that doesn't mean this won't be a show to forget!

Lance:

We've got Malak's unopened challenge later tonight, a returning team, Mikey Unlikely in action and to start it off...

DDK:

The SOHER is on the line!

The scene switches to the stage.

SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. SCOTT HUNTER

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

Sparklers "fizz" and spark with restrained abandon above the entryway as Scott Hunter appears, pumping his fist to the steady, righteous rhythm of the iconic tune.

DDK:

Here comes a man who main-evented our last DEFtv and tonight will be helping us kick it off!

Hunter wipes his feet on the apron, eying the crowd as a smile creeps across his stupid face.

Lance:

He not only headlined a night two weeks ago, but was also *victorious* over former Favoured Saints Champion, Butcher Victorious! That win, no doubt helped him secure his position in this contest for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Referee Jonny Fastcountini offers instructions to Hunter, who listens carefully, as if he is hearing the traditional pre-match directives from an official for the first time. Hunter's music fades.

DDK:

It's a huge opportunity for Scott Hunter, the challenger-

The crowd's boos slowly shift into something else; a murmur at first, then a rising tide of excitement as heads turn in time towards a far corner of the arena.

DDK:

-and an interesting test for this man, the Champion!

The spotlight and hard camera find the figure moving through the crowd at almost the same time, zooming in on a squat, barrel-chested frame with a glint of metal and luminous pink slung over its shoulder.

Lance:

Making his first stateside appearance since the Germany tour and DEFIANCE Road, this Pacific Northwest crowd is letting Corvo Alpha hear how pumped they are to be hosting DEFIANCE Wrestling live!

DDK:

Seattle sports fans are known for being some of the LOUDEST in the world and now I can say I understand why! WOW!

The floor camera captures Alpha leaping over the railing and pausing to take in the booming reception. In the ring, Hunter is perched on the middle turnbuckle, seemingly puzzled as to why Alpha came out of the crowd.

Slithering into the ring, Alpha is immediately met by Fastcountini who politely asks for, and is handed, the SOHER. Jonny shares a few instructions as Alpha's wide eyes scan the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, our opening contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage CHAMPIONSHIP!

Quimbey steps center-ring as the arena erupts. Fastcountini raises the Pelican-adorned title belt overhead, smears and smudges of red and black paint smudge its otherwise rosy leather.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger.... In the corner to my left, he hails from Miami, Florida and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and forty five pounds! He is **SCOTT! HUNTER!!!**

Universally booed, Hunter appears to mistake them as cheers or something equally delusional.

Crouching in the opposite corner, Alpha peers at Hunter from behind a mask of yellow warpaint, a smudge of red streaked across his chest.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.... He hails from Parts Untold, weighs in tonight at two-hundred and sixty three pounds and is the reigning, defending, Southern Heritage Champion... Call Him **CORVO! ALPHA!!!**

Fastcountini steps between the combatants near the middle of the ring, providing final guidance. Hunter ignores him, pointing up the aisle towards the DEFIATron as if to say "does he know the door is that way"? Without warning, Corvo **SLAPS** Hunter across the face. Fastcountini staggers backwards in shock and waves an arm overhead.

DING DING

Alpha clubs Hunter with a left forearm, bashing him into the corner and simply mauling him!

Lance:

It might be worth pointing out that Scott Hunter was responsible for putting Masked Violator #1 on the shelf with a knee injury for three months and that Corvo Alpha and MV1 have... a tangled history.

DDK:

Yeah, there seems to be a little extra behind these blows! A measure of revenge from a friend once removed!

Alpha lays in one last knee before pulling Hunter back up to full height – Hunter takes that opportunity to dive between the ropes down to the floor; a daring escape!

Lance:

We got a runner!

Indeed, Hunter scrambles to his feet and starts sprinting around the ring, assuming Alpha is giving chase close behind him. Somewhere halfway through his second lap, Hunter looks back over his shoulder, realizes no one is in fact chasing him, and looks to find Alpha standing in the ring.

Corvo slaps the red of his chest with his right hand before using that same hand to beckon Hunter back into the ring. The crowd eats it up and suddenly, Hunter is realizing what he is in for. Carefully and with hesitation, Hunter climbs the ring steps. He tries bantering with Alpha as he once again wipes his feet off on the ring apron and steps between the ropes. His almost-certainly-incredibly-dumb words are swallowed up by the ocean of noise the Faithful are delivering.

Hunter steps forward and raises his right hand, wiggling his fingers, inviting a lock up. Alpha regards him for a moment before turning, blasting into the ropes and **LAMBASTING** Hunter with a shoulder tackle that flattens him.

DDK:

Alpha reaches down and snatches Hunter off the canvas! The deceptive strength of Alphas on display with that **OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY!**

On impact, Hunter skids across the mat, nearly crocheting himself on the ringpost. Alpha closes in and jerks him to his feet.

Lance:

Alpha gets a head full of steam! **RUNNING SHOULDER INTO THE CORNER!**

DDK:

HUNTER DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY! What an impact!

Lance:

Corvo hit that turnbuckle shoulder first!

And the monster is hurt, his ugly face twisted up in pain. His yellow-flecked left hand clutches his right shoulder as he rolls across the ring, under the bottom rope, and out of the ring.

DDK:

I think that collision in the corner really did some damage!

Lance:

That's the shoulder Alpha banged up at DEF Road against Uriel Cortez! The same shoulder he had surgery on back in his MV2 days and his first run here in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

With current Favoured Saints Champion JJ Dixon's eyes fixed firmly on Alpha, now is a horrible time for him to be dealing with injury!

Lance:

Alpha and his SOHER reign have to survive Scott Hunter tonight! Don't let Hunter's dense exterior fool you, this man is as crafty as he is thick in the head! He is resourceful as he is asinine!

Hunter slips out after Alpha and kicks the brute just as he's trying to stand up. Another kick sends Alpha back to his knees. Hunter sprints and KICKS Alpha in the jaw.

DDK:

Did you HEAR that?!

Lance:

I think Corvo's head snapped back and cracked that ringpost!

Fastcountini leans out of the ring, commanding Hunter to bring the match back where it belongs. Hunter seems to assure Jonny that's his intent when he grabs Alpha by his trunks – Alpha throws an elbow into Hunter's stomach, then another, before BASHING Hunter's face onto the stiff ring apron!

Down on one knee, Hunter scrambles half-under-the-ring. He comes back up with a giant fish which he LOBS through the air, smacking Alpha in the face. Alpha rages as Hunter skitters away!

DDK:

We're across town from Pike Place Fish Market but... hey, not a bad toss by Hunter there!

Lance:

Don't encourage him!

As Alpha gives chase, Hunter digs into the front of his trunks. He stops in his tracks and spins... offering Alpha a Starbucks gift card.

DDK:

Give me a break!

Alpha SLAPS the card out of Hunter's hand and charges as if to clothesline him, but Hunter finds a drop toe hold, and Corvo plows face-first into the metal railing!

Lance:

Crafty, resourceful, cunning!

Hunter climbs back into the ring, his right foot catching on the middle rope as he steps through – and he faceplants in the ring to a loud chuckle from the fans.

DDK:

Stupid.

Showing zero self-awareness or embarrassment, Hunter uses the ropes to get back to his feet and orders Fastcountini to start counting Alpha out.

Lance:

Hold on a moment...

Fastcountini is quickly up to 3.

DDK:

Do you think Hunter realizes?

Suddenly, he's up to 6.

Lance:

It doesn't appear he does!

Suddenly, the dim light bulb switches on over Hunter's head. He shuffles out of the ring, breaking the ten-count at 9 and a half.

DDK:

Hunter almost won the match by count out, but wouldn't have won the SOHER! Looks like he figured it out though!

Lance:

Not a moment too late!

Hunter clubs Alpha across the back several times before hitching him up onto the apron and under the bottom rope into the ring. In close pursuit, Hunter scoops Alpha up off the canvas and PLANTS him with a picture-perfect body slam in the center of the ring! Hunter bounds off the ropes and drops a knee! He covers Alpha!

ONE!

TWO!

TH- KICKOUT!

DDK:

Hunter has an opportunity here to shock Seattle and the world! You can tell he senses it!

Hunter pulls Alpha upright and goes to whip him into the ropes, stopping short to pull Alpha in, and slaps on a SLEEPER HOLD! Alpha almost immediately drops to a knee, surprising Hunter, who struggles to maintain a locked grip. Alpha shoots upright again, shifts his weight and ducks half-behind Hunter – Hunter lets go – and Alpha DRILLS Hunter with a side SUPLEX!!

DDK:

Both men are down!

The crowd starts their rhythmic clapping and it seems to stir Alpha, driving him up to his hands and knees before finally rising up to his feet, still clutching his shoulder. He goes to whip Hunter across the ring – but Hunter reverses it – sending Alpha bouncing off the ropes!

DDK:

DROPKICK BY HUNTER! Did you see that elevation?! The extension of the legs! That was beautiful and DEADLY!

Lance:

He caught Corvo square in the center of his forehead with that!

DDK:

Another cover by Hunter!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!!

Hunter slaps the canvas in frustration. Then does it again. Then one more time, apparently really appreciating the tone. He buckles an armbar on Alpha, applying pressure to that sensitive shoulder joint as the Faithful illustrate their displeasure with sound. With his height advantage, Hunter is quick to force Alpha back down to one knee.

Alpha screams out with rage as he fights back upright. Clawing at Hunter's eyes, Scott's hold weakens just enough for Alpha to slip out and behind his quarry, deftly finding a modified kata hajime lock!

DDK:

ALPHA CLUTCH! ALPHA CLUTCH OUT OF NOWHERE!

Lance:

No one saw it coming, certainly Scott Hunter didn't!

Alpha grapevines Hunter's body, pulling them both to the canvas. Jonny Fastcountini leaps over them both to get a better view and angle on the hold, his eyes wide.

DDK:

Hunter is in trouble!

Fastcountini raises and drops Hunter's arm once.

Lance:

I think you're right!

Twice. Three times.

DING DING DING

DDK:

It's OVER!

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

The camera scans the raucous crowd before returning to the ring... where Corvo ALpha seems hesitant or unwilling to let Hunter go.

DING DING DING DING DING

Finally relenting, Alpha rolls to a knee, snarling down at Hunter's limp body. Fastcountini draps the title over his shoulder as he goes to raise Alpha's right arm. Alpha winces, pulling the arm back and grabbing at its shoulder before rolling out of the ring and leaping up and over the railing as if in one fluid motion.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this contest... and *STILL* DEFIANCE Wrestling SOHER! CALL HIM.... **CORVO!!! ALPHA!!!!**

Before Alpha is completely swallowed up by the crowd, he turns back to face the ring. His left arm raises the title belt over head as he melts into the fray.

Lance:

As crafty, as resourceful, as cunning as Scott Hunter is...

The camera rests on Hunter's unmoving frame in the ring as he is checked on by DEFmed.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha was just one or two steps quicker, just a little more aware, a little more HUNGRY!

DDK:

And here in Seattle, the REIGN continues!

Lance:

I see what you did there.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024

FIST of DEFIANCE
Dex Joy (C) vs. Malak Garland

ACE of DEFIANCE
Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse

DESERVING

DDK:

What a title match we just saw for the Southern Heritage title between Corvo Alpha and Scott Hunter! And speaking of titles ... we have to talk about *the* main event of DEFCON! Two of the top young stars in our sport today could not be more opposed!

Lance:

We do indeed, Keebs! The FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy! Since his reign began, it has been dubbed as the "Era of Everyone!" Everyone gets a fair shake at the title and for months, Dex Joy has proven himself to be the fighting champion of DEFIANCE by fighting off the biggest and best names in DEFIANCE today. Lindsay Troy, Oscar Burns, Mil Vueltas, Ned Reform, Edward White, Scott Hunter and many others all wanted this title and nobody has been able to take it from the hands of the Biggest Boy!

DDK:

On the other side of that, we talk about his challenger, Malak Garland. Garland has been on the roll of his career defeating names like the Flying Frenchie, former FIST Gage Blackwood and active DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Bronson Box, however, none of those victories have come without controversy whether it be interference, dirty tactics, and the victory over Gage came from his water being drugged before their match!

Lance:

This battle represents two ideals – the Era of Everyone versus quite literally no other way to put it, the most selfish SOB in DEFIANCE history! Earlier tonight Jamie Sawyers sat back with FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy to talk about why this match is important to him. Remember that two weeks ago, this match was agreed and contingent upon both men getting to pick a stipulation they can add to the match. During this interview, we will reveal the stipulation chosen by Dex! Let's go to this!

The scene cuts away to a snazzy studio. Sitting across from one another in matching chairs are Jamie Sawyers on the left and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy on the right. The FIST of DEFIANCE is propped on the table in between them and Dex is wearing his best champion drip with a white turtleneck and dark blue jeans.

Jamie Sawyers:

Dex Joy ... thank you for your time tonight.

Dex Joy:

Pleasure, Jamie. Let's do this uber professional talky thing.

Jamie Sawyers:

Now as we all know, the stage has been properly set. DEFCON's main event will be you defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against Malak Garland! IN a match that many are calling important for the future of DEFIANCE, can you tell us a little bit about why you accepted this challenge in the first place? Some would say it would be easier to say no. Some would say you could be rewarding Malak Garland for the despicable behavior we have seen out of him especially in the last several months. He's drugged Gage Blackwood. He led a gang-style attack on Bronson Box in the WARCHAMBER and injured Box on his way to victory. What do you say to those people?

Joy looks at Jamie like he has gone mad.

Dex Joy:

Well pally, I can answer that first question plain as day and if that's a softball, I'm gonna knock this one out of the park. Those people who would say that kind of thing have obviously never had the responsibility of carrying a title as prestigious as the FIST of DEFIANCE. Yes, it could be easier to say no and not offer this match up. It would have been a heck of a lot easier to tell Oscar Burns to cram it with walnuts when he wanted this title back for Vae Victis after I took it from Troy when nobody else could. I could have told Ed White to stick his money where the sun don't shine and ignore what he did to me when he burned my cheek. I could have also ignored multiple challenges from guys like Scott Hunter and Ned Reform and not fought multiple battles at the same time ... I could do what our Paper Champion does and pally, I emphasize *paper* champion ... and only put this on the line once every few months against questionable

talent instead of letting someone sign my open contracts.

Dex starts shaking his head.

Dex Joy:

But if I did any of those things, I might as well not have *this* at all. You know my story by now. You know the struggles I've gone through. Nearly laughed out the locker room door I could barely squeeze my then-400 pound backside through. Looked down on by a bunch of industry "veterans" who aren't even here any more. Slimming down because I knew that was the only way to be taken seriously in that ring. Then finally being taken seriously in that ring. Neck injury from Corvo Alpha. Setback. Comeback. Thirty minutes with Conor Fuse at last year's DEFCON to earn the title match. End Troy's run. Cue the EveryChamp. All that hard work and all that adversity just to win this title ...

Momma Joy's Baby Boy points at the title.

Dex Joy:

I didn't work this hard just to win this title and not work at all. That ain't me and that ain't what you, the Faithful, the fans, the Wrecking Crew, the paying customer, whatever you want to call our fans deserve!

Jamie Sawyers:

It has been a very demanding schedule out of you, Dex, but somehow one you have managed to keep for so long. Do you worry at any point that maybe you're burning the candle at both ends?

Dex Joy:

Nope. Not one bit. When I won this title, I honestly never set a goal in terms of stats. I wasn't trying to be multiple time this and longest reigning that or most defenses here. Maybe some people don't like the pace I'm working at but when I won this title, the only thing I had in mind was working my arse off to give people the best I can give. Most people never see a top title match in their career ever. I wanted people to get the opportunities they otherwise never had. I was lucky enough to have earned three separate chances before the third time literally was the charm and to be fair, the previous two attempts were stiff competition from Mikey Unlikely and Deacon. You might have heard of those guys, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

Indeed. Living legends in their own rights.

Dex Joy:

That's why I wanted to do what I've done with this title. I believe Darren Keebler coined the Era of Everyone when I won this and I knew *that* is what I wanted to do. Now ... we gotta talk DEFCON, don't we?

Jamie Sawyers:

There is definitely a reason we're sitting here tonight. Like we talked about, you and Malak agreed to this title match, that you would both get to pick one stipulation to go with this match. I'll be sitting down with Malak in a couple weeks to get his, but as champion you get the first pick. What will it be from Dex Joy?

He smiles brightly.

Dex Joy:

I already knew what mine was gonna be the second I proposed this. I touched on it a little last week when I was addressing Mayor Snowflake. In my biggest title defenses, I got *really* good at dealing with ringside interference. From Troy, from Burnsie, from Reform, from White. All of them had seconds and I kicked *their* asses, too. But these people don't deserve that bull for the biggest show of the year. These people deserve a clear-cut winner and a clear-cut loser. Malak Garland, you earned the biggest career win with the Comments Section being part of it when you massacred Bronson Box in the WARCHAMBER ...

Momma Joy's Baby Boy faces the camera speaking directly to Malak.

Dex Joy:

But if you accept the biggest, grandest Era of Everyone Open Challenge in the main event of DEFCON, then I'm gonna make you *work* for this title! My stipulation is that *EVERY* member of the Comments Section is barred from ringside during the main event of DEFCON!

Jamie Sawyers:

Wow! That's huge!

Dex Joy:

As huge as my backside used to be, Jermz. I mean it ... this time, you won't have *any* of them dingleberries to hoist you up. I'm talking about all of them. Teresa Ames, Conor Fuse ... he still a member? Him too just in case. Thurston Hunter, The Game Boy, Siobhan Cassidy, BRAZEN's new Women's champ Jocylene Ingrid Blithe, Search Party Cyrus, Chuck the Cuck, Enos with the Penis ... anyone who hits subscribe and like, your numerous bot farms that farm for engagement ... anyone else you've got in your endless crew of posers! All of them! Gone! If any single of them is walking down to the ring during this match, caught hiding under the ring, showing up in a hoodie with some Scooby-Doo ass reveal, this match ends on the spot and your hopes of being on top of the mountain ...

He makes a "poof" motion with his hands.

Dex Joy:

Poof, pally. Gone! I'm not blind that behind this selfish crybaby facade, you aren't one of the most cunning sons of bitches DEFIANCE has ever seen ... but now you're gonna have to be one of the most cunning sons of bitches DEFIANCE has ever seen *all on your own*. I know I can do this ...

He makes one final statement.

Dex Joy:

How about you?

Dex collects his FIST of DEFIANCE.

Dex Joy:

Have fun with your little Invite Only challenge tonight. Cause at DEFTV 200, Dexy Baby is going big with my last challenge before DEFCON!

Dex shakes the hand of Jamie and leaves the set.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. JJ DIXON

The arena lights dim as the DEFiatron shows a “countdown” filmstrip from 3...2...1...

♪ “How Soon Is Now” by The Smiths ♪

The screen shows images of Olde Hollywood glamour, the faded grander of the Melton Estate in Hollywood, along with clips of Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems in action. The spotlight shines at the entrance ramp as “The Fatal Attraction” JJ Dixon is on his knees, with his leather mask and a sleeveless T-Shirt that reads “LEARN TO LOVE MV1” in blood red. He brings his Favoured Saints title over his head. Stepping into the spotlight in her trademark Silver Vixen look (now with silver Birkin bag, est. cost \$10,000), is Madame Melton. She bends over (showing her ample chest) as she grabs the title with a glint in her eyes, placing it over her right shoulder as she and her “son” begin their march to ringside.

DDK:

And this marks one of the most interesting matches in recent memory here on DEF TV, with “The Fatal Attraction” JJ Dixon defending the belt against Mikey Unlikely -- whose only accolade he has yet to hold here in DEFIANCE is holding that belt, which of course was not yet created or else he'd probably hold it already!

Lance:

You'll also note that Raiden and “The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre Reeves are not accompanying their fellow Most Precious Gems tonight! This is because of what happened backstage roughly 15 minutes ago —

Static

The video screen shows Mikey Unlikely in his dressing room, still in street clothes, about to get dressed as a female custodial staffer attends to cleaning the bathroom floor in the background. Then there is a bunch of screaming and the presence of DEFSec who are between The French Connection and the door to the dressing room.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Michele! Michele! I rented a copy of Police Academy 12: The Mission At Hand from a Redbox outside of a CVS! Please tell me, what was Steve Guttenberg really like?

The New Flying Frenchman whips the DVD at Mikey while they continue to try and get into his dressing room. Mikey takes the DVD and looks at it, before approaching the throng.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm sorry, I don't talk to extras!

He whips the DVD back as The Gems and Mikey jawjack back and forth.

But with his back turned, the camera very briefly catches the custodian, with a big name tag that reads “Delores” secretly tiptoes over to Mikey's locker, takes his left boot, and shoves something in it. She then pounds it a few times against her thigh, and covertly puts the boot back right where she found it. As she turns back to the bathroom, there's a silver glint from her dangling earring, but the woman goes back to scrubbing out the toilet. It's so quick, only a keen eye can catch it. Even Keeps and Lance nearly miss the woman in the background.

DDK:

We just caught a fleeting glance of that woman in the background loading something in Mikey's boot!

Lance:

Mikey's trying to be on the right side of the rulebook tonight, but you can't blame him for taking some extra preparations considering The Gems brand of mayhem!

The camera goes back live, with JJ kneeling in the ring and his arms held wide. Melton dangles the title again while bending over, allowing her sometimes boytoy Referee Mark Shields a chance to check out her body.

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes Remix" by Oasis/Kerstall ♪

Mikey Unlikely comes out fired up and angry. Wearing white trunks and his wrestling gear, he strips off his vest at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

And here comes Mikey Unlikely! He held the Fist for a record 499 days! And now he's coming for the Favoured Sons, and a measure of revenge from the brutal attack of The Most Precious Gems on The E-Spread Podcast! And it appears he's wasting no time.

Pointing towards JJ Dixon in the ring and spewing vitriol, Mikey ignores the fans' cheers and slides into the ring. He paces in his corner, angry and ready to roll.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... this next match is for the Favoured Saints Title! The challenger... He hails from Burbank, California! Weighing in at 225 pounds... He is The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer and the Host of the E-Spread Podcast... HE! IS! MIKEY! UNLIKELY!

Mikey climbs to the second corner, turning to keep his eye on The Gems, before holding his arms out to bask in the cheers!

Mikey!

Mikey!

Mikey!

Darren Quimbey:

And the champion! Managed by "DEFIANCE'S Iron Lady" Madame Melton... hailing from Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California... he is "The Fatal Attraction" J! J! DIXON!!!

JJ kneels in his corner and has his arms held out wide. He then hops up to his knees. Madame begins to pound the mat, with JJ jumping to her rhythm. The fans clap along (even though they're heels).

DDK:

It's just pure electricity for this match for Mikey Unlikely's attempt to capture the one title in DEFIANCE he never has held!

Lance:

You also have to give credit to JJ Dixon and Madame Melton for wanting this match against arguably the best to ever do it! It's going to instantly raise their stock.

Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING

JJ and Mikey begin circling each other to lock up. But then Madame Melton hops on the apron with her eyes wide in anticipation.

Madame Melton:

Mark! Mark! Check Mikey's boots! Check Mikey's boots!

Mark Shields gets in between JJ and Mikey, who rolls his eyes. Shields gets down and shakes the right boot first, then followed by the left boot. Mark orders both men to the corners, with JJ coyly sliding under the bottom rope next to his manager. He barks at Mikey to remove his boots. The confused podcast host slowly unlaces both boots while shooting dagger looks over to JJ and Madame Melton. He removes one which is cleared quickly. Then removes the other and when he turns it over is clearly surprised seeing an object fall out of the boot -- a small sock full of coins! He

immediately decries his innocence. It means nothing.

Shields then leans over to Darren Quimbey.

Mark Shields:

I've detected an illegal object in Mikey Unlikely's left boot... as a result, I have to declare an immediate disqualification!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match via disqualification... and making his second successful defense of the Favoured Saints championship... "THE FATAL ATTRACTION!" J! J! DIXON!!!!

Mikey's mouth drops in disbelief, and he has words with the controversial referee. Melton's cackling with glee, snatching the FS title and draping it over her shoulder, as JJ backpedals up the entrance ramp and kneels, screaming in victory.

Booooooooooooo!!!!

DDK:

What just happened? Was... was Madame Melton that cleaning woman we saw before?

Lance:

I have a very good feeling that Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems have just pulled another fast one for JJ to get his second successful defense!

DDK:

This is absolutely ridiculous! This is a slap in the face of anyone who has ever competed for that title -- and everyone who paid a ticket to see a matchup like this!

JJ holds the title over his head with Melton behind him cackling away.

MADAME MELTON'S MARCH

The camera follows Madame Melton and JJ Dixon to the back after their “triumphant victory.” The French Connection is waiting for them on the back -- Raiden, with his arms crossed, has a smirk on his face. “The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre Reeves has an even bigger one as he holds up the housekeeping outfit (with a big nametag that reads ‘Delores Scarbino’ and hair net the mysterious woman from the pre-match skirmish wore.)

Madame Melton:

I’m just delighted you decided to follow me, Mr. Cameraman, darling! Because if you haven’t quite figured it out before --

She does a “voila” to the outfit.

Madame Melton:

For the past several weeks, I have been employed here at Climate Pledge Arena under the name “Delores Scarbino” as a lowly, non-unionized cleaning lady - there to empty the filled trash cans used by the vile fans of what I believe is the Seattle Kraken hockey franchise and to clean up the scattered red plastic cups of the Pacific Northwest’s Most Divorced while enduring the hell that is the music of Marc Antony. I was willing to clean out sinks and change out urinal cakes for one purpose -- to earn the trust of management to later obtain pre-match access to dressing rooms for this evening -- specifically the dressing room of you, Mikey Unlikely!

She pantomimes her “BitterSweet Symphony” and then dangles the **title**.

Madame Melton:

Because I saw this coming. This title is the flame to the moths you choose to love more than us! And we are The Big Game Hunters of DEFIANCE and you took the bait, Mikey, just as I planned! How many people alive can say they pulled the wool over the eyes of Mikey Unlikely? I spent weeks performing all of this horrid, menial, grotesque work like some commoner just so we could embarrass you tonight as I CLAIM YOUR SPOT as the most diabolical presence in this promotion! And let that be a lesson to you all about the lengths we will go to in order TO TAKE WHAT WE WANT!

She starts to walk down the hallway, waving the cameraman to follow. The Gems, naturally, are in tow. There’s a long craft services table with a man dressed in chef’s gear behind it-- a hot buffet, cold meat-and-cheese spreads, coffee, a pitcher of water. Etc. JJ lets out a primal scream, and swipes off as much of the table as possible with his right hand. He then picks up a tray of meat as the caterer looks on, frightened.

JJ Dixon:

I’m sorry. I’m truly sorry. But I have to do this to be the hero you deserve!

JJ takes the tray and tosses it against the wall above the man’s head, as he ducks, with foodstuffs falling on him.

Madame Melton:

Tonight may be Night 1 of Episode 199 of DEFIANCE Television! But this will forever be known as the start of MADAME MELTON'S MARCH! And at the end of my march -- scheduled for DEFCON 2024 on April the 17-18th, the year of our lord 2024, in Los Angeles, a city I have ruled for eons -- awaits my throne! The throne I shall take as we reign as the most feared entity in this promotion!

Madame Melton takes out her cigarette holder and coolly, non-chalantly puffs as The Gems stop in front of a table. Christine Zane sits behind it, typing away on her laptop.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Ah, *Mademoiselle Zane*! Is this, as we say in French, your Tobisha workstation?

He creepily kisses her hand like a French gentleman before snatching her laptop. He turns and smashes it against the opposite wall. She gets up with a panicked look on her eyes as The Gems eye her up.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

It's ours now!

Zane screams and runs as Raiden lifts up the table and tips it over, knocking over all of the belongings. JJ takes a full garbage can and tosses it down the hallway, as some of the backstage crew scatter and scream in panic.

Madame Melton stops and puffs on her cigarette holder. She flicks the ash and points to a door -- a door who's handle is smeared with telltale smudges of red and yellow paint.

Madame Melton:

You boys go and have your fun! But, first, give Mommie Dearest a kiss!

She taps her cheek as JJ pecks her on the cheek. Raiden (a former teen vandal) has the spraycan, and he runs down the hallway leaving his graf scribble all over the walls. The Gems continue to holler, knocking anything over they can along the way, while tossing threats at any onlookers who know to hide.

Melton smirks as she flicks a fleck of red paint off of the door's knob.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



A TALK WITH CORVO

Melton turns the knob and forces the door open with her shoulder. Corvo Alpha stands there, still dressed to fight, his yellow facepaint now gone but for a bit just around the eyes. He seems to growl as she enters like she owns the place.

Madame Melton:

Hello, Mister Alpha. Don't worry, I'm here all alone. Because, unlike everyone else, I'm not afraid of you. I see you for what you truly are.

She puffs on her cigarette holder and chuckles as he steps forward. Blinking at the smoke like a dog, Alpha bares his teeth.

Madame Melton:

You remember Lord Nigel, correct?

That name being uttered changes the temperature in the room.

Madame Melton:

Yes, the man who twisted you and tormented you so badly. Well, I know Lord Nigel very well. Because I used him for years as my human footstool! He was my servant! YOUR MASTER WAS MY SLAVE! So what do you think that makes you?

She smirks. His nostrils flare, eyes narrow.

Madame Melton:

I understand that you're attempting to piece together your heritage. Well, I'll fill you in! Your wife and child? They've moved on. They've forgotten all about you. They know they're so much better off with you as nothing more than a distant memory -- a failure unable to provide for them!

Corvo seethes. He pivots and punches the locker between them. The Iron Lady does not flinch.

Madame Melton:

But your old partner, your old best friend MV1?

That name forces Alpha to step forward. Again, Melton is unmoved.

Madame Melton:

He's my son's hero. He's my son's role model. My son loves the man. Which means I have nothing but fondness in my heart for him, too! The poor boy is all confused. He's a good, naive man who still thinks he believes he wants you back by his side! But deep down inside... he hates you for your betrayal! And he'll never take you back!

Madame continues to just coldly stare as Corvo tilts his head, getting his full measure of the creature standing before him.

Madame Melton:

I know the real reason for your betrayal, Corvo. It isn't because of Lord Nigel's brainwashing. It's because deep down inside, in the pecking order of the great Masked Violators tag team...

She smiles.

Madame Melton:

You were always Number 2!

She holds up her two fingers in his face. The beast blinks.

Madame Melton:

I don't respect you as a man. And you certainly don't scare me as a monster. You're nothing more than a lowly animal. And Lord Nigel was right about a few things.

She puffs the cigarette as something guttural and primal brews inside of the Southern Heritage Champion.

Madame Melton:

His adoration of me... and that you belong kept in a cage! That's your heritage, Corvo -- kept on all fours, sleeping on a soiled pee pad like the dog you are!

She smiles and turns to leave.

Madame Melton:

Oh, one more thing... This is what I mean when I say that MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

She turns around and slaps Corvo across the face with her right hand, smiling as she does so.

Time stands still, for however long. Alpha's already-wide eyes go somehow wider. His misshapen face contorts in fury. Snatching a metal folding chair from in front of him and HURLING it against the wall with a howl, Alpha rages.

Unbothered and unimpressed, Madame Melton spins for the door and sweeps out of the room just as another chair smashes the wall. DEFsec pours down the hallway and into the room as she glides down the hall.

Madame Melton:

Follow me, Mr. Cameraman, darling! We're nowhere near done tonight!

100%

The scene opens to the backstage DEFtv interview drop with Jamie Sawyers standing beside Gage Blackwood as The Faithful give a cheer.

Jamie Sawyers:

Gage, I believe you have an announcement to make.

The Noble Raider looks down with a rather concerned expression.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. I'm not one for small talk so let's get to the point.

Gage milks the tense moment- but then he lifts his head and he has a world of confidence in his eyes.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Bombastic Bronson Box walks into the picture, suddenly. The Faithful go absolutely bananas as the Hall of Famer saunters up next to Blackwood dressed in his classic brown and gray pinstripe wrestling singlet- ready for a fight!

Gage Blackwood:

Look who's back!

Blackwood slaps Box on the chest as The Wargod finishes wrapping his wrists in black athletic tape.

Bronson Box:

And we're booked. Tonight. Right bloody now.

The crowd has gone haywire as Blackwood points to the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Teresa Ames, Cyrus Bates, Malak Garland. The THREE of you are on notice.

Blackwood punches his left fist into his right palm as Boxer cracks his knuckles and pops his neck with a violent jerk of his head.

Bronson Box:

There's about to be miles of hell to pay- endless miles wet and slick with blood. Cyrus, Teresa- you've reached rare air with ol' Boxer. Rare air indeed. A reckoning doesn't even begin to describe where we're all headed together. I'mma remove shite from the lot of ye' ya' can't replace with fookin' gold.

Blackwood exits to the right. Boxer lingers for a moment, staring holes into a silent James Sawyers, like he just realized what was bothering him. He snarls at the interviewer- the steely gaze of the Original DEFIANT causes Sawyers to shrink several inches in the moments of stoney silence.

Bronson Box:

Next time I do this it's Christie standin' where you are or I'll break yer' kneecaps- clear, you?

Jamie Sayers:

Umm- okay, ouch- but yes, very clear- sir.

The Wargod marches off after his tag team partner leaving Sawyers to breathe a sigh of relief in his wake.

MV1: HERO AT LARGE

The cameraman shows the inside of a men's room in the backstage corridors of Climate Pledge Arena — the windows up top are smashed, the doors to the toilets are ripped, garbage and toilet paper are all over the place. One sink is off, with water squirting from the broken pipes, as JJ Dixon starts pushing and pulling on the other.

Raiden and Reeves see the camera man as DEFSec are heard giving warnings in the background. Raiden walks to the camerama, placing his hand over the camera as he shoves the operator down.

Raiden:

Hey, this a bathroom! We want some privacy!

A second camera is already on site, filming the rest of the unfolding chaos.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Back off! I am French! I am above your laws! I will sue you before an international tribunal!

As Reeves makes his ridiculous rant, he reaches for something from behind — a fire extinguisher, which he then sprays all over the DEFSec members giving chase. He then whips the fire extinguisher at the phalanx, which thankfully doesn't hit anyone but clangs down the tiled floor.

He and Raiden run down the hallway, ripping posters off the wall (one from the recent Marc Antony concert) along the way, making all kinds of noise.

The camera man starts to come to his feet and shows JJ Dixon coming out of the bathroom, dripping wet, as he holds the sink over his head, ready to smash it. He stops and pauses as the cameraman turns and reveals — MV1!

MV1:

JJ, what the hell man?

JJ drops the sink to the floor, like a child getting caught by a parent.

JJ Dixon:

I... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.,, I... I just have to do this, 1...

MV1:

Do what, man? Get Reeves to lay down? Cheat like that against Mikey? Trash a backstage bathroom? I know we've lost touch these last few months, and I regret that, but what the hell are you trying to accomplish tonight?! What happened to you!?

JJ Dixon:

You... you're right. You know how much I look up to you.. how much I love you... I know I let you down.

MV1:

Just.... Take a breath. Breathe, man.

JJ's voice is warbly. And the tears run down his face. MV1, with concerns in his eyes, brings JJ in for a hug for his very damaged friend. After a few beats, JJ shoves him and pulls away. His voice now has a menacing growl.

JJ Dixon:

I AM DOING THIS BECAUSE I HAVE TO!

MV1 has no idea what to make of The Fatal Attraction, his red mask wrinkled with shock.

JJ Dixon:

BECAUSE THEY HURT ME! BECAUSE THEY CHEER CORVO ALPHA'S NAME AND NOT MINE! BECAUSE BEING FEARED MAKES ME POWERFUL! BECAUSE THIS MAKES ME...

JJ steps forward into MV1's personal space.

JJ Dixon:

UNSTOPPABLE!

MV1:

You and I became friends last year. I want to be your friend. But you... you're out of control. You can't go on like this. It's... it's like I've watched another friend lose their mind and.... I can't sit by and just watch this happen, JJ!

JJ backs up, surprised, his eyes bulging.

MV1:

DEF TV 200. I want to stop you... so I can have my friend back. I'll see you there.

Masked Violator #1 shakes his head, overwhelmed with disappointment. JJ's tears well up again as he watches MV1 walk away. He then drops to his knees, holding his head with his hands, trembling.

JJ Dixon:

No... I... I can't. I can't... I can't hurt my hero. I... I can't hurt my role model. I can't hurt MV1...

But then he holds his arms out wide and stares upwards, his eyes cast to a distant horizon.

JJ Dixon:

BUT I HAVE TO! BECAUSE I... I LOVE YOU MV1! I HAVE TO HURT YOU BECAUSE I LOVE YOU!

The fully unhinged JJ remains on his knees, looking upwards and screaming like mad.

BOXWOOD vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

And speaking of who's on the other side of that ring, Weighted Grade complete their entrance as TA Roosevelt and Horrigan wait for their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing the team of TA Roosevelt and TA Horrigan... **WEIGHTED GRADE!**

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box!

The Faithful give a cheer as Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box march out, sporting their typical ring gear. Blackwood wears his Scottish designed kilt tights while Box wears his striped old school singlet. The two are stone faced as they make their way down the ramp.

DDK:

Weighted Grade are no pushovers here, let's be honest. They recently went for the Tag Team Championships but were unsuccessful.

Lance:

They've got their work in front of them tonight, Keeps. It's going to be a tough contest. Blackwood and Box are **PISSED.**

Box walks up the steel steps as Blackwood follows behind. The two discuss things quickly and then it is decided that Gage will start.

DDK:

Our referee is the useless Mark Shields.

Lance:

Kind of harsh we call him "the useless Mark Shields".

DDK:

But it's true, right?

Lance:

Absolutely.

DDK:

Then again, Mark *did* check Mikey's boots earlier and called for a DQ.

Lance:

We were both so shocked we said nothing at all!

DDK:

Pretty sure Mark just wanted that smoke break.

Blackwood is ready to go and so is TA Roosevelt. The only issue is "useless" Mark Shields stares into the crowd, thinking about what kind of darts he's going to smoke and also what porn websites he's going to stream while smoking those darts, too. Anyway-

BOOM!

Blackwood takes it upon himself to charge at Roosevelt and hit the big man with a wicked knee shot to the side of the head. Roosevelt stumbles back as Blackwood looks at Shields and salivates while barking at him in his angry Scottish accent.

Gage Blackwood:

RING THE BELL!

Blackwood finally captures Shields' attention.

Mark Shields:

Oh, shit my man bad. *[Looking over to the time keeper's table]* Yeah do whatever Gage says!

DING DING**DDK:**

These two teams aren't strangers to each other. Needless to say, they wrestled on DEFtv 193. Weighted Graded is most certainly hoping for a different outcome on this one!

Blackwood peels TA Roosevelt off the canvas and shows his pound-for-pound strength as he lifts the big man into a suplex and then releases him halfway across the canvas.

Blackwood dusts off his hands. He instantly snaps his head and sees TA Horrigan waiting in the corner.

DDK:

What's Gage doing here?

Lance:

I think he's creating a pathway FOR Roosevelt to reach Horrigan and tag him in!

Indeed, Blackwood does just that. TA Roosevelt crawls across the canvas, shaking his head as if he's disappointed in himself. He reaches out and tags Horrigan.

Bobby comes in like a house on fire and catches a rather arrogant Gage Blackwood under the chin with a hard right fist. Horrigan Irish whips Blackwood into the ropes and then levels the Scot with a shoulder block. However, Blackwood pops right back up. He clubs Horrigan in the side of the head with his own left forearm and then Irish whips the large Teaching Assistant into the ropes. This time it's Blackwood who connects with a shoulder block and TA Horrigan falls to the mat, looking up at Blackwood as if to suggest he's surprised he was knocked down.

DDK:

Gage was a little over-confident there but he sucked it up quickly.

The Noble Raider stomps Bobby in the chest a couple of times before dragging him upright and tossing him into a corner-

But it's reversed! Blackwood goes into the buckle and then Horrigan steamrolls in with a big splash! The air is knocked out of Blackwood but he remains in the corner as Horrigan delivers the hard chops.

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

The crowd can't help but WOO.

Horrigan is about to deliver a hard, open-palmed chop across the chest but this time Blackwood blocks it! Gage switches positions with Bobby and throws the big man into the corner.

CHOP!!

CHOP!!

CHOP!!

Blackwood sends EXTREMELY hard chops into Horrigan's chest. He then plucks the big man from the buckle and whips him into the other empty corner across the way. Blackwood leaps in the air- he's caught!

Powerslam by Horrigan and a pin!

DDK:

I doubt this is what BOXWOOD wanted when they signed up for this match!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Horrigan drags Blackwood along with him as Roosevelt wants another shot at the Scotsman. Bobby tags in Owens and tosses Blackwood into the other giant's waiting arms.

Sidewalk slam followed by a belly-to-belly suplex!

Roosevelt looks like he might cover but thinks otherwise as he pulls Blackwood up from the mat and sneers towards a fuming Bronson Box. Box looks to get in there but Mark Shields blocks his path.

...And it's not because Mark Shields is trying to do the right thing. No. Instead, the referee wants Box to check out that weird looking guy in the front row!

Box would likely place his hands on Shields but the OG DEFIANT knows Mark isn't THAT dumb. It would cost themselves the match.

Or maybe, just maybe, Mark is...

Doesn't matter! Blackwood lunges his left knee into Roosevelt's chest over and over and over, battling out of the big man's grasp. Blackwood hits the ropes and delivers a roundhouse kick, knocking Owens to a knee. Blackwood drops his base down, slips into the right position and then delivers an olympic slam to Roosevelt!

DDK:

Incredible power by Gage!

Blackwood dives towards his corner and tags Box to a MASSIVE ovation!

Box roars in. He destroys Roosevelt with a clothesline and then completely knocks Bobby's head off his own shoulders as Horrigan enters the ring and eats a clothesline of his own. Box ejects Horrigan out, as a recovering Gage Blackwood sees Bobby on the outside. Gage finds that side of the ring, latches onto the top rope and then shoots himself up and over the top, crashing onto Horrigan as he was getting up with a big splash!

Inside the ring, more harm is going to come Roosevelt's way. The TA is fumbling on the canvas as Box bounces off the ropes himself but at a rather slow and measured speed. Bronson dives forward and lands a headbutt onto Roosevelt.

Lance:

We might see quick work here.

Box lifts Roosevelt up along with him...

Piledriver!

DDK:

You have to be impressed with the strength of Bronson Box.

A pissed off and enraged former FIST of DEFIANCE, Bronson Box cracks his neck from the right to the left.

Drops to his knees.

And applies the clawhold to the soft underside of the ribcage with his "red right hand."

The Sacred Heart.

Roosevelt screams in pain and then quickly, RIGHT before he ends up passing out...

Taps out.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... GAGE BLACKWOOD AND BRONSON BOX!

DON'T YOU (FORGET ABOUT ME)

DDK:

And just like DEFtv 193, it's the same outcome!

Box doesn't even want his hand raised so Mark Shields bolts for the back because he might get in that dart now but save the pornography for later.

Meanwhile, on the outside of the ring, a frustrated Gage Blackwood snatches a microphone off the time keeper's table. He marches around the outside of the ring huffing and puffing while a bursting from the seams Bronson Box stands inside of it.

Gage Blackwood:

Took a little longer than I thought.

Blackwood points to the center of the ring.

Gage Blackwood:

But this man right here didn't miss a beat.

Blackwood watches Horrigan and Roosevelt head up the rampway.

Gage Blackwood:

The Comments Section is on notice. Two weeks ago I had to walk away from a fight.

Blackwood slams his right forearm against the ring post as he walks by.

Gage Blackwood:

I don't like to walk away from a fight!

He's trying to catch his breath and calm down.

Gage Blackwood:

But I had to. Or else this team wouldn't be functional. I knew Bronson wasn't going to be out for long.

Gage strolls past another ring post and puts his forearm into it.

Gage Blackwood:

Teresa, I only had to wait two weeks.

Blackwood stops walking. He rolls into the ring and stands beside the ultimate DEFIANT. Gage looks into the hard camera and lowers his head while raising his eyes.

Gage Blackwood:

Quick detour.

Blackwood scoffs.

Gage Blackwood:

Tyler Fuse, you think I'm going to give you a free pass for what you did to Jack Harmen?

He pauses. He shakes his head no.

Gage Blackwood:

My challenge is simple. Before we see to The Comments Section, you're up. DEFtv 200. I'm putting out the challenge. Let's see if your undefeated streak ends before you face your brother.

Blackwood drops the mic as the crowd takes it in.

DDK:

Huge challenge laid out for DEFtv 200!

Lance:

Tyler is not in the building tonight but I can't see him saying no.

Blackwood and Box exchange a few words as Gage's theme song plays and DEFtv rolls to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME



NICE SHOT!

Madame Melton calmly smokes her cigarette as the screaming from The French Connection continues, now accompanied by the sound of pulled fire alarms going off (ignored by everyone), steel chairs being knocked over, and then some screams and moans. Melton steers the camera to the left, down a hallway.

Their, laid out on the floor in some degree of pain, are Sgt. Safety and "The Fresh Prince of Big Air" Antonio Prince, holding their backs with chairs on the floor next to them. To the side, Reeves and Raiden are laying the boots to PowerMaster (still clad in day-glo) tassels. Raiden grabs PowerMaster by the tail of his mullet and rubs his face against the concrete wall, smearing his facepaint all over the place, before dumping him onto the floor. Reeves stands, admiring the scene like he's in an art gallery.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Ah! A modern art piece worthy of The Louvre!

Melton then steers the camera back to her. And, behind her, is the dressing room door of Mikey Unlikely.

Madame Melton:

Where tonight's story truly began! Here, in this feeding room, posing as a lowly wench tending to the lasting pubic hairs of I believe the Ottawa Senators while the feared Mikey Unlikely stood so unaware of my cunning plot! Did you have fun, boys? Give Mommie Dearest a kiss!

The French Connection run to her side, each putting a kiss on each side of her cheek as she smiles.

Madame Melton:

Now for the denouement! The final destruction of the man you choose to love over us... Mikey Unlikely!

She chuckles as she goes to the door handle...

Only the door opens before she could grab it! On the other side of it is Mikey Unlikely. He opens the door smiling at the group, his face quickly changes to disgust with a slight hint of a smirk. Mikey takes a half step back and motions for the Gems to enter. Suspicion is wrought on the face of Madame Melton.

Madame Melton:

What, come in there, and get jumped by the Pop Culture Phenoms? We're not stupid Mr. Unlikely, you must know that by now.

Shaking his head Unlikely corrects her.

Mikey Unlikely:

No you're exactly right Ms. Melton, I know you're not stupid, As you may have seen, the Pop Culture Phenoms have their hands tied up right now. I can assure you they are not here. I am quite impressed however, that was quite the move you pulled tonight stuffing my boot. I should have seen that coming, and I did not. Hats off...

Madame Melton:

We didn't come here for a compliment, Mr. Unlikely! We came here to take what's ours -- and that's your entire career!

They step slightly into the locker room, with a very audible, menacing chuckle from Reeves as Raiden -- The Cause of Concussions -- pounds his right fist into his left hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

In fact...I was just starting to wonder if I could pull one over on you guys the same way. You know what I mean? Lull you into a false sense of security, make you think you're going to get what you want... only to TURN THE TIDE...

The Gems assume attack positions, but nothing happens.

Mikey Unlikely:

... at the last second. Nah, I'd be remiss if I thought you'd fall for that old trick!

The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer closes the door completely.

Madame Melton:

You'd be a fool to do something like that. It's a 3 on 1 scenario right now.

He shrugs.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yep, you got me there. But I do want to correct you one thing... it's 3 on 2!

From the back right corner of the room where the shower access door is, another man walks in. Not realising they have company he begins to talk directly to Mikey. The fans in the arena go ballistic with excitement.

Listen, yeah?! Can you believe some idiot left a perfectly good sock of quarters just hanging around at ringside. That's perfectly good strippee money going to waste. Everyone knows strippees love a sock of quarters!

DDK:

It's JFK! Kendrix is back in DEFIANCE!

Upon receiving a gentle nudge in the ribs and a directive nod from Mikey in the direction of their company, Kendrix eyes light up.

Kendrix:

And when I say sock of quarters, what I meant to say was...BRUV!

Lance:

OHHHH, Kendrix just swung the sock of quarters against Reeves' face!

Mikey and Raiden are hitting lumps out of each other before Mikey introduces Raiden head first into his locker room door. Kendrix is swinging the sock full of quarters every which direction. As Raiden writhes on the ground holding his head Mikey helps his bestest Bruv continue to pummel Reeves!

DDK:

Chaos has erupted! The Hollywood Bruvs are back together again in DEFIANCE and picking up from right where they left off!

The pair eye up Madame Melton and start to move towards her. She quickly surveys the scene.

Madame Melton:

No wait...I....

With that she turns and bolts for the door. She's through it in under 3 seconds. Mikey and Kendrix start putting the boots to The French Connection.

Finally when they're satisfied they look at one another.

Mikey Unlikely:

Damn, I missed doing that.

Kendrix:

Don't worry, it won't be the last time. innit, Bruv!

Mikey Unlikely:

I think we both know what time it is.

They smirk simultaneously.

MIKEY & KENDRIX:

GLUEFIST!!!

They push their fists together and feign them being stuck together before finally breaking away at the same time. The scene fades.

INTRODUCING: DSN-002

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

The familiar claxon rings through your speakers, until we smash cut...

...to that familiar lab.

This time, we meet a thinner, shorter version of the behemoth we profiled the last time we were here, his head bowed and his face scowling.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

DSN-002... code name: Little Boy.

He is much smaller than Fat Man, but looks just as ferocious. His hair is bleached and cut into a combined mohawk and mullet, and his clean-cut face is painted in a scheme of black, neon, and saffron orange.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

Before he ended up in my lab, he had a reputation in the Caribbean as one of the most bloodthirsty, violent maulers to ever set foot in a ring; a reputation I was all too happy to exploit when making him the "short fuse" of my Atomic Punks.

Cut to: a fuzzy video of the maniacal Little Boy, or at least the man behind Little Boy, painted face and all, standing in the middle of a ring inside what appears to be a baseball stadium, with an unfortunate opponent crawling on his hands and knees, trying in vain to escape.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

He lacks the power of Fat Man, or the agility of many wrestlers his size, but he makes for that in a willingness to bleed and *make* bleed, and a complete disregard for his own well-being.

Cut to: another video, this time in a smaller, indoor area. The man now known as Little Boy stands atop a giant steel globe that looks like it belongs in a circus, taunting a crowd of wrestlers on the floor with his tongue wagging out, before taking a leap off the globe and onto them. The crowd can be seen going wild as he knocks all five wrestlers around on impact, and the camera focuses on him lying on the ground and *laughing*.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

He may be an obnoxious foe, but like any animal, he is *dangerous* when cornered.

Cut to: another video, inside of a ring, as our featured guest, with his facepaint visibly peeling off, is now storming blows upon the head and back of a hapless foe with an urgency that makes it seem like he's in a life-or-death struggle... and *winning*. The camera changes to get right in his face, before it freezes on him making a face like a wildman with no restraint.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

Soon, The Atomic Punks will touch down on DEFIANCE Wrestling, and that will be the most important day in the history of professional wrestling.

Cut to: the same camera view we saw the enigmatic and intense Dr. Ayumi Sato, sitting at a lab bench decked out in various bottles and flasks.

Dr. Ayumi Sato: *[voice-over]*

But for us... it will be Day One of the Age of Sato. We're coming, DEFIANCE... heed the klaxons.

Just as she says that, another klaxon like the one earlier begins to ring loudly. The scientist grins to herself... until she starts to sniff and...

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

AGAIN?!?

Sure enough, the background starts to take on a fiery orange glow, and flames start to burn.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Oh, what the... AUGH!

She stares at the camera in frustration and anxiety, before pulling a fire extinguisher from underneath the table, and running off-screen.

Black.

MALAK'S INVITE ONLY CLOSED CHALLENGE, PAPER CHAMPION: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. TA COLE

It's finally time for the main event of DEFtv as Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring. All lights are on him.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, I have been informed that everything up until now concludes our regularly scheduled broadcast because up next is the first ever CLOSED-INVITE-ONLY-CHALLENGE for the Paper Championship!

Everyone cheers!

Darren Quimbey:

This portion of the broadcast is different and is intended to be viewed by only those who received INVITES. Please feel free to vacate the arena at your own leisure if you don't have an invite under your seat. I believe the lights will shut off for a moment now, signifying the end of the traditional broadcast.

They do just that before coming back on a moment later.

DDK:

I feel so restored.

Lance:

You do?

DDK:

Sarcasm.

Lance:

Ah.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

All energy within the arena gets zapped out of it as Malak Garland walks out on stage. He's perplexed as to why there are so many people still sitting in their seats so he raises a microphone to his lips and walks and talks down the ramp.

Malak Garland:

Cut the tunes, simpletons. Ummm so, why are all you buffoons still in my arena!? There should be NO invites under any of your chairs. I understand we're broadcasting live, all over the world, so I can't exactly un-invite a huge television audience from seeing this match but this show is now considered a closed set and your ticket entitlements for everyone in here have timed out. Null and void. Get out of my arena. Go away from my closed challenge. This particular part of the DEFtv broadcast IS NOT the open era of everyone. This is MY TIME!

Malak squints as he scans the crowd.

Malak Garland:

This is a time for champions, not average bums who can barely rub two nickels together!

He notices no one heading for the exits.

Malak Garland:

Seeing you sloths refuse to move, I think we need to INVITE more champions out here just to prestige things up a little bit. I know just the one to grace us with their presence.

Garland shuffles to the side as Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe walks out on stage, holding her newly won BRAZEN Women's Championship.

Malak Garland:

Bozos and ditch pigs alike, rise up off those obese derrières, put all your weight on your oversized ankles and clap those flabby hands together to welcome The Comments Section's ONLY BRAZEN member and NEW BRAZEN Women's Champion, Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe!!!

Jocelyne does a natural twirl as she can't hold her smile back. She kisses the top of Malak's hand before accompanying him down to the ring.

DDK:

That shiny women's title is now in the hands of Blythe, as she recently pinned none other than Ophelia Sykes for it. Now I guess she gets a front row seat to a "real" championship match.

Malak parks JIB by the apron and makes sure to ask if she has everything she requires. Blythe obliges and says she's good. Malak walks over to the staircase attached to the ring. He stares daggers towards DDK and Lance Warner.

Malak Garland:

Listen, I don't have all day and it would take forever for all you Seattle sweat hogs to make a true climate pledge and exit this greenhouse gas emitting arena in a timely manner so I guess you can stay. However, I do have something else in mind.

His gaze intensifies as he points to the commentary team with his free hand.

Malak Garland:

These schmucks gotta go. Lance and Darren, do either of you have invites to stay under your chairs?

They are reluctant but they eventually check. Only Lance pulls an invite.

DDK:

Well, would you look at that? I guess that means I am supposed to be out? You know, I went a long time disliking Malak and then things between him and I simmered down but now I am starting to think things are picking back up.

Malak Garland:

Oh, oh my. Lots to unpack here. It looks like "Downtown" Darren Keebler DOESN'T have an invite to stay. So here's the compromise. The unwashed public can stay. Jocelyne can stay. The dumbass on the headset can't. He's gotta go. Darren, you're not invited. Leave.

DDK:

Seriously? He doesn't want me calling the action?

DDK stands from his position but leaves his headset on.

Lance:

Don't listen to him, Darren. Just ignore him. You can't leave me here by myself.

The fans are in turmoil over the "compromise" no one saw coming. They had no idea about the "special rules" this invite only challenge entails. DDK slowly removes his headset while saying his goodbyes.

DDK:

Nah, Lance. If this is what he wants, then so be it. I'm out. I'll be in catering or I'll see you back at the hotel.

With that, Keebler completes the sad shuffle to the curtain as the fans boo and plead for him to DEFY Malak's evil wishes by staying at the commentary desk. Instead, he nearly disappears from sight. Nearly.

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

What the!?

With Malak climbing into the ring, he gazes back at the ramp to see none other than DEX JOY walk out on stage with his FIST Championship belt draped nicely across his shoulder. Joy strategically stands right in front of Darren Keebler, forcing both men to stop. Dex puts a finger up with one hand and a microphone with the other.

Dex Joy:

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, pally! Ain't no way some fraud like that is allowed to talk that way to someone like you. Now, I suggest you march right back to the commentary booth WITH ME, and I'll make damn sure no one kicks you out of this arena tonight, pally. Besides ... this title, chief? This title says that Dex Joy is champion on behalf of ... Seattle, say it with me!

EVERYONE!!!

Dex Joy:

And the last time I checked, Keebs here is part of Everyone! So the FIST of DEFIANCE says he stays!

The slight tongue-in-cheek remarks are directed towards DDK but they are really sideswipes at Malak, which infuriates the Snowflake Superstar. Malak points from within the ring, near yelling that Dex can't supersede his magical powers of invitation.

Malak Garland:

WHAT THE HECK! UMMM, HELLS TO THE NO! FIRST OFF, NO ONE INVITED YOU OUT HERE! YOU CAN'T JOIN COMMENTARY! ONLY I CAN DO THAT! YOU CAN'T KEEP DARREN KEEBLER OUT HERE, EITHER!

Joy has a few choice signals for Malak, telling him where to go before proceeding to the commentary desk.

Lance:

I am pleased to be joined by none other than the FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy! And Dex, you've truly DEFIED Malak's silly invite-only rules by not only coming out here but by telling DDK he can stay here too. I guess it makes sense. If Malak can sit-in on your matches and invite other champions out here, why can't you be here?

Dex Joy:

Hey if he invited the new BRAZEN Women's Champion out here then that means all champions are welcome including *the champ!*

The only problem is, DDK still lingers on the ramp. Malak shouts at ringside security to remove him and they eventually do. Dex is ready to jump over the desk, run down the ramp and pummel Malak but he knows his chance will come in time ... plus to avoid a scene, DDK nods his head and willfully goes with security.

Lance:

Absolutely ridiculous that Malak is having DDK removed for this match but nonetheless, we will have commentary from Dex Joy tonight.

Dex Joy:

Hey, I can't blame Keebler for not wanting to call anything this self-indulgent jackass has a part of ... besides, if he wants to come up here and try to move me, me and Momma Joy's Baby Boy's size-thirteen shoe will be happy to show him why that ain't happening.

Malak Garland:

BAHAHAHAHA. I got my way! Hey Dexy Baby, I'm actually kind of glad you'll have a front row seat to watch me UNPACK on this HAND SELECTED opponent. Speaking of hand selected, I heard your little stipulation reveal earlier

and I gotta say, I'm impressed. I'm a little agitated but more impressed. Hear me out. You want me one on one? Wow okay, fine by me but mark my words Dexy Baby, not having my support anywhere near the ring won't stop me from UNPACKING a pack-load on that huge caboose of yours. I'll still whoop you and take your belt and that I promise! I'll prove myself to you and all these people on my own. Now, enough talk. BRING OUT MY PUNCHING BAG!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

TA Cole marches down to the ring with confidence. He double, nay, triple checks his head gear and wrist tape before rolling onto the canvas.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger, from Omaha, Nebraska, TA COLE!

Cole slides into the ring and looks ready to fight. Malak looks out to the sea of people who look rather unimpressed with his selection.

Lance:

All credit to TA Cole, no doubt, but he's been having to prove himself worthy to Ned Reform as of late and Malak puts him into this high leverage, pressure packed situation whereas my guest on the headset, none other than the FIST of DEFIANCE grants chances for title matches against stars with genuine momentum behind them!

Dex Joy:

Era of Everyone means you all get a chance. None of this rigged closed-invite BS.

DING DING

Mark Shields, looking as tired as ever, watches the two men through half closed eyes as all other lights, except those shining down on the ring, turn off. Cole exhibits his cat-like movement by shuffling around his side of the ring. The champion slices in close and moves around Cole, holding him in a waistlock. Cole throws some elbows back. Some hit, some miss but there's just enough contact from the last one to separate Malak from the challenger.

Lance:

I don't think it's wise for Malak to initiate a technical brawl with TA Cole who is bigger by measurement standards and a technical beast. That aspect is certainly the bread and butter of his wrestling game.

Cole executes a beautiful standing switch and grabs Malak in a waistlock of his own. Malak wraps his hands around Cole's taped wrists and tries his mightiest at prying free but it's no use. Malak calls Mark in close before pushing off Shields' shoulders, sending both wrestlers back first into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

Malak breaks free by pushing off the referee and TA Cole's back catches most of that buckle!

Garland turns to face his adversary and delivers some vicious knife edge chops in the corner, all the while trying to stare down Dex Joy after impact.

Dex Joy:

Hey, look at him, pally! We already RSVPed for DEFCON!

Lance:

Garland with the Irish whip across the ring!

The ropes shake upon impact as Cole groggily walks out to center canvas. Malak uses all his might to lift Cole up and deliver a deadeye drop shot!

Lance:

He got all of it! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cole darts a shoulder up and uses his ring prowess to lock in a quick sleeper hold but Malak slithers out of it. Both men bounce to their feet and fling off adjacent sets of ropes. Cole swings for a clothesline but Malak ducks it just in time. Garland jumps off the next set of ropes and spears Cole!

Lance:

Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cole bursts to his feet and ends up sidewalk slamming Malak hard to the mat.

Dex Joy:

Ouchies! I got Malak shook, Brother Warner! Cole got that sidewalk slam good!

Jocelyne is watching ringside and a look of trouble overtakes her face as she watches TA Cole deliver mounted punches to her champion counterpart.

Lance:

Malak is trying to guard but TA Cole is on the attack!

Cole doesn't telegraph his punches for too long. Instead, he grabs Malak by the head and gator rolls up, lifting the champion high enough for a stupendous brainbuster that connects!

Lance:

It's Cole's turn to cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Nope. Just a two. The champion won't be downed that easily.

The Keyboard King reaches towards Jocelyne who is located at ringside. TA Cole grabs an ankle and begins twisting it around.

Lance:

It seems like TA Cole is fighting like a house on fire! Malak certainly has his hands full with this one which is refreshing to see!

Dex Joy:

This is a big opportunity for Cole! He and those Honor Society chuckleheads are trying to get out of Neddy's doghouse and if he beats Malak, that's gotta turn some heads!

Malak twists his head around and begins shouting at Cole.

Malak Garland:

TAKE IT EASY! SLOW DOWN!

Garland makes some sort of hand signal to Mark Shields who lazily walks over to Cole and asks him to break the hold for no apparent reason.

Mark Shields:

I think he is hurt. Maybe. I don't know. Release the hold.

TA Cole does just that as he moves to a corner to collect himself. Malak checks his precious ankle before getting to his feet and motioning with his hands to just breathe.

Malak Garland:

Slow down. Make me look good. Don't beat me.

Lance:

I don't think our audio picked up what I think we heard, right?

Dex Joy:

... He said wut now?

Cole resumes the match but looks a touch more tentative. Garland easily gets in a waistlock and delivers a German suplex to the teaching assistant! Cole grabs at his head for a minute before getting back up. Cole lunges forward with a frontal chop block attempt but Garland moves too quickly. The champ steps on Cole's shoulder before launching himself in the air and coming down with a flying elbow drop!

Lance:

It almost looks like Cole IS easing up a bit.

Dex Joy:

... Are you insinuating Garland would do something untowards, Lance? Cause if you aren't, I'd like to welcome you to your first-ever Malak Garland match.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe cheers with glee as he clutches her title belt and watches on as Malak delivers a few shin kicks to Cole's pectorals. Suddenly, Cole grabs Malak's leg, tosses it away and gets a northern lights suplex in!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak Garland:

That was good but watch this! Mark! Move out of the way!

Shields dives out of the way as Malak jumps to the second set of ropes before landing a jumping cutter on Cole! Garland does his best TA Cole impression by gator rolling with Cole in a front headlock and up into a vertical suplex!

Lance:

Wow, what a move by Malak! While his suplex was more of the snap variety because of the slight size difference, it's

still impressive to see him pull off a move like that!

Dex Joy:

Hey that was impressive, pally. Dexy Baby will give him that but literally nothing else tonight.

Blythe begins slamming the mat as the Faithful remain groaning. Malak hypes himself up and looks at his beloved knee.

Malak Garland:

Time to UNPACK on this simpleton!

Garland dashes forward, nailing Cole with an I Trigger! Garland swoops in for a cover but Cole somehow manages to counter into a rollup of his own. Neither man gets even a one count before breaking away from each other.

Lance:

Look out!

Back on their feet, Cole pulls Garland up for his patented Letter Jacket torture rack but struggles to lock it in! Instead, Garland flails his legs free of being held and delivers another couple of I Triggers to the side of Cole's head!

Lance:

Down goes Cole!

Malak hops on top of his scholarly foe and hooks a leg all while shouting.

Malak Garland:

THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU STAY DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Dex Joy:

I suppose he gets one of these ...

Very slow golf clapping is heard from the announcer's booth.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, here is your winner and STILL Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland gets his hand raised in victory. He acts like he's just been through a grueling iron man match, wiping the sweat from his brow, retrieving his belt from ringside and gracefully falling into the arms of Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe. It doesn't take long for Siobhan Cassidy to come rushing down to ringside either. The two women are enthralled with Malak, showering him with compliments as TA Cole rolls out of the ring and heads to the back. Dex Joy removes his headset and walks to the top of the ramp where champ and challenger exchange cliché glares. Malak holds his belt made out of construction paper high. Joy, who is standing on higher ground, does the same with his *real* belt.

Lance:

Both men come away with wins from the first rounds of their respective open and closed challenges! One is more of a

fraud than the other. One is more of a true champion but nonetheless, both men seem to be on a collision course for each other! Joy defeated Felton and now Garland defeats TA Cole. There's only two more DEFTv's left before the biggest show in the land!

Camera cuts of Malak, Siobhan and Jocelyne sharing looks at Dex Joy come fast and furious as the DEFIANCE signature appears on their broadcast.

Lance:

Earlier tonight, we heard Dex say it ... all members of the Comments Section would be barred from ringside! Malak still has time to declare the stipulation he wants for the main event for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Faithful, for my absent partner "Downtown" Darren Keebler, I'm Lance Warner signing off, saying goodbye and goodnight from Seattle!

A fade to black happens as Malak and Dex cuss each other out, off mic, from a good one hundred feet away. The fans are at a full boil.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.