

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Erie, Pennsylvania welcomes DEFIANCE as the Erie Insurance Arena is hyped for DEFtv 207!

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 TRIED TO JOIN THE REZISTANCE, BUT THEIR ANGELFIRE SITE HASN'T BEEN UPDATED SINCE 2005
WHY, MV1, WHY
WHEN ARE SIGNS DUE?
WERE RAISING A NATION OF SQUIBS
REFORM THE SOHER AWAY FROM NED REFORM
M5NTRA
CASSIDY IS MY FAVORITE WRESTLER
TITANESS CAN BARON HER BOOTS ONTO MY NECK ANYDAY
REZIN/CHICKENTENDERS 2024
"MALAK CASSIDY" IS WHERE WE DRAW THE LINE
NO MORE NED
CORVO IS MY SPIRIT ANIMAL
MV1, I'M SORRY TOO. SORRY YOU'RE SUCH A BITCH
MV1 IS LUCKY HE STILL HAS HIS MASK, BECAUSE IF HE SHOWED HIS FACE, I WOULD PUNCH IT***

We go to the announce table with "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFtv, Night One! We have a big show for you tonight and we're going to start off with... a major announcement?

READ ME TENDER

The house lights dim as the promising night of action gets underway!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

DDK:

Looks like we're going to be joined by the newlyweds and current FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

He prefers to be called the FLAKE, Darren.

Malak and only Malak storms the ring with a determined look on his face. Trailing along behind him is an army of guards wearing riot protection gear. There's so many guards that they have no choice but to rub shoulders on the entranceway.

DDK:

What's going on here? Malak has just marched down to the ring with what could be identified as his own private military task force! Surprised not to see Cyrus Bates out here commanding the troops.

Lance:

They've conveniently filled the void between the ring and the ramp, Keebs. I wonder what's going on in Malak's head today?

The champion looks emotionally unavailable and distraught. He grabs a microphone and paces around the ring like a madman.

Malak Cassidy:

Pat Cassidy. My brother. PLEASE come down to the ring IMMEDIATELY! It's a life and limb situation! I need you down here, in front of all these people!

A strange feeling of concern overtakes the arena as Malak continues to pace like an alarmist. He rubs his chin as he can't contain his racing heart. It takes a few moments but it feels like forever.

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

RAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

It's Pat Cassidy walking out to a raucous reception!

Cassidy angrily bursts through the curtain with fire in his eyes. He immediately walks toward the ring with purpose, but Malak's security team blocks his way. Cassidy chest-bumps the wall of goons, but he is unable to get by them... especially considering his right arm is in a sling.

Malak Cassidy:

Pat! Pat! My gosh, thank goodness you're here! I have some devastating news I wanted to deliver to you, nose to nose.

Lance:

I'd like to point out there's a good fifty feet or so between them right now.

But before he can continue, the emotions of the champ catch up with him as he begins to weep uncontrollably. Cassidy continues to walk the line in front of the guards like a caged animal foaming at the mouth.

DDK:

I've never seen Malak like this before and that's saying something! However, I don't trust him as far as I can throw him.

Lance:

He doesn't seem to be stopping crying though. This feels a bit different for some reason, Darren.

Malak finally collects himself and raises the microphone to his quivering lips.

Malak Cassidy:

Pat. I'm sorry. I really am. I've **DIVORCED** Siobhan. It's final. It's over.

Shock and awe and not the type SNS are used to reverberates throughout the arena. Pat stops his pacing. An eyebrow goes up as he's suddenly very invested in what Malak has to say.

DDK:

What did he just say? Did he say he just DIVORCED Siobhan!? But they just got married two weeks ago! Malak has been with her for years! HE WON A MATCH FOR THE RIGHT TO WED HER FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

Malak Cassidy:

Pat, I had to tell you this RIGHT AWAY, face to face because I owed you that much.

The fans are livid at the situation and the riot police stand guard. Pat hasn't moved. His eyes just narrow.

DDK:

This is unbelievable! No wonder Malak came out with such heavy artillery!

Malak Cassidy:

Pat, I know what you're thinking and you're right! I owe you an explanation and to be honest, there's a laundry list of reasons why, which ironically include her laundry skills. They are lackluster. You probably know this from experience but she nags a lot too. Heck, last DEFTv, after seeing Caitlin Clark in the crowd, I realized there are so many options out there! Why settle even though I know Caitlin just recently got engaged. Big mistake by her. But I've thought things over and I realized what was best for me was to let her go.

Pat's temple pulsates faster with each lame excuse Malak throws his way. You can practically hear the grinding of his teeth.

Malak Cassidy:

Then there is the 'smell'. I can't describe it but honestly, she has this homely scent to her and I've tried to scrub it off her in the shower after we've had relations and let's be honest, I think it's stained her skin. It's probably the Boston stank that's got her but like, I thought that was treatable. Turns out, it isn't.

Lance:

Look at Pat. He's going to kill Malak.

DDK:

The whole arena might, Lance. I was NOT expecting DEFTv to start out like THIS!

Malak Cassidy:

She's also not a great texter. It takes her thirty five minutes on average to respond to my copious amounts of messages which anger my inner chakras and they need to remain CALM. For comparison, it takes Teresa two minutes and thirteen seconds to respond. I need read receipts on, Pat. She doesn't even share her location with me. Also, a daily social media post or two praising me isn't too much to ask but I feel like going after her technology game is low hanging fruit, so I will stop beating the dead horse in that respect.

The fans in the front row urge Pat to charge the ring... but the Scrapper from Southie still hasn't moved. This is what

they call in the business a “slow burn.”

Malak Cassidy:

She’s just no good, Pat. I tried. I really did. I said ‘I do’ then ‘I did’ and now ‘I’M DONE’.

The fans want a shot at Malak at this point.

Malak Cassidy:

Pat. There is one more reason why I divorced your inbred sister. It is the MAIN reason why I did what I did.

DDK:

Oh goody. A main reason. As if the reason’s he just publicly went through weren’t embarrassing enough, true or not!?

Lance:

I’m never taking an emotional Malak Garland, errrr, Cassidy seriously ever again!

Malak swallows hard, as if this is the hardest thing he’s ever said or will say.

Malak Cassidy:

Pat.

He looks his “brother” dead in the eye, from afar of course.

Malak Cassidy:

The main reason I divorced Siobhan after a tumultuous two weeks of marriage is because I know for a fact that if **she ever had a child, she wouldn’t be able to lose the weight** and that doesn’t work for me, brother.

That’s it. That’s the comment that tips everyone over the edge, especially Pat. He dives THROUGH an opening in the wall of guards, but he only gets about halfway before they catch him. He starts to throw wild punches with his left hand, but that only gets him so far and he’s quickly subdued.

Malak Cassidy:

It’s not my fault she’s a bloated hog! I’m looking forward to taking half of everything she owns too!

DDK:

That’s it! Let Pat at him! This is enough!

Cassidy swears and cries out in rage as the security guards toss him back toward the entranceway. Instead of charging at Malak, Pat leaps off the ramp and begins to walk toward the commentation station. Malak stands like bait in the middle of the ring albeit, heavily protected.

Malak Cassidy:

I had to tell you this, man to man. Face to face. Gosh, do I feel better now! It’s like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders! Not quite the amount of weight Siobhan registers at, but a DELECTABLE amount of weight, at that.

Cassidy SHOVES Lance Warner out of the way and reaches under the announce table... finding what he was looking for: a microphone! He takes point at the top of the ramp right in front of the entrance. The goons still block his way, but he doesn’t bother to try to get past them this time. He points at Malak with his good hand. Malak tries to cut him off.

Malak Cassidy:

Now, now...

Pat Cassidy:

Shut up you STUPID son of a bitch!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

You've said your piece... now it's my turn. Malak, with God as my [BLEEP]ing witness, if you didn't have these fat pieces of [BLEEP] standing in my way, I'd be in the ring right now breaking every bone in your body before physically removing your head and shoving it up your [BLEEP] ass.

Instinctively, Malak reaches for his own neck.

Pat Cassidy:

I did everything that was asked of me. I swallowed my pride and stood in that ring while my little sister gave her hand in marriage to the biggest jackass walking God's green Earth. And now you stand in that ring and talk [BLEEP]? As if *she* isn't good enough for *you*?? Is that what you think?

Malak Cassidy:

Well...

Pat Cassidy:

FUCK OFF!!

That one got by the censors.

Pat Cassidy:

I need you to understand something: even though Sibohan has spent the last two years acting like the STUPIDEST human being on the planet... she's still blood. I know family probably doesn't mean shit to a piece of human garbage like you, but where I'm from... it's all we got. And nobody says that [BLEEP] about a member of my family and lives to tell about it. So... GAH-LAND... you're officially a dead man.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Malak shouts off the microphone that "isn't his last name."

Pat Cassidy:

So you got two choices, chief. You can keep acting like the little bitch you ah and avoiding me. In that case, we do this old school and I blindside your ass in the pahking lot. Break some kneecaps. Shove a tire iron down yah throat. All the classics.

Malak doesn't seem to like that idea.

Pat Cassidy:

Ouh, we get this out of the way for the world to see. Fah once in yah life, you act like a man and face me one-on-one at DEFtv 208!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

I know Pat's angry, but he has to know that he hasn't been cleared from his torn bicep.

Pat Cassidy:

And if any of the suits in the back ah shaking their empty heads right now, relax. The doctah's say I'm still hurt. I know I can't wrestle in a match. But I'm not looking to wrestle in a match. I'm looking to kick a man's ass. So... GAH-LAND... if you've got the balls, I'm challenging you to an unsanctioned match. Nothing on the books. You don't even have to put the FIST up for grabs. DEFIANCE ain't liable for my safety. Hell, I don't even care if we have a ref. Just me and you... settle our differences for the world to see.

Malak, knowing that Pat is hurt, seems to like that idea.

Malak Cassidy:

Hmmmm. Not a bad idea, Patty Cakes. I have grown tired of fighting traditional wrestling matches because let's face it, I'm on a huge undefeated streak. No one can stop the Malak Mirage and to be honest, you look a little ticked. A little riled up, yeah? I wonder why. Maybe you realize you're just like your sister. Useless. So if you want to fight me in an unsanctioned match, I ACCEPT!

The crowd is shocked but not for long.

Malak Cassidy:

However, my desire to go viral has never been higher and I haven't gone viral in FOREVER, so it won't be a normal unsanctioned match. I will only fight you if it's a contest of Car Jitsu. Don't know what it is? Look it up! Oh, and it won't be tonight because I need two weeks to be in a good space mentally because I'm not quite over the devastating divorce I've been through.

DDK:

Yet he was the one who initiated it and shattered Siobhan's heart. Unreal.

Malak Cassidy:

Performing in a match puts lots of undue stress on my spirits, Pat, so I will need the time to prepare.

Pat Cassidy:

Bitch, I'd fight you in a mud wrestling match if it meant I got my hands around yah scrawny neck. You're on, [BLEEP] head.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

It sounds like we have ourselves a match for DEFtv 208!

Malak Cassidy:

See you in two weeks in the parking lot, Patty Cakes! Guards, move out.

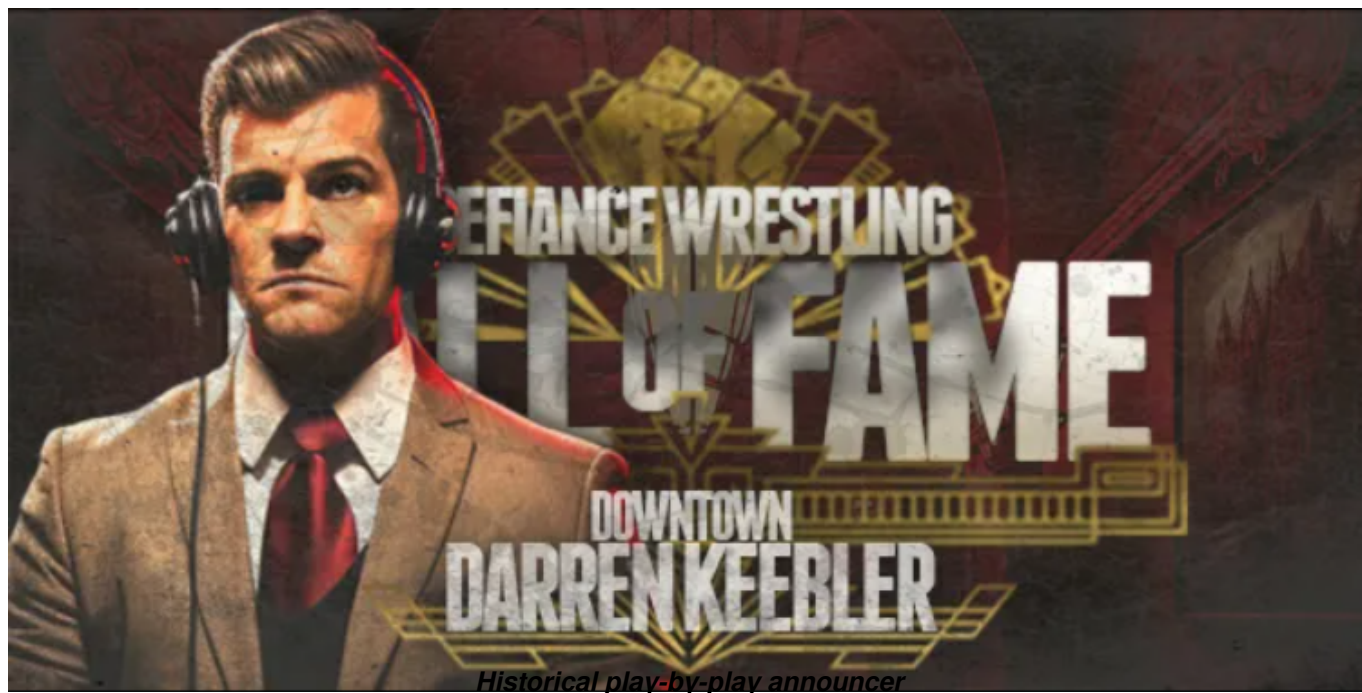
The militaristic group splits in two. The forward unit slowly moves up, flooding the stage and forcing Pat Cassidy to exit all so Malak can join the back unit and go the exact opposite way, jumping the barricade and safely exiting through the crowd with protections fit for royalty.

DDK:

Malak has divorced Siobhan! And next time on DEFtv Pat Cassidy will get his hands on Malak in an unsanctioned parking lot car jitsu match! Keep in mind, Pat is still injured and on the mend! What lunacy is on the horizon between these two! Malak has ignited a hatred in Pat that's never been seen before! What a disgrace!

Lance:

Also, our hearts and condolences do go out to Siobhan during this difficult time. Who knows if we will ever see her again?

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, "DOWNTOWN" DARREN KEEBLER

QUESTIONS

Christie Zane.

DEFIANCE interview backdrop.

You know what it is!

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for tuning in tonight. My guest at this time... Butcher Victorious.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHH!

Walking into full view, an extra-fired-up Butch Vic walks in his purple, pink and blue ring jacket and, of course... Well, the people are gonna tell you as well.

Butcher Victorious: [with the crowd]

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

He looks over at Christie.

Butcher Victorious:

...IS PISSED.

Christie Zane:

I can only imagine. Two weeks ago, you had the chance to face off with OSCAR BURNS in a DEFCON rematch, only for Elise Ares of all people to attack OSCAR before that match-up began. She went on to call you out and aired out her grievances and led to this match you have tomorrow night with Elise. How are you feeling about everything going on in this saga?

Butch Vic clutches The Stick v.2™ tightly and talks to Christie.

Butcher Victorious:

Look... I like to think I'm the undisputed master of HATING Oscar... lowercase. You all know my history with him. You know my story. You know what I helped do for that man. Elise was quick to point that out. I know why she took a shovel upside that bastard's head! She ain't doing anything that we don't all wanna do backstage, Christie! She feels that she's not getting her due respect and Oscar don't know nothing about respect. Honestly? He got what he had coming...

That gets a loud cheer!

Butcher Victorious:

But Elise, that's where you messed up TWICE. First, you took that big match away from Oscar... but you also took that big match from ME. Second, you're gonna talk to ME about the no-good underhanded things that I did while working underneath that guy when you ain't no damn saint, either. Whether you got the people behind you or not, YOUR career has been about what's best for Elise Ares and how you can further yourself, if we're gonna play that game. And if you're gonna dwell on who I used to be and you still think of me as that toadie for Oscar tomorrow night... that's gonna be the THIRD time you messed up, Elise.

He beats his chest.

Butcher Victorious:

I ain't the same guy I was five months ago! I've been working my damn ass every day since walked out on Vae Vicitis to prove that! I'm STILL working my damn ass off to prove that today and I'll be working my damn ass off to prove that for a long, long time until every last person who still doubts my intentions finally shuts the hell up! Tonight, Elise, we're gonna settle this thing, then whoever makes it to OSCAR first... well, he's got hell to pay, to...

Butcher stops when fastly approaching is Mil Vueltas. Dressed in a red, white and green tracksuit and matching mask, he stops and looks at Christie, then up at Butcher.

Butcher Victorious:

What? You come to tell me how much of an asshole you still think I am, too? You didn't say enough two weeks ago?

Mil only responds with silence. Butcher groans.

Butcher Victorious:

Look, if you got something else to say, get in line cause I'm done trying to apologize. I got a match and...

Mil Vueltas:

No... Lo siento.

He tilts his head at the luchador.

Butcher Victorious:

Come again?

Mil sighs.

Mil Vueltas:

Butcher... no... you're right. I'M sorry.

Butcher doesn't say anything and lets Mil continue.

Mil Vueltes:

Look... things haven't gone my way lately... Y me apresuro a culpar a todos los demás. I'm quick to blame everyone else... but me snapping on you the way I did was no excuse. I've been dealing with a lot in the last year. I can't keep blaming everyone for everything... I need to fix my own things and I just wanted to tell you lo siento.

He holds out a hand.

Mil Vueltas:

Sigamos adelante. Let's just move forward.

Butcher glances at Christie, then at Mil.

Butcher Victorious:

You... you sure? Cause man... I want to...

Mil nods. He keeps his hands out.

Butcher Victorious:

After all I did... that's the least I can do. If that's what you really want.

The two shake hands to big cheers! Butcher then nods to Christie and leaves.

Mil Vueltas:

Sorry for cutting in, Christie.

Christie Zane:

It's okay. We're done here anyway.

She heaves off the set, then the camera lingers on The Man of a Thousand Flips. He starts walking away and the

camera is about to cut away until...

???:

Mil! What are you doing?!

Stopping in his tracks, Vueltas looks up. Standing in front of him now is a man he once called Familia... DLJ. The Faithful react with jeers as James looks towards Mil with a confused look.

DLJ:

You're shaking BUTCHER'S hand?! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS?! The guy who screwed you out of two wins over OSCAR BURNS months ago?! What the hell's the matter with you?

DLJ throws his hands out.

DLJ:

I've been talking to you for weeks... when you got frustrated, YOU. CALLED. ME. And now... you're shaking his hand? I... I don't get it. Did you even READ what I gave you last week?

Angrily, Mil bows up to his former protege, height difference be damned.

Mil Vueltas:

Respectfully, Danny... No. I'm sorry... in moments of weakness, I did call... but I'm tired of being angry. I'm tired of not holding myself accountable. No volverá a suceder. It won't happen again. I'm moving on...

He turns to DLJ.

Mil Vueltas:

And you should, too.

Mil walks past a frustrated DLJ, who can't believe the the things he's hearing. He shakes his head and frowns.

DLJ:

Aw, crapbaskets.

FAVORED SAINTS: THE D (C) vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got the opening match and it's a big one! The D - fresh off winning the Favoured Saints Title two weeks ago in a fatal four-way over Mil Vueltas, Titaness and High Flyer... he takes on the MASSIVE Uriel Cortez.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez has had issues with Scott Douglas, but after the brutal ambush that Titanes Familia orchestrated against Scott Douglas, it seems that Uriel has gold on his mind. And for The D, this could be one of the toughest defenses of any first champion in the history of this title.

DDK:

Can The D find a way to chop down this monster? Or will Uriel Cortez become a two-time Favoured Saints champion? These two are no strangers to one another as the Familia and PCP have PLENTY of history in the tag team ranks, but up next, the coveted Favoured Saints Title is on the line!

Lance:

There's no partners to help either competitor tonight!

The lights darken all throughout the arena... then gold laser lights begin to shine all across the stage...

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

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

One gold spotlight begins to shine on the stage, revealing the TITANIC form of one Uriel Cortez. Wearing round gold-tinted sunglasses, a brand new black singlet and pants with gold trim, he turns around and points a thumb to the words on the back of his vest: "Papa's Home."

DDK:

I hope Uriel Cortez is proud of what he did. Invoking Iris Davine's name to get Scott Douglas to drop his guard and leading him right into an ambush from Killjoy and Titaness.

Uriel has a confident smile when he reaches the ring. He throws up both hands to pull on the top rope to get himself on the ring apron, then steps over the ropes with ease. He gets to the ring and waits for the champion.

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

The spotlight lands on the ramp as the D saunters out from the backstage area. He smiles to the Faithful through his LED Elise themed sunglasses. He wears what looks to be the finest of armani suits, until with a quick jerk he rips and tears away the breakaway suit. He tosses it to the side, revealing a new DEFIANCE official t-shirt, "Time to FIST Elise" covering his upper body. He begins to saunter down ringside, the Favoured Saints championship wrapped cozily around his waist.

DDK:

The D, one of the staunchest supporters of Elise Ares. Even when facing off against Uriel Cortez, a monster of men, The D wants to support his best friend and tag team partner.

Lance:

Elise has claimed she'll leave DEFIANCE if she doesn't acquire the FIST before her contract ends. The D may be thinking about her, but he'd better put his focus on the Chopmaster himself!

The D reaches ringside and kind of dances up onto the hardest part of the ring. He does a quick moonwalk to the other turnbuckle and climbs it. He unstraps and raises the Favoured Saints Championship, before turning to stare daggers at Darren Quimbey. He mouths "Don't fuck this up."

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, in the corner to my left... Representing Titanes Familia... standing at seven-foot one and weighing in at three-hundred and thirty-nine pounds... he is "THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" ...**URIEL CORTEZ!**

Papa Tez doesn't move from his spot. His eyes look straight ahead and downward at the champion. He hasn't removed his sunglasses yet.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent in the corner to my right... representing the Pop Culture Phenoms... he is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion! He is "The Director of DEFIANCE"... **THE D!**

The D hops off the buckles into the ring, giving one last look to the Favoured Saints title before taking a look across the way at the towering form of a power-obsessed challenger. The D reluctantly hands over the Favoured Saints Championship to referee Benny Doyle, who raises the title high. The big Favoured Saints graphic appears on screen before Doyle officially hands off the title to ringside. DEFIANCE's head referee calls for the bell...

DING DING

The gold-tinted sunglasses of Cortez finally come off and he hands them to someone at ringside. He turns and faces The D, who takes his LED Sunglasses and just chucks them into the crowded Faithful.

Lance:

This is a vastly different iteration of these two men we've ever seen. They've been enemies. They've been competitors with shared respect. The D has grown into a very valued member of the roster. Uriel Cortez stabbed his tag team partner of almost four years in the back in the sole pursuit of power.

DDK:

Not to mention Titanes Familia fought PCP for the Unified Tag Team Titles at DEFCON. Uriel surely hasn't forgotten.

Uriel inches closer to The Director of DEFIANCE, who moves out of the way of a grapple and KICKS the leg of Uriel! He goes for a second and a third kick! Uriel winces a little and when The D tries for a fourth kick, Uriel grabs the leg. He looks down as the D begs off and then violently SHOVES the D as far as he can towards a corner!

Lance:

OH, NO! Right off the bat, Uriel isn't messing around! He has a chance for gold and all the money that comes with it, so he's gonna take it!

Uriel continues towards The D and then FORCEFULLY picks him up by the throat. He holds a hand up... **THWACK!**

OOOOOOOOH!

The Erie Faithful collectively wince as The D crumbles into a corner! He's holding his chest in pain from the signature weapon of Papa Tez.

DDK:

Good grief! One shot! Just one shot and The D's Favoured Saints Title is in real danger!

Lance:

After what Uriel Cortez did to Scott Douglas two weeks ago, he's fully focused on this match and bringing some gold to Titanes Familia!

Uriel grabs the neck of The D and then shoves him into another corner. Defiantly (cause how else would we do it here?), The D tries to fight, but the mammoth form of Cortez practically engulfs the champion in the corner. He holds a hand up again... **THWACK!**

Lance:

Again! Again, Uriel has The D in the corner! He's got him right where he wants him! He's beating the D!

DDK:

Oh, good grief!

The outright viciousness of Uriel is on display! The D holds his chest in pain, but he doesn't have much time to recover because Uriel pulls him up and drags him into a third corner. The D tries valiantly to escape, but Uriel puts him back in his place... **THWACK!**

DDK:

Good God, a THIRD chop! The D hasn't mustered much in the way of offense... and now look!

Uriel has his BOOT down on the body of The D... and now BOTH of them in the ropes! Benny Doyle counts to five until Uriel steps off! The Netflix A-Lister is left gasping for air now, but he knows he's in a dire situation right now with a dangerous challenger ahead of him.

Lance:

What does The D have to do here tonight, Darren? What gameplan do you think he could employ to turn the tide here?

DDK:

He needs to create separation... but that's easier said than done. Uriel is a giant, but he's been in DEFIANCE for several years. He KNOWS how to use his size to his advantage as well and he's not letting the champion have ANY breathing room.

Cortez continues to not do that as he applies a front facelock to the champion. He GRINDS down on the hold and then continues to swing... and swing and swing! The crowd gasps when Uriel RELEASES the front facelock swing and sends The D crashing into the canvas face-first!

Lance:

This is crazy! Uriel has just outright overpowered the champion. He hasn't gone for a cover yet, but he wants to make sure that The D can't get up... I know what I said, but this is serious.

DDK:

And there's a cover by Uriel! Lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The D uses his legs to kick out! Uriel is annoyed, but looks up at Benny Doyle!

Lance:

The first cover of the match was a LONG two-count!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Uriel hears the people and ignores the jeering before muscling The D to his feet and pushing him to a corner. He goes to complete the trip around the world. The camera closes in on The D's chest, noting red welts left from the prior chops! Uriel holds a hand up... but hits nothing but turnbuckle! The D slips between his legs!

DDK:

The D finally gets an opening here! Uriel goes for a clothesline! He misses as The D hits the ropes... he comes back to

a dropkick to the knee!

The running dropkick off the ropes by The Director of DEFIANCE has Uriel hobbling on one knee now! When The D hears the crowd, adrenaline starts kicking in! He's still feeling the chops of Cortez, but hits the second rope closest to him. When Uriel hobbles around, he catches another dropkick to the leg off the middle rope that brings Uriel down to size! The Erie Faithful are going mad as The D finally has a chance!

DDK:

He's staggered Uriel! He's down to one knee! He grabs the arm and falls back with BOTH feet up into Uriel's jaw! He just scored with a modified version of The A-Lister!

Uriel's jaw gets jacked, but he's still up on one knee. He holds his jaw in pain and then tries to recover while The D scores with another running dropkick off the ropes! Uriel is STILL on his knees and hasn't fully gone down to the mat yet!

Lance:

I can't believe it! The D is fighting like hell to keep the Favoured Saints Title! Another dropkick!

But when Uriel is still on a knee, The D is shocked. He swings for a superkick... but Uriel blocks the leg! He GRABS The D by the throat, but The D does what any good man would do in his position... a thumb to the eye! Benny Doyle reprimands him for it, but it's fight or flight at this point and flying has only now just become an option when he runs off the ropes and stuns Uriel with a superkick! The D heads to the ropes while still favoring his chest. He leaps up and scores with a springboard version of With Everything to FINALLY take Cortez down flat on his back!

DDK:

HE DID IT! HE DID IT! HE'S GOT URIEL RIGHT WHERE HE WANTS HIM! HE'S GOING UP TOP ONE MORE TIME!

The D tries to shake out the pain in his body as he heads to the top rope. Cortez is down and The D takes flight with a HELL of a frog splash!

DDK:

THE B-MOVIE! WILL THE B-MOVIE WIN FOR THE NETFLIX A-LISTER?!

Right after landing the big frog splash with airtime as blessed from Jack Harman himself, The D stays on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

Uriel not only SHOVES The D off him, but SENDS him through the ropes and out to the floor!

Lance:

Oh, my God! Darren, Uriel just LAUNCHED the champ outside of the ring!

DDK:

That he did! The D was just one second away from victory and Uriel just fought back in an instant!

The Man of the House sits up! He checks his eye and screams at Benny Doyle for what just happened. He rolls to the floor where The D is still silently cursing his luck at the fact that Uriel is still coming after him.

DDK:

The D threw everything and the kitchen sink with that volley, but Uriel's back up!

Both men are outside the ring when Uriel goes after The D! He runs a circle around the ring with Uriel going after him and Benny Doyle starting the ten-count!

Benny Doyle:

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Lance:

Cortez giving chase! But both men need to take this back to the ring, soon!

The D climbs the apron! Uriel tries to grab his leg, but The D jumps over and then catches Uriel on the jaw with another superkick! Seeing a chance to strike, The D leaps off the apron and nails him in the chest with a running dropkick off the apron!

Benny Doyle:

FOUR! FIVE!

The huge risk barely pays off for The D as he holds his back after the big dropkick, but gets up... but Uriel is still on his feet and TRUCKS over him with a running shoulder block!

Benny Doyle:

SIX! SEVEN!

Hearing the count up to seven, Uriel grabs The D off the canvas and rolls him back into the ring! He starts to follow him in when he hears the crowd reaction change...

Lance:

OH, MY GOD, LOOK! IT'S SCOTT DOUGLAS! HE'S HERE!

RRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

The Man of the House looks up at "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas!

Benny Doyle:

EIGHT!

Uriel smirks at him and dares him to come to ringside, but then ignores him. He climbs up to the ring apron... BUT THE D SCORES WITH AN INSIDE SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK TO THE FACE!

Lance:

NO! THE D JUST DROPKICKED URIEL OFF THE APRON AT THE LAST SECOND!

Benny Doyle:

NINE!

Uriel lands on the floor holding his face! Scott Douglas starts running down the ramp, but before Uriel can register what's happening...

Benny Doyle:

TEN! RING THE BELL!

DING DING DING

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

The D throws both fists in the air! He punches the mat as Uriel looks distraught and **PISSED!**

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner as a result of a countout and **STILL Favoured Saints Champion... THE D!**

Inside the ring, the D blows a kiss to Scott Douglas as he's handed his championship! He knows he's been in a fight, but he looks outside the ring. He holds his title close and watches along with the rest of The Faithful! Uriel turns around and sees Scott Douglas leaping up onto the nearby barricade and running across the edge to take flight, **ATTACKING** Uriel with a flying elbow smash to the head!

DDK:

DOUGLAS IS HERE AND HE'S GOING RIGHT AFTER URIEL CORTEZ! HE CROSSED A LINE! HE CROSSED A MAJOR LINE TWO WEEKS AGO DOING WHAT HE DID!

Lance:

Scott's appearance might have just cost Uriel Cortez the chance to be Favoured Saints Champion! That's **TWICE** now that Douglas has kept Titanes Familia from a big payday!

Douglas doesn't give a damn about any size disparity between he and The Man of the House! He goes after his leg with a chop block and when the big man has been brought down to size, Scott unleashes punch after punch trying to keep the monster down with every shot he can throw! DEFSec eventually spill out from the back and start making a beeline towards the ring!

DDK:

HERE COMES DEFSEC! THEY'RE TRYING TO BREAK THIS UP!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE, THOUGH! THEY WANT SCOTT DOUGLAS TO TAKE CORTEZ DOWN FOR WHAT HE DID!

The thunderous chants ring out through the Erie Insurance Arena! The D even joins in!

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

The D is barely upright, but points at Benny Doyle and urges him to watch the fight as he keeps the Favoured Saints Championship over his shoulder! Uriel grabs at Douglas and **SHOVES** him away right into a member of DEFSec! Uriel finally hobbles up to his feet and goes right after Douglas, only for the former **SOHER** to duck, unintentionally allowing a member of DEFSec to take a **FULL** lariat from the giant!

DDK:

THAT'S GONNA BE A FINE FOR CORTEZ!

Lance:

WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME, EITHER!

Douglas jumps on Cortez's back and tries to lock in a choke to bring the big man down! Uriel grabs Douglas and **PITCHES** him off... but before he has any breathing room, Douglas is right back on him, making life hell for DEFSec in the process with more right hands! Head of DEFSec Wyatt Bronson and more security members come out to try and keep the two apart!

Lance:

Titaness and Killjoy aren't out here because Killjoy has a match later tonight! Scott Douglas picked his spot and picked it well!

DDK:

Folks... I'm being told we have to take a commercial break, but what an explosive start to DEFtv!

DEFSec try to break things up as Uriel shoves over another member of the group while trying to get back at Douglas! The former SOHER wants some, too with Bronson and several members trying to form a wall between the two as the scene cuts to commercial!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, ANGUS SKAALAND

KLEIN vs. LONNIE LUCK

DDK:

Earlier tonight we saw The D keep his Favored Saints championship by defeating Uriel Cortez via a count-out with the unlikely appearance by Scott Douglas! And if Lonnie Luck has his way, he'll be the D's next challenger!

Lance:

But he has to get past Klein first! This issue stems back to before Maximum DEFIANCE during the Unified Tag Team title feud between M4NTRA, the Sevens and PCP! The D kept on referring to Lonnie Luck as nothing but a "fan" and was generally dismissive of him during that entire ordeal. Lonnie hasn't forgotten that!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck talked to Mason and Max Luck last week on Uncut. He wants a title to call his own and his cousins are supporting him in his quest to do so! Tonight, Lonnie has to defeat Klein to earn a title shot against The D!

The introduction of the Lucky Sevens plays on the DEFIAtron and the fans are going crazy!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
&
Now DEFIANCE's Hottest Trio!!!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

The individual theme plays for the third member of the Lucky Sevens! Lonnie Luck jumps out from behind the curtain and lands with both feet on the stage! Behind him, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE, Mason and Max Luck, are in their fancy green and red plaid suits and sunglasses. Lonnie is wearing white tights with varying playing card designs running down both legs.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing ... from Sin City, weighing in at one-hundred and seventy-one pounds ... "The Pocket Ace" Lonniiiiiiiiiiii LUCCCCCK!!!

Lonnie reaches the ring. He jumps up to high five both of his cousins at the same time and then slides into the ring.

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

The words "KLEIN" pop up on the DEFIAtron as a spotlight hits the top of the ramp. Klein, box on his face, steps out from the back. His faithful friend the D is next out, Favored Saints title around his waist, massaging Klein's enormous shoulders as if he was a Boxer Training sending his protege off to face off against Mother Russia. Klein simply rolls his shoulders, takes a moment to Flex (and make Kruger cry in BRAZEN), before stomping his way toward ringside.

Klein climbs onto the apron and stares across the ring at the young upstart Luck. Meanwhile, on the outside, the D circles around to the Luck's side and PSSTs them.

The D:

PSST! Hey. Uh... Is this a Make-a-Wish thing or something?

The D points to Lonnie inside, warming up. Both Max and Mason just shake their heads.

The D:

You know what, don't care anymore.

The D wanders off to leave both Luck brothers flabbergasted.

DING DING

Lonnie Luck hypes himself up by jumping up and down in place. Klein is watching the kid and The D is more interested in giving his number to a fan at ringside. He finishes giving his number to a buxom blonde, and then turns to hand his number to a muscle bound freak of a man.

DDK:

You would think The D would want to pay more attention to a potential challenger for his title.

Lance:

Maybe so. I guess the D swings both ways?

DDK:

Or he's looking for extras.

Lance:

For his casting couch.

Lonnie jumps up at Klein and tries a head lock around the boxed head of Klein but the raw strength of the Box Man is too much for him and it takes only a little effort to push Lonnie into the ropes. Lonnie comes back and tries a shoulder block but Klein does not go down and budes only a little bit. Lonnie tries it again but the second shoulder block is as effective as the first one.

That is to say not very effective.

DDK:

Maybe Lonnie should try a different approach.

He goes for an arm lock on Klein but Klein just picks up Lonnie and carries him into a corner to force a break from the ref. The D cracks a small smirk at Klein overpowering Lonnie Luck like a child. Mason and Max just watch the match with poker faces on. Lonnie is not happy with being treated this way.

Lance:

I don't think he liked that very much.

DDK:

Probably reminds him of growing up alongside the Lucky Sevens. You can't tell me they didn't treat Lonnie like this in his younger days.

Lonnie charges Klein when he doesn't expect it. He yanks on the back of his head and jumps to the middle rope. He shifts his body positioning and then uses the second rope to finally take Klein off his feet using a springboard flying head scissors! Klein goes down for the first time and Lonnie is proud of what he's just accomplished!

DDK:

That was some great work by Lonnie Luck with that flying head scissors but he should be putting all his attention on Klein!

The D is still flirting, now with a different woman in the front row. Lonnie Luck yells at him to pay attention and he's wide open and left to take a shoulder block from Klein who is already back up! Now The D turns around and is paying attention to what is happening to Lonnie Luck because his buddy has him up in a stalling vertical suplex.

The D:

Maybe you shoulda paid attention! (To woman) Right? Silly make-a-wish kid...

DDK:

Lonnie has been trying to find his place in DEFIANCE Wrestling and he's been fixed on how The D has perceived him.

Lance:

And it just got him suplexed!

Klein drops Lonnie on the canvas hard! But he is not through with just one suplex. He does it again and this time it's a belly to back suplex that puts Lonnie down again. Klein pins Lonnie with the twins watching.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lonnie gets his shoulder off the canvas! Mason and Max are cheering on their cousin!

DDK:

I'm impressed! We have seen Lonnie Luck aka Lonnie Stone take a lot of punishment like this and still keep standing.

Lance:

He defeated Alvaro de Vargas in a violent Sin City Street Fight on Uncut to earn his place as a member of the Lucky Sevens a few months ago ... but that doesn't seem to be enough since this personal issue with The D started.

Klein goes for a powerbomb on Lonnie now but when he has him up in the air ... Lonnie fights back! He brings down the punches on the box-covered head of Klein until he lets go. Lonnie comes back off the ropes with a wheelbarrow and then turns it into a flatliner to bring Klein to the mat! Mason and Max cheer their cousin, but The D goes back to his phone to not paying attention.

DDK:

Lonnie counters with the Burn Card! An excellent takedown by the Pocket Ace! Lonnie jumps into a cover with a shot at the Favored Saints belt on the line!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Klein is able to push Lonnie off of him, but Lonnie goes back to work by sliding into a basement drop kick against the side of Klein's head.

Lance:

This victory means a lot to Lonnie Luck. Mason and Max have had massive success. The first tag team along with SNS to main event DEFCON. Former two-time Unified Tag champions. Two-time DEFIANTS of the Year!

DDK:

But he's letting The D get under his skin like this.

When he notices The D still messing around on his phone, Mason tells Lonnie to stop focusing on him and focus on the match. Lonnie listens. He goes for Klein again ... but he gets stunned by a big knife edged chop by the Box Man!

Lance:

... And then that happens!

Klein picks up Lonnie on his shoulders. He has the Think Outside TKO on the brain ... but Lonnie squirms free of his grip and lands behind him in the corner. Klein charges. He tries to catch Lonnie sleeping but Lonnie blocks the run by kicking him with both feet. Klein is stunned and wide open for the Pocket Ace to grab his arm, jump to the middle rope and then flip back to catch him with a diving reverse DDT on the way down!

DDK:

That's a new one! Lonnie Luck calls that the Bluff Catcher! Avid poker player but can the Pocket Ace win this hand?

He sits on Klein's torso and hooks a leg for the cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Klein kicks out again! Lonnie balls up his fists and wonders what he's gotta do to earn a shot at the Favored Saints Title. He looks over at The D ... who is, yes, still on his phone.

DDK:

The D's playing a dangerous game here. He's getting under Lonnie's skin, but he could be upsetting the Sevens doing this.

Lance:

Lonnie needs to worry about winning and not about what The D thinks of him.

DDK:

No tinder date is worth the wrath of the Luck Family.

Lonnie looks up and then calls out for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and they react in kind! He gets cheers as he goes up top. He positions himself and leaps off with a big high-arc moonsault ... that goes nowhere because Klein has moved!

DDK:

Expanding the arsenal works wonders, but high risk for a reason! The Super Satellite moonsault misses and now Klein has a chance to fight back!

The big Box Man is up and he's waiting for Lonnie to do the same. He gets up and then is taken down by a running clothesline from the side. He hits a second clothesline. Two isn't enough for Klein so he muscled Li'l Lon off the canvas and then has him up for a huge fall away slam! Lonnie is thrown three-quarters of the way across the ring!

Lance:

That strength of Klein is super underrated! Klein himself is super underrated in that ring!

DDK:

The former BRAZEN champion has got Lonnie in his sights!

After the fall away slam, Lonnie is hanging on by a thread in the corner. Klein speeds like a train towards the young man ... but Lonnie again gives him the slip! He sneaks up to the side and then takes down Klein with a school boy then turning it into a jack knife pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Kick-out from Klein! Lonnie almost caught him!

Lonnie is still in disbelief. He looks at The D ... back to not paying attention. But that gives Klein the chance he needs. Lonnie turns right into a big lariat from Klein!

DDK:

Klein takes down Lonnie with the lariat! And I believe Think Outside is coming next!

Klein gets Lonnie in the fireman carry position and then drops him with a ring shaking TKO! Think Outside hits! Mason and Max look disappointed with Klein making the cover.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is the winner ... KLEINNNNNNN!!!

DDK:

Tough loss by Lonnie Luck. He fought with everything to try and earn a shot at The D and the Favored Saints title, but his focus wasn't where it fully needed to be.

Lance:

Lonnie's obsessed with earning the respect of a veteran like The D that he let it overtake him.

Klein sits up on his knees. Lonnie isn't moving right now ... but Klein leans down and lightly slaps the lad before helping him to his feet. Once there, Klein breaks away, takes a step back, and purposefully extends his hand to the younger Luck. Lonnie takes a moment, dazed, and reciprocates to wild cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. When Klein releases, Lonnie collapses to his knees. Klein keeps him upright as Mason and Max come in to help their cousin. The D climbs onto the apron and points at his imaginary watch.

The D:

You done here Special K? We got things to drink...

The D holds the ropes open as Klein exits, and the two begin departing backstage.

DDK:

Hey ... what's Lonnie doing?

When Max and Mason go to help Lonnie ... he brushes past them. He's huffing, but he wants a microphone. Darren Quimbey gives him his.

Lance:

What's he doing?

Breathing heavily into the mic, Lonnie is laying near the ropes.

Lonnie Luck:

D! I'm tired of this! I ... I might have lost ... but damn it, I showed I'm a wrestler, too! I know you at least respect what my cousins have done ... but you're gonna respect me, too!

The D isn't looking at him, but Klein is.

Lonnie Luck:

One more ... one more chance ... to earn a shot at your title.

He's still breathing hard.

Lonnie Luck:

You two ... versus me and Mason! Tag match! I win ... I get a shot. I don't ... that's it. I'm not barking up this tree.

Mason and Max look surprised at Lonnie's challenge, but Mason nods that he is up for it. The D still doesn't look at him but he and Klein are having a conversation.

The D:

I don't want to have to hurt a make-a-wish kid...

Klein just slaps his box-head in annoyance.

The D:

...but, if this is what the fan wants, who am I to go against his last wish? The D is nothing but charitable when it suits him.

DDK:

That's a heck of a challenge put forth. He tried his best to outwrestle Klein and lost ... but he has earned one last shot based off his performance tonight.

After the deliberation, Klein gives him a thumbs up from the ramp and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer! The D leaves with Klein while Mason and Max check on Lonnie.

Lance:

I think that's official!

DDK:

But I hope Lonnie knows what he's doing. Klein is a powerhouse. The D is a long time veteran of DEFIANCE and is on the run of his career this year between his run as the Unified Tag champions and now the Favored Saints champion!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



PARDON THE INTERRUPTION

DDK:

Up next we have an in-ring interview with Jamie Sawyers. The Unified Tag Team Champions, M4NTRA, have requested the appearance of their number one contenders, DEFIANCE legend Dan Ryan and one of our top stars, Conor Fuse!

Lance:

I'm shocked they would do this. M4NTRA have won those titles and they've kept their distance from Ryan and Fuse after Dan and Conor won the massive six-team match. But tonight, they want to come face to face with their challengers. Jamie Sawyers is standing by!

Cut to the ring where Jamie Sawyers is now standing ready to conduct the in-ring confrontation.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, our Unified Tag Team Champions — Nathan Eye and DEC4L — M4NTRA!

M A N T R A.

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

A pulsating electric percussion of Bring Me The Horizon bring the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful from a peaceful anticipation to a frenzy of jeers! They are waiting for the champs...

...

...

"Is this thing on? We're live?"

"Yep! We're live!"

The DEFIATron is flashing brightly and appearing in a row of matching M4NTRA-tagged white and gold streaming chairs are DEC4L, Nathan Eye (with *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* in hand), Makayla Namaste, Archer Silver and High Flyer. The music quiets in the arena and is replaced by loud jeering for not being there in person.

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh ... M4NTRA? I was told you would be here live tonight.

Nathan Eye just scoffs at Jamie Sawyers.

Nathan Eye:

Oh, dear ... that's an error. I think that someone needs to learn how to read.

Nathan winks as the screen shifts showing an advertisement for KAYNASTE brand herbal vegan energy drinks. After a five second countdown a "skip now" button will appear at the bottom right hand corner of the screen, but you cannot skip.

Nathan Eye:

Thanks to the magic of streaming tech, M4NTRA is LIVE ... LIVESTREAM!!!

DEC4L:

SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALUTE DEC4LLION! It's been too long but it's still ya boi DEC4L chillin with the man, the myth, the legend, THE GOAT (!) Nathaniel Eye. Who else do we have back here? We have the biggest snack in DEFIANCE, Makayla Namaste and... well you know, just a couple of the boys. lykyk.

Makayla Namaste:

Not a single cap detected!

Archer and High Flyer are high fiving in the background! Jamie Sawyers tries his best to move the interview along. Now the KAYNASTE ad goes away but the scene shifts to a split screen. On the right side are M4NTRA and friends, on the left side are a series of five second visually appealing videos playing in succession.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well ... I guess that we will have this confrontation. But first things first ... for weeks, people have been wanting to know what is the exact nature of the relationship that you guys have with Archer Silver and High Flyer? Do you want to shed some light on these questions tonight?

Nathan Eye:

We are *happy* to do so! We will also be happy to confront Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan face-to-face when the OK Boomers finally decide to show up.

Makayla Namaste:

Totally *not* good vibes *or* professional, Jamie.

They say this with no sense of irony.

Nathan Eye:

When DEC4L and I won these Unified Tag Team titles, this wasn't just the culmination of a year-long journey for DEC4L and I! This wasn't just the crowning achievement of the time I came back from a *fourteen-month* layoff due to two shoulder injuries and a near-death hospital experience! This was *destiny*! DEC4L and I are two of the greatest talents that BRAZEN has ever made and now we have the gold to show it! But as you succeed, the haters grow!

DEC4L:

The rest of the Tom Morrow Memorial Division have been getting *rea*/salty, Jamie. I mean look at all the haters who showed up to take a shot at the champs last DEFtv. They made us beat two challengers just to win these championships and the very next show they roll out *six* teams?!

Alexander cups his hands over his mouth.

DEC4L:

Hater parade!!!

Nathan Eye:

And when the haters grow, you gotta grow your squad! You gotta have your people! And Archer and Flyer are *our* squad! They are our people! They are two more of the greatest talents that BRAZEN have ever made like us! Do what I do with my award-winning book, *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* and drop some knowledge on them!

Archer flashes a very cheesy-ass grin.

Archer Silver:

Natty Eyce is right. Me. Flyer. Eye. DEC4L. Four of the GREATEST homegrown DEFIANCE talent in history. The future is coming a lot sooner than people like Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse think. If they think I'm gonna let them take the gold from my guys, that ain't happening as long as I'm around. The temptations to continue hating on us grow and that's why they chose me to watch their backs! You are looking at M4NTRA's Appointed Self-Defense Instructor AND the Secretary In Charge of Kickings Heads Off Shoulders, Archer Silver!

Jamie Sawyers looks annoyed. The booing continues from the Erie Faithful who didn't pay to see a Livestream.

Archer Silver:

Jamie... I'm a pacifist... I will NEVER ball up my fist and strike at my fellow man because that's NOT what real men do.

REAL men train their ENTIRE body as a weapon. These feet are not just Harvard-educated, they graduated Valedictorian and went on to earn Nobel Peace Prizes for causing concussions. True story. And if old pricks like Dan Ryan and dumb pricks like cOnOr... is that how you say it? cOnOr?

The rest of the crew nod. Except for High Flyer

High Flyer:

I usually just refer to him as Gaymer boomer...

Archer Silver:

If Dan and cOnOr don't get with the program, the future's gonna pass their asses right on by while the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency take over this place one show at a t-

Fortunately for The Faithful, Archer's voice is cut off because another voice has made its way onto the stream.

"Is this thing on? We're live?"

Except the reply is much more sullen and deadpan than the last time.

"Yep. We're live."

And there, suddenly, to the cheers of the crowd, are Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan, who appear to have overtaken the current streaming nonsense and changed it into a split screen.

High Flyer starts ranting in silence in the background about not getting his moment in the sun as Conor stares at the lens in front of him and grins ear-to-ear.

Conor Fuse:

Hack and slash, slash and hack. You guys forgetting *my* roots or something?

It looks like Fuse is holding his cell phone. Dan Ryan is in the background, rather unimpressed and ready to crack some heads. Meanwhile his counterpart, The Ultimate Gamer, keeps trying to wipe the smirk off his face but can't.

Conor Fuse:

Hey dudes, welcome to my Twitch or whatever. Yeah, Declan, I've got a couple of years on you so I'm not into the TikTok, live streaming crave but it doesn't mean I don't know how to do it.

Fuse stops, pauses and puts his free hand against his temple, before tapping it.

Conor Fuse:

Did you know I've been doing a lot better with my mental health now that I've invested in Questrade? The fees are low, the advice is substantial, I no longer feel like I'm **not** in control of my money.

A Questrade logo appears in the middle of the split screen, rattling DEC4L and Eye because the logo is covering them and the rest of their crew.

Conor Fuse:

I enjoy playing video games, but I don't enjoy playing games with my money. *[Changing course immediately as the logo drops from the screen]* Yeah so I can whore myself out, as well. Listen, hey, all the credit in the world on becoming the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions. It's no joke that tag titles are held in extremely high regard here, I would know, I'm a two time champion. And despite the two of you -errr, the four or five of you- being so incredibly annoying, many of you remind me of *myself* when I was just dipping my toes in DEFIANCE years ago.

Fuse starts walking forward, revealing through the background he's likely in Gorilla and coming out onto the stage.

Conor Fuse:

But you guys aren't captivating enough. I found myself drifting off here and there, particularly when you spoke, DEC4L. Man, when we tagged together and won the BRAZEN Tag Party a couple years ago, you had a little more mojo to your game...

Does Conor actually believe what he's saying? His facial suggestions express he probably doesn't, but it seems to be working as he's rattling the other side of the split screen.

Soon enough, Conor appears out on the main stage, followed by Ryan, cracking his knuckles.

Conor Fuse:

You guys are going to realize soon, you're good, you have tons of promise, but you're not ready for the BIG CONSOLE, the BIG GAME. And guys like Dan and I, well, we'll out think you every step of the way.

Fuse winks into the camera, boasting about hacking their current stream.

Conor Fuse:

So I say this, I don't wanna play stealth, I wanna play *action*. C'mon, DEC4L, isn't your demo all about Fortnite and shit? Doubt you even know what's Metal Gear. The point is: you guys can run from us week after week until ACTS of DEFIANCE, or we can mix it up *beforehand*. You like that, bro?

Fuse looks back at Ryan. It's the only time he cracks his own little smirk.

Conor Fuse:

Next couple of shows, hell throw UNCUT in for all I care, let's have singles matches. I don't mind if it's Conor vs. Nathan, Conor vs. Silver or, hell, the match everyone wanna see... C0N0R vs. DEC4L. Did I say that right?

Fuse moves his head away from his cell phone and points it in Dan's direction.

Dan Ryan: *[blinking a few times]*

Thank God you gestured in my direction, man. I think I zoned out there for a minute. Um, just a few questions, Conor, if I may.

Fuse glances over and nods.

Dan Ryan:

I think... I think... one of these clowns said something about time passing us by, or I don't know, getting with the program... so I was wondering, and I'm sure you can help me here. If I punch one of them in the face, do their jaws break or are we dealing with cyborgs or something like that?

Fuse considers this briefly, but ultimate mouths, "their jaws break."

Dan Ryan:

Okay, if I pick one up across my shoulders and then drive them neck first into the mat or, I don't know... the ringside floor... would they, perchance end up in the hospital?

Conor Fuse:

Most likely, yes.

Dan nods.

Dan Ryan:

So, I don't actually need a TikTok account or anything to beat them all to a pulp with my bare hands?

Conor Fuse:

Not as far as I know, no.

Dan nods again, satisfied.

Dan Ryan:

Oh okay, good. Thanks. That's all I wanted to know.

A brief pause.

Dan Ryan:

Guys, you know, this is all great, the smoke and mirrors, the cool kid vibe and whatnot, but look, it's all window dressing. You can talk how you want, dress how you want, make references like you're the cast of 21 Jump Street pretending to me ten years younger than you are, but none of it matters. All that matters is... when you get into the ring with us...mmm, I don't know... can you survive? Because if you can't, you'll be hooked up to an IV anesthesia drip in a hospital muttering under your breath about boomers and social media scores. Here's the bottom line guys, and I'll be very blunt about this. I'm going to kill you all.

Conor puts a hand on his shoulder and mutters, "we don't say that anymore..."

Dan looks at him, then back at the camera.

Dan Ryan:

Oh.. may bad. I am going to 'unalive' you all.

Dan looks at Conor as if to say, "better", and Conor nods.

Dan Ryan: *[giving a curt head bow]*

That is all. Thank you.

M4NTRA all gasp at the same time and Nathan Eye inches forward out of his seat with (fake?) moral outrage.

Nathan Eye:

No, no, no, no, no! We aren't doing this! We were here to have an enlightened yet civil discussion about our genetic superiority, youthful energy and Unified Tag Team title win, then Dan Ryan immediately escalated with death threats. Isn't there a shadowban for that? Here's my question, Jamie? Why aren't these challengers being shadowbanned from our livestream?! Someone hit that "Report" button now!

Dan Ryan: *[still on the screen with Conor, with a laugh]*

Oh boy oh boy, are you people new. Don't worry guys, we're shadowbanning ourselves. See you soon!

Dan gives a classic click and finger point.

Conor Fuse: *[waving joyfully]*

Toodles!

With that, Conor and Dan are gone, M4NTRA end their own feed and Jamie Sawyers is left in the ring, holding his mic.

Jamie Sawyers:

There you have it!

The scene switches to the announce team as The Faithful take in what they just saw.

DDK:

Nathan and DEC4L better be careful, Dan Ryan is not a man who messes around.

Lance:

Neither is Conor, compared to both of them.

KILLJOY vs. SGT. SAFETY

DDK:

No matter how hard Titanes Familia tries to keep Scott Douglas down, he isn't going away! He came out earlier tonight and arguably cost Uriel Cortez the Favoured Saints Title! As a result of that fight between both men, Uriel Cortez and Scott Douglas have been removed from the building.

Lance:

Indeed... and coming up next, an already scheduled match before any of that went down... Killjoy of Titanes Familia goes one-on-one with DEFIANCE cult favorite Sgt. Safety. I do not envy The Sarge at all.

DDK:

Neither do I. Sgt. Safety has struck up a new partnership of sorts with another cult favorite, Count Novick, and Safety's won his last two matches on UNCUT, but tonight... he faces a monster undefeated in singles action. That match takes place right now, so let's take it to Darren Quimbey for introductions!

The camera does just that with Quimbey ready to read introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...From Chicago, Illinois... being accompanied to the ring by Count Novick... weighing in at 220 pounds... he is Officer of OSHA and The Safest Man in DEFIANCE... this is **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans cheer as Sgt. Safety comes out with his familiar noise-meter! Next to him, Count Novick glances around the jam-packed Erie Insurance Arena, snarling from behind his cape. The crowd cheers get louder as he points it to different sections of the arena to see who can make the most noise! After Sgt. Safety points at the Count and they make it to ringside, The Sarge steps into the ring and then holds it out one more time for each side of the arena before handing off the decibel meter. Once he reaches the ring, the Erie Faithful cheer him on as he waits for his opponent.

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

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

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

Tonight, one golden spotlight shines brightly on the stage to reveal the titanic form of the masked monster. The Future of the Familia steps forward, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened and showing no facial features whatsoever. Next to him, "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness is dressed in a black sleeveless top, black jeans and golden heels. She points at the ring and gives Killjoy his marching orders. The only two-time BRAZEN Champion in company history nods at said instructions and slowly starts his march to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... being accompanied by Titanesss... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in a THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN POUNDS... **KILLJOY!**

Once Killjoy and Titaness reach the ring, Killjoy heads inside. He steps over the ropes and stares down The Sarge. Sgt. Safety looks over at Count Novick, who stares up at Killjoy.

DDK:

That's a confrontation if I've ever seen one. I don't think The Count wants any part of this monster.

Lance:

Especially after earlier tonight.

Official Rex Knox stands between the two and then calls for the bell...

DING DING

Killjoy slowly stalks towards Sgt. Safety, who is doing his best to try and keep some distance away from the monsters. That turns out to be much easier said than done when he starts towering in his direction. He finally lunges... but Safety moves! Killjoy hits nothing but the corner, allowing for Sgt. Safety to leap onto his back to apply a fast sleeper hold on the monster!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety moves out of harm's way! He's trying to get that sleeper hold fully locked in on the monster!

Lance:

What an UPSET this would be!

The Erie Faithful are fully behind The Officer of OSHA with the submission hold locked in! Titaness watches stoically with arms folded from the outside as Killjoy struggles with a 220-pound man still firmly on his back! He tries to shake him off, but The Sarge and his textbook safe, technical style allows for him to try and keep hold!

DDK:

He's not letting go!

Killjoy finally manages to grab him by his neatly-combed hair and **THROWS** him forward with tremendous force, sending him crashing to the canvas! The Future of the Familia takes a moment to check his neck and catch his breath while Sgt. Safety is looking up at the lights and trying to pick himself up of the canvas.

DDK:

I think all he did was upset Killjoy with that sleeper hold! He's already back up.

Killjoy tries to run over to stomp on Safety, but he moves out of the way and climbs up into the corner in a hurry! As he's up on his feet, The Good Son targets him in the corner. He tries to charge, but The Sarge gets a back elbow up first and catches him in the chin again. Killjoy grabs his neck and twists it forward, before charging again. This time, he manages to catch a pair of feet to the chest.

DDK:

If Sgt. Safety has ANY chance of pulling this off tonight, he's gotta do exactly what he's doing now. Stick and move until he can find an opening against this monster!

Sgt. Safety gets the people behind him and then charges forward with a big running dropkick that knocks Killjoy into the corner without leaving his feet! Sgt. Safety jumps up and then gets cheers from The Faithful! He bounces off the corner and hits a running forearm next to stagger the big man! Killjoy is on wobbly legs when Sgt. Safety hits the ropes. He comes off... but Killjoy **SPINS** him up and around until he's on his shoulder and then **THROWS** him into the corner with a deadly lawn dart-style snake eyes!

Lance:

OH, NO! SGT. SAFETY GOT CAUGHT!

DDK:

You just heard the air get sucked out of this arena! Sgt. Safety is always popular, but against this monster? That's only going to get you so far. This is a monster that defeated former FIST of DEFIANCE Kendrix in the ring!

Wasting no time to avoid giving Sgt. Safety a chance to give him the slip, Killjoy heeds Titaness' advice at ringside! He

grabs him by the neck and then picks him up before HURLING him across the ring with a massive belly-to-back suplex toss across the ring! The Erie Faithful collectively wince at the impact!

DDK:

He pitches Sgt. Safety across the ring with the Atomic Throw! And usually when he scores with that, he goes for the FreeFall next!

Count Novick wants to help his buddy... but out of nowhere, he gets WHACKED in the back, courtesy of a white leather glove from someone in the front row...

Lance:

LORD SEWELL?! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?!

The crowd boos the leader of Gentlemen's Agreement as he vanishes into the crowd after his cheap shot!

DDK:

It was Sgt. Safety who defeated Sewell's bodyguard, Earl Roberts, on UNCUT! I have to wonder if that has anything to do with this... but there's nobody in Safety's corner to help him now!

Titaness looks confused by the attack from Sewell, but ultimately pays it no mind. She slashes a thumb across his throat to finish the job! Killjoy grabs Sgt. Safety by the throat and then ragdolls him up to his feet before HOISTING him from a chokeslam into a powerbomb position, then DRIVES him into the canvas!

Lance:

You called it! This one's over!

Killjoy puts two hands on the chest of Sgt. Safety as Rex Knox makes the victory nice and official.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your win...

But before can even announce Killjoy as the official winner, Titaness steals the microphone.

Titaness:

CUT THE DAMN MUSIC NOW!

The fans are booing Titaness as he walks up the steps to join Killjoy in the ring. Killjoy grabs Sgt. Safety and THROWS him over the ropes and out to the floor, right next to where Count Novick is down and out!

DDK:

What the hell?!

The Faithful BOO the monster as he stands triumphant. Titaness holds the microphone.

Titaness:

SCOTT DOUGLAS!

The Ladyship of The Familia furrows her brow.

Titanness:

Because you're too damn STUPID to understand that messing with The Familia is bad for your health, you and my husband got thrown out of the damn building earlier!

She faces the closest camera she can find at ringside, speaking directly to Scott Douglas.

Titanness:

My husband was going to be the Favoured Saints Champion for a second time until you got involved AGAIN... So I've been asked to deliver a challenge on behalf of my husband to you, as well as one of my own. First... his challenge... ACTS OF DEFIANCE! My husband, Uriel Cortez... one-on-one against YOU!

DDK:

Oh, God! What a match that would be!

Lance:

We had to know it would come to this! Scott Douglas isn't going to let that attack in front of his own significant other, Iris Davine, stand!

The Erie Faithful are buzzing, but The Pretty Powerful isn't finished yet.

Titanness:

And since you've got the balls to repeatedly come out here and stick your nose in Familia Business, we'll give you an open invitation to step into the ring with one of us in two weeks. DEFtv 208... you...

She points at the monster next to her.

Titanness:

Against KILLJOY!

She spikes the microphone down and then points at Killjoy. The two Titans leave the ring and then head up the ramp without even so much as looking back at the damage caused.

DDK:

What a set of challenges lobbied towards Scott Douglas! That's a murderer's row that most people wouldn't want a part of.

Lance:

We'll be sure to let you know as soon as we get confirmation of if these challenges are going to happen!

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

REZIN vs. MV1

We cut to our friendly, professional announcers at the Commentation Station.

DDK:

And now we turn to our main event. Rezin and Masked Violator #1: squaring off for the first time ever!

Lance:

Rezin, of course, has had a tumultuous journey in the last 12 plus months. Ups and downs versus Vae Victis, an intergalactic hiatus, a recent high profile return and -- just two weeks ago -- coming up short for the SOHer against new champion, Ned Reform... to say it's been a "journey" for DEFIANCE's Favoured Sinner would be an understatement.

DDK:

MV1, too, has "been through it". At MAXDEF, he chose keeping his mask and joining Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems over finally, after almost eight years, reuniting with his former friend and partner - the once MV2 - Corvo Alpha.

Lance:

A truly shocking development.

DDK:

To be sure. In fact, we...

Keebler's voice trails off as the lights cut out and the shot cuts to a spotlight falling onto the Interview Stage.

Lance:

What is the meaning of this?!

A slender, shapely, shimmering frame steps into the light and the disdain of the Faithful rises. A wrist posed perfectly against her hip, the blue sequins of her ball gown shine and glisten. She brings a microphone to her pert, bright red lips as they curl into a smile.

Madame Melton:

Direct your attention, if you will, towards the curtain...

She sweeps a toned arm in the direction of the top of the rampway with drama and flair.

Madame Melton:

Direct your attention, if you will, towards the future! Direct your attention to a man who has finally accepted who he is! To a man who knows now more than ever that he is surrounded by people who have always cared about him!

Her accusing eyes scan the arena.

Madame Melton:

Look upon a hero who is most certainly, finally, and ultimately READY for his close-up! Direct your attention, direct your *adoration*, to the man who, amongst my Most Precious Gems... Knows he is our **Most Precious 1!!!**

She spins to the curtain.

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

The drums roll and toll impending doom as smoke roils out through the curtain. When the guitars hit, the curtain is swept aside. The DEFiatron shows the letters slowly, in stark black and white:

M P 1

DDK:

What?!

A figure emerges through the plume.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for our MAIN EVENT! This contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from Parts Unknown... weighing in at two-hundred and seventy pounds... Accompanied to the ring by Madame Melton and representing the Most Precious Gems. He is **MP1 - Her MOST PRECIOUS ONE!**

Dressed in blacks, grays, and whites, his singlet and wrestling mask seem to have kept the same pattern as before, just now completely devoid and flushed with color. MP1 doesn't linger atop the ramp. Visibly made uncomfortable by the overwhelmingly negative response of the crowd, the masked man's eyes stay trained on the ground.

Lance:

MV1 is like a completely different person, Keeps!

DDK:

That's "MP1", Lance! Melton's "Most Precious One"!

Lance:

Disgusting! He was forced into this! Backed into a corner!

DDK:

That seems to be *his* side of things.

Melton trails him, her delicate hands "conducting" a concerto only she can hear. At the foot of the ring steps, MP1 finally regards the fans. Beneath his black/gray/white mask, his face is tight and perhaps remorseful. Stubble can be seen above the upper lip and below the bottom.

Melton lays a hand on the masked man's shoulder, cups her mouth with a bejeweled hand, and coos in his ear. MP1's brow furrows at her instruction. Yet he appears to comply, sliding into the ring.

All around the arena, a sprinkling of MV1 foam fingers from better times desperately wave in the air. He waits in the corner, elbows resting on the ropes, forehead resting on the top turnbuckle as the music subsides.

♪ "Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores. ♪

The capacity crowd comes to life with a thundering pop as soon as the bass and drum intro thumps over the PA. The black and white world of the Uncut Gems is suddenly awash with an angry sanguine light illuminating the stage. Through a wall of smoke, the Goat Bastard suddenly bursts forth and begins tearing from one end of the stage to the other, charging up the screaming fans.

One by one, the other members of his Resistance emerge from the shadows. The crew convalesce at the head of the ramp and form a picturesque group pose with Rezin in the center in a Christ pose, the Amazing Amarettos flourishing at his flanks, Olvir the Pornstar Viking standing tall in the back while majestically flexing, Chris Chickentenders kneeling down in front and popping his collar, and finally not-so-lovely Suzie awkwardly standing off to the side, puffing down another Menthol.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... accompanied to the ring by the REZISTANCE... please welcome "the Escape Artist"... **REZIN!!**

Slapping every hand his reddened eyes find outstretched across the barricade, Rezin leads the procession down the rampway. Reaching ringside, he stalls for a moment while staring daggers at the duo of Madam Melton and the newly

rechristened MP1... then turns, and dismisses the Rezistance. Nodding in agreement, the gaggle of ghoulish goofballs head to the back, leaving the leader to stand and fight alone.

Rezin suddenly lunges forward, slides into the ring, and pops to his feet, huffing, sniffing, and looking Strawsitively fired the fuck up. He thumbs one nostril shut and snorts through the other to clear his nasal passages. This backfires spectacularly, after a glob of mucus suddenly sprays itself out across half his beard.

Rezin:

GODDAMBIT!! As if I needed MORE reasons to be PISSED!!

Rezin wipes his beard "clean" with the back of his hand and nods to the ref to get this party started.

DING DING

As the buzz and anticipation builds, Rezin is a swelling mass of manic dynamism. He paces and stomps around his half of the ring, arms gesticulating wildly in the air. Spittle flies from his mouth as he mumbles incoherently to himself, his beady, darting eyes everywhere at once. Hyping himself up, he slaps himself across the face. Not once but twice.

Rezin:

COME-THE-FUGG-ON!

MP1 slowly turns to face Rezin, his mask awash with vacillation and wavering conviction. He is a man at war with himself. Outside the ring, the scowl on Melton's face replaces her beauty with a prolific ugliness. She points at Rezin and barks at her newest plaything to engage. And so he does.

Lance:

Rezin has got a chip on his shoulder the size of the Erie Playhouse! You can see he is spoiling for a fight tonight!

DDK:

As these two men circle each other, it's impossible to ignore the energy! Everyone is out of their seat! This groundswell that's been building behind Rezin for all of these months is at an all-time high, pun fully intended! Add in the collective, overwhelming disappointment that every single person in this building feels towards the direction that the Masked Violators story has continued to go... and there's not a soul in the Erie Insurance Arena that isn't invested in this moment in some way!

Lance:

The only one that doesn't appear to be amped to be here is the newly christened "MP1"!

Slowly circling, both men can't help but react to the crowd reacting to them.

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

Rezin grins a broken grin, slapping his left pec with his right hand before reaching in to lock up. MP1 slaps his hand away and the dance continues.

When they finally do lock-up, Rezin quickly ducks behind with a rear waistlock. He isn't there for long as MV1 throws an elbow and ducks under and out of the hold, grabbing a rear hammerlock along the way.

Rezin ducks out, himself, but MP1 retains the wristlock.

DDK:

Rezin has hung with some of the most proficient technical professional wrestlers in the sport.

Lance:

Meanwhile, MP1 has slowly built a case over this DEF run that his name should be in that conversation!

With a burst of vigor, Rezin sloppily springboards off the second turnbuckle, leaping and rolling out of the wristlock. MP1 throws a clothesline that Rezin defly evades before launching himself off of the far ring ropes.

As MP1 ducks down, Rezin runs and ROLLS over his opponent's back, hitting the opposite set of ropes!

DDK:

Rezin - off the ropes - INTO AN ARMDRAG by MV1! Both men back up! ANOTHER arm drag!

Rezin slides across the canvas and, mid-slide, finds his footing. He CHARGES forward-

DDK:

SUPER-KICK!

Rezin's head SNAPS back and he collapses. MP1 falls on top of him, wrenching a leg out of his way as he does so. He pins Rezin's shoulders to the mat with his full bodyweight.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

It was that same superkick from MP1 that ended any and all speculation or hope for a Masked Violators reunion! And he nearly got a victory, perhaps what might be his GREATEST victory in the main event of DEFTv, over the Goat Bastard!

Lance:

But that superkick was not enough!

Melton rounds the ring and catches MP1's eye. She smiles and calls out to him, a surprisingly soothing and reassuring tone. MP1 pushes himself to his feet and drags Rezin up with him.

DDK:

Irish whip by Melton's Most Precious One! Rezin into that corner HARD, Lance! And in goes MP1! Follows up with a Flying Leg Lariat into the corner!

Lance:

The knee brace on MP1's surgically repaired right knee just WALLOPED the Escape Artist in the side of his head on impact!

MP1 collects himself, catching something in the corner of his eye.

DDK:

Here comes Rezin! Staggers RIGHT INTO A SIDEWALK SLAM by MP1! MP1 hooks both legs!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

TH- NOOO!!

MP1 slaps the canvas, plainly frustrated. Up to one knee, the boos rain down as he pulls an arm through one of the straps of his singlet, pulling it down. Rising to his feet, MP1 exasperatedly takes in how the fans feel. It pains him. That's when the low slow crowd chant emerges.

COOOOOOOOOOR-VOOOOOOOOOO!!! COOOOOOOOOOR-VOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The masked man hangs his head, turning as much of his focus as he can muster back towards his opponent.

Lance:

I think we should be up front in sharing that Corvo Alpha is not scheduled to be here tonight.

DDK:

I believe he will be appearing in Erie tomorrow for Night 2!

Lance:

I have a feeling that MP1 is happy for that.

Using Rezin's tangled hair to pull him back upright, MP1 CLUBS Hell's Favorite Hoosier across the small of his back!

DDK:

And ANOTHER clubbing blow!

Lance:

But look at this! Rezin is BATTLING! He's throwing stiff rights! There's a left! He ROCKS MP1!

DDK:

And MP1 ends that flurry by CLOTHESLINING Rezin over the top!

Rezin holds onto the top rope, feet landing on the apron. MP1, seeing stars from the hands Rezin was throwing, staggers backwards.

Lance:

Rezin! Measuring the masked man!

DDK:

REZINRANA?!

The springboard somersault lands Rezin onto MP1's shoulders just long enough to reverse velocity into a hurricanrana! The Faithful marvel, thousands rising to their feet in unison, as the move hits and Rezin reaches back - he hooks both legs. Carla Ferrari leaps and slides into position.

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR-WAIT!!

DDK:

MP1 reached that middle rope!

Lance:

And HOW did he do that, I wonder?

Madame Melton is seen walking away from the scene of the crime. The replay window in the lower right shows the deed; the matronly madame forcibly PUSHES the middle rope towards her Precious, allowing him to blindly reach it.

DDK:

MP1 might not even know what just happened!

Lance:

Or, he might!

Referee Ferrari leans through the ropes to bark a warning at the manager, who likely pretends not to hear.

Meanwhile, a frustrated MP1 has slid out of the ring to center himself. On one knee, he holds his head in his hands – trying with every fiber of his being to tune out the abuse he is receiving from the front row Faithful. He side eyes those in his immediate view before rolling back under the rope and into the ring.

Rezin is ready for him.

DDK:

BASEBALL SLIDE to MP1's grill!

Slinking out of the ring, Rezin pulls MP1's head under the rope and lays a STIFF Downward elbow across the masked man's square jaw. Using his mask, Rezin pulls the newest Gem in the crown fully out of the ring with a *SPLAT*. Ferrari barks a *ONE* at the pair. A *TWO* is soon to follow. And so on.

Rezin pays her no mind. He HURLS MP1 into the ring apron. Going to smash his face into that same apron, MP1 braces himself in order to put on the brakes. Throwing a hellacious elbow into Rezin's gut, the Dope Smoker stumbles before catching MP1 with a kick to his own midsection.

Doubled over, MP1 eats another well-placed kick across his face. Carla barks a *FIVE*. Backing up, Rezin steadies himself before measuring MP1. He charges with a headful of steam!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KI- WAIT!

Lance:

MP1 caught him! LIFTS him! Turns! RUNS REZIN INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!

The ref screams *SEVEN*.

Melton is there, directing traffic out of the pile-up. She screeches at MP1, urging him to bring it back in the ring. He does so, rolling Rezin under the bottom rope and following close behind just as Carla bellows out *NINE*.

Clutching his lower back, Rezin convulses on the mat in agony as MP1 rises, lowering the second strap on his singlet to a torrent of sneering and disdain from the masses. Only now he doesn't seem as pained. A weary resolve is etched across his twisted black & gray mask.

DDK:

MP1 is in control now... he cinches Rezin... PILEDRIVER!

Of the leaping variety. Rezin's neck crumbles on contact.

Lance:

Devastating!

Rolling him over, MP1 covers him, lazily hooking a far leg.

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR– NOO!!!!

DDK:

Shoulder UP! Rezin got that shoulder UP!

Lance:

It was the last possible moment! But he got it up!

DDK:

The resilience of the Goat Bastard laid bare!

MP1 doesn't believe it. Holding 3 fingers in Carla's face, she sternly shakes her head. *TWO*, she says.

Glancing towards melton for a moment, MP1 goes back in action. Scraping Rezin off the canvas, he PLANTS him with a simple, to the point, and impactful bodyslam center-ring.

Lance:

He's going up top!

DDK:

Is this it?!

Using the top rope for guidance, MP1 leaps and pivots his hips in time to land his feet on the top rope. Slowly standing to full height, he is assaulted by the noise and sound of a frustrated fandom. The camera captures his sad eyes surveying the packed building, their thumbs turned downward when once their index finger might have pointed to the sky in this moment.

With a deep, fatigued breath, his gaze finds a prone Rezin in the ring. MP1 leaps.

DDK:

1-DERSTRUCK!!!

The top-rope somersault leg drop hits – but no one is there!

Lance:

The Escape Artist! Living up to his name! Nobody home!

With MV1 down and Rezin getting his bearings... suddenly, the DEFiatron fires up!

DDK:

What in the...?

The screen has been taken over by handhelm cam footage. Even though it's 2024, this appears to have been shot in

1995. The camera is jittery, jerking back and forth. When it focuses, we see Levi Cole - dressed in a sharp gray suit and holding a trophy. Cole stands behind a cardboard set with a school crudely drawn in black sharpie. As Cole looks lovingly at his trophy, some music reminiscent of a 1950's sitcom begins to play and we hear the voice of The Good Doctor...

Ned Reform (v/o):

Levi Cole. World-class athlete. All American. Honors student. The boy next door. A boy who had the whole world in front of him. Levi could have been anything he wanted...

On the screen, Cole begins to whistle as he struts across the screen. Cut to the ring, where Rezin has pulled himself to his feet and he looks at the screen quizzically. On the DEFiatron, Cole continues his happy whistling... until he walks into the path of TA Owens and TA Horrigan. Both members of Waited Grade are dressed like gangsters, with Horrigan in particular wearing a large brown overcoat. Cole stops in front of the pair.

Ned Reform (v/o):

...until he took a turn down the wrong path.

Cole and Weighted Grade continue to stare at each other. For a weird amount of time.

Ned Reform (v/o):

...I SAID HE TOOK A TURN DOWN THE WRONG PATH!

Another beat until it dawns on Horrigan that it's his line. When he speaks, it's with all the acting chops of a third grader.

TA Horrigan:

Hey... kid. You wanna... you wanna... um... have some drugs?

DDK:

What in God's name are we doing here?? There's a heck of a main event in progress!

Cole's response is equally Oscar-worthy.

TA Cole:

Drugs? But... isn't... that... stuff... bad... for you?

TA Horrigan:

Nah, man... it's rock punk. Punk rock. It's... cool... man. So... what... do you... say? You want drugs or not? Everyone is... doing it.

Ned Reform (v/o):

Alas, for all his potential, Mr. Cole lacked one key component that leads to greatness: he lacked strength of will.

Cole reaches out. Horrigan puts a zip-lock bag of what's clearly parsley in his hand. Cole holds it up.

TA Cole:

What... is... it?

TA Horrigan:

It's the grass... man. Dope. Mary-wanna. It's... cool. Do it... man. Be cool.

Horrigan stares wide-eyed into the camera as he delivers this. Cole puts the baggie down. He also looks into the camera.

TA Cole:

How was that?

ZZZZZZZ!

Static cut to Cole again - but now, he's sitting on a street corner wearing a stained white tank top. He has an empty bottle of booze in his hand. His eyes are bloodshot. He's wearing a very fake long black beard. He looks into the camera with puppy dog eyes.

Ned Reform (v/o):

... and Mr. Cole, like so many weak willed men before him, pissed away his entire future because he wanted to... as the kids say... get a little high. Sad.

The DEFiatron shuts off and the house lights go back up. Rezin continues to stare at the blank screen, completely dumbstruck.

Then, he explodes.

Rezin:

FATTHEWHUCKWHUZZAT?! Reefer... *MORONNESS?*! That's not ANYWHERE near the real thing! I mean, for one thing, dude would totally be on a COUCH on the street corner, and he'd have WAAAYYYY more tattoos, and listenin' to Black Sabbath and shit! Seriously, has anyone on this production team ever even SMOKED before?!

MP1 spins the rambling Goat Bastard around.

Rezin:

Dude, would ya not be inneruptin' my monologue here? That shit was a slap to my stoner *BLEGHK!!*

Rezin is sent flipping through the air off the lariat.

DDK:

MP1 with the lariat off the distraction! Now he folds up the Escape Artist! No getting out of this!

ONE...

TWO...

THRE--NOO!!!

Lance:

By the grace of punk rock, Rezin survives Ned Reform's distraction!

DDK:

The Most Precious One is coming to realize first hand the famed resilience of the Goat Bastard! He has to be wondering what more he has to do to put this one away!

Rezin flails on the mat, completely discombobulated. MP1 is on his knees beside him, astonished that he couldn't put it away. Madame Melton at ringside draws his attention. He crawls closer, and she whispers something to him that the cameras can't quite pick up.

DDK:

What sort of vile schemes is Madame Melton filling the erstwhile Masked Violator's head with?

Lance:

Whatever it is, it must spell doom for Rezin.

MP1 slinks around into Rezin's blindspot while the Escape Artist struggles to bring himself back up. Slowly but surely, he makes it from his hands and knees back onto his feet. Seeing his moment of opportunity, MP1 springs forth with a--

DDK:

CLOWFFINN HWOOFF KHICKK!!!!

Lance:

OUT OF NOWHERE and ON THE MONEY!!

Rezin snaps into action, his heel catching MP1 by the jaw and sending him into corkscrews through the air. In a flash, the Goat Bastard darts to the corner and scrambles to the top rope.

DDK:

REZINSAULT CONNECTS!! ...and he ROLLS THROUGH!!

The crowd ROARS at the sight of Rezin superheroically popping right back to his feet with MP1 still clutched in his arms. Then he hauls him overhead and onto his feet behind him, his head set perfectly into the three-quarter bulldog.

Cue the Black Sabbath.

DDK:

INTO

THE

NOOO!!

In the midst of the action, Madame Melton has found her way onto the apron. And a bottle of her specialty perfume.

DDK:

MELTON WITH THE PERFUME TO THE FACE!

Lance:

Eau de Humanity!

Rezin's hands go to his face. He falls to his knees. MP1 breaks away and backs himself into the corner. Muscle memory kicks in. In a heartbeat, he's on the top rope. In a flash, he comes off with a somersault that would make an Olympic diver jealous. The leg catches Rezin against the back of the head. The impact sends the Goat Bastard flipping over onto his back.

DDK:

1-DERSTRUCK CONNECTS!!

As soon as Rezin's back touches the canvas, MP1 flops across his chest and hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

BOOOOS fill the Erie Insurance Arena. Madame Melton joins MP1 in the ring to celebrate, but he instead coldly makes his exit and heads back up the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... MOST... PRECIOUS... OOOOONNNNEEEEE!!!

DDK:

I can hardly believe it, Lance! Rezin laid it all on the line tonight, but nevertheless, the cunning Madame Melton stole this one out from under him to get a win for the Gems!

Lance:

And ensuring that her "Most Precious One" shines in his first appearance since the great betrayal that took place at MAXDEF. Be as it may, MP1 doesn't seem like he appreciates the help.

DDK:

It's a very flux situation for the erstwhile Masked Violator Number One, who is nevertheless victorious here tonight.

Lance:

An unfortunate night for Rezin, who is *still* looking for that big win. But he had a lot working against him, including that "public service announcement" we were treated to by Dr. Reform.

DDK:

Oh, jeez... speak of the devil.

The crowd jeers like wild as The Good Doctor, dressed in a suit and with the Southern Heritage Championship slung over his shoulder, steps through the curtain sans music or any ballyhoo. He ignores the crowd and instead brings up a mic as he looks toward the ring with sympathetic eyes.

Ned Reform:

Rezin... Rezin... I know this must be yet another tough loss for you. I'm sure you saw our little production. Know that it was never my intention to interfere in your affairs... but I hope you heard the message.

Rezin, sitting up in ring center with his legs outstretched, looks into the lights with confusion.

Rezin:

Uhhh, message? Are... *they* transmitting again...?

Ned Reform:

I see so much potential in you, Rezin. You **can** live up to it. I know it! I am an educator - and I am NOT giving up on you! As tough as your loss tonight may have been, sometimes we must tear ourselves down before we build ourselves back up. And hear me, Rezin...

Reform gets very dramatic as he clenches his fist and holds it high. He closes his eyes as he says this.

Ned Reform:

I. WILL. NOT. GIVE. UP. ON. YOU!

Rezin's body balks with every word, as if the Good Doctor's voice carries the weight of a corsair's cannonfire.

Ned Reform:

And so I hope you will join me here on DEFtv in two weeks, Rezin. For you see, that is when the real world begins. Prepare yourself for Dr. Ned Reform's own brand of... immersion therapy. You will face your demons, Rezin... and with my help, you will send them right back to hell!

DDK:

"Immersion therapy"? I don't even want to speculate what that means...

Lance:

I think we'll find out in two weeks time!

Reform again gestures to the "poor" Rezin in the ring.

Ned Reform:

Take care of yourself! Stay strong!

As the Good Doctor turns to leave, Rezin blinks, as if suddenly struck by lighting.

Rezin:

This muthaf--GIMME A MIC!

The Escape Artist pops to his feet and extends his hand to accept the requested mic from the production assistant. It instead gets tossed into his head, sending a BUMP through the PA. Briefly throwing a glare to ringside and rubbing his temple, Rezin scoops up the mic, looks to the stage, and winds himself up...

Rezin:

RREEEEFFFFFFFAAAAAAOWWWWRRRRMMMMB!!!

Reform stops before passing through the curtain. In the ring, a black-stained finger points its way toward the entry-way and fires an invisible bullet of pure PUNK ROCK revengeancery.

Rezin:

Ya ain't sendin' anything ANYWHERE!! Cuz WHEREVER I GO... HELL'S COMIN' WITH ME!! YA HEAR?! HELL'S! COMIN'! WITH! ME!!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.