

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Oklahoma City welcomes DEFIANCE! The Jim Norick Arena is HYPED! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. The fans are going ballistic. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, is everywhere!

**WELCOME TO THE NEW WRESTLEPLEX!
SIGNS ARE ALWAYS ALL CAPS
I WAS DRIVING THE WHITE CHARGER
WEAPON GTFO
WHO IS BRIAN?
RIP STALKER
CONOR BUTTERFINGERS
THE SNOWFL-ACE
ALL MY HOMIES BEAT DEACON
IT'S OKAY CONOR, YOU ALREADY BEAT DEACON
YOU'VE GOTTA CATCH THOSE, CONOR
GET WELL SOON, GAGE!
GARLAND = NOT MY ACE
I LOVE YOU CONOR!!
ELISE ARES I LOVE YOUR HAIR**

TRUST ME

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Boos fill the arena as Malak Garland strolls out, ACE of DEFIANCE in hand. Behind him are the rest of The Comments Section, Percy Collins, Thurston Hunter, The Game Boy, ALEX, MEE6 and of course... Conor Fuse.

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv everyone! And our lives will never be the same again, as Malak Garland is the number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

I'd like to say "I don't want to talk about it" but this doesn't come with the job description.

Garland leads the way to ringside. He slides into the squared circle while Collins retrieves a microphone. The Snowflake Superstar's theme comes to a close and he waits out the boos. Percy holds the microphone for Malak as his fingers have soft air casts on them but he's still somehow able to hold onto the ACE.

DDK:

I can't help but notice the casts are back on Malak's tender little fingers while they magically weren't for his ladder match.

He waits out the boos for a while.

Before displaying a shit eating grin across his face.

Malak Garland:

Hello. FIRST, for those of you wondering, these soft air casts are completely removable and I have to wear them when I'm not doing anything strenuous.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Usually this type of response would rattled the ultra sensitive troll but he looks down at his ACE and hugs it.

Malak Garland:

Why the hate?

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Malak Garland:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow down people. I'll get to the point quickly but everyone just needs to take a big deep breath, relax, and TRUST ME. I will do the right thing with this...

Garland holds the ACE high to more boos. The camera switches to Conor Fuse who is propped in the corner and rolls his eyes.

DDK:

Of course, Conor was the one who HAD the ACE in his hands...

Malak Garland:

I know what this means. It means I am the number one contender to the most shiny, shiny title in all of DEFIANCE... the FIST Championship of DEFIANCE... and I know what kind of responsibility becoming champion would entail. It would mean I own you. It would essentially mean I own DEFIANCE and doesn't that give everyone the warm and fuzzies inside? Imagine going to meet and greets to see me, the world's greatest wrestling champion! I promise I'd show up to them too so I could collect your money.

The trolling comment receives even MOAR boos from the crowd. The Oklahoma City Faithful are livid at the name of the promotion's most prestigious title being misrepresented.

Malak Garland:

When I win the title, I will represent what is DEFIANT. Trust me.

Garland turns to Fuse.

Malak Garland:

Thank you for the "fumble" heard around the world, Mr. Butterfingers, allowing me, Malak Garland, to take the ACE and receive my rightful opportunity.

DDK:

That's not exactly what happened...

Garland giggles with glee.

Malak Garland:

I have a plan, an awfully amazing plan. Frist, I am booking Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter in a two-on-one DISADVANTAGED match vs. Deacon for later tonight. This is for scouting purposes you see, because I went to the Favored Saints and it's my SPIRIT GIVEN RIGHT to see what I'm dealing with.

Collins looks apprehensive but puts on a brave face and Thurston Hunter, who IS related to Jack Hunter, looks ready to be so badass even though he's anything but.

Malak Garland:

Which brings me to my next point. The ACE of DEFIANCE picks the time and place of the FIST World Championship match...

The Keyboard King pauses like he needs time to think things over.

Malak Garland:

My opportunity will take place at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE in Miami, which by the way, I find to be such a soothing place. I rather enjoy the smell of sunscreen.

Garland "almost forgot".

Malak Garland:

And I get to pick the stipulation, too...

Without looking in his direction, the number one contender bellows out.

Malak Garland:

Fetch me Conor Fuse!

Collins and Hunter walk over to Conor Fuse. Collins taps Fuse on the shoulder and tells him he's been summoned, as if The Ultimate Gamer didn't hear it (he did). Hunter puts his knuckles up and tells Conor he better meet Malak in the middle of the ring "or else". Conor has a look on his face suggesting how these clowns can't be serious.

Eventually, however, Conor walks up to Malak...

...And snatches the microphone.

Conor Fuse:

I get it, man. I've seen all the memes. The fumble shit. It was my bad and I screwed up. You're lucky I did, though...

Conor looks at the ACE.

Conor Fuse:

Or else that would've been mine.

The fans cheer but Garland takes the mic back.

Malak Garland: *[sarcastic winking at Conor Fuse]*

Yeah, yeah, whatever. You had the match "won".

MagnumG tussles Conor's hair like they were in on the plan together.

Malak Garland:

But that's not what I was summoning you for, cOnOr. I get to pick the stipulation for the main event match...

Long pause. Garland is soaking in the moment.

Malak Garland:

I'm naming you, cOnOr Fuse, as the Guest Enforcer of the contest. I know you and dEaCoN have a history here, don't you?

Garland's grin is wide and evil.

Conor Fuse: *[off mic]*

You're an idiot-

Malak puts his arm up.

Malak Garland:

You'll be the Guest Enforcer on the outside of the ring with... what do you shit sippers call it... FULL UNLOCKABLE POWERS.

Malak nods to himself.

Malak Garland:

Yes. Yes, that terminology will do nicely. It coddles my anxiety and makes me feel safe. cOnOr Fuse, teammate to The Comments Section and sworn enemy of tHe dEaCoN, will be the Guest Enforcer with fully unlockable powers throughout the **entire** match.

Conor rolls his eyes but there's more to Malak's words. The Snowflake gets RIGHT into Conor's face.

Malak Garland:

I'll go one step further. I'll get real with you, Fuse. I know you don't like it here, with all of us, so I'm willing to... set, you, freeeee...

Conor isn't buying it.

Malak Garland:

If I walk away with the FIST...

Garland pokes a finger into Fuse's chest.

Malak Garland:

You're free from The Comments Section.

He winks.

Malak Garland:

Forever.

The number one contender drops the mic and signals to his cronies it's time to leave. They all do, all except Conor Fuse who stands in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Oh boy...

Lance:

That's a lot to take in right there.

Garland's theme plays as he celebrates up the rampway. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse walks around the ring, shaking his head. DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2022

FIST of DEFIANCE

The Deacon © vs. Malak Garland

w/ Conor Fuse as the Special Guest Enforcer

****if Malak Garland leaves FIST of DEFIANCE, Conor Fuse is free of his Comments Section contract***

ELISE ARES vs. TITANESS

DDK:

It's time for our first match of the evening where we'll have Elise Ares in singles action against a former rival of her's in Titaness.

Lance:

Two fierce female competitors whose styles couldn't be any more different. Ares is one of DEFIANCE's fastest and most agile competitors, which should be a stark contrast to the raw power and athleticism of Titaness.

DDK:

I think we've spent enough time talking already tonight, don't you think, Lance? Let's get down to the ring.

In the middle of the ring, Darren Quimbey opens the show in Jim Norick Arena in OKC next to Carla Ferrari. The OK Faithful are rabid for DEFIANCE's first match in the state of Oklahoma.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is our opening contest! Introducing first...

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The lights fade except a piercing violet spotlight, where Titaness steps into the light looking at the ground getting into the zone stretching her shoulders before flexing for the Faithful. They salute her with a cheer before she does a standing backflip on the stage, sticking the landing with an explosion of silver and gold pyrotechnics popping the crowd for an even bigger reaction before making her way towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

...from The Bronx, New York. Weighing in at 200 pounds. She is the "SHOW OF FORCE." She. Is. TITANESS!

DDK:

What a great opportunity for Titaness tonight against one of the premier female wrestlers in DEFIANCE. She's made it clear that she's made decisions in her life to focus on her singles career and this might be the perfect measuring stick!

Lance:

Elise Ares went through a little bit of a rough spot the past few months but righted the ship at DEFCON with a massive performance against Flex In Box. If it wasn't for the additional show off, Ares may not even be able to compete tonight.

DDK:

That's true, Lance! We'll see if Titaness can take advantage of the possible back injury suffered by Elise at DEFCON.

After posing in the ring, Titaness stretches against the ropes and prepares for war. The lights shift from violet and gold to pink and cyan. Except... they don't?

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

Lance:

Whooooa, okay!

Elise Ares' previous entrance theme from her SoHER title reign plays over the Jim Norick Arena getting a massive pop from the Faithful. Full of swagger, Elise Ares struts out to a thunderous ovation. Her LED sunglasses sitting on top of her acrylic face shield read "I'M" and "BACK" before she takes them off and hurls them into the crowd. Afterwards she rips her face shield off of her face and slams it onto the floor, stomping on it under her own royal purple and gold lights as she continues to swag towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms,

she is the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. She is ELIIIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRRRRESSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

The mask is off for the first time in over a year, Lance! One injury down... but should we be worried about another?

Lance:

That back can't be 100% yet.

DDK:

Well it's certainly going to be put to the test tonight.

Elise Ares poses on the top rope for the Faithful before letting her high fashion style jacket fall to the ground revealing a remixed version of her old gold and purple ring gear. The music stops as she approaches the middle of the ring. Titaness follows suit and Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE tries to take Titaness off-guard with an early explosion of speed, but the super athletic Show of Force uses her own natural skills to her advantage and launches Ares across the ring in a manner that would make a fantastic meme about being launched into space. Elise lands hard and Titaness flexes as the former SoHER pulls herself up to her feet. Ares tries to hit a flying quick strike but she's caught in mid-air and thrown down hard to the mat, picked back up, and forced to the corner.

Lance:

The feeling out process isn't going so well for Ares.

DDK:

Elise probably came into this match thinking she could rely on her natural speed, but Titaness has a lot of raw ability herself!

Titaness hits a few hard shoulder charges into the abdomen of Elise Ares, working the core and potentially injured back of the Pop Culture Phenom. Carla calls for a rope break and Elise receives one as Titaness backs off hands in the air before landing a HUGE double-hand chop to the chest of Ares as soon as she takes a step forward. Ares is knocked to the ground and rolls out of the ring to collect herself. Titaness follows suit, catching up to Elise and grabbing her by the back of the head before Elise hits her right in the nose with a back elbow and then whips the larger Titaness into the ringpost.

DDK:

Carla is already at a three count here, I know it's early but these ladies better keep an eye on the count.

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

Elise follows up with a low dropkick to the side of Titaness' head as she tries to reach her feet, bouncing it off the ringpost. Ares hears Ferrari count to six and struggles to lift Titaness back up to her feet and throw her into the ring. Elise follows and quickly covers!

ONE!

TW... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Elise Ares with a nasty exchange on Titaness outside of the ring, but maybe didn't do as much damage as she thought and came up short with a two count.

Lance:

She better stay on the offense, because with the Show of Force and that power, Elise can be caught by one move and out!

Elise sees that she has to wear down the Show of Force a little more to secure a victory, maybe previously underestimating the Los Tres Titanes member she's had the least interaction with. Ares picks the right hand and slams it to the canvas. Following with a stomp. Carla warns the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style but Ares grabs the wrist and quickly rolls through, wrenching the wrist and the arm before wrapping her legs around the arm pulling back on the wrist. Titaness grimaces in pain but uses her strength to lift Ares up off the ground, who then jumps up onto Titaness' shoulders and spins around so that she's riding on her back like a child, then does a victory roll! However, instead of going for the pinfall, Ares grabs the arm and pulls on it once again getting an applause from the Faithful.

DDK:

Elise Ares not known for her ring work so to speak, but what a sequence right there!

Lance:

Lucha Libre influences on both sides of the ring here really shine through, Darren. Some great ring work and WRESTLING, whether Elise would ever admit to it or not.

Titaness, still in pain, finally manages to power her way away from the tenacious Ares, but the job has been done and she's already favoring the right wrist. Elise grapples Titaness from behind and tries to lift her, but it doesn't go as expected and the Show of Force remains grounded. A back elbow from Titaness goes over Ares head, so Elise shoves her into the ropes, on the rebound Ares goes for a dropkick but no one is home! Titaness grabs the ropes and as Ares hits the mat she runs past the PCP member and hits the opposite ropes. Elise loses track of where Titaness is and finds her just in time to eat a Lady Lariat that turns her inside out!

DDK:

HOLY!

Lance:

Did she flip TWICE before she hit the ground?!

Titaness goes immediately for the cover, but then hesitates grabbing her wrist which impacted the collarbone of Ares. After shaking it off she jumps on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Elise manages to get shoulder up and Ferrari signals a two count for the Faithful, who applaud once again enjoy the show put on by these two phenomenal female athletes. A bit woozy, Ares can't seem to figure out which way to escape before being grabbed by Titaness and thrown backwards with a series of rolling german suplexes. By the end of the sequence an audible scream can be heard from Elise as her back is being impacted again, and again, and again. Elise crawls across the ring in pain, trying to escape once again but Titaness grabs her by the ankle and pulls her back to the middle of the ring before lifting her into a rack submission!

DDK:

You can hear the screams of pain from Elise Ares from here at the announce table, Lance! She is in a bad way here! Titaness may have come into this match as an underdog on paper, but she's looking like the aggressor.

Lance:

Unexpected power is such a huge barrier to overcome. You come into the match knowing Titaness is strong, no doubt,

but you're not expecting just HOW strong she is!

Carla asks Elise to submit but gets an aggressive no before the Show of Force drops to a knee, impacting the back of Ares across her shoulders. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style screams out in pain before slamming her forearm down on the wrist of Titaness, who lets go against her will. Ares tries to get away, but Titaness however gets her grip back and launches Ares into the air in an attempt to drop her down across her knee. The luchadora counters by spinning in the air and throwing Titaness head first into the mat with a spike hurricanrana! The Faithful roar as Elise rolls away to distance herself favoring her back.

DDK:

What a move by Elise Ares!

Lance:

It's like watching Cirque du Soleil everytime she steps into the ring, Darren! Say what you want about "sports entertainment" and her lazy tendencies but she never fails to entertain!

On the apron, Elise winces as she pulls herself up to her feet. Elise kisses her fist while leaning back holding onto the top rope, signaling for Amethystation while Titaness recovers. As the Show of Force reaches her feet, Ares leaps up onto the top rope and flies through the air, pulling her arm back and connecting with a soaring superman style punch right to the jaw of Titaness!

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!

Lance:

You know what's next, Darren?

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE rolls through and bounces off the ropes before roaring back and leaping into the air. At the last second, Titaness tries to avoid the Extreme Makeover by pulling back but Ares grabs her arm and lands the high curb stomp right onto the worked wrist of her opponent. Titaness hits the ground screaming out in pain as Elise rolls through again, bounces off the opposite ropes, then coming back and landing the leaping curb stomp square!

DDK:

That's it folks!

Lance:

Count it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... ELISE ARES!

The Faithful roar in approval as the bell rings through the Jim Norick Arena in OKC. Elise Ares becomes the first member of DEFIANCE to win a match in Oklahoma as Carla Ferrari reluctantly raises the hand of the woman she has a bit of a checkered past with. Ares pats Carla on the back before doing a large exaggerated bow.

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

DDK:

A hard fought win from the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE here to open up DEFtv 170, Lance. If that's an indication of what's to come, Oklahoma is really in for a treat tonight.

Lance:

Titaness looked very impressive at points, but something felt just off for her tonight. These issues with Los Tres Titanes and Uriel may be taking a toll on her mentally... but either way, It wasn't her night. Elise is on the rebound after the big win at DEFCON and she continues to roll here tonight.

In the middle of the ring, Titaness sits up holding her wrist and shaking her head in frustration before running her hand through her hair. She looks back over her shoulder towards Elise celebrating her way backstage and takes a big sigh.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT'S ACE of DEFIANCE

BETWEEN A FREAK AND A SNOWFLAKE

The Faithful cheer as an anxious Conor Fuse strolls the backstage hallway. He turns a corner and comes to an immediate stop.

Magdalena stands in front of him. He's a good deal taller than her, but she's carrying that big personality saying she's on to something.

Magdalena:

I heard...

There's an awkward silence between the two of them.

Conor Fuse:

Look, I never asked for any of this.

Magdalena shakes her head.

Magdalena:

Neither did Deacon.

Frustration grows on the gamer's face.

Conor Fuse:

I thought we were cool. I thought you and I... *Deacon* and I buried the hatchet when we teamed up against Ned Reform and TA Cole.

Magdalena seems indifferent.

Magdalena:

He teamed with you because we had a common enemy. It doesn't mean we trust you. Would be something - get out of that flakey group and then challenge its leader for the FIST. Nice one, two punch, there.

The Power-Up King balls his fist.

Conor Fuse:

I have done everything right for the past two years. Everything. You want to hold me accountable for trying to make a name for myself in 2020? So be it. I put that version of Conor Fuse behind me a long time ago. And you think I'm gonna cheat and let Malak Garland of all people walk out with the FIST?

Magdalena cocks her head to the side, her ponytail going with the gravity.

Magdalena:

And you to finish up on that "lifetime contract"?

A steady glare from Magdalena as she holds up one finger.

Magdalena:

One.

(Two fingers.)

Magdalena:

Two.

She clenches her hand into the cutest little fist you've ever seen.

Magdalena:

Punch.

She waves it off.

Magdalena:

You say it's two years ago but I remember two years ago being on your show. I remember the sincerity in your voice. And I remember the smile and believe me, as someone who was closer than your closest fans, it started nice enough. It didn't stay that way. That smile wasn't the jovial, joking smile you've given these last two years. It showed just how sincere some people in this industry can truly be.

Conor shakes his head again.

Conor Fuse:

Whatever. I'll see you... and him later.

Fuse storms away leaving Magdalena in the hallway by herself.

A VERY TRIVIAL PURSUIT

A panning overhead shot, scrolling across the legions of Oklahoma Faithful who are holding up their signs and losing their minds.

DDK:

The energy in this building is... what do the kids say? Off the chain?

Lance:

DEFIANCE is on the road and the people are jacked, Keebs!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

That happiness? That joy? That gushing fan response?

Right down the shitter.

The lights take on a purple hue as Ned Reform appears from the back, dressed in his best professional attire. Reform pauses at the entrance way with his left hand behind his back. He wears a smirk of superiority as his head slowly pans around the arena. He looks directly into the camera and is close enough for his voice to be heard.

Ned Reform: *[smiling pleasantly]*

Ahhh... smells like Oklahoma!

Laughing at his own wit, Reform takes a sharp turn left and strolls over to the interview station where the beautiful and talented Christie Zane awaits with mic in hand.

DDK:

Reform looks pretty happy for a man who was having somewhat of a breakdown last time we saw him, huh?

Lance:

After a big victory at DEFCON, he was embarrassed by proxy on the last episode of DEFtv when his protegee TA Cole lost to The D in mere seconds.

DDK:

For some reason, I get the feeling that we're going to hear about that tonight.

Reform takes position next to Christie, still smiling and waving as if he's completely oblivious of the hatred being sent his way. As his theme fades out, Christie raises the mic to her lips.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... Ned Reform.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform's brow furrows. He snatches the mic away from Christie, who cries out in surprise before scowling at the rudeness.

Ned Reform:

Actually, Ms. Zane... it's DOCTOR Ned Reform.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Now I know you had your pretty little heart set on conducting this interview here tonight, but I've decided to... as the

sports fans say... call an audible. I will be taking it from here... your one purpose, per usual, is to stand there and flaunt what I'm told passes for physical attractiveness.

Reform puts a single finger up as he turns his attention away from Christie and toward the fans.

Ned Reform:

NOW! As I'm sure you all remember, two weeks ago, young Mr. TA Cole was defeated in competition by...

Reform sighs.

Ned Reform:

...The D.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Ned Reform:

Now, Mr. Cole has the night off because he's hitting the books to ensure nothing that embarrassing ever happens again. But he is a bright lad. He'll figure it out... he'll bounce back. But alas, *I* am here, and I am here to make things right. I would like to call The D... nay, the entire Pop Culture Phenom ensemble... out here right now so I can look him in the eye and shake his hand on a hard fought and deserved victory. I suppose I should also congratulate Elise Ares on her victory tonight, eh?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Crowd's not buying it, and neither am I.

Lance:

Reform says Cole isn't here, but he's said that before and it wasn't true... if PCP is planning on coming out here, they'd better play to the fact that they have the numbers advantage.

Reform pretends to check his watch.

Ned Reform:

It's okay! Come join us! I would love the opportunity to stand face-to-face with The D and company. For you see, he DOES deserve kudos for his work in the ring. Despite The D's idiotic name, even I must begrudgingly admit that he does possess some in-ring talent.

The crowd cheers for this statement, as they agree.

Ned Reform:

However... when it comes to the gray matter from ear to ear... I'm afraid The D, nor any of his band of merry men, can hold a candle to Dr. Ned Reform. And tonight I will PROVE this beyond a shadow of a doubt when I challenge the entirety of PCP... to a game of WITS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Yes! Tonight, children, I will not be flexing my muscles... but rather my metaphorical muscle...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The Oklahoma Faithful roar in the sweet relief of Ned Reform being interrupted due to the Pop Culture Phenoms. It's of course The D leading the way, fresh off his victory over TA Cole sporting a new T-Shirt that reads "Mastered The Small Package But Mine Is HUGE." Suddenly, every member of the Pop Culture Phenoms piles out behind him one at

a time wearing the exact same shirt. Elise. Klein. Flex. Those two BRAZEN chicks whose names I can't remember. The more people, the more pissed Ned Reform becomes.

DDK:

Ah, well those weird shirts we were selling before the show started tonight make a lot more sense now.

Lance:

I mean... was there ever any doubt on who could be pushing that merch?

DDK:

I suppose you're right, Lance. The D has a lot more technical skill than most of the roster may give him credit for, but I wouldn't say he has the most mental aptitude I've ever seen. This might be a mistake coming out here to match wits with Ned. I think the PCP may be better off matching holds.

Lance:

After what we saw Reform do at DEFCON, I'm not so sure that's the best course of action either. As aggravatingly dull and pompous Ned Reform may be, he's also a very dangerous man in the ring.

DDK:

The D has gone toe to toe with Oscar Burns! Elise Ares was the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in the history of DEFIANCE, and might've continued to retain if she didn't get hit by the Gage Blackwood freight train that took him straight to the FIST of DEFIANCE. If Reform is underestimating the Pop Culture Phenoms, he might be making a mistake himself!

The D:

Quiet on the set!

The Faithful hush just a little as The D continues on.

The D:

First of all, I'd like to accept your praise of just one of my MANY talents. As you can see by my new shirt available right this moment on DEFSHOP.COM, my kudos are VERY large. Second off, wait why did we come out here?

Elise Ares:

I got a little lost in the middle, it was boring, but I believe he wanted to see The D? Something about whips? Sounded a little kinky, but hey, I'm not here to kink shame anyone. It's 2022 you know? Bing Bong.

The D:

That's right! You wanted to see The D! Go on bald man with big words. What has you craving The D?

Reform smiles. Shoots the fans a look that says "awww, this is cute."

Ned Reform:

Well, Mr. "The D"...

The D reacts as if he just ate something sour.

Ned Reform:

... you see, I did invite you out to congratulate you... however, I would be remiss if I didn't say this: that is the most gaudy and tawdry piece of merchandise I have ever seen. You should be absolutely ashamed of yourself, young man.

Reform shakes his head in disgust as the The D motions and the two BRAZEN chicks suddenly pop out t-shirt cannons marked "THE BIG GUN" and begin shamelessly firing those very t-shirts into the Faithful. Elise runs to one side of the stage and panders for a cheer. Then she runs to the other, decides the first side was louder and they shoot their loads into the Oklahoma Faithful.

Ned Reform:

However, fashion faux-pas notwithstanding... I would like to look YOU in the eye...

Reform points to The D.

Ned Reform:

And YOU.

Point to Ares.

Ned Reform:

As well as YOU and YOU.

Klein, who waved excitedly. Flex, who pops his pec. Reform turns to the other two women.

Ned Reform:

But uh... but not you. I have no earthly idea who you are. But the rest of you: I would like to challenge all FOUR of you to a handicap match!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

DDK:

Is Reform insane? He must have some sort of plan here, right?

Ned Reform:

A handicap.... TRIVIA CONTEST!

The fans... aren't sure how to take that one, honestly. Either is The D, who scratches the top of his head to Klein as if he's asking what exactly is going on. Klein shrugs his shoulders and Elise Ares steps forward with the mic in hand, twirling it between her fingers.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY, listen, I don't know if it's because there are hot women all around you so you're confused and think you're at a cheap sports bar or something, but this is DEFIANCE. We do two things here in DEFIANCE and that's Sports Entertainment. We sports and we entertain. It just isn't hard to figure out. I don't think any of the Aresites here in Oklahoma want to watch their favorite wrestlers and Ned Reform play TV bar trivia. However, if you'd like to march down to the ring and go one-on-one I'd be happy to whip you, or whatever it was that you said you're into. Heck we could even wrestle if you want.

Reform breaks out in a smile. Shakes his head. Is he... is he blushing?

Ned Reform:

Oh, Ms. Ares. I knew that it would come down to this someday. I mean, let's face it, as focused as I am on my intellectual pursuits... I am still a man. And I know raging pheromones when I... um, smell them?

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE's eyes grow wide and she looks back at Flex, Klein, and The D behind her who all shrug. She shivers, then turns back and continues to listen in terror.

Ned Reform:

BUT! I shall meet you halfway, my dear. Let's say this: if you and your merry band can defeat Dr. Ned Reform in this game of trivia, I will do you the honor of facing you one-on-one in competition in the ring at DEFtv 171. What say you?

Elise Ares:

Oof, well... I mean... err, we got a lot going on really. Suddenly. Sorry BBY, I didn't think it'd take this long. We've got a very complicated filming schedul...

The D:

WE ACCEPT!

Ares' eyes grow huge once more before turning around and shooting a death stare back at her tag team partners. Her mouth says "WHAT THE FU..." as Reform responds.

Ned Reform:

SPLENDID! Then, my dear friends, my dear children, and my dear Ms. Zane... let's play some...

Reform spreads his arms dramatically. The DEFtron fires up with some cheesy music, and the words "TRIVIA TIME" flash across the screen. The lights in the arena suddenly take on a game-show like appearance. Klein in particular is amazed.

Ned Reform: *[speaking quickly]*

Here are the rules, friends. Try to keep up. The Ned Reform Trivia-O-Matic will generate a random trivia question. This could be any category: history, science, literature, you name it. The important thing to remember is that the questions are totally random... we are at the mercy of the luck of the draw. I will be asked a question and will have twenty seconds to answer. Then you will follow suit. If one team gets a question wrong, the other team will have a chance to steal. Three rounds, one point per question. Understood?

The D:

Yeah, yeah. We got it. How many questions do we have to get right before we get our phone a friend?

There is no answer, only a small awkward silence before Reform finally answers.

Ned Reform:

Very good. I WILL TAKE QUESTION ONE!

Reform points to the screen, which makes a big show of "thinking" as it processes... then it spits out the first question on the screen:

QUESTION 1: WHAT IS THE MORE COMMON NAME FOR THE ELEMENT H2O?

Ned Reform barks out a laugh.

Ned Reform:

Well, we're off to a fine start, aren't we? The answer, dear friends, is water... the exact substance you will likely have to pour onto my body very soon... for I am on FIRE.

On the screen, a "DING!" goes off to indicate that Ned was correct. The score reads **REFORM: 1, PCP: 0**

The screen fires up again, as now it's PCP's turn. Reform's program thinks... and thinks... until it spits out...

QUESTION 2: WHAT IS THE MOST COMMON ELEMENT IN THE HUMAN BODY?**The D:**

I think it's fire, he just told us that.

Klein:

Fire isn't an element.

Flex:

Fire is elements?

Ned Reform turns his head away from the microphone and begins laughing hysterically as the Pop Culture Phenoms

cover their microphone and talk amongst themselves. Finally The D can be overheard:

The D:

Is it water?

Flex:

That's what the bald dude just said.

The D:

Ugh, you're right. Why is this so hard?

Elise Ares:

It's probably Oxygen or something like that, or maybe it's...

On the screen, another "DING!" goes off to indicate that Elise was correct. The Faithful roar as Ned Reform points back at the screen in protest when it reads **REFORM: 1, PCP: 1**.

The Good Doctor's eyes go wide in surprise. He makes an "okay, okay" face - he didn't think they were going to get one, but he seems slightly impressed.

Ned Reform:

Well done! I must warn you, however, it gets more challenging in Round 2. MACHINE!

The DEFtron does it's magic before spitting out:

QUESTION 3: WHO WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh, come on. These questions *aren't* random. Reform claims he's a Yale tenured professor and he just happens to be getting the first grade questions?

Ned makes a BIG show of thinking deeply. He puts his finger on his chin. He looks to the sky. His tongue comes out slightly. All the while the fans boo this charade. Finally, he sighs and throws his hands up.

Ned Reform:

Well, I'm not sure of this one... but my gut tells me... GEORGE WASHINGTON!

DING!

Reform breaths an exaggerated sigh of relief and wipes imaginary sweat from his brow. He turns to PCP with a "all yours" hand motion.

QUESTION 4: IN EDWARD LEAR'S POEM, WHAT WAS THE COLOR OF THE BOAT IN WHICH THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT WENT TO SEA?

Lance:

Oh come on, this is ridiculous!

DDK:

This game appears to be playing by two different sets of rules here, Lance.

The Pop Culture Phenoms huddle one more time, completely stumped by the question about 19th Century Literature. The feverish back and forth from the last question is now completely gone as the members just kind of stare back and

forth at each other helplessly

Ned Reform: *[butting in]*

Almost out of time, friends. Maybe time to throw in the towel? I'm sure you have other redeeming qualities. Ms. Ares, I'm sure you can't be COMPLETELY talentless, hmmm?

Elise Ares closes her eyes and looks into the air, balling her fists.

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Taking a deep sigh, Ares turns around and glares back at Ned Reform and doesn't blink.

Elise Ares:

Pea-Green... y que te la pique un pollo, cabron.

DING! Ned's mouth drops open in shock, as does the rest of PCP, and we're now **REFORM: 2, PCP: 2.**

Lance:

You show him, Elise!

Ned blinks. Shakes his head. Composes himself. Readies himself - makes the "bring it on" motion - as he awaits the next question.

**QUESTION 5: WHICH DARK AGE RULER FIRST INVITED THE ANGLO-SAXONS TO SETTLE ON THE
BRITISH ISLE IN THE 5TH CENTURY AD?**

Reform looks at the question. Blinks. Looks a little... upset?

Ned Reform:

Um, are you sure this is the right question?

DDK:

I don't think Ned planned it to get this far!

His question goes unanswered as the twenty second timer counts down. Ned begins to look a little panicked. He looks left to right. His eyes open and close. Finally, with about five seconds left...

...Ned's face melts into a devious and evil smile.

Ned Reform:

The answer... is Vortigen.

DING!

The fans begin to boo as Reform's ruse begins to hit them. Ned is absolutely giddy as he waves like the belle of the ball.

DDK:

Well, this is it. PCP needs this point to make it a draw at least.

Elise Ares:

Wait, wait. What is a Vortigen? It's VortigeRn. With an R. Baboso.

Reform raises an eyebrow. He barks out a laugh.

Ned Reform:

Please. Stay in your lane, lady. I think of everyone in this arena, I am the only one who has...

But Christie Zane cuts in, holding up her smartphone.

Christie Zane:

Actually... she's right, Ned!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Ned Reform:

What are you prattering about you...

But Zane shoves the screen in The Good Doctor's face. He squints. His eyes track. Shakes his head in disbelief. And then the color leaves his face.

Ned Reform:

I... I misspoke! Surely that doesn't mean...

A buzzer sounds! The score changes to: **REFORM: 2, PCP: 3!** The fans are on their feet!!

DDK:

PCP stole the point!! They win!!

Ned Reform is on the verge of a breakdown. He can't believe what's happening here. If he had hair, he'd be pulling it out. Meanwhile, the Pop Culture Phenoms are just beside themselves in shock and jubilation. Elise Ares even takes a moment to start dancing around for the Faithful.

Ned Reform:

No. No. This is not correct!! I will not lose to a band of simpletons!! Least of all to some wench who barely has enough brain power to spread her...

Elise Ares:

What makes you think I'm an idiot? Because I like a good joke about the genitals and innuendo it means I don't have any brain power?

Klein:

Well, in fairness, you've said A LOT of really dumb things over the years.

Flex:

He's right. Like that time you told me to stop playing that claw machine game. I won that turtle. Eventually.

Elise Ares:

Hey, hey, hey... chill out. There are a few things I don't know, okay, but I'm really friggin smart! I finished my education at 13 so I could start wrestling! I know like... seven languages! I'm one of those mensta people or whatever it's called. I know stuff sometimes!

The Sage on the Stage's eyes nearly bug out of his head.

Ned Reform:

Mensta!? Mesnta!? Listen, you delusional little harpy. I did not work myself to the bone to earn my status to be shown up by someone who GOT LUCKY. That's not intelligence!!! You stumbled to a victory!!! THIS IS A FLUKE!!!

The Faithful begin a chant.

YOU DE-SERVE THIS! Clap clap clapclapclap
YOU DE-SERVE THIS! Clap clap clapclapclap
YOU DE-SERVE THIS! Clap clap clapclapclap

Elise Ares:

Lucky? Isn't there a question left?

DDK:

I think she's right, Lance! There should be a last question!

Lance:

Reform is SEETHING, Darren! This is FANTASTIC!

Ares points to the screen and it changes to the last question...

QUESTION 6: WHAT LIVING ANIMAL HAS THE HEAVIEST BRAIN?

...and as soon as it appears her mouth just drops. Ned Reform's eyes grow wide as Ares looks back at her teammates and all her momentum just leaves her body. Quickly her eyes dart back and forth between her stablemates as her mind races for an answer.

The D:

SPERRMMM WHALE!

He lifts the microphone high into the air and then drops it with a DING! **FINAL SCORE: REFORM: 2, PCP: 4**

Party music begins to play. Confetti begins to fall from the rafters. A big banner that reads "CONGRATULATIONS DOCTOR REFORM!" falls over the DEFtron. Ned falls to his knees with his mouth agape. And there he sits, unmoving. It appears his brain is broken. Meanwhile, Flex Kruger and Klein lift The D up on their shoulders and he raises his arms in victory. Elise Ares wipes her forehead with the back of her hand and then joins her teammates dancing to the party music, shaking her butt like only she can.

DDK:

Ned Reform has been shown up in a game of wits by The Pop Culture Phenoms!

Lance:

In fairness, it was mostly by Elise Ares. Which likely stings even more. He seemed to not think particularly high of her intellect most of all...

DDK:

The only concern I have now, Lance, is that this: this is the type of thing that can drive Ned Reform to do something desperate...

Our last shot is Ned Reform, still on his knees, face still frozen in shock... while the Pop Culture Phenoms party it up all around him. A single piece of confetti lands on his shiny dome.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



PARK RENDEVOUS

Rotary Park, Oklahoma City.

The trees are lush as a fair bit of cloud cover makes for the perfect day. Kids chase each other around the fields and various park equipment. Suddenly, a black sedan rolls up in the parking lot. Out of the driver's door exits none other than the Tasty Gurl herself, Teresa Ames. Looking like a badass, she's all done up with a big set of sunglasses accenting her face.

Teresa Ames:

My heart is literally beating out of my chest right now.

She slams the door shut with clear nervousness. This is her big chance at love and she doesn't want to flub it up.

Teresa Ames:

I am literally a nervous wreck. What if Holly doesn't accept me for who I am.

Just for reassurance, Ames pulls up the SLAMazon app on her phone. She briefly looks at Titaness' profile for some calming reassurance.

Teresa Ames:

There is no doubt in my mind that you're simply the hottest bitch I've ever laid eyes on. You're mine.

Teresa tentatively treks into the park grounds, eyes peeled for any sign of Titaness.

Teresa Ames:

There are the tennis courts and I think I can see her but she can't see me.

Teresa is quick to post up by a big, thick tree to catch her quickly escaping breath. She's never been this nervous before.

Teresa Ames:

I wonder how Titaness will react to seeing me and not Mack Studd. I just need a moment to collect myself.

Ames peers at Titaness who is standing idly by the tennis courts like she was instructed to do, arm wrapped up after her match earlier. She's still a bit flummoxed after losing a match to Elise Ares, then having to rush across town to get to the park in time to try and make whatever this is supposed to be...

Teresa Ames:

Okay, let's do this.

Ames marches out into view. She makes a hasty beeline right for Titaness who happens to turn and notice Ames walking towards her with about ten feet of separation. Obviously, Titaness gasps in shock when she sees not only Teresa Ames' crooked smile and tiny body approaching but also the DEFIANCE camera crew that is documenting the entire event.

Titaness:

Wait... what the...? What the Hell is this? And why the hell are YOU here?

Teresa Ames:

Hey girl, hey!

Teresa tries to force a hug on Titaness but The Show of Force promptly puts her arms up in defense to easily push away.

Titaness:

Mack? Mack Studd? No way. I've been catfished! I think this is clearly a mistake... or DEFIANCE has a version of Punk'd and I'm the first victim... fuck me...

Teresa still tries to get her greasy mitts on Titaness' luscious skin.

Teresa Ames:

Come here dammit! We matched! There was a spark there! It doesn't matter if I used a fake profile! I'VE FINALLY FOUND LOVE! IT'S BY THE TENNIS COURTS! Come here so I can kiss you!

Irate at the deception and now feeling super guilty for what she's done on SLAMazon, Titaness pushes Teresa back with a fair bit of force. It takes Teresa's brain a moment to register the rejection, an emotion she's all too familiar with.

Titaness:

Why the hell would you catfish on a dating app?

Ames shouts right back.

Teresa Ames:

Why the hell would you join a dating app when you're in a relationship!?

Titaness frowns... and when she realizes she's been had, she growls at Teresa.

Titaness:

...Because me and Uriel are on a break... and I'm a damn idiot, that's why...

Fighting back an angry sob, Titaness fights it back just enough. Embarrassed, but realizing what she's done, she looks down at ASMR Maestra.

Titaness:

But I'm not doing this. Not anymore... whatever the hell this was you were trying to do, Teresa, I'm not being dragged into your mic-whispering, wood-banging crazy-time shit-show.

The two women have a stare down. Ames' demeanor quickly changes from furious to coy as she snaps her fingers.

Teresa Ames:

I've had enough of this nonsense. I earned a relationship with you and you're denying me. Enough is enough.

Suddenly, a huge shadow casts over them! The Game Boy seemingly comes out of nowhere to blindside Titaness with a vicious shoulder block! Downed and gasping for air, Titaness gazes up at her psychotic foe.

Teresa Ames:

Bitch. Only idiots truly come alone to meet people they matched with online. Take a lesson if you're not going to be my scissor sister!

The deranged look in Teresa's eyes says it all. She looks up at Game Boy before caressing his enormously large biceps.

Teresa Ames:

End her.

Game Boy grunts with acknowledgement before he grabs Titaness by the waist and throws her into a nearby equipment shed, denting its tin siding!

Teresa Ames:

Oh shit guy, shit! That looked like it hurt, hun. Did it? Do you enjoy pain!? Maybe I'll force you to partake in my first

ever BDSM ASMR series I've been planning to record!

Ames introduces her boot to the face of Titaness.

Teresa Ames:

Stupid bitch, Holly! I hate you!

By this time, a few of the other park patrons are noticing the shenanigans going on. Catching too much heat, Teresa taps Game Boy on the shoulder.

Teresa Ames:

We gotta go, we gotta go now! Bail, bail, bail!

The duo escape as a very hurt Titaness lays on the ground, clutching her stomach in pain. It has obviously not been her night at all...

DEACON vs. PERCY COLLINS & THURSTON HUNTER

Cutting back into the arena from a very odd park rendezvous, Lance and DDK sit in shock at the commentation station.

Lance:

I'm not so sure my eyes just saw what they saw but nevertheless, let's keep things going with our next matchup!

The crane cam zooms along showing the dangerous pair of Thurston Hunter and Percy Collins already standing in the ring. Thurston is throwing air punches as Percy dabs sweat from his brow before doing anything.

♪ *Gregorian Chant Begins* ♪

The lights go out and the crowd erupts. They know who's heading to the ring! Magdalena walks out on stage with the FIST of DEFIANCE. Wasting no time, she makes her way to the ringside area, climbs the stairs, and enters the ring, a spotlight tracking her throughout.

Magdalena lifts the belt high in the air as sparks fly from the ringposts, and when the glare subsides, the robed Deacon stands on the ramp before marching to the ring.

♪ *"The Resistance" by Skillet* ♪

The music begins and Deacon is on his way to the ring as Thurston wrings his hands with excitement!

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this is a two on one disadvantaged match! Introducing the FIST of DEFIANCE, accompanied by Magdalena, he is DEACON!

The crowd roars at the announcement of the champions name while Hunter and Collins try to keep their shit together.

DDK:

This "disadvantaged" match doesn't seem very fair... for The Comments Section. Lance, you and I both know Malak went to the Favored Saints to ask for this match after winning the ACE.

Deacon disrobes and enters the fray.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponents, already in the ring, Thurston "Snowpiercer" Hunter and Percy "Prerogative" Collins!

Lance:

Those nicknames, good gosh.

DING DING

However, just before the action can commence...

♪ *"Tap In" by Saweetie* ♪

An exuberant Malak Garland dances out on stage. He waves perilously towards Deacon and Magdalena.

Darren Quimbey:

Also, introducing the OFFICIAL observer of this match, Malak Garland!

DDK:

I wonder how much Malak keeps paying Quimbey in order to get everything he wants announced.

Lance:

Probably too much.

Malak puts his hands together like he's praying and takes a bow as he stands at the top of the ramp.

Malak Garland:

Thank you, thank you! I'm just going to stand here and observe this handi—I mean disadvantaged match! Wouldn't want to call it something offensive now, would we!? WOULD WE!?

Like he needs to ask twice. Anyways, back in the ring Thurston and Percy try to make the jump on Deacon but it's to no avail. The Mute Freak promptly grabs both men by the throat as all Mark Shields can do is watch their bodies get thrown up in the air and down to the canvas!

DDK:

What a double chokeslam!

Deacon, expressionless, places his feet on their chests as Shields counts the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The camera immediately cuts to Malak Garland whose mouth is agape and his body is caught in an awkward posture. He's holding a pen and a notepad as if he's on Blues Clues or something but it's clear he hasn't even had a chance to write down the first clue.

Lance:

Well I think it's safe to say that backfired! No note taking for the ultimate scribe troll himself.

Malak Garland:

Did the wrestler in the Sub-Zero mask just do that!?

Deacon gets his hand raised in victory as Magdalena stares piercingly at Malak while holding the FIST.

Malak Garland:

Sure, she's hot but I mean I wouldn't embrace religion just to be with her. I have standards you know.

DDK:

I think it might be best if Malak collected his henchmen and made for higher ground.

Essentially just that happens as Thurston and Percy find themselves painfully meandering up to their overlord who tries to shrug things off by sarcastically clapping for Big D. Deacon gives a head nod, throws a few "air punches", and then dabs the sweat from his brow.

Lance:

We will be right back! Don't go anywhere!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

STEP INTO THE BIG LEAGUES

The words “Earlier Today” appear at the top right corner of the screen as the shot opens up on a hallway backstage at the Jim Norick Arena. It’s a lovely hallway, well-lit, just had the floors buffed and everything. There are production trunks and members of the crew milling about, but they aren’t what’s most important about this hallway.

What’s most important is what’s on either side of the corridor.

Doors.

Lots of them.

If you recall on DEFtv 169, two very annoyed DEFIANTS made it very clear that if nobody was going to step up and fight them, then there might be some broken doors and broken bones in everyone’s future. Which is why as soon as Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan step into frame, the members of DEFstaff scuttle away like crabs at the shoreline.

The self-proclaimed ACE of DEFIANCE kicks open one door to find it empty, while the Ego Buster does the same. Ryan is also munching on some popcorn, as one does when hunting for cowards.

Not finding anything behind door numbers 1 and 2, they move on to the next.

Lindsay Troy:

Hey, let me get some of that.

Dan Ryan:

You should’ve gotten your own.

Lindsay Troy: *[frowning]*

You swiped that out of Gilbert Rogers’ hand before stuffing him in a trash can. And that was the last bag in catering.

Dan shrugs his shoulders, stuffs a handful of buttery kernels in his mouth, and kicks open another door. Finding that one empty, he turns back to face his sister-in-law, who is giving him a death glare.

Dan Ryan:

Ugh fine.

Lindsay happily takes her own handful of popcorn, chews thoughtfully, then busts open her next door to find....

You guessed it.

Nothing.

Then something, from up the hall.

A whistle.

Two-thirds of Vae Victis cast their eyes toward the noise to find Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett approaching them. The BRAZEN Tag Team Champions try not to look intimidated as they stop before Ryan and Troy.

Zack Daymon:

Looking for somebody?

Leo Burnett:

Isn’t that a coincidence? The two of us were just looking for someone ourselves.

Zack nods, and points in the direction of the two former FISTs.

Zack Daymon:

You guys...

Dan points a thumb at Lindsay.

Dan Ryan:

Technically she's a girl.

Dan looks her up and down mockingly.

Dan Ryan:

I think..

Lindsay Troy:

Yes, Dan. Even though gender is a social construct I am, in fact, a girl. And the true ACE of DEFIANCE. And ... *(waves her hand in front of the RCR)* ...not impressed with you two.

The young Daymon's face darkens in anger, but "The Iceman" Leo Burnett puts a hand on his partner's shoulder before he can do anything rash.

Leo Burnett:

So you guys think DEFIANCE has lost its fire? Maybe you just haven't been looking in the right place. If none of the other DEFIANCE tag teams will answer your challenge, then the Rain City Ronin will.

Dan Ryan:

OHH! I know! You're the two make-a-wish kids who wanted to meet us after the show today.

Zack scoffs in a manner that silently suggests an "OK boomer" response.

Zack Daymon:

Not sure if either one of you could be bothered to notice, but Leo and I have been dominating the BRAZEN tag scene for the past year! And some are even saying the two of us are primed to break onto the main roster...

He smirks.

Zack Daymon:

What better way to prove to the world we're ready to step into the big leagues than by scoring an upset over a couple of aging legends?

Beside him, Leo shrugs.

Leo Burnett:

Of course, if you guys have better things to do... I guess you can just go back to kicking in doors. But we'll be in Mississippi, in case you change your mind...

Having said all that needed to be said, Burnett turns to leave...

But Daymon does not. Young as he is, even he knows better than to expect getting the last word on these two.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, I think we can find the time in a couple weeks to take on you whipper-snappers. Do me a favor though, Zacky.

She leans down slightly so she and the younger Daymon are at eye-level.

Lindsay Troy:

Why don't you give Cayle Murray a little ringy-ding and ask him how he's doing. He thought Dan and I were aging legends too. He might be able to ... *expound* ... on what you're about to get yourselves into.

Zack and Leo are left exchanging pensive looks. Looks that might say, did they just bite off more than they can chew? Too late to worry about it now...

As they walk away, Dan and Lindsay stand there a few moments longer, and Dan frowns.

Dan Ryan:

The loud mouthed one, with the sickly skin color, he looks familiar.

Lindsay Troy:

He should. That's Rocko Daymon's kid.

Dan Ryan:

Rocko Daymon? Someone had sex with that guy consensually?

Lindsay sighs, shakes her head, and DEFtv goes elsewhere.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us for our latest tour on the road with DEFIANCE! It has been a special one and this Oklahoma crowd has has a blast during Night One... but coming up next, we have a special main event with a man that has been nothing short of despicable recently. The former two-time FIST Oscar Burns plans to have a match against someone he deems as "A Special Attraction."

Lance:

We'll take a quick look back at what happened just moments after our ACE of DEFIANCE Special was set to go off the air...

ACE of DEFIANCE UNCUT Special

CHOP BLOCK TO THE LEG!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! WHO IS THAT!

Dex gets his left leg picked out from under him and collapses back-first on the ring apron! After he falls, one of the cameras tries to pan over to his attacker....

...OSCAR BURNS.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

WHAT... WHAT IS THIS?! OSCAR BURNS?! DID HE NOT GET ENOUGH AT DEFCON?!

Lance:

I'M GUESSING NOT!

After Dex's nasty spill to the floor, Burns digs under the ring apron... and pulls out the one... the only...

The Golden Shovel.

Then fast-forward to the most heinous part of the attack...

The Man Called DEFIANCE grabs the shovel and then holds it out...

...And CRACKS Dex upside the head with his prized weapon!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No! No! No!

DEFSec spills down the ramp to get a handle on things, but the damage has been done! A camera catches Dex and the shot has busted his forehead open with blood starting to pour profusely on the canvas! Burns sees DEFSec coming his way and takes off into the crowd...

But not before the cameras catch him...

Oscar Burns:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, GC... WE FINISH THIS AT MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

And back to the Commentation Station.

DDK:

We've come to learn that while Dex Joy is not here tonight... Dex has reached out to DEFIANCE brass and that DEFCON rematch is now... **OFFICIAL!**

The Oklahoma crowd ROAR when the graphic officially appears for MAXDEF on the DEFIAtron!

DEFCON REMATCH

OSCAR BURNS VS. "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY

Lance:

Oscar Burns and Dex Joy will compete in a rematch at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Dex Joy had to get staples in his head to close the wound and due to concussion protocols, he is not here tonight. Dex is hoping to get cleared in time, but as long as he is, that match is officially on card! While Dex is not here, sadly, Burns is. And he'll...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

Lance:

Ugh, nevermind, he's here.

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win in DEFIANCE! More recently, his recent wins in the Dig Down Deep Challenge series... and now, Burns waffling Dex Joy with the Golden Shovel! Burns stands on a platform on the stage, slowly rotating as he holds a pose with the Golden Shovel held overhead...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The New Zealander leaps off the platform in his ring gear with the Golden Shovel raised high over his head! He points it at the ring and talks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

I... AM... DEFIANCE! OKLAHOMA, LET'S GO, GCs!

He heads down to the ring and soaks in what he feels is adulation, but is jeered for his sanctimonious attitude. Oscar gets to the ring and traipses up the steel steps. He poses mid-apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring to pose one last time. He steps on the ropes and then holds the Golden Shovel for all to see. When he's done with the posing and pageantry, Burns waves for a microphone and gets it.

DDK:

Burns dressed to compete in moments, but we've been told he's going to address what happened at the ACE of DEFIANCE Special as well as his pending showdown with Dex Joy.

Lance:

We'll see what he has to say.

Once the music quiets down, Oscar Burns has a microphone in hand with the Golden Shovel in the other.

Oscar Burns:

OKLAHOMA! GCs, MAKE SOME NOISE!

RRRRRRRAHHHHBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOORRRRAAAHHBOOOOOO!

He gets a loud mixed ovation from ten thousand strong. Some for saying the name of where they're at of course and the most of the people who aren't buying what the Kiwi is selling.

Oscar Burns:

Thank you! Thank you! Some other people on this roster like to sit here and talk trash to the likes of the great places we're traveling on DEFIANCE's tour, but from the man that IS DEFIANCE, from the bottom of my heart, Oklahoma... I say thank you for your appreciation and your hospitality.

A MASSIVE wall of cheers rises up from The Faithful!

Oscar Burns:

I won't sit here and lambast your teams, GCs, because I'm a good man and I don't do that. I find the Sooners to be one of the most inspiring football teams to have existed!

RRRRRRRRRRRAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Oscar Burns:

It's the absolute truth, GCs. It doesn't matter how many times the Texas Longhorns destroy you on that field again! And again! And again! And again! And again! And again!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

You Dig Down Deep! Just like me! You find your best selves and rise up... then get beat again! And again! And again! But you still try! And that's admirable! Dig Down Deep, GCs! Dig Down Deep!

DDK:

Way to endear yourselves there!

It takes a little bit for the jeering to die down... okay, a few more moments, but Burns does continue.

Oscar Burns:

Now, Oscar Burns Faithful, before you have been thoroughly entertained by another great performance from Full Boat Burnsie, I need to talk about the elephant in the room... and no, that is not a shot at the weight of one Dex Joy...

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Oscar looks visibly displeased at the reaction his rival gets from The Faithful... but brushes it off and moves on.

Oscar Burns:

No, I wouldn't do that aside from that time on DEF Radio that I called him a fat bully, but that part is true. No... the word of the day that I want to talk to you people about in this sport before my main event tonight... Attractions!

He waves a hand in the air to put emphasis on the word.

Oscar Burns:

Professional wrestling is a great sport, GCs. Some people pack a sad that they'll never be anything more than referees, opening match fellows and such... but once in a great while, people like me come along like a duck to water, they change the game and they become as you Yanks might call it... "The Guy, Brother." I am that Guy, Brother, GC. As you already know each and every week that I grace your TV screens, you know that when I say that I Am DEFIANCE, it's not just a merchandise-pushing catchphrase... that is me. That is 100% unadulterated, unfiltered Oscar Burns. I have spent the past five years giving my blood, my sweat, and everything I have to this business because I genuinely love what I do.

Burns paces the ring as he continues to speak.

Oscar Burns:

I don't lie to you. I don't abandon you. I've never not told the truth... so when I've been telling the truth more lately, some people might not like it, but it's the truth. So I'm going to say this right now to a man I had to teach that lesson to last week after our Ace of DEFIANCE Special. Dex Joy... you'll never be me.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh, come on! This is all sour grapes because Dex beat him at DEFCON, plain and simple.

Lance:

Dex gave his all in that ring in an incredible match against Deacon for the FIST. He came up short, but Deacon had to throw everything and the kitchen sink to keep it down.

Oscar Burns takes notice of the reaction and looks like he hates to be the bearer of bad news.

Oscar Burns:

You put up an amazing fight against Deacon, Dex. You really did. You pulled out moves you never had before. You and Deacon fought in a great main event collision. And both of you had these people in the palm of your hand. Nobody is going to take what you created away from you... but as the man who represents that red and gold FIST and a man who has no doubt put his face on the Mount Rushmore of DEFIANCE when that day comes... Dex... you're a special attraction. Nothing more, nothing less.

DDK:

What is he talking about?

Lance:

I don't know what he's getting at.

Oscar Burns moves on with his speech.

Oscar Burns:

Like I said earlier... wrestling has all kinds of different people and different styles. I'm not some closed-minded old man that thinks wrestling has to be one way or no way to make things good. Wrestling has become such a melting pot, GCs! You need all styles and types! High-flyers! Brawlers! Powerhouses! Great technicians! Young guys! Veterans to show those young guys how things are done! Men! Women! Anyone! Everyone! We need all of it... but one thing that also draws eyes in this sport... are special attractions...

Now Burns' attention is on the tron.

Oscar Burns:

You need the giants! You need big personalities! You need people that can draw eyes! Deacon is a man with many years of experience who's on his last legs and when the time comes, I may come for that FIST... and that brings me to Dex Joy! He looks like a tank and moves like a Ferrari... that took one too many trips to the all-you-can-eat breakfast

buffet.

More rabid jeering.

Lance:

...Really?

Oscar Burns:

...but he captures your attention because he looks like that and can do flips like a man half his size... I can admit this, Dex. I'm comfortable enough in my spot and my talent to say this man to man. You draw eyes, Dex. You have fans. But are they your fans because they like you... or are they your fans because you're the killer whale trapped in a cage doing flips and tricks?

DDK:

No, they're his fans because he's a hard-working man with a great message that work will get you places.... Something Burns used to be about!

His tone gets a lot more stern as he presses on.

Oscar Burns:

Dex... you're an attraction and eventually when your novelty wears off and you wash out of this business, you'll know the truth. You are good... no, I wrestled you at DEFCON. You are great. One of the best in DEFIANCE today... but long-term, you aren't me. You... just like I had to show Conor Fuse not long ago... you aren't cut out to carry DEFIANCE on your shoulders and that attack that I gave you was a wake-up call. You got attacked... and now you're not here. Who does that to their fans? Huh? Who abandons them like that, GC? Not me! Not DEFIANCE Himself!

DDK:

BECAUSE YOU INJURED HIM, YOU ASS!

The jeering from The Faithful reaches a high fever pitch.

Oscar Burns:

Except for one career-threatening injury, I have never abandoned these people like you are tonight. DEFCON will go down as the biggest win of your career. But now that I know your game and now that I know the truth... you can't beat me a second time. At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, I will course correct history and I'll be back on the top soon enough, Dex. You'll be the best Special Attraction that you can be... and tonight, Dex, you can watch first-hand what happens when a special attraction collides with the man who is, bar-none... DEFIANCE!

He turns to the ramp!

Oscar Burns:

The Eighth Edition of The Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge is underway! And I will be defending the prestigious Golden Shovel against a Special Attraction that you all deserve! Fans.. your main event is now underway! Take it away, Darren Quimbey!

OSCAR BURNS' DIG DOWN DEEP CHALLENGE #8: OSCAR BURNS VS. "A SPECIAL ATTRACTION"

Oscar waits in the ring now and gives his Golden Shovel over to referee Rex Knox, getting a big opportunity himself to main event tonight's show! Darren Quimbey begins the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the eighth edition of the Oscar Burns' Dig Down Deep Challenge! If the opponent can either pin or last the ten-minute time limit with Oscar Burns, they will be awarded the Golden Shovel. The Shovel will not change hands on a count-out or disqualification! Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... **HE... IS... DEFIANCE... OSCAR BURNS!**

The former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE climbs on the ropes and points a finger in the air to a booming jeering reaction. He poses and then goes back to the corner to await his challenger.

Oscar Burns:

WHO'S IT GOING TO BE?! BRING THEM OUT!

DDK:

Oscar Burns has promised a, quote, "Special Attraction" before his showdown with Dex Joy at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Who will it be?

Lance:

We have a lot of great talent on our roster. Let's be honest, anytime someone has stepped up to this challenge, it's not because of that stupid shovel... it's about having the opportunity to step up to a top-level talent like Burns. A victory over one of the best to do it in this organization? That's the real seller here.

Oscar waits...

And the Faithful hang on with baited breath.

And wait...

And wait...

They wait just a TEENSY bit more...

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

The Faithful roar with approval! Oscar almost jumps out of his skin!

DDK:

No... no way! Is... Dex Joy taking the Dig Down Deep Challenge? What justice this would be!

Lance:

I don't believe it! We were told earlier today he wasn't here tonight and hasn't been cleared for competition! Is he doing this against doctor's orders?!

The music plays as Burns braces himself for the proverbial impact of the man that defeated him at DEFCON...

...then smiles.

The music cuts... and The Faithful realize they've been played. Burns doubles over laughing and elbows Rex Knox in the chest, laughing and pointing at the stage. Rex rolls his eyes.

DDK:

Oh, come on. What is this?

Oscar Burns mouths "Come on, GCs! It was a joke!" to an angry crowd. He decides that he's going to stand up again... and then points to the stage...

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blonde ♪

DDK:

...For real?

The haunting chords kick in as the camera cuts from the announcers to the DEFIANCE entranceway as it begins to fill with a billowing red mist. The fans in the arena begin to shake their glowing cell phones along with the beat, and just as the lyrics begin... A RED SPOTLIGHT! It shines in the very center of the entrance way, illuminating a figure. The man is wearing a long black cape and he has it pulled up over his face so that he appears to be a single black blob. The figure remains this way for close to thirty seconds, building the tension.

Lance:

...Because of course it is! Count Novick, let's be honest... he's become a bit of a cult favorite among the DEFIANCE and BRAZEN Faithful... but THIS is the Special Attraction that Oscar promised tonight?

Without warning, and with tons of dramatic flair, the figure flings open his cape!! It flows behind him to reveal Count Novick! His jet-black hair is slicked back and he poses very dramatically, smirking with the confidence that only being a five hundred year old sex icon can bring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Bran, Transylvania, weighing in at 201 pounds and well over five hundred years old...

COUNT NOVICK!

The crowd busts out a "AH! HA! HA!" in unison after Quimbey announces Novick's name while Burns looks like he's trying and failing to put on any sort of a game face inside the ring. Still maintaining his suave demeanor, Novick begins to slowly head to the ring. When he gets inside, Burns offers a quite-likely disingenuous handshake to the Count, who returns in kind. Burns goes to his side of the ring.

DDK:

I mean this with all the respect I have for Count Novick for stepping up and taking this opportunity, but... THIS is our main event tonight?

Lance:

Afraid so.

Burns and Novick get ready. Rex Knox holds up the Golden Shovel to show what is on the line... and then the bell rings.

DING DING

The Count starts to circle, but DEFIANCE's only wrestling vampire gets picked up and taken down to the mat quickly with a single leg. But instead of following up... Burns simply stands up and holds up a finger to note the first time that he got Novick down.

DDK:

This is a farce. Burns is clearly toying with Novick. He's got guts. He didn't back down from TA Cole or Ned Reform in April in the first-ever Casket Match on UNCUT, but it was Cole that won in the end.

Lance:

I straight-up don't like his chances. Burns really stepped up in competition in his last outings with Titaness and Minute of Los Tres Titanes... but he appears to be taking this as an off night against The Count.

DEFIANCE Himself listens to the loud jeers of the group he has coined The Oscar Burns Faithful as he paces around. When The Count tries to rise, Burns picks him up a second time and then slams him down with a waistlock takedown before going right for a quick armbar. Burns laughs and then instead of following through with the armlock... he lets go and pats Count Novick in a patronizing manner. He claps his hands together.

Oscar Burns:

NO-VICK! NO-VICK! NO-VICK! NO-VICK!

The Faithful pick up on the chant and start a loud "NOVICK!" chant! The crowd are firmly behind the cult figure as they lock up a third time with Burns grabbing a leg and sweeping so he ends up on the mat. Burns calmly tries a knee drop... but Novick moves!

DDK:

No way! Novick dodges the knee drop! Burns leaves himself wide open!

And when Burns is grabbing his knee after the bungled knee drop, Novick launches himself right at the former two-time FIST with a flying headscissors!

DDK:

That headscissors takes Burns to the corner! What's Novick going for next!

Burns is left in a daze while Count Novick crosses his arms across his chest... he tries to kip up... but when does, Burns LEVELS him with a stiff European Uppercut! The crowd collectively groan in pain when the BRAZEN cult favorite goes down!

Lance:

What a European Uppercut! Count Novick tried to get cute and Burns just made him pay for it. That's the mark of a true veteran!

The Kiwi then hoists the smaller Novick and hurls him overhead with a release exploder suplex! Novick goes bouncing across the canvas like a rock across water that vampires can't cross over. Burns sits up and starts to literally clap for the efforts of Novick while the crowd jeers the Keeper of the Golden Shovel.

DDK:

What a counter by Burns! Novick caught him by surprise with that headscissors, but Burns answers right back with a European uppercut and the exploder suplex!

Lance:

Burns didn't didn't expect that counter, did he?

Oscar stands up and then goes to where Novick landed before pulling him off the canvas. He uses a hammer throw to literally toss Novick as hard as he can into the buckle! The alleged centenarian times five falls to his knees, but that's not enough for Burns. He casually grabs the body of Novick and throws him over a second time with another suplex,

this time an overhead belly-to-belly! He lands right near the corner!

DDK:

Burns has brought this pace to his pace... a grinding halt! He's going to take his time wrecking Novick cause we are only a couple minutes in.

With the non-Sesame Street Count grounded in the corner, the former two-time FIST grinds a boot across the face of Novick, facewash style and keeps the boot on him as Rex warns him against choking. Burns doesn't choke him... but he does look out to the crowd and starts a clapping rhythm.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP-STOMP-STOMP!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP-STOMP-STOMP!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP-STOMP-STOMP!

DDK:

Ugh. These stomps. He took a version of these after his feud with Conor Fuse, who likes to use similar stomps in the corner as part of his offense.

He stops stomping and then throws Novick up and out of the corner. Instead of going for a cover, Oscar has a casual chat with Rex Knox and elbows him in the chest.

Oscar Burns:

How are you liking this main event, yeah? I'd go Full Boat just cause I'm here! We'll chat later, GC.

Then he finally covers Novick.

ONE...

But pulls him up!

Lance:

Oh, good grief. Just end this already! These people deserve better than some hotdogging main event!

DDK:

This isn't what you, the people, deserve just weeks after DEFIANCE finally hits the open road!

Oscar picks up Novick... but before he can do anything else... Novick tries to... hypnotize him! He buries half his face into the crook of his arm and tries his enchantment on the two-time former FIST...

DDK:

Oh, Lord... No...

He tries to enchant Burns and... it's working? Burns stop in his tracks and appears to be entranced.

Lance:

What... WHAT?! Is this... what the Hell?

The crowd starts to cheer when Novick's antics seem to be working!

Count Novick:

BLEH! You will tell ze people... that Count Novick... IS DEFIANCE!

Oscar tries to fight this curse... and is stumbling in place...

DDK:

Is he gonna say it? Is he...?

Oscar Burns:

YOU... ARE... YOU... ARE...

ELBOW SMASH!

Oscar Burns:

...A STUPID PONCE! HAHAAHA!

Oscar gets jeered after Count Novick gets knocked flat by the elbow. He's nursing his jaw while Burns has had his fill of shenanigans.

Lance:

I think he's done playing around... finally!

Oscar Burns grabs Novick and he goes sailing into the ropes. Burns waits for him to come back with a jumping knee strike... but at the last second, Novick runs underneath and keeps running. When Novick comes back, Burns tries a leapfrog, but that ends up being a HUGE tactical error when Novick catches him... and nails Bump in the Night!

DDK:

No way! Novick with the surprise counter! He calls that modified powerbomb the Bump in the Night! Burns left his feet in a rare misfire and Count Novick landed that short powerbomb!

Both men are down, but Burns cradles his own back and tries to roll out of the ring to avoid any pinfall attempt by the challenger for the Golden Shovel.

Lance:

Oscar is now trying to create separation from Novick.

While The Keeper of the Golden Shovel Count Novick crosses his arms again.. And finally does the popular kip-up to the cheers from the crowd! He raises a hand to the masses and then starts to slowly climb to the top rope... then takes flight with a HUGE top rope cross body all the way out to the floor, crashing on top of Oscar Burns!

DDK:

Novick takes flight and he gets all of that dive on Oscar Burns! What an amazing crossbody!

Lance:

And listen to the people! Listen! They are in shock! Burns has been playing with his food for far too long now and if there is ANY chance for Count Novick to pull off the upset of upsets, it's right now!

DDK:

He's gotta get Burns inside that ring, though!

It does take Novick a little bit of negotiation to get the bigger Oscar Burns up, but he is eventually able to push the Kiwi into the ring and under the bottom rope. Oscar tries to stand when Count Novick is on his feet. He takes flight and lands a big flipping dive right on top of the former two-time FIST! The crowd is on their feet when he hooks the legs!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Oscar powers out after the two-count and Count Novick gets pushed off, but the cult favorite gets back up and then goes right to the same turnbuckle he dove off just moments before.

DDK:

What's he going to do? Is he going for the Graveyard Smash?

Lance:

If he hits that senton, that could be it! He's going for the upset!

Beaten, but filled with urgency, Count Novick goes up top and then turns back to Oscar Burns who is still downed on the mat. He crosses his arms and goes for the Graveyard Smash... only to CRASH hard into the risen knees of Oscar! The crowd groans when he bounces off the knees in an ugly fashion and collapses in a pile backwards! Burns favors his own knees for taking the impact, but is irate and looks through with any more foolishness.

DDK:

What a bad landing there for Count Novick! Burns played possum and then got those knees up!

Oscar slowly dusts himself off, then grabs the legs of Novick before CRANKING his body up in an elevated boston crab-type hold!

Lance:

And there goes Burns focusing on that back! He cranks back on the hold! He cranks back further!

An IRATE Oscar pulls back as far as he could go with the Count bent in a way he should not be! He tries to hang on, but he's in too much pain...

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

Just after the tapout, the Keeper of the Golden Shovel throws his body back to the mat and then quickly pulls his Golden Shovel away from Rex Knox.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

You have to give Count Novick some credit. He's been successful in BRAZEN shows. But Burns goofed off for way too long and almost lost his Golden Shovel as a result!

Lance:

He tried hard for that win late in the game... but tonight, Oscar pulls out the victory.

DDK:

Folks... we have to apologize for Oscar Burns pulling the wool over everyone's eyes with this main event... but in a few weeks time at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, he will have to answer to Dex Joy for that vicious attack! Thanks for joining us tonight and tune in tomorrow for Night Two! The Unified Tag Team Champions, the Saturday Night Specials join forces with Jack Mace to take on Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens! Henry Keyes puts the Favoured Saints Championship on the line against Rezin! One half of The Dangerous Mix, David Fox, goes one-on-one with Tyler

Fuse! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Good night!

Oscar Burns celebrates on the outside of the ring with the Golden Shovel in hand, heading to the back looking smug as he possibly can! The Faithful jeer the main event they have been given as the show rolls to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.