

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Indianapolis, Indiana welcomes DEFIANCE as the Gainbridge Fieldhouse is hyped for DEFTv 206!

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!

I GOT GENITAL WARTS FROM THE REEVES ESTATE LIQUIDATION

SCOOOOOTTBERG!!

SCOOOOOTTBERG!!

SCOOOOOTTBERG!!

SCOOOOOTTBERG!!

#NEWCOCOON

There's probably a lot more signs but it's a loaded show so the cameras go to the announce team!

THEY HAD TO COME FACE TO FACE EVENTUALLY

DDK:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to DEFtv 206! This is the first of a very memorable two nights of professional wrestling, and we thank you for once again bringing us into your homes.

Lance:

No doubt, Darren. We're here live from Indianapolis, Indiana, and tomorrow night - well, we've got a wedding to attend!

DDK:

All that and much more, ladies and gentlemen.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

With the initial hoopla and ballyhoo of the opening pyro dying down, the Indianapolis Faithful instead begin to boo and jeer as the theme of the new Southern Heritage Champion begins to blast throughout the Gainbridge Fieldhouse. Among the swirling purple lights, two figures appear at the entrance. Two rather large figures wearing black suits and black sunglasses and looking very Secret Service-esque. TA Horrigan and TA Owens - the two monsters known as Weighted Grade - take position on either side of the entrance. Next through the curtain is TA Cole in a sharp dark blue blazer. Cole stands in the middle and takes in the booing crowd for a second before gesturing dramatically behind him and here he is... Ned Reform, wearing a black tux, strutting confidently out. Oddly... no sign of the SOHer belt.

DDK:

If you missed it, ladies and gentlemen, we have a new SOHer. At Maximum DEFIANCE, Corvo Alpha fought valiantly and with ferocity, but in the end the numbers played a key role in Reform's victory.

Lance:

I'd like to say that was the biggest heartbreak of the event for Corvo - but I'm not sure that's true.

DDK:

We'll get to that soon enough. For now, I believe we are going to hear from... *sigh* ... the champion.

The Honor Society "clear the way" for Ned who slowly saunters to the ring enjoying every moment of the fan's vitriol. He says something to an old woman - we don't hear what, but we do see her take a swing at him as he leans back and laughs. Weighted Grade take position on either side of the ring while Cole sits on the middle rope to open it for his mentor. Ned enters the ring and immediately begins turning to all corners of the arena blowing kisses and smiling.

Lance:

The Good Doctor is in good spirits, it seems.

DDK:

This is the biggest accolade of his career, Lance. Even if he got it through rather dubious means.

The music fades out as Reform is handed a mic from a ringside attendant. Ned brings it up, but this ain't his first rodeo, so he pulls it away and allows the fans to get their boos out. While he does, the smile never leaves his face.

Ned Reform:

...let us begin.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Ah yes, children. Here we are. A very familiar state of being, yes? You all tell me with SUCH CONFIDENCE how I am going to be trounced at the Pay Per View. You take GREAT JOY in the idea of my opponent causing me physical pain and defeating me. And then, we come to this moment... the moment when the Sage on the Stage, The Mad Gadfly,

The Good Doctor stands in the center of the ring and gloats about how he proved you all wrong. I mean... it is getting rather tiresome, yes?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

So instead, allow me a moment of critical reflection. This is the moment where I tip my cap to my esteemed adversary and thank him for the proverbial "hell of a match" and wax poetic about how we "tore the house down." Nonsense. I was locked in a shark tank with a beast and I managed to escape with my life thanks to nothing but my wits and my will. This is not about the former champion. This is about ME.

Reform turns and grins at Cole who flashes him a thumbs up.

Ned Reform:

However, I am not above admitting when I am wrong. Like any good educator, I, children, am a lifelong learner. I never stop adapting. And for that very reason, my friends... I have changed my mind.

DDK:

What is he on about?

Ned Reform:

You see... it is no secret that I am not an ally of the members of Vae Victis. Both Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes have been thick-skulled thorns in my cerebellum for some time. But, I have to admit... not all of Mr. Keyes' ideas are downright laughable.

Reform reaches down and unbuttons his coat... revealing that the SOHer has been wrapped around his waist the entire time. The SOHer - complete with bright pink strap. Reform points to the pink and looks directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

Do you love it as much as I do!?

Cole begins to clap as Reform spins around to show off the championship belt. He unhooks and slings it over his shoulder as he brings the mic back up.

Ned Reform:

It is time, children, to bring prestige to the Southern Heritage Champion since... well, for the first time ever. I vow to you: while I hold this championship, it will be the MOST sought after prize in this promotion, and I will defend it vigorously. I will defend it with honor! And I will defend all across this great nation of ours. Of course... not tonight.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Oh, come on! This is Indianapolis! Children, if you want to raise the stock of a championship, you must defend in major markets only! The Mad Gadfly is a prize fighter if there ever was one. I will headline in Madison Square Garden. In Chicago. In Los Angeles. Heck, even in front of the drunkards in Boston. But Indianapolis? I'm sorry, my friends, but that would devalue this whole thing far too much. In fact...

♪ "Civilization's Dying" by Zero Boys ♪

Reform cringes beneath the onset of this unforeseen noise pollution. Contrarily, the crowd cheers upon recognition of riffs from Naptown's own Zero Boys.

DDK:

What the...?

With little pomp or circumstance, Rezin bursts forth from a wall of smoke covering the entryway. The Goat Bastard levels his tenacious gaze on the Good Doctor and company standing in the ring. Despite his eyes being redder than the Devil's donger, they aren't a degree less hot and fiery. He's wearing a black sleeveless shirt featuring nineteen pentagrams encircling a burning blunt arranged to look like the state flag of Indiana, along with the words "HELL'S FAVORITE HOOSIER".

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Listen to this ovation for "The Escape Artist" REZIN!

Lance:

Quite the hometown welcome from this Indianapolis crowd! This arena is about to become unglued!

DDK:

I don't expect that this is how the Good SOHER intended his victory celebration to go!

One by one, other figures appear from behind the Goat Bastard and step out onto the stage to form a row. The twin Amazing Amarettos, Carlo and Gomez. The towering adonis, Olvir Arsvinnar. That good ol' dumbass of ours, Chris Chickentenders. And Suzie, not-so-lovely as ever.

FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!

With the REZISTANCE fully assembled at the head of the rampway, Rezin thrusts double HORNS over his head, prompting two gas mine pyros to EXPLODE and send dual MUSHROOM CLOUDS OF SMOKE rising into the air!

KA-BOOOM!!!

The Escape Artist leads the procession of wrestling misfits down the rampway, sending hand slaps and hard hugs with the fans lining the aisleway. In the ring, Reform angrily fumes and fritters and advises his associates to look lively. Fearlessly, Rezin slides in under the ropes ahead of his crew and pops right up to his feet. The other riff-raff find their own means of entry, creeping into the ring from seemingly every angle.

DDK:

Oh my... Lance, I'm not sure what to expect from the showdown we may be about to witness!

Lance:

Anything can happen, Keebs. There probably aren't any two other wrestlers in the DEFIANCE locker as diametrically opposed to one another as Ned Reform and Rezin.

Tensions are skyrocketing between the ropes as the two factions stare each other down. Weighted Grade assume defensive positions ahead of the Good Doctor, while TA Cole anxiously paces around, looking lost and completely impotent.

The Escape Artist glares at Reform. The SOHER angrily stares back. Several uncomfortable seconds pass during the faceoff while the crowd continues cheering wildly.

FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!

Eventually, Rezin is handed a mic by his young squire Chris Chickentenders, and he immediately throws his head back.

Rezin:

NAPTOWN...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Rezin:

Hell's Favorite Hoosier... HAS COME HOME!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Beaming with confidence, Rezin takes a step closer to the Honor Society.

Rezin:

So uuhhhh... whuzzup, Doc?

The SOHER seethes with rage.

Rezin:

Cuz ya know, by the sound of things from back there, it almost seems like ya ain't seem to be taken in by our famous "Hoosier Hospitality". But ehh, ya know, I can't say I blame ya on that. They say there's more than corn in Indiana, but just cause there's MORE of somethin' doesn't necessarily mean it's all GOOD! We got rednecks. And tweakers. And bible thumpers. And klansmen. And cops. And all those maniacs up in Gary. We got gun nuts hangin' the stars and bars from their front lawn, even though we are WAYYY above the Mason-Dixon line. We gotta drive for HOURS to the state border to buy our weed, cuz the backwards fundamentalist fascist SCUMFUCKS that run this place would rather keep us wallowin' in the dark ages rather than let the people pursue any HIGH ambitions! We got sports teams that are always kinda good and respectable, but for some reason can NEVER bring home a damb championship! We produce human pieces of shit, like Jim Jones and Jared Fogle and Mike Pence and...

He shudders.

Rezin:

Ugh... LETTERMAN! But ya know what Indiana's best kept secret is, Doc? We're crossroads of all of muthafuggin' America! And so the sayin' goes, if ya stand around long enough at the crossroads, the DEVIL will surely swing by to collect his due!

He spreads his arms out wide.

Rezin:

Well HERE I AM! And I'm here to collect on a one-on-one dialogue that's been a LOOOONG time comin'! And the timin' couldn't be better, cuz I gotta say, Doc, I've been in a funk lately, and with ya bein' out here now, mebbe ya can help this ol' DOPESMOKER out.

Ned stares at the Goat Bastard quizzically while Rezin begins to pace back and forth.

Rezin:

See, right up until I got injured, some would say I was at an unexpected HIGH point in my otherwise my rotten and ruinous pro wrestlin' career. Errybuddy was sayin' how despite the odds, this ol' Dopesmoker climbed his ass outta the pits of stupid, spooky Kabal mediocrity and became one of the greatest and most memorable damb DEFIANTS this company has ever seen. They all said winnin' that belt hangin' round your waist was gonna be the breakout moment I've been waitin' on all these years. And heck, for a while there, even EYE believed 'em!

He parks his feet and solemnly shakes his head.

Rezin:

Thing is, ever since I came back from that injury, it feels like I've been scramblin' around erry which way, lookin' for some kinda direction. A purpose. Fuck, just some kinda ANSWER!

Rezin daringly approaches the SOHER, earnestly pointing to his chest.

Rezin:

So whaddya think, Doc? Can YOU gimme that answer I'm lookin' for?

Reform seems suddenly unperturbed by Rezin's tirade. In fact, he is smirking as he answers.

Ned Reform:

Yes... Rezin. Oh, I know who you are. Quite well, in fact. I've had my eye on you for some time. Don't look so shocked: you're a fascinating case study. A man with undeniable talent in the squared circle... a man who could have applied himself and perhaps could have gone down in the annals of history as one of the greatest of all time... and a man who pissed it all away on drugs and oppositional defiant disorder.

Without taking his eyes off Rezin, The Good Doctor gestures around the arena.

Ned Reform:

I know many of these people see you as a role model. As a hero. Scrappy underdog and all that, yes? But I see you for what you really are: a cautionary tale. An Indianapolis-bred waste of space to show young people when warning them about the dangers of illegal substances. In fact, if it were not for this sport, I suspect you'd be begging me for change when I stop at a stop light. So when I look at you, Rezin, I don't see the gusty and lovable figure that works these brainless buffoons into an uproar. What I see: well, what I see is a pathetic little man.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

You've shown us time and time again that you simply cannot get out of your own way. You've come... SO close... but then you figuratively... or sometimes literally... trip at the finish line. A man so deep into his own head and drowning in self-doubt that he turns to drugs to silence the...

The Escape Artist's hand comes up and he promptly cuts off the Good Doctor's scathing assertion.

Rezin:

Whoa-whoa-whoa hold onto yer hash there, Doc... I ain't askin' ya for your expert opinion, or whatever! I already know what's wrong with me.

Rezin sticks a thumb into his chest.

Rezin:

The problem is... I got no FACE to KICK! Cuz a crazy muthafugger like ME can only really climb HIGH when there's a scum-suckin' sum'bish out there to give me a place to direct all of this wild, untamable PUNK ROCK energy insida me! Somebuddy who can MOTIVATE me in the ways I ain't able to do myself! Somebuddy who downright PISSES ME OFF SO MUCH, they push me to do things that NOBUDDY could ever expect out of a lowly Goat Bastard like me!

He tilts his head back to reveal the whites of his eyes, staring daggers straight into the SOHER's soul.

Rezin:

Maybe it's just the weed, Doc, but as I'm sittin' back there, listenin' to you drag down MY city, holdin' onto that belt that shoulda been MINE over a year ago, I can't help but think to myself just how damb KICKABLE that face looks!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Rezin:

So how bout it, Doc? Ya got any BALLS to go with those brains? Ya gonna be the motherfugger that pulls me outta this FUNK and helps me set this ring ON FIRE ONCE MORE?!

He looks out into the crowd.

Rezin:

I dunno, whaddy'all think?

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

I believe the fans have spoken!

Ned clicks his tongue before responding. Rather than sinking away, he seems to actually grow a bit with confidence.

Ned Reform:

This is where I supposed to say no, correct? Make an excuse and shuffle away.

Reform does the "no, no, no" motion with his pointer finger.

Ned Reform:

I know I said I'd never defend this championship in Indianapolis. However, you've convinced me with your passionate little tirade. You see, it has suddenly become incredibly important to me to expose you for the fraud you are in front of your hometown.

The crowd begins to buzz.

Ned Reform:

And I do so with relatively little risk to my status, because as we've all already seen time and time again...

Reform exaggeratedly adjusts the pink belt slung over his shoulder.

Ned Reform:

You simply aren't Southern Heritage Champion material.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Tonight, my dear Rezin... if that IS your real name... I WILL defend this championship against you... and July 31, 2024 will go down as one more time that the Escape Artist revealed his true nature... as the CHOKE artist.

The Goat Bastard angrily shakes a finger at the champion.

Rezin:

OOOOOOOOOOOH if ANYBUDDY is gonna be CHOKIN' tonight... it's gonna be YOU, Doc! Chokin' on all those WORDS of yours! And maybe the smoke I'll inevitably blow in your HEEL-SMASHED FACE the moment I'm standing over ya with that SOHER around your waist FINALLY WITHIN THESE BLACKENED HANDS!!

He twirls around toward his crew of crazies.

Rezin:

REZISTANCE... FALL OUT! I'm THIRSTY for some POP!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

♪ "Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores. ♪

Rezin extends his arm and points a fingergun at the Good Doctor before making the "bang" motion. Then he exits the ring along with the remainder of his eclectic entourage. Dr. Reform the rest of the Honor Society continue to glare after him.

DDK:

You heard it here, ladies and gentlemen! In an uncharacteristic gesture, Dr. Ned Reform is putting his newly won SOHER Championship on the line against the Escape Artist himself! Could tonight be the night Rezin finally wins the title that's eluded him for years?

Lance:

Whether it was against Scrow or Henry Keyes, Rezin always came close, but tragically fell short in every opportunity. To win that championship tonight here in his hometown... that'd be a moment I feel that few of us will forget any time soon.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



LOTS TO SAY

Jamie Sawyers is backstage standing beside Tyler Fuse. Fuse is wearing black jeans, a black shirt and has the ACE of DEFIANCE in his right hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, thank you for joining me and being more open to the interview process. You're usually a closed off guy but even during the MAXIMUM DEFIANCE press conference, you seemingly opened up a little more...

The deadpan look from Tyler suggests Jamie shouldn't push his luck any further, so he gets right to it. Sawyers stares at the ACE, and then at Tyler.

Jamie Sawyers:

We want to know... when are you going to cash this in? Malak Garland is still the FIST of DEFIANCE and one can assume you hate his guts, after everything he did to end The Fuse Bros...

Tyler shrugs but leans into the mic.

Tyler Fuse:

It's not time yet. I have a date in mind, but it's not time yet. If Malak Garland remains the FIST... if Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy or hell, Sgt. Safety is the FIST of DEFIANCE... it's not about who, Jamie, it's about **when**.

Tyler looks at the ACE and then at the interviewer.

Tyler Fuse:

And it's not time yet.

Jamie nods along with a "fair enough" expression.

Jamie Sawyers:

So what's next for you over these next few months?

Fuse remains deadpan. He looks at the interviewer once more and then glances into the camera.

He shrugs. He walks off.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you Tyler, for your time.

MORE TO SAY

The camera stays on Jamie, however, as a NEW Fuse walks into the picture.

Conor.

The Faithful give a cheer!

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, thank you so much for being here. In just a few short moments we have a massive tag team match, six teams to be exact and the winner will go on to ACTS of DEFIANCE to challenge for the UNIFIED gold. You wanted to be here at this time to say your piece. Well, the floor is yours.

Conor nods along, at first, not realizing the floor is his. Then he realizes the floor is his but he wasted some time, so he blushes and tassels Jamie's hair.

Conor Fuse:

Thanks, guy, thanks. Listen, a lot of good teams in this thing. Lucky Sevens, perhaps the best tag team in the HISTORY of DEFIANCE. We've also got newcomers like the Atomic Punks, Money Talks and, well, ya gotta be solid if you can shut up Lindsay Troy and her annoying pirate. So HELLO Rain City, Imma make sure you're The Last Ronin if you know what I'm saying.

Conor cracks his neck and lowers his eyes. It looks like he's trying to get more serious.

Conor Fuse:

Listen, I'm not a dummy, I only *act* like one. I hear the rumblings. Maybe Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan aren't a good team. Maybe there's a hidden agenda. Why would a legend like Dan tag with a silly face like me? Well, Jamie, I thought we explained that a million times already but it doesn't mean the rumblings stop. Let me make something loud and clear: Ryan and Fuse crushed Weighted Grade and have decided to tag up once again since the outcome was tremendous. NO, we won't end up stabbing each other in the back because, ultimately, we're out for the same thing. That's why my teammate and I enrolled in this tag team match and we want a shot at the UNIFIED Titles.

Fuse pauses to consider his words carefully.

Conor Fuse:

Is this a team for the next two to three years? Prolly not, not gonna lie. Ryan and I have our own individual goals to get to. But right now, in this very moment, in the center of the ring in INDIANAPOLIS...

Fuse waits out the cheap pop he orchestrated.

Conor Fuse:

We're going for it, Jamie.

The Power-Up King stops again but this time it's not to find his words. It's to allow someone else to speak.

The Murder Daddy marches into frame.

Jamie Sawyers:

Dan, your partner here alluded to it briefly, but I'll ask you about it. There's been more than just a few rumblings about whether or not you have something up your sleeve. I myself have heard from a few people who have openly questioned when the shoe is gonna drop and the two of you will be at each other's throats in no time.

Dan Ryan: *[nodding]*

I get it. I do. I have a well-earned reputation. And hey, Conor's no dummy. I don't think he's so naive that every possibility hasn't already crossed his mind. There wouldn't be much point to turning on him, though. It doesn't make any sense. I guess since our friendship played out on another company's shows, there's this expectation that this is

some thrown together friendship. But we've been on the road together. We've won gold together. We're both a little rusty, I'll grant you that. But the two of us? We're better rusty than just about everyone else in this business at full strength. And it's only a matter of time, kid. When we're running on all cylinders, we're taking those tag team titles, man. And when we do, I'll be damned if anyone's taking 'em away.

Dan makes eye contact with Jamie Sawyers, and smirks.

Dan Ryan: *[leaning in]*

But... just so you know... I've been hearing things, too. I've heard people say I'm a little bit softer than I used to be, that I'm a little bit nicer than I used to be. So... I have just one little simple phrase in response to allllll of that.

The smirk widens.

Dan Ryan:

Don't count on it.

Ryan walks off while Fuse stands there like a kid in a candy store. Conor looks at Jamie.

Conor Fuse:

Brother, seriously, I wouldn't get in that guy's way. I can promise you one thing, I'm not about to piss that guy off. I want him on my side.

Conor tassels Jamie's hair again.

Conor Fuse:

Watch and learn, guy. Watch and learn.

Fuse strolls off to catch up with his teammate.

Jamie Sawyers: *[referring to his hair being tasseled]*

Really hate when he does that.

6-WAY #1 CONTENDERS TO THE UNIFIED TAG TITLES: LUCKY SEVENS vs. RAIN CITY RONIN vs. DAN RYAN & CONOR FUSE vs. CYRUS BATES & THE GAME BOY vs. MONEY TALKS vs. ATOMIC PUNKS

DEFtv opens back up with a number of tag teams already in and surrounding the ring.

DDK:

We have what might be the single most chaotic way to crown a top contender ... M4NTRA have boldly proclaimed they will take on any tag team and the booking committee said "bet" as the kids like to say. We have a total six teams in that ring right now getting ready to do to battle! The winning team will earn a future UNIFIED Tag Team Title match against the new champs.

Lance:

Oh boy. There they are now.

Up in the sky box, a pair of spotlights shine on the flashy new group of DEFIANCE Wrestling. The new UNIFIED Tag Team Champions, Nathan Eye and DEC4L clinking wheatgrass shots being provided by their valet and President of Good Vibes Only Makayla Namaste! Behind them, their new partners Archer Silver and High Flyer are watching the match!

DDK:

We still don't know what is the meaning of Archer and High Flyer joining this crew, but the more numbers M4NTRA has, the more difficult it is going to be for anyone to take the titles away!

In the ring, the camera pans across to show teams all huddled around the entirety of the apron.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a six-pack tag team challenge! The winning team will earn a future UNIFIED Tag Team Title match! Introducing the team at ringside...

The camera switches to one of them.

Darren Quimbey:

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett ... the Rain City Roooooonin!

Cheers!

Darren Quimbey:

The two-time UNIFIED Tag Team Champions and two-time DEFIANTS of the YEAR... Mason and Max Luck... The Lucky Sevennnnnss!

Cheers!

Darren Quimbey:

Cyrus Bates and The Game Boy, The Comments Section!

Boos!

Darren Quimbey:

Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne, Money Talkssss!

Boos!

Darren Quimbey:

Gigaton and Fission, The Atomic Puuuunnnkkks!

Cheers!

Darren Quimbey:

And the team of Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan!

Cheers!

Once all six teams have been introduced around the ring, Nathan Eye and DEC4L watch along with Makayla, Archer and HF IV.

DDK:

Our referee is Hector Navarro and we are just about set to fly!

DING DING

DDK:

As stated, we've got a tough one here. Only two men in the ring at the same time and everyone would WANT to be in that ring. This contest is starting off with Cyrus Bates and Zack Daymon-

Tag!

Lance:

It looks like Bates got too close to the ropes, so Dan Ryan reached out and tagged himself in!

A rather disgruntled Cyrus Bates can't do anything about it, because the typically on top of things Hector Navarro, well, his referee stripes are showing today. He's directly in Bates' face and tells him to exit the ring!

And Dan Ryan is already in.

Daymon has a go at Ryan with a forearm attempt but Ryan blocks it and headbutts Zack away. Ryan tosses Daymon into the ropes but after one half of the Rain City Ronin bounce into them, it's Mason Luck who leans over and smacks Zack in the back.

Maybe Zack knows, maybe he doesn't, but needless to say it's Dan Ryan who didn't see the move because as he hip tosses Daymon, Mason Luck is right behind the legend and snatches the giant in a German suplex!

It's big man on big man and the suplex is landed! The Faithful are stunned, as Luck pulls himself up quickly, knowing there's A LOT more work to be done.

DDK:

What a smart, veteran call by Mason.

Lance:

We've got another one, too. Because I see Mason has tagged his brother in!

The Lucky Sevens come roaring as Ryan gets to his feet and is dummied with a double clothesline. The Murder Daddy falls and even though Navarro starts his FIVE COUNT, there's really nothing he can do other than watch a two-on-one.

DDK:

Perhaps one team could be disqualified. I don't think it's against the rules and wouldn't ruin the match...

Mason pulls Ryan off the mat and feeds Dan into Max-

When Dan pieces himself together and pops Max in the side of the head!

Mason was already making his way back to the ring, as Ryan looks for a suplex on Mason's twin. It's a massive man holding up a massive man so it doesn't last too long, but Ryan nails it, slides over and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TW-

BROKEN UP BY GIGATON!

The also massive Atomic Punk stands in front of the legendary Dan Ryan... but then Fission enters the ring. The much, much, much smaller man-

Conor Fuse is into the squared circle next and ejects Fission out, over the top rope.

Conor Fuse:

Piece of Malak wedding cake! Omnomnom!

All hell is ABOUT to break loose because of Conor's silly comment but Hector Navarro works on that forever pending heart attack and starts shouting at the top of his lungs for nobody to even think about it. So, in some way... no one does, because there's a match and a number one contendership on the line. Gigaton goes to his corner...

DDK:

There's A LOT of men around this ring. Six teams, ten other wrestlers on the outside. Make no mistake about it, this match IS going to break down.

Lance:

Of course it is. And therein lies the challenges. This isn't just a wrestling match, it's literally a 'who can pull off a pin before anyone else' challenge!

As Dan Ryan exchanges blows with Max Luck, none other than Declan Alexander and Nathan Eye appear in the rafters, continuing to watch from the press box. They are smirking ear-to-ear, likely hoping the Luck's get what's coming to them.

Ryan whips Max into the ropes but Mason tags in blindly. Ryan catches on this time, however. It's kind of hard not to when another big giant enters the ring...

The Ego Buster makes a play for Mason, but Mason ducks and Ryan misses. Both Lucks charge at Ryan-

Who's tagged in blindly by Gigaton!

The newest big man roars in, clubbing Ryan out of the way and then absorbing the blows from the Lucky Sevens. Gigaton is stunned, as Max makes his exit and Mason hits a ring shaking spinebuster slam with a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

But don't worry, many men were just about to make the save if the kickout didn't happen.

And then it comes. Zack Daymon and Felton Bigsby bump into each other and don't like it. Other teams get in on the mix, too. The only two who remain on the outside of the ring, looking in...

Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse.

It seems as though The Ultimate Gamer wants to get his rips in but Dan puts his hand out like he's witnessed shit such as this a million times before. It's not even worth it. Fuse ends up nodding in agreement.

While all hell breaks out on the outside, Gigaton tosses Mason into a corner but The Game Boy is there to make the tag.

DDK:

Cyrus Bates and The Game Boy, representing The Comments Section.

Lance:

I believe Malak Garland in particular ordered this to be the new Comments' "tag team"...

DDK:

Correct me if I'm wrong, but Conor Fuse is still part of the group too, no?

Lance:

I believe he is.

The Game Boy stands nose-to-nose with Gigaton and then pops the newcomer in the face! Three-hundred-ten pounds bounces off the ropes when he's knocked once again in the mouth. Gigaton meets the ropes again, lunges forward and finally clubs TGB with a clothesline to the side of his head.

Game Boy is still, of course, on his feet. He merely takes a couple of steps back and performs the same move to Gigaton!

Lance:

The heavy hitting won't stop!

M4NTRA look on, as DECL4N starts to clap but Nathan Eye cocks his head and scratches the side of his cheek.

Nathan Eye:

Don't tell me you liked that trash.

Alexander profusely shakes his head no.

DEC4L:

No, my hand went to sleep.

Nathan Eye:

Oh.

The two of them laugh like the muppets they are.

Gigaton has worked Game Boy into the only free corner of the ring, since a couple of the teams, such as Money Talks and Rain City Ronin remain on the outside, brawling.

WHAP!

Gigaton with a forearm across The Game Boy's chest.

WHAP!

Again.

WHA-

NO! This time The D-Pad Destroyer blocks the move with his own arm! He works Gigaton back towards the middle of the ring and then knees Gigaton in the stomach as hard as he can. He's about to do more when Fission is perched on the top rope...

Flying crossbody is caught!

Into an over the shoulder, dosey-doe powerslam! Game Boy discards Fission from the ring, hits the ropes and lands a SPLASH on Gigaton!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY MASON LUCK!

Mason pulls The Game Boy to the Lucky Seven's corner and he tags in. DECL4N and Eye can be mildly audible booing from their skybox. Mason thinks nothing of it, as he finds Gigaton and lifts him up-

Gigaton with a jawbreaker! The bulldozing man needs to tag so he spins around. Knowing Fission was thrown out of the ring earlier, he makes any tag he can.

Leo Burnett.

The technical powerhouse marches in. He finds Mason Luck with a knee smash and quickly drags Mason to his feet. A DDT later plants the former UNIFIED Tag Team Champion on the canvas.

DDK:

Mason is going to be too big for a lot of Burnett's offense-

But the second Keebler says this, Leo is down on all fours and locks Mason into a full nelson sleeper. He's wrenching the hold as hard as he can and it looks like it's working!

BOOM!

Adrian Payne is into the ring with a massive running boot, hitting Leo square in the nose!

Burnett is out, he goes down like he's shot and this leads to Zack Daymon entering the ring and delivering a devastating high angle running dropkick to Payne's chest.

Felton Bigsby is the next man in and he clobbers Daymon with a sidewalk slam! Money Talks and the Rain City Ronin continue their brawl, all four men rolling out of the ring but not before the clever and cheeky Conor Fuse taps Leo on the shoulder for the official tag.

The crowd is fired up as The Ultimate Gamer hurls himself over the top rope and flies through the air, looking for some kind of splash on top of Mason Luck...

But Mason catches Fuse and in one fellow swoop, Mason connects with a sitdown powerbomb into a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd comes alive again as Mason rolls onto his knees. He marches over to Max and tags him in. Max plucks

Conor off the mat-

SMACK!

And eats a superkick for his troubles.

SMACK!

A second one for good measure!

DDK:

We've got one half of The Fuse Bros. against The Lucky Sevens.

Lance:

Dream match up there. Hey, dream match up with Dan Ryan involved, too!

Fuse races into the ropes, but he's clubbed down thanks to Cyrus Bates' forearm and a chorus of jeers. Also, Hector Navarro says it's a tag. The Bellicose Brawler steps over the top rope and into the ring, ready to go eye-to-eye and nose-to-nose with a former Tag Team Champion...

DDK:

We've got two former Tag Champs in the ring!

Lance:

And it seems two of our potential teams to capture the gold are brawling up the rampway!

The cameras switch to Rain City and Money Talks fighting all the way to the back!

DDK:

Were Bigby and Payne even tagged into this one?

Lance:

Now that you mention it, I don't think so!

Inside the ring, Max and Cyrus are giving it their all, but it looks as though Max has the better hand. Maybe The Winning Hand? It looks like it's going in that direction until Fission and Gigaton enter the ring...

Well, so does Mason.

A brawl breaks out, as Max discards Cyrus and the twins unload on the newcomers.

DDK:

We're down to four teams left, because I don't think Rain City and Money Talks are coming back...

Max throws Fission into a corner and roars in with a big splash! Meanwhile, it's Gigaton who's getting the better of Mason with a number of headbutts.

Mason falls out of the ring. Max throws Fission over the ropes on the other side. The two men find each other inside the squared circle and charge-

WHAM!

Max and Gigaton bump heads! They look DOA!

DECL4N cheers wildly from his skybox, his hands aren't asleep now!

However, as Gigaton slowly rolls out of the ring, Max is also trying to roll out, while the wiry Conor Fuse leans over and tags him on the shoulder.

Fuse clears the ropes and finds Cyrus Bates waiting for him. Conor ducks a clothesline as Bates goes into the next set of ropes...

Conor literally runs up Bates' body, snatches his head and sends the big man to the mat with a Resolution DDT! Probably of the 4K variety!

Up in the skybox things become a little more sullen as The Game Boy enters the ring-

WHAM!

But Dan Ryan is there with The Hammer of God!

The Game Boy is absolutely DEAD.

Conor's eyes fall out of his head. Similar to the MAXIMUM DEFIANCE match with Weighted Grade, The Power-Up King can't believe it. He looks up at his partner, from the soles of Ryan's feet...

The Murder Daddy nods his head. Might even mumble "do it".

Fuse kips in the air and all of a sudden he's on the top rope. He measures Cyrus Bates and delivers a perfectly looking Dark Phoenix Splash.

Ah, screw it. Fuse isn't done. He pulls Bates off the mat with all of his might and feeds the limp body straight towards Dan Ryan.

CRACK!

A punch so hard, Cyrus Bates might think he's Teresa Ames after this. Get the ASMR ready.

Fuse drops down and hooks a leg for shits and giggles.

DDK:

I think we have our new number one contenders!

The Faithful come alive as Hector Navarro drops to the mat and no other tag team partner is alive and well or anywhere nearby to put a stop to this.

Plus, Dan Ryan's out on murder watch.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match and THE NEWWWWWW number one contenders to the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships... the team of Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan!!

As Navarro raises Ryan and Fuse's hand, there's no longer any nonsense from the M4NTRA skybox. Nathan looks up

at Archer and High Flyer. Instead, there's a sarcastic clapping coming from DEC4L. There's concern on his face, too. You can't hide that. Nathan nods at DEC4L and the two men stand up from their seats, making sure to hold the titles up to remind everyone who the current champions are!

DDK:

The champs are putting on a brave face, but I don't think anyone could have predicted that the DEFIANCE legend and one of the top stars working together would be their first major challengers!

Ryan doesn't even acknowledge the champions in their pressbox. After his hand is raised, he steps over the top rope and exits the ring. Conor Fuse realizes what's up and scampers towards Ryan.

DDK:

Another HUGE victory for Ryan and Fuse. They defeated some extremely talented teams tonight.

Lance:

I'm told Rain City and Money Talks continue to fight in the back. Looks like this match opened a can of worms!

DDK:

So be it.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



LOOK WHO'S TALKING

DDK:

Pardon the interruption fans, but I'm being told there's a situation happening in the back right now! Can we get a camera back there and see just what the h--

The feed abruptly cuts to a shaky handheld camera, just beyond the curtain that leads out to the stage. Fists seem to be flying from every direction as the operator appears caught in the middle of an intense brawl!

DDK:

We've got trouble brewing backstage! That looks like Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett of the Rain City Ronin...

Lance:

...and Felton Bigsy and Adrian Payne from the Blood Diamonds!

DDK:

Given how that match turned out, I can't say I'm surprised that these two teams would have some unsettled issues between them!

The camera gets clear of the fracas to get a view of the action. Bigsby and Burnett trade heavy rights and lefts, neither giving an inch of ground to the other. Payne has Daymon in a facelock, but the latter fights back by slamming the former's back into the wall.

All of a sudden, BAM! The boom mic operator catches a heavy right-handed haymaker from Bigsby after Leo ducks, slaps on a crossface, and suplexes him onto the concrete floor!

DDK:

OH MY! We may need to get someone back there to break this up!

Meanwhile, Adrian Payne has taken a handful of Zack Daymon's hair while his knee repeatedly strikes him in the jaw. Daymon is about to drop, until Burnett charges in for the assist and levels Payne with a lariat that sends him crashing into a stack of production cases!

Lance:

I suppose that settles that, with the Ronin coming out--

CRACK

One of said production cases suddenly crashes down on the back of Leo Burnett's head, courtesy of a returned Felton Bigsby. A sweep to the legs sends Burnett to the floor, and a boot to the gut doubles Daymon over. Felton pulls him in...

DDK:

FOURTH WARD AVALANCHE!!

On the top of a production case, no less! Adrian Payne has since recovered, and promptly scoops the dazed Leo Burnett off his feet and drives him down next to his partner with a POWERFUL forward falling slam!

DDK:

And STAY DOWN! Unbelievable! Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne have taken out the Rain City Ronin!

The BRAZEN champion "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby reaches over and snatches the camera, holding it out selfie style. The BRAZEN Onslaught champion Adrian Payne sidles up beside his tag team partner.

Felton Bigsby:

THEM? THEY AINT BRAZEN... WE'RE BRAZEN! These two quiet motherfuckers ain't shit! Right here?

He claps The Problem Solver's chest with his open palm, then his own.

Felton Bigsby:

This right here is the future of this company. Mr. White and Mr. Skaaland have it absolutely right. The future of this company starts right at our damn FEET! Not them!

He points back at a still obliterated RCR.

Adrian Payne walks back over and drops some knees and boots to affirm the beatdown and keep both Ronin reeling on the concrete. Felton walks the camera over for a few close ups of a grimacing Daymon and Burnett. Adrian Payne breathes heavily as he rejoins Felton in front of the camera.

Adrian Payne:

These two fools been feelin' themselves a bit too much for our liking! Ya'll have a reputation and that means ya'll gettin' a spot and a rub and most important some PAYDAYS that could belong to me and mine. To me and my brother from another Felton here? Well, just like our benefactor Mr. White taught us... Money Talks!

Felton Bigsby:

So we're listenin' bitch!

The Problem Solver looks down at Daymon and Burnett with a smug sneer as Bigsby lands one last ruthless punt kick to the gut of Zack Daymon just for good measure.

Adrian Payne:

If you punk ass fools can hear me down there? You know how to find us. Aint hard.

Payne and Felton share a handshake and a laugh as they make their way from the crime scene they've made of the Rain City Ronin. Bruised and bleeding from the assault, we fade on Daymon and Burnett's grimacing, pained expressions and cut to the next segment.

AMBITIONZ OF A BRUV

We open to the DEFIANCE interview stage where Jamie Sawyers stands poised and ready with a microphone in hand. As he realizes he's on the air, he adjusts his tie, and speaks to the FAITHFUL.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome... THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

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

The fans cheer loudly as the lights in the arena turn dark and gold. A number of spotlights hit the stage as through the curtain, come Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix.

Lance:

The Hollywood Bruvs and Scott Douglas were successful in their match against Titanes Familia just a few short weeks ago!

DDK:

That's right, everyone and their mother questioned whether or not Scott Douglas and Mikey Unlikely could coexist, not only did they do that, but they excelled. Throw in JFK and that trio is one I don't think any team would want to take on.

Mikey in a silver short sleeve button down, buttons undone and a pair of black leather pants. JFK sports a beige chinos and wildly coloured floral shirt combo.

They walk up the stairs and each one takes a side of Jamie Sawyers. Mikey adjusts his sunglasses and drapes his arm around the long time announcer. The music dies out and the interview begins.

Jamie Sawyers:

Mikey, Kendrix, congratulations on your big win at DEFCON. The Hollywood Bruvs have been back for a number of months and still stand undefeated as a tag team since your return. The FAITHFUL here tonight and around the world, are eager to know... What's next for the Hollywood Bruvs?

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank you Jimmy Jam! It's so good to be back in DEFIANCE. It's so good to see YOU! How long's it been?

Jamie Sawyers:

Quite some time!

Kendrix:

Has anyone else even called you Jimmy Jam during that time?

Jamie Sawyers:

Can't say they have!

Kendrix:

We'll correct that. Jimmy Jam, Jimmy Jam...

The faithful all join in.

JIMMY JAM,

JIMMY JAM,

JIMMY JAM.

DDK:

It seems the fans are certainly eager to bring it back!

Lance:

I got a few names I'd like to call him after the show!

DDK:

Woah, Lance!

Mikey Unlikely:

But you asked the question didn't you, what's next for the Hollywood Bruvs? What's next for the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE history? Well Jesse and I have been discussing just that. You're right in saying that since the Bruvs have come back, we're absolutely undefeataboozled. As the Hollywood Bruvs are wont to do, we're looking to capitalize on that momentum...

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah Jimmy Jam! The Hollywood Bruvs are on one hell of a roll since we returned to DEFIANCE and our latest W even comes after being put through hell itself by Titanes Familia at DEFMAX.

Mikey Unlikely:

Despite that... The Bruvs prevail!

Kendrix:

And with that prevailing, The Bruvs have answered all the naysayers,

Mikey scrunches his nose up at the thought of them.

Kendrix:

All the doubters,

Mikey sticks out his tongue in disgust.

Kendrix:

Can the Hollywood Bruvs still hang with the best?

Mikey points his finger to his lips in thought

Kendrix:

You better believe it! We ain't here just for the money and the spotlight. We're here to prove to everybody that we are still and always will be the bestest tag team in the world. And we're going to prove it once more...

JFK looks around with a sly grin.

Kendrix:

BY GOING AFTER THE DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES!

The Faithful go ballistic.

DDK:

Are we going to get The Bruvs vs M4NTRA!?

Lance:

What a match that would be!

Mikey Unlikely:

We've taken out a number of tag teams, big and small and we feel we've earned it. So Lance... let's make this thing official. We're out here to make it known that we want to challenge....

His words are cut off by the sound of theme music and loud aggressive booing from the FAITHFUL.

DDK:

That's not M4NTRA's music!

Scott Joplin's 1902 rag time piano classic "The Entertainer" begins to play.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Every single booing, stomping member of the Faithful are on their feet. Dressed in his usual dapper three piece black and gray pinstripe suit, the monstrous Wargod Bronson Box emerges from the entrance tunnel and wastes little time making his way over to the interview stage.

Lance:

He's alone, Keebs, and walking right up to the Bruvs!

His music fades out as Bronson is handed his own microphone by a stagehand.

Box is standing within reaching distance of both JFK and Mikey. Both men are clearly on guard, even hazarding a few glances around and over their shoulders looking for any of Boxer's many associates planning some sort of assault.

The Original DEFIANT smiles at that.

Bronson Box:

Calm the fook down, lads. I ain't out here to scrap, believe it or not. I'm just here to talk. To catch up with a couple old colleges. To address a few things that have been bothering me and my dear friend Edward in regards to you especially, Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely narrows his eyes at that last bit.

Bronson takes a beat and looks Jamie Sawyers up and down with utter disgust.

Bronson Box:

Mr. Sawyers. You can fookin' leave now, ya' reprobate.

Kendrix:

Mr. Sawyers?

The Hollywood superstar nods his head towards the announcer.

Mikey Unlikely:

I think he means Jimmy Jam.

The Wargod glares Jamie Sawyers off the interview stage leaving him alone with the Bruvs. Neither Mikey or Kendrix have dropped their guard from the second they heard Scott Joplin's piano rag strike up over the PA system.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well, if it isn't the Wargod himself. What's the matter Bronson, your cronies not out here to back you up? Thought you'd come out and poke at the most entertaining tag team in the biz? Or what, are they lying in wait, trying to attack the Bruvs like every other group of guys has been doing for a few months now?

Boxer narrows his eyes, stepping directly in front of Mikey Unlikely.

Bronson Box:

You were a killer once. Not one punch pulled. Not one fook given about bloody anyone or anything that stood between you and what you wanted. That's the attitude that took you to the FIST. And for a long bloody time too. That's the attitude that made you somethin' around here. You stirred the pot better than most and lo and behold everybody ate well, didn't they? Company prospered, you prospered. So some folks that just couldn't hack it got stepped on. Chum for the waters, Mikey. You swam this ocean like a gods damned shark. Now look at you, panderin' and clappin' yourself on the back after doin' FOOK ALL FOR THIS COMPANY!

That last line delivered at some volume and quite close to Mikey's face. A flash of consideration crosses the face of Mikey Unlikely as he hears the message Bronson has for him. Finally, Mikey takes an aggressive step towards Box. He says a few choice words off mic very close to Bronson's face. Kendrix clearly isn't having it, being ignored like this, so he steps between the two men. He's about to bring the microphone to his lips when Boxer's bloodshot brown eyes grow wide and wild at the gesture.

Bronson Box:

Ahhhhh, and here comes the friend! Protecting your patron, are you? Jesse Fredricks Kendrix... the underachieving millstone perpetually tied around Mikey Unlikely's neck. Even back in the day, him the shark and you the remora plastered on to his arse, hitchin' a fookin' ride. Now? Now yer' both toothless, panderin' white-hat twats. No. No, not even white-hats. Yer' not here to save anyone or better anythin'... you're both fookin' tourists. Here smilin' and wavin' and steppin' in line and makin' yer' little challenges because you still have a pathological NEED for all this, for them... but you're too much of a couple gutless cowards, unwilling to do the hard thing and be the ruthless bastards you USED to be.

The Bruvs share a look, but Jesse continues to pull Mikey away from Bronson.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah, Bronsy. Why are you so angry at us for?!

JFK points at the Wargod and then back at himself and his tag partner.

Kendrix:

Like you, the Bruvs are DEF originals too. For years... and I mean YEEEEEEAAAARS... You were the original for the lame ass company DEFIANCE used to be, then we came along and Bruv'd the place up.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't you remember, Bronson?!

Kendrix:

We raised the ratings with subtle yet classy changes like me beating you one on one, then going onto winning the DOC then getting rid of it with fire.

Mikey Unlikely:

Subtlety is one of our strong points.

Bronson rolls his eyes and grits his teeth, folding his tree-sized arms across his barrel sized chest.

Kendrix:

And many many more fun things, all of which helped us turn this regional company on the Gulf coast into one that's been to Germany, been to Los Angeles for DEFCON, put us on international television. WE changed it to what it is today!

The Faithful cheer for the normally chipper Kendrix.

Mikey Unlikely. You might be "THE DEFIANCE ORIGINAL" but hell, gone are the guys like Eric Dane, Eugene Dewey, Impulse...that leaves just you. The WARGOD, THE SCOTTISH STRONGMAN! THE STARMAKER! It seems the old

guard has left. The next era of DEFIANCE took over, and where were you? While I carried this company on my back? So IF ANYTHING... we should have mutual respect for each other, Bronsy.

Mikey steps to Bronson again.

Mikey Unlikely:

Put it there pal.

JFK Smiles.

Kendrix:

Good job guys, we really did it.

The Bruvs shake each others hands before offering theirs out to a seething Box who isn't having any of this. However, Mikey holds his free hand out to calm the situation.

Mikey Unlikely::

OK, hey, alright...we get it Bronson. You are right about one thing at least. Yeah, me and Jesse, we totally hitch rides. We're always looking for an easier way to the top. Why would we want to do things the hard way? Look at you, all these years later you're here, angry and bitter, you've done things the hard way your whole life, it's made you tough, it's made you strong, it's made you into the intimidating figure that stands before me today. It's also made you... Ed White's bitch!

The faithful cheer loudly at the explicative.

Mikey Unlikely:

You want to talk about seconds? You want to talk about leaching on? We like to fast track ourselves to the top, the smart way. I mean, aren't you doing that right now with Ed?!

Kendrix:

Look at that, you're finally being smart after all these years. Good job Bronsy, better late than never old buddy. We're proud of you. Us DEFIANCE originals have got to stick together after all!

As Mikey and Kendrix smile, absolutely chuffed at their performance thus far.

Bronson Box breathes a deep sigh before bringing the microphone to his lips.

He speaks very matter of factly.

Bronson Box:

Neither of you twats belong here anymore. You started NOTHIN'... DEFIANCE traveled the world on MY back, damn your eyes! The original Grindhouse tour laid the foundation you two opportunistic toerags tap danced on when you decided to jump on the only relevant train runnin'... Dan Ryan, Eugene Dewey and I made one another bleed and suffer on multiple continents from Germany to Japan to forge that FIST of DEFIANCE into somethin' worth bleedin' and sufferin' for. You two shiny boys ain't the bleedin and sufferin' type though... are ya', LADS.

The emphasis on the word LADS and the small, sly smile Boxer shoots both men is noted.

Mikey brings the microphone to his face only for Box to calmly put his gigantic, ogre-like hand over the top and bring it back down. The look of utter incredulousness on Unlikely's face tells a tale in and of itself. Kendrix notices and places a hand on his tag team partners shoulder to remind Mikey to keep his cool.

Bronson Box:

No. We don't do the same thing. You take shortcuts because you're fookin' LAZY. Edward and I do what we do because we know this place can be great again. We're lookin' for someone, ANYONE who has the ability to truly NUT

THE FOOK UP! I'm gonna keep cuttin' and beatin' and stompin' and HURTIN' until I wring a worthy fookin' adversary from this place like blood from a stone, sunshine! You and you? You're not that adversary. You don't have any fire in yer' bellies. You're in our way. Hell. You're in DEFIANCE's way. You're blasted tourists here for a payday, a big fat merch check and to get yer' fix of these twats cheerin' and clappin' for ya'... we aim to rectify this situation.

He takes a moment to sneer at both men in equal measure.

Bronson Box:

We aim to see you both GONE.

The Wargod drops the microphone with a THUD.

Scott Joplin's 1902 rag time piano classic "The Entertainer" begins to play again.

Mikey and Box trade a few more heated words off microphone but from their body language we can tell this thing is just getting started. Box eventually breaks away and heads back towards the backstage area as Mikey and JFK leave, stage left, to another big reaction from the Faithful.

DDK:

They may well have the Faithful on their side but Bronson Box isn't impressed one bit, Lance.

Lance:

The Wargod making it pretty clear tonight what he thinks of the Bruvs big return here to DEFIANCE. If I were Mikey and Kendrix I'd keep my head on a swivel from here on out.

DDK:

The Bruvs have drawn the ire of the Diamonds. How this new development affects their intended run at the tag team titles remains to be seen, partner.

COLD FEET

The arena lights dazzle around as another promising show continues. The familiar voice of DEFIANCE speaks into his headset and into the homes of everyone tuning in.

DDK:

The Gainbridge Fieldhouse is rocking for DEFIANCE Wrestling tonight! Let's not waste another moment and get right to some more action!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The mood within the arena immediately turns from joy to somber as the FIST, FLAKE, whatever you want to call him, walks out with his vanity belt tossed over his shoulder and yet another look of tremble on his face. Garland is wearing dark blue cargo pants and one of his trademark shirts, a snowflake in the form of his face.

DDK:

Hmmm, this is odd, Lance. I don't have the groom-to-be showing up at this time on my docket but then again, I'm not surprised.

DDK and Lance:

He's done this before, he'll do it again.

DDK:

Yes, exactly. Let him hijack the show at this point.

The fans watching at home can hear the sound of papers being tossed as DDK metaphorically throws the run sheet he has out the window. Malak, looking like his usual distraught self gingerly climbs into the ring and begins addressing everyone through the microphone in his hands.

Malak Garland:

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Some cheer because he said the town name but most boo because they know he's a narcissist.

Malak Garland:

I should be on cloud nine right now. I'm coming off a huge title defense against Brock Newbludd. I've secured marriage to my smooshy s'more Shivvy tomorrow night but I still feel empty inside.

DDK:

Cry me a river.

Malak Garland:

Indeed, after the match, once everything slowed down and I had the time and space to let everything settle in, it hit me like a ton of bricks. To put it bluntly, I'm not sure anymore. I'm having serious doubts about marrying Siobhan.

The fans in attendance begin to rage.

DDK:

You have GOT to be kidding.

Lance:

He's done this before, with other things.

Malak Garland:

I was doing some thinking and like, marriage is for **life**. It's such a conformist construct and I don't know if I fit into that

mold. It's a sacred event and maybe I shouldn't go through with it even though I've literally sunk years of work into the relationship. So much to ponder about. So much to unpack. As you can tell, my mind has been racing.

DDK:

Oh, he should definitely see it through because it's cost him so many years of his life.

Lance:

Really?

DDK:

Sarcasm.

Lance:

Right, right.

Malak continues his speech despite ignoring how unsupportive the crowd is.

Malak Garland:

I'm overly concerned the Cassidy family won't take me in as one of their own, so I thought, what better idea is there than to march out here, to a completely docile, accepting, and loving crowd such as yourselves, to see if there are any marriage counseling experts attending tonight's event?

His glazed look reaches out to the stands.

DDK:

Lance, he's right about one thing. He should be VERY concerned about the Cassidy family not accepting him. Especially from a certain "big brother"!

Malak Garland:

I desperately need my chakras aligned as the SUMMER OF SNOW cannot be derailed. I should marry Shiv, right? Gosh, I could really use some solid direction right about now because I'm getting cold feet and no one likes that. In fact, I'm pretty sure wives hate feeling cold feet in bed and I wouldn't want Shivvy to experience that at all.

Garland walks around the ring aimlessly, like a puppy that's lost his way.

Malak Garland:

So is there anyone out there that might be a marriage counselor? I know that's a pretty big ask but I figure business would be good in Indianapolis because the weather can get depressing here for most of the year so there's not much else to do but work through unhappy relationships. Anyone?

He looks around. People are more interested in shouting obscenities at him than helping him.

Malak Garland:

I need a marriage expert. Someone. Anyone. Hear me out. Take my problems to heart. Make me a priority. I need a cookie cutter answer provided to me. If only I were a marriage master and not a keyboard one. Won't someone hear my cries? Won't someone love this for me?

♪ "I Don't Want to Miss a Thing" by Aerosmith ♪

DDK:

Hold on just a second, I remember this theme!

Perhaps some of The Faithful recognize it, too. Many of them are on their feet and pink little hearts flutter around the DEFIATRON. Needless to say, they aren't exact *pink* hearts, they are branded by a specific hex code.

#F87FBB.

Copyrighted, as well.

PRETTY PINK©.

For those in attendance who aren't familiar, they do become *somewhat* aware when a tiny little girl in a PRETTY PINK© dress walks out, smiling from ear-to-ear.

Former BRAZEN talent, albeit for a short period of time, the hardcore's still remember. And now she is a world renowned "manager" and wonderful, incredible spouse.

Specifically, she is the manager of the most recent PRIME Universal Champion...

She is Vickie Hall.

Malak Garland's eyes go wide in the center of the ring while Vickie skips a carefree wander down the ramp. She arrives at the front of the apron. Usually, this is where her husband, or rather branded her Amazing Life Partner (ALP), would help her onto the apron and hold the ropes open for her. However, he is nowhere to be found.

DDK:

We've seen Vickie Hall pop her face in and out of here after leaving DEFIANCE before. Do you remember her and Jonathan-Christopher were a part of a FIST-SOHER battle royal about a year and a half ago?

Lance:

November, 2022 if I'm not mistaken. It's been a while. I hear A LOT has happened with Vickie and Jonathan-Christopher since then. I don't watch much PRIME, I've been so busy, but Jonathan-Christopher did win their world title and lost it only a few weeks ago. His "marriage" with Vickie is NOTHING like she projects it to be. I believe poor Jonathan-Christopher is heavily manipulated by-

DDK:

I'd be careful with your statements, partner. Vickie has a tendency of finding out **everything** and we're live on the air!

As Lance Warner makes a mental note, Vickie enters the ring by herself. It took A LOT more energy than she wanted because, of course, she had to enter the ring herself. She asks for a microphone as her theme song dies down.

Boos reign in, as Vickie acknowledges the crowd.

Vickie Hall:

While I know you boo because I represent that narcissist Lindsay Troy's "organization" that she most blatantly bought from others since she doesn't have an original idea in the world...

DDK:

It goes both ways, Lance. I'm sure those comments will eventually get around to Vickie's BOSS, too...

Vickie marches up to Malak Garland, stands up on her tippy toes and pats him on the shoulder.

Vickie Hall:

Marriage can be hard work, champ. You need to stay positive, supportive and loving, even through the worst of times. Even if your partner lets you down time and time again, you have to be the strength, the backbone, the one leading the charge. Help him grow, or, in this case, help *her* grow. It's a selfless act and sometimes, if your partner shows those narcissistic trends, you have to educate them to be a better person.

Malak nods along while the crowd groans. Announcers, too.

DDK:

Oh, who is she kidding?

Lance:

Careful Keebs, like you told me. Careful.

The Keyboard King seems enthralled with the appearance of Vickie Hall and the solicited advice she's openly sharing.

Malak Garland:

I see, I see. Wow okay, quite interesting. Delectable, even. I have to be the strong one. I can educate my Shivvy on puddles of things even though she fails so much, too!!! I should be jotting down these notes but instead, I'll just go to the production truck after this and get a copy of the segment. What else do you have for me?

Garland leans in with half genuine concern and half general stupidity.

Vickie Hall:

I've watched you, Malak. After all, my Little Girl Dream is to become the most successful wrestling manager ever! My father, Reed Young, the man who ran Action! Wrestling years ago was a very successful wrestling promoter. Dare I say, THE best! I, on the other hand, want to be the key to unlock the most wonderful wrestling talent of all! You may have recently noticed, Malak, my Amazing Life Partner was the Universal Champion in PRIME. Because of my leadership, guidance and ultimate 'TIL DEATH DUE US PART support, he defeated the biggest narcissist, Jared Sykes and then he went on to crush Brandon Youngblood, perhaps the Grand Daddy Narcissist of Narcissists!

Vickie sticks her little right index finger into Malak's chest.

Vickie Hall:

You're a sailor, Malak. Gosh golly, you have so many wonderful qualities. When these people boo, it's because they are jealous and want **your** success. When Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd come after you, they're jealous of **your** spot. Brock couldn't keep your soon to be Amazing Life Partner happy, so she left. Pat Cassidy has anger issues, he's a borderline narcissist as well. Always looking out for himself, never extending the olive branch.

Malak nods idiotically.

DDK:

I think she could talk forever.

Lance:

I think they BOTH could.

However, mercy has been granted. It looks like Vickie is wrapping up.

Vickie Hall:

Malak Jonas Garland, you are the true leader of DEFIANCE and will be the most Amazing Life Partner an Amazing Life Partner can have!

The Faithful want to vomit. The announce team may have already.

Malak Garland:

Gosh, is my face red! You got me blushing all kinds of ways, Vickie. I don't know where to begin! Lots to unpack here. First off, it sounds like your father is a super swell man and if I ever had the pleasure to work under a promotion he owned, then I know for a fact I'd actually be happy in life. Now, none of the names you dropped in regards to who your hubby defeated to become Universal Champion don't quite grip with me but it's okay, winning a championship belt is always special, even if it's from a minor league federation.

DDK:

Leave it to Malak to find a backhanded way to get his shots in, regardless if the other person is helping him or not!

Malak Garland:

You're right though, I am a sailor. I'm Sailor Moon. I'm the star of the show! I would crush Brock and Pat so easily and my Amazing Life Partner would recognize how I'm the best amazing life partner in existence!

Garland pauses. He feels the warm and fuzzies in his tum tum. That makes him smile.

Malak Garland:

Wow okay, Vickie. You did a number on my chakras. I don't know how you did it but you've given me the tools in my toolbox I need in order to go through with my marriage!

Vickie smiles.

Malak Garland:

However.

Lance:

What now?

Malak Garland:

I need more. Impart all your wisdom on me. I demand it. Do it now. RIGHT NOW!!!

Malak slowly gets more and more aggressive with his words and actions, inching closer to Vickie.

But the PRETTY PINK© girl holds up her hand.

Vickie Hall:

I am willing to dispel ALL of my advice to you, Malak. On one condition...

She points to the back.

Vickie Hall:

My ALP is backstage at this very moment and I would like him to get a FIST of DEFIANCE title shot AT THIS VERY MOMENT.

The crowd is stunned, Malak's jaw drops to the floor but Vickie immediately reaches out and snatches Garland by the wrist.

Vickie Hall:

If you do this, win or lose, I will be in your corner for marriage advice whenever you need it. You have my word.

She bats her tiny little eyes as her overly bushy eyebrows bounce up and down.

Vickie Hall:

I would never lie to you.

As Garland thinks about this proposal, Vickie lets go of his wrist and motions to the back.

Vickie Hall:

My man is crestfallen from losing one world title so he has to have another to fill his need... his role... and PROVE HIS LOVE TO WONDERFUL LIL' OLD MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

The crowd may not have someone to specifically cheer for in this potential match, but the idea of seeing an impromptu FIST contest, has led them to shout for Malak to accept.

Malak Garland:

So all I have to do is put my belt on the line against your Amazing Life Partner, right here, right now and I'm guaranteed to get ALL of your extensive marriage knowledge!? I don't even need to think about this! BLIND YES FROM ME!

DDK:

Whoa! Malak accepts! I was not expecting that!

Lance:

It could have gone either way with a guy like Malak. Usually, he shies away from challenges, demanding they happen on his terms. HOWEVER, it's clear he's so emotionally distraught right now that he just blindly and ignorantly said yes to what he thinks is a quick fix! I don't think he's fully realized what he's accepted!

Garland nods his head emphatically, much to the delight of Vickie Hall. The champ gently tosses his belt to the side and waves to the ramp.

Malak Garland:

MARK SHIELDS! I NEED SUMMON THEE!

Mark comes RUSHING down to the ring.

Vickie Hall:

You won't regret this!

The wife among wives exits the ring as everyone awaits the arrival of the challenger with high anticipation!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



FIST of DEFIANCE: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. JONATHAN-CHRISTOPHER HALL

Jonathan-Christopher Hall emerges from behind the FIST logo and down the rampway. He sports dark black boxer shorts and his [typically boyish, harmless demeanor](#) seems more darker and, perhaps even... emo. His hair is slicked back, he has dark bags under his eyes, and as he approaches Vickie, he doesn't even make eye contact with her. In fact, he moves further away from the adorable little flower, suggesting something is fundamentally very wrong. But unless you're a PRIMATE on top of being a Faithful, you might not really know, or care, or whatever.

Needless to say, THIS match falls under the DEFIANCE umbrella so The Faithful will care one way or another!

Jonathan-Christopher slides into the ring and with Mark Shields ready, he calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Wow! We have the FIST on the line right this second!

Garland peels off his shirt but the moment he does, Hall is there to pounce. JCH races in and clobbers Garland with a clothesline. With the FIST on the canvas, Jonathan-Christopher applies a plethora of boots to a chorus of boos!

DDK:

I don't think we have a fan favorite in this contest, Lance.

But as Jonathan-Christopher drags Malak off the mat and whips him into the ropes, Vickie hops onto the apron all by herself and starts clapping for her man.

More boos.

Jonathan-Christopher takes one look at her, snarls and moves away. The Faithful give a cheer!

Hall throws himself towards Garland, who's caught on the ring ropes. Jonathan-Christopher clotheslines the champion up and over, out of the ring, and then JCH also slingshots himself up and over with a well placed crossbody!

Both men crash to the floor but Jonathan-Christopher is there to pluck Malak off the mat and roll him back to the squared circle. There, Vickie Hall announces herself from around the corner, clapping profusely for her man. She gets right in close and places a hand on her ALP's shoulder-

Jonathan-Christopher raises his arm and knocks Vickie's hand off! The crowd cheers and Vickie's face is seemingly "what the LIVING FUCK?" but before she can do anything else, JCH is on the apron and shoots himself over the top rope, landing on Malak with a corkscrew splash!

DDK:

Jonathan-Christopher Hall has come A LONG way since being BRAZEN talent!

Lance:

You're telling me! I think he's come a long way in the span of the last few months! World Championship to his name. In PRIME - that's no small task! They have excellent talent there!

Hall is in complete control and paying no attention to Vickie. As The Faithful pick up on this, the crowd cheers for him more and more. JC hurls Garland into a corner and follows in himself with a big splash and then a number of forearm shots to Garland's gut.

DDK:

The FIST of DEFIANCE is in trouble!

Lance:

Could you imagine if Malak LOST this match!?

Warner's comments might become a reality because Hall locks Garland's head under his arms and runs out from the corner, landing a perfect bulldog.

Garland hasn't moved.

Hall flips the champ around and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

There's life in the FLAKE of DEFIANCE but he's clearly losing steam. Desperation is prominent in Jonathan-Christopher's eyes as he raises Garland to a vertical base and locks him into a falcon arrow suplex...

SLAM!

Hall holds on.

Twisting, 180 rotation suplex follows!

The crowd gives an AWE as Jonathan-Christopher shows he has more moves in his arsenal than typically displayed. He roars into the ropes, waiting for Garland to rise-

When Vickie is back on the apron and drapes her right arm around Hall, leaning on his back as she blushes.

Vickie Hall

I LOVE YOU!

This temporarily stalls Jonathan-Christopher. He does eventually explode out of the corner, not acknowledging his Amazing Life Partner whatsoever-

But it was enough time for Malak Garland to regain his composure. Garland delivers a HARD roaring elbow into Jonathan-Christopher's face!

JCH goes down like he's shot. Vickie's eyes burst open as she stands on the apron.

The FLAKE hooks Hall's leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

This match continues!

The fast and furious action keeps going, as Garland, who's on wobbly legs, is the first to his feet. He leans down and pulls Hall up with him, connecting with a swinging DDT. The Keyboard King keeps the momentum going. He's off the ropes, avoiding Vickie Hall's poorly executed leg trip and then leaps in the air with a leg drop across Jonathan-

Christopher's neck.

Another cover.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Garland can't believe it. Neither can Mark Shields who's all "shit bro, WHOA". The FLAKE dusts himself off, tosses Jonathan-Christopher into the ropes...

But Hall ducks a clothesline and hits the next set of ropes.

FLYING BACK ELBOW, Hall to Garland!

DDK:

I believe Jonathan-Christopher calls this move Chasing Vickie!

The fans cheer as Jonathan-Christopher shoots to his feet. His hands rock around like a madman and Vickie Hall decides to enter the ring, "showcasing" her Amazing Life Partner.

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

The Faithful are pissing all over it!

Vickie's face grows a confused complexion as she marches towards the ropes, about to exit the ring when the fans give a cheer.

Then she points to herself, and the crowd boos.

She points to Jonathan-Christopher. Cheers.

Herself. Boos.

JCH, cheers.

Her, boos.

Back and forth, back and forth she goes, but it looks like she just doesn't get what's going on. During this nonsense, Jonathan-Christopher is trying to keep his distance from her. Garland, on the other hand, gets on his feet. He races over towards Hall when JCH pushes Garland away-

SLAM!

And Malak Jonas Garland flies RIGHT into Vickie's back, knocking her through the ropes, onto the apron and ultimately to the floor below!

MASSIVE CHEERS!!!

Jonathan-Christopher's eyes shoot up with a mix of fear, concern and potentially, happiness? all at the same time. But make no mistake, he knows what's on the line. He sprints over, snatches Garland from the ropes and twists him around...

Could it be time for the inverted double underhook facebuster (killswitch/unprettier)?

Jonathan-Christopher Hall looks into the rafters. It seems like he says a prayer.

He goes for it.

WHAM!

IT CONNECTS!

Lance:

OH MY GOD, no one has ever kicked out of this before!

DDK:

WE HAVE A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE!?

Hall rolls Garland over. He lays on top of him.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE?

WHERE'S THREE!?

DDK:

What the heck!?

For as useless as Mark Shields typically is, he sees it! He sees Malak Garland's foot is slightly under the ropes, therefore, the pinfall cannot be counted any further! Shields shouts it off like the referee shouting off the end of the Dodgeball match between Peter La Fleur and White Goodman.

DDK:

Jonathan-Christopher Hall should be our new FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

I don't particularly agree with you, partner. Having your foot out of the ring stops the count. Yes, no one kicked out of Jonathan-Christopher's Stand By Me finisher, but the show will go on!

Hall is furious! He starts pulling at his hair. How could he be so careless? He connected with his finisher but it was right beside the ropes!

Lance:

Jonathan-Christopher was desperate and desperation caught him in the end. He connected with the move but he wasn't able to get Garland into a good pinning position.

Jonathan-Christopher drags Malak to the center of the ring. He knows a second cover won't get the match done but he also realizes Garland isn't getting up, yet.

Hall points to the top rope and heads up there.

DDK:

I have been radioed some of JCH's key maneuvers. I believe he's looking for a frog splash, or, as he calls it, The Space Between!

Keebler is right, it's exactly what Hall is aiming for.

JCH leaps.

FLIES THROUGH THE AIR.

Opens his arms up and then closes them.

Crashing onto the FLAKE.

OOF!

Garland leaps in the air at the last possible second and connects with a double knee shot to Jonathan-Christopher's gut! The crowd groans as Garland rolls around on the mat, holding his knees.

Lance:

The move was hit, Darren. But I don't know if we'll be seeing I Triggered anytime soon.

The FLAKE of DEFIANCE is seething. He wants that marriage support! He smacks the side of his head and readjusts his cargo pants. Not in his typical ring gear may be a problem, his chakras aren't aligning right now. But be that as it may, he's the guy on top of this promotion!

Garland measures Hall. He races for him-

WHAM!

Diving forearm to the face!

Garland lifts Hall into position and lands an exploder suplex!

Malak pulls Jonathan-Christopher onto his knees. The champion snaps his arms forward and whacks JCH across the shoulder blades.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON GET.

Garland drags Hall onto his feet and then hits the ropes.

HEAD STOMP.

DDK:

Malak Garland with Conor Fuse's finishing move on Jonathan-Christopher Hall! We've got a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Everyone is shocked! Even Vickie Hall, fully recovered on the outside, leaning against the apron... her jaw is on the floor!

DDK:

Jonathan-Christopher Hall is here to play! He kicked out of the Head Stomp!

Drool rolls out of Garland's mouth as he looks down at Jonathan-Christopher. Garland smacks JCH in the shoulders again.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON GET.

The Snowflake Superstar hoists Jonathan-Christopher in the air, for an attempted powerbomb but drops the former Universal Champion on the back of his head, with a pinning combination.

Lance:

Is that... PRIME Wrestling Brandon Youngblood's The Dream Killer!?

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

MOAR shock rolls through the arena! Malak Garland can't believe it! Mark Shields is jumping around the ring losing his mind (while showing an incredible array of unprofessionalism) and also Vickie Hall's jaw is still on the floor! She hasn't moved! She hasn't even been annoying for the last two minutes!

Garland stands, looking down at the fallen former champion. He glances over to Vickie, he shakes with mere anxiety.

Malak Garland:

Need. My. Marriage. Guidance.

Garland looks absolutely fixated, it's a side of him The Faithful haven't seen before. He peels JCH from the canvas and, once again, smacks JCH in the shoulders.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON GET!

Lindsay Troy's package piledriver, Thy Kingdom Come.

No pin. Instead, Malak smacks JC in the shoulders once more.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON GET.

The FLAKE throws Hall into the air, upright, and unloads a superkick. Or, in other words, Cancer Jiles' Terminal Cancer.

Malak isn't done.

Smack of Hall's shoulders.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get.

Brock Newbludd's Wisconsin Death Trip.

DDK:

This trolling knows no bounds!

Lance:

I guess Malak REALLY wants his marriage to succeed!

With JCH absolutely DOA, Garland throws an empty shell of a man against the corner of the ring. He marches over and depressingly tired, he taps Hall on the shoulders.

Malak Garland:

Weapon. Get.

Bionic forearm shot to the face.

AKA Pat Cassidy's Last Call.

Hall falls flat on the mat.

DDK:

It has to be academic now, doesn't it?

Garland wobbles over and falls on top of Hall, absolutely spent while Mark Shields makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The crowd boos as Garland's theme music plays.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... AND STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE... MALAK GARLAND!

Shields hands an exhausted Malak his championship snowflake title, as Garland rolls over to the side of the ring where Vickie stands. Vickie nods her head, like a deal is a deal and congratulates the champion before he walks up the rampway. Meanwhile, as Jonathan-Christopher comes to, Vickie starts scolding him from the apron. However, Hall is glossy eyed and nearly passed out. He's helped to the back by Benny Doyle and Brian Slater, since Mark Shields is too useless to do anything.

DDK:

That was a super fast, flash contest. But Malak Garland wins in the end. Might we see more of Vickie in the future?

Keebler answers his own question as DEFtv fades to commercial.

DDK:

God, I hope not.



COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

FAMILIA MEETING

♪ *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* ♪

Without warning, the theme of Titanes Familia starts to play, garnering jeers all throughout the building.

DDK:

Listen to this crowd. You could feel the mood change the second that music hit.

A single gold spotlight shines on stage, revealing the... well, no better way to put this... than the titanic form of the Titanes Familia patriarch. Wearing round gold-tinted sunglasses, a dark blue button-up shirt, black pants and what has become his signature red ojo bracelet, he remains stone-faced on the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome to the ring... **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Lance:

That loss to Scott Douglas and The Hollywood Bruvs REALLY affected Uriel. For weeks, Titanes Familia mostly had the number of The Bruvs through sheer numbers, but when Scott Douglas evened the odds, it was a whole new ball game which led to their victory at Maximum DEFIANCE.

DDK:

It's true. Scott Douglas made his choice despite Uriel trying to talk him out of siding with possibly his biggest rival - the same man who retired him - but they worked together to survive the Familia and put those differences behind them. At the PressCon last week, Douglas showed he was not afraid of the repercussions that may come from helping The Hollywood Bruvs!

Uriel pulls himself up onto the apron and then steps over the ropes. He now stands in the ring with a microphone in hand as the music cuts.

Uriel Cortez:

Honey... I'm home.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

He turns to the entrance ramp.

Uriel Cortez:

This Familia Meeting has been called to order... and I am starting this Meeting TELLING Scott Douglas to get his grungy ass out to this ring... NOW.

Papa Tez barely allows any time to pass at all.

Uriel Cortez:

I goddamn mean it, Scott. You want to come back after three years and stick your nose in everyone's business. I'm giving you a chance to come back and keep doing it with an open mic in your hand so you can explain yourself.

Again, barely any time passes before the Titan gets more agitated.

Uriel Cortez:

Come on, Scott! You told everyone at the PressCon that I knew where to find you, but I'm calling you out and I don't see your ass anywhere. I'm giving you the chance to settle this... just you and me. No T, no Killer. We're gonna settle this like MEN, Scott, you and I.

No response.

Uriel Cortez:

I'll stand out in this ring for two hours if I have to...

♪ "Smiling And Dyin' " by Green River ♪

RRRRAAAAAAHHHHH!

Uriel lowers his mic as The Faithful EXPLODE! The Man of the House stews angrily as "Sub Pop" himself heads out from the back with no fear in his eyes of what lays before him.

DDK:

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE! SCOTT DOUGLAS IS HERE!

Lance:

That he is! Scott Douglas was instrumental in helping The Hollywood Bruvs overcome these monsters and we know that hasn't sat well with Uriel at all, judging by social media.

Dressed in street clothes, the man of the hour heads down to the ring and retrieves a microphone. Uriel backs up as far as he possibly can for the former SOHER to enter the ring. Once he enters, the music cuts.

Scott Douglas:

Uriel ... you can call me out all you want. But the truth is, I've been in this business long enough to know when someone is trying to deflect. You're not mad because I helped the Bruvs.

Uriel cocks his head slightly, giving Douglas a questioning look. Douglas steps closer to Cortez.

Scott Douglas:

You're mad because I stepped in, did the *right* thing **AND** cost you a win ...

Sneering in the direction of the returning DEFIANCE legend, Uriel pulls at his ojo bracelet lightly before he speaks.

Uriel Cortez:

I'll hand it to you... you have a LOT of balls to do what you did, walk into this ring and stare up at me. But that's been your career MO, right, Scott? Overcoming the odds? Not backing down from fights? Helping solve other people's problems? That's about right?

Scott Douglas:

Something like that.

A very light, sarcastic laugh from Uriel.

Uriel Cortez:

Something like that, he says... This motherf...

Uriel stops. He ain't laughing any more.

Uriel Cortez:

That business with The Hollywood Bruvs... that was FAMILIA Business, Scott. That had JACK SHIT to do with you and in fact, Mikey and Kendrix STARTED that. They called out this roster and dared someone to step to them saying they couldn't be knocked out of their spot, then we came along and proved them wrong immediately. My boy, Killjoy, beat Kendrix. We took over their studio. They got their punk cards pulled repeatedly until YOU had to get involved.

He pauses.

Uriel Cortez:

I could have just bulldozed your ass and sent you home back to your girl for another three years for sticking your nose where it didn't belong, but I didn't, Scott. I gave you every opportunity and I mean EVERY DAMN opportunity to just walk away. I did those things because I'm a good father and a good man. You were gone a long time but your impact is still felt today on this roster. You had a run with the Southern Heritage Title that's still talked about. You main evented a lot of shows. I owed this company that much to give you a chance to save yourself. But... for some stupid reason, you had to align yourself with the very man that SCREWED you out of three years. You let bygones be bygones and you helped Mikey cause you thought you owed you one... you didn't owe him shit... and yet you decided to take up another hobby in your time off...

He growls.

Uriel Cortez:

...Taking food from another family's mouth.

DDK:

Oh, boy, THIS again?

The Faithful are jeering LOUD as Uriel continues.

Uriel Cortez:

A victory over Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely would have MADE us... we had them dead to rights. They knew it. The Faithful knew it. You know it. You were literally GIFTED a second chance that a lot of other wrestlers never got and would have killed for... but you saw fit to undo your belt, unzip your pants, and piss all over that. So from one man to another, the question I have for you, Scott is... was it worth it?

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son steps back as he feigns a laugh, clearly finding Uriel's question comically ridiculous.

Scott Douglas:

Was it worth it? ...

Scott cocks his head to the side.

Scott Douglas:

You're the Man of the House ... right? Some kind of noble patriarch, I take it. So, if you don't have a firm grasp on the subject ... let me tell you something about worth.

Scott takes a beat.

Scott Douglas:

Worth isn't about bullying your way to the top. No. Worth isn't about playing the numbers game and taking cheap shots... or stacking the deck in your favor and calling *that* strength ...

Scott points toward the Man of the House to emphasize his point.

Scott Douglas:

Worth is about heart!

The Faithful react favorably with Douglas', on brand, good guy material.

Scott Douglas:

It's about fighting for what you believe in, fighting for what is right and fair ... *even when* the odds are against you *or* it aligns you with the man that took your career three years ago. You could've bulldozed me? Than *WHY DIDN'T YOU*. Hell, what stopping you RIGHT NOW!?

Scott holds his arms out wide, motioning for Uriel to make a move.

Scott Douglas:

Let me tell you something, Uriel – you don't scare me. You never did. You say I pissed all over a second chance? No, I embraced it. I came back to show that no matter how long you're gone, no matter how many times you get knocked down, you can always come back and stand tall. And that's exactly what I did. I stood up to you, to your Familia, and to anyone else who thinks they can bully their way through DEFIANCE!

The Faithful pop once more.

Scott Douglas:

You think you could've made it by beating Mikey and Kendrix? Maybe. It would have certainly have been a feather in your cap; those two are legends ...

Pause for effect.

Scott Douglas:

But you didn't... and you know why? You tried to shortcut it. You tried ... *and failed* to take the path of least resistance... Well, you met resistance and I AM THAT RESISTANCE!

Uriel raises his cockles at Douglas' assertion but keeps his composure.

Scott Douglas:

So was it worth it? You bet your ass it was. And if I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't change a damn thing. Because at the end of the day, Uriel, it's not about Familia. It's about integrity and honor...

Scott takes a beat.

Scott Douglas:

...Two things you clearly know nothing about.

Fuming at Scott's response, Uriel looks ready to crush the microphone in his bare hands. The former SOHER gets ready to leave but not before the seering eye contact between the two begins to border on the uncomfortable. The tension is thick and palpable.

DDK:

I think Scott's said all he's going to tonight.

Scott drops his microphone and has had enough of Cortez and his complaining. Cortez turns his back on Scott and starts clutching the ropes as tightly as he can. Scott starts to leave the ring but on the ring apron, but before he gets too far...

Uriel Cortez:

Scott...

Cortez slowly takes off his gold-tinted sunglasses. He hangs them off his collar.

Uriel Cortez:

When I mentioned your girl earlier... I forgot to ask. How IS Iris, anyway?

Scott stops in his tracks at the mention of someone close to him. A hush washes over the arena.

Lance:

What.... what did he just say?

Douglas snaps his back in Uriel's direction across the ring. Cortez hasn't turned to face him, but now has a smile slowly starting to form.

Uriel Cortez:

You should go stop by medical to see her... like I did earlier.

The reaction is LOUD and negative now as Scott quickly departs the ring. He doesn't stop to look back at Uriel and takes off up the ramp.

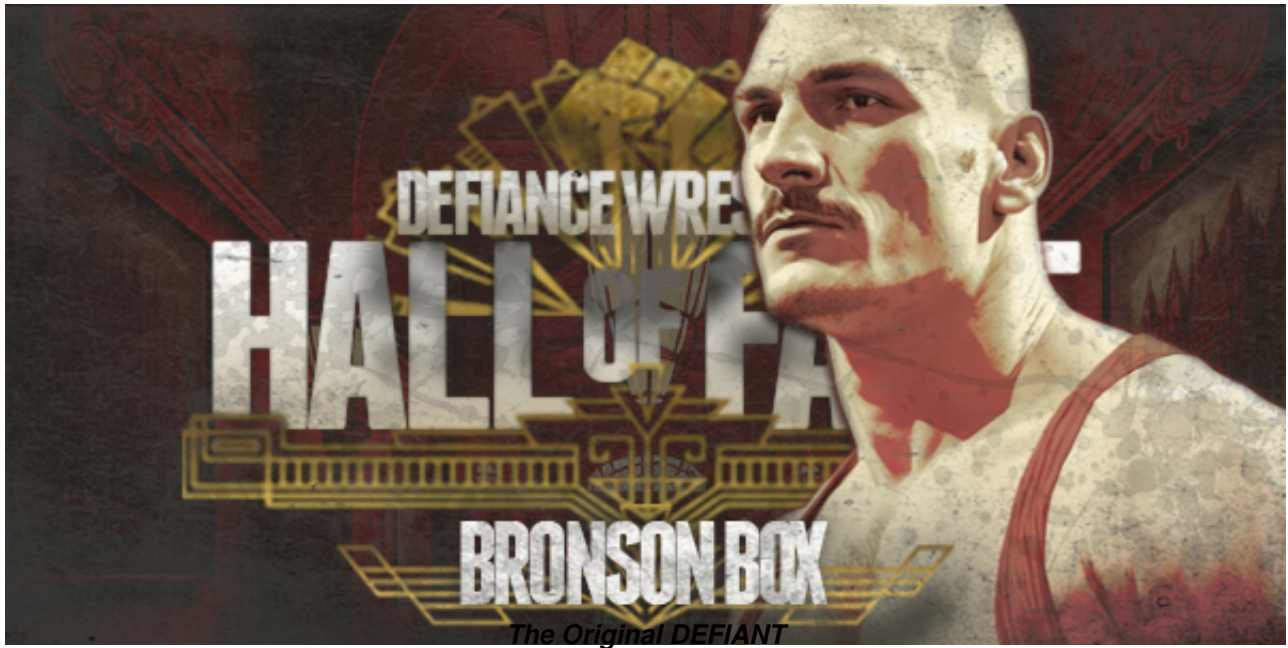
DDK:

I know... Folks, I believe he's referring to Iris Davine. That's DEFIANCE's head of our medical team. She and Scott Douglas... they've been rumored to be an item back when Scott was active a few years ago... there must be some truth there...

Lance:

Oh, God... what did he do? What did he do?!

Loud booing fills the arena as Uriel steps over the ropes and calmly leaves the ring with a smile on his face. Abruptly, the commercial goes to break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

MAN DOWN

Back from commercial break. The camera is now fixated on “Sub Pop” Scott Douglas heading back to DEFIANCE’s trainer’s room at a blistering pace.

DDK: [V/O]

Ladies and gentlemen... if you just joined us, Scott Douglas confronted the giant Uriel Cortez in the ring. Douglas had just told off Cortez and was about to leave...

Lance: [V/O]

He insinuated that he did something to our head of medical personnel, Iris Davine.

Finally, Douglas reaches the office and kicks the door open...

Inside is Iris Davine, jumping, but appearing otherwise unharmed!

Iris Davine:

What the hell?

Scott Douglas:

... you ok?

Iris Davine:

What? Yeah I’m -

Scott Douglas:

... are you alright?

Iris Davine:

Scott! Yes, I’m completely fine.

Scott Douglas:

Was Cortez here? Or one of those other two?

Iris Davine:

What are you talking about?

Realizing that Uriel Cortez was full of it, Douglas throws a clipboard across the office out of frustration! He starts to take his leave...

ONLY TO CATCH A BIG BOOT FROM KILLJOY!

The Good Son of Titanes Familia steps into the office as Titaness follows through. Iris Davine jumps back as the camera catches the attack. Mrs. Cortez stares down Davine as Killjoy continues his attack.

Titaness:

Try and help him and you’re gonna join him.

Killjoy grabs Douglas...

CRASH!

...and DRIVES him down across the top of a production crate! Iris Davine stares on in horror as she’s forced to watch the monster almost break Douglas in half! Mrs. Cortez cackles giddily!

Titaness:

Oh, damn! Good one, Killer!

The Future of the Familia stands stoically over the fallen Douglas. Titaness points to Iris, who stares her down silently.

Titaness:

You better go do doctor things, Iris. It's not looking good.

She stares down Titaness, then rushes over to help Scott. Finally, DEFSec gets involved to break things up! Killjoy starts to move forward, but Titaness gets a hand on the monster's chest to stop him and then leave, knowing their job is done. Iris' assistant, Wesley Miller, marches up and sees the pair leaving before rushing to Scott's aid. With that, we cut to commercial.

BRODIE HELLYEAH vs. ???

DDK:

Well ladies and gentlemen, next up we have...

The broadcast goes to the ring, where we find Chris Chickentenders and Brodie Hellyeah standing at the ready in the squared circle.

Chris Chickentenders:

So dude, Brodie, since we've been hanging out here in Indy and you've been by our wrestling school and stuff, I've been meaning to ask you, like, how do you feel about joining the Rezistance?

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell yeah!

Chris Chickentenders:

Cool, cause like there's lots of perks and cool shit that comes with being a member, and also, we can totally keep this Helltenders thing going, which is like, crazy over for some reason, so it's like a real win-win, if you think about it.

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell yeah!

DDK:

Ugh... as I was saying, we have a "match" coming up next.

Lance:

Details on this one were a little scant. I'm told it was something thrown together quite last minute.

While our two dear idiots have their dialogue, our trusty ring announcer Darren Quimbey begins announcing the upcoming contest.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing the first competitor...

BROOOODIIIIIIIEEEEE HELLYEEEEAAHHH!!

"HELL YEAH!!"

Chris Chickentenders:

Dude, see what I mean? And yeah, I know like we already got those magic guys as a tag team, but I'm thinking we can, like, set our own brand, or whatever, as just a couple of cool, laid back guys that high five and say "hell yeah" a whole lot.

Brodie Hellyeah:

Dude... DUDE... hell yeah.

Unfamiliar music hits...

♪ "Blouses Blue by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the oppo...nent...

Quimbey trails off, as if left with his mouth hanging slack-jawed when he sees who steps through the curtain. A din picks up within the audience as others likewise recognize the figure, now moving down the aisle at a brisk clip.

DDK:

Cat's got Darren's tongue, or is he just... wait... WAIT A SECOND... is THAT who I think it is?!

Lance:

It's... IT'S...

Meanwhile, in the ring...

Chris Chickentenders:

But yeah like anyway maybe after we take care of business tonight we cruise downtown and play our hand at picking up some chicks?

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell yeah!

Chris Chickentenders:

Or maybe we could like check out that Deadpool and Wolverine movie, which I've already seen like three times, but it's so BADASS I could watch it like at least seven more times?

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell yeah!

Chris Chickentenders:

Or--DUDE!--better idea! We can pick up chicks, and see if they want to check out Deadpool and Wolverine with us! That's like the best of both Wayne's Worlds, or something!

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell YAAA!!

Brodie Hellyeah suddenly yelps in terror as he suddenly finds himself being lifted off his feet. The ref sees action happening and cues for the bell.

DING DING

Chris Chickentenders:

Um... dude--?!

The toes of Brodie's boots inexplicably catch the young Chickentenders under the jaw as the former is unceremoniously flung backwards by his opponent and driven down on the back of his head and neck. Chris sprawls wildly and tumbles through the ropes and out of the ring.

DDK:

BACKDROP DRIVER takes out Brodie Hellyeah AND Chris Chickentenders in one fell swoop!

Lance:

From out of nowhere! LITERALLY! I didn't think we'd live to see the return of--

DDK:

He's got Brodie BACK UP!!

Brodie Hellyeah:

DUDE!! HELL NO!!

Despite his urgent protests, Mr. Hellyeah finds himself being brought back up off his feet, hoisted upside down, and driven flat on his face with an earth-shattering Dominator!

And he gets picked up again...

Brodie Hellyeah:

Hell...

A SECOND Dominator.

Brodie Hellyeah:

...no...

A *THIRD*.

DDK:

Brodie Hellyeah is getting MANHANDLED by--

Lance:

It's like he's dusting a rug!

Brodie is barely conscious as he's lifted up for a fourth and final time into a fireman's carry position, before being hoisted inverted over the mat and driven down onto his head with the full force of an Emerald Flowsion.

He's left laying on his back. His chest his covered. His leg is hooked.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

The victor rises up to his feet, back still to the camera. Given the chaos and confusion happening in the ring, it's only now when the viewing audience at home gets a clear look of the man in green and black tights with a prominent dragon tattoo on his back.

DDK:

Someone check on Tim Tillinghast!

Meanwhile, Quimbey finally remembers his mic duties...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the match, by pinfall...

The winner looks over his shoulder. His ice cold glare finds the camera.

Darren Quimbey:

KERRY KUROYAMA!!!!

The moment his name is announced, the spell breaks, and the arena EXPLODES. Cheers and jeers from all corners. Yet the Pacific Blitzkrieg doesn't overstay his welcome; he allows his arm to be raised and exits the ring almost as quickly as he came. The ref, meanwhile, goes to check on Brodie.

DDK:

Lance... I can't believe what we just saw! Kerry Kuroyama has returned to DEFIANCE out of the blue!

Lance:

But how? And why? I was under the impression Kerry left to pursue greener pastures.

DDK:

It remains to be seen what prompted this sudden surprise, but given the way Kuroyama absolutely DOMINATED this match, I have a sneaking suspicion that things within DEFIANCE are about to be shaken up!

Lance:

Can't disagree with you on that, Keebs. This has to be what Oscar Burns was referring to early.

DDK:

...um, you mean?

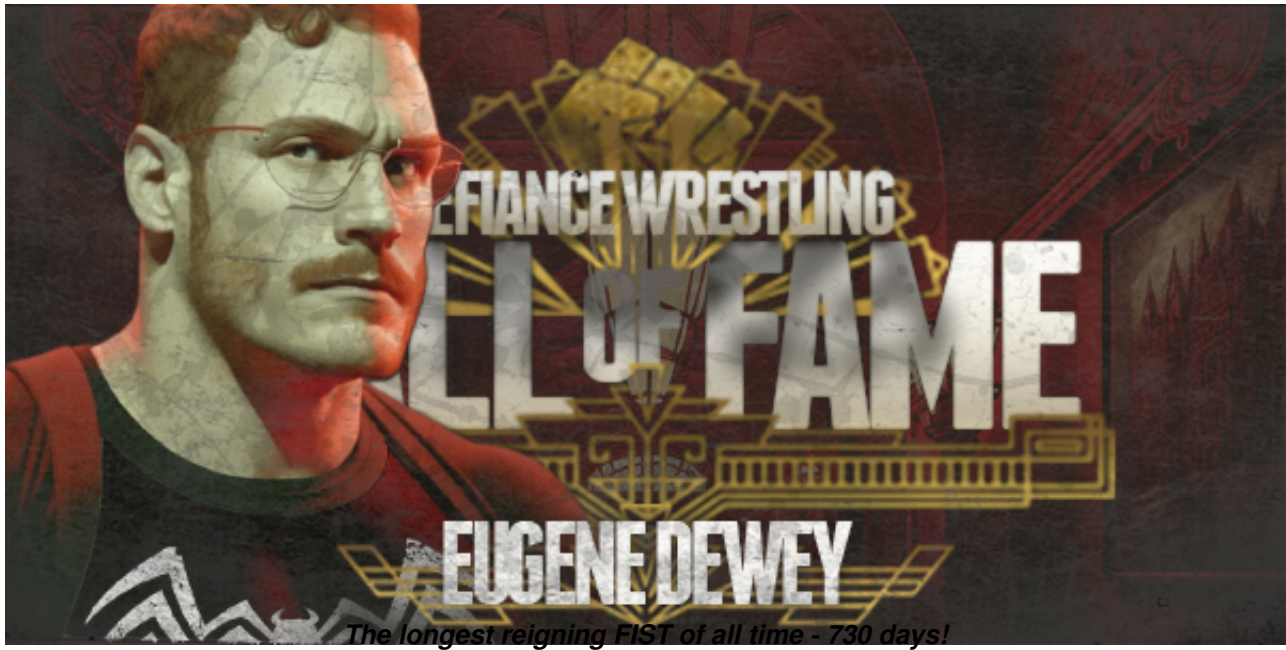
Lance:

Right, sorry... OSCAR BURNS. Anyway, Kerry Kuroyama is DEFIANT once more. I'm not sure there's much else to say right now, other than... hell yeah?

DDK:

Hell yeah, partner.

We go elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

MEAT ON THE BONE

We're backstage in one of those nondescript hallways most segments on wrestling shows happen in. From stage left enters none other than the two defacto leaders of the Blood Diamonds, Bronson Box and "The Socialite" Edward White. Both men are still dressed to the nines in their trademark, custom suits looking like the true DEF mobsters they are. Already deep in conversation Edward seems to be reassuring his partner of something...

Edward White:

When you look at our little roadmap of all the things we'd like to accomplish around here he'd fit like a glove, Hollis.

Bronson clearly hates when anyone uses his shoot name, even a good friend.

Edward White:

Don't give me that got-damn look. Hell. What with the wasp nest you just whacked earlier, we're gonna' need a little more meat on the bones of this group, as it were.

Bronson Box:

And you think this one is that, do ya' now?

Edward White:

We're about to fight a war on several fronts the next few months, my friend. If not him, then somebody, by God. We need some wins, we need them now and we need them to be decisive. He's a sour bastard, seems to hate everybody. You two should get along like ham and eggs, now come on.

The two DEFIANCE icons stroll a few paces down the hall and stop in front of a dressing room door that reads...

TYLER FUSE

We hear the crowd roar as we silently fade from the nameplate to the next segment.

SOHER: DR. NED REFORM (C) vs. REZIN

The shot goes to the ring, where ring announcer Darren Quimbey stands tall and ready.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following contest is our MAIN EVENT!

♪ "Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores. ♪

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

A thunderous pop from the capacity crowd rocks the Gainbridge Fieldhouse! Through a screen of smoke and strobes, REZIN strides out onto the stage, still sporting his "HELL'S FAVORITE HOOSIER" t-shirt, and earns a resounding pop from the Indianapolis Faithful. He stares daringly into a sea of raised fists, pumping the air while the fans chant along with the song.

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

A maniacal smile crosses the face of the challenger. He comes trodding down the rampway, slapping hands and feeding off the energy of his people.

DDK:

We've arrived at our main event of the evening, ladies and gentlemen, and this may be one for the ages! The newly christened Southern Heritage Champion NED REFORM is putting his title on the line tonight against the unlikely hometown hero, "The Escape Artist" Rezin! He's no doubt feeling that TONIGHT is the night to finally claim the title that's eluded him over the course of these past few years!

Lance:

Something of a gutsy call on Ned's part to agree to this challenge, given Rezin arguably has homefield advantage with this raucous crowd at his back.

DDK:

Indeed. And I still can't help but think there may be something up the Good Doctor's sleeve. But with this reaction, Rezin is no doubt feeling ten feet tall and bulletproof! What a moment awaits this scrapper and unlikely hero of the downtrodden, if he can claim the victory here tonight!

Rezin does a lap around the ring, fulfilling a staggering number of meet and greets with the fans at the barricade. With the loop complete, he scrambles up the apron and perches himself on a turnbuckle, raising two sets of HORNS into the air! Indianapolis loses its shit.

"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!"

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

And here comes the champion: dressed in his usual purple singlet with "Doctor NR" on the front and "Mad Gadfly" in the rear. He wears his black t-shirt with a yellow Honor Society scarf hanging off his shoulders. And of course, wrapped around his torso: the bright pink Southern Heritage Championship. Reform pauses at the top of the ramp, arms out, and he does a complete 360 spin to show off all his championship glory. Slapping his hands on the facebelt of the belt, Reform begins a slow and confident walk toward the ring. As he gets close to the camera, he grins and leans in close.

Ned Reform:

This shouldn't take very long.

DDK:

Interesting that Ned is coming to the ring sans Honor Society.

Lance:

Well, he also did that at Maximum DEFIANCE, but that didn't stop his associates from involving themselves.

Reform is now standing on the apron, leaning against the ring ropes and looking out toward the hard-cam. He unhooks the championship before slowly raising it over his head and soaking in the fan's hatred. Without getting in the ring, he hands the belt off to Benny Doyle before removing his scarf and t-shirt. With his eyes glued on Rezin, he steps through the ropes and into the squared circle.

Benny Doyle steps between the two men and raises the belt high

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, the challenger... from INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Darren Quimbey:

He is the Goat Bastard! He is HELL'S FAVORITE HOOISER... he is REEEEEEEZZZZINNN!

The arena explodes as the electricity from the people seems to course through Rezin's body. Or at least we hope it's electricity.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... the reigning Southern Heritage Champion... hailing from New Haven, Connecticut... NED! REEEFORM!

The Mad Gadfly roughly snatches the mic out of a surprised Quimbey's hand.

Ned Reform:

DOCTOR! That's Doctor...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform's rant is drowned out by a hostile crowd. He sneers and tries again.

Ned Reform:

I say that's DOCTOR...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Sage on the Stage spikes the mic in frustration.

DING DING

Both competitors linger in their corners, engaged in a long and intense staredown. The arena shakes from the deafening roar let out by the Indy Faithful. Knowing he's got the homefield advantage, Rezin's reddened eyes grow as wide as the savage grin that spreads across his face. Across the ring, Reform's own eyes narrow into slits to accompany the reproachful sneer that curls over his own mug.

DDK:

You can feel the energy here in the Gainbridge Fieldhouse, ladies and gentlemen! Rezin has his people backing him up tonight, and they are eager to see Hell's Favorite Hoosier finally win the SOHER Championship here on his home turf!

Lance:

It's certainly hostile territory for Dr. Ned Reform, but I think we confidently say that that's nothing new to the reigning

champion.

They moment dredges out for several tense seconds, with Rezin's body quaking and growing increasingly volatile while the crowd does its best to psych out the pseudo-called psychological mastermind. Yet it all only serves to sour the Good Doctor's disposition even further. Reform flits his fingers and grinds the toe of his boot into the canvas, ready to react in a moment's notice.

He doesn't wait long, when Rezin suddenly bursts out of the corner and makes a beeline for the SOHER Champion.

DDK:

And Rezin STRIKES But Reform DUCKS before his head could be taken off by that heel!

Lance:

The challenger is hot out of the gate, but the SOHER is staying on his toes.

Reform slips in behind with a waistlock and promptly tries to power the challenger to the mat. To his surprise, Rezin slips free and cartwheels out of his grip! They stare at each other for a beat, Rezin grinning ear to ear and Reform looking insulted. Then they shoot together into another lockup.

DDK:

Rezin going high -- as expected -- but Ned Reform goes LOW, and uses the challenger's momentum to flip him over into a Northern Lights Suplex!

One! Two! There's a kickout... but now Reform rolls through!

Showing off his athleticism and strategic superiority, Ned Reform rolls from the bridge over onto his feet, snags the wrist, and transitions smoothly into a cross arm breaker!

DDK:

Doctor Reform with a submission attempt now!

Lance:

But I think he's in for a wake-up call.

With Rezin's arm secured in his legscissor, Reform drops onto his back to hyperextend the shoulder. Only the moment he goes down, Rezin pops back UP and throws all of his weight on the grounded SOHER to fold him down onto his shoulders!

DDK:

The champion with the shoulders down!

One! Two--Kickout... but the Escape Artist breaks free!

The challenger pops to his feet once more and throws himself into the ropes to get a head full of steam. Reform rolls onto his belly to allow him to run over, then pushes back up to his feet and sets himself into position as Rezin returns for the rebound.

DDK:

Reform puts Rezin into the AIR with a back body drop... but Rezin LANDS ON HIS FEET!

The Goat Bastard stays in motion the second he touches down and hits the next set of ropes, barely breaking stride. Reform is waiting for him on the return, hooking an arm and attempting to send him over onto his back with an arm drag.

But he scarcely expects the Escape Artist to switch it around and send him flipping over with a hip toss of his own!

DDK:

Rezin puts the champ over and onto his back! Reform pops right up--OH MY!! Rezin's heel comes HALF AN INCH AWAY from clipping his nose right off! And the Good Doctor takes a powder!

Lance:

Honestly, I don't blame him. The situation is slipping from his control, and the last thing he wants to keep his championship intact is to let this match descend into chaos!

On the ringside floor, Ned Reform breathes a sigh of relief. Indianapolis cheers loudly while Hell's Favorite Hoosier stands dominant in the ring, further amping them up by wildly ping-ponging his body off all four turnbuckles and unleashing a roar of ferocity!

On the outside looking in, the Good Doctor shakes his head in disgust at this display - and the crowd's positive response to it. He demands the referee get Rezin to back up before he reluctantly enters the ring. Rezin is on him in a flash with a flurry of shots that bring another roar of approval from the crowd. Reform tries to cover up and finds himself backed into the corner. He grabs the top rope, forcing referee Benny Doyle to force Rezin back. The second Rezin gives The Sage on the Stage even the slightest bit of separation, Reform catches the Indianapolis native with an eye rake! The fans boo as Rezin stumbles around holding his eye. Doyle questions Ned who professes his innocence... but does it in such a way that he positions himself between Doyle and Rezin, which means the referee misses it when he kicks his leg up behind him and drops Rezin with a low blow!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The man who is going to bring honor to the championship, ladies and gentlemen.

Benny Doyle suspects there might be nefarious reasons why Rezin is laying on the ground holding his two punk rocks, but he can't prove. The Good Doctor gleefully uses his boot to choke Rezin by pressing his neck into the bottom rope. He keep it there until just before Doyle breaks his five count. With Rezin down, Reform turns toward The Faithful and claps his hands as he mockingly begins a chant.

Ned Reform:

fIrE iT uP! fIrE iT uP! fIrE iT uP!

DDK:

Focus on the match, champ.

Ned brings Rezin up and tosses him in the corner. He fires away with several elbows that rocks the challenger's head before whipping him into the opposite turnbuckle. Reform gets a running start and leaps into the air, smashing a forearm into Rezin's mush. The Goat Bastard stumbles like a drunk man out of the corner before flopping face-first to the canvas. Ned is quick to flip him over and cover.

ONE!

TWO!

REZIN KICKS OUT!

Ned leans against the turnbuckle, measuring Rezin before getting a running start and leaping high into the air, driving his knee right into Hell's Favorite Hoosier's face. Again he hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO HE ESCAPES AGAIN!

DDK:

Still can't put him away!

Lance:

And the frustration is clear as day on the champion's face.

Reform methodically rises up once more and goes to the corner, where he begins his ascent. Rezin flails around on the mat, discombobulated but trying like hell to get his teakettle back over ass.

DDK:

Reform going into some potentially risking territory here!

Lance:

Seeing something new in Dr. Reform tonight.

DDK:

Agreed. It's as if by winning the SOHER, he suddenly feels he can--REZIN THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE ROPES!!

Reform loses his footing and gets CROTCHED on the top turnbuckle! With his mouth forming a perfect "O" shape, he sits there stunned with agony. Sensing his opportunity, Rezin gathers up his wits and springs up to the top rope.

DDK:

Now Rezin is up top... looking for the SUPERPLEX--

Lance:

No! Reform won't budge!

Ned hooks his legs on the ropes to keep himself from going over, and instead knocks Rezin back to the mat with a stiff forearm to the breadbasket! Rezin scrambles back up, clutching his gut, but by the time he turns around, Reform has repositioned himself and comes flying off with a cross body block!

DDK:

BIG FLYING PRESS from Reform! He makes the pin!

ONE! TWO! THR--

NOOOO!!

Rezin squirms his shoulder off the mat before the three. But Reform stays on him, taking a hold of a leg and rolling the challenger onto his belly before hyperextending beneath his arm.

DDK:

Now Reform with the single crab in place! Doing whatever he can to chip away at the Goat Bastard's high speed offense!

Lance:

A smart move to go after the leg and wear down his opponent. But I don't think the challenger is going under this quickly.

DDK:

Rezin is scrambling for the ropes! Slowly getting there one inch at a time!

Ned shakes his head, refusing to accept this contingency, yet the never-say-die willpower of the Escape Artist pushes him to drag his way closer and closer to the ropes.

FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!

With the crowd roaring behind him, Hell's Favorite Hoosier manages to crawl the few excruciating feet to the bottom rope and grab ahold!

DDK:

Rezin with the rope break! But OH... Ned Reform puts a boot right into the small of his back as soon as he breaks the hold!

Lance:

He's getting annoyed and losing his cool. Nothing upsets a tactician like things not going according to plan.

DDK:

Rezin trying to pull himself up with the ropes... but Reform takes him by the head and strips him away! And a LEG-DROP BULLDOG puts the challenger on his face!

Rezin goes limp. Reform rolls him onto his back and hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO....

KICKOUT!!

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!"

DDK:

Ned Reform is absolutely SEETHING right now!

Lance:

He's sorely underestimated the surprising amount of fortitude boasted by the multi-time former Favoured Saints Champion! Rezin is refusing to let this opportunity slip away from him!

DDK:

I'm sure Reform is coming to regret agreeing to this match at the start of the show!

Reform, now irate and impatient, powers right back to his feet and marches over to the corner once more.

DDK:

Reform going up top once again!

Lance:

It paid off once, but still... this is risky, even for him!

In position on the top turnbuckle, Reform eggs on the crowd by pointing to his indiscernibly superior brain, earning nothing but jeers from the audience. Then, he lunges with the grace of an Olympian diver. His elbow extends, cutting the air like a missile as it bears down on its target...

DDK:

SCHOLAR AND ELBOOOOWW!!

...only for it to hit nothing but MAT!

"RRRRRAAAAAAHHH!!!"

DDK:

NOBODY HOME!! Rezin ROLLED TO THE SIDE at the last second!

Lance:

The Good Doctor went to the well too many times there!

Reform rolls over and groans loudly, clutching his wounded elbow. Fighting through pain, disorientation, and, we must all assume, heavy intoxication, the Goat Bastard begins to FIRE IT UP!

With his fellow Naptown BELIEVERS cheering en masse, he shakes and quakes and battles against his own body to work himself back onto his feet! Reform rises up himself with the help of the ropes, but by the time he turns back to ring center, the cunning Escape Artist has somehow found the wherewithal to bounce his fool ass off the ropes into a picturesque backflip.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT by Rezin!!

The challenger foregoes the pin, instead popping right back to his feet and leaping to the top rope in a single bound.

DDK:

And a DIVING MOONSAULT!!

Reform clutches his ribs and screams in agony! Rezin, meanwhile, rolls off the impact and gets right back onto his feet...

DDK:

And a STANDING MOONSAULT to cap off a STORM OFF MOONSAULTS!! Rezin HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NOO!! Reform just gets the shoulder up!

Rezin shakes his head, but nevertheless works his way back up to his feet and brings Reform up with him. On his

knees, Reform begins to fight back with repeated forearms to the abdomen. With the challenger stunned, the champ rises up the rest of the way with a knee lift that leaves the Goat Bastard staggering, but doesn't put him down.

DDK:

Reform with a knee lift! Now Rezin off the ropes... Reform waiting with a powerslam--but Rezin SWITCHES AROUND INTO THE CRUCIFIX and ROLLS HIM UP!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

They scramble to their feet. Rezin pounces off the mat into a standing headscissor that whirls the Good Doctor, only to his surprise (and that of almost everyone else), Reform cartwheels through and lands on his feet!

Before Rezin can react, Reform launches himself forward into a spinning shoulder block that torpedos the Escape Artist right in the face and sends him careening across the ring!

DDK:

Reform with the EQUIVOCATOR to stop Rezin dead in his tracks! The SOHER Champion could have put this one away, as moves in to make the--

SMALL PACKAGE!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NOOOO!! Reform kicks out by a HAIR!!

Lance:

These two are firing on all cylinders now!

DDK:

It can all come down to a make or break moment!

They break apart. The champion pushes himself back to his feet in a heartbeat.

Unfortunately for him, Rezin gets there first by KIPPING UP TO HIS FEET!

Before he can react, the Goat Bastard twirls into a high kick...

DDK:

Rezin introducing Reform's face to the CLOVEN HOOF KICK!!

DUCKED!!

With Rezin off-balance, the SOHER Champion snags him from behind with a crossface chickenwing!

DDK:

AD HOMINEM!! REFORM TRYING TO LOCK IT IN!!

Lance:

NO!! Rezin is fighting his way out of it!

A sharp back elbow leaves Reform briefly staggered. Meanwhile, Rezin readjusts him into a three-quarter facelock.

DDK:

Rezin taking ahold of the head... bringing Doctor Ned Reform INTO THE V--

Not quite.

Because while Rezin commits himself to the backflip, he doesn't anticipate what the Good Doctor suddenly pulls out of his back pocket.

DDK:

NO WAIT, REFORM WITH THE O'CONNOR ROLL!!

ONE...

Lance:

With one hand holding Rezin's WAISTBAND!

TWO...

DDK:

And the other HOLD THE ROPES!

THREE!!

DING DING DING**"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"**

Bodies break apart. Reform is out of the ring in the blink of an eye, tearing the pink strap of the SOHER out of the timekeeper's lap and hoisting it proudly over his head. Rezin is sitting up in the ring, confused as to what just happened. Trash begins to rain upon the ringside area as the Indianapolis Faithful let their opinions be felt.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

I don't believe it! Ned Reform STOLE this one from Rezin!

Lance:

Unfortunately, the ref just wasn't in any position to see what was going on! This is an extremely tough break, but there's no excusing what Dr. Reform did to secure this victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match...

"BUUULL-SHIT!! BUUULL-SHIT!! BUUULL-SHIT!!"

Darren Quimbey:

And STIIIIIII SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...

"BUUULL-SHIT!! BUUULL-SHIT!! BUUULL-SHIT!!"

Darren Quimbey:

DOCTOR... NED... REEEEEFOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRMMMMM!!!!

"BUUULL-SHIT!! BUUULL-SHIT!! BUUULL-SHIT!!"

Rezin is back on his feet, fully pissed off and cutting a line through the trash while he angrily paces the ring like a rabid animal. The SOHER Champion is already halfway up the rampway, where TA Cole and Weighted Grade meet him.

DDK:

It was quite the sordid outcome, but nevertheless, Dr. Ned Reform comes out of his first title defense with his championship reign in tact!

Lance:

Be as it may, if his goal was to expose Rezin as a fraud in front of his hometown tonight, I'd say he fell well short of it. Rezin was just within reach of claiming that championship tonight in his home city of Indianapolis, but... once again...

DDK:

Once again, he fell short. Another tragically lost opportunity for the Goat Bastard, thanks in part to Reform's desperate machinations in the closing moments of this match.

Lance:

Something tells me this may not be over between the Escape Artist and the Good Doctor.

DDK:

That certainly remains to be seen. For now, ladies and gentlemen, we've come to the end of night one of DEFTv! Join us again tomorrow for night two!

On the stage, Dr. Ned Reform and the other members of the Honor Society are ecstatic and celebrating, despite the monumental amounts of jeering and trash being volleyed upon them by the capacity crowd.

But then, a bloodcurdling warcry is bellowed from within the ring, like a thundering omen of things to come...

Rezin:

REEEEEEFFFFFOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRMMMMM!!!!!!

THIS.

IS.

ONLY THE BEGINNING...