

COLD OPEN

The show places a new meaning to the **cold** open as the mega snowflake and now, sadly, the FIST of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland, pulls into a staff parking lot spot at the State Farm Arena. The sun has not completely set just yet and it's rather nice weather outside, but it might as well be the middle of December in the heart of Wyoming because an anxiety riddled Malak Garland opens his car door. He looks to his left, his right and then his left again to ensure nobody is around. Garland quivers out of the driver's seat, gingerly closing the door as he pops open the trunk, grabs his bag and wipes away... a nervous tear?

Despite the light that remains outside, the camera can't pick up Malak's full depiction. He's wearing a rather large KC Chiefs Patrick Mahomes jersey and a Vegas Golden Knights cap is pulled super far down on his crown.

Garland closes his eyes, perhaps in an attempt to find his safe space and work on deep breathing strategies. Regardless, none of this is useful. His body still trembles from head to toe.

With each step he takes towards the arena, additional pressure mounts on his face. His skin is pale and it looks as though he might puke right then and there. However, the parking lot is whisper quiet. All of the talent is already inside and The Faithful are not allowed anywhere near this specific lot.

Garland mumbles, he's trying to psych himself up and as he draws even closer to the back doors. It looks like this self-talk has been *somewhat* successful. His chest is out, his head is up, he's nowhere near fully confident but he's not the shell of a man he was a moment ago, either.

???:

Here, let me get that for you.

A voice. It startles the living piss out of Garland. From out of nowhere, or at least from within the shadows close by, Tyler Fuse suddenly emerges beside the entrance. Almost as if he was Pennywise the Dancing Clown, surfacing out of thin air to help a brother out, the shit eating grin across Tyler's face suggests there's more intent than *lending a hand*.

Silence. The elder Fuse stretches out his right arm and places his palm across the handle, the entire time maintaining his gaze on Garland. Tyler is dressed in all black, further lending relevance to how he blended into the darkness so effortlessly.

The FIST of DEFIANCE doesn't say a peep. Fuse, meanwhile, slowly creaks the entrance door open.

Tyler Fuse:

Champions first, bud.

Garland doesn't move forward, so Tyler cocks his head to the right and frowns. Except his frown is still creepy enough that it looks like a smile.

Tyler Fuse:

Sad. I'm hurt you don't trust me, Mr. FIST. What a victory that was for you, winning the big one and all. Boy, would I love to be you right about now. Sad. Guess I'll never get a chance to "be the man".

Tyler's free hand reveals the ACE of DEFIANCE. He sarcastically rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

Shit, that's right.

Garland still hasn't moved so Tyler closes the door. He changes the tone of his voice and wipes the creepy smile off his face... for now.

Tyler Fuse:

Bro, you've got nothing to worry about. I have *others* I want to beat the piss out of while I'm on this undefeated high.

Gotta cleanse this place before I become the pinnacle of the organization. Long time coming. Anyway, you do you; I'll do me. I have it all mapped out. I'm gonna cash in this chip a little later in the year. If you're not the champion by then, -and I wouldn't count on it,- you have nothing to worry about.

The evil smirk reapplies itself to Tyler's face.

Tyler Fuse:

But if you are...

His voice trails, he doesn't finish the thought. Instead, he simply reopens the entrance door.

Tyler Fuse:

After you?

Garland meets eyes with Tyler one more time.

...

Then the FIST sprints as fast as humanly possible into the arena!

Tyler releases the handle as the door closes. He remains outside.

...Smiling from ear-to-ear as DEFtv rolls into its opening sequence.

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Atlanta, Georgia welcomes DEFIANCE as the State Farm Arena is hyped for DEFtv 202!

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!

DEFCON WAS A LOT TO UNPACK

DENIM LEGGINGS: IN, YANNICK FILLIMORE: OUT

IT WAS A GOOD RUN DEFIANCE

DEX IS STILL MY EVERYCHAMP

MALAK IS THE EVERYCHUMP

URIEL CORTEZ IS A GARBAGE HUMAN

ATLANTA IS ALSO THE RAIN CITY

CORVO ALPHA CANNOT BE STOPPED

I AM HAPPY TO BE UN-NEDUCATED

MV1 MORE RETURN

I THOUGHT THIS WAS A HOUSE SHOW WHEN I BOUGHT THE TICKET, WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE

SCROW COME HOME

SCOTT DOUGLAS IS NUTS TO STAY

I BREAK 4 BRUVS

FAMILIA LET ME DOWN

BUTCH VIC IS THE HERO WE DIDN'T KNOW WE NEEDED

MALAK AS FIST?! DID AI BOOK THIS!?

EVERYONE PLEASE WEAR PROTECTIVE EYE GOGGLES

GET WELL PAT!

MALAK WAS RIGHT

I LOST MINE

DEFtv kicks off as spotlights pan around the jovial, festival-like atmosphere. Pyro explodes as “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Lance Warner welcome in the televised audience.

DDK:

Welcome everyone, to DEFtv! We're glad you chose to spend your time with us tonight—

DDK gets cut off as the theme to DEFtv gives way to an unexpected camera cut to the rampway. Suddenly, a visually distraught Malak Garland limps out on stage to no music. His baby soft cheeks are soaked in tears. It looks like he hasn't slept in forever since triumphing for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Would you look at that!? It's the NEW FIST of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland but what's he doing coming out here right now? Yes, he's supposed to appear on tonight's program with a cHaMpIoNsHip cEIeBRaTiOn but this isn't his time slot according to the schedule I have. Unless it changed without notice.

Lance:

Pretty sure he can do whatever he wants at this point, Darren. It's his show, we're just living in it.

Malak looks completely lost, stumbling towards the ring. Not drunk, but on the edge of depression for sure. Darren Quimbey notices Malak and decides to make a halfhearted announcement at the sight of the champion. Even fans are caught off guard at the sight of sad sack Malak.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, at this time, please welcome the NEW reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland!

Delirious, Malak manages to viciously snatch the mic from Darren's hands before rolling into the ring and finding the nearest set of ropes that identify most with his current plight.

Malak Garland:

People of wrestling fandom, listen to me please! I'm in no mood to play games tonight because of the nature of my situation. You see, it turns out that I've simply misplaced the FIST of DEFIANCE championship belt. It's gone. It's somewhere, but it's gone. It's not here. I don't know where it is.

Everyone is more perplexed than anything else to hear this information. The Socially Selective Sergeant continues his awkward title address.

Malak Garland:

I'll be honest, this isn't how I envisioned things going down tonight but sometimes you can't entirely control the narrative. Look, I thought winning the FIST was going to feel a lot different too but in reality it's done nothing to my life but made me FRET even HARDER! Don't you see? Now there are EXPECTATIONS on me to be the top champion of this promotion! THAT'S TOO MUCH PRESSURE! So maybe, just maybe I misplaced the belt. You know, by accident and all.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Garland:

I don't think you people get it. Winning that belt has put IMMENSE pressure on me. Not just normal pressure that I usually deal with in an unhealthy way.

DDK:

He's kidding, right? Tell me he's kidding. I thought he was going to rub it in all our faces that he's champion now. Someone get Dex Joy to invoke his rematch clause IMMEDIATELY! We need a reputable champion.

Malak Garland:

Speaking of unhealthy coping ways, I want everyone to look at this.

Malak points to his face. A camera shot zooms in to show a pair of brand new facial tattoos. A single teardrop is inked under his left eye. Just a few inches lower sits a neck tattoo of a snowflake.

Malak Garland:

I got the teardrop tattoo to mark the occasion of destroying Dex Joy. The snowflake neck tattoo is just to show how badass I am because a champion with a neck tattoo is where it's at.

Lance:

If he's so badass, why is he having such a tough time being champion?

Malak Garland:

Look, once I won and all my dreams came true, I saw the belt on the canvas but I couldn't bring myself to touch it. I suddenly didn't want to. It became a nuisance. I didn't want to shoulder the load. The burden. Literally. So the belt ended up somewhere and it's gone now which is for the best because I don't have to deal with it now. It's too much pressure. It has made me become so tentative. Instead, now I yearn to relive the good old days of the past, without any pressure but I'm caught in a void because those days are long gone. The burden of being FIST wanes on my fragile mind. I'm not sure I want to be champion anymore.

The Evil Troll stops to whimper.

Malak Garland:

Even though I am. I am champion. So conflicted.

He bites his lower lip. No one buys the facade even if it is genuine.

Malak Garland:

I just wanted to be different from anyone else who held the title before me. You know, because I just see wrestling differently. I view it through a unique lens and I wanted my title reign to be special, apart from any other. Expectations are sky high now and they hit me like a ton of bricks and I just don't think I can live up to them. So while I'm not ready to completely relinquish being the champion purely in title, I just don't think I'm ready to carry the belt around yet. It's a middle ground I KNOW all you people will understand and respect because I'm identifying an issue within me that I'M WILLING TO WORK ON.

DDK:

Sounds like typical Malak WAFFLING to me.

Needless to say but the fans don't understand. Not even close. They boo. Obviously. Malak gazes out to the crowd, near pleading with them to stop.

Lance:

I'll be the first to admit, I'm actually agreeing with Malak when I say I didn't see his title coronation start THIS way. I thought we would get loud, brash and arrogant Malak, like you said, Darren. This is a sad, confused and defeated little snowflake.

Malak Garland:

So I just poured my problems out to everyone publicly and this is the response I'm getting? My emotions are in a tender state and I can't even get understanding from you!? Wow, okay. I'm glad I deactivated my social media accounts then. Utterly gutted over your reactions. Thanks for unpacking on me when I'm down and out.

The crowd gets hotter as Malak antagonizes them more.

Malak Garland:

Maybe I shouldn't have come out here at all? Would you people have preferred that?

They scream with joy.

Malak Garland:

Wow okay, while I LOVE THAT FOR YOU, I need to be selfish and think about myself right now.

DDK:

I just think the Faithful are used to, you know, champions with a backbone!? Is integrity too much to ask for? Instead, we have a champion who is standing in the ring, saying he's the champion but he's also not the champion? Am I getting that right? I'm so confused over these realities the younger generation create for themselves. Sorry not sorry. Maybe I should just stop talking. I don't want to get cAnCeLIEd.

Malak's lip begins to quiver. All he wants to be is a UNIQUE champion. You know, set apart from the crowd of cookie cutter champions.

Malak Garland:

I just can't right now and everyone is projecting their expectations on me. It's a lot. It's too much. So this nice, calm, SAFE limbo is the next best thing to coddle me in the moment. I require it. In a sense, I hope my belt isn't found. On the other hand, if it was, then I'd have to be confronted with it and I'm not sure I'm ready to handle that yet so I will carry on with the unpredictable nature of being champion in flux.

Lance:

I'm just continually telling myself not to feel sorry for someone who is literally at the top of the industry right now.

Malak Garland:

I have ideas. I truly do. I will try to pull my spirits up and follow through with them, even though it's hard. It starts with this. Look, I am still a champion, just not the one you want me to be right now. I feel I owe all of you a title match tonight and you'll get it but I need some time to pull myself together. Therefore tonight, I will defend the belt I am more comfortable with. Tonight, in the main event, I will defend THE PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP! You know, for nostalgia's sake.

Malak drops the mic and walks out of the ring looking like someone who has just been told his whole family is massacred. He keeps uttering the word "comfort" to himself as he walks up the ramp.

DDK:

Ummm, for the viewers watching at home, I'm getting word from the back that the belt IS indeed safe and sound and that Malak has just been avoiding it like the plague, which is unsurprising news. This-this whole thing is just entirely ridiculous. Apparently Malak does legitimately think he's misplaced the belt somehow. Even though staff have told him a million times which production crate it's stored in.

DDK turns to Lance.

DDK:

Like seriously? How is this newsworthy? He needs to drop the belt so fast so we don't end up constantly getting hijacked by this kid and tonight, instead, he's going to defend the Paper belt because he's more comfortable with it? Give me a break.

Malak stops right before the curtain. He gazes back to the crowd before breaking down into a fit of tears. He can't contain himself. He mutters something the closest camera microphone picks up.

Malak Garland:

I-I lost mine. Sniffle, sniffle. Not even someone like Pat Cassidy or Brock Newbludd could handle what I'm going through right now because they suck.

Siobhan peaks her head out of the curtain before running out and embracing her man. They disappear to the back together.

DDK:

Well everyone, thankfully he didn't take too much time from DEFtv so we will be able to get everything back on track here in a moment.

REAL FISTS DON'T CRY

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! During the quick break we had some developments happen backstage regarding our new FIST and his promise to put his other "title", the Paper Championship, on the line tonight.

Lance:

After making everyone suffer through his whining to start the show, Malak was confronted by an old rival who was more than happy to take him up on his offer. Let's take a look!

The picture cuts away from the dynamic announcing duo to show the teary eyed Malak walking through the stage curtain after sharing his torment with the world. He keeps his head hung low as he makes his way past the gorilla position and heads toward The Comments Section dressing room. He only makes it a few steps before another wave of emotion hits him, causing him to stop and put a hand up against the closest wall for support. Malak lets out a dramatic sigh and wipes the tears from his eyes.

Malak Garland:

Come on, self. Put a brave face on. You gave all those people out there way more than they deserve! You don't owe them anything! They owe you!

Standing straight, Malak takes a deep breath and turns away from the wall. The instant that he does, an object flies into the picture and hits him in his tear soaked cheek. Garland jumps in surprise and peels the object, now revealed to be a business card, off of his face. Holding it up, the confused FIST reads it.

Malak Garland:

Good for one free drink at Ballyhoo Brew...

Garland makes an icky face at the drink ticket as he notices a figure leaning against the wall across from him. His icky face intensifies as Malak locks eyes with his old enemy, "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd. The Faithful watching inside the arena let out a cheer at Newbludd's sudden appearance.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh hey, bud. Tough day? Just use that lil' ticket I gave you there and get yourself a beer to cry into. I promised that aged temptress you call Mom that I'd keep a sharp eye on her baby boy while we were out on the road, and here I am, true to my word.

Grinning, Newbludd approaches Malak and stands toe to toe with him.

Brock Newbludd:

I've also been keeping a sharp ear too, Malak, ya little shit. And I couldn't help but hear you sneak a little shit talkin' about SNS in the middle of that pathetic cry session you just had out there. That was a bad move, champ.

Malak Garland:

Oh yeah, is that right? Sniffle, sniffle. You think you know what you heard?

Garland can't help but whimper between breaths.

Malak Garland:

Wouldn't it be something if we fought in the main event of DEFtv for my delectable Paper Title? After my victory, I could catch a flight over to Ballyhoo Brew and use this tiny ticket to take body shots off your best friend's sister? Now that sounds like a plan to get my confidence back! Can't wait for you to bump for me out there, in that ring. I love that for you. See you later, chumpster.

Garland walks off but not before deliberately and daringly brushing shoulders with Newbludd, who stares a hole right through the reigning FIST.



COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

NOTHING NICE ABOUT IT

Back to DEFtv, and we're backstage in front of a large DEFIANCE banner. Jamie Sawyers stands with mic in hand, and he is flanked by two Defiants: on his left, Ned Reform - dressed in suit and tie and wearing spectacles. On his right, dressed to wrestle, is Levi Cole. Cole jumps up and down in place and warms up while Reform smirks devilishly.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome back to DEFtv, ladies and gentlemen, and I am joined by the man who is mere moments away from facing Butch Vic to crown a new Favored Saints Champion. However, before we get to that... Mr. Reform, I...

Ned Reform:

Doctor. Doctor Reform.

Jamie Sawyers:

Excuse me. Doctor Reform. I'd be remiss if I wasn't the first to publicly ask you about your big match at DEFCON last month. In what some called a bout that stole the show, you came up short against the returning Scott Douglas. Still, that may have been a star-making performance even in a loss, and...

Ned Reform:

May have? *May* have, Community College Journalism Degree? There is no dispute about it. Now, was Scott Douglas victorious on that night? The results speak for themselves: he was. However, did Dr. Ned Reform - The Sage on the Stage, The Good Doctor, The Mad Gadfly - do exactly as he promised? He MOST certainly did. I beat Scott Douglas from pillar to post for one half of an hour. I embarrassed him. I exposed him. Might I have underestimated his in-ring ability slightly? Anything is possible. In fact, it might be becoming of me to give Mr. Douglas his due as an in-ring competitor...

Ned stops. Rubs his chin and looks up as he pretends to think.

Ned Reform:

...actually, no. I won't be doing that. Because the only thing DEFCON proved was that Dr. Ned Reform is the greatest wrestler in this company's history. Mark that. NOW...

Ned motions to Cole.

Ned Reform:

Tonight is not about me, Mr. Sawyers. Oh, no. Tonight is my colleague and friend, TA Cole.

Jamie Sawyers:

Fair enough. Mr. Cole, I...

Ned Reform:

I wasn't finished, Mr. Sawyers. You see, Mr. Cole here has been with this company for a decade. That's ten years for those who graduated from the Georgia Public School System. Ten years! And in that time... tell me, Mr. Cole... have you won a singles DEFIANCE championship?

Cole, still in the zone, nods his head "no."

Ned Reform:

Tonight, we rectify this long-standing injustice. Mr. Cole, as a distinguished member of the Autos Epha Alpha Honor Society, will vanquish Mr. Victorious to capture his first championship.

Jamie Sawyers:

Strong words. Tell me Levi, do you...

Ned Reform:

...I wasn't finished. And then, Mr. Cole will successfully defend his championship. Four times, in fact. And then do you know what he's going to do Mr. Sawyers?

A beat. It takes Jamie a moment to realize that Ned is honestly expecting an answer.

Jamie Sawyers:

Um... challenge for the SOHer?

Ned Reform:

Well done, boy! There may be hope for you yet. Yes, Mr. Cole will march into Maximum DEFIANCE to defeat the current champion: Corvo Alpha. I am sure of it. In fact, to even call Mr. Alpha a champion is a very liberal use of the word: Mr. Alpha is an animal. And men like Mr. Cole and myself... we don't treat animals as equals. We put them down.

Finally, Cole steps forward and takes center stage. He fills the frame and looks directly into the camera.

TA Cole:

Butcher - a long time ago we were tag team partners. But there's not going to be anything "nice" about this.

And with that, Cole walks out of frame, leaving a beaming Ned Reform. Reform claps his hands together once.

Ned Reform:

That's how you cut a promo, Mr. Sawyers. Now... watch and learn.

And Ned follows his charge.

FAVORED SAINTS: BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. TA COLE

A shot of the DEFIANCE Faithful, holding their signs high. The camera pans. We cut to the Favoured Saints Championship, resting on a fancy pedestal next to the ring.

DDK:

A man of few words is Levi Cole, but he does make them count.

Lance:

A very interesting match coming up next, Darren. Two former tag team partners, two men who rose through the ranks thanks to being taken under the wing of more established Defiants, and now two men looking to put themselves on the map with a big win.

A shot of the DEFIANCE entrance way. The lights turn purple as...

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

From behind the curtain, dressed in purple singlet and other wrestling attire, steps TA Cole. For once, he is at the forefront and Ned Reform is keeping pace behind him. The pair stop at the top of the ramp, Reform slaps Cole on the shoulders and leans in to say some words of encouragement. TA Cole nods aggressively in agreement before they break the huddle. Cole marches toward the ring... and Reform makes a b-line for the commentation station.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the vacant DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... T! A! COOOOOLE!

Cole walks to the ring with focus. We hear a rustling as Reform puts himself on an announcer's headset.

DDK:

Oh, joy.

Ned Reform:

Keebler. Other Keebler. Always a pleasure. What a bout we are about to witness!

Cole leaps over the top rope and begins to run the ropes as his theme fades out. And then, the DEFIAtron simulates a big pink, purple and blue fireworks display! Several loud booms ring out and highlight the silhouette of a very familiar, mohawked man holding up a microphone...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present, along with a brand new silver and purple fuzzy full-length coat, along with light blue tassels hanging off the sleeves! He holds out the new microphone in hand and then raises it to the sky as he spins around to face The Faithful! Dressed in sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Austin, Texas, weighing in at 216 pounds... **BUTCHERRRRRR VICTORIOUS!**

The flamboyantly-dressed Butch Vic heads down to the ring and slaps hands with The Faithful halfway down the ramp! He pauses halfway, then motions for the music to fade as he readies to speak with TA Cole in the ring.

Butcher Victorious: *[with the Faithful chanting along]*

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

Ned Reform:

Utterly devoid of any substance.

Butch points to his head.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

He approaches the ring slowly as TA Cole watches his former BRAZEN buddy.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BUTCH VIC... well, he's gonna be real for a second. We used to be buds and bros, Levi. We were cool back in BRAZEN. Then we went our separate ways when we both got promoted to the main roster. You got taken in by Ned Reform. I got taken in by Vae Victis. You've been eating some doo-doo sammies from Neddy over there. I had to eat PLENTY of doo-doo sammies working for Oscar Burns and Vae Victis... but you know what happened?

He smiles.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... GOT DONE EATING SHIT!

LOUD pop!

Ned Reform:

Tawdry.

Butcher Victorious:

I had to learn the hard way that eventually, you gotta be a man and stand on your own two feet! Ned might be your teacher, Levi, but tonight... I'M taking you to school!

At ringside, the Favoured Saints Championship rests on a pedestal to show what's on the line tonight.

Butcher Victorious:

CAUSE BUTCH VIC... IS WALKING OUT WITH THIS!

He hands off The Stick v.2 and his coat to an official before heading into the ring to face down his opponent for the coveted championship. After being handed the belt, Benny Doyle raises the vacant championship high for a pop from the fans before handing it off to someone at ringside. Cole and Butch are ready in their respective corners.

DING DING!

Vic and Cole begin to circle each other. Cole makes a motion like he's going in for the lock up, but it's just a feint to throw Vic off his game. They continue to circle when a chant rises up from The Faithful...

HEADLOCK!

HEADLOCK!

HEADLOCK!

Cole, who up until this point appears to have been uber-focused, is slightly rattled by the chants.

DDK:

The rate at which The Faithful have taken to Butch Vic is borderline unprecedented!

Ned Reform:

Yes, he certainly is their caliber of human being, no doubt.

Cole suddenly shifts his stance from “ready to grapple” to a little more relaxed. He looks at Butcher and nods his head. He steps in, extending his hand for a handshake. Butch looks skeptical, looking from Cole’s hand to Cole’s eyes back and forth and trying to make a judgment call.

Ned Reform:

Sportsmanship!

Butcher finally decides to go in for the handshake, but instead of getting one, Cole rears back and SLAPS him across the face!

Ned Reform:

Strategy!

With Butch momentarily thrown off his game, Cole shoots behind him and wraps his arms around in a set-up for a German suplex. However, Butch is able to switch himself, and he reverses and goes behind Cole - but instead of a German, he locks in a headlock!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

These people love the Butch Vic headlock!

Cole doesn’t let it stand, though - he pushes forward and shoots Butch off the ropes. Cole with a leapfrog - off the ropes again into a dropdown - and on the second rebound, Cole looks for an armdrag, but he can’t get Butch all the way over! Instead, Butch drops Cole with his OWN armdrag! Cole leaps right back to his feet - and gets dropped down with a headlock takeover!

Lance:

Butch Vic controlling the tempo of this contest! He knows this is his moment!

DDK:

He’s coming off a victory over OSCAR BURNS at DEFCON. How many people can say that?

Ned Reform:

A tainted victory, let me remind you.

Cole grows frustrated while trapped in the headlock. It takes several seconds, but he is able to fight his way back to his feet. Butch maintains the headlock, but Cole is still able to hook, lift, and drop him with a back suplex. Both men take several seconds to get back to a vertical base. Vic fires off several European uppercuts that stun Cole, but when he tries to whip him into the corner, Cole reverses and sends Butch into the turnbuckle instead. TA Cole follows up with a STIFF clothesline in the corner that causes Vic to crumple.

DDK:

Cole not letting up - BIG BELLY-TO-BELLY!

Ned Reform:

Praise his athleticism, Keebler.

DDK:

I just did.

Ned Reform:

Charlatan.

Levi covers.

ONE! TWO!

Lance:

No! Butch gets a shoulder up.

And now Cole goes into “shark smelling blood” mode as he peppers the stunned Butch Vic with forearms that are stiff as hell. Vic is dazed but Cole refuses to let up. Cole roughly tosses Butch into the corner and follows up with knife edge chops that cause Vic to cry out in pain as his chest turns red.

DDK:

Cole is being extremely aggressive!

Ned Reform:

As I told him to.

Cole leaps off the second rope with a bulldog that connects! Cole covers, using his forearm to push Butch’s head down.

ONE! TWO! THREE - NO!

DDK:

We were half a second away from Cole’s first DEFIANCE singles title!

Butch is down and stunned and Cole looks down at him with menace in his eyes. Levi sneers at the fans before stalking Butch, eyes narrowed and fists clenched. He lifts Butch up and looks for a gutwrench powerbomb... but Butch suddenly breaks free, hooks Cole with a headlock, and drives him down with a bulldog! The people are behind Butch as he then hooks Cole for the HOT MIC!

DDK:

This is the move!

Cole has a sudden burst of power, violently lifting Butch into the air and throwing him over the top rope to the ringside floor! Cole follows him out and doesn’t give him half a second to recover... BELLY TO BELLY ON THE OUTSIDE!!!

DDK:

My God!

Ned Reform:

And there we have it, gentlemen!

Cole rolls Butch back in and covers...

ONE! TWO! THREE ... NOOO!!

DDK:

Butch kicks out at 2.99999!

Cole is shocked, but he tries to maintain his discipline and not sell it. Instead, he brings Butch back up and much like before, he roughly tosses him into the corner. Cole gets a head of steam and charges...

...right into a Butch Vic European Uppercut!! Cole is stunned... Butch with another! Another! Another! Butch is firing up and so is The Faithful! Vic sends Cole into the corner and hits a BIG uppercut that causes Cole to stumble over the top rope. Cole leaps off the turnbuckle and catches Cole with a big forearm! Cole falls to the apron but doesn’t tumble to the floor. Butch Vic, now in the center of the ring, fires up the fans!

HEADLOCK!

HEADLOCK!

HEADLOCK!

DDK:

BUTCH VIC IS ABOUT TO BRING IT HOME! We're about to have a new Favoured Saints Champion!

Butch measures Cole as the TA begins to gather his wits. Butch once again calls for the Hot Mic when...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wait... where did Sonny Silver come from?

Lance:

The manager of Vae Victis surely has a bone to pick with Butch Vic!

Indeed: Sonny Silver is on the apron. Benny Doyle immediately runs off to tell him to get lost, but Sonny fires back verbally. Butch sees Sonny and turns to him... then WHACKS him with a Hard Out Headbutt! Sonny goes flying off the apron and is holding his face in pain!

DDK:

There he goes! Wait... LOOK!

...but because Butcher takes his eye off the ball, he doesn't see Dan Leo James nearly DECAPITATE Butch with a lariat!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

James, moving agility for a big man, exits the ring just in time for Benny Doyle to turn around. He goes to help Sonny and the two get out of dodge to loud jeers! Doyle is no fool as he begins to put two and two together... but he also knows he can't call what he didn't see!

DDK:

Come on!! Butch had this one in the bag!

Ned Reform:

Check your bias, Keebler! Finish him, Levi!!

Lance:

Vae Victis clearly taking exception with Butch Vic's victory over Burns... and they're sending Butch's very own replacement to handle it!

And finish it Cole does. He drops Butch with his Red, White, and Blue Bomb! Confidently, Cole covers.

ONE... TWO.... THREEE - NOOOOO!

DDK:

Butch kicked out!!

Ned Reform:

Don't hesitate, Levi! End this!!

As if he can hear his mentor, Cole wastes little time in dropping Butch AGAIN with a second Red, White, and Blue bomb. He hooks the leg.

ONE! TWO! THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!

DDK:

He did it! After ten years, Levi Cole has captured a championship in DEFIANCE!

Ned Reform:

As if there was any doubt!

Lance:

He needed a big assist to do it, Ned.

Ned Reform:

Doctor Reform. And he needed *nothing*.

A burst of static as Ned seemingly removes the headset. In the ring, Benny Doyle hands Levi the Favoured Saints Championship. Cole holds it in both his hands... looking down at it in awe and maybe a tear in his eye? Doyle holds his hand high as he roars into the crowd in pure bliss.

Darren Quimbey:

You winner... and NEW Favoured Saints Champion... T!! A!! COOOOLE!

DDK:

We don't have to like how he did it, but there's no question this is a landmark moment in that young man's career...

Reform enters the ring. Cole holds out his hands for a shake... but Reform swats it away. Cole is confused... until Ned goes in for the hug! Despite this heartwarming scene, the fans boo. Reform breaks the hug and reaches for a mic. He motions for the music to fade out before looking directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

Take a good, long look... this is YOUR Favoured Saints Champion. And what's next? We are coming for the SOHer. We are coming for YOU... Corvo Alpha. You have been warned.

Reform spikes the mic and holds Cole's hands high again. In the other, Cole holds the FS Championship proudly.

BETTER TO ASK FORGIVENESS ...

Cut to backstage.

“Scott!”

David Danielson calls down the hallway to an approaching “Sub Pop” Scott Douglas, who has agreed to be here in Atlanta tonight but doesn’t know exactly why. The Chairman of the Board is lingering around a locker room door but there aren’t any clear signs of whose locker room it might be.

David Danielson:

As promised, I have everything all setup. All you have to do ...

Danielson is cut off by the Head of DEFMed, Iris Davine as she walks up on the pair.

Iris Davine:

... is get out of your own way.

Danielson shrugs and nods yes in reluctant approval.

David Danielson:

Nailed it.

Danielson steps aside and reveals the name on the locker room door.

“The Hollywood Bruvs”

Douglas puts it together and glares at Danielson with skepticism and a bit of betrayal. Before he can overthink it, Davine puts her hand on his back and shoves lightly.

Iris Davine:

Go on.

Douglas gives Davine a look before reaching out for the door. Before he can pull it open, it flies towards him, and out come a handful of scantily clad women in a rush. They all take off in one direction down the hallway, and the Hollywood Bruvs are right behind them. They nearly crash into the group in the hall, but it doesn’t take Mikey long to see who’s come to see him. He puts on the brakes and like a protective mother, slams his hand into Kendrix’s chest to stop him as well.

Cautiously, Douglas takes a half step back and readies himself for a fight. Mikey’s face goes serious. JFK meanwhile is unsure how to feel. He looks to Mikey, then to Scott, then to Mikey, Then to Scott. He pats Mikey on the shoulder.

Kendrix:

Well, looks like you’ve got this one all handled Buv! I’m going to go catch....

He looks at Scott Douglas and Iris Davine before saying out of the side of his mouth...

Kendrix:

Our friends!

Without Mikey flinching or taking his eyes off Douglas, Kendrix is gone in a flash down the hall. His “friends” have a sizeable lead on him at this point. The pair stare at each other for a moment before Mikey Unlikely finally cracks first. Slowly, slyly, a smile creeps across his face. His hand comes unglued from his side and he reaches out to Douglas.

Mikey Unlikely:

SCOTTY! Scotty the body! SD card! Smore Douglas! HOW YOU BEEN!? How long’s it been? 3 YEARS.

He slaps Douglas hard on the shoulder. Douglas shoots Danielson a glance.

Mikey Unlikely:

MAAAAAAAN I saw your match at DEFCON and let me tell you this, never in my freaking life did I EVER think I would be cheering on Scott Freakin Douglas in ANYTHING! Ned Reform had it coming AMIRITE!? You know he cheated when he beat me right? Obvs!

Scott Douglas nods politely but is still unsure of what is going on.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah ... he does that. But he can still go in there for sure.

Douglas again looks to Danielson, as if to ask where do we go from here?

David Danielson:

Gentlemen, you both know why we're here today... 3 years ago at DEFCON you two squared off in a match that was billed Title vs Career. Mikey Unlikely, as FIST of DEFIANCE you retained your championship and in the process forced Scott Douglas to retire from DEFIANCE forever.

Mikey smiles and leans against the wall. He tucks both hands under his chin and leans in to listen to what happens next.

Mikey Unlikely:

Go on!

David Danielson:

Since that time. You also have taken a lengthy absence from DEFIANCE, after losing that very championship. Which, might I add, Scott Douglas did not take advantage of and honored the outcome of your DEFCON match. Now, you graciously allowed Scott Douglas to come back for a one night only appearance at DEFCON where as you mentioned, he did defeat Ned Reform!

The fans in Atlanta get loud!

David Danielson:

Now we're here, and we're at an impasse. Scott Douglas is ring ready and is open to a return to DEFIANCE, as our the Faithful. As opportunistic as it is, you too find yourself back in DEFIANCE shortly before he did. The Board of Directors would be interested in signing Scott Douglas but as you can see, you hold the proverbial key in this situation.

Mikey's eyes light up once more, here it comes.

David Danielson:

So The Board of Directors has a question for y...

Mr 499 shakes his head quickly and violently.

Mikey Unlikely:

NO! NO! NO!

He turns to Scott Douglas. Points at him and smiles.

Mikey Unlikely:

YOU have to ask me!

His face now like the Cheshire Cat. Scott hesitates. Davine nudges him.

Iris Davine:

Go on.

Scott shoots her a glance, asking her to back off, with his eyes. With a large exhale ... DEFIANCE's Favorite Son knows what he has to do.

Scott Douglas:

Mikey, would you ... please, allow me to return to DEFIANCE ... allow me to ... come home?

Mikey takes a few seconds to feign thinking it over. He then grabs Scott Douglas by both shoulders and jumps up and down.

Mikey Unlikely:

YES! YES!

Once again the fans lose their minds. SCOTT DOUGLAS IS BACK! Mikey breaks off the confused Douglas and moves right back to movie man mode.

Mikey Unlikely:

Of course you can come back! Listen, Scott, It's all water under the bridge now. I yelled at you, you yelled at me, I beat you in front of a million or so viewers and sent you home for a long time. It's FINE!

DEFs Favorite Son breathes a sigh of relief, both at the answer, and that the experience is over.

Scott Douglas:

I really and truly, appreciate it. Sincerely.

David Danielson, as well as Iris Davine, are all smiles at the outcome of this hallway meeting.

David Danielson:

Perfect! I'm glad we could all come to an agreement here!

Danielson turns to Scott, extended for a congratulatory handshake.

David Danielson:

Mr. Douglas, I believe we have some paperwork to go over...

Mikey steps in betwixt the pair. Uncomfortably close to both men. He looks at both of them quickly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah woah woah... one more thing Scott.

Taken aback, "the lawfirm" of Douglas, Danielson and Davine, turn to Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

YOU OWE ME ONE!

He slaps Douglas with the back of his hand, tilts his head back, and laughs loudly for all to hear.

Finally, he catches his breath.

Scott Douglas:

Fair enough...

Scott glares at Danielson briefly before his attention is called back to Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey Unlikely:

B.T.Dubs Scott, I just wanted to let you know, you didn't need to come back to DEFIANCE to go home. Louis Armstrong New Orleans International has a ton of directs. Dude, the world is your moisture!

Scott is confused briefly but puts two and two together.

Scott Douglas:

... oyster?

The Podfather shrugs.

Mikey Unlikely:

Sure if you want!? I know a place! Looks like JFK won't be joining us though, is that okay?

Danielson, as confused as Douglas, motions for Douglas to follow him, likely for said paperwork. Douglas and Davine follow, leaving Mikey in the hall, now confused himself.

Mikey Unlikely:

Are we going now? Guys?... GUYS!?

Cut to elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



THE EYES HAVE IT

DDK:

At last week's Uncut, after a damn near slaughter of BRAZEN's xxx, Madame Melton and "The Fatal Attraction" vowed to blind the person they hold responsible for allegedly turning" the fans against them!

Lance:

They have just become more depraved after DEFCON 2024 — a paranoid persecution complex that is behind all of their madness! And nobody in our locker room has said it out loud, but everyone is paying attention as to who The Gems are targeting tonight! I am personally worried for whoever they are eyeing as their prey, because they are becoming even more unhinged and dangerous!

The arena lights go out black.

♪ Dark, symphonic version of "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

Then, the DEFiatron turns on. There's a cloud of smoke revealing a sea of empty theater seats, as the camera then spins Stage left to reveal JJ Dixon, his mask on, kneeling with his arms wide, with Madame Melton in her Silver Vixen glory, sitting with her legs seductively crossed while emitting a cloud of smoke after a puff from her long cigarette holder.

JJ Dixon:

This could have been DEFIANCE's greatest moment! JJ Dixon, this promotion's ultimate underdog story, a man who came from nothing who was given nothing paired with the unlikely heroine who was the first to believe in him -- a timeless starlet with a brilliant mind, cast aside for reasons not of her doing, who has returned to complete professional wrestling's greatest redemption tale! Because there, in the glare of the spotlight of the DEFCON Main Event, I faced the uncaring beast who left his family and, worst of all, BETRAYED HIS BEST FRIEND in my cherished mentor MV1! And because the protagonists of this story had the unwavering support of The Faithful, WHO THEY LOVED MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE... I was able to grab my proverbial slingshot and slay the unconquerable goliath... and become YOUR SOHER CHAMPION! AND THE HERO YOU DESERVE!

JJ's hands tremble as Madame Melton consoles his head.

Lance:

JJ conveniently forgot many key components of this story... like the part where he and The Games savagely attacked the knee of his so-called "cherished mentor" MV1!

JJ Dixon:

But I was deprived of this Hollywood fairytale! No, I... I lost the match against Corvo Alpha not because he's better than me... but because he was fueled by... by you! The loud ovation and rhythmic clapping you serenaded him with, the chants of his name throughout the match, and the sense of hope and optimism YOU provided him with while I beat him within an inch of his worthless life is what led him to victory! I WOULD HAVE BROKEN THAN ANIMAL! But it was your love for that vessel of betrayal that led to his hand being raised instead of mine! BUT IT IS MY NAME YOU SHOULD CHANT! IT IS ME YOU SHOULD LOVE! WHY DO THEY DENY US THEIR LOVE, MOMMIE DEAREST?

Lance:

It's so troubling that they believe they should be loved even after their horrifying brutality these past few months!

Madame Melton:

I have only been wrong a handful of times in my illustrious life! And I was wrong when we initially laid our so-called "attitude change" at the feet of you people when you turned your backs on us despite all we gave you! That gives you no-have proles too much credit! Because you are spoonfed what you believe, and you believe it without any question! You believe we are deranged when it is the world that has gone mad! You believe we are delusional when we are armed with the truth! You believe we are diabolical when we are your righteous shepherds!

Lance:

Is she forgetting all of the people they've menaced? All of the manipulative, awful mind games she has played?

Madame Melton:

Well, tonight, we silence the one who whispered these lies about us into your ears! We cut the head off the viper who has poisoned your minds against the ones who love you the most through his ugly slurs against us! We strike down the one who has... colored... your sheep-like minds to see me not as the goddess you should worship unconditionally but instead as the devil herself! Tonight... we take our power back by extinguishing the voice inside your heads behind this slander against me and My Gems — My Most Precious Gems! Tonight we bite the hand that feeds you!

Lance:

I thought they were unsettling before... but Madame Melton and JJ Dixon have truly lost their minds! I know there are many people right now watching this with a sense of dread!

Madame Melton:

I have told you all since my arrival that Madame Melton... is Ready... For Her Closeup! Are you ready for yours...

She takes another drag from her cigarette as she rises from her chair with theatrical flourish. JJ now goes on all fours, like her personal hellhound. She then pretends to jab the lit cigarette at the camera.

Madame Melton:

LANCE WARNER!!!

The house lights go on. The camera is in front of the announcers desk, showing a very worried Keebs and a paralyzed Lance Warner, his mouth dropped and afraid to move. But Keebs does as he turns around...

Because Madame Melton and JJ Dixon are behind Lance without him noticing. Keebs dives out of the way as JJ picks Lance up by his scalp.

The lights go out dark again as there is a noise of headsets and microphones being dropped, Keebs (muffled as there is no mic) pleading for help and who knows what else. Then after about 30 seconds of darkness, a spotlight hits the side of the ring.

It reveals Lance's arms tied into the ropes like he's on a crucifix, with his feet tucked behind the bottom rope to keep him from kicking. JJ is holding his head in place, hand hand gripping his scalp, the other blocking his mouth as Lance tries to thrash away.

Madame Melton stands with the lit cigarette in her holder a few paces away. The Atlanta audience are making loud sounds of panic. She leans her face toward Lance with her chilling smile.

Madame Melton:

You used your words to put these thoughts in the minds of My Adoring Public! Well, Lance... you can't paint your distorted picture if you can no longer see!

She takes a few slow, tormenting paces to Lance who is screaming at her to stop. She gets close to him, her smile even more brutal. She holds his chin up with her left hand, holding the cigarette holder just inches from his right eye.

JJ Dixon:

THIS IS WHAT YOU DESERVE! YOU LIAR! THIS IS WHAT YOU DESERVE, LANCE!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Somebody starts ringing the bell frantically to save Lance. DEFSec sprint down first, and Melton makes a scowl and reads back with the cigarette holder.

DING DING DING DING DING DING

DDK:

Somebody save my partner! Please! Somebody help him!

But then there's a loud murmur from the crowd, as a figure hops the aisle from the audience with a chair in hand!

DDK:

MV1! MV1 IS HERE!

JJ heads the roar of the crowd and looks over his shoulder. His mouth drops in panic as MV1 comes swinging with his chair at his crazed former protege and friend! JJ rolls between the ropes, grabbing Madame over his shoulder as they flee to the other side of the ring! JJ, now cradling Melton in his arms, then hops the barricade as they run to safety!

DDK:

Those two lunatics! Those two maniacs just nearly burned the eyes of my broadcast partner... my good friend! What the hell is wrong with them???

MV1 and DEFSec go to untie Lance from the ropes. He's clearly shaken, now with a DEFMed attendee in the ring, too. He shakes his head no when asked if he wants medical assistance. MV1 helps him up to his feet as Lance insists he is okay. MV1 points at the color commentator as the crowd applauds him surviving The Gems.

MV1:

Just when you think they can't go any lower...

MV1 mounts the ropes, eying the path the Gems took to exit the arena through the crowd. A microphone has found its way to his hand.

MV1:

I don't know if you can hear me, JJ... I don't know if you've ever really "heard" me... but if you two want to find someone to blame for how you're seen, if you want to point fingers at why these fans have rejected you...

Climbing the turnbuckle, using his knee brace to bolster his balance against the top rope, MV1 narrows his gaze at the hard camera and jabs a single index finger towards it.

MV1:

Look in the MIRROR!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

He drops off the turnbuckle and starts pacing, mind racing. In the background, we catch DEFsec helping Lance up the aisle back towards the Commentation Station.

MV1:

I don't claim to speak for anyone other than myself, but speaking for myself, I've just about HAD IT with you two and your sick games! I have tried to be your friend, JJ... I've tried to be patient... I've watched as you've THROWN yourself off the deep end, watched as you've given yourself to that sick, sad woman. You say you took on Corvo for ME?! I don't want your help, JJ. As a matter of fact, I'm going to offer you some help of my own.

Halting his pacing, MV1's steel blue eyes lock on the lens once more.

MV1:

You. And Me. Later TONIGHT. IN THIS RING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

MV1:

I'm going to END this, ALL of it! TONIGHT! I'm going to show the world exactly who you are, what's under that mask of yours, and I'm going to prove that YOU are the problem!

He jabs the finger once more.

MV1:

And I'm the Fixer.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

DDK:

Strong words from Masked Violator #1 and a STRONG challenge for later on tonight! Lance! Lance, are you okay?!

Lance:

I am a professional, as you know, Darren... I'm fine right now... but I'd be lying if I told you that wasn't incredibly terrifying!

DDK:

I can only imagine! Melton and Dixon are absolutely unhinged!

Lance:

Uh, I hesitate to agree! However...

DDK:

Kudos to MV1 for his incredible timing! And it looks like it's MV1 and JJ Dixon — one last time — later on tonight!

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE

V/O:

What is DEFIANCE?

A black screen.

V/O:

It's more than "disobedience".

A film projector hums to life, throwing up a rippling, askew reel of black and white footage of in-ring combat against an aging, urban brick wall. As it slowly brightens, specific figures can be made out. A brutal gladiator stands over his prey, the red clay-like paint smudged across the beast's chest is the only color in the shot, vibrant and bright against the blacks and grays.

V/O:

It's more than just a callous disregard for authority.

The film shudders before jumping to another shot; Corvo Alpha wraps his hands around the bony throat of his once and former Master.

V/O:

To label it as "insubordination" sells it short.

A long abused cur, let loose of his leash and given agency as if for the first time, Corvo Alpha had had enough. It was a time ripe for revolution.

V/O:

To tag it as simple contempt for the establishment underestimates its potential impact.

The crackling film shudders again. Alpha wages war against opponents of all sizes. Toe to toe with cocky ring generals, felling dread hydras, slaying angry giants. Victory, while never easy, is sweet.

When present, the yellow of his facepaint-mask also jumps out with the bleeding vermillion of his chest against the otherwise monochrome.

V/O:

So, I ask you again... What *IS* DEFIANCE?

Against all odds, our unexpected hero raises the prized SOHER overhead, exhausted, in slow motion. The flamingo pink of the leather belt strikes out now.

V/O:

DEFIANCE is righteous. It is noble.

The film quakes. Alpha chokes Keyes. The spool trembles. Oscar Burns taps out. Again, the moving picture phases in and out. Cortez is crumpled. A quiver. Dixon is diced. Alphas arm is raised.

V/O:

It is as virtuous as it is violent. A brutal truculence fueled by its own self-assured justification. And in times like these... In a time ripe for a revolution...

Suddenly, the actual Corvo Alpha steps in between the projector and the brick wall, the black and white playing across his fresh canary and cherry paint job. The whites of his eyes peer through his wet hair.

The film jumps one last time before stopping on one final frame, rippling across the Southern Heritage Champions

frame, belt proudly draped over-shoulder.

V/O:

How DEFIANT will *you* be?

MAXDEF 2024

July 10th & 11th

Puerto Rico

The camera zooms in on Alpha's stoic face as the scene fades to black.

KENDRIX vs. KILLJOY

DDK:

The Hollywood Bruvs showed exactly why they are still at the top of their game at DEFCON by overcoming The French Connection in one of the standout bouts of either night! But another group has come calling after The Bruvs challenged the roster for anyone to knock them off their spot - Titanes Familia. Up next, it's one-half of The Hollywood Bruvs, Kendrix, taking on The Good Son of Titanes Familia, the monstrous Killjoy!

Lance:

Both Mike Unlikely and Kendrix have among the most impressive resumes of all time in DEFIANCE. Both former FISTS of DEFIANCE and former Tag Team Champions together. Mikey, a former Southern Heritage Champ. Kendrix, the final DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion. The Bruvs have done it all and Titanes Familia want to be where they're at now.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez defeated his ex-tag partner, Mil Vuelas in a brutal affair while Titanes Familia for weeks, left PCP laying including a singles win by Titaness over Elise Ares. While PCP walked out of that match as the Tag Team Champions, it can't be understated how good Titaness and Killjoy looked in only their second match together.

DDK:

And all the more important tonight for both sides. The Bruvs want to keep the momentum going. The Familia want to move up. Which side comes out first in this singles confrontation?

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

The lights in the arena turn to gold and focus on the curtain. As the beat picks up the crowd gets loud recognizing the arrival of one of their favorite tag teams!

Through the curtain appear the Hollywood star followed by the big man from the Square Mile. Mikey moves to one side of the stage, Jesse the other. They motion to the crowd and start to seemingly be pulled toward one another. They both try to resist but it seems they almost slide toward one another before finally their fists meet in the middle of the stage. The Bruvs yell it out,

GLUEFIIIIIIST!

They smile and begin to head down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Making His way to the ring accompanied by Mikey Unlikely, hailing from London, England, JAYYY EFFF KAYYY...Jesse Fredricks Kendrix!

DDK:

This is a singles match, in fact it's JFK's first on DEFtv since his return to DEFIANCE.

Lance:

He's had the start he would have wanted with that win the Bruvs had last time out, but singles action is a whole different game. I'm not surprised Mikey is out here cheering on his boy tonight.

Kendrix is in the ring looking ready for a fight with Mikey Unlikely at ringside, encouraging his fellow Bruv to do his best. 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 ♪

“The Man of the House” Uriel Cortez and the newly minted “Pretty Powerful” Titaness appear on stage. The 7’1” leader of the Familia wearing gold-tinted sunglasses, black pants and a black vest with the “Familia First” logo on the back. Titaness, with matching gold sunglasses and a black vest with a hood and black leather pants. She throws the hood back, and locks lips with her husband on the ramp. They separate as a gold spotlight appears on stage:

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:

And his opponent, being accompanied by Uriel Cortez and Titaness, representing Titanes Familia... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN POUNDS... he is, and I quote... “Titanes Familia’s great bundle of joy”... **KILLJOY!**

With Cortez and Titaness behind the 6’10” monster, Killjoy slowly walks towards the ring with the haunting theme playing behind him. The fans are in awe of the monster as he towards over the masses. Once he reaches the ring, he looks out to The Faithful and then steps over the ropes while never taking his eyes off Kendrix across the ring from him.

Lance:

We’ve seen what Killjoy can do in singles action on a couple of occasions, but with respect to his past opponents... none were on the level Kendrix is. A true test for the only two-time BRAZEN Champion in history!

DDK:

Kendrix looks ready.

Killjoy stands stoically across from JFK, who refuses to be intimidated. The music stops and referee Rex Knox calls for the bell...

DING DING

Just as the bell rings, The Good Son goes right at Kendrix! The much quicker JFK ducks underneath an attempt at a lockup and then fires a big right hand that catches Killjoy right on the button... but the monster barely budes. Kendrix fires off a second jab and nails the monster upside the head a second time, but it’s second verse, same as the first. JFK looks shocked at the monster mostly shaking off the punch.

DDK:

Kendrix might want to try a different strategy here.

Instead, Kendrix fires off a flurry of right hands! The Atlanta Faithful and Mikey Unlikely are rallying fully behind the former FIST of DEFIANCE before he charges off the ropes and flies right at Killjoy with a big running forearm! He staggers the monster, but doesn’t go down! When he realizes this, he looks at referee Rex Knox and tells him he’s sorry before he JABS a thumb into the eye portion of Killjoy’s mask! Kendrix shrugs and The Faithful have a good laugh!

Lance:

That’s one way to stop this monster!

Rex Knox reprimands Kendrix, but he ain’t sticking around to hear it. Uriel and Titaness protest from ringside as Kendrix rolls outside the ring and shouts at Killjoy to come after him. The giant of Native American descent is still checking his eye with Kendrix getting under his skin. The Future of the Familia goes after him despite Titaness’ protests! Just as Killjoy climbs over the ropes and steps out of the ring, Kendrix slides back in!

DDK:

Killjoy has the power, but Kendrix has the speed and more importantly, the experience! He’s out... and JFK is back inside! If he can get him to make a mistake, Kendrix can certainly exploit it!

Lance:

It's a good start from the Hollywood Bruv!

Mikey cheers on his partner as Killjoy tries to get back up, only for Kendrix to catch him with a running knee to the face! The Good Son stumbles around the outside of the ring and holds the side of his jaw. This gets worse when Kendrix comes running a second time and nails a baseball slide, catching him in the jaw!

Lance:

Great strategy by Kendrix. As you said, Darren, power is certainly an asset but experience can overcome just about anything.

DDK:

That it can! Kendrix out on the apron!

When Killjoy recovers from the kicks, he tries to grab Kendrix, but the elusive JFK jumps over his leg and then throws a quick kick that nails Killjoy in the chest! An audible grunt is heard from the masked beast as he's hunched over. Titaness tries to run over and do the same, but Rex Knox warns her to stop in her tracks or she'll be ejected from ringside. Kendrix blows a kiss to the wife of Uriel Cortez, who looks on with disgust behind his sunglasses.

Lance:

Titaness just tried to aid her surrogate son... man, this family dynamic is weird... but got caught... WAIT!

Kendrix turns around...

THWACK!

...And is hit with a chop so LOUD, it echoes all the way out into the nose bleeds! Mikey's eyes grow wide and he looks on at his partner as one shot has just dropped him on the apron!

DDK:

LORDY! ONE SHOT! ONE SHOT IS ALL KILLJOY NEEDED TO TURN THIS MATCH IN HIS FAVOR!

As Kendrix has been brought down completely and Killjoy pushes him back into the ring, Uriel points at Killjoy and mimics chopping the air. The Man of the House looks out to Mikey on the other side of the ring.

Uriel Cortez:

Chop off the old block! Papa Tez taught him that!

He and Titaness share a laugh while back in the ring, things are not looking particularly good for one-half of The Hollywood Bruvs. Killjoy towers over him and picks him up on his shoulders in a back suplex, only to THROW him forward with an atomic THROW! The crowd gasps as Kendrix crashes on the canvas violently!

DDK:

No atomic drop there! Just straight POWER that cast him across the ring!

Lance:

And now Killjoy's stalking his prey. The few singles matches he's had, he barely goes for pinfalls. He wants to punish people that stand across from him.

As Kendrix tries to get to his feet, The Good Son quickly grabs him by the back of the head and holds out a fist before SLUGGING him directly in the chest with a sledgehammer-like right hand! JFK is left with a red welt where the earlier chop and the recent fist connected before Killjoy finally kneels over and goes for a cover on the former FIST!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kendrix gets a shoulder up! Mikey cheers on his partner and talks some smack of his own to the Familia watching at ringside!

Mikey Unlikely:

What a shoulder up! Yeah! You see that?! Gonna need more than that to keep my boy down!

Uriel and Titaness continue to watch as The Good Son is in control of things. He grabs Kendrix and then pulls him up into a massive bearhug! Now Kendrix is trapped as The Good Son starts to shake him violently in his grip!

DDK:

It's crazy, but there's a method to the madness of Killjoy! He works the midsection and the back to set up the FreeFall powerbomb. But Kendrix has done it all and seen it all. Fought with the likes of the toughest men in DEFIANCE and came out on top!

Lance:

Mikey may well rue his words, this may well be the more than that Killjoy needs to put Kendrix away. He's gotta find a way out of this!

Uriel and Titaness show their support for their monster.

Titaness:

Rip that dumbass in half! Go, Killer, you got this!

KENDRIX!

KENDRIX!

KENDRIX!

Mikey rallies the proverbial troops aka The Faithful and leads the chants of "Kendrix" raining down heavily through the State Farm Arena! As Unlikely slams a hand on the apron to get more chants going, Killjoy continues to shake JFK in a ragdoll-like manner until JFK decides to elbow him in the head! He throws more shots repeatedly and then boxes his ears not once, but twice! Finally it's enough to get him to let go, but the damage might have been done as Kendrix falls to a knee.

DDK:

Kendrix did it! He frees himself, but he can't ill afford to give the former two-time BRAZEN Champion a chance to recover!

Kendrix hears the people while holding his back, but with Mikey and The Faithful cheering him on, he swings for the fences and tries a superkick... but Killjoy grabs the leg! He throws Kendrix aside, but he's quick to stay on his feet and rocks the big monster with another series of rights! After about four solid shots, he tries a whip on Killjoy, but the monster reverses the whip and sends him to the corner. The Good Son follows behind him, only to catch a pair of feet to the face! The beast is stunned and Kendrix leaps to the second rope to come off with a face breaker DDT that FINALLY drops the monster flat on the canvas to a HUGE ovation!

DDK:

HE DID IT! I think this is actually the very first time that anyone has brought Killjoy down to the mat in the few months he's been on the roster so far! Leave it to an experienced vet to know how to chop an opponent down to size!

Lance:

And remember, Titanes Familia issued this challenge in the first place! How much crow are they gonna have to eat if Kendrix slays the monster?!

It takes JFK some doing, but he is able to get back to his feet while Killjoy is on his knees, still holding his face in pain from being drilled unexpectedly into the canvas. He runs behind the monster and goes low with a running bulldog as he's on his knees, faceplanting him into the canvas for a second time! The husband and wife pair of giants on the outside are both in shock while Mikey flashes them a knowing smile from the opposite side! Kendrix waits on Killjoy to try and stand, only to make him eat another big running knee to the side of the head that gets a big cheer from The Faithful!

DDK:

Kendrix is throwing EVERYTHING he has the monster right now to get him to stay down! But Killjoy is STILL trying to stand!

The cumulative effects of JFK's attacks are working as The Good Son is slow to push himself upward, but when he does, he gets BLASTED on the side of the head with a superkick right on the button! The monster looks glassy-eyed for the first time ever! Kendrix throws a SECOND superkick right right to the jaw that finally topples the monster to a loud ovation!

Lance:

THE MONSTER IS DOWN! KENDRIX IS GONNA PIN HIM!

Kendrix hooks a leg and The Faithful (even Mikey!) count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Killjoy PUSHES Kendrix off of him, much to a combo of shock and/or dismay from everyone!

DDK:

That's the first time anyone's registered a nearfall on this monster! And Kendrix isn't done!

As Killjoy rolls onto his stomach, Kendrix goes for broke and tries to lock in the Kendrix Kross! The Good Son struggles in the hold while Kendrix tries to keep it applied!

DDK:

Kendrix Kross! Kendrix Kross! I think he's about to try and tap the monster out! Think of the egg on Titanes Familia's face if he hands Killjoy his first singles loss via submission after making this challenge!

The Atlanta Faithful rally behind Kendrix as he continues to lock in the submission, but the monster fights! As Mikey cheers on his friend and hangs near the ropes, he looks up and sees Uriel waving at him from across the ring.

Only Uriel.

DDK:

Did.. did you see where Titaness went?

Lance:

No... I was focused on the action... wait!

From the adjacent side of under the ring, The Pretty Powerful rolls back to her feet behind Mikey! Mr. 499 turns around... and gets NAILED with the Lady Lariat out of nowhere!

DDK:

HEY! TITANESS ATTACKS MIKEY UNLIKELY WITH THE LADY LARIAT, UNPROVOKED!

Lance:

And Kendrix just saw it!

Uriel cheers on his wife until JFK relinquishes his hold on Killjoy long enough to reach through the ropes and wipe out Titaness with a kick through the ropes! The Faithful cheer as she goes down!

DDK:

Eye for an eye!

The Man of The House angrily barks at Kendrix, but JFK is focused on Killjoy! He jumps up and tries to land The Bellend to bring down the monster...

...BUT KILLJOY GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT!

DDK:

NO WAY! KENDRIX JUST TRIED THE BELLEND AND KILLJOY BLOCKED IT!

He HOLDS Kendrix by the throat and hoists him right into the powerbomb position before SPIKING him into the canvas with The FreeFall!

DDK:

FREEFALL! FREEFALL! THAT'S IT!

The modified chokeslam transitioned into the falling powerbomb leads to Killjoy stacking both legs for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **KILLJOY!**

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY! KILLJOY DEFEATS KENDRIX!

DDK:

But not without controversy! Kendrix had the Kendrix Kross locked in and if he hadn't stopped after Titaness, this could have had a different result! The numbers advantage goes to Titanes Familia!

Uriel should be pleased at what is a career-defining singles win, but he isn't as he goes over to help his wife to her feet. Titaness checks her jaw after the boot by Kendrix and with Mikey down, all eyes turn towards Killjoy in the ring, standing over Kendrix.

DDK:

Oh, no... what are these monsters gonna do now? We know how protective Uriel is of either one of his Familia.

The Man of the House climbs into the ring as he, Titaness and Killjoy now surround Kendrix, only for Mikey to jump

back in! Despite the odds, he goes after Titaness and takes her down with a clothesline!

Lance:

No! There's Mikey Unlikely! He's back in the fold and trying to save his tag team partner!

The Faithful cheer as he goes after Uriel next! Uriel grabs him by his neck, but Mikey takes a play out of Kendrix's book earlier and doinks him right in the eye with a thumb, making him let go!

DDK:

The Bruvs play by their own rules unapologetically! Mikey's trying to save his best friend... NO!

He has Uriel stunned, but before he can do anything more, Killjoy steps in and ROCKS him with a huge lariat! Mr. 499 flips before crashing to the canvas! The BOOING is fierce in the ring as Uriel holds his eye in pain, then gestures at Killjoy to pull Mikey up. Killjoy nods and then throws him to Uriel, who sets him up for a powerbomb. He hoists Mikey up... then SPIKES him down!

DDK:

THERE'S THE 218! JACKKNIFE POWERBOMB TO MIKEY!

Mikey is out cold, but Uriel's attention is on Kendrix next. He grabs Kendrix, then holds him up, allowing Titaness to get in a free shot when she delivers Pretty Striking! The spear runs right through Kendrix and after the last assault, Titanes Familia stands over the fallen forms of The Hollywood Bruvs.

DDK:

Mikey and Kendrix have been laid to waste! This is a devastating statement we're seeing here from Titaness Familia, Lance.

Lance:

The Hollywood Bruvs showed out at DEFCON against the French Connection. They showed they can still operate at the highest levels against any of the hungry talent in DEFIANCE... but I think tonight, Titanes Familia showed they're starving.

Just to rub it in, Uriel checks on Titaness to make sure she's okay after taking a couple knocks, then the pair lock lips to the disgust of the Faithful. The husband and wife then smile while Killjoy stands over the downed Bruvs.

Uriel and Titaness:

GLUE-KISSSSSSSSSSSS!

Mocking theri signature gluefist, Uriel holds the ropes for Titaness, then they take their leave of the ring and head to the back. The happy couple hold hands on the way out with Killjoy behind them the scene fades out.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



TARGET (NOT THE STORE)

Talking in a corner by themselves, the Atlanta Faithful boo when they see two people who perpetrated a crime earlier in the evening...

One Vae Victis spokesperson, Sonny Silver, holding his face in pain from eating a headbutt earlier from Butcher Victorious.

And one giant redheaded rookie, smacking his fist into an open palm to demonstrate what took place to said Butcher just moments earlier.

Christie Zane:

Excuse me... Sonny? Dan?

Sorry. Make that three people: the third one being none other than one of DEFIANCE's backstage interview team, Christie Zane.

Sonny and DLJ both stop their conversation and stare her down.

Sonny Silver:

The hell you want?

Christie Zane:

Only some answers. Why did Dan Leo James attack Butcher Victorious earlier tonight?

Sonny and Danny both look confused. He's still holding his head.

Sonny Silver:

Respectfully, Christie... are you on meth? Did you not SEE what that leech, Butcher Victorious did to me? HEADBUTTED ME IN THE FACE!

Christie Zane:

Because you were out there distracting the official during the Favoured Saints Title match.

Growling, Sonny looks down at Zane.

Sonny Silver:

Because he doesn't DESERVE to be a champion in this company. I didn't cost him ANYTHING. We were righting a wrong.

DLJ holds a fist out for Sonny to bump with his free hand.

DLJ:

Yeah. One big lariat and Butch Vic... didn't walk out with ISH! Tell 'em, Sonny!

Silver looks up at his charge, then back to Christie.

Sonny Silver:

Butcher Victorious did the unthinkable. He -- against all the odds, all the experience, all the skill -- he defeated Oscar Burns at DEFCON in the flukiest fluke that ever fluked! That little mother-fluking fluke-head is riding HIGH right now because of what he did. That's why we took it upon ourselves to have DLJ go into that ring and literally SMACK him back to reality. He doesn't deserve to be Favoured Saints Champion. He doesn't deserve to be ANYTHING. He had the nerve to insinuate that this big, strapping young athlete was weak-minded?

A serious look crosses the face of Danny.

DLJ:

That's why I did what I did, Christie... I'm NOT weak! NOT ANYMORE! Now he knows how NOT weak I am!

Sonny winces, but he slaps DLJ on the chest with his free hand.

Sonny Silver:

You know what, Christie? I'm GLAD you're here. You guys like sound bytes. You guys like news, so here's the news. This goes out to YOU, Butcher. Get that camera on this man.

The camera pans up to DLJ's face as he holds onto his wrist.

Sonny Silver:

Butcher, you think that because you befouled the very good name of DEFIANCE Himself, that you're a big superstar now? Kid, just cause you shot Jesse James... that don't make YOU Jesse James. You think you deserve the best now? You think you deserve titles? You? The guy who used to fetch our DRINKS? Nah... that's cause HE does. He deserves it all.

He points again.

Sonny Silver:

From here on out... you're looking at THE Front Runner for future success in this company. You're looking at THE Fastest Big Man Alive in this company. D-L-J! Butcher got a taste of what's gonna happen to him every time that we see that little twit and The Stick... cause it's On Sight. Every time we see you? WHAM! That palm strike you felt before... Godspeed! WHAM! Right upside your stupid mohawk. WHAM! Right upside that rat's nest you call a beard.

Seething, Silver looks back to Christie.

Sonny Silver:

There's gonna be a damn target on your back every time me and Dan see you. You're DONE. And we're gonna keep going until we run YOU outta here. Let's go, kid.

Sonny leaves as DLJ turns to Christie.

DLJ:

He means a bulls-eye, Christie, not the department store Target. We don't want to murder him cause that'd be sad.

Sonny Silver:

DAN! LET'S GO!

The Front Runner nods at Christie.

DLJ:

Aww, big yikes. Gotta jet!

The charge of Vae Victis leaves and Christie watches him go.

Christie Zane:

Looks like we got our answers.

JJ DIXON vs. MV1

We cut to the Commentation Station where our announcers seem quite, quite serious.

DDK:

It's been a tremendous show, Lance... but up next...

Lance:

I can see it on the format as well as you can, Keebs. Up next, is a match that grew out of a truly ugly and, from a personal standpoint, quite hair-raising moment earlier in the show when Madame Melton and JJ Dixon came out here seeking what they deemed "revenge" on yours truly. Apparently, they felt *I* am responsible for how these wonderful fans view them both.

Just over DDK's shoulder, DEFsec's Wyatt Bronson is seen, trying hard not to be seen. He ducks out of frame.

DDK:

They planned on doing serious, irreparable harm to my colleague here and... if not for the intervention of MV1, they might have! And, we are told, The Most Precious Gems were threatened with permanent banishment from DEFIANCE if they continue to threaten you, me or anyone else on our staff! And, Wyatt Bronson is also here by our side just in case because Dixon and Melton have truly snapped, if they did not already!

Lance:

Perhaps. In any event... MV1 to the proverbial rescue and he issued a challenge for this very match. He's looking to settle things to end, what I want to be clear that HE described as "madness".

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

The crowd roars at the reappearance of MV1 atop the entryway.

Darren Quimbey:

Our following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! A serious and determined march down the aisle is punctuated by a handful of random hand slaps down the aisle. Dressed in his usual bright red, blue and yellow gear, his standard smile is momentarily replaced by a clenched jawline.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Parts Unknown... he weighs in at two hundred and thirty three pounds. He is the MASKED MARVEL... MASKED VIOLATOR #1!

DDK:

I can count on one hand how many times we've seen MV1 this serious, this focused.

Lance:

And I'm not afraid to point out that WHEN we have seen him this resolved and purposeful we have ALSO seen him come out on top! That generally spells trouble for the man who stands across the ring from him!

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT! The lights cut out.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The DEFiatron starts by showing the faded grandeur of The Melton Estate, but the clips of Olde Hollywood have been replaced. In their place are clips of The Gems attacking MV1 at DEF 200, with JJ doing his 400 Blows forearm shivers, the Gems working over MV1's injured knee, before JJ is kneeling at MV1's side with his arms held open.

DDK:

Of course, Madame Melton is already starting with her mind games and reminding MV1 what happened the last time

he did battle with The Fatal Attraction!

The spotlight is cast. Madame Melton stands in her Silver Vixen glory -- hair, gown, shoes, etc. JJ is on his knees in front of her, wearing a new brown mask fully covering the lower half of his face, his arms held out wide. His black tank top reads "MV1 IS MY MENTOR!" in blood red. JJ pops up on his knees, and The Gems start their pace around the arena, now with Madame Melton doing a "Queen's Wave" to the crowd with an insane smile as she does.

They then pace around the ring before stopping at the commentary desk. JJ leans over and menacingly stares at Vance, while pointing at his eyes. Bronson steps forward next to JJ. JJ meets the longtime security figure with an eye-to-eye stare before rolling into the ring and stepping towards MV1, who steps right back.

Carla Ferrari steps between the two combatants, one arm held out to hold each at bay. She issues final instructions to each man before taking a step back and signaling for the bell.

DING DING

Madame Melton sashays at ringside, eyes fluttering and batting at MV1, who ignores her, eyes locked on a sneering Dixon. They circle each other.

DDK:

Between that tailor made entrance and Dixon's choice of ring attire, I can't help but wonder if he and Madame Melton foresaw this challenge tonight!

Lance:

I wouldn't put it past either of them!

DDK:

Dixon and MV1 start by feeling each other out!

Lance:

These men have a history, Keebs, in a rivalry that culminated at DEFIANCE Road 2023 in an incredible Ironman match. Since then, to say that JJ Dixon has slowly soured further under Melton's sway wouldn't be simply commentary!

DDK:

Careful, Lance.

Lance:

Damn it, Darren, I'm not going to live in fear of these people! I have a job to do and I'm going to do it! Every person at home who has charted the course of JJ Dixon's career knows the true effect that Madame Malton has had on him!

A stiff lockup. They buck and shove in the center of the ring before MV1 slowly gains the advantage and presses it and his opponent backwards into the corner. Dixon steps through the rope, setting one foot on the apron, tangled as he is by MV1. Ferrari counts to five before asking for a clean break. MV1 slowly releases the tie-up and steps back, beckoning Dixon to "bring it on" to a solid pop from the Faithful. Dixon snaps his head at the fans, wheeling around, jawing at them as he does so. This just hypes them up further. Frustrated, Dixon circles #1, clawing out at him. They tie-up once more and this time, it's Dixon who powers his opponent back into the corner. Ferrari asks for a clean break and gets it. When suddenly-- *SLAP!*

DDK:

WHAT AN OPEN HAND SLAP BY DIXON!

Ferrari chides the demented man behind the leather mask, but he pays her zero attention. MV1 adjusts the red mask on his head.

DDK:

Another lock up! MV1 ducks behind! Dixon back pedals, SQUASHING MV1 into the corner! M

V1 explodes out of the corner but Dixon DUCKS that clothesline! The heat just got jacked up, Lance! They lock-up again and this time are quick to spill into the ropes, through them, and out of the ring - *SPLATTING* on the floor.

Dixon works MV1 to his feet and irish whips him into the steel ring steps with a *CLANG*.

DDK:

BAD-KNEE-FIRST into those steps!

Lance:

That's the knee that put MV1 on the shelf not once, but TWICE!

Madame Melton flourishes and spins in place, laughing and smiling all to herself in the background as Dixon uses MV1's mask to yank him back to his feet. He BIELS MV1 BY HIS MASK into the steel ringside barricade! Carla Ferrari barks out a *SIX*, climbing a turnbuckle in hopes of capturing JJ Dixon's manic attention. *SEVEN!* MV1 fires an elbow into Dixon's stomach, halting the Fatal Attraction in his tracks. *EIGHT!*

DDK:

MV1 SLAMS Dixon mask-first into the guard rail!

He rolls Dixon under the bottom rope and back into the ring just as the *NINE!* rings out.

MV1!

MV1!

MV1!

The chant echoes and Dixon rages upright, covering his ears. Just as Dixon finds his feet, MV1 slingshots himself from the apron, over the top rope, and HEADSCISSORS Dixon over!

DDK:

At six foot three, what athleticism on display by MV1! Dixon kips up and BLASTS MV1 with an ENZIGURI KICK!

Lance:

MY GOODNESS!

Dixon sprawls across MV1, pushing an elbow across his face as he covers him. Ferrari leaps over them to get into position.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Dixon, again, uses #1's mask to pull him up to his feet before applying a side headlock. He wrenches it in with some maliciousness.

MV1!

MV1!

MV1!

JJ looks at the crowd in disbelief.

JJ Dixon:

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME!

But JJ's distraction to the crowd allows MV1 to shoot Dixon into the ropes, before dropping down. JJ leaps over him - hitting the far ropes. On the come back, MV1 LEAPFROGS over Dixon then ARM DRAGS him off the bounce. Dixon is immediately back up and CHARGES-

DDK:

MV1 DUCKS THE RUNNING LEG LARIAT FROM JJ!

MV1 hits the ropes - BLASTS JJ with ONE OF HIS OWN!

Lance:

He led with that knee brace!

DDK:

Cover by MV1!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!

Dixon fights back up to his feet in no time but MV1 scoops him and PLANTS him in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

MV1 is going UP!

In two long strides, Masked Violator #1 finds himself perched up on the top turnbuckle. He adjusts his weight before raising a single arm and single index finger in the sky - all around him, Faithful do the same.

Lance:

HERE COMES 1-DERSTRUCK!

But Dixon ROLLS out of the way and out of the ring - MV1 spots it and LANDS ON HIS FEET! His braced right knee visibly buckles upon impact and both hands reach for it as he howls in pain.

DDK:

Oh no! MV1 staggers backwards into a corner, his mask writhing in anguish.

At ringside, Melton directs her twisted treasure to grab some furniture.

Lance:

What the... Dixon has that steel chair!

JJ slides into the ring - and Referee Carla Ferrari is RIGHT THERE to stop him.

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Snarling through his leather mask, Dixon rears the chair back threateningly. Then another groan moans through the crowd. Melton is suddenly up on the apron. The trap is laid.

DDK:

Get that woman OUT of here!

Her face twisted up into an enraged, painted mask of her own, Melton YANKS at the laces of MV1's mask with BOTH hands. With Carla still dealing with JJ, she is blissfully unaware.

Lance:

What is she DOING!?

DDK:

Going after MV1's mask, it seems!

MV1's mouth drops in panic as Melton rips at the laces of the mask, almost tearing them off, along with the mask! Dixon finally **THROWS** the steel chair out of the ring, it **CLANGS** on the ringside floor just as Melton drops off the apron. Glancing over his shoulder with restrained annoyance, MV1 reaches behind his head and adjusts the partially torn mask. He turns to face Dixon—

Lance:

SUNS&€&€ET BOULEVARD!!!

DDK:

MV1 blindly walked right into it!

Carla's brow furrows, staring down at her feet where Dixon hooks MV1's braced leg. She smells a rat. Ferrari drops into position and counts, giving perhaps an extra quarter-of-a-beat between each slap of the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

Carla casts a scornful glare towards Melton as she calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

That was... truly unfortunate.

♪ "How Soon is Now" by The Smiths ♪

Lance:

A wholesale THEFT. THAT's what that was!

Ferrari raises Dixons arm In the background, Melton conducts unheard music for no one, arms waving in the air pretentiously.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout, a result of a pinfall.... THE FATAL ATTRACTION... **JJ DIXON!!!**

JJ yanks his arm away from Carla before slinking out of the ring and sidling up with his malevolent matriarch at ringside. He falls to his knees.

DDK:

This is not how MV1 saw this going...

Carla checks in on MV1 who is slowly coming to. He instinctively reaches for his mask, ensuring it's still on and tightly applied.

Lance:

MV1 came out here with the intention of STOPPING all of this madness. But I'm afraid...

Cutting back to Dixon and Melton just in time for her to light up her ornate, almost comically long, surely obscenely expensive cigarette holder. Dixon cackles at her feet.

Lance:

This may only be the beginning.

The camera shows Melton on the ramp, in the spotlight, with JJ on his knees and arms wide open.

Madame Melton:

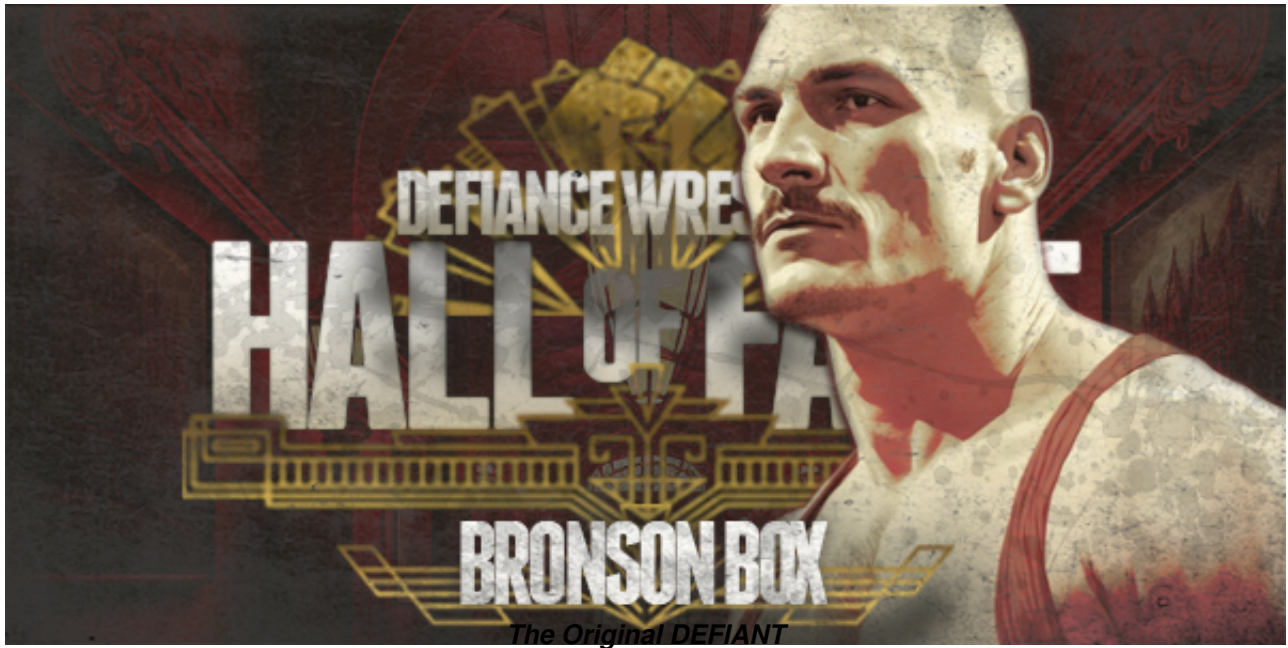
If I really wanted Lance's eyes, he'd already be blind!

She blows a puff of smoke in the air.

Madame Melton:

Because... I am coming for... *his* mask!

JJ pantomimes ripping off a mask as Melton closes her eyes and begins to pantomime her BitterSweet Symphony. MV1 stands at the ropes, looking at The Gems, readjusting his mask with a vengeful glare on his face.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

DDK:

Alright, folks, we're about to kick this main event off. Not exactly what I pictured our new FIST's first title defense being but it is Malak we're talking about here so I can't say I'm surprised.

Lance:

Well, yeah. I mean, you would think the FIST would be on the line but not tonight. Instead, Malak is putting the Paper Championship on the line due to him not being "comfortable" with his new title and everything that comes along with it.

DDK:

Well, he claims that he "lost" the actual FIST belt but, like we said earlier, it's literally sitting in a production crate backstage right now. This whole situation is ridiculous and is only feeding Garland's incessant need to be the world's biggest troll.

Lance:

Heavy is the head that wears the crown, partner. Just ask Malak.

DDK:

Well that crown is now one none other than Brock Newbludd is gunning for. If it wasn't for an off-the-cuff remark a sobbing Malak Garland made before ending his promo tonight, we might not have this match. He called out SNS and, namely, Newbludd, put a chip on The Innovator's shoulder to the point where he approached Garland backstage.

Lance:

And thus we have tonight's main event. Brock Newbludd challenges Malak Garland for the unofficial Paper Championship!

DDK:

Let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

Standing inside of the ring next to referee Mark Shields, Quimbey raises his microphone and addresses the sold out State Farm Arena.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following main event contest is set for one fall and it is for the Paper Championship!

The Faithful erupts and the veteran ring announcer pauses briefly to let the people get their cheers in before continuing. Surprisingly, more than a few jeers are heard mixed in with the ovation.

Lance:

As you can hear, there are more than a few members of our audience tonight who aren't pleased with Malak not putting the FIST on the line. However, I'm sure Newbludd is going to try his best to turn their frowns upside down by taking Garland's safety blanket, the Paper Championship.

Suddenly, the arena lights dim.

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ "Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot ♪

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful roar in approval as pyro erupts from the stage and Brock Newbludd comes through the curtain with a fist raised high above his head. Sporting his alternate attire of baby blue trunks with white knee pads and tassels, along with a white "Over the Top" tanktop, the fired-up Innovator plays to the crowd as he heads down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...representing The Saturday Night Specials! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin...weighing in at two hundred and sixty-two pounds..."Milwaukee's Beast" Broooooock Neeewbluuudd!

Sliding underneath the bottom rope and popping up to his feet, Newbluudd rips his tanktop off and throws it out to the sea of people as he heads to the nearest corner. Climbing up, Brock throws both fists up to the cheering crowd one final time as his music fades from the arena's speakers.

DDK:

Tremendous ovation from the Atlanta Faithful for Brock! Now, all eyes turn to the stage for the arrival of our newest FIST...

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Malak Garland walks out on stage behind Siobhan Cassidy and the BRAZEN Women's Champion, Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe who are linked at the arms. He clutches his belt made out of construction paper and tape as if it is the FIST.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion, being accompanied to the ring by Siobhan Cassidy and Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, HE IS MALAK GARLAND!

DDK:

As if he needs to walk BEHIND Cassidy and Blythe. There is no skittish behavior this man won't exhibit.

At ringside, Garland entrusts his title belt to Blythe. He kisses Cassidy on the cheek for good luck before climbing into the ring.

Lance:

I think all these Atlanta fans are bloodthirsty to see Malak get served tonight!

Champion and challenger each make their way to neutral corners. Malak sticks his head between the ropes to receive some last-second words of encouragement from Blythe while Newbludd manages to lock eyes with his ex-girlfriend, Siobhan. Milwaukee's Beast grins and blows her a kiss, causing Siobhan to glare at him as her upper lip twitches into a snarl.

Lance:

Siobhan looking extra angry tonight, partner. I do not like the look in that woman's eye.

DDK:

She's definitely got a few issues with her ex. You would think it'd be the other way around since Siobhan was the one who betrayed Brock a couple of years back.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd's a cagey veteran who knows what's at stake here tonight. This is one of the biggest opportunities he's had in the singles division since joining DEFIANCE back in 2020 and he's not going to let Siobhan, or any other members of The Comments Section, take his eyes off the prize.

DDK:

Easier said than done, Lance.

Shields makes his way to the center of the ring. With both competitors ready to lock up, he calls for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

And here we go! The *prestigious* Paper Championship is on the line!

Both competitors exit out of the corners and Newbludd stomps toward Garland, who isn't as eager to engage as he cautiously keeps his distance from Brock. Circling around Brock, Malak forces a cheap smile and sticks a hand out to him.

DDK:

Oh boy, here we go again. Malak attempting to show some sportsmanship and offer up a handshake to Newbludd.

Lance:

He did the same exact thing to Dex at the start of their DEFCON match and it ended with Malak cracking the former FIST with a cheap headbutt.

Brock cocks his head sideways at Malak and the Paper Champion sticks his hand out even further to emphasize his desire to shake hands. Milwaukee's Beast glances out to the crowd and they lend their opinion in the form of loud boos. Grinning, Brock looks back to Malak and shrugs his shoulders. Slowly raising his hand up, Newbludd takes a step towards Garland.

DDK:

I guess Brock didn't watch the main event at DEFCON!?

DDK's assumption is quickly proven incorrect as Newbludd lunges towards Garland and latches onto his wrist. Yanking the surprised Malk towards him, Milwaukee's Beast turns The Snowflake Superstar inside out with a HUGE short-arm clothesline!

Lance:

I'm thinking that he did, partner! Devastating short-arm clothesline by Brock rocks Malak!

With the crowd cheering wildly, Newbludd keeps his grip on Malak's wrist and roughly brings him back up to his feet. In one smooth motion, The Innovator powers Garland up with a military press!

DDK:

Milwaukee's Beast lifts up the FIST with ease and now he's heading towards the ropes!

Malak just begins to struggle as Newbludd reaches the ropes but it's a little too late for the FIST and he cries out as Brock throws him out of the ring! Flying through the air, MagnumG crashes down on the floor!

DDK:

Look out below!

The Faithful explode with more cheers as the distraught Garland is helped up by Siobhan. Together they look up to the ring just in time to see Brock drop down to his knees and flex a bicep.

Lance:

The FIST of DEFIANCE has just been taken over the top by Brock Newbludd and this crowd is loving it!

Slamming his fists into the mat, Brock pops up to his feet and beckons Garland to step back into the ring.

DDK:

As we've learned throughout the years, nothing brings these people more joy than Malak Garland's pain.

Frustrated, Malak receives some words of encouragement from Siobhan and climbs up the ring apron. Newbludd is there waiting for him and immediately drives a knee through the ropes, nailing Malak in the midsection.

Lance:

Well placed knee by Brock has the Paper Champion teetering!

The Snowflake Superstar nearly falls off the apron but Brock latches on to him and brings Garland back into the ring with a perfectly executed vertical suplex. Upon landing, Newbludd floats over and hooks a leg.

ONE!

Garland gets a shoulder up!

The champ grabs for air as Brock stays on the attack, nailing some spinal tap kicks to Garland's exposed and defenseless back! Siobhan and Jocelyne hold each other as they watch in horror. Brock pulls Garland up and goes for a back body drop but Malak is able to plant a desperation knee!

DDK:

Malak is still reeling!

Garland grabs Shields by the collar and implores him to signal to the back for something.

Lance:

Mark Shields is doing Malak's bidding. Yet again. What a tired trope.

Mark gestures to the back and within seconds, it's not something but rather someone who emerges from behind the curtain.

DDK:

Well look at who it is!

Lance:

The cavalry has arrived.

Cyrus Bates and Thurston Hunter march down the ramp and join Jocelyne and Siobhan ringside. Cyrus has his hands up in innocence, explaining to anyone willing to listen that he and Thurston are just there to get a closer look at things. Brock sees the arrival of more Comments Section goons but knows he can't waste time or energy on them as he's got a match to win and a point to prove.

Lance:

Cobra clutch! Brock has it locked in!

By the time it's clear Malak isn't tapping, Newbludd suplexes Garland on his head! He follows that up with a rolling belly to belly suplex and lastly, a superkick for good measure!

DDK:

What an offensive assault by the challenger!

Malak tries his best to shove Brock off of him but it's no use. Brock is wrestling like a house on fire, hitting a dropkick and then a follow up swinging neckbreaker! Mark slides down to Malak's level for some sound refereeing advice while Brock verbally warns The Comments Section to stay where they are.

Lance:

Brock better look to put this away as quickly as he can! It's clear he has the advantage and has the champions REELING!

Malak throws some haymakers, attempting to get back into things but Brock just absorbs the shots. He downs Malak with a spiked piledriver before going for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Somehow, Malak gets a shoulder up!

Brock grips Malak by his flowing silver hair. Newbludd glances over at Cyrus, Thurston, Siobhan and Jocelyne to make a throat slash taunt. Garland sees the opening, pushes away from his opponent and makes a beeline off the ropes.

DDK:

I TRIGGER!

Lance:

NO! HE MISSED! BROCK MOVED! HE KNEW IT WAS COMING!

Laying in wait, Brock waits until the champ turns!

DDK:

Newbludd has him in a full nelson! Could he be looking to end things with the Shock and Awe dragon suplex!?

Newbludd pulls back but Malak blocks it. Newbludd tries again and gets blocked once more. Before Newbludd can lean back for a third time, Cyrus jumps up on the apron, triggering both Brock and Mark to head his way.

Lance:

Here we go! Bates is interfering!

Malak crawls over to the middle rope and hangs his head to the outside. Mark Shields disengages from the verbal spat between Bates and Newbludd to see Thurston Hunter consoling his idol.

Thurston Hunter:

Come on, pops. Street fought that goon! Cover him in tiny, little bruises the way I know you can!

Malak Garland:

Thurston, honey, I ain't going to lie. I just don't have it tonight. It's no use. It's the pressure. It's immense. Ugh. Help me. I feel my most important belt slipping from my grasp. I need you to slap me. Like right now. Do it.

Puzzled, Hunter scratches the top of his dome.

Thurston Hunter:

SLAP YOU? But you da boss. I could never lay hands on you! I love you more than I love myself!

Malak Garland:

I need an escape clause! I need to retain my belt! Brock is coming at me too hard. DO IT! SLAP ME! HELP ME SOFT EXIT THIS MANIA! I NEED A REPRIEVE!

Brock pushes Cyrus off the apron and turns back towards Malak and Thurston as the champ finishes his screaming plea. He's helpless as he takes one step and along with the entire arena, Mark Shields included, witnesses Thurston Hunter brandish Malak Garland across the cheek with his palm.

DDK:

NO!

Mark Shields:

Oh snap! That's a disqualification! I'M ALL OVER IT FOR ONCE!

Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The crowd is pissed.

Brock Newbludd throws his hands up in the air as Malak giggles and cries while lying prone on the canvas.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, the winner of this match, by disqualification and STILL Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

Lance:

I'm sorry but that's some certifiable BS by Malak Garland! Brock Newbludd all but had the match won! He was on an offensive tear! He most certainly would have hit Malak with the Shock and Awe if it wasn't for the planned interference by Cyrus and the execution of a clever DQ by Thurston Hunter!

Jocelyne and Siobhan pull Malak out of the ring as Thurston looks at his hand in disbelief.

Thurston Hunter:

I just lambasted Malak with THE PALM OF POWERRRRRR! I AM STRONGGGG!

Garland is surrounded by his ragtag crew of misfits as Brock apprehensively consults Mark Shields who is dumb enough to stick around in the ring.

Brock Newbludd:

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

He grabs Shields by the collar.

Mark Shields:

Sorry dude, you lost. Thurston hit Malak which caused the DQ. Match is over. Better luck next time I guess.

Newbludd knows his beef isn't necessarily with a lowlife goon like Mark Shields so he lets him go. The DEFIANCE chyron signifying the end of the show flashes on the televised broadcast as Brock Newbludd angrily peers beyond his brow at The Comments Section collective, mainly Malak Garland, who nestles into his Paper Title as if it means the world to him. He points and laughs at Brock in the ring.

Mark Shields:

Haha, do you like this ending, Brock? I do. I love this ending for you. I love it for you! Bahaha.

DDK:

Faithful, unfortunately we are out of time. Malak pulls yet another heist and retains his title even though it probably would've changed hands tonight, given how Brock was wrestling! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and you better believe this isn't over!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.