SHOW OPEN

♫ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♫

Back in NOLA for DEFtv 200! New Orleans once again welcomes DEFIANCE as the WrestlePlex is hyped for DEFtv! 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!

200!!!
LIGHT THE FUSE... TYLER, I MEAN. WITH DYNAMITE
I'M HERE FOR THE DEFTV TOURNAMENT
AND THE OTHER TOURNAMENT
HOMECOMING SPECIAL AT BALLYHOO BREW: $5 PITCHERS, NO PANCAKES
STEP ON ME, TITANESS
TECHNICALLY JJ DIXON IS ALSO A MASKED VIOLATOR
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!
MARRY ME BROCK
DEX JOY IS MY BOY
FUSE VS FUSE IS LIT
PAGING DR. SATO
CORVO ALPHA IS COMING FOR DEFCON
BROCK NEWBLUDD > SLY STALLONE
PAT CASSIDY > BEN AFFLECK
BUTCH VIC > VV
ED WHITE'S BANK ACCOUNT > MINE
200 EPISODES AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF LITTLE PEOPLE FEATURED. IT'S ALMOST CRIMINAL.
LAWYER PLAGUE DOCTOR, HOW DO I FORM AN LLC?*
OOPS.
I THINK MADAME MELTON SAID ON UNCUT SHE ONCE KEPT KING CHARLES AS HER SEX SLAVE
I'M STARTING TO THINK THIS MELTON LADY ISN'T ON THE UP AND UP
FUSE VS FUSE IS LiliiliiliT

And we switch to a pre-recorded segment.

SECOND CHANCES

The sound of scraping metal cuts through the darkness. Upon the DEFIAtron, a video of a diamond encrusted tiara drops on an empty concrete floor in darkness except for the reflection of a single spotlight shone from overhead. The reflection of royalty spins on its side before finally coming to a rest right side up. A voice speaks across the sea of the Faithful.

Elise Ares:
It's been three years since my only shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

The New Orleans Faithful cheer in appreciation as the scene shifts to Elise Ares sitting on a throne in dark, alone. Her elbows rest on her knees as she wears her typical black, pink, and cyan ring gear with her black crop top leather jacket.

Elise Ares:
It was in this arena, in this ring, November 11, 2020. A day I'll never forget.

In front of her on the wall a projection plays, casting a throne shaped silhouette. It appears to be a replay of Ascension 2020 showing Elise Ares landing an Extreme Makeover on then FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely. The Wrestle-Plex goes crazy as the FACE of DEFIANCE goes to secure her destiny with no referee. She hooks the leg looking for Benny Doyle but it's Klein who appears, rushing to the ring with a referee shirt on to count the pinfall before he's pulled out of the ring by Cayle Murray of 24K.

Elise Ares:
I'd busted my ass for five years for that moment. I'd been laughed at, spit on, and treated like an inferior since the SECOND the Pop Culture Phenoms stepped foot into DEFIANCE. We were told we weren't welcome. To go take our talents elsewhere. The Faithful didn't want us here.

The Faithful jeer as Cayle Murray begins to rip the shirt off of Klein and Elise looks on from in the ring as her victory is seized from her. Then everyone's attention diverts to the entrance where Kendrix runs down with a cast on his hand. In a panic, Ares looks around trying desperately to find Benny Doyle as bedlam spreads.

Elise Ares:
But I didn't beg or plead for their respect… I TOOK it. After years of fighting against their notion of what greatness was we became the heart of DEFIANCE. All of the blood and broken bones brought us to the top of this organization and we took the Faithful with us. With the Aresites behind me it was my destiny to become the FIST of DEFIANCE.

JFK fights off Cayle Murray and they begin to struggle back and forth for the referee shirt before suddenly the cast of Kendrix strikes Elise Ares and knocks her unconscious. The projector begins to skip before it turns off.

Elise Ares:
Instead 24K was built on my back and I lost EVERYTHING. I spent the next three years of my time in DEFIANCE coasting along, trying to figure out what I was meant to do… who I was meant to be… where my spot in this company really was. It took three years to finally hold gold again.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pulls the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship off of her shoulder and looks at it on her lap.

Elise Ares:
The tag team championship is home. Finally around the waist of the best goddamn tag team that's ever laced their boots in DEFIANCE. As much as this championship reign means to us, at the end of the day… I never finished the job. Three years ago I failed at my opportunity at destiny and it pisses me off to this very day. The FIST of DEFIANCE was supposed to be mine.

As Ares stands up from her throne the lights around her begin to flash on one at a time revealing her to be sitting backstage in the Wrestle-Plex. The Faithful cheer as Elise reaches down and grabs the tiara off the floor in front of her.

Elise Ares:
Tonight, here where it all began, I finally have a second date with destiny. Tonight…

The FACE of DEFIANCE puts the tiara on top of her head, where it belongs.

Elise Ares:
I TAKE it.

The Faithful roar in anticipation of two of DEFIANCE's most well-liked wrestlers go head-to-head for the FIST of DEFIANCE.The beat of a song, which was just a whisper behind the video package floods into full volume, revealing itself to be Elise's entrance theme.

♫ I'm taking back the crown, I'm all dressed up and naked, I see what's mine and take it
(Finders keepers, losers weepers), oh yeah
The crown, so close, I can taste it, I see what's mine and take it
(Finders keepers, losers weepers), oh yeah ♫

Joined by The D and Klein, the Pop Culture Phenoms walk off stage right with their DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships on their shoulders. "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco continues to play as the video focuses is on the now empty throne sitting backstage at the Wrestle-Plex and the scene quickly shifts.

SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. ADV

DDK:
Hello and welcome to night two of the big two-hundredth edition of this historic program BLASTS off with this WHITE HOT contest!

♫ "Empire of Ashes" by Like a Storm ♫

Darren Quimbey:
Our opening contest is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Championship!

Some cheers fight through the boos before the boos quickly overtake them.

Darren Quimbey:
Introducing first; the CHALLENGER! From Miami, Florida by way of Cuba!

A flash of fiery bursts on either side of the entrance marks the arrival of El Sol Dorado himself. Flanked by visibly jumpy manager Tom Morrow, Alvaro de Vargas walks down the aisle with a bitter, annoyed expression etched across his hardened face.

Darren Quimbey:
Weighing in tonight at two-hundred and ninety pounds! He is Supernova CUBANA, EL SOL DORADO, the CROWN JEWEL of Better Future Talent Agency!

Morrow looks over his shoulder, jumping in shock at absolutely nothing.

Lance:
After what went down last night, it's clear that Tom Morrow is a little on edge! Must be why he's forgoing doing ADV's intro tonight! We found out last night that Rain City Ronin were in cahoots with none other than the returning LUCKY SEVENS! And it will be an eight-man tag! RCR team up with the Sevens to take on M4NTRA, Alvaro de Vargas… AND TOM MORROW!

DDK:
And it's even clearer that Alvaro de Vargas is as angry, perhaps, as he has ever been! That's bad news for our Southern Heritage Champion here at the Wrestleplex!

Darren Quimbey:
HE IS **ALVARO! DE VARGAS!**

Scowling, ADV glares out at the crowd. As ADV's music fades and the house lights come back up, the hard camera captures the arrival of Corvo Alpha to the arena. Being buoyed to the ring by an escort of rabid New Orleans Faithful down the steps, Alpha pauses long enough to stand up on an aisle chair, hoisting the SOHER overhead.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:
Listen to this jam-packed crowd!

Lance:
In many ways, that title belongs to them just as much as it does him!

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent… from Parts Untold, he is the reigning and defending SOHER! He weighs two-hundred and sixty two pounds! CALL HIM… **CORVO!! ALPHAAAA!!!**

Behind the mask of yellow warpaint smeared across his face, Corvo scans the throng. Back in the ring, ADV climbs

the turnbuckle, smoldering. Ending his sojourn and resuming his parade to the ring, Alpha vaults the guardrail and slides under the bottom rope. Senior Official Benny Doyle steps between he and de Vargas.

DDK:
You can feel the anticipation in this building right now! They can feel the absolute powderkeg in the ring!

Lance:
Two of the most volatile combatants in DEFIANCE set to do battle for the FIRST TIME EVER to KICKOFF DEFtv!

Doyle shows the SOHER to the hard camera as the tension mounts.

DDK:
Here we go!

DING DING

Alpha leaps off of his knees and to his feet just as ADV charges at him. Sidestepping a running knee strike, Alpha hits the far ropes.

DDK:
Corvo ducks that Abajo Vas – but stumbles right into a drop toe hold!

Lance:
And just like that, ADV is all over Alpha! Clubbing him! But Alpha fights back upright!

DDK:
BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX – but Corvo lands on his feet! DAGGER KICK TO ADV!

ADV staggers backwards and spills through the ropes to the floor. Morrow is quick to meet him there, barking douchey words of encouragement.

Lance:
LOOK OUT!

With a ferocious head of steam, Corvo DIVES through the ropes and CRASHES into ADV!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The floor camera turns the corner and captures the wreckage of humanity piled at ringside. Morrow looks beside himself, glancing over his shoulder every few harrowing seconds.

DDK:
That was a direct hit!

Lance:
We knew this would be a combustible contest!

Using the railing to stand, Corvo offers a kick to ADV's dome on the way up. He shoves Morrow aside before snatching to pull ADV to his feet. Before he can complete that act, ADV throws a few elbows and takes control of the situation, BASHING Corvo's face on the ring apron with a *THUD*!

DDK:
What an impact!

Lance:

They say it's the hardest part of the ring!

DDK:
They do!

ADV tests that theory once more but grabbing another handful of Corvo's wet hair and SLAMMING his head on the apron a second time. This time, Alpha staggers away, clutching his face in agony. Benny Doyle hops out of the ring, chastising de Vargas and urging him to take the match back in the ring. ADV disregards the official entirely.

Alvaro de Vargas:
Step aside, pendejo!

Turning back to Corvo, ADV eats a shocking kick to his stomach. Shaking the cobwebs out, Alpha now grabs ADV by his own hair and gives HIM a taste of the apron!

THUD!

ADV fires back with a CHOP across Alpha's chest that propels him backwards into the guardrail. Corvo shakes it off and CHARGES at ADV–

DDK:
HIP TOSS INTO A BACKBREAKER! ADV just BROKE Corvo in two at ringside!

The Faithful let ADV have it as Doyle pleads with Morrow to talk sense into his client and get the contest back in the ring. Writhing in pain, Alpha is in trouble. Doyle kneels to check on him before beginning the mandatory ten count.

DDK:
De Vargas brushes Doyle aside, maintaining his advantage! He WHIPS Corvo into the RINGPOST!

DOOOONNNNGGGGG!!!!

Lance:
SHOULDER FIRST CHARGING INTO THAT POST!

Alpha collapses like a sack of bricks.

DDK:
OH NO!

We see the front row stand up out of concern as they eye their Pet Monster in a heap in front of them.

Lance:
Corvo Alpha has been nursing a shoulder injury ever since his match with Uriel Cortez months ago! He agitated it again against Scott Hunter and… it appears he may be in trouble here…

Benny Doyle stops his count at five to kneel and check on Alpha once more and, once more, ADV shoves Doyle out of the way. The powerful de Vargas lifts Alpha up and deposits him on the apron before rolling him back into the ring.

DDK:
Whereas Scott Hunter was altogether too dumb to take advantage of an injury, Alvaro de Vargas was BUILT to capitalize on another human being's agony and misery. LOOK AT THIS!

ADV wrenches Corvo to his feet by his right arm, causing Corvo to bellow out in torment. ADV wrings the arm out in one brutal, curt downward TUG and Alpha shrieks before collapsing back to the canvas. ADV doesn't care, he pulls Corvo back up and WRINGS the arm and shoulder out again, and again Corvo crumbles to the mat.

DDK:
ADV WHIPS Corvo into the ropes by that arm – NO! CUTS IT OFF, PULLS CORVO IN BY THAT ARM AND CLOTHESLINES HIM!

ADV lays in a few stomps before taking the crowd's bait and wheeling around to face them. Arms wide, de Vargas smirks arrogantly. Wiping the sweat off his brow, he flicks it off his hand into the front row. Meanwhile, on the mat behind him, Doyle leans in to check on Alpha. This time, Alpha snatches him by his shirt and pulls him close.

The dog snarls into the referee's ear before shoving the Senior Official back. With something like distress creeping across his face, Doyle turns to give ADV instructions. Again - ADV isn't hearing it. He pulls Corvo up by that arm, the Monster wincing in pain, pins it behind him and SUPLEXES Corvo overhead with a crash!

Doyle barks at de Vargas before ADV hits the mat and presses down on Corvo's chest in an arrogant cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

DDK:
Corvo shoots his "good" shoulder up! But… I don't like the looks of this, Lance!

Lance:
Pouring it on, Alvaro de Vargas can feel that he is quite literally three seconds away from the gold he has sought his entire career! On one of the biggest, most important shows in DEFIANCE's long winding story, ADV can *feel* that he could very well carve his name into the annals of history with a victory tonight!

DDK:
Just SCRAPING Alpha off the mat, he is dead weight! De Vargas whips Corvo into the corner and is RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

Lance:
CRASHING IN with a corner CLOTHESLINE!

DDK:
VICIOUS!

Another whip across the ring – using that bad left arm! Alpha CRASHES into the opposing corner and turns just in time to take ANOTHER BRUTAL Running Corner Clothesline!

De Vargas spots the floor camera and starts spouting off insults at it in Spanish. Alpha slumps in the corner, the yellow flaking off of his face. Clutching his right shoulder with his working hand, Alpha is quickly pulled back up by his oppressor. ADV hoists the SOHER up and DASHES across the ring–

DDK:
HERE COMES THAT CUBAN MISSILE!!

Lance:
WAIT!

ADV's attempt at his signature Running Snake Eyes fizzles out as Alpha slithers down his back – finding a deadly grip on the way down!!

DDK:
ALPHA CLUTCH!?!

Lance:
He's GOT IT!!! From out of the blue!

DDK:
That modified katahajime is absolutely CLAMPED in!

De Vargas drops to a knee, his free arm reaching back searching for any kind of way out and finding nothing. Alpha appears to be in almost as much pain as his prey. Almost. Outside the ring, Morrow groans in objection.

Doyle takes another knee – checking the holds placement and asking de Vargas if he wants to continue. The fiery Cuban, still, ignores the referee.

DDK:
ADV, to his credit, is FIGHTING this!

Lance:
But how long can he last?! I don't think we have seen anyone SURVIVE this hold!

As if he heard those words, ADV works to fight back to his feet – before dropping down now to BOTH knees!

Corvo Alpha:
ARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Screaming to the rafters, Alpha recinches the hold, grapevines ADV, and brings them BOTH down to the canvas.

DDK:
THAT'S IT!

It is.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:
The winner of this bout, by submission and STIIIIIILL DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion: CALL HIM **CORVO!!! ALLLLPHAAAAAA!!!!!!**

♫ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♫

Shoving ADV off of him with one arm, Alpha crawls to the corner like a wounded animal. Doyle is seen waving his arms wildly, signaling for help. Morrow, completely distraught in a melodramatic display, slides into the ring to check on de Vargas.

DDK:
Folks, Corvo Alpha retains his championship but… as DEFmed streams into the ring, he might be seriously hurt.

We see Alpha initially push a DEFmed tech away before Doyle kneels before him in an effort to calm him. He gestures to Alphas shoulder and the exhausted, washed-out Monster seems to understand.

Lance:

Look at this, Darren… Alpha is willingly – grudgingly – leaving the ring with DEFmed. If that doesn't tell you how serious this is, nothing will!

DDK:
They are giving him a wide berth, but yes… it's clear to me that he needs to be looked at by professionals.

Lance:
While those professionals give our SOHER the attention he needs, fans, I ask you don't go away! We'll be back from commercial with the Favoured Saints Championship on the line!

DDK:
JJ Dixon is on a quest to ascend to Corvo's title but to DO it, he has to go through MV1!

Lance:
That's coming up!

The scene fades to black just as Alpha disappears up the aisle and backstage, flanked by DEFmed techs.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2024

Live from the Crypto.com Arena in Los Angeles on April 17th & 18th!

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

ACE of DEFIANCE
Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse

Vae Victis vs. SNS

Uriel Cortez vs. Mil Vueltas

The Lucky Sevens & Rain City Ronin vs. M4NTRA, ADV & Tom Morrow

Ed White vs. Punch Drunk Purcell

FAVORED SAINTS: JJ DIXON (C) vs. MV1

DDK:
From one spectacular championship bout to the next–

Lance:
Our second of THREE tonight!

DDK:
–let's go back to the ring and Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

♫ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♫

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

Exploding out of an entrance surrounded by red, blue, and yellow pyrotechnics, Masked Violator #1 is received by an ovation from the Faithful. Pumping his fist for emphasis, he walks down the aisle, tagging every outstretched hand he can along the way.

Darren Quimbey:
Introducing first, the challenger, from Parts Unknown, he weighs in tonight at two-hundred and thirty one pounds… He is DEFIANCE'S MASKED MARVEL… he is **MV1!!!**

As MV1 rounds the corner and takes the steps up to the squared circle, an inset video begins to play in the bottom right corner; a pre-recorded video of MV1 standing before a "DEFtv 200" backdrop. Standing off-center and at a profile, the inset MV1 adjusts his mask.

MV1: *[pre-recorded]*
JJ Dixon, I barely even know what to say! You held your hand out to me in friendship at a time when maybe I'd forgotten what it was like to *have* a friend. We stole the show on every stage they'd put us on! I was *proud* to know you. But… but I don't know what you've become!

He turns to face the camera, red mask wrinkled in an indistinguishable, anguished expression.

MV1: *[pre-recorded]*
I watched as my very best friend, my very best tag partner, was twisted and misshapen into something I barely recognized… I came back to DEFIANCE to save him… and now I see you and… and all I know is that I can't just sit by and watch it happen again. You wanted this fight. You wanted this… and I'm going to give it to you.

The inset folds back into the corner as, back live, MV1 poses atop a corner turnbuckle.

DDK:
Fans, I'm told that The French Connection are BANNED from ringside tonight due to the constant sneak attacks and deception that we've come to associate with The Gems these past few months!

Lance:
This is a pivotal match for BOTH of these men! For MV1, it's a shot at singles gold! For JJ Dixon, this is his opportunity for a crucial fourth successful defence and an opportunity at MV1's former "very best friend and very best tag partner", Corvo Alpha and the Southern Heritage Championship!

DDK:
And with the Most Precious Gems banned from coming out here, I'd say this is Advantage MV1!

The music and lights fade.

The DEFiatron shows the old filmstrip “3-2-1l” countdown as the spotlight blares at the top of the ramp.

♫ “How Soon Is Now” by The Smiths ♫

JJ is kneeling, wearing his brown mask and black tank top that says “Learn To Love Me!” He slowly brings the Favoured Saints title over his head. Standing behind him is Madame Melton — silver flecks in her silver flapper curl, eyes that say “She is insane” and a silver gown/silver shawl that shows off her “Joanie From Mad Men” frame. Madame leans over and takes the title when Dixon holds it over his head. She smiles at the title, kisses it, and then says the word “Mine!”

She then marches to the ring, with JJ behind screaming at different fans. JJ hops from the ring to the apron and holds the ropes open so Madame can pass. JJ then slingshots himself over the top with a sommersault and then slides to his knees, his arms out wide as Melton holds the belt on her shoulder.

The last lines of the chorus of the 80s alt-rock staple play “I am human and I neeeed to be loved… just like everyone else does.”

Melton snaps her fingers and the arena lights turn back on.

Darren Quimbey:
Now entering the ring… accompanied by the 2023 DEFIANCE Manager of The Year… she is DEFIANCE’s Iron Lady… Madame Melton!

The crowd boos as she takes a bow.

Darren Quimbey:
He is the current Favoured Saints champion… this is “The Fatal Attraaction” J! J! Dixon!!!!

Melton steps out of ringside, the title still on her shoulder.

The two men slowly circle each other.

DING DING

DDK:
A lock-up! Both of these men know each other so well! Neither is giving up any ground!

Lance:
Dixon ducks behind!

DDK:
But MV1 speeds forward into the ropes, holding onto them and SHAKING Dixon off of him!

Dixon rolls backwards and back to his feet before both men charge at each other! This time it’s MV1 who ducks behind for a rear waistlock! Dixon looks for a weak point to exploit but MV1 presses his attack, lifting and POWERING Dixon down to the mat! But Dixon scrambles out of the waistlock and both men come back to their feet locked up once more!

DDK:
JJ Dixon, despite this maniacal metamorphosis we have watched unfold these last six months, is one of the most sound in-ring performers in the sport! He grabs a rear hammerlock on MV1!

Lance:
But MV1 ducks out and REVERSES it into a rear hammerlock of his own! This time it’s Dixon who ducks out and reverses it! DIXON WITH A HAMMERLOCK SUPLEX!

DDK:
Cocky cover by Dixon!

ONE!
TWO!!!
SHOULDER UP!!!

Dixon maintains control, bringing MV1 back to his feet before whipping him into the corner and charging in after him–

DDK:
SPRINGBOARD BACKFLIP BY MV1! Lands BEHIND Dixon! Another rear waistlock!!

Lance:
MV1 with a GERMAN SUPLEX! Bridges it for a pin!

ONE!!
TW–
KICKOUT!!!

Suddenly, Madame Melton is up on the apron, yelling at the official. Jonny Fastcountini turns his attention to her, ordering her off the apron or he'll eject her as well.

DDK:
Get her outta here!

Lance:
Dixon gets a head of steam and CLOTHESLINES MV1 up and OVER the ropes!

MV1 spills to the outside, his head rocking against the steel of the ringside guardrail.

DDK:
That rang his bell!

A disturbance in the front row grows as ringside Faithful on the opposite side of the ring spot something they don't seem to like. A red, blue, and yellow blur slides into the ring. … Another MV1?!

DDK:
WAIT A MINUTE!!

This second MV1 staggers to his feet before being rolled up into a pin by Dixon. On cue, Madame Melton drops off the apron and casually walks away, smirking. Fastcountini turns back to the action and slides into position to make the count!

Lance:
What is this–

ONE!!!
TWO!!!
THREE!!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:
That's not MV1!

But Fastcountini doesn’t realize that, he raises the arm of JJ Dixon as the fans immediately sour.

Darren Quimbey:
The winner of this bout and STILL…. DEFIANCE Wrestling Favoured Saints Champion… “The Fatal Attraction”... **JJ DIXON!!!**

Quimbey looks confused as the “fake MV1” hugs Dixon before taking off the mask to reveal himself as "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre Reeves!

Melton enters the ring with an “I told you so!” look in her eyes, with Raiden coming in from who knows where to join in. JJ is on his knees, holding his title high in his hands, with Raiden then placing a beret on his tag partner's head.

Boooooooooo!!!!

DDK:
And once again, the fix was in! JJ Dixon just “earned” the pivotal fourth successful defense of the Favoured Saints championship — with all four coming because of the evil mind of Madame Melton!

Lance:
This is an insult to anyone who has ever competed for that title — and an even bigger one to our fans who wanted to see JJ and MV1 go to war!

AND NOW FOR OUR FEATURE PRESENTATION!

After sliding back into the ring, a bewildered MV1 is also on his knees, eye-to-eye with JJ, and even with his mask on, a clear look of disgust on his face. He slowly gets up to his feet and stands over JJ.

MV1:
Why?! Why!? What would you do that to me? Why would you want to win like this? You are so much better than this!

JJ looks down at the mat, disappointed in himself, too. He pounds the mat and looks up at his so-called mentor.

JJ Dixon:
I'm sorry, MV1! I am truly sorry!

JJ then hops to his feet, as the two men are again eye-to-eye!

JJ Dixon:
But… but I am doing what needs to be done… so I can become the hero they deserve!

MV1 is apoplectic.

MV1:
No, JJ! This is wrong! You've lost your way! I thought we were —

JJ Dixon:
No! Let me talk, One! You know how much I followed your footsteps and tried to do the right thing! And then these fans stopped caring about me, about The Gems! And then I have to see The Faithful cheer Corvo Alpha — a man who abandoned his family, just like my dad did to me! I have to see them cheer for him even though he betrayed you! And… and they cheer for him a lot louder than they chant MV1!

MV1's hands are trembling in anger, shaking his head.

JJ Dixon:
Doesn't that piss you off? You are a good person! Just like I am! Corvo is not! Yet these misguided sheep… they still scream for that… that… that animal! And I am going to put him in that cage… and I am doing it FOR YOU!

JJ then jabs his finger in MV1's chest. MV1 looks at the finger, and then shoves it away. He grabs JJ's head and pulls it closer to him.

MV1:
This… has… NOTHING to do with me! I can't have anything to do with you or her— (Melton's look is cold) anymore!

JJ Dixon:
NO! DON'T LEAVE ME!!! EVERYONE LEAVES ME!

MV1 shakes his head exasperated, and he turns to leave. The second he turns around —

DDK:
Dixon with a cheapshot to MV1's right knee, the one he had surgery on after his altercation with Scott Hunter a few months ago.

JJ is weeping, pounding the mat, as MV1 holds his knee in pain. The Fatal Attraction looks back to the rest of The Gems and then nods.

JJ Dixon:
This… this is not your fault, MV1…

JJ remains kneeling as Madame stands behind him, consoling him. Reeves starts laying the boots on MV1, with Raiden then stomping on the right knee, as MV1 screams in pain.

JJ Dixon:
It's Corvo's!

Reeves now hooks on a half crab on MV1, holding the right knee. Raiden bounces off the far ropes and launches a shotgun dropkick to the exposed knee! MV1 screams in pain. Melton is still consoling JJ, hugging him next to his side as he is openly crying. Then, JJ slowly turns the prone MV1 onto his back and mounts him, and then starts wildly swinging his 400 Blows forearms.

The Faithful start up a chant, hoping for an intervention.

CORVO! CORVO! CORVO!

DDK:
We were told during the commercial break that Corvo Alpha was taken to a local medical facility! I don't think he is in the building!

JJ Dixon:
HE! IS! NOT! GOING! TO! SAVE! YOU!

JJ takes a quick breath, before he starts to choke MV1, before launching his forearms again. He screams with this wild, warbly voice also filled with venom.

MV2! MV2! MV2!

JJ Dixon:
I! WOULD! NEVER! BETRAY! YOU!

JJ rolls off the now out cold MV1, as Reeves picks him up deadlock style before falling back with a release German Suplex. The New Flying Frenchman then picks up MV1 by his shirt as The Cause of Concussions cracks him with the Suddenly Last Slumber spinning backfist, that just crushes MV1's skull.

JJ goes crawling to MV1, still completely unhinged and emotional.

JJ Dixon:
Corvo doesn't love you, MV1. I do. We do.

The French Connection rolls MV1 onto the ring apron and prop him up. JJ follows them out, crying terribly.

JJ Dixon:
The Faithful… they are making me do this! For not loving me!

JJ puts the Full Nelson on MV1.

JJ Dixon:
For not loving you!

DDK:
Noooo!

JJ then spins as he drops MV1 from the edge of the ring face first into the ring railing via Sunset Boulevard. MV1's head snaps back as he slumps to the floor.

The Gems stand over MV1 as the crowd boos. JJ then screams as he pushes a cameraman over and grabs the attached cord:

Lance:
Come on! Enough already! This is absolutely horrifying!

Melton now falls to her knees. JJ wraps the cord around MV1's neck as he pulls back in a version of his Stranglehold Crossface known as A Streetcar Named Retire.

Madame Melton:
MV1… Me and My Most Precious Gems are on the precipice of DOMINATING this promotion and making all that is wrong… right.

JJ continues to wrench back with the cord, with The Iron Lady at eye level with MV1, as she holds up one finger in The Masked Marvel's unconscious face.

Madame Melton:
We just need… ONE… more Gem to ensure this happens.

JJ finally lets the cord go. He's fully distraught. Melton is petting his hair as JJ kneels next to MV1, consoling his head like he's a wounded combat soldier.

JJ Dixon:
I… I am truly sorry, MV1. But I hope you know that this… this all comes from a place of love. Because I love you. (He looks up at the nodding Melton.) WE LOVE YOU!

JJ then holds his arms out wide like he's conducting Last Right.

JJ Dixon:
And when you find yourself fixed… I hope you do more than forgive me. I hope you join us.

JJ then gets to his feet as Melton hands him his title.

JJ Dixon:
I hope you will become one of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems…

With that, Melton nods and leaves, with the Gems walking in pace behind.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

IT'S COMPLICATED

DEFtv 200 is backstage as Conor Fuse roams the hallways with a carefree look on his face. He's already at the destination, no need to waste time. The name on the door he stands in front of reads: "BOX & BLACKWOOD".

The Faithful give a cheer as Conor knocks the World 1, Level 1 theme to the Super Mario Bros.

But he only gets halfway through before the door swings open. Conor's face suggests he was hoping to finish the entire theme. Maybe even World 1, Level 2, an often underused and underappreciated little jingle. Anyway…

Gage Blackwood stands in front of Conor.

The two wait in silence before Conor remembers he was the guy who knocked.

Conor Fuse:
Hey, dude!

Gage looks Fuse over from head-to-toe.

Gage Blackwood:
Aye, Conor.

Conor remembers why he was there to begin with but he comes across rather tentatively, rubbing the back of his neck, squinting his eyes and brushing his right foot on the floor below, moving the dust around.

Gage leans forward.

Gage Blackwood:
Yes, Conor?

Fuse nods profusely.

Conor Fuse:
Right right, my bad. Okay, so here's the thing… you're wrestling my brother tonight and I was going to come down and be in his corner, even though he prolly doesn't want me in his corner. But I figure hey, I haven't got a closer look on Tyler for a while. We used to tag, you know.

Gage lowers his glare.

Gage Blackwood:
Of course I know you've tagged with Tyler before.

Conor raises an eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:
You have?

Fuse smacks his head.

Conor Fuse:
Oh right, yeah. Clearly! You've been here a very long time. Anywayyyy-

Blackwood raises his hand.

Gage Blackwood:

Anyway is right. Aren't you…

The Noble Raider pauses, as if he needs to think about it further. In reality, he probably doesn't.

Gage Blackwood:
Still a part of The Comments Section?

It was awkward between the two of them before but now it's really awkward…

Conor Fuse:
Um, yeah. I guess so.

Gage merely watches the gamer speak, as if he's accepting the answer for the first time.

Conor Fuse:
I don't condone anything they've done! You have full right to kick the shit out of all of them!

The former FIST simply studies the man in front of him.

Gage Blackwood:
And what about what your brother did to Jack? How do you feel about that?

Put on the spot, Fuse leans back and scrambles through the million thoughts in his mind.

Conor Fuse:
Listen, I don't support what Malak Garland and company did to you and Bronson. HOWEVER… if I may…

Fuse takes a deep gulp before continuing.

Conor Fuse:
I don't particularly reprimand Tyler's actions. They were mostly in the ring and let's be honest here, Gage. It's not like Harmen wouldn't have done the same things to Tyler if given the opportunity.

Wait. He adds a thought.

Conor Fuse:
YOU know it.

Awfully proud of himself, Fuse ends up straightening his back and ever-so-slightly sticking out his chest. This allows Gage to look him over again from head-to-toe.

And scoff.

Gage Blackwood:
I can't respect that. Tyler jumped Jack many times. But go ahead, stand in his corner. I'm sure he'd do the same for you.

Blackwood takes a moment to peek back into his locker room.

Gage Blackwood:
I'm going to close this door now. See you out there.

Fuse nods along the entire time as Gage politely closes the door.

Conor cracks his knuckles.

Conor Fuse:
Hmmm, that went okay-

But before he can finish, he spins around and stands directly in front of his brother.

Tyler has his hands on his hips and a stone face.

Tyler Fuse:
What are you doing?

Conor Fuse:
Nothing. Like, totally nothing.

Tyler Fuse:
Talking to Gage?

Conor Fuse:
Yeah, we used to be cool. Was just seeing if we're still cool.

Tyler Fuse:
And?

Conor Fuse:
Kinda cool. Like a fifty-fifty thing.

Tyler Fuse:
Great.

Conor Fuse:
Yep!

Conor starts to walk off but Tyler grabs him by the arm.

Tyler Fuse:
I don't need you out there tonight.

Conor tries to brush off the comment, like it's no big deal.

Conor Fuse:
Yeah man, no worries. It's rad, I wasn't even gonna be there but The Comments Section are breathing down their necks, too. I figured I could play peacemaker.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse: *[sarcastic]*
That's gonna go really well.

Conor, however, doesn't see the sarcasm.

Conor Fuse:
I mean, yeah. I was kinda hoping it would!

It's Tyler who now looks his brother over from head to toe… and gives his head a shake before he drops Conor's arm and marches off. Not before flipping the BOXWOOD locker room door the middle finger as he passes.

Tyler speaks to his brother without looking back, wandering into the distance.

Tyler Fuse:
Stay out of things, bro. It’s never gonna end up like you want it to…

The scene ends as Conor is left alone in the middle of the hallway.

TITANES FAMILIA vs. GEORGE OTHELLO & ANTONIO PRINCE

DDK:
It's already been an eventful DEFtv 200 as we've come to expect, but coming up, we've got the Titanes Familia tandem of "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness and the monstrous Killjoy in action shortly! And what a statement they made in Seattle after the conclusion of the Unified Tag Team Title match at the end of the show.

Lance:
It was a straight-up riot that ended our show. A phenomenal main event ruined when the Familia attacked the Rain City Ronin and PCP. Elise Ares was put through a table by Titaness while Killjoy took care of Klein and The D single-handled, ending with The D being thrown into the crowd!

DDK:
The challenge was laid out in a post-show exclusive interview by Titaness and Killjoy and it was accepted! At DEFCON, it will be PCP putting the gold on the line when the Unified Tag Team Champions defend against Titanes Familia! And tonight, they're looking to show what they can do to get at the titles next!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring to prepare the intros for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:
The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first… already in the ring, at a combined weight of 421 pounds… from Swansea, Wales… **"MELLOW YELLOW" GEORGE OTHELLO!** And from Garland, Texas… **ANTONIO PRINCE!**

The young blonde Welshman in all-yellow gear raises his hands in the air. Next to him, the shorter black wrestler stands next to him and poses on the middle rope to cheers. He does a backflip off the buckles and lands on his feet.

Darren Quimbey:
And their opponents…

The music shifts to the latest tune of the Familia as the lights shift to black… then an eerie gold hue shines brightly over the stage.

♫ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♫

♫ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♫

Two gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. In the left in brand new gear stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg and wielding a golden weightlifting chain. In the right spotlight, the MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crowd and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans and a sleeveless shirt… and a gold "Familia" belt buckle.

Darren Quimbey:
At a combined weight of five-hundred sixty-seven pounds… representing Titanes Familia, they are the team of **KILLJOY!** And she has asked to be introduced from here on out… The Mother of Suplexes… Breaker of Backs… Baroness of Big Boots… Bringer of Bombs… She is **"THE PRETTY POWERFUL"… TITANESS!**

With a sly smile on her face, Titaness walks to the ring with newfound swagger to her with Killjoy not far behind.

DDK:
Ever since Titaness attacked Mil Vueltas, we've seen a real dark side out of her. This is a newfound attitude and she doesn't care anymore about the well-being of anyone standing across from her.

Lance:
And if I had the only two-time BRAZEN Champion in history, that BEAST standing behind me, I probably would, too!

Titaness climbs up the steps and poses with the chain hanging just over her shoulders while Killjoy puts his arms together and poses along with her. He turns around, pulls himself up onto the apron and steps into the ring as she hands off her glasses and chains… THEN KILLJOY GOES RIGHT FOR GEORGE OTHELLO AND ANTONIO PRINCE!

DDK:
NO! KILLJOY NOT EVEN WAITING FOR THE BELL!

With the action getting underway, a panicked Hector Navarro does indeed call for the bell!

DING DING

The Good Son of Titanes Familia moves with deceptive speed and is already over Antonio Prince by crushing him in the corner with a big splash! Right after, Othello attacks him with forearms across the back that barely do anything as Titaness runs in and NAILS Othello with a swift running pump kick to the face! After dealing with Othello, Titaness points at the corner and tells Killjoy to head to the corner. The Future of the Familia nods and does as instructed.

DDK:
We're already off in this match to a brutal start! Titaness and Killjoy get the early jump on their opposition tonight!

Titaness pulls Othello back to his feet and whips him off the ropes. The young Welshman comes back, only to get picked up with a release German suplex!

DDK:
Titaness showing that overwhelming strength of hers! She just took down Othello! He's no slouch in BRAZEN, either as a former Onslaught Champion!

Lance:
Titaness herself is currently one-half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions with a BRAZEN wrestler, Brooklynn Rivera!

Titaness gets to her feet and shows no remorse at all for her attacks. When Othello tries to hobble back to his feet, he's grabbed from the side and taken down with a snap saito suplex!

DDK:
And she calls that The World's Prettiest Backdrop! Othello just got PLANTED!

The 6'1" and 200-pound Titaness hits the World's Prettiest Backdrop… then she kips up to her feet with the most confident of smiles! After taking in the jeering of The Faithful, she reaches over and makes the tag to Killjoy. Titaness grabs Othello off the canvas and whips him into the corner where she follows with a corner big boot. Othello gets rocked and then throw into the grip of Killjoy who picks up Mellow Yellow and THROWS him across the ring with a release belly to back slam!

Lance:
Goodness! Good tag team wrestling on display and BRUTAL efficiency to boot!

The Faithful jeer Killjoy as he even throws Othello over to the corner to allow a rising Antonio Prince to tag in. Prince goes for it and leaps through the air with a huge springboard dropkick that catches Killjoy square in the chest! Prince kips up, but when he does, Killjoy bounces right back and TRUCKS right over him with a powerful shoulder block! The Faithful are in shock as Killjoy yells out.

DDK:
I think any hopes of these talented BRAZEN students pulling a Punch Drunk Purcell-style upset are looking bleak! There's a tag by Killjoy to Titaness!

Titaness takes the tag from The Good Son and climbs into the ring again. She picks up the smaller Prince in a powerbomb position mid-ring as Killjoy backs up towards the corner. He charges forward and SLAMS into Prince with a lariat just as Titaness delivers the standing powerbomb!

Lance:
Oooh! That was devastating! Killjoy's so tall, he didn't even HAVE to come off the ropes!

DDK:
They call that the Familia Bond! And Titaness right into the cover!

Titaness hits the stacking pinfall on Prince as Killjoy stands with arms folded behind her.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

♫ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♫

Darren Quimbey:
Here is your winner… **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Before Hector Navarro can even do anything else, Killjoy goes over when he sees George Othello coming back in! Othello strikes Killjoy with a big uppercut, but that's all he gets when Killjoy LAUNCHES him up into the air and shoves him back down with a standing flapjack!

Lance:
And the destruction hasn't stopped! Othello was trying to do right by Antonio Prince by coming to his aid and he just paid for it!

Titaness goes over to grab Othello, then hoists him up for a powerbomb much like Prince was. She picks him up, then Killjoy takes his head off with a big lariat just before the bomb!

DDK:
OOOH! Another Familia Bond! The destruction that Titanes Familia have caused in the last several weeks… this is so far removed from who they used to be.

After Othello is spiked, Killjoy grabs him and THROWS him outside the ring! After the ring has been cleared, Killjoy stands in place while Titaness yells at Hector Navarro to get her a microphone. He does so quickly for fear that they'll take out their aggression on him.

Lance:
That was a completely one-sided match by Titanes Familia and a successful first tag team outing! What does Titaness have to say?

Titaness holds out her hand and Navarro hands the microphone over. She raises a hand and he is quick to leave the ring. The Faithful jeer The Pretty Powerful as she continues to smirk.

Titaness:
Actions speak louder than words… and two weeks ago, I showed I'm a screamer!

She pauses with a wink.

Titaness:
Shut up, pervs. Anyway… it's a simple concept. What the Familia wants, the Familia is going to TAKE. At DEFCON, it is official. Killjoy and I are going to TAKE the Unified Tag Team Titles! And it makes my mind go crazy, it does…

She presses on through the jeering.

Titaness:
Elise Ares. She calls herself the FACE of DEFIANCE? Two weeks ago, I put my BOOT right through her ratty-ass face and she couldn't do anything about it! The spots that you and The D have taken in the tag team division for the past eight years? We are going to do exactly what we did in Seattle. Killjoy and I are going to pick you up, shake you down and then THROW YOU TO THE SIDE so we can take your spots!

One quick spike of the microphone later and the two powerhouses depart the ring quickly.

Lance:
PCP are no stranger to fighting powerhouses throughout their entire careers… but this newfound focus of Titaness, not to mention Killjoy now… are they going to be ready for these monsters at DEFCON?

Titaness poses on the ramp one more time with her new gold weightlifting chain over her shoulders, smiling with Killjoy snarling to the masses before they depart.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

HOME COOKING

Shots of panning around the arena take place while “Downtown” Darren Keebler’s voice is heard.

DDK:
Hi folks, welcome back to DEFtv. I can’t believe I have to throw to this but I’ve been informed that we have a recording that took place late last week from Malak Garland. He is here tonight but he’s requested this recording play during the show so here it is. Let’s take a look.

Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A Thursday afternoon.

We pick things up in a typical American kitchen setting. All your favorite brands of boxed snacks, cereals and an assortment of other treats line the marble countertops. The farm-style sink sits at the ready and is surrounded by glass windowed cabinets which house everything from plates, cups, goblets, slow cookers, pots, pans and baking sheets to boot! If you can think of it, you can see it in this kitschy country kitchen. Sure, some of the items are a touch out of date, like the backsplash is something straight out of the nineties and the window drapes look a bit tattered, but it’s a serviceable kitchen which has seen plenty of good meals and belly laughs in its time. There’s only one problem. The man sitting at the table is in no fun loving mood despite the sun shining through the entire house. Malak Garland sits at the head of the table, with his elbows on the edge and hands clasped together. In walks Christie Zane who sits one spot removed from Malak.

Christie Zane:
Hi Malak, first off, thanks for inviting me and my crew into your home. It’s much appreciated during your week off but I have to ask what the reason is behind the invitation? I know you’ve been running your life off invitations recently. Becoming more exclusive. Sealing yourself off from others. I mean, you’ve put yourself in a position most others work their entire lives for and now it seems you’re closing yourself off? Like, what gives? Everyone wants to know what’s going on in the head of Malak Garland.

Garland snickers as he relaxes into his chair.

Malak Garland:
Wow, Christie. There’s a lot to unpack there. Do you think you could have NOT asked me one million questions in a row? First off, I invited you here to get THE definitive scoop on what my DEFCON stipulation is. You see, I’ve come back to my Wyoming family farm to decompress. I do this often. I come here to get away from people because I hate them. People are toxic. They say outlandish things and do even worse things through their actions so it’s extra good my family isn’t home this week. I couldn’t stand to talk to my mother or sister when I have all this pressure to focus on right now. This is the only place where I consider it to be a peaceful sanctuary. I am siloed here and you’re right, I have become more exclusive but it’s all with the territory.

Malak shuffles to cross his legs.

Malak Garland:
I need to become more exclusive. I deserve it because I have proven I am a top tier wrestling talent. Therefore, everyone doesn’t deserve access to me. It works the opposite way that weight watchers wannabe Dex Joy works. The higher up you go, the more exclusive you get, not becoming more available to those sweat hogs we call fans. Hence why I’m here. In my parent’s kitchen. On the wonderful plains of Wyoming. This is hallowed ground, Christie. Speaking of locations, you know where we’ll be for DEFCON, right Christie?

He pauses, expecting an answer.

Christie Zane:
Why I believe we will be in Los Angeles, California.

Malak Garland:

Correct. Dex Joy's home. So I thought I'd get in a little home cooking too, before the big show.

The Keyboard King's eyes start to wander around the room. One can only assume he's recounting many memories of him growing up in that house. Discovering the internet and comments sections in that house. Becoming a **troll** in that house.

Malak Garland:
Look, I realize I will be walking into probably the most hostile environment unlike anything I've ever experienced before but **mark** my words that I am prepared. It might be Dex Joy's backyard and I might not have any member of The Comments Section out there supporting me but I still have my stipulation to name.

Christie leans in with genuine interest.

Christie Zane:
Well, what is it?

Malak's face looks guarded, not ready to give up the goods just yet and answers by completely ignoring the question asked.

Malak Garland:
You know, it's funny how I'll be walking into the crypto dot com arena. Do you know why?

Christie Zane:
No, why?

Malak Garland:
Because I invest in bitcoin. It's better, just like how I am better than that fraud of champion, Dex Joy.

Garland can feel his pulse rising. He notices the palm of his hand firmly planted on the table in front of him. He takes a deep breath.

Malak Garland:
I will become the next FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCON in Los Angeles and I will embarrass Dex Joy in his hometown in front of all his friends and family. Then, I will bring the belt back to this exact farm. I will plunk it down on this very table and I will DEMAND my mother make me grilled cheese and tomato farm fresh soup.

The moment stands still, allowing it to breathe on its own.

Christie Zane:
Okay, that's all well and good. I'm sure she makes a mean grilled cheese but Malak, Dex has been on a roll as of late. Ever since winning the FIST, he's worked his way past many daunting foes.

The Social Media Savant raises a finger, requesting Zane's immediate silence.

Malak Garland:
That's all well and good but again, all those things come to an end and it's up to me to end it. No one else can. Only me. The night Dex became champion was the last time I tasted defeat. It was the last time I was pinned so I guess you could say we've BOTH been on a roll. Something has to give and it will be him. This will be a collision between two forces come DEFCON and my stipulation tilts the ice in my favor.

Garland pushes his chair back. He glances out the nearby floor to ceiling sliding door briefly before glaring back at Christie Zane.

Malak Garland:
For the main event at DEFCON, I REQUIRE the referee to be Mark Shields. He's my personal referee. I've worked

with him forever. He is not a subscribed member of The Comments Section but he makes me comfortable. He is an employee of the Favored Saints and DEFIANCE in good standing. He is a model referee. He will call things down the middle, I know it but I need him to work the match. That's my stipulation. Dex Joy can have his entire hometown there. I will have Mark.

The camera zooms in on Malak's ever-intent face. Just before the segment ends, the edges of Malak's mouth curl up into that menacing smirk many have come to hate.

Malak Garland:
Now. Let's eat.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. TYLER FUSE

DDK:
DEFtv 162, Night 2, January 6th, 2002. This was the date of Tyler Fuse's last singles loss.

Lance:
It was also against Gage Blackwood.

DDK:
Now here we are, they'll face each other again, two years later, on DEFtv 200.

Lance:
I'm ready to go! Two hard hitters. Let's do this!

The scene switches to ringside where Darren Quimbey stands.

Darren Quimbey:
This match is for ONE FALL!

RAH RAH RAHRAHRAH!

Darren Quimbey:
Introducing first… from Toronto, Ontario, Canada… weighing two-hundred-eight pounds… he is the OG PLAYER… TYLER FUSE!

♫ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♫

The intense theme plays out the Intensity Personified, Tyler Fuse. He sports black trunks, knee pads and boots. He marches down the rampway and very easily slides under the bottom rope, ready to go.

DDK:
More entrances should be like Tyler's.

Lance:
Pretty simple, huh? Imagine if we were a fantasy organization, something online. Something written. It would be really easy to type out his intro each time.

DDK:
Amen.

With Fuse ready and referee Mark Shields already in the ring checking out the crowd, Quimbey rolls on.

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent… from Edinburgh, Scotland… weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds… The Noble Raider… GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♫ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♫

The former FIST appears at the top of the rampway, wearing his kilt-designed tights. He is joined alongside by the angry, disgruntled and borderline fuming Bronson Box.

DDK:
Boxwood, the unofficial tag name of these two. And they are looking for payback tonight. Oh boy, are they ever. Jack Harmen on the shelf, it's Gage Blackwood against Tyler Fuse, the man who put Harmen down.

Lance:

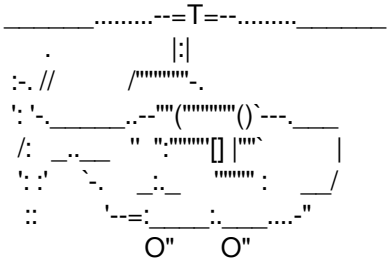
Harmen, Box and Blackwood debuted as a team almost a year ago. Blackwood was taken out two years prior by The Lucky Sevens. But Boxwood sought their revenge against Max and Mason. Now, it's Tyler Fuse's time to pay. And then… it's The Comments Section. Cyrus Bates, likely followed by Malak Garland.

Blackwood has a typical no-nonsense entrance, too. He storms down the rampway, eyes locked on Tyler. Gage slides into the ring when his theme music drops.

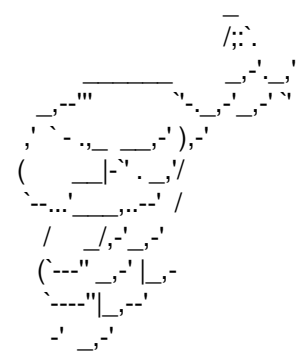
But it's INSTANTLY REPLACED!

♫ "Helikopter" by Fazlija ♫

"hElIkOpTeR"



"HeLiKoPtEr"



Major groans from the crowd.

DDK:
Well, we figured this was going to happen.

Search Party Cyrus strolls out onto the stage but he isn't alone. Thurston Hunter is there. Percy Collins, too. And the secondary leader of the group, since Malak is nowhere to be seen (of course), Teresa Ames.

Blackwood shouts off in their direction as the four of them stroll down the rampway.

DDK:
It's a complex situation. Bates is directly responsible for drugging Gage Blackwood before Blackwood's match and subsequent loss to Garland. Bates and Ames collectively are on BOXWOOD's hit list before they get back to Malak Garland.

Lance:
There's history with Ames and Tyler, too. Last year leading into DEFCON, Jane Fuse aka Princess Desire and her husband Tyler spent months picking on her!

The four members of the annoying little group reach the end of the rampway as their theme song closes. Referee Mark

Shields looks like he's going to call for the bell when-

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

The crowd pops heavily as the cameras catch Conor Fuse jumping out from the back! He waves to everyone, although the men in the ring, and particularly Tyler, don't look too thrilled.

DDK:
Out to even the odds, perhaps. We know The Comments Section might get involved… other than Conor.

The younger Fuse hops and skips down the rampway. Once near the apron, his theme song ends and he shouts towards the ring.

Conor Fuse:
Don't mind me, guys!

He motions his head towards The Comments Section.

Conor Fuse:
Keeping tabs on THESE mofos.

Everyone in The Comments Section is offended except Hunter, probably because he's too stupid to realize what's going on.

Needless to say…

DING DING

With a plethora of nonsense surrounding the outside of the ring, the bell sounds meaning the much more serious Gage Blackwood and Tyler Fuse lock up in the center of the squared circle! Fuse gains the upper hand by whipping Blackwood's right arm around but Gage slips down on the mat, rolls over once and reverses the hold. Fuse fumes as he tries to whack Blackwood with his free arm but he can't reach him. Instead, Blackwood twists Fuse around and performs a hammer throw!

Fuse lands near a buckle. He gives his head a shake and charges at Blackwood, who moves and steers Tyler into another corner. The OG Player meets the padding chest first, stumbles out and Blackwood connects with a double knee facebuster smash (codebreaker).

Fuse shoots in the air and lands across a corner. Blackwood comes charging in but Tyler gets his knees up. Gage eats the knees and Tyler immediately grabs the head.

DDK:
It looks like Fuse is going for the win right here!

CQC- no! Blackwood pushes Tyler off after Fuse pushes off the corner. Tyler, however, lands on his feet and charges back.

Once again the former gamer is steered into the buckle. He sticks and Blackwood delivers a dropkick to his back. The Noble Raider picks Fuse up and places him on the top rope.

Gage joins.

SUPERPLEX.

But Tyler floats over upon the landing, lifts Blackwood up and connects with a falcon arrow suplex and a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Lance:
That was a HELL of a counter. No idea where Tyler got that second wind!

Blackwood and Fuse get to their feet and begin a trade off of open and likely closed palm shots as the crowd cheers and boos back and forth. The Comments Section goons watch on as the “mastermind” of the team, Teresa Ames, stays in the far distance by the rampway. Thurston Hunter, meanwhile, is the most annoying, screaming at the top of his lungs for one of these gangsters to “bust a cap already”.

It’s Blackwood who gains the upper hand. He works Tyler back a few feet, shoots into the ropes and delivers a clothesline. Gage lifts Tyler off the canvas and looks for a powerbomb when Tyler slips free, lands on his feet, and sends a superkick up and under Blackwood’s jaw.

The elder Fuse takes a BRIEF moment to glance at Conor on the outside, as if suggesting Tyler can also hit superkicks just as well as Conor.

DDK:
We rarely see Tyler break out a superkick.

Fuse bounces off the ropes, ducks a Blackwood clothesline and hits the next set of ropes. Fuse flies across the ring with a crossbody block, and even though Gage catches him and attempts a fall away slam, Tyler lands on his feet, spins Blackwood around again and sends a second superkick into his jaw. Tyler quickly collects Blackwood…

PILEDRIVER!

And a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:
Tyler has come close a couple of times in the early stages.

Hunter keeps mouthing off but then he sees the cold, HARD, dead to rights stare by Bronson Box from across the way so he shuts up so fast and doesn’t open his yap again. Inside the ring, Tyler chops Blackwood into a corner and then Irish whips the former champion to the other side of the ring. However, Blackwood bounces off the pads immediately and connects with a clothesline. He peels Tyler off the mat and hooks Fuse’s arm around his own neck.

Snap suplex.

Blackwood holds on.

Vertical suplex.

Blackwood holds on.

DDK:

Looking for the Scottish Trinity.

A rolling release suplex follows. The crowd gives a cheer.

The cameras switch to Conor Fuse on the outside of the ring, seeming a little concerned for his brother. However, as Blackwood stomps over to Tyler, hoping to inflict further damage, Tyler gets away with a poke to his eyes!

DDK:
Hey!

Fuse rolls to his knees and waits. He doesn't attack Blackwood, although he most certainly could. He simply points to who the referee is, Mark Shields, and lets out a laugh.

DDK:
I think this was a message to Blackwood. Tyler knows the ins and outs of a wrestling ring and he wants Gage to understand that he does. Cheating could be fair game when we employ literally the worst referee in all of professional wrestling!

Lance:
Be easy on Mark.

DDK:
That is me being easy!

Tyler allows Gage to find his bearings and then he charges forward-

Right into a hammer throw!

Fuse lands on the back of his head. His brother looks concerned and The Comments Section jeer. All except Hunter, who's had the fear of god struck down upon him thanks to Bronson Box.

Blackwood lifts Fuse off the mat and delivers a gutwrench powerbomb!

Blackwood covers for the first time.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse rolls to his side, snatching Blackwood's leg and dragging the Scot down to the mat with him. Tyler slips into position…

DDK:
Really nicely done! Fuse has a modified Texas cloverleaf on our former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:
We may not like Tyler, but he's blossomed into this serious ring technician. On the ground, after being pinned, yet he trips up Gage Blackwood and works into a submission move. That's no easy feat.

DDK:
No, it's not.

Blackwood raises his hand but doesn't let it hit the mat. He realizes he isn't TOO far from the ropes but Tyler sits back

as hard as he can. The submission is textbook. It's going to take a lot to get to a break… and it just so happens the direction in which Blackwood is moving is directly towards the ropes where Conor Fuse stands!

Conor claps but Gage sees him so he stops clapping. The Noble Raider moves an inch… then another… it's really hard to do.

The crowd stands, thinking Blackwood might submit as he raises his hand once again-

But reaches out as far as it can go!

He BARELY grazes the ropes with his middle finger! There's more work to be done! Tyler tries to quickly reposition himself but in retrospect, this is where it went wrong. It gave the vet an extra millisecond to slide across the canvas… and take hold of the bottom rope.

Mark Shields doesn't remember he has to administer the FIVE count, though. However, in a surprising twist, Fuse breaks the hold.

Only to go ANGRY STOMPing the living piss out of Gage Blackwood.

DDK:
That's why he broke the hold. I have to say, it's a great call.

The ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM, unlike his brother's HAPPY STOMPS, could seriously place a dent in the canvas. Fuse peels Blackwood off the mat and follows with his hard Russian leg sweep, followed by pulling Blackwood up again and sending a pendulum backbreaker into the small of Gage's back.

DDK:
Tyler was working on the back with the submission, with the STOMPS, even the leg sweep impacts the back. And that final blow, the wicked backbreaker he delivers, letting go of his opponent high and dropping him across his knee, no regard for the body at all!

Blackwood is motionless on the mat as Tyler rolls him over and covers.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse is back to work. He drills Blackwood in the head with a few elbow strikes. Then drags Gage to his feet and whips him into the ropes-

No! It's reversed! Blackwood clotheslines Tyler up and over the ropes, to the floor below.

Gage slams his hands against the mat. It's rare he leaves his feet… but Blackwood hits the ropes on the far side and then dives between the top and middle rope, landing on Tyler.

Blackwood throws Fuse into the ring. Before The Noble Raider can get in himself, though… Thurston Hunter snatches him by the arm.

Hunter does a bad-ass dance in front of Gage, who looks like he's going to puke before Conor Fuse makes his way over and tries to remove Hunter from the situation.

Tyler finds a second wind. He exits the ring and elbows Blackwood in the head, steering Blackwood back and underneath the bottom rope. Tyler takes a moment to look at Conor. The elder Fuse rolls his eyes like he did

backstage.

Tyler Fuse:
I told you, I don't need your help.

Conor's apologetic.

Conor Fuse:
Yeah bro, I know, I know. I was just getting dickweed over there to chill out.

Hunter flaps his hands together in the BRAP BRAP motion. Conor looks like he wants to die.

Conor Fuse:
Get back in there.

Meanwhile, The Faithful have grown SIGNIFICANT interest in what's happening…

As Bronson Box strolls up to both of the Fuse's. He stands behind Tyler Fuse and the OG Player can feel someone else's angry breath against the back of their neck. Tyler repositions to see what's behind him.

Box and Fuse stare at each other.

The OG DEFIANT and the OG Player stand-off. Neither is backing down. But then out of the corner of his eyes Tyler sees Blackwood getting on his feet inside the ring.

Tyler Fuse:
Excuse me.

He slides under the bottom rope and chop blocks Blackwood down, applying a sleeper hold.

…HOWEVER, with Tyler Fuse removed from the picture, Bronson Box now stands in front of CONOR FUSE.

Obviously Conor does not have the same demeanor of his older brother. He's not in a stand-off, who's tougher situation. Conor merely gulps heavily before taking a slight step back.

Conor Fuse:
Hey guy, hey. I've done nothing.

The crowd watches as Box moves a foot forward.

Conor a step back.

Box a step forward.

Back.

Forward.

And so on.

Until Conor has nowhere else to go, because he's against the guardrail.

Box takes his massive right index finger and pokes it into Conor's chest.

Bronson Box:

YOU AIN'T EUGENE, LAUGHIN' BOY! NOT BY A LONGSHOT- NOT ON YER' BEST DAY!

Fuse looks down at the finger and then up at the man. He blushes.

Conor Fuse:
No, you're right. And I don't wanna be Eugene. I'm just my own guy, you see. I'm my own-

But before anything further can happen, leave it to the idiot "gangster" to grow a pair and jump between Bronson and Conor. Hunter looks like he wants to side with Box, given that the former FIST scared the living shit out of him earlier.

Thurston Hunter:
YO CoNoR, BITCH! Brap, BRAP, BRAPP AAAAHHHHHHHH-

CRASH!

In one easy swoop, Bronson Box plucks Hunter from the equation and sends him flying! Hunter crashes into the guardrail and definitely won't be bothering anyone again. He's DOA.

Conor and Bronson's interaction is short lived, too, as the attention moves back to inside the ring… where Blackwood gains a second wind and rises to his feet, hitting a jaw breaker on Tyler! Fuse stumbles around the mat, looking to be put out of his misery when Blackwood races over-

But Teresa Ames jumps on the apron!

Knowing the history between Blackwood and Ames but also more recently Tyler Fuse and Ames, The Keyboard Queen plays coy for a moment. Then she shoots the middle finger at Gage, trying to get into the ring.

Bronson Box is having NONE of it. He marches over, snatches Ames by her feet and throws her off the apron!

Lucky for her, Cyrus Bates is there to catch her and place her down, completely unharmed. Box doesn't care. He's out for blood. He storms over to where Bates is…

And Percy Collins interjects.

WHAM!

Only to be clubbed in the side of the head by Bronson!

DDK:
We've got issues out here!

Inside the ring, Blackwood and Fuse reverse a couple of holds until Gage lands an olympic slam on Tyler! He's got the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Except nobody is counting, because Mark Shields exited the ring! He's trying to actually do his job and restore order! Go figure!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

The crowd keeps counting as Tyler Fuse is out and his singles winning streak should come to an end.

Blackwood rises. He starts shouting for Mark Shields to get back into the squared circle. However, what The Noble Raider doesn't know is there's commotion from under the ring, across the other side of the current situation.

It's The Game Boy. He's emerged from the deep, dark unknown. In other words, from the apron. He enters by stepping over the top rope, and he's making a play for Blackwood.

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

When Conor Fuse slips into the ring and superkicks the PISS out of Game Boy! It stuns the giant, so Conor leaps onto the top rope and gives a SUPER SIZED HEAD STOMP!

RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!

Game Boy stumbles backwards, into the ropes and ultimately falls out of the ring at the exact second Gage decides to bring his attention to where this all took place.

He only witnesses Conor Fuse.

Gage Blackwood:
AYE, so this is what it's like.

Conor shakes his head no. He points out of the ring, to where The Game Boy is laying. Gage can't see this, though. He doesn't have the proper angle.

DDK:
Gage has the wrong impression.

Lance:
Ya think? It doesn't look good. Conor is the only one in the ring next to his fallen bro.

It's clear Gage is growing madder and madder with each passing second Conor remains situated, trying to explain WHY he was there to begin with.

And suddenly-

Tyler Fuse:
Weapon Get.

BOOM!

Tyler lands a Head Stomp to Gage! Conor and The Faithful can't believe it! Tyler falls to his knees, hooks Blackwood's leg and starts waving Conor out of the ring.

The Power-Up King doesn't know what to do, but it finally clicks and he does leave the ring, knowing there really isn't a thing he can do.

Meanwhile, on the outside, order is kind of restored (because Teresa and Cyrus have backtracked up the rampway from Bronson). Mark Shields sees the pin and slides into the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd boos, the bell sounds, and Tyler Fuse discards the fallen body of Gage Blackwood, singles streak intact.

Darren Quimbey:
The winner of this match… TYLER FUSE!

♫ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♫

Tyler slides out of the ring, pats Conor once on the chest and then marches up the rampway, paying zero attention to an irate Bronson Box and past the shaking in his boots Search Party Cyrus and stuck up Teresa Ames.

Lance:
This was a hell of a victory for Tyler!

DDK:
Victory? Gage had Tyler beat in the middle of the ring before nonsense happened!

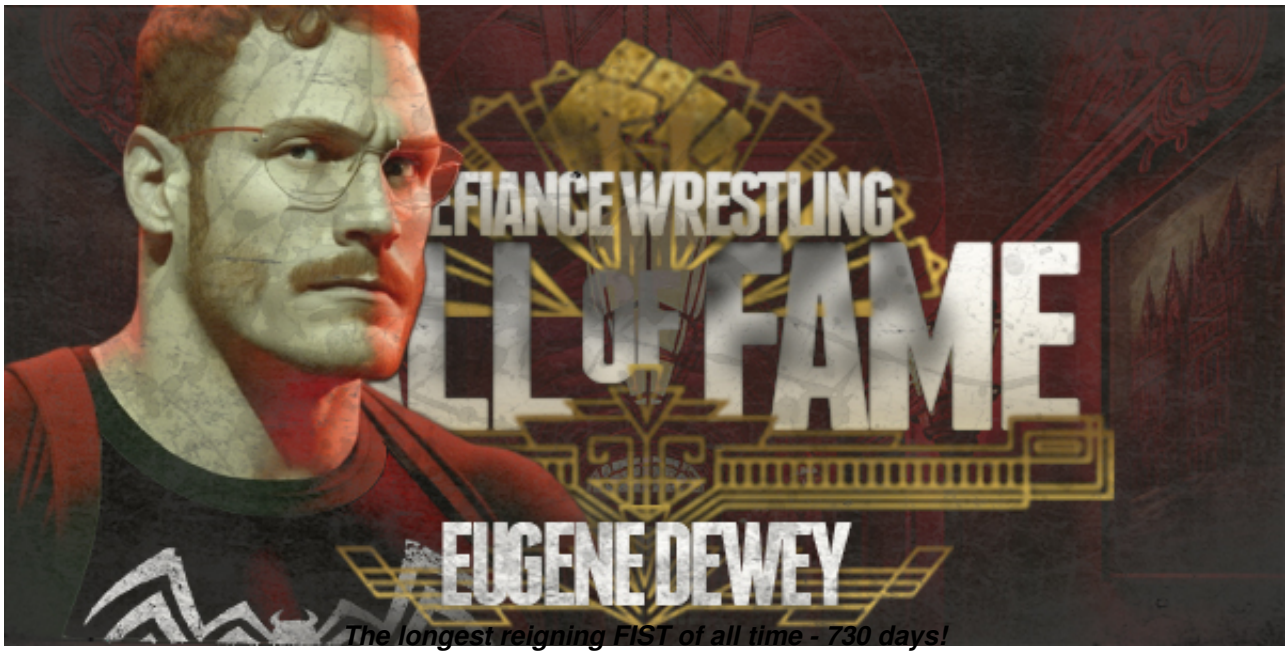
Lance:
Sure, but there was no count. Maybe Tyler hears the count on the mat and kicks out, we don't really know.

The elder Fuse vanishes behind the FIST logo, as Bronson enters the ring to check on his partner. The Comments Section are gone, too, leaving Conor Fuse at the bottom of the rampway. The supposed "guy who was keeping tabs" didn't really do a great job, as he realized.

Conor decides to slowly sneak up the rampway before Blackwood comes to and tells Box what's up.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY



WELCOME TO SATO LABORATORIES

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION
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WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

That familiar claxon and flashing text greets us once more, which means we are sure to hear once more from the elusive and brilliant Dr. Sato.

This time, however, we are greeted with… a film reel countdown.

8

7

6

5

4

3

2

Cut to black.

Cute the cheesy production music! (https://youtu.be/4MoGHOUlPAc?si=mZL_9OAdZ4FZRsTb)

We open up on a black and white view of a clean, net science lab like you might find in your local high school. Of all the benches, only one seems to have any equipment out; a Bunsen burner, several beakers, and a flask or two. A well-dressed man, not unlike what you may find in a TV show from around this era, walks to us from the background, putting on a lab coat and a pair of goggles, before taking his place in front of the equipment and greeting us with a big, gleaming smile.

???:
Are you looking for an employer that will help you reach your professional and intellectual potential?

CUT TO: an active lab, where a team of scientists of all backgrounds and ages are armed to the teeth, and one in particular seems to be readying a laser rifle towards what appears to be a many-tentacled monster.

???:
Do you see concepts such as “ethics” and “the laws of science” as obstacles to be circumvented and conquered?

CUT TO: a city in panic, as the populace runs in fear from a dark, swirling cloud in the sky raining down a dark, viscous liquid of some kind.

???:
Does the phrase “manmade horrors beyond your comprehension” sound f*BEEP*king awesome to you?

CUT TO: the clean lab we were first exposed to, with our humble narrator still smiling.

???:
If so, you may have a glowing bright future at SATO LABORATORIES!

Our narrator is temporarily obscured by a logo that could probably be best described as "graphic design is my

passion," before it fades away, most likely in embarassment.

???:
Sato Laboratories, the worldwide leader in mad science and mad science-adjacent mayhem, and the corporate arm of our founder and fearless leader, Dr. Ayumi Sato!

CUT TO: overhead view of a wooden desk, upon which a photograph is dropped; a graduation photo depicting a young Dr. Sato smiling with diploma in hand.

???: *[v/o]*
After completing her doctorate in metaphysics and mad science at The University of Evil, *Go Villains,* Dr. Sato embarked on her mission of global conquest and pinning the whole galaxy under her brilliance.

Another photo drops onto the desk, this one a clearly fictionalized portrait of her, in a giant form, behind Earth, holding the globe in an underhand claw grip and grinning maniacally and EVILLY~!

???: *[v/o]*
Of course, no grand scheme comes together without a few setbacks along the way!

Another photograph drops onto the desk; this time, in a lab currently covered in flames, with Dr. Sato in the foreground, mid-stride and apparently screaming as her own lab coat is on fire. Atop the photograph, written in red ink (that we can see despite the black-and-white screen), are the words “**BURN THIS.**”

???: *[v/o]*
But Dr. Sato never gave up on her dreams, and persevered through any curveballs life threw her!

A new photograph. This time, a still shot of a fly stuck in a spider’s web, being approached by said spider; curiously, the fly seems to have a face like Dr. Sato’s, and is panic-stricken and terrified. Next to the spider, once again in red ink, are the words “**BURN. THIS.**”, with an extra period added for emphasis.

???: *[v/o]*
And that perseverance has become a part of the Sato Way here at Sato Laboratories.

A final photograph falls onto the desk; this time, an overhead view of a laboratory floor covered in some kind of slime puddle which is being sucked up by industrial vacuums, bit by bit. In the center of the puddle is a disembodied face laid over an empty lab coat, bearing an expression not of panic or fear, but of extreme annoyance.

And below her dissolved, displeased face, more red ink, in larger letters, issuing a command to “**BURN!!! THIS!!!**”

CUT TO: the inside of a laboratory deck not unlike the one we first met the Doctor in. A group of aspiring scientists flank Dr. Sato as she lectures them, gesturing dramatically at the familiar figured encased in the vats behind her.

???: *[v/o]*
Sato Laboratories is always seeking eager professionals looking to be a part of something bigger than themselves in fields such as…

The text that pops up on screen is accompanied by our narrator’s voice.

Natural Disaster Manipulation

Time Travel and Prehistoric Monster Retrieval

Eldritch Sorcery

Professional Wrestling Villainy

Weapons of Mass Destruction

and more!

CUT TO: The lab where today's adventure began, with our humble narrator continuing to smile that unsettling smile.

???: *[v/o]*
Sato Laboratories is bound to take over Planet Earth and beyond with your hard work and dedication! But don't take my word for it! Hear it from Dr. Sato herself!

CUT TO: Dr. Sato sitting at a desk, with a look of confidence on her face as she smirks deviantly toward us.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
The story of Dr. Ayumi Sato's conquest of all things would not be at all possible without the help of dedicated staff like you! We offer generous benefits to ascertain an excellent work-life balance, and hope to bring you a company culture where you feel like you are truly part of a great legion! Yes, soon, Sato Laboratories will make its mark across the universe!

A brief pause, as she begins to slouch forward and her face begins to dim.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
…and anyone who thinks they have what it takes to STOP me is more than welcome to meet me and my Atomic Punks, at DEFCON 2024 in Los Angeles. But don't worry; you will crumble at our feet just like all others. They all do.

Her grin slowly returns to her face, only to be interrupted by the loud ringing of what appears to be a fire alarm. Her face immediately turns to one of surprised frustration as she procures a fire extinguisher from beneath her desk.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:
Ohhhh, brother, here we go again…

Static cut.

CUT TO: that laboratory once again. Our narrator is still smiling, and still unsettling.

???:
And there you have it, straight from the overlord's mouth! If you're convinced that your future is in the field of mad science and global domination, come on by, and take your first step into the world of Sato Laboratories!

A pause.

???:
And who knows? The next city we take over might be yours!

The narrator bows his head a bit, just in time for his eyes to start glowing an ominous red tint as the lights go dim and a cacophonus din fills the air.

Static cut.

Black.

THE 200TH EPISODE

Cut back to the arena as …

♫ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♫

… plays but is quickly faded off. Darren Quimbey stands in the ring next to less than familiar face. He is a middle aged man wearing a suit and a cheesy smile.

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and Gentlemen, at this time it is my pleasure to welcome the Chief Executive Officer of Favoured Saints Financial, Chairmen of the Board … Daniel Davidson!

Darren hands the microphone over to David and backs out of the camera shot.

Daniel Davidson:
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to a historic evening in the annals of professional wrestling! Tonight, we celebrate not only the 200th episode of DEFtv, but we celebrate the passion, the dedication, and the sheer excellence of every single individual who has graced this ring!

The Faithful pop enough to be polite but this isn't exactly riveting television.

Daniel Davidson:
It was only one hundred episodes of this great program ago that; it looked as if DEFIANCE would shutter it's doors. But Favoured Saints and myself, believe now as we believed then … there was so much more DEFIANCE could give The Faithful!

They give him a little bit more on that one.

Daniel Davidson:
So, to join me tonight in celebrating two hundred episodes … please welcome … Conor Fuse!

♫ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♫

The DEFIANCE theme begins to play again as Conor Fuse comes through the curtain to a big crowd pop. He makes his way to the ring as Davidson continues.

Daniel Davidson:
Lonnie Stone!

Lonnie Stone comes through the curtain right on cue and makes his way down to the ring, slapping some fan hands a few steps behind Conor.

Daniel Davidson:
One half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions … The D!

The D emerges from behind the curtain and stops on the stage for a moment, only my suddenly pushed forward by a stumbling Klein. The D keeps his footing and turns back to Klein with a questioning look. Klein adjust his box and shrugs at The D before the pair head toward the ring.

Daniel Davidson:
And Klein!

Before he can get the next name out of mouth, Rezin comes through the curtain uncensored with cues and timing.

Daniel Davidson:

..and Rezin!

Daniel takes a beat before announcing the next guests.

Daniel Davidson:
Mason and Max Luck … The Lucky Sevens!

The twins brothers come through the curtain and pause on the ramp for the fan appreciation before heading to the ring.

The DEFIANCE theme fades down once again as all these DEFIANCE greats circle the ring.

Daniel Davidson:
And … last but not least, our … would be surprise guest … "DEFIANCE's Favorite Son," "SUB POP" Scott Douglas!

♫ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♫

The Faithful pop for, not one but now, two appearances from the previously ousted Scott Douglas. Scott comes through the curtain and keeps the fan fare short, heading to the ring and only slapping a few hands on the way. He nods or points at a few of the DEFIANTS as he heads to the ring steps.

Inside the ring, he shakes Daniel Davidson's hand and heads over to Darren Quimbey, placing a hand on his shoulder and sharing a word or two as Darren hands him an additional mic. The music fades down and Davidson is ready to move this along.

Daniel Davidson:
Scott, on behalf of The Faithful - our great DEFIANTS here at ringside and Favoured Saints … we'd like to express our deepest gratitude for joining us here on such a momentous occasion, celebrating two hundred episodes of DEFtv!

Scott Douglas:
Do you count both nights? How does that work … ? Might be nearing three hundred, Daniel.

Daniel Davidson:
Well …

Scott Douglas:
No, I kid … I can't thank you, the Faithful and these guys here … even the one with a box on his head, for allowing me to come back for such an incredible milestone in DEFIANCE history. I have --

♫ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♫

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
Wait… no!

But yes. The fans begin to boo as Ned Reform's theme begins to play throughout the Wrestleplex… and then The Good Doctor himself marches through the curtain. He has shed last night's formal wear in exchange for a purple "Fully Neducated" t-shirt and jeans. As opposed to his usual demeanor, there is no slow saunter to the ring… Reform is marching down the ramp with a purpose with mic in hand.

Lance:
We saw the Office Hours segment get crashed by Scott Douglas last night… and I'm thinking that didn't sit right with Ned Reform.

The wrestlers around the ring bristle at this interruption, but Ned might as well not even know they're there. He marches right past Lonnie Stone and marches up the steps and gets into the ring. As his music fades out, he gestures to Daniel Davidson, the flustered member of the Favoured Saints.

Ned Reform:
I apologize for the intrusion, sir. I promise this will take very little of your time and you can resume your ceremony. But I desperately need to talk…

Reform points toward Scott Douglas with a hand that is slightly trembling.

Ned Reform:
…to you.

Scott Douglas:
You had the chance to talk last night or better yet - put your money where your mouth is! Instead, you tucked your tail and ran …

This barb visibility unnerves Ned, but he quickly recovers.

Ned Reform:
You startled me last night. I am man enough to admit it. I never, ever, EVER believed that you would have the audacity to show your face at a DEFIANCE event again. I miscalculated. In my disbelief, I fled. I needed to process, you understand. It's what deep thinkers do. We don't react, we take a step back and assess. And I'm so glad you're back in this ring, because I've had twenty-four hours to contemplate, and I have thus returned to say my peace.

Reform steps closer. We see the Favoured Saints exec begin to grow worried as he gestures off screen. Douglas doesn't back down - and he and Ned aren't exactly nose to nose, but they've definitely moved closer into each other's personal space. DEFsec suddenly floods the ring. Douglas waves them off - and while they don't get between the two Defiants, they do form a semi-circle at the ready.

Ned Reform:
No need, gentlemen. I'm not here for conflict. I'm merely here to speak the truth. And I as look across the ring at Mr. Scott Douglas, I'm supposed to be filled with awe, yes? A certifiable legend has returned for this milestone event. What is it they call you? "DEFIANCE's favorite son"? The personification of everything this company is supposed to stand for. One might think when I look you in the eye, I should be looking at an individual who can walk on water. And yet, if I'm being honest… all I see… and pardon the crass colloquialism…

Reform pauses for effect.

Ned Reform:
…is a loser.

Scott cocks his head to side before raising the microphone back to his lips.

Scott Douglas:
It's true… in life we some time lose. So, in that regard - sure I'm a loser. But the difference is --

Scott's attempted uplifting babyface ted talk is quickly interrupted by Reform, who continues his tangent.

Ned Reform:
Three years ago, you put everything on the line. And you came up short. And while you initially did the honorable thing and kept your word, here you are: like any rotting has-been, attempting one final grasp of the spotlight. Oh, don't misunderstand: I have no doubt you were invited here. But nonetheless… step back gentlemen!

Reform barks at DEFsec, who have gotten closer. They somewhat listen to him.

Scott Douglas:
Look here, damnit --

Reform listens to Dougas less than DEFsec did to the Good Doctor.

Ned Reform:
But you did not have to accept, did you? You could have kept your word. You could have done the world a favor and remained on your stained couch in your run-down hovel. Instead, you've elected to come take the focus off where it should be.

Ned's face has grown red, and as he speaks it's clear his anger is rising.

Ned Reform:
…on ME.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:
Look around you. Do you even recognize DEFIANCE, Mr. Douglas? You are the product of a bygone age. A relic. This is the NEW DEFIANCE, Mr. Douglas. And while YOU…

Reform gestures up and down.

Ned Reform:
…are the personification of everything wrong with the past, the DEFIANCE of 2024 is forward-thinking. Innovative. Classy. And most importantly, no longer led by drowned sewer rats. No, Mr. Douglas, there is one man at the head of this new and improved DEFIANCE: Doctor. Ned. Reform. DEFIANCE has a new "favorite son." And it is I.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Scott Douglas:
This is alot of talk for someone who --

Again, Reform continues on.

Ned Reform:
Oh yes! I'm sure this is too much talking for you to comprehend, yes? Because I know that people like you only respond to violence. So it occurs to me that the only way to prove the validity of my words is to give you the sound thrashing you so desperately deserve.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:
The Faithful like the idea of these two going at it!

DEFsec doesn't - they brace themselves. Wyatt Bronson tries to step into the little space left between the two men, but Douglas stops him. In response to Reform's words, Douglas drops the microphone and pulls his fists up into a fighting position. The Good Doctor takes a step back.

Ned Reform:
Oh, no no! You misunderstand. I didn't mean *now.* I had… a bigger stage in mind. Perhaps, oh… say… DEFCON? What say you, Mr. Douglas? Do you dare to prove me wrong? What do you say to Scott Douglas vs. DOCTOR Ned Reform in one month's time at DEFCON in Los Angeles!?

Just as Scott assumed, this is more talk. He lowers his fists and relaxes his stance before picking the microphone

back up from the mat.

Scott Douglas:
You know as well as I do… that's an empty challenge. You obviously know who I am, so I know … that *you know* I can't compete in DEFIANCE. Title verse career, and … I don't have no title.

Reform grins.

Ned Reform:
Ah. Yes. I assumed as much. You heard it, ladies and gentlemen. Yours truly, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, has challenged Scott Douglas to a fight… and he has declined.

Reform gestures toward Douglas.

Ned Reform:
This is your hero, eh?

Scott Douglas:
I'm no ones --

Reform steps in again, cutting Douglas off mid sentence. Scott is growing visibly agitated.

Ned Reform:
No, no. Believe me, I understand. It fills me with great hope that there might be a Scott Douglas fan watching at home right now who is finally realizing that their hero is a coward and a fraud. Make all the excuses you want. History will remember this moment when you revealed your true colors.

Douglas looks toward Daniel Davidson, over the shoulders of the ever encroaching DEFsec. He doesn't speak directly into the microphone but his audio is picked up well enough.

Scott Douglas:
I've put up with about as much as I'm going take here … you need to do something about this!

Smelling blood in the water, Ned appears ready to go in for the kill.

Ned Reform:
And you know the best part, Mr. Douglas? Other than Dr. Ned Reform being the one to finally expose you as the weakling you are? It's that after all these years, the matter has finally been settled.

Douglas responds into the microphone this time. His tone having greatly changed from the top of this segment.

Scott Douglas:
Yeah!? And what's that!?

Reform pauses for effect, leaning in slightly with a devilish smile.

Ned Reform:
…Stalker was right about you all along.

Douglas drops the microphone, once again, as only part of audio is picked up.

Scott Douglas:
You son of a bit --

The microphone thuds on the mat as Scott lunges at Reform with both hands out, shoving the doctor as DEFsec

instantly swarm the situation. A few of DEFIANTS at ringside, hop to the apron but find no openings in the confusion to be effective.

DDK:
This has broken down!!!

Chaos! DEFsec divide and conquer, with half restraining Douglas and the other half pushing Reform back toward a neutral corner. Scott struggles to get at the Good Doctor and Ned, having just been shoved, has turned bright red and resists the attempts to restrain him. Daniel Davidson, absolutely aghast at what has happened to his celebration but seeing that both men seem to be under control, moves in to check in/apologize to Scott Douglas. On the other side of the ring, Reform steps back and throws up his hands as if to say “I’m good”... but the second DEFsec release him, he dodges around them and LEAPS into the air toward Douglas!

DDK:
Here we go!

Ned lunges for DEFIANCE’s Favorite Son… but that’s not who he gets. His forearm collides SOLIDLY with Daniel Davidson’s skull!! The Favored Saints exec goes down as a collective “OHHHHHH” rises up from The Faithful.

Lance:
Oh my God!

Now even more chaos! Reform is DOG PILED on and he disappears under security for a moment. With DEFsec focused on Davidson, Douglas is able to slip free and now HE lunges at Ned who has just escaped the mountain of men trying to keep him down.

DDK:
Folks, I think -

Hard cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. ELISE ARES

DEFtv returns to commercial. We see the commentary table, with a solemn-looking Darren Keebler and a visibly shaken Lance Warner.

DDK:
Ladies and gentlemen, moments ago, during what was supposed to be a celebration of 200 episodes of DEFtv… well, to say things broke down would be a massive understatement.

Lance:
All of us at DEFIANCE would like to formally apologize to the Favored Saints. No non-wrestler should ever be put in that position that Mr. Davidson was put in tonight, but he is being tended to by medical staff as we speak and we're told he is shaken but okay.

Keebler shakes his head.

DDK:
In all my years… I don't know what is going to come of this, but I don't think I'm speaking of turn when I speculate how much longer Ned Reform will be employed by this company…

Lance:
That's a question for tomorrow, Darren. Right now… we have to get our heads back in the game for one heck of a FIST of DEFIANCE bout!

DDK:
... and what a match we have for the 200th episode of DEF TV! It is Dex Joy defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against one-third of the Unified Tag Team champions, Elise Ares!

Lance:
Elise Ares has been one of the most tenured stars in DEFIANCE Wrestling! Many times as a Tag Team champion and a former Southern Heritage champion, but this is only her second ever shot at the title! Dex Joy put out the open challenge and Elise accepted!

DDK:
Dex Joy promised to show Malak Garland how a true champion operates, but Elise has been very successful at this as well and I hope that Dex is not overlooking Elise with the DEFCON main event drawing near! We are now at the main event!

The lights in the Wrestle-Plex shut off and the Faithful roar in anticipation. A few seconds feel like a few minutes as the moment builds into a burst of cyan lasers and the opening beat of a familiar song.

♫ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♫

Pink spotlights highlight the silhouettes of two men standing at the entrance as throne begins to rise between them. A bright white spotlight shoots down between the men, revealing Elise Ares leaning to her right side with her chin on top of her fist as her throne comes to a stop. Hanging to her left from a golden pillar on top of the throne is the diamond encrusted tiara from the opening package. Her LED sunglasses flash "NEXT" and "FIST" as she rises to her feet and holds the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship high in the air along with The D to her right and Klein to her left. The pink spotlights silhouetting the men become bright white spotlights as golden sparks rain down behind them.

DDK:
As shown at the beginning of the show, Lance, Elise Ares' last FIST of DEFIANCE shot was right here in the Wrestle-Plex in November 2020 against now fellow Sports-Entertainment Guild teammate Mikey Unlikely. I thought she'd done enough to win that night and you were right there next to me, what did you think Lance?

Lance:
An unbelievable match with a disgusting finish. It certainly felt to me like it was Elise's night.

DDK:
But tonight for the second time in EIGHT YEARS, Elise Ares gets a second chance at the FIST of DEFIANCE.A huge moment and opportunity for her, but you have to wonder if she's getting distracted from her duty as a champion herself.

Lance:
The last time we saw the Pop Culture Phenoms they were laid to waste by Titanes Familia as DEFtv 199 went off the air. It was a savage attack. I think it's only natural to wonder where Elise's head is at knowing that Titanes Familia are here tonight and have shown no regret and a willingness to do it again.

The D and Klein pull the leather jacket off of Elise and give her some extra motivation before they disappear to the backstage area and leave the challenger to swagger her way to the ring alone. After entering the ring as suggestively as possible, Ares launches her LED sunglasses into the New Orleans Faithful who give her a huge welcome. As she stares out across the Wrestle-Plex, her "Welcome Home" chant is interrupted by a second eruption of the Faithful.

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

DEFtv

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

That's all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic ...

DEXtv
IS FOR EVERYONE!!!

♫ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♫

The lights come up and out comes the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE! The camera swivels around to get an entire 360 of his blue and yellow lightning-covered body suit! He holds up the championship and then points to the "Everybody" name plate. There is not a person seated in the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex!

DDK:
LISTEN TO THIS CROWD!!! THEY ARE ON THEIR FEET FOR THE REIGNING FIST OF DEFIANCE!!!

Lance:
WHAT A RISE!!! BUT WILL HE STILL BE THE CHAMPION AFTER TONIGHT'S SHOW?!

Dex slaps hands with the Faithful and makes an entire round around the ringside area to do so! He makes the rounds, not leaving a single person out while Elise Ares is waiting inside the ring! He gets to the steps. Dex throws the championship high up in the sky and then he jumps inside the ring that he calls home. Momma Joy's Baby Boy hears the people cheer and chant for him and when he comes face to face with Elise Ares she gets ready.

DDK:
What a main event! Both Joy and Ares are two of the most popular stars in DEFIANCE Wrestling today!

Lance:
Will the FACE of DEFIANCE have the FIST to go along with her name or will the title remain with Dex Joy, on Behalf of

Everyone?

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is set for one fall and is for the FIST … OF … DEFIANCE!!! The challenger … from Beverly Hills, California! Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. She is ONE-THIRD of the REIGNING DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions. She is the Queen of Sports Entertainment. She is the FACE of DEFIANCE! She is … ELIIIIIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRREESSSSSSSSS!!!

Felton starts barking insults at Dex.

Darren Quimbey:
Her opponent … from Los Angeles, California! He weights in at three-hundred and eight pounds! He is the current and defending FIST … OF … DEFIANCE on behalf of Everyone … "THE BIGGEST BOOOYYYYYY" … DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXX JOOOYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Dex puts the belt up!

Dex Joy:
WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!

NO ONE!!!

The champion and the challenger both ready!

DING DING

Two of the most popular wrestlers in DEFIANCE stare each other down, each knowing how much this match means to the other. The moment builds as Dex Joy moves to the center of the ring and soaks in the moment.

E-LISE AR-ES! LET'S GO DEX!
E-LISE AR-ES! LET'S GO DEX!

The former DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion watches as Dex Joy extends a hand for a show of good faith. The FACE of DEFIANCE slowly approaches the FIST of DEFIANCE and looks to the Faithful for advice. They roar in approval as Elise throws her hand out and grabs Dex's for less then a second before she unexpectedly pulls the champion forward and rolls him into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

There is a breathless pause before Carla Ferrari shoots a two into the air and the Faithful collectively breathe again as Elise Ares looks back at the DEFIANCE official in shock. She protests the count immediately shooting a three back at the DEFIANCE referee she has the most storied history with. As usual Carla stands strong as Ares is suddenly snapped back to reality by a shotgun dropkick to the back of her head. Dex Joy immediately goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

Carla pauses as Elise sticks a foot out on the rope. Dex notices this as well and swats Elise's leg away but the rope

break has already been called. Joy releases the pinfall and Elise immediately rolls out of the ring.

DDK:
I still can't believe how close that was, Lance. We may need to look at that again.

Lance:
I thought she had him! I couldn't believe it!

DDK:
No one here could. You could've heard a pin drop for a second there!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE takes a moment outside of the ring to get herself back together and Dex Joy steps between the ropes and holds the ropes open for Elise like a gentleman. Waiting for the challenger to get back inside and fight. Ares cocks her head to the side and Dex motions for her to get back into the ring. After another second, she does, but on her own terms as she slides under the bottom rope back into the ring. Dex shrugs and gets out of the rope as Elise bursts up to her feet and against the ropes. On the rebound, the champion goes to shoulder block her by she baseball slides past him. As he turns around he eats a backhand slap directly across the face with a smirk by Ares.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Lance:
Is Ares trying to get Dex riled up?

DDK:
Even if she isn't trying, it's working!

Her smirk quickly turns into a gasp as Dex grabs Ares and launches her over the top rope and goes to fire up the crowd by throwing his arms in the air. However, Elise is hanging by one arm and lands herself back on the apron. She gets back up to her feet just in time for Dex to notice she's there. He rushes forward and throws a huge right elbow but Elise drops back down to the apron pulling the top rope down with her, sending Dex tumbling to the outside of the ring. As the big man falls down, Elise does a hair flip on the apron and steps between the ropes, holding them in place for Dex to see her inviting him back inside. She motions for him to get back in the ring. Dex starts to oblige but Elise jumps to the close middle rope and then hits a springboard drop kick that sends him back to the floor!

DDK:
Elise makes the jump and she's got the champion on the ropes!

Elise jumps back inside the ring and then uses a springboard to the top rope before she descends upon Dex on the floor with a jumping twisting corkscrew plancha on the floor!!!

Lance:
Elise is pulling out all the stops tonight! We know how much this match leans to her!

Elise Ares is the first person up and the FACE of DEFIANCE screams to the crowd!

Elise Ares:
Que tal eso?!?!

DDK:
But now how is she going to get Dex back in the ring?

Elise Ares is still dancing and getting cheers from some of the younger male fanbase for her work in the ring. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE goes over to where Dex is getting up. He tries to push her away but Elise rolls through the shove. She runs at Dex with another kick in mind but when she tries to get it, Dex throws her up on his shoulders!

DDK:
He's just caught Elise!

Dex spins her off his shoulders and he hits a Dex-5 on the ring apron!

thud!!!

Lance:
Dex with the DEX-5 on the apron!

DDK:
What a momentum shifter there! This is what Malak Garland has to look forward to at DEFCON if he can make it past Elise tonight!

Dex has followed Elise back into the ring. He puts her in a corner. She gets slammed into with a heavy elbow shot to the gut from Dex and then picked up and taken over with such a big release german suplex that Elise is thrown a whole flip and crashes out of the corner on her stomach!

DDK:
Another big throw from Dex Joy! The Dex-5 on the apron is followed up by that power hoist suplex out of the corner!

Dex has her down and pins her shoulders.

One …

Two …

No!!!

Elise somehow gets a shoulder up!

Lance:
Elise Ares kicked out! is so tough and resilient! She held that title for so long because she was a winner!

DDK:
Dex is doing the smart thing by staying on the attack though.

Dex carries Elise on the shoulder then puts her back in a corner. Another big elbow smash hits her in the ribs! Dex doesn't look like he wants to resort to such things but tries to put the thought in the back of his mind. Elise is pushed to the ropes then Dex comes back ducking for a back body drop …

Lance:
Elise trying to sunset flip Dex? I can't say that's smart!

Dex does not move and in fact, he grabs Elise by both of her arms and then elevates her onto the shoulder and then hits a released belly to belly suplex!

DDK:
Dex scores with the suplex!

Dex scans the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then he points out to them!

Dex Joy:
EVERYBODY LET'S GOOOOOO!!!

DDK:
Dex plays to the crowd! Now he's playing a little too long, but he tries pinning Elise!

One …

Two …

No!!!

Elise kicks out again and this time Dex is more surprised!

DDK:
I think Dex played around a little too long there as well!

Lance:
Dex realizes the mistake he made! He's going to end this.

Dex gets ready and then puts Elise on the ropes. He goes for the Dex Bomb but he launches Elise too far and she leaps over the Biggest Boy lands on her feet and then comes to a stop holding the ropes. Dex runs at her with a charge but she gets her feet up and kicks her before she grabs him by the neck …

DDK:
Cuban Necktie! Dex gets dropping using that cutter across the top rope!

Dex is choked and the crowd is in Elise's corner for the moment to fell the big man. With great agility she lands on the apron and then spring boards back into the ring to hit a big flying double-knee facebreaker on Dex Joy! He finally goes down to the canvas!

DDK:
What a counter that was! I can't believe Elise finally gets Dex off his feet!

Lance:
And with two incredible high-flying moves! The Cuban Necktie and the spring board double-knee facebreaker! Now where does Elise go from here?

Dex is holding a very sore jaw and Elise is holding a very sore everything (her ribs) from the various slams that Dex Joy has put on her through the bout. She sees Dex trying to get up when he gets hit with a pair of super kicks that rock him as he is on his knee and then gets hit off a pele kick!

DDK:
Dex is down! Dex is down! Elise is going to the top rope!

She slides right into position and then goes to the top rope as fast as she possibly can. She measures Dex up and then hits a shooting star press!

Lance:
Elise Ares goes for the win! That shooting star press finds its mark!

After the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful pop for the move, she stays on Dex Joy's shoulders while the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful count with the cover.

One …

Two …

No!!!

Dex is able to kick out!

DDK:
Dex kicked out of all that! How did that happen?

Lance:
We've seen people push Dex to the brink so many times, but he keeps coming back! Nobody has been able to keep him down!

Lance's call seems to be right on. Dex sits up and Elise tries a run into a tilt-a-whirl DDT on Dex … but he hangs on and tosses her using a release fall away slam!

DDK:
And that strength is unbelievable by Dex! The power of Everyone runs through his veins!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are with Dex when he points to the corner. He gets Elise up and then tries to sit her up on the top rope.

Lance:
I have no idea what he's going for but any move off that top rope, much less from Dex that's gonna be it.

DDK:
I agree with that! He seems to know what he wants!

Elise is propped in a seated position the top rope and then Dex tries to climb with her … but she rakes the eyes of Dex to save herself! With Dex left out of sorts from a desperation move by Elise, she leaps up and nails a code red sunset flip power bomb off the top rope!

DDK:
NO WAY NO HOW!!! ELISE WITH THE SUNSET FLIP POWER BOMB FROM THE TOP ROPE!!!

Dex has been driven into the mat off the second rope when Elise slowly crawls over and jumps onto the chest of The Biggest Boy!

One …

Two …

NO!!!

Lance:
DEX KICKS OUT! DEX KICKS OUT! HOW DID HE DO THAT?

Elise is down! Dex is down …

BOOOOOOO!!!

Marching down to the ring are Killjoy and Uriel Cortez of Titanes Familia!

DDK:
Oh no! Oh no! It's happening again! The monsters here and they look like they're out to ruin this shot for Elise Ares!

Uriel and Killjoy march and they're close to getting to the ring …

SMACK!!!

SMACK!!!

Chairs hit the monsters at one time and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are cheering for The D and Klein coming at the brutes with chairs!

DDK:
Klien and The D! They are out here to support Elise! They are out here to keep Titanes Familia from ruining another big moment tonight!

SMACK!!!

SMACK!!!

Uriel turns and gets another chair from Klein, then one for Killjoy! They swing for the fences and don't give the monsters the time to strike back! Uriel pushes The D away from him but Klein hits him with a chair to the back! Uriel and Killjoy start retreating up the ramp with The D and Klein standing their ground!

Lance:
They are keeping them away from the ring!

The referee is yelling at the two parties to get out of the ring with Elise up first! She gets near the ropes … but suddenly a white puff of some powder catches her in the face!

DDK:
It's Titaness! Titaness is here!

Lance:
Wait … that's why Uriel and Killjoy aren't advancing toward the ring! This was a diversion! They knew what they were doing!

Uriel smiles and when The D and Klein see Titaness, they realize what has happened! They rush and chase her off! Uriel and Killjoy chase after them! Elise is stumbling blind!

DDK:
Dex is up! He has no idea that Elise was blinded by that powder! He picks Elise up!

He *spikes* Elise into the mat with the Dex Drive!!!

DDK:
Dex Drive!!! Dex Drive!!!

Dex grabs the leg!

One …

Two …

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♫ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♫

Dex still has no idea what has just happened! He is given the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt and he proudly hoists it to the sky!

Darren Quimbey:
Your winner of this match and still the FIST OF DEFIANCE … DEXXXXXXX JOYYYYYY!!!

DDK:
Dex Joy wins, but it came at a cost!

Elise rolls out of the ring and Dex Joy starts to check on her … but before he can do anything …

I TRIGGER TO THE FACE!!!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Standing over Dex Joy's prone body with his own Paper Title …

MALAK GARLAND!!!

Lance:
That no-good son of a … and the whole Comments Section is here, too!

One by one, they flood the ring and start putting the boots to Dex Joy! Search Party Cyrus! Teresa Ames! Thurston Hunter! The BRAZEN Women's Champion Joclyne Ingrid Blythe! Five sets of feet all delivering stomps to the Biggest Boy!

DDK:
He'll have Mark Shields as his referee, but he won't have the rest of the Comments Section to help him at DEFCON!

Lance:
That's exactly why he's doing this now Darren! Has to be! And after this match with Elise Ares, the Biggest Boy is easy pickings!

Search Party Cyrus and Ames pull Dex up by an arm and then gives Malak a second free shot …

I TRIGGER TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!!

DDK:
No, there's a second I Trigger! That lethal knee strike has put down so many of Malak's opponents!!!

The Snowflake Superstar grabs Dex's FIST of DEFIANCE and his Paper Title … and then leaves the ring with both!!!

DDK:
No way … Malak is *stealing* the FIST! THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU!!!

Lance:
HE DOESN'T CARE!!! HE'S GOING TO TAKE IT!

Dex is knocked out cold on the mat after the two I Triggers and Malak and the Comments Section pose … Malak has both the FIST of DEFIANCE and the Paper Title in the sky!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:
This is scary, Darren … are we looking at the future? Is it truly Malak Garland's time to unpack? Are we seeing the

future before our very eyes?

DDK:
I shudder to think … but what a way to wrap up what has been two hundred episodes of DEFtv! We have to sign off, but I can’t believe this. Malak Garland has just deprived Everyone of the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight!

Malak Garland holds both titles close and then looks at the ring. Dex begins to open his eyes and sees the horrible image of Malak Garland stealing the FIST of DEFIANCE and claiming it as his own!!!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.