

SHOW OPEN

Miami, Florida welcomes DEFIANCE as the Watsco Center is hyped for DEFtv 205!

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!

**HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, PAPA BROCK
SQUASHING BUGS LIKE IT'S HELLDIVERS 2 UP IN HERE, AMIRITE?
3 WAY TAG ME IN
DOUGLAS AIN'T BRUVLESS
I DON'T TRUST DAN RYAN
OSCAR BURNS, SAVE US
CORVO COULD CARVE COLE
NEWDADD, NEWFISTT, NEWERAA
WEIRD SCIENCE IS BEST SCIENCE
MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, MINIMAL SIGNS
NO CAP SECTION
BOX BROKE MY HEART. AGAIN.
SIGNS ARE FEEDBACK TOO**

And we cut to The Commentation Station!

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv 205 LIVE from Miami, Florida at the Watsco Center! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as always, along for the ride is none other than Lance Warner!

Lance:

Three big matches on tap tonight! The Rain City Ronin in our main event against The French Connection! We have Bronson Box in action... and to kick off the night, speed versus power when "The Man of a Thousand Flips" Mil Vultas takes on The Game Boy!

DDK:

And unfortunately... it IS Malak Garland's birthday tonight. No way that we don't hear the end of that tonight. The champion IS in the house... but SO is his challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE at Maximum DEFIANCE, Brock Newbludd! All this and so much more tonight... on DEFtv!

REFRAMING

The handle turns as the door slowly swings open. In walks the FLAKE of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland along with his usual entourage of Cyrus Bates, Teresa Ames, Thurston Hunter and BRAZEN Women's Champion, Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe. Garland's eyes grow wide.

Malak Garland:

OH MY CHAKRAS! NO WAY!

Teresa and Jocelyne run behind the cameraperson and out of view for a moment before things swing around to reveal a near ceiling high birthday present taking up most of the room. Like, think comically huge with a red bow, wrapping and all the trimmings. Teresa and Jocelyne stand bracketing the present with smiles on their faces. Garland hands his belt to Bates for safe keeping, never averting his gaze from his birthday present.

Malak Garland:

YOU ALL REMEMBERED!

Thurston picks at his nails as he responds.

Thurston Hunter:

How could we forget!? You kept sending us automated text message reminders every hour and the last thing I wanted to get was street fought by you!

Bates grunts in approval.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

We know that your squeeze, Siobhan will be catching up with us later because she's got a wedding to plan but we didn't want a second of this very special day to go by without acknowledging just how great of a champion and person you are. Those people out there don't get what you do for us. We love you. We adore you. We cherish you. This-this is just a token of our appreciation. Thank you for existing in time and space, Malak.

Blythe blows a kiss before her and Teresa shred open the box. Garland's elation quickly turns to anger when he sees his gift. Jocelyne and Teresa remain smiling until their heads turn inwards to see a giant portrait of the Family Garland with Brock Newbludd's face imposed over Malak's father, Mortimer's face.

Malak Garland:

Is this a joke? IT'S MY TWENTY FIFTH BIRTHDAY!!!!!! EVERYTHING IS SUPPOSED TO BE PERFECT!

Jocelyne scrambles. She pulls out another framed picture from behind the Garland family pic to reveal a group image of the entire Comments Section, except this one has Brock's face pasted over all members except Malak.

Malak Garland:

What the absolute!!!

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

GAHHHH! WHAT HAPPENED!? SABOTAGE! I CALL SABOTAGE!

Blythe rushes to Malak's side and snuggles in for support. Teresa checks the other portraits that remain stacked behind and keeps giving weirder and weirder looks.

Teresa Ames:

Yeah, you're not going to want to see the rest of these. Shit guy, shit. I think there's a nude one of your mom in here.

Garland's spirit is spiraling as he can't believe what's happening to him.

Malak Garland:

I need Siobhan. RIGHT NOW!

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

It's okay, honey. I'm here for you. Remember, we're champions together, right?

Garland rests his head in her bosom, completely distraught.

Malak Garland:

CUT TO COMMERCIAL! CUT TO A MATCH! JUST CUT AWAY! I AM IN AGONY!

His sniffles become uncontrollable.

Malak Garland:

Cyrus! Thurston! I must retreat to my frozen throne. Go with Teresa to prepare the throne room!

Thurston Hunter:

You mean the walk-in freeze, boss?

Malak Garland:

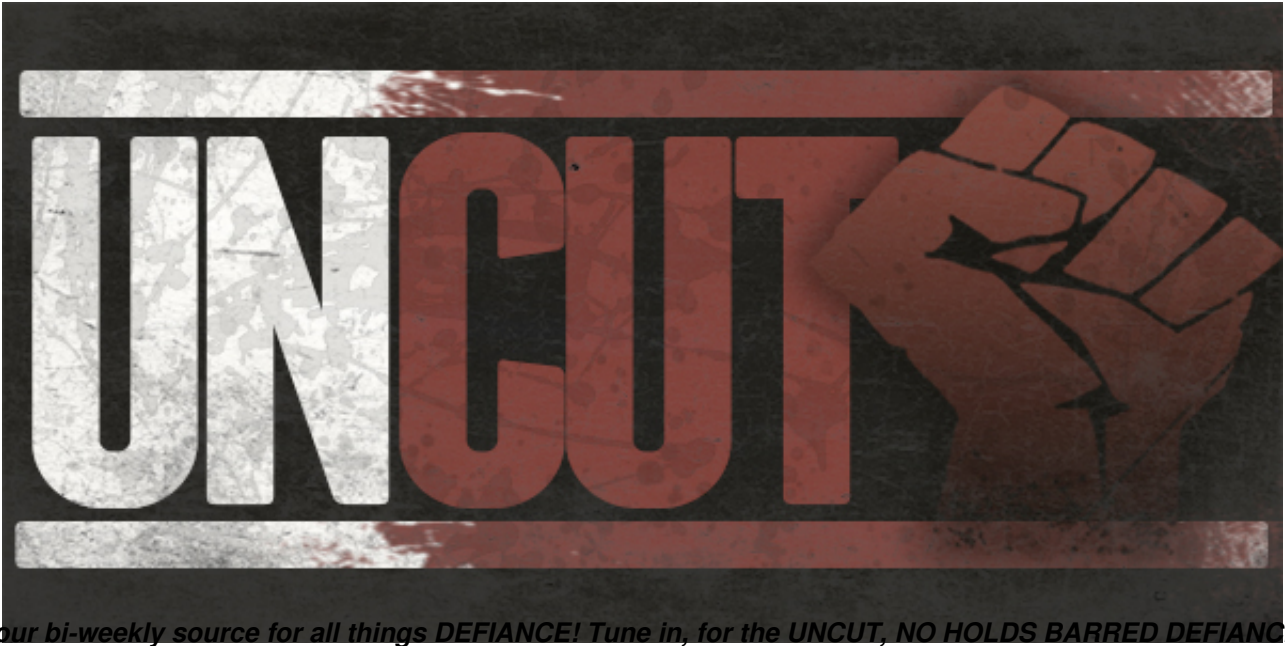
Yes. That. Now.

Everyone except Jocelyne leaves. Malak nestles in for comfort even more.

Malak Garland:

You can leave too, cameraperson. Leave me to Jocelyne and my comfort. I don't know if I will be seen for the rest of the night now.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!

WHAT'S BENEATH THE MASK

A pre-taped segment starts to roll. A split screen with two frozen images. On the left, MV1 sits on a locker room bench, his red masked head hung low. On the right, a fixed image of JJ Dixon kneeling. Behind him, Madame Melton is resplendent, a velvet gloved hand resting on her charge's bare shoulder. Strings emotionally soar and wane behind them.

The film lurches and both men adjust, perhaps bracing for filming to start, before JJ and Melton freeze once more. MV1 stays in motion, adjusting his mask with his right hand. His left clutches a half crumpled piece of paper and envelope. Perhaps the same envelope that had been delivered to him weeks prior during DEFtv 203.

He briefly holds it up to the camera, a melancholy smile showing through his mask.

MV1:

Fan mail. Nice, huh?

He winces as he looks at it, clearing his throat.

MV1: [reading]

"I'm your biggest fan, MV1. But that mask isn't who you truly are. And I am coming for it."

Again, MV1 waves it towards the camera before dropping it to the ground.

MV1:

You can probably guess who sent that.

In an instant, on the left MV1 freezes as, on the right, Dixon and Melton come to life as the spotlight reveals The Demented Duo on a theater stage, JJ kneeling with Madame sitting cross-legged on a director's chair.

JJ Dixon:

First, I'd like to apologize for my forced absence these past few weeks. Apparently, some in The Favoured Saints were so concerned about our actions towards Lance Warner, along with the joy I feel in causing harm to myself in the pursuit of harming others, that they required me to have a two week stay at a psychiatric facility to see if I am "well" enough to continue as a professional wrestler, and what needed to be done to "fix" me. But there is no fixing me. Because I am not broken. We are right in our actions. You know this. MV1. I don't want to hurt you. After all, you are my role model... you are the best friend I have ever had... and I will always be your biggest fan.

Madame Melton:

And that mask is not who you truly are.

Suddenly, they lock in place as MV1 stirs.

MV1:

This mask "isn't who I truly am"?! You don't know the first thing about the history of these colors, this fabric, of the men who wore it before me... This mask is older than both of us, "friend"! It's been worn by a dozen or more journeymen, by one-day legit superstars and nameless, faceless craftsmen of the sport alike.

MV1's fingers reach up, tracing the layered stitching of the mask. Across red, blues, and yellows.

MV1:

No one knows the names of the first men who wore these colors... but we know their story. It started in Mexico. They must have made a mark because these masks, these colors, were passed along. Decade by decade. Their legend grew. By the time my partner and I earned them, north of the border, we fought to make them our own... to honor the legacy while forging our own path. Along the way, we...

MV1's eyes, and perhaps more of him, are momentarily elsewhere.

MV1:

Maybe we lost our way together. But that doesn't change where we've been, who we are, and it doesn't change what these masks MEAN!

MV1 freezes, his face a twisted mask of frustration — and on the opposite side of the screen, Dixon and Melton reanimate.

Madame Melton:

I don't want your mask to hang as a pelt on the wall in my grand estate. I want your mask because it is holding you back, MV1. You are so much more than the legacy of those masks. Doesn't it bother you that these fans cheer for Corvo Alpha? He betrayed you. THEY betrayed you. Deep down inside, you don't want to admit this to yourself. But it's true. All of the pain and hardship you have endured these past few months — including the beating we administered to you — is not your fault. It's Corvo's fault. It's The Faithful's fault! But we are here to rewrite all of the wrongs, to become the Ruling Caste of DEFIANCE... and we want you to be a part of it.

JJ Dixon:

That mask is not who you are, MV1. You just don't realize it yet. But you will when we claim the mask you cling on to.

JJ locks in place as MV1 shifts.

MV1:

And how about YOU, huh? What are YOU hiding under that mask? Is it really scars from battle, JJ? You changed after the Kinseys were thrown out of your life. You let them change you. You let Melton change you. Is that what you're running from? Who you were?

MV1 shakes his head, brimming with tangible disappointment.

MV1:

Guys like you... guys like Levi Cole. You could have been LEGENDS in this business someday, Good men who've tied themselves down. Held themselves back. Men who ALLOWED themselves to get taken in and robbed of their future by small, desperate charlatans. Men who didn't have the balls to fight BACK.

Staring a hole through the lens, MV1's jaw clenches.

MV1:

You say my mask isn't truly who I am?! Well, how about YOU?!

His steely gaze freezes. Melton and Dixon uncoil.

JJ Dixon:

MV1, you know me very well. You know that I have always worn my heart on my sleeve. And you know why I look up to you so much. You are a truly good man. I am, too. All I ever wanted was to be a hero. To be someone the same lonely, lost little boy I was could look up to.. But The Faithful — they let me know what they thought of me. What they thought of The Gems. The date of September 27, 2023 was a date that changed me forever. That was when we had the match we had against The Kinseys. Where I was tortured and mangled and had my face destroyed. AND NONE OF THEM CARED! But look at who these animals care about — phonies like Dex Joy and hypocrites like Brock Newbludd and, the worst of them all, Corvo Alpha. I will make The Faithful care about me whether they want to or not. Wearing this mask allows me to hurt the people in DEFIANCE who need to bleed and suffer, to become The Fatal Attraction, to become the most feared man in this promotion today, and to one day ascend to becoming the hero I always wanted to be by eliminating the ones they wrongly love. Because without it... I am just a guy who got beat up by his former fiancé on an episode of Uncut.

Madame Melton:

MV1, it is not a matter if we will dominate this promotion but a matter of when. You are like us — a truly good person, a bastion of sanity, but one cast aside by a world gone mad, where they worship false idols and golden calves instead of thinking for themselves and realizing who loves them the most. That is why we want your mask, MV1. You are holding on to a past that no longer exists, if it ever did to start with. Because we are the future. We want to rewrite the wrongs of DEFIANCE, of this entire world... And we want you to craft this new world with us. Despite the most recent tensions between yourself and my doting son... we still love you, adore you, cherish you. I want your mask so you can evolve into something better. Something more. Something... Precious.

JJ Dixon:

MV1... What you are is a Most Precious Gem. And I will beat this into you if need be.

MV1 breaks free, shaking his head as Melton and Dixon turn to stone.

MV1:

You want me? You want my attention? You've got it. MAXDEF. One last dance, one last time.

MV1 freezes, JJ and Melton thaw.

JJ Dixon:

MAXDEF would be a fitting place for this chapter to come to a close, MV1. But we want more than just a "match".

Madame Melton:

We want your MASK.

They harden as MV1 softens.

MV1:

You want my mask? I'll do you one better: MASK vs. MASK.

JJ doesn't speak, but a twisted smile stretches his mask.

MV1:

I'll be waiting for you. And we will BOTH find out who the other man is under the mask. Won't we?

MV1 rises to his feet in time with JJ, standing to his full height. MV1 turns to his left, JJ to his right – as if they were standing eye to eye across the split screen. Dixon seems to snarl as, behind him, Melton giggles to herself. MV1 adjusts the tape on his wrist... before the two men turn and part... as we fade to black.

MIL VUELTAS vs. THE GAME BOY

DDK:

Mil Vueltas better be ready for today's opener! Before he takes on the ACE of DEFIANCE, Tyler Fuse, he will be in action against the MASSIVE Game Boy!

Lance:

We've come to learn just before the show that The Man of a Thousand Flips was just recently cleared yesterday for action after that brutal attack in the parking lot that saw from Fuse! But this fight has brought something out of Mil!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse's has put his ACE of DEFIANCE on hold in order to focus on getting rid of what he's labeled as "dead weight" and refers to Mi's recent misfortunes. He lost to Oscar Burns. He lost to his ex-best friend Uriel Cortez at DEFCON. Several big opportunities have passed Mil by for one reason or another but he gets another one when he takes on Tyler Fuse at MAXDEF in Puerto Rico... but that's assuming he can get past The Game Boy first! 6'5"! 340 pounds! He's a tank and has over one-hundred seventy pounds on Mil!

Lance:

The stats are there! Speed versus power opens the show next!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is your opening contest of DEFtv and is set for one fall! Introducing first...

"What's Up, Danger" by Blackway

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the man himself! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, The Man of a Thousand Flips arrives! Green, red and white pyro sparks up from the stage but he walks right through all of that and points towards the ring with determination!

Darren Quimbey:

...If you want to know where he's from... (fans chanting along) JUST! LOOK! UP! Weighing in at 168 pounds... he is "THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FLIPS"... MIL VUELTAS!

With no Thomas Keeling to make his usual bombastic intro, Mil doesn't flip. He simply marches to the ring at a rapid-fire pace! He speeds at the ring and somersaults THROUGH the bottom rope, then does a front flip to get inside the ring! Still wearing some tape on his upper back courtesy of the attack from Tyler Fuse two weeks prior, Mil tries to shake it off and gets into position for his match as his music fades.

"John Wick" by Why-S

Soon to emerge from behind the LCD FIST logo is...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada , weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FORTY POUNDS... THE GAME BOY!

All 6'5", 300+ pounds of the looming former Conor Fuse henchman stand tall on the stage. In his Game Boy luchador mask and gray-and-red Game Boy coloured singlet, the D-Pad Destroyer stomps towards the ring. Mil Vueltas looks outside the ring towards the big man and tries to psych himself up.

Lance:

Look at this brute, Darren. There's a reason he's been a force to be reckoned with for Conor Fuse once upon a time, as well as Malak Garland and The Comments Section. Tonight, The Game Boy looks for a win on his own.

DDK:

Mil has all the speed you can need, but as fast as he is, The Game Boy is just as powerful.

The Game Boy slowly stalks his way through the ropes and remains as stoic as ever. The music cuts out as Mil stares up at the monster. He looks ready regardless of the kinetic tape across his back and gets ready as Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING

At the very moment the bell rings, The Game Boy charges right towards Mil with a clothesline, only for Mil to use a backflip to dodge the move! The Faithful gasp as Mil runs across the ropes like the bullet that he is! The Game Boy swats at him with another clothesline one way and misses. Mil zips across the ropes for a second shot and The D-Pad Destroyer misses a back elbow! Finally the third time that Mil hits the ropes, The Man of a Thousand Flips STRIKES The Game Boy with a running single leg kick to the chest! An audible grunt is heard from a staggering Game Boy as Mil kips to his feet! He slows down from the tape on his back!

Lance:

Stick and move! That's all Mil can do right now! He's gotta keep moving!

DDK:

But look! The Game Boy isn't even off his feet!

He looks like he's had the wind knocked out of him, but The D-Pad Destroyer is still upright in the corner. Mil charges across the ring and manages to land another big strike with running double knee attack to the chest. The Game Boy staggers as Mil rolls backwards and then lands on his feet again after the impact! The Comments Section's monster charges towards Mil, but he lands with a fall to the mat and kips up to his feet again before striking the leg of The Mini Boss with a thrust kick aimed at the knee!

DDK:

I think Mil might have found a way to chop down the monster! He's charging at the ropes!

The Purveyor of Flippy Ish speeds towards the ropes again and goes low with a dropkick aimed at the left knee a second time! The Game Boy has been off his game as Mil hits the ropes! He leaps off the nearby buckle and then tries his signature moonsault into the satellite DDT...

But The Game Boy hangs on...

THEN DROPS HIM WITH AN OVER-THE-SHOULDER GUTBUSTER!

Lance:

Oh, no! What a counter! Mil is in pain right now!

Kicking his legs frantically while holding his ribs, The Man of a Thousand Flips is down on the mat struggling. Standing over him, The Game Boy walks with a slight limp and checks on the same left knee that Vueltas has been attacking. When he's sure it's good, he goes over to pick up Mil... then DROPS him with a violent body slam!

Lance:

It just took one move for The Game Boy to turn the tide here! Mil kept the offense going from all angles, but all it takes from a man this powerful is one move and the tide is back his way!

DDK:

Very true! The Game Boy has him up again on the shoulder... oof! Another big body slam! Nothing fancy needed here!

Just after the second body slam, The Game Boy puts a boot on the chest of Mil Vueltas, but not for a cover... he starts SQUEEZING the life out of Mil! Mark Shields is watching this go on for a few more seconds before DEFIANCE's most

er.... Uh, lackadaisical referee finally starts with a count.

Mark Shields:

No, wait... stop. No. One. Two.

But he doesn't even have to use the regular five-count because The Game Boy has taken his foot off of Mil. He picks The Man of a Thousand Flips up on the shoulder again before hitting him with a third big body slam! Mil cringes in pain as The Game Boy ducks down and tries to hold down The Ace of Space!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Miami Faithful cheer when Mil uses his legs to kick out of the lax cover from the monster!

Lance:

I think The Game Boy should have used a tighter cover there to keep Mil down!

DDK:

Definitely. If you give Mil Vueltas an inch, he can run a mile!

But there is no running for Mil when The Game Boy picks up the luchador and throws him into the corner. He pins Mil and CHOPS him with a good shot across the chest! The Faithful cringe as Mil belts out in pain, but his punishment is not done. The Game Boy grabs onto Mil and then executes a POWERFUL biel throw across the ring, sending him crashing to the mat! The crowd can't believe what they're seeing as the powerful Game Boy continues his assault.

DDK:

Goodness! It might only be a matter of time for this one! Mil Vueltas was cleared for this contest, but he can't be at a 100% after those violent brawls between himself and Tyler Fuse two weeks ago!

Using the corner to get back to his feet, The Man of a Thousand Flips scrambles to try and get to his feet, but The Game Boy goes at him and then buries a big knee into his chest! Mil is doubled over when The D-Pad Destroyer looks out and then gets ready to whip Mil. He charges right behind the luchador...

BUT HE RUNS UP THE ROPES AND BACKFLIPS OVER THE GAME BOY!

The Game Boy hits the corner with his knee!

DDK:

What an escape, but just BARELY pulled that off! Mil is still favoring the back while The Game Boy tried that knee strike in the corner and came up short!

When Mil sees a chance to strike, he goes right for the knee with another thrustck! Then another! The Game Boy hobbles around on the bad leg as Mil hurriedly heads to the ring apron. He leaps up and kicks out the leg from under The Game Boy with a huge springboard dropkick as The Faithful start to cheer on The GIF That Keeps On Giving! The Game Boy is now down to a knee!

Lance:

Mil found an opening! He's found an opening and has a chance to strike and he's got him off his feet!

Utilizing his striking background, Mil runs forward and KICKS The Game Boy as hard as he can in the chest! The sound can be heard in the back as he charges again and rocks the powerhouse with another solid kick to the sternum! Mil goes for the trifecta.... But The Game Boy springs up! He catches Mil on his shoulder in a bearhug... NO! But Mil

turns it into a SICK tornado DDT that spikes the monster's masked head into the canvas!

DDK:

What a counter! Mil counters with the Asesino Gigante!

But Mil is hurt as well from the earlier offense by The Game Boy and stays down as well! The Game Boy is cradling his head in pain while the Miami Faithful cheer on Mil! They let out a loud cheer... then he rolls over onto his stomach and pushes himself to his feet with a front flip! He lets out a loud scream and The Faithful are with him 100% as he heads out to the ring apron.

Lance:

He's got The Game Boy off his feet! What can he do to follow up?!

The young luchador looks out to The Faithful! He leaps to the top rope and tries to stop him...

Only to get blasted with a big chop from The Game Boy!

DDK:

Oooh! He stopped him again! He fell to the ring apron! The Game Boy stops him again!

Mil falls to the ring apron, once again feeling the strength of The Game Boy. The God of War looks down at him as Mil rolls back down to the floor!

Lance:

That last chop might have done Mil in! Every time he's tried to stop The Game Boy, he's been stopped by that strength of his!

DDK:

And if he can get Vueltas back in the ring, this one might be over!

Mil lays on the floor, but Mil watches as The Game Boy starts to stalk towards him. When he does, The Man of a Thousand Flips starts to get back up. As the monster starts to stalk towards him, The Ace of Space quickly thinks on his feet and then dropkicks the steps, sending them into the left knee of The Game Boy!

Lance:

He did it! Another attack on the knee! Mil used that steel steps

The Game Boy hobbles away with his knee in pain! He starts to crawl under the top rope just as Mil climbs back to the apron from the other side. Vueltas hits the ropes, RUNS across and hits the Estrella Fugaz dropkick to the side of The Game Boy's head just as he enters the ring!

DDK:

He fell into Mil's trap! He got him! He's down!

With The Game Boy FINALLY down on his feet, Mil heads to the ring apron. He leaps up to the top rope and then SCORES with the springboard phoenix splash!

DDK:

Olta Voltereta! That SPECTACULAR springboard phoenix splash connects!

Mil hooks onto the bad leg of the big man!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

"What's Up, Danger" by Blackway

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... MIL VUELTAS!

Mil, realizing that he's been through a fight, gets his hand raised by Mark Shields.

Lance:

He did it! Great thinking there by Mil Vueltras to attack the leg and use those steel steps against him! It took some doing to get the monster off his feet, but he did it!

DDK:

But now, Tyler Fuse looms.

The young luchador's night is not over. Mil reaches through the ring ropes and is given a microphone. After taking a moment to collect himself, he gestures with a hand over his throat to cut the music.

Mil Vueltras:

HEY! TYLER FUSE!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Still feeling the effects of his physical match, The Man of a Thousand Flips looks around.

Mil Vueltras:

You say... Qué has dicho? Ripe to pluck? To toss out? You want to do to me what you did... to Harmen...

Mil points a finger up.

Mil Vueltras:

To Flying Frenchie...

Another finger.

Mil Vueltras:

To Kerry Kuroyama...

He looks down.

Mil Vueltras:

Those men... Leyendas. All gone. Me? Not there yet. Still trying to get here. You say you hate flips. You say you'll get rid of me... TYLER... Te lo digo ahora mismo. At Maximum DEFIANCE, I will give you TWO reasons to really hate me! I'm NOT going anywhere...

And finally... a smile.

Mil Vueltras:

And I will KEEP doing Flippy Shit!

The microphone gets tossed aside by a fired-up Mil! He stands ready to go and then heads out to the ring, watching a careful eye... but before he can do anything...

Mil's theme shuts off completely and the DEFIATRON flicks on, with Tyler Fuse in front of the camera. The Faithful boo.

While Tyler sarcastically claps.

Tyler Fuse:

Bravo. Want to one up me, huh?

Tyler rolls his eyes at his own video game reference before tilting his head and providing a shrug.

Tyler Fuse:

Fine. Impressive victory, no sarcasm. It's great you took down a big man. Impressive speech, too.

He leans into the lens.

Tyler Fuse:

I am pound-for-pound tougher than anyone else. I am fearless. I am on the roll of my life. I am everything you aren't. I said I was going to take apart DEFIANCE and push aside the wasted space in this company before I became the FIST. You're numero uno, pal. And I'm already in Puerto Rico waiting.

Fuse looks at the arena behind him.

Tyler Fuse:

Your flippy shit is going to flop, and as dumb as that line sounds, it's exactly the cringe I feel when I watch you do your thing. In two week's time, I'm straight-up punching you in the nose.

He smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

And breaking it.

Two middle fingers go in the air, as the feed cuts and the fans boo again, leaving Mil walking around the squared circle, shouting back. He nods to The Faithful and then leaves the ring!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse not here tonight... but already in Puerto Rico, the sight of MAXDEF! Both men are ready to tear each other apart!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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RELIGHTING A FUSE

Conor Fuse picks up speed as he marches through the backstage halls. He swings around a corner and comes upon a door marked "*Dan Ryan*". For a brief second, it looks like Conor thinks twice but then he knocks super quickly in the tone of Mario Bros. World 1-1. Fuse doesn't wait for an answer and opens the door after about fifteen seconds of the song but it was clearly performed in five seconds because Fuse is hyperactive.

Dan Ryan, in the far corner of the room, slowly brings his head up as Conor holds out his hands as if to say "Let me talk first".

He does.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, so you saw up close and personal my loss to Corvo Alpha. SOHER, ACE, all these opportunities flying out the window for me. Goodbye, so long. Never again? God, I hope not. Anyway, I thought I found something when I banished Arthur Pleasant to DEFIANCE purgatory, never to be seen again but then my brother beats me... you come back... like all this shit showing up in my face...

If Dan wanted to get a word in, it might not be possible. Conor's speaking a mile a minute.

Conor Fuse:

I'm good, dude. Like, I know I am. I know I can do this. I have incredible wrestling talents. I have done this before. I've accomplished a hell of a lot elsewhere but in DEFIANCE I'm stalling at the top of this mountain. This last-level shit is hard, bro.

Conor takes a very brief pause to nod and keep going.

Conor Fuse:

And I listened to what you had to say, I listened to it good. You're a legend. You were, at one time, literally the scariest human being in the world. The first time we ever talked, you scared the shit out of me. I had to spend an hour in the nearby bathroom mirror pumping myself up just to say a sentence to you. Now, though?

Fuse lightly chuckles.

Conor Fuse:

I barely batted an eye before approaching your locker room and here I am rambling on like an idiot, with really no care in the world. I dunno what that says.

Ryan lifts a hand-

Conor Fuse:

No wait I do know what that says! It means I don't fear you and dude you're the goddamn Murder Daddy I should be shaking in my boots right now thinking you're going to pound my skull into the ground or worse maybe hurt me so bad I'm in a wheelchair for the rest of my life or something. Anyway, the bottom line is I'm not really scared of you anymore.

There are no commas in his speech for a reason, Faithful.

Conor Fuse: *[finally running out of energy]*

And I'm a f'n clown. So. Uh. Yeah.

Conor presses his thumbs together and stares at them instead of the legend.

Dan Ryan, still looking at Conor, raises his eyebrows.

Dan Ryan:

I'm uh... I'm gonna talk now. That is, if you're done.

Conor opens his mouth as if to speak some more, but then closes it and just nods.

Dan Ryan:

Alright then. So let me... weigh in on this for a couple of minutes. Let me just say this... you and I, personality-wise are about as different as night and day. I don't get all of this video game shit. It seems dumb, but hey, it's harmless, and you're a fuckin' badass, so who cares? And that's what I want to focus on right now. You're a fuckin' badass, you're just havin' a hard time remembering that.

Dan stands up.

Dan Ryan:

You said you used to be scared of me. That used to be everyone. But that was a long time ago, Conor. I'm in my forties now... my mid-forties. 2005 isn't coming back around. For two decades, I knew I was a badass, and then what? I found myself content. I did everything I wanted to do in the business, and I was... satisfied. Satisfaction is the enemy of desire, Conor. You get satisfied, you start coasting. I started coasting, and that was almost ten years ago now.

Dan looks at Conor, thinking, then sighs slightly.

Dan Ryan:

The thought has crossed my mind that when I walked away in 2016 I should have stayed away. I thought I would be able to stay away. I got to a point when I didn't miss it anymore. And then I did. I had no control over it. I used to say something in my prime, that professional wrestling was in my blood, that it was all that I was and all I ever wanted to be. And all of that was true. But I needed an edge that I didn't have anymore. I couldn't figure out how to mesh an evolving family life with 'Murder Daddy.' It's not natural to cave someone's head in at work, then go home and read your baby daughter a story before bed. I was transfixed by my wife and that little girl, but I still needed my edge, and somewhere deep down, I chose my family, and I let that edge slip away.

Dan shakes his head, his shoulders slumping slightly.

Dan Ryan:

The truth is, at the moment, I didn't think I'd ever need it. But then, I did. This business is all I am and the thrill of the fight runs through my veins like a drug. I made the mistake of agreeing to come back for a one-time event and that one-time event turned into five years now of trying to re-find my fire.

Dan waves a hand as if waving away a bad memory.

Dan Ryan:

Now of course... I remembered you, Conor. But you weren't the same kid I knew when I'd walked away. I watched you win three World Championships in front of my eyes. I remember being in the back looking at a monitor and watching you win the first one. I watched you beat people I had failed to beat. I had little to nothing to do with your progression, but I was still proud. Because when I was running DEFIANCE, you were here. You were one of my guys, and I always have a soft spot for one of my guys. And when you came to me, face to face, and expressed admiration of all things... in a moment when I didn't feel worthy of it... I was uh... well, I was honored.

Conor's eyes open in a bit of surprise.

Dan Ryan:

I'm not gonna keep kissin' your ass, man. The bottom line is this, Conor, and I won't be coy about it. I know a lot of what you've said has been measured. You're waiting for the shoe to drop where I blindside you and smash your face into a wall or something. But this is real. And this is what it is... you lost your fire. I lost mine. It's not gone for good, not for either of us. It's in there somewhere, and I'm gonna find mine or keep trying until it kills me. The only question I have for you is this... we made one hell of a team once, and neither of us was even at our peak levels when we did... do you want to find that fire together? That's the question. If you don't, hey... I'll shake your hand and you can go find it on

your own.

At first, Fuse doesn't move. Doesn't even blink.

Then a wide, shit-eating grin crosses his face.

Conor Fuse:

There's a reason you re-debuted and "interrupted" me, and I mean that in a good way.

Sidebar...

Conor Fuse:

And there's a reason I am visiting you just now.

Deeper sidebar.

Conor Fuse:

Video games are cool and all but I've never been absolutely insanely consumed by them. If someone else can't see by now that **wrestling** is my favorite thing, then, well, I dunno what to tell them.

Okay, back on track. The smile resurfaces.

Conor Fuse:

I've actually already gone ahead and booked us in a tag match at MAX DEF. Weighted Grade accepted; they're hungry to get another Tag Team Title shot.

Fuse takes a step forward.

Conor Fuse:

So.

He takes another step forward.

Conor Fuse:

I'm in.

Conor sticks out his right hand.

Conor Fuse:

Besides, even if you do stab me in the back, what's the worst you can do? Break it? I bet you don't even know who Bane is...

Conor winks and then shakes the stupid comment off.

Conor Fuse:

Let's go crush someone else's dream.

Dan slowly smirks, then reaches out and shakes his hand.

Dan Ryan:

Good.

Conor smirks back, then turns to head back through the door.

Dan Ryan:

Conor?

Conor stops and looks back.

Dan Ryan:

Knightfall?.... Issue #497?

Conor's eyes go wide in sincere shock.

Dan Ryan:

Come on, man... everyone knows Batman...

Conor turns for the door, unable to control the smile that spreads across his face as he leaves.

LATCHING ONTO YOU

The walk-in freezer sits unsuspectingly open as Malak's drones are busy setting things up. Cyrus carries the ice white throne in as Thurston pretends to do some work while licking a frozen strawberry. Teresa rolls out the literal red carpet as she tries to stay warm.

Teresa Ames:

Who do you think vandalized all those gift portraits we were giving Malak?

Bates plants the throne down by the cleverly positioned HUNGRY MAN frozen dinners. Hungry Man, quick and convenient microwaveable meals! Get yours at your local grocer today!

Cyrus Bates:

Isn't it obvious? It was Brock.

Bates points a thumb at the frozen dinners. Specifically, the packaging with a picture of Brock Newbludd flexing a bicep on it. Don't miss out on the limited edition "Over The Top" Wisconsin Cheese Curds and Gravy meal! Made with REAL cheese!

Teresa gasps.

Teresa Ames:

OH EM GEE! YOU THINK SO!? That's like ultra rude, especially on Malak's special day.

Ames flattens out the carpet before going to grab the candles. With her back turned to the rest of the hallway, a shadowy figure slips by. Ames cranks her head, thinking she hears something. She carries on after a moment of nothingness passes. Thurston strolls about in front of the freezer as Ames and Bates work away inside. Suddenly, Thurston hits the floor and is pulled out of view. Teresa and Cyrus barely notice.

Teresa Ames:

Oh shoot, I forgot the tablecloth. Hold on.

Teresa walks back out of the freezer and is met by BROCK NEWBLUDD! Her jaw drops in surprise and Brock grins menacingly. Holding an "Over The Top" frozen dinner in each hand, Milwaukee's Beast mocks Ames' shocked expression and leans in.

Brock Newbludd:

OH EM GEE! I DO THINK SO!

Ames tries to call out for help but Brock thwarts her by swinging both frozen dinners at her head...

WHAP!

Hungry Man Bell Clap!

The commotion causes Bates to look up from the throne. Just in time to see Ames' body flying right at him. The Comments Section's resident muscle tries to catch her but he isn't quick enough and she collides into him. Her momentum sends both of them crashing into the throne and down to the freezer floor!

Brock Newbludd:

Enjoy the party, assholes!

Bates and Ames try to untangle themselves from each other and get back up their feet only to have Thurston suddenly land on top of them. Having followed Hunter inside, Brock grabs onto the top of Malak's throne with both hands and topples it over on top of them. Chuckling to himself, Milwaukee's Beast exits the freezer and shuts the door.

Brock Newbludd:

I know I will...

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE!



A LITTLE FAN SERVICE

"O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic hits over the sound system. From backstage first steps the BRAZEN Champion "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby dressed in a burnt-orange and white tracksuit with the title slung over his shoulder.

DDK:

It seems the Blood Diamonds have scheduled some time here tonight, folks.

Lance:

What fresh hell this week, Darren?

Felton looks over his shoulder and motions for someone to follow. Behind him emerges two more familiar faces from BRAZEN. The massive German chop machine Gunther Adler and the inaugural BRAZEN Champion himself, Reinhardt Hoffman. Tag team partners down in BRAZEN. They also happen to be training buddies of the next man through the curtain...

BOOOOOOOOO!

Reinhardt and Gunther take up positions on either side of the entrance tunnel as the Bombastic Bronson Box himself emerges looking his usual dapper three piece, pinstriped besuited self. He's of course followed closely by his new representation, The Motormouth of Malcontent and former DEFtv color commentator Angus Skaaland.

Lance:

How much bigger is this Blood Diamond outfit going to get, Darren?

DDK:

Bronson and Edward do each seem to have their own wings of this "DEF mob" don't they?

Lance:

Felton seems to love both of his *wrestle grandpas* equally though, you notice?

DDK:

You're cruisin' for a bruisin' there partner.

Bigsby is out at the edge of the stage shouting obscenities out into the vocal crowd of DEFIANCE Faithful. Much to the chagrin of those of us with ears, Angus Skaaland is the man with the microphone. Boxer crosses his giant arms across his beer barrel sized chest and joins Felton in a little mean mugging of the DEFIANCE Faithful currently raining deafeningly hostile noise down on the troupe.

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah! Lemme hear it you fuckin' Florida scumbags!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

So classy. So he's really going to be here every week again? We're sure of that?

DDK:

Sorry partner but it sure seems that way.

Angus Skaaland:

My client, the two time and defining FIST of DEFIANCE, the forever headliner of the DEF Hall of Fame, the first and only DEF World Heavyweight champion, the ICON AND DEFINITION OF DEFIANCE, THE WARGOD Bronson Box here has a little business to take care of tonight here in this wonderful *nasty fuckin'* city, ya' feel me Miami?

Angus flips the mic around and offers it up to Boxer's huge scarred up hand.

The Scottish Strongman steps forward. He wastes no time getting into it.

Bronson Box:

You all know me. I love a very sudden and violent point made. That's what's so glorious about this sport. Physical communication. No words necessary. Doesn't matter what language ye' speak, anybody can sit down and understand what's goin' on from bell to bell during a pro wrestlin' match. It's like its own wonderful language. I've found the most effective way of using this language to convey a message isn't to inflict pain on the person yer' tryin' to communicate with though... no, you inflict pain on people in their orbit. Doesn't even have to be a close personal friend or nothin'... threats of violence to anybody in that orbit can fluster even the steeliest of opponents.

Box suddenly looks over his shoulder at Gunther Adler. Felton and Angus join him.

The big mustachioed German is clearly taken off guard.

Reinhardt Hoffman takes a quiet step back as his longtime friend and training partner Bronson Box approaches his current friend and tag team partner with a very familiar glint in his brown, bloodshot eyes.

Bronson Box:

Adler... come here lad, come here.

The Wargod in several quick motions shucks his jacket, folds it and hands it over to Angus then claps a huge hand down on Gunther's wide shoulders leading him farther out onto the stage under the spotlights.

Bronson Box:

When Reinhardt first brought you in to train with me I wasn't quite sure. But you quickly proved me wrong... yer' a tough son of a gun, Adler. You really are. Hell of a wrestler, hell of a trainin' partner. When I came back you and Hoff were the ones that helped me hammer myself back into shape. For that I'll always be eternally thankful... but.

He pauses. He pats Gunther on the shoulder a couple times and shakes his head.

WHAM

Reinhardt Hoffman CLUBS his tag team partner from behind sending him sprawling. Hoff slicks back his blond hair with a sneer before embracing Bronson.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh for the love of Pete!

Bronson Box:

But sadly, as you know, in days gone by you were a close personal friend of one Gage Blackwood. You might be waaaaay out there in his orbit as far as friends go, but somethin' tells me ol' Gage is the sort of bleedin' heart that'll get all hot and bothered at any sort of punishment bein' perpetrated in his name... so... time to make one of them very sudden and violent points of mine, what do you think lads?

Felton and Reinhardt pick up and restrain Gunther Adler and follow Bronson and Angus down to ringside. The current and first BRAZEN champions take turns slugging and kicking Gunther before depositing the German chop machine under the bottom rope and into the ring.

All the while Bronson has been shucking his shirt and expensive looking leather loafers and handing them all over to Angus. In just socks and slacks Boxer marches up the ring steps and steps into the ring where he drops a wild forearms down across the back of Gunther's neck, replanting him down into the canvas.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh you have to be kidding me.

The fans boo at the sight of Felton Bigsby shucking his track jacket to reveal a DEFIANCE referee's shirt.

DDK:

I think I missed the memo where Felton Bigsby joined the referee corp.

Lance:

You think that's bad here comes... FLARFWHAT THE.

A clattering noise is heard, when the camera finally cuts to the commentation station we see Angus Skaaland popping on a pair of headphones. Lance Warner is pulling what looks to be Bronson's shirt and coat off his head.

Angus:

You better refold those STAT or big man'll be pissed. What's cookin' Keeps, pleeb.

He nods at the camera with a wink and a smile.

DDK:

Well, this should be some interesting fan service here tonight on commentary!

Lance:

NO! No! I won't tolerate th... bvvvvt.

Angus:

Oh no, someone cut your headset cable and that of the spare headset over here, man what a fuckin' bummer Lance. Say, why don't you just sit back and let ol' commentary daddy do his thing, KK? *K*. Would you look at this multi talented stallion Felton Bigsby, Keeps? BRAZEN Champ, Star Cup champ... *whatever that is*, and now DEFIANCE referee! Is there anything this monster of a man can't do?

Angus clicks shut a switchblade and pops it back in his pocket. We hear Lance's protests from off mic for a few moments before the steely eyed Reinhardt Hoffman silently slinks up and stands just over Angus' shoulder, shutting down any more descent from Warner.

BRONSON BOX vs. GUNTHER ADLER

In the ring Bronson lowers the sharpest part of his bootless heel down across Adler's neck.

Reinhardt strolls over and wrests the bell hammer from the ringside attendant.

DING DING?

DDK:

So this, ummm... this is a match now I suppose?

Angus:

You bet your narrow little butt, partner. And for a brief few minutes you and all these mouthbreathers will get a reprieve and get to spend some quality time with the guy everyone's *actually* wants calling color on this gorram show, am I right or am I right? I'm right. Just sit back and get comfy there, Warner, watch how this shit is done correct.

The match, if you could call it that, continues unabated in the ring. Showing incredible resilience, the barefooted German rallies, pushing Box away giving him room to pop off a deafeningly loud skin blistering chop across Bronson's chest. Never one to be outdone in that department, Box rears back and immediately cracks off one of his own.

POP POP POP POP back and forth they go!

DDK:

Here we go! Both these competitors are known for their...

Angus:

MEATY MITS SLAPPIN' TITS, GOTTA LOVE IT!

DDK:

I was going to say chopping prowess, but sure, why not.

The back and forth chop battle slowly descends into the two men just launching forearms and closed fists into the side of the other's head in a straight up hockey fight. Taken off guard, infuriated at being betrayed by his countryman and supposed friend and mentor. All to say, Gunther is right and truly pissed off and clearly uses that ire to actually get the better of the exchange with the former two time FIST.

RAAAA-BOOOOOOOOO!

Just as it seemed Adler might actually find some momentum "ref Bigsby" quite literally looks the other way as Bronson buries the longer than normal nails of his famed red right hand into the tender eye socket of his opponent.

DDK:

Ok, what even is the point of all this, Angus? This so-called *MATCH*.

Angus:

It's nothin' personal. Like Boxy said, he doesn't hate the guy. But him having been buds with Blackwood back in the day? He was the most convenient sacrificial lamb, ya' feel me? Besides, we already got one German, why two? One German to many, Keebler.

CLANG!

Back in the ring Gunther is irish whipped into the nearest available turnbuckle at full force by the haggis-fueled strength of the Scottish Strongman. Even in socks and slacks the Wargod is one of the most powerful forces of pure punishment pro wrestling has to offer.

DDK:

Does this even officially count towards the win loss records?! Felton isn't an actual DEFIANCE referee.

Angus:

He took an extension course at the learning annex! You're never too old to learn a new skill, Keebs. Education should be a lifelong pursuit!

DDK:

I mean, yeah sure, but... what... nevermind.

Boxer drags Gunther by one leg out into the center of the ring, drops down and clamps his red right hand tight around the head of Adler.

Angus:

A name I still find pretentious as all hell, but GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND FROM BOXER!

Box pushes down with all his weight on the clawhold, pushing his fingernails into the German chop machine's tender head and face flesh. Finding his bearings even under the full weight of his opponent, Adler does the only thing he can do...

WHUMP!

Gunther manages to reposition himself in such a way as to be able to knee Box right in the Bronson's, so to speak. With pain shooting up through his crotch'll region Bronson releases the hold. Box stumbles back and drops to a knee to catch his breath. The clearly game Gunther Adler wastes no time getting behind the Wargod and locking on his patented rear naked choke the Gojira Clutch on the former two time FIST.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The red hot Miami crowd is instantly on its feet as this glorified beatdown has suddenly become a breakout moment for Gunther Adler!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! GOJIRA CLUTCH FROM ADLER!

The Faithful are all apoplectic with excitement, stomping their feet and rattling the guardrails.

Angus:

ILLEGAL CHOKE! I CALL BULLSHIT! FELTON, THE HELL MAN!

We cut to the commentation station where off mic Lance is on his feet right there along with the rest of the Faithful cheering on this unexpected heroism from the oft overlooked BRAZEN workhorse Gunther Adler. The excitement is cut tragically short as "referee Bigsby" drops down to check on the hold up close and "accidentally" thumbs Gunther right in his already aching eyes.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Felton Bigsby:

WHAT? I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' MAN. SHUT UP.

He just emphatically points to his referee's shirt.

Angus:

These people are so cruel, Keebs. Felton's first time refereeing a match and these Florida scumbags jump all over him for every little mistake. This is why LeBron left this shitty town, you know. Makes me sick the way people are today. Just no heart, no sense of community. So very very sad.

All joking stops once Bronson Box gets to his feet.

Wide dinner plate sized bloodshot brown eyes stare down at Gunter desperately trying to blink away his blurred vision. Sadly for him, that vision is about to get *so much worse* as Boxer lowers down into the middle of Adler's forehead, a familiar piece of rusty bloodstained metal hardware.

DDK:

THE SPIKE! IT'S A BLOODY MESS, MY GOD!

Angus:

PUT THE KIDS TO BED, FOLKS!

DING DING DING DING DING

The bell rings over and over, wrestling show code for "*SHITS HIT THE FAN, ALL HANDS ON DECK.*"

DDK:

This "match" is clearly over. And your winner... well it's definitely not Gunther Adler, ladies and gentleman! Good God!

Bronson violently digs the cruel instrument deep onto Gunther's forehead, dragging the metal Spike down and across the poor man's face. From commentary we hear Angus Skaaland's voice clearly speak for the Wargod, still hard at work.

Angus:

Gage, we know you're watching, pal. Box said it. Anyone and anything that has ever meant anything to you is on the table for this sort of treatment. Or worse. You know how ol' Boxy can get when he starts chewin' on a proverbial bone. You want to know what it feels like to be truly alone, Gage? My client is more than happy to make that happen bit by fuckin' blood stomped bit.

The jovial "*good ol' Angus on commentary*" tone has left the building.

This is Bronson Box's personal *herald* speaking, now.

Angus:

We're gonna scoop your life out like a fuckin' cantaloupe, you dink.

DDK:

Jesus, Angus...

"O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic hits over the sound system.

The violent scene continues to play out as the symphony begins to play.

Angus:

See ya' round the watercooler, Keebs. Eat shit Lance.

We hear the clatter of headphones hitting the top of the commentation station.

Arena security begins pouring down the rampway.

Reinhart Hoffman and Felton Bigsby quickly vacate their positions in and around the ring to the foot of the ramp where they intercept and start TOSSING the useless arena security goons left and right, keeping anyone from the ring where Box continues *carving* up Adler's forehead into an indistinguishable butchered up piece of meat.

Lance:

Am I back on, hello? Ok wow, thanks for sticking up for me back there Darren!

DDK:

What exactly was I supposed to do, praytell? Put him in a headlock?

Lance:

UGH. Whatever. I just hate that guy so much. Finally, let's get a little order instilled around here. Good grief.

Buffalo Brian Slater makes his way out with his DEFsec team and manages to regain some semblance of control. Box finally relents and rolls out to rampside where he stands shoulder to shoulder with Felton Bigsby, Reinhardt Hoffman and Angus Skaaland. The foursome back up the ramp through the still sauced and tossed arena security detail.

DDK:

Another sudden and violent point made by the ever expanding ranks of the Blood Diamonds. Reinhardt Hoffman, as if there was any doubt, is still very much under the sway of the DEF Hall of Famer. And something tells me this isn't the last time we'll be hearing from your predecessor here on DEF commentary, Lance.

Lance:

This IS the darkest timeline, Darren.

As Doctor Iris Davine and her med team sprint down the ramp to attend to Gunther Adler's carved up face Iris stops for a brief moment to give Bronson an absolutely WITHERING look.

DDK:

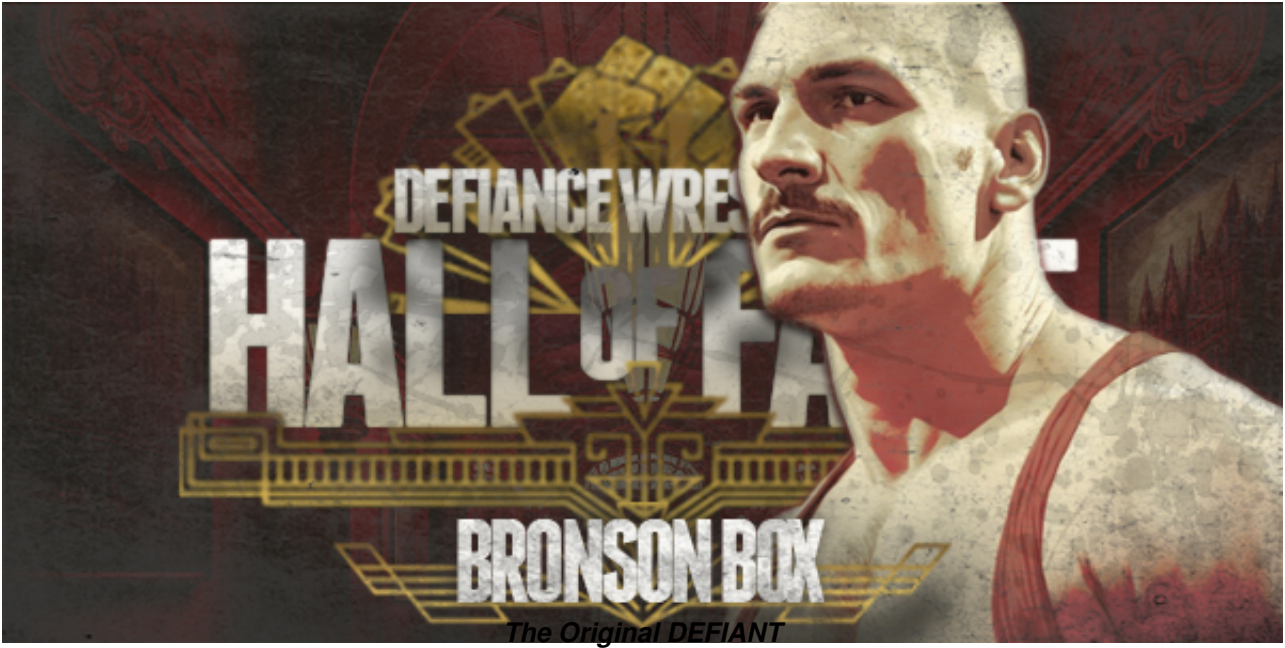
Head trainer Doc Iris has a long history with Boxer. Counted amongst his friends backstage. She does not seem happy with Boxer's actions here tonight.

Lance:

I'm sure she felt just as deceived as anyone else who believed Box's phony bologna "*I'm trying to be a better me*" malarky the last year or so since his return to DEF.

The Diamonds disappear down the entrance tunnel and out of sight.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME - BRONSON BOX



RAIN CITY RONIN vs. THE FRENCH CONNECTION

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're grieved to announce that there's been a change in this evening's! Evidently, there was a flight mix-up, and the French Connection could not make it by their scheduled time! However, I'm told that an alternate team has been selected to fill in for them!

Standing in the ring are the unlikely tandem of CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS and BRODIE HELLYEAH.

Chris Chickentenders:

So, like, Bowie Whoayeah, I'm still kinda new to wrestling and stuff but I just wanted to say that I've been pretty training hard at Rezin's Set The Ring Ablaze Wrestling School lately, so like, you can rely on me and all that. Last week I learned what a headlock is, and I think I've got a pretty good handle of things.

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell yeah my man, manifest that headlock and visualize abundant taps!

Lance:

THIS is the best we could get on short notice?!

DDK:

Apparently...

Lance:

We couldn't get the Dashers??

DDK:

Conflicting schedules.

Lance:

The Amarettos??

DDK:

Out on religious observance.

Lance:

...the Reapers?

DDK:

Vacationing in Portugal.

Lance:

Sheesh...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, the team of CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS... and BRODIE HELLYEAH!!

HEEAAILLLL-YAAHH!!

Chris Chickentenders:

So dude, you wanna pick up chicks after the match?

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

Brodie Hellyeah:

I don't "want" to pick up chicks, Chris; I need to pick up chicks. And Chicks with Chickentenders sounds like a vibe I can get behind.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, hailing from Seattle, Washington...

Chris Chickentenders:

My dude, I'm feelin' that! I think this is the beginning to a beautiful friendshOOF!!

A blur comes into the ring, knocking the unsuspecting Chickentenders out of his goddamb shoes!

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell yeah, man! After we visualize our way to victory, we can totally immOPE!!

A second blur flies through the air, and sends Hellyeah careening across the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome... the RAIN CITY ROOOONNNIIIIINNN!!

The crowd roars as the team of LEO BURNETT and ZACK DAYMON stand tall in the ring over their fallen "opponents" -- though one can't help but notice the abundance of Kinesio tape applied to the latter's midsection. With the action clearly kicking off to a quick start, the official wastes no time in signaling for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

This one is underway, and already, the Rain City Ronin are cleaning house!

Lance:

Barely let their music play before rushing the ring. Clearly, these two are NOT messing around tonight!

Daymon and Burnett move with speed and tenacity, first peeling the stunned Brodie Hellyeah off the mat, sending him into motion with a double Irish whip, and depositing him to ringside with a coordinated back body drop! By the time Chickentenders fumbles his way back to his feet, he finds himself alone in the ring with two angry Ronin.

Chris Chickentenders:

Aw, dude, hold-up, I need to try out this new move my coach showed me, but first I need one of you to turn arouUUCH!!

Zack step-up enzuigiris him in the face. Chickentenders twirls off the impact and falls lifelessly into the corner, jaw hanging open.

DDK:

Something tells me Chris Chickentenders needs to brush up on his lessons, because the Rain City Ronin are taking him to school!

Lance:

Something tells me he got held back a few grades.

Burnett spies Brodie Hellyeah recovering at ringside, and quickly nips that issue in the bud by diving through the ropes and tackling him to the floor. Meanwhile, Daymon runs into the corner opposite from Chickentenders for maximum distance. Getting ahead full of steam, Daymon charges, and gracefully goes airborne into a picture perfect corner splash!

...only Chickentenders lifelessly drops to the mat at the last second. Zack's chest helplessly crashes against the top

turnbuckle, and he goes to the mat writhing in agony.

DDK:

Corner splash misses the mark, and Zack Daymon seems especially hurt by that one!

Lance:

Note the tape, Keeps. Daymon is clearly still feeling the after effects of the destructive show of power Dan Ryan treated us to at the last DEFtv.

DDK:

Seems like the prudent choice would have been to rest up this week, but RCR clearly have an undaunted need to prove themselves whatever the circumstances!

Chickentenders pulls himself to his feet with the help of the ropes, only to find Daymon rising off the mat himself with his back to him. Without thinking, he pounces upon him...

DDK:

Chris Chickentenders with a CROSSFACE CHICKENWING SUPLEX!

Lance:

I can't believe he pulled that off!

Chris Chickentenders:

DUUUUUDE! I can't believe I pulled that off!

DDK:

This could be the turn in the action the Helltenders need!

Lance:

...the Helltenders, Keeps?

DDK:

Look, it's short notice. What do you want from me?

Astounded by his halfway competent show of wrestling ability, Chickentenders neglects to go for a cover, instead turning to the crowd seeking validation. Zack is hurt, but nevertheless crawls his way to his corner, where the waiting Leo Burnett accepts the tag.

Chickentenders comes back around to find the Iceman bearing down on him.

Chris Chickentenders:

WHOA! It's gettin' pretty hairy in here! Better activate... CHEAT MODE!

Chris goes into a fighting pose.

Chris Chickentenders:

I invoke the power of Codger Fuse... WEAPON STEAL!

He loads the boot, and springs into a picturesque SUPERKICK!!

Chris Chickentenders:

Power of... TERMINAL VELOCITAAAAH!!! AAAAAAHHH!! AAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Burnett effortlessly snatches Chickentenders' boot and twists him into a ghastly looking ankle lock, torquing the joint without reprieve.

Chris Chickentenders slaps the canvas like it owes him money.

DING DING DING

Burnett tosses the defeated aside and helps his partner to his feet before the official raises their arms in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match, but submission... the RAAAIIN CIIIIITYYYYY
ROOOOOOONNNIIIIIIINNNNN!!!

Lance:

Well, so much for "the Helltenders"...

DDK:

I can't fault them for trying, but the Rain City Ronin were clearly not playing around tonight! Though one has to wonder if Zack Daymon is worse for wear!

Lance:

It may not have played a factor here tonight, but one can only imagine what may have happened against a credible team.

DDK:

And with Maximum DEFIANCE just around the corner, I can't picture either one of these two young contenders slowing down! In any case, that wraps up the action here tonight, ladies and gentlemen! Stick around (if you must) for a special word from our "FLAKE" of DEFIANCE...

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

We jump to backstage. With the preceding match behind them, Daymon and Burnett are on their way back to the locker room to regroup and re-strategize.

Abruptly, Zack slows to a halt. He clutches his taped ribs as an expression of pain spreads across his face.

Zack Daymon:

[anguished]

His lists toward a wall and leans into it. Sensing something amiss, Burnett goes to him.

Leo Burnett:

[concerned]

Curling his bared teeth into something of a grin, Zack waves his partner off.

Zack Daymon:

[forcibly nonchalant]

Leo Burnett:

[eyerollingly doubtful]

Daymon pushes off the wall, and they resume their trip to the locker room.

Not two steps later, they stop once more. Faces darkening into scowls.

Zack Daymon:

[reproachful]

Leo Burnett:

[disparaging]

It's these assholes again. The Besties.

Henry Keyes:

"Great Work," fellas!

Air quotes with his fingers. What a guy.

Henry Keyes:

What a shambles you two are. DEFIANCE is really scraping the bottom of the barrel these days, aren't they? The tag division used to be the most vaunted in the world, and now the two worst mute freaks since Deacon are out here "Making Noise."

Lindsay Troy:

Hey, at least Rocko's Sad Sperm and Mr. Worldwide aren't getting a pity run with the tag titles any time soon.

Henry Keyes:

Oh lord, could you imagine? THESE guys as champions? Hold on, I think I have something for this...

Henry dramatically creates some space, shimmy his hips, and prepares a pose. His hands go on his hips, his chest pops out, and his chin points to the sky.

Henry Keyes:

[Iconic championship haver]

Lindsay Troy:

I think there's something missing....

She makes an overdramatic show of putting her finger to her chin and thinking, before striking the exact same pose as her fellow Bestie in the World.

Lindsay Troy:

[Iconic championship haver]

Neither of the Ronin are amused, but both Troy and Keyes are. They laugh and dap up with the Secret Besties Handshake, then look back to Zack and Leo.

Henry Keyes:

But hey, listen - whenever all "This" stops working out for you, just know - Vae Victis is always in the market for a couple of strong bag carriers. And we treat our bag carriers "Very Well."

They walk on, while Zack and Leo linger in place and watch them leave. Then, with a shrug, Burnett slaps his partner on the shoulder and leads the way back to the locker room.

Daymon begins to follow... but stops. This time, his expression isn't a look of pain. Instead, it's one of cold, escalating rage.

Zack Daymon:

[apoplectic]

Leo notices the hold-up, and reads his partner's face. His head tilts to the side while his eyes go wide.

Leo Burnett:

[hapless]

Daymon clenches his eyes shut, draws in an angry breath, and shakes his head. A line has been crossed, and he cannot accept it. And he is quickly losing the battle to stay his hand.

Burnett woefully knows what's coming. But before he can stop him, Zack turns the other way and follows the Besties.

The camera stays on him, sticking close to the action. Up ahead, Troy and Keyes continue to walk on, oblivious to what's coming up from behind them. Zack's strides hasten into a steady powerwalk. Within the last twenty feet, he breaks into a dead sprint. Hearing his footfalls, Troy and Keyes turn around--

BAM!

--and Daymon tags Keyes so hard it busts the eyepatch off his head.

Chaos erupts. Off the heels of blindsiding him, Zack's fingers ensnarl a handful of the Kraken's gray hair while his balled fist hammers savagely into his temple.

In a flash, Lindsay drops her shit and moves in to come to Keyes' aid, only to suddenly find her arm entangled in Leo's. Caught off guard, the Iceman pivots and whips her into the wall before putting his head down and burying his shoulder into her midsection to keep her pinned there.

Across the corridor, Henry finally snaps into action and begins returning shots to Daymon. The younger Zack valiantly holds his ground, until the Kraken finds his wounded ribs with a series of body shots. Moaning in pain, Daymon hits the floor, suddenly on the receiving end of hammer-and-anvil fists from the now seething Henry Keyes.

Meanwhile, Troy has introduced Burnett to her knee, and gives his face a few stiff shots before throwing him to the floor. The Queen moves in for the kill, but doesn't foresee Leo pulling himself off the floor by way of Henry's suspender, throwing the Kraken into her path.

Before the four converge into another violent mess, a sea of black and red shirts floods the hallway. A cacophony of shouting and cursing overtakes the audio as the mob struggles to pull both sides apart. In a sudden surge of power, Keyes pushes himself through the crowd and lands a flagrant slap to Daymon's temple. Burnett retaliates by pushing back and landing a palm strike that is inches away from crushing the Kraken's nose, but instead tags him on the cheek.

Finally, after a solid minute of pushing and pulling, the Besties throw off the dozens of arms restraining them and retreat from this monumental waste of their time.

Henry Keyes:

LISTEN UP YOU CRETINS! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. WE'RE GOING TO DRAG YOUR CORPSES TO THE RING, FILL THEM UP WITH PANCAKES, AND LEAVE YOU IN A HEAP FOR THE CLEAN UP CREW TO DEAL WITH! GOT IT?? YOU'RE DEAD, DO YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU DEAF TOO??
DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAD!!!!!!

Lindsay Troy:

WE'RE SENDING YOU BACK TO YOUR SHITBAG FATHER IN A BODYBAG, ZACK, AND SO HELP ME GOD, WHEN WE'RE DONE BEATING THE BRAKES OFF YOU TWO, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP BEG FOR MERCY.

THE END OF THE SHOW IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY STARBUCKS

Christie Zane stands in the ring, looking as nice as ever.

Christie Zane:

Faithful, please help me with welcoming Siobhan Cassidy to the ring!

The fans boo as Siobhan gleefully walks down to the ring. She continually points to her ring finger, which is ringless for the time being but she is glowing with the prospect of marriage in the air. She gets in the ring and stands right beside Christie.

Christie Zane:

Siobhan, you asked for this time at the end of the show, which was granted to you by the Favored Saints. What's going on?

Cassidy snatches the microphone from Christie and stands in front of her.

Siobhan Cassidy:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! INTRODUCING THE PERSON OF THE HOUR! IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY! PLEASE HELP ME WITH WELCOMING MALAK GARLAND, MY FIANCE!

DDK:

Was there any point in Siobhan having Christie introduce her because all she did was introduce Malak.

Lance:

Theatrics, Darren? There's a lot of needless stuff circling around The Comments Section. Tonight's birthday bash being one of them.

Malak limps out on stage, holding onto Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe. He's still not over the portrait frame debacle from the start of the night. Blythe assists the FLAKE of DEFIANCE into the ring. The three congregate together.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Babe, look at me. What's wrong?

Garland whispers his troubles in her ear.

Siobhan Cassidy:

You're kidding? The rest of the group fumbled your gift!?

Cassidy gazes strongly at Blythe. The BRAZEN Women's Champion raises her arms in innocence and spouts the name 'BROCK' to her over and over again.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Look. Forget about that, honey. It's your birthday. Let's celebrate. Cut a promo to feel better about yourself. Put down all these losers in attendance.

Siobhan hands Malak the microphone. He leans on both Jocelyne and Siobhan.

Malak Garland:

This birthday hasn't been what I imagined it to be! The rest of my minions are nowhere to be found! Cyrus, Teresa and Thurston were supposed to get the Throne Room ready but I haven't heard back from them in like twenty minutes or something. I don't know. I'm too distraught to tell time anymore.

He sniffles.

Malak Garland:

That plotting pirate, Brock Newbludd ruined my gift of portraits and I'm not quite over it yet. Everything has to go perfectly for my birthday and that put a dent in my mood, so I'm going to put a dent in his skull at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE when I gain acceptance to wed my girl.

For some reason, he looks down to Jocelyne, not Siobhan.

Malak Garland:

So yeah, pretty shitty birthday overall. Feeling really fragile on my special day. Wish someone would put effort into it and turn my frown upside down.

Siobhan grabs the microphone with haste.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I have something that will cap off the night nicely, babe! LOOK!

Cassidy points to the stage where countless green robed Starbucks employees assemble. Together, they cart a GIANT birthday cake down to the ring. Tons of their signature cake pops adorn the multi leveled cake as everyone is rather impressed. Malak finds a gleam in his eye at the sight of his birthday cake.

Malak Garland:

MY CAKE!?! WOW OKAY, I AM SKY HIGH NOW! ARE THOSE STARBUCKS CAKE POPS!

DDK:

I guess everyone can go to Starbucks and overpay for cake pops now. Thanks, consumerism.

Many of the Starbucks employees begin handing out cake pops to the crowd. Malak takes the microphone back from Siobhan.

Malak Garland:

This is the ONE TIME I am okay with sharing because EVERYONE needs a cake pop!

The cake is placed in the middle of the ring. Siobhan leans into the mic Malak is holding.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I AM ORDERING EVERYONE TO SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MALAK RIGHT NOW! HIT IT!

A corny tuned version of the happy birthday song hits over the loudspeaker as sing-along lyrics appear on the tron.

Siobhan Cassidy & Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR MALAK!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

They converge on him and each kiss a cheek of his. The crowd couldn't be less interested. In fact, most are enamored more with their cake pops than they are with the song. Siobhan and Jocelyne clap uncontrollably.

Siobhan Cassidy:

YAY! YOU DID IT MALAK! MY HUSBAND TO BE! NOW BLOW OUT THE CANDLES AND MAKE A WISH!

An overly eager Starbucks employee lights the many candles on the cake. Malak rubs his hands in traditional meme fashion before leaning over the congealed frosted mass of sugar. Ignoring the negative energy being showered upon him by The Faithful, Malak smiles at his one true love. He puts his hands together and closes his eyes to consult with his chakras on this decision. He closes his eyes to make his wish.

DDK:

Oh, please. Why does everything have to be like this with him?

Lance:

I've given up trying to understand anything Malak Garland does. It only leads to migraines.

The crowd grows impatient with the world champion as he patiently continues his search for inner guidance, causing Siobhan to glare angrily at the sea of people.

DDK:

C'mon! Quit wasting everyone's time and make a stupid wish!

The Faithful suddenly change their tune and begin to cheer when the top of the cake begins to slowly rise up like a hatch on top of a tank. The cheering quickly morphs into a roar as the top continues to open, causing the confused Siobhan to look away from the crowd and over to the cake. Her eyes immediately go wide and she lets out a surprised yelp.

Siobhan Cassidy:

MALAK! Run away!

His lover's raspy voice calling out to him causes Malak to snap his eyes open. He returns to reality just in time to see a grinning Brock Newbludd rise up out of the cake directly in front of him!

DDK & Lance:

IT'S BROCK NEWBLUDD!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Brock Newbludd:

Happy birthday, you sonuvabitch!

Before the Snowflake Superstar can even begin to process what's happening, Newbludd fires a fist forward and CRACKS him squarely between the eyes!

DDK:

Milwaukee's Beast has arrived!

The blow rocks Garland and he stumbles back a couple of steps. Still stunned by her ex-boyfriend's abrupt appearance, Siobhan can only watch as the FLAKE of DEFIANCE tips over right in front of her. She quickly drops to a knee to check on her fallen lover while Newbludd climbs out of his hiding spot. Rolling Malak onto his back, Siobhan recoils at the sight of a fresh gash oozing blood from his forehead. At this point, Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe runs for the hills.

Lance:

Garland's been busted open after a single punch from Newbludd!

DDK:

That wasn't your run of the mill haymaker, partner! Check out Brock's right hand, he brought brass knuckles to the party!

Lance:

He only had one shot to take and he made the most of it, that's for sure!

Seething in anger, Siobhan rises up with balled fists and locks eyes with Newbludd. Now standing in front of the giant birthday cake, Brock waves mockingly at her with his brass knuckle equipped hand while blowing her a kiss with his

other. Siobhan's irish blood reaches its boiling point and lets out a terrifyingly high pitched scream while yanking on her hair with both hands.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I HATE YOU!

Seeing his wicked ex-girlfriend lose her mind, brings a smile to Brock's face. The Faithful share his sentiment and they begin heckling Siobhan in the background, causing the irate woman to lash out at them as well.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I HATE ALL OF YOU TOO! PIECES OF TRASH! YOU'RE ALL PIECES OF TRASH!

This only incites the crowd further and the wild eyed Cassidy let's out another frustrated scream while Brock picks the microphone Malak was using up off the mat.

Brock Newbludd:

Hit the bricks, toots. I'd say grab a piece of cake on your way out, but it kinda looks like you don't need it.

DDK:

Uh oh...

Eyes bulging in pure rage, Siobhan finally snaps and charges towards Brock with reckless abandon. Newbludd holds his ground as Siobhan lunges at him with her claws outstretched, side stepping at the last second. Unable to stop her momentum, Siobhan crashes into the giant cake!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Lance:

And there goes Malak's cake!

Completely covered in frosting, sprinkles and white cake from head to toe, Siobhan tries to push herself out of the sugary hell only to have her hands slip out from underneath, causing her to land face first in the mess again. The Faithful ROAR in delight and Brock begins to laugh as well.

Brock Newbludd:

I love this look for you, Shiv. You know what, I think you should stay!

Dropping the mic, Brock grabs Siobhan from behind and pulls her out of the destroyed dessert.

DDK:

Listen to the Faithful! They love this look for Siobhan too!

Her face completely covered in frosting, Siobhan resembles a feral cat caught in a trap as she tries to break loose from Brock as he carries towards the nearest set of ropes. Dropping her down, Brock roughly turns her around and sticks her arms between the ropes. Before Siobhan can attempt an escape her ex-boyfriend twists the top and middle ropes together, trapping her arms between them!

Lance:

Brock better hope those ropes hold, Siobhan looks rabid!

Brock leaps away from the kicking and screaming Siobhan and gives her a wink before turning his attention back to Malak. Crawling towards the edge of the ring, the bleeding Keyboard Warrior has a faraway look in his eyes as he tries to navigate his way to safety.

DDK:

This might not be the grand celebration Malak had planned but the people sure are having a good time!

Stomping across the ring, Brock rips the brass knuckles off his hand and drops them to the mat as he approaches his bitter rival.

Lance:

For weeks Brock has had to suffer through Malak's ridiculous challenges and games. Now, on the eve of Maximum DEFIANCE, Milwaukee's Beast is saying playtime is over!

The discombobulated Keyboard King still struggles on his hands and knees, as Brock circles around to the front of him and promptly stomps on his fingers. Garland howls in pain as The Innovator reaches down and wraps his arms around him. Taking a second to smile at the cheering masses, Brock pops his hips and powers Malak all the way up into the powerbomb position!

DDK:

It's Malak's party and he's going to cry whether he wants to or not!

Newbludd keeps Malak held up as he charges across the ring towards the heaping pile of cake mush. With a roar, Milwaukee's Beast DRIVES the FLAKE of DEFIANCE into his own cake with a tremendous running powerbomb!

"NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD!"

Lance:

Devastating powerbomb! Nobody in this arena was looking forward to Malak's big celebration but they're sure having a good time now!

Siobhan lets out another enraged scream as Brock raises a fist to The Faithful. Grabbing the microphone again, he kneels down and roughly grab's Malak by his bloody, sprinkle coated, head.

Brock Newbludd:

C'mon birthday boy! You're not passing out on me yet! I promised your mom I'd show you a real good time and I can't disappoint her!

Another ear piercing shriek from Siobhan causes Newbludd to stop and focus back on her. Rolling his eyes, Milwaukee's Beast grabs a big hunk of cake off the mat and walks over to her. Lashing out with a couple of wild kicks that miss their mark, Siobhan begins to scream again but is quickly silenced by Brock when he shoves the giant piece of cake in her mouth!

DDK:

I guess Siobhan is gonna get some cake after all! That's nice.

Brock walks back over to Malak and grabs him by the back of the head again.

Brock Newbludd:

Boy, I really don't miss being with her. You should hang onto her for dear fuckin' life because after Maximum DEFIANCE that crazy bitch is probably going to be the only thing you're gonna have left. I love that for you, I really do.

Rising up, Newbludd looks out to the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

Whaddya say, guys? How about we end this party the only way we know how!?

The Faithful cheer in agreement and Brock smiles menacingly as he looks down to Malak.

Brock Newbludd:

Listen close, Garland. Because this is going to be the very last thing you'll hear before I rip the FIST off your corpse...

Brock drops the mic as he makes his way to the closest corner and climbs the turnbuckles. He rises up to his feet and cups his hands around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

Gimme all ya got, people!

He takes an exaggerated breath...

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLYYYY!!

And leaps off! As Milwaukee's Beast soars the Ballyhooligans take over...

"HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Brock crashes down on top of the cake, driving his elbow directly into Malak's heart!

Lance:

Ballyhoo Elbow! On the eve of the biggest match of his DEFIANCE career, Brock Newbludd has exacted some revenge on the champion!

Newbludd rolls off of Malak and stands up to receive a tremendous ovation. Now covered in cake too, Brock raises a fist to them before pulling a large chunk off his shoulder. Bending down, Milwaukee's Beast shoves it into the unconscious Garland's mouth. He then exits the ring and raises another pair of fists up to the crowd.

DDK:

Brock may have finally gotten one over on Malak Garland tonight but he's still going to be in for one helluva fight at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Lance:

A fight for much more than just the FIST, partner. This fight will be about as personal as you can get.

The picture focuses in on the fallen and bloodied FIST one final time before slowly fading to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

