

THE NUMBERS DON'T LIE

EARLIER TODAY:

We're outside in the parking lot of the McCamish Pavilion. It's midday and the sun is high, and while we can see a scattering of parked cars in the lot, it's Ned Reform who takes center stage. Reform smiles wide, gesturing warmly to the camera as the sun beams off his shaven skull.

Ned Reform:

Greetings, children! Welcome to this fine edition of DEFIANCE television. Tonight, in your main event, you will have the esteemed privilege of seeing myself, Dr. Ned Reform, in singles competition against Elise Ares!

Reform seems oddly happy about this.

Ned Reform:

For weeks, Ms. Ares has attempted to pull the wool over the eyes of you, the loyal DEFIANCE viewer. Through craft and cunning, she has cheated her way through various tests of her intellect. She would have you believe she is some sort of savant, but hear me children: I know a con artist when I see one. And so, as we begin this program, I have devised a brilliant plan to expose Elise Ares. You see, she can cheat at trivia. She can get lucky in the game of chess. But she cannot fool...

Reform pauses while he gestures off screen. Suddenly, TA Cole enters the frame, grinning like a fool and holding a large envelope. He passes the envelope to Reform who holds it up dramatically like a game show host flaunting a prize.

Ned Reform:

You see, Ms. Ares was kind enough to agree to travel to the beacon of light that is New Haven, Connecticut so that my colleagues in the cognition department at Yale could administer an IQ test. No doubt Ms. Ares believed she could again pull a fast one here - her arrogance knows no bounds, eh? But it is she who has miscalculated and fallen into my trap - for the test cannot be fooled, least of all by a simpleton such as herself. This exam is FOOL proof - even for a fool of the PCP magnitude. And so I will now open this paper and expose to the world once AND FOR ALL that Elise Ares is not more intelligent than Dr. Ned Reform. Elise Ares is no genius. Elise Ares gets by on a pretty face and a "go get 'em" attitude for sure, but not on her brains. Now... Mr. Cole! A drum roll if you will!

Taken off guard by this request, Levi Cole flounders for a moment before starting to beat his hands against his chest in a mock drum roll. Reform eyes him in disappointment before shrugging and making a big show of ripping the top off the envelope. He reaches inside, dramatically pulls the paper out, and shakes it in the air a few times for good measure. With a smile, he looks at the test results.

A beat.

Another.

Another.

Reform's smile remains - but it's starting to look a little forced.

Another beat.

A single bead of sweat on his brow.

Unwilling to wait any longer, TA Cole peers over Reform's shoulder. His eyes scan the document.

TA Cole:

Hmmmm? 147? That doesn't sound too good, right?

Reform closes his eyes. Exhales. Turns and begins to beat on Cole's chest with his fist and the crumpled up test

results! Cole backs up and throws up his hands, wondering what it is that he did wrong.

TA Cole:

Wait, boss!? What? Come on! I mean, your score must be higher, right?

Reform lets loose a primal scream as he tears the paper into shreds and throws it into the air. His face turning red, he turns to the camera.

Ned Reform:

GET OUT OF MY FACE!

Reform's arm moves in to push the camera as we quickly crash elsewhere.

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Atlanta welcomes DEFIANCE as the McCamish Pavilion is hyped! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway and there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, is everywhere!

**THIS SHOW IS FAST MODE
JUST ADMIT THAT YOU WANT TO KISS HER NED
LEVI COLE IS AN IDIOT
THURSTON RIP
PLEASE DON'T DIE, REZIN
REZIN REZIN HE'S OUR MAN
VV 4EVER
IM HERE FOR THE VIOLATORS REUNION
REZIN = HIGH JESTER OF DEFIANCE
CHECKMATE, NERD REFORM
ID RATHER BE WITH SCROW
ON WEDNESDAYS, KEYES BEATS UP ADV WEARING PINK
NED AND ELISE SITTING IN A TREE, K-I-S-S-I-N-G
DEFTV IS MORE FUN WITH NO FUN DEAN
CHRIS RICHARDS #1 FAN
JAY HARVEY USED TO BE SOMETHING. NOW HE'S JUST A MEME
AS YOU CAN TELL ATLANTA IS A WEIRD PLACE
PINKIES OUT FOR SCROW
ADV GONNA GRILL SOME CALAMARI
NO, KEYES IS GOING TO KILL HIM
IF TITANESS HAD A LOBSTER SHELL, SHE'D BE CHITINOUS
^ GET ME AWAY FROM THIS NERD, HE LIKES NED REFORM
WE'VE GOT FANCY-SCROW AND THUG-LIFE-KEYES... WHAT'S NEXT? LIKABLE-MALAK?**

To the announce team, Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv everyone! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and this is my associate, Lance Warner. We've got back-to-back amazing nights for you... complete with a Favored Saints title defense, Elise Ares in action and so much more!

Lance:

But I'm told we're going backstage for now with Christie Zane!

LEWD POETRY

DEFIANCE backstage interview area.

Christie Zane.

You already know what it is. Take it, Christie.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, the issues that we have seen between Titaness and Teresa Ames have been nothing short of wild and coming up in a few short weeks, we will finally see the two collide at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Right now, I'm speaking with one of those two competitors... please welcome... Titaness!

The Georgia Faithful give a nice reaction for The Show of Force as she steps into the frame, towering over Christie.

Titaness:

Christie.

Christie Zane:

Titaness... sometimes, we have to ask some tough questions. And one of those questions is how did it even come to this? You were happily engaged to Uriel Cortez, then you had some issues in the fallout of DEFCON against Better Future Talent Agency... then only a month later, you were supposedly on this dating app?

Titaness:

...all right, look. I did some really stupid things. My issues with Uriel were already out there. We needed a break... I tried to see what else was out there and then of course, because this is professional wrestling... I somehow end up in the crosshairs of Teresa Ames. So I regret what's happened... and after she and Game Boy attacked me, Teresa's punkass is going to regret this, too!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Titaness:

I don't know what she was thinking, but now I've fallen into this web she's tried to tie so many other people into so she can sink her fangs into someone. Teresa, I'm here to tell you that I don't do rebounds and at MAXDEF, I'm going to rebound your spine across that canvas again and aga...

Vickie Hall:

Honey, look! It's the pretty tall girl who got her heart broken by Uriel Cortez!

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Awww... let's go cheer her up with OUR love, baby!

Coming into view, the Hallmark Journey both interrupt Titaness and she doesn't look pleased.

Titaness:

You have three seconds to turn around and walk the other way, or what I do to you won't be suitable FOR The Hallmark Channel... or ANY channel.

The two look at one another... lovingly, of course... then back to Titaness.

Vickie Hall:

Oh, Jonathan-Christopher... I remember when I used to be that alone... and bitter... those days were so long ago, weren't they?

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

You know they were, baby. Then we found each other! But don't worry, Titaness... we're here to tell you even if it didn't

work out with Uriel Cortez, there's other giant fish in the sea... or a pretty petite one with a very nice figure, as she put it.

Christie and Titaness both look at JC Hall.

Titaness:

What the entire shit are you talking about?

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

We've been asked by our good friend Teresa Ames to read to you some nice poetry she thought you'd like before you fight at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Would you like to hear it?

Vickie Hall:

Oooh! Poetry! I LOVE that! Baby, we have to get back to those couples poetry classes! I feel so alive!

Titaness is burying her face in her hand, also rubbing her temples.

Titaness:

No... nobody wants to hear this.

The Timid Tiger looks carefully at Titaness, then at the poem.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Oh goodness, the language here is not quite Hallmark. I think that I might have to clean this up a little. Vickie, love, if you'll help me, we can find the right words together!

He clears his throat.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

"There once was a woman named Titaness... and they said her v... lady parts... are the... tightest..."

Jonathan-Christopher's face goes red.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

I am sorry about the language.

Now The Show of Force looks ready to punch someone. Two someones in front of her while Vickie reads the next part of this limerick.

Vickie Hall:

"Forget..." um... "effing your mister and let me be your..." yikes... "scissor... sister..."

Then they both try and read the last part.

Jonathan-Christopher & Vickie Hall:

"And let me get some of that tight a..."

And that's enough for today as Titaness DECKS JC Hall in the face! He hits the floor and Vickie screams out as she stands over him.

Titaness:

You two don't want to take no for an answer and leave me alone? Then you can meet me in that ring tonight and defend Vickie's honor, Johnny. Or I come back here and I find you.

Jonathan-Christopher nurses a sore jaw with Vickie checking on him as Titaness walks past them and leaves the

area.

Vickie Hall:

Oh, baby, are you okay?

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Yes, baby. I'll be okay... as soon as you stop spinning.

TYLER FUSE vs. NO FUN DEAN

DDK:

Our first match tonight actually has some history to it.

Lance:

Yes, No Fun Dean and Tyler Fuse have faced each other a few times, most notably on UNCUTS. Well over a year ago, Tyler took a two-by-four and laid it across Dean's face, only to deliver an elbow drop that broke the man's nose and put him out of action for a significant period of time.

DDK:

Dean hasn't been on TV in a while but we're all familiar with him. He's given Tyler a good fight in the past and this one is bound to get ugly.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

With No Fun Dean already in the middle of the ring, Tyler's theme song cues up and he emerges from the curtain in a hurry. Fuse marches down the rampway, his eyes locked on NFD. Dean approaches the ropes and holds the top and middle rope open for the elder Fuse but Tyler pays no attention to the idea. Instead, he slides into the squared circle. Dean spins around and the match is off.

DING DING

Benny Doyle calls for the bell but the ref is nearly clobbered with a flying forearm smash from Tyler Fuse to Dean. The man dubbed No Fun simply absorbs the blow, however, so Tyler hits the ropes and tries for another when Dean bursts forward and crushes Tyler with an inside-out clothesline. Dean hits the ropes and drops a leg across Fuse's neck, then he pulls the former Tag Team Champion up and hurls him into a corner. Fuse gets his boots in the way and Dean, who's already seeing too much red, runs right into them. Tyler props himself on the second rope, jumps and clubs Dean in the back of the head with an elbow. He follows with a kick to the gut and a hard inverted DDT.

DDK:

Dean has to be careful here. Clearly, he hasn't forgotten about their past... and it's going to hurt him.

Tyler bounces off the ropes and kicks Dean swiftly in the side of the head. He pulls NFD to a vertical base and attempts a suplex but Dean blocks it, spins Tyler around and then performs a release German suplex. Tyler lands square on his head!

Dean fumes as he turns to find his opponent. He levels Tyler with a vicious boot to the side of the temple and then locks Fuse's arms in a release double arm suplex, throwing Tyler halfway across the ring.

The Dean of Submissions attempts to do just this. He grabs Tyler's neck and applies a modified camel clutch.

Lance:

See, this is a smart call. Allow your emotions to guide you in the form of a submission!

Tyler reaches out but he's in the middle of the ring. For a brief moment, Fuse's facial expression suggests he may be enjoying the pain his body endures. Dean leans back and being much heavier than the OG Player, Dean looks to have the match in control.

The crowd gets behind NFD, as Tyler places both hands under his body in an attempt to push up and out... eventually, Fuse is able to slide a little forward.

Dean drops the camel clutch but immediately brings both hands together, locks them and clubs Tyler in the back of the head with an axe handle smash. The Man of No Fun peels Tyler off the mat, throws him onto his shoulder and performs a running powerslam.

DDK:

Dean could think about a pin here but it's not likely to get the victory, only tire his opponent out further. And I think that's the last thing from Dean's mind.

Lance:

Yes. He wants to punish Tyler.

Dean hurls Fuse into a corner and comes charging in... although Tyler seems a little spaced out, he moves at the very last possible second and NFD eats the top turnbuckle pad. Tyler kicks Dean in the back of the head and then deadlifts the bigger man away from the corner... into a German suplex, a bridge and a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Impressive display of power by Tyler Fuse but he's not able to pick up the W. Not yet.

The Game-Changer remains on the attack. He stomps at Dean with an intense look on his face before pulling the Morrisburg, Ontario native upright and sending five wicked knees into Dean's face. Tyler hits the ropes...

And he's pumped in the head with a running kick from Dean!

DDK:

Those knees to the face awoke the big man!

Lance:

Dean might've had flashbacks from that broken nose!

Dean grounds Tyler with forearm smashes and then applies a body scissor submission. This time, however, Tyler reaches forward and finds the ropes.

DDK:

Dean has to watch his emotions! Stay in control.

The hold is released at the count of four and Tyler recovers. Dean stands, moving quickly into the ropes...

And Tyler pops up.

DDK:

Powerslam by Tyler!

Lance:

Once again an impressive display of raw power. Pound-for-pound, the OG Fuse can hang with the best of them.

Fuse continues to knee Dean in the side of the face as he tries to work into a closer position...

DDK:

I believe Tyler Fuse has applied a bow and arrow hold.

Lance:

This is a submission No Fun Dean is known for. He's used it on the indies for years!

Dean's face fills with fury as Tyler wrenches back on the hold. Eventually, it is broken up as Dean uses his free arm and hammers away on Tyler Fuse's neck. The elder Fuse breaks the hold and NFD gets to his feet. It's clear by now the No Fun One has allowed Tyler to rattle him. Without thinking, Dean telegraphs his next move by hitting the ropes and leaning too far forward...

Tyler sidesteps. Fuse dropkicks Dean in the back of his leg, right at the bend. Dean shouts out and falls to the canvas.

DDK:

I think Tyler just took out Dean's right wheel.

Lance:

It looks like it!

Fuse goes to work. Stomp after stomp after stomp, Dean cringes. NFD tries to cover up, putting both hands in front of his knee to soften the blow but it's no use. Tyler smirks as he pushes Benny Doyle away for no reason and then cracks his neck.

Tyler drags Dean to a vertical base and then lifts the man up... only to drop No Fun on his bad leg. Dean shouts out again, he flails his arms around, hoping to take out Tyler in the process but Fuse moves too quickly and isn't hit at all. Tyler simply continues to smile sadistically at his helpless opponent.

The OG Player hits the ropes.

Chop block.

Dean's out.

Fuse nods to referee Benny Doyle. He drags Dean to the center of the ring and applies a modified Texas clover leaf.

DDK:

Dean should give up here. Learn to fight another day.

The facial expressions by Dean suggest otherwise. He wants to bring it to the man who's bested him before AND significantly injured him... but he can't do it. Tyler's got a textbook hold locked in, center of the mat.

Dean taps.

DING DING DING

Surprisingly, Fuse drops the hold right after the bell sounds, although he has no interest in having his hand raised. He slides out of the ring and snatches a microphone away from Darren Quimbey before the ring announcer can say who won and also before Fuse's theme song plays.

Tyler Fuse:

Hey... hey DAVID FOX...

Fuse turns to the top of the rampway.

Tyler Fuse:

I heard you were here tonight on behalf of Mushigihara.

Tyler laughs sarcastically.

Tyler Fuse:

Well, I'll save you the trouble. If that waste of space wants one more shot at me, so be it. My "plans" for MAXIMUM

DEFIANCE had to change...

Tyler smirks and winks into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

Because the man I was initially going for realized he was a fraud and left the business of professional wrestling. So, Mushi, God-Beast... if I actually didn't end your career two weeks ago, by all means, show up in Miami.

Fuse points to inside the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

And I promise you, you'll end up like him. You'll contemplate the meaning of life. And I'll prove to everyone once again how much of a waste of space you are. You've failed DEFIANCE, Mushi. You've failed DEFIANCE for the final time. Period.

Tyler drops the mic and walks up the rampway as DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

MAKE THE DEAL!

After Tyler Fuse and No Fun Dean, The Faithful turn their attention to the DEFTRON. First, they see a pair of knee-high gothic punk boots, with a yellow hornet, embed on the side of the boot. After a few steps the camera pans up to leather pants and a briefcase clutched in this woman's hand. As the pan continues a black and yellow leather corset, finally Minerva Hive is revealed in full, her hair tied behind her head in a bun, with a pair of Oakleys on. In the background, you can clearly hear the jeers from the Faithful. Especially when she reaches her destination. The plaquer on the door reads:

BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

She knocks on the door and soon after Tom Morrow wheelchair and all opens the door.

Tom Morrow:

Damn it! Stupid doors...

He looks up.

Tom Morrow:

Oh! Hive... what, uh... what I can do for a pretty lady tonight? Trust me, this chair? I don't hurt where it counts, you know?

She ignores him completely and moves on to her business.

Minerva Hive:

We have a proposition for you.

The intrigue brings the remaining member of the now very thin BFTA to the door. Alvaro De Vargas with a loud jeering in the background mainly comes into focus.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Que bola. What the hell's going on out here?

Minerva Hive:

It has come to our attention that perhaps you may need to rebuild your group. We have just the deal to make for you.

Tom Morrow:

All right, we'll bite. We might be a little thin on numbers, but we'll entertain any paid offers. What can we do for you?

Minerva holds the briefcase in front of her opening up for a moment to reveal an undisclosed amount of benjamins.

Minerva Hive:

We have a problem, you have a problem. We are offering you this cash to help rebuild your forces in exchange for Henry Keyes to no longer be The Favoured Saints Champion.

This grabs ADV's attention given his history with Keyes. He steps out into the hallway and the amount of money in the said case has his attention.

Minerva Hive:

We do not care how you get it done, beat him and take that championship from him and you can have the ten grand in this briefcase and...

She pulls out a manilla envelope from her back pocket of her leather jeans.

Minerva Hive:

We will even throw in an extra five grand if you take him out PERMANENTLY!

ADV looks pretty giddy, knowing his violent history with Keyes. He turns his attention to Morrow, still eyeing Hive.

Tom Morrow:

I'll defer to Alvaro de Vargas on this one? Al?

Minerva Hive:

So do we have a deal?

Alvaro gives Tom Morrow the silent nod.

Tom Morrow:

You've got yourself a deal, Miss Hive.

Minerva Hive:

Wonderful.

She returns the manilla envelope to the back of her leather pants, and walks off with a smirk on her face. As she does so, Alvaro turns to face Morrow and folds his arms.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hahaha... a new title AND \$15K. That's not a bad night. She doesn't even know I'd embarrass Pirata Dirigible for free!

The two share a laugh until a stagehand comes around the corner nervously, then bumps into Alvaro.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hey! HEY! Mira a dónde vas jodidamente!

Stagehand:

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Sorry, sorry! They needed a hand putting together the ring and... sorry!

ADV starts to ball up a fist when Morrow puts a hand up.

Tom Morrow:

Let him go... he's some pissant. Focus on Keyes and that money.

ADV looks at the nervous stagehand who quickly gets the hell out of their way. ADV grumbles under his breath and both men retreat back to the locker room as the scene fades.

TITANESS vs. JONATHAN-CHRISTOPHER HALL

The ramp lights dance around as the next match is about to commence.

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The lights fade except a piercing violet spotlight, where Titaness steps into the light looking out to the crowd, 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:

This is a singles match! Introducing first, from The Bronx, New York. Weighing in at 200 pounds. She is the "SHOW OF FORCE." She. Is. **TITANESS!**

RAHHHHHH!

The fans adore her as she fearlessly walks down to the ring.

DDK:

I think it's fair to say Titaness has really come into her own recently. Look at the way she moves with confidence. If I were Teresa Ames, I'd be nowhere to be found too.

Lance:

Maybe she's hanging out with Cyrus Bates somewhere?

♪ "As Long as You Love Me" by Backstreet Boys ♪

Just like that, the mood abruptly changes. Titaness watches her opponent from the ring. Jonathan-Christopher Hall prances out on stage, flanked by Vickie. The two do a raunchy pirouette just to disgust the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing her opponent, being accompanied to the ring by the world's absolute best wife, friend and Amazing Life Partner Vickie, from Folsom, Louisiana, he is the world's absolute best husband, loving friend and life partner, HE IS JONATHAN-CHRISTOPHER HALL!

JC Hall does the whole too hot to handle touch thing with his fingers as Vickie playfully chases him down to the ring. Once inside the ropes, Hall turns his attention to Titaness.

DING DING

Hall converges on Titaness and attempts to lock up but she moves with so much grace that Titaness executes a go behind waist lock. Unsure how to escape, JC wriggles around until he's deposited on the top of his cranium!

Lance:

Huge German suplex by Titaness there! She's not playing after that whole confrontation earlier... Teresa sending Hallmark Journey to recite lewd poetry?

With the ring apron still slightly aflutter from the sheer impact of the overhead throw, Titaness keeps her hands locked in place.

DDK:

Looks like she's going for another one!

CRUNCH!

Titaness nails another few German suplexes on a dazed JC Hall. She hits one more but this time she holds her opponent in position for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful clap with respect to The Show of Force even though she doesn't look too pleased with herself.

Lance:

I think Titaness expected those suplexes to put JC Hall away.

DDK:

It's to no fault of hers that JC kicked out. She put everything she had into those.

A lightheaded Hall rolls over to the apron where Vickie resides. The wife to her husband looks on with genuine concern.

Vickie Hall:

My baby, my sweetie, don't get down on yourself right now. Yes, Titaness is bigger and stronger and can throw you around like a rag doll but just remember I love you and love is all we need!

Hearing this pep talk restores some of his energy. Titaness tries to remain on the attack by grabbing a fist full of Hall's hair but JC is quick and nimble enough to execute a go behind waist lock of his own!

THUMP!

Lance:

Now it's JC's turn to land some German suplexes on Titaness!

The Faithful marvel at the array of throws JC subjects Titaness with! Like his opponent, JC holds Titaness into a pin on the last toss!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Titaness shoots her shoulder sky high before the count of three. Vickie shrieks in her usual high pitched voice.

Vickie Hall:

Referee, I think you need to check how many times you've hit the mat! That's my man putting in the work and he deserves a victory so please ensure you work just as diligently as he does!

JC's heart swells as he listens to the sweet endorsements Vickie conveys. Unfortunately for him, he still has to deal with Titaness. Hall turns and runs right into a hurricanrana! However, he's quick to his feet only to be taken down with a big snap powerslam! The Faithful react loudly to The Show of Force as she starts to stand up and get the crowd behind her!

DDK:

What a move by Titaness! JC's head has been targeted heavily by Titaness and now she's moving on to the back!

The woman also known as One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass poses in the corner, getting ready to launch a spear. She charges full speed at the corner that JC Hall is rising from, but at the last second, Vickie grabs her husband's arm to save him! Titaness can't stop herself in time and goes crashing against the ringpost!

Lance:

No! Titaness goes into the buckle! And now, JC Hall has an opening!

After Vickie gives a kiss on the forehead to JC, he's energized again and then lines up Titaness as she turns around, able to bring her down with a STIFF superkick! The Show of Force goes flat on the mat, then JC Hall leaps over to hook the leg!

DDK:

Superkick right on the button! Could that be it?

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Titaness fires the shoulder up! JC can't believe it and he looks over at Vickie, who shrugs back.

Lance:

JC Hall almost gets the duke, but Titaness with the kickout! What's JC going to try next?

He picks up Titaness by the arm and then looks like he's going to try for a fireman's carry, but before he can set up for whatever he wants next, Titaness slips out and then ducks a short-arm clothesline. She runs off the ropes and hits a handspring...

DDK:

LADY LARIAT!

The handspring lariat knocks JC Hall and flips him over sideways before he hits the mat! The Faithful let out a huge cheer when she gets ready to end things! She gets ready to grab the arm of a groggy JC Hall and then she puts him high over her head... DRILLING him right into the canvas!

Lance:

And there's the Clash of the Titaness! That's the same move she won her match against The Game Boy two weeks ago! Is that it?

She hooks the leg coming out of the high angle death valley driver and pulls back as The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The crowd cheers when Titaness starts to celebrate, getting up to a knee after pinning JC Hall. Jonathan-Christopher rolls out of the ring into the waiting arms of his wife as Darren Quimbey makes the announcement...

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match...

But before the announcement can be made, a blur moves into the ring and slugs Titaness in the ribs with some sort of weapon! The Show of Force was just on her feet, but gets doubled over by the shot! Her music goes quiet and gets replaced with a loud chorus of jeers.

DDK:

Look! LOOK! Teresa Ames! And what does she have in hand?

The angry, seething Teresa Ames has some sort of tire iron or similar weapon in hand! She throws the weapon a second time to the ribs of Titaness and finally brings her down to a knee! The Faithful JEER as she gets brought down to a knee!

Lance:

What is this? I thought she was obsessed with Titaness!

DDK:

Come on... you've seen Misery! You know what this is!

Lance:

Touche!

Teresa gets ready and as Titaness tries to still fight her way up, she gets CRACKED upside the head with CTRL + ALT + ASLEEP, dropping Titaness to the mat! A crazed Ames hovers over her for a moment, then rolls over to grab a microphone so she can speak to the powerful lass.

DDK:

What is she doing? Trying to soften her up before MAXDEF?

Ames breathes several heavy breaths into the microphone. She looks down at Titaness, still struggling to get up. She keeps the weapon ready in her other hand.

Teresa Ames:

I told you that we belonged together, Titaness! And that you were going to be mine! And at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE... you will be!

She breathes again.

Teresa Ames:

That's why I want a stipulation for our match! If you win... I'll leave you alone, only to love you from afar quietly and you'll never hear from me again... But if *I* win... you're MINE! You're all mine! I call it... a Love Me or Leave Me match!

Lance:

A WHAT?!

Teresa talks over the jeers.

Teresa Ames:

We're going to be together and you'll learn to love me the way everyone else eventually does. I'm not crazy... especially when I know what I want!

She drops the microphone and clutches the tire iron close, licking it suggestively before she leaves the ring.

DDK:

In Teresa's ultimate quest for love, we have seen her become obsessed with person after person, just wanting attention and doing ANYTHING she wants to attain it... this ranks up there with the most unbelievable!

Lance:

Love Me or Leave Me?

Teresa Ames yells over a jeering crowd "YOU'RE MINE, TITANESS! ALL MINNNNNNEEEEE!" and blows a kiss to Titaness before disappearing behind the curtain. Meanwhile, Titaness finally comes around, clutching her rib cage. She tries to stand, but collapses to a knee, seething in both pain and rage.

DDK:

And what condition is Titaness going to be in heading into this match? She just took two shots with that tire iron!

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******Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy******Titaness vs. Teresa Ames******Los Tres Titanes vs. Cerberus***

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

Fade to the Pavilion's backstage area. Our view is on a door with a temporary sign hanging on the front. It's message is pretty clear:

**RESERVED FOR MEMBERS OF VAE VICTUS
(Lindsay Troy & Henry Keyes)**

Standing before the door is the Escape Artist REZIN, alongside his newly acquainted associate in anarchy, JACK HARMEN. The danger-seeking duo are staring at the sign with intensely red eyes, as though trying to decipher hieroglyphics. This all seems too familiar...

Rezin taps the golden spade of Oscar Burns' shovel against the surface of the door, as if to test its materialness.

Rezin:

...are we sure this is the right one?

Harmen finally does the obvious: he tries the doorknob and finds it locked. That pretty much says everything.

Jack Harmen:

Definitely the right one.

He scratches the back of his neck. Squints.

Jack Harmen:

I think.

Behind them, a clearing of the throat...

Lindsay Troy:

You two dipshits lost?

Rezin bounces into action, awkwardly twirling around the golden shovel in front of him with all the grace of Star Wars Kid.

Rezin:

STAY BACK, oppressor! I'M ARMED!!

The shovel suddenly slips from his hands and flies somewhere off camera. Troy rolls her eyes at Rezin's butterfingers.

Lindsay Troy:

What do you want now, Raisin? Was it not clear last week that I accepted the match for MAXDEF?

Rezin:

Oh yeah, you made it clear. I just wanted to come by and tell ya that I've got the LEGEND Jack Harmen in my corner now too!

The Ace of DEFIANCE turns her head toward the Lunatic, who is glaring daggers at her. He breaks this for a split moment to flash devil horns and his tongue, before reverting back to his steadfast glare. She responds with a toothy, menacing grin.

Lindsay Troy:

Jackie. I didn't see you there. Probably because you're so inconsequential to DEFIANCE now that it's easy to forget about your existence.

Jack Harmen:

Lady of the Hour huh? New branding? You got some 20 year old running your social media? It's funny, cause I actually know how much you charge... It's not cheap, I'll say that...

Harmen winks. Lindsay's grin grows wider as Harmen unleashes the barb.

Lindsay Troy:

Ah, isn't this fun. Just like old times. Since you're here and Raisin mentioned it and all, how about you step out of his corner and join him in the ring.

Jack Harmen:

You know, I thought you'd never ask. Raisin?!?

Rezin:

Hold the phone... that'd be like, two on one! And against a LADY no less! I don't even need the pamphlet to know that THAT is definitely NOT chivalrous!

Harmen mouths to Rezin "There's a pamphlet?" He nods back.

Lindsay Troy: [chuckling]

Oh, I don't intend to be alone. While you two were tearing up Reform's wank material, Henry and I have been busy expanding behind the scenes.

The High Queen DEFIANT reaches over and plucks an unruly beard hair from Rezin's chin. The Escape Artist yelps in response as Troy lets the scraggly follicle fall to the floor.

Rezin:

Arrright, y'know what? BRING IT! Tag team turmoil! You and your latest victim of mind-control, and US! The BLAZE BROTHERS!

Harmen does a slight double-take at this.

Jack Harmen:

Wait a sec, that's not the name. Thought we agreed on...

As Harmen tries to plead his case and Rezin digs his heels in further, the Queen of the Ring sighs and lifts her eyeballs to the ceiling in annoyance. She opts to leave her two MAXDEF opponents behind and search for a quiet space to watch The Kraken's match in peace.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: HENRY KEYES Â© vs. ALVARO de VARGAS

DDK:

We've got a HUGE title match coming up and not just any... we're getting a return match from DEFIANCE Road. A very PERSONAL return match from DEFIANCE Road with the Favored Saints Title on the line. We're getting Henry Keyes looking for his fourth and final defense before he can cash in for the Southern Heritage Championship... but to do that, he first has to go through the man that arguably has his number... Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas spent six months looking to get that victory over Keyes, one-on-one. He did it all by himself in a Falls Count Anywhere match and has rubbed it in his face since then. When he issued the challenge a few days ago, ADV ran his mouth about how Keyes has conducted himself... but if he underestimates Keyes at all, he may regret that.

DDK:

Maybe... or is ADV living in his head rent-free? Either way... this title match happens right now! Does Keyes make it four for four or will Alvaro de Vargas play spoiler?

To Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall and will be for the Favored Saints Championship!

A huge crowd pop for the next match.

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in wrestling gear - dark purple tights with orange and yellow flames, red Adidas sneakers, a sleeveless hoodie is the man called Alvaro de Vargas. He throws the hoodie back and...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Another blast of fire from either side of the stage, eyes hidden behind red-tinted sunglasses and a scowl to match. He looks out to either side of the jeering stage and smiles from behind his sunglasses, looking like he already has the title around his waist.

DDK:

No Morrow tonight. He beat Keyes on his own last time they fought and he knows he can do it again.

Lance:

And no Jack Mace on his mind, either. Mace was choked out and bloodied two weeks ago by that chain of Alvaro's and we haven't heard from him since.

ADV smugly enters the ring and sheds his hoodie and glasses before awaiting his opponent.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

With each heavy piano chord, white and pink lights strobe in the arena, and we're reminded that oh no...it's Wednesday. And on this Wednesday, Keyes not only has a pink studded belt around his waist - his boots are pink to match.

We're hit with a cacophony of sound - boos, cheers, general hooping and/or hollering, and a few bloodthirsty fans

hopping up and down in anticipation. Keyes steadily marches to the ring with the Favored Saints championship slung over his shoulder. In contrast to the fire from ADV, Keyes's expression is ice-cold.

Lance:

Henry won the Favored Saints title in a hellacious war against Corvo Alpha, the man who injured Keyes badly enough that there were rumors we'd never see him in the ring again. He's defended his championship against Conor Fuse...Rezin...Leyenda de Ocho. All major figures in Henry Keyes's life since his return in 2020.

DDK:

Keyes and De Vargas spent the better part of a year at war with each other - and Keyes has talked about his own personal stakes in this match. This is the last part of his past that he wants to kill. If he succeeds, he's got a one way ticket to Scrow and an opportunity to capture the Southern Heritage Championship.

Once both men are in the ring, the lights dim for super-special introductions. Alvaro leans back in the corner, completely relaxed.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger, representing Better Future Talent Agency... from Miami, Florida, by way of Cuba... weighing in at 274 pounds... **"EL SOL DORADO" ALVARO DE VARGAS!"**

The self-professed Golden Sun of DEFIANCE gets LOUD jeers as he raises a hand, then winks at Keyes.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Vae Victis... he is the reigning and defending Favored Saints Champion! From San Francisco, California, weighing in at 249 pounds... **HENRY KEYES!**

Keyes raises the championship with one hand, daring ADV to take it. ADV declines his invitation and leans back in the corner, smiling. The title is handed over to the official, who raises it high above to show what's on the line. Once he leaves, the two men inch closer carefully.

DDK:

These two have had four matches together in singles and tag action, with this being their fifth confrontation. One win for Keyes, one no contest and two - one singles and one tag - for Alvaro. No wonder he's cocky.

DING DING

Both men run at one another and take their best shots! Propeller Edge Chops from Keyes! Open-handed chops by Alvaro!

Lance:

And here we go, picking up where they left off! Big beefy peeps smacking beef!

DDK:

Chops from both men, taking the other's best shot! We knew this Favored Saints title match was going to be hard-hitting, but not right off the bat!

The two men continue trading blows until of all people, Keyes decides to go low with a kick to the knee to stop the taller Alvaro! He gets knocked back with stiff European Uppercut, then rocked back to the corner from a HUGE corner clothesline! Alvaro gets rocked with the shot when Keyes gears up...

HEADBUTT!

Lance:

Oh, wow! Headbutt by Keyes! He's not playing around tonight! Not against Alvaro, possibly his most personal rival in DEFIANCE!

ADV rattles to a knee when Keyes PLANTS him with a DDT and then turns him over for a hook of the leg!

DDK:

Cover! Cover already! Is this four defenses?

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

I don't think Alvaro was expecting Keyes to attack a limb like that and he nearly lost quick! All that trash talk Alvaro has been spewing might have caught up with him!

The Favored Saints Champion gets cheers over ADV and leads him up by the arm, perhaps thinking Coin... but before he can grasp both hands, Alvaro retreats and rolls under the bottom rope.

Lance:

Oooh! Smart! ADV may have seemed like he had this match won already, but at least we know he's done his homework. He's seen Keyes use that new finisher.

The Georgia Faithful cheer on Keyes as he tries to grab Alvaro by the neck to pull him back inside, but ADV swings around and pulls his neck down over the top rope! Keyes falls to the mat clutching his throat as Alvaro starts to take a brief breather. He starts to climb back up and then starts... heading to the top? He does... then POPS the crowd with a rolling senton off the top, crashing onto Keyes!

DDK:

No way! Alvaro with a HUGE move of his own! Right off the bat as well! Right into a cover!

ADV hooks the leg!

ONE... TWO... NO

But the second that he kicks out, ADV grabs the leg out of Keyes and then pulls him out of the ring before slamming him face-first into the ring apron!

Lance:

ADV taking things to the outside! I don't know how wise this is if he wants to win but if there IS anyone who can take advantage of a brawl, it is Alvaro de Vargas!

El Sol Dorado beats the Favored Saints Champion across the back with clubbing forearms, then tries to whip him into the ring post... but Keyes turns on a dime and ADV goes flying instead! He smacks the post with a dull thud! Keyes takes a brief respite for a moment while the Cocky Cuban continues to roll around ringside. When he has a chance, Keyes nudges Alvaro back into the ring!

DDK:

Keyes getting ADV back in... but he rolls out of the other corner! The count has been reset by the official!

He heads to the outside and then charges for Alvaro, but a stiff headbutt from the Cocky Cuban rocks Keyes and sends the champion back into the ring. Alvaro grins to the jeering fans as Keyes is stunned on his knees. Alvaro then slides into the ring. He gets himself ready for Abajo Vas... but Keyes moves! De Vargas keeps on rolling to the ropes, then comes back right into a huge belly-to-belly suplex by Keyes!

DDK:

Keyes fights back! Belly-to-belly suplex! Cover by Keyes!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Surprise suplex by Keyes, but ADV kicks out again! Both men throwing bombs quickly! The difference between Keyes making it to four defenses! And don't forget there's an extra \$15,000 in it for ADV and BFTA if he takes the title from Henry Keyes tonight!

The former Airship Pirate grumbles under his breath at the count, then pummels ADV with a volley of forearm shots to the head. He stands up and then drives a huge knee drop to the chest! De Vargas is sucking wind right now as The Georgia Faithful cheer on Keyes, heading to the ring apron.

DDK:

Keyes heading for the top rope? He has that diving knee drop he likes to use! Can he score it?

Lance:

He's almost there!

He starts to get to the top... but before he can get to the final step, ADV SMACKS him in the side of the head with a huge big boot! The crowd jeers as ADV taps the side of his head, smirking.

DDK:

De Vargas took some hits there, but I think he was playing possum with Keyes! Knocks him right off the top rope!

Alvaro gnashes his teeth together next and then heads to the ring apron where Keyes has crash-landed on the floor. The Cocky Cuban looks out to the crowd and smiles before he lands on the floor and takes a running start... DOUBLE STOMP TO KEYES! The FS Champ's eyes rolls over, eyes bulging out of his head as the move takes a lot out of him!

Lance:

Oooh! Double Foot Stomp from a 6'8" man! ADV crushes him with that move and I think if he gets him back inside that ring, he's gonna be one Favored Saints Title and \$15,000 richer!

ADV doesn't waste time by hurriedly getting Henry back under the ropes. He crawls inside, then pushes him away from the ropes for a cover!

ONE... TWO... TH-KICKOUT!

A resounding cheer from The Faithful, even after some of the heinous things that Keyes has done recently in the name of Vae Victis!

DDK:

Big kickout by Keyes! But ADV is right, he has the champion on the ropes! Does he have the number of Vae Victis member?

Lance:

And now modified sleeper by Alvaro! He's using a half nelson and trying to twist the neck of Keyes! Maybe softening him up for the Ardiendo or Garra del Tigre!

He keeps the hold locked in on Henry and the challenger shakes the champion violently across the ground, trying to elicit a tapout. When the official asks Keyes if he wants to tap, he shouts no! This only angers de Vargas, who continues to throttle harder on the neck submission.

DDK:

Henry Keyes, no matter what side he appears to be playing on these days, the fans still hold a little respect for him especially over someone like ADV.

Lance:

And they're getting on ADV's case!

The Georgia crowd continue cheering Keyes as he tries to fight to a knee, then throws a pair of elbows into ADV's ribs to get him to let go. He tries to shoot up again, but Henry fights back and breaks free! He escapes, but Alvaro grabs him by the neck and WHIPS him back down to the mat! Keyes hurts badly while Alvaro leans back and laughs after taking him down. He grabs him by the neck...

Lance:

Here we go! Ardiendo! He's been using the backfist more recently, but we know that no one has kicked out of Ardiendo yet!

He starts to pick him up and then hooks the body so he can try the piledriver. The crowd gasps when Keyes gets hoisted, but he kicks his legs! He keeps kicking until ADV is forced to drop him... then SHOOTs him over with a desperation back body drop to save himself!

DDK:

No! Keyes counters the Ardiendo! He knows that move all too well!

Lance:

What a great counter! Can Henry Keyes find a way to come back?

Keyes is hurting, but he starts to get back into things. He starts leaning up against the ropes in the corner. ADV is seething with rage when he starts to get back up and then charges towards him...

Lance:

OOOH! Counter uppercut by Keyes to Alvaro! He rocks him backwards!

After shocking Alvaro with the big uppercut counter, he charges out of the corner and then FLATTENS Alvaro with a big running clothesline! After dropping Alvaro once, he runs off the ropes a second time and when he starts to stand up, he takes a spinning back elbow from Keyes and gets knocked down for a second time! The hit is so powerful that Keyes scrambles across the ring and hangs back against the ropes before grabbing onto Alvaro and then pitching a huge release fisherman's suplex throw!

DDK:

And what a released suplex by Keyes! He's got Alvaro on the back foot finally! Can he capitalize and make his fourth and final defense of the Favored Saints Championship?

Lance:

The Georgia Faithful are loving Keyes right now, but I have a feeling his single focus is on besting Alvaro and then being able to cash in for the Southern Heritage Title!

While Alvaro has been rag dolled and hurting right now, Keyes gets up and charges at the corner, slugging him with another running Propeller Edge Chop to the chest! After that, he gets ready...

BELL CLAP~~~

The shot is heard around the arena... then Alvaro TUMBLES through the ropes and crashes to the floor! Keyes falls to his knees, angry that he couldn't keep him in the ring! He smacks the canvas in frustration!

DDK:

Keyes could just take the countout right here and now possibly... but he wants to put the punctuation into this statement so that he can put Alvaro behind him!

Lance:

Indeed! The Favored Saints Champion going to the outside! He wants Alvaro back in the ring!

DDK:

Does he have him here? Can he get him back inside?

Alvaro is groggy and just BARELY able to stand under his own power when Alvaro tries to help him. Brian Slater yells at both men to get in the ring... but before he can get him in, ADV SLAMS HIM into the ring apron! ADV then ducks away... and heads to his hoodie at ringside while Henry Keyes rolls back into the ring...

DDK:

What's he doing? Is he... is he going for that chain?

Lance:

That same chain he choked out Jack Mace with two weeks ago!

ADV smirks while Brian Slater checks on Keyes... but then a look of concern washes over the face of Alvaro... he grits his teeth...

Then looks at the jacket and THROWS it down!

DDK:

I don't know what's going on! He's used that chain before against other wrestlers like Uriel Cortez and Jack Mace... but I don't know!

ADV slams the jacket down, then turns his attention back to the ring. Keyes starts to get back up when ADV rolls inside. He signals for the Garra del Tigre... MISSES THE BACKFIST...

BELL CLAP~~~

DDK:

ADV MISSES THE BACKFIST, BUT KEYES DOESN'T MISS THE SECOND BELL CLAP!

ADV finally collapses to a knee before Keyes can grab his hands... then SLUGS him with a HUGE knee strike upside the head! ADV is stunned and the crowd cheers, then Keyes brings up a SECOND knee!

DDK:

COIN! COIN! COIN! HE ROCKS HIM WITH THE DOUBLE KNEE STRIKES! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT! FOUR SUCCESSFUL DEFENSES!

Keyes collapses down, then hooks a leg on his long-time rival!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... HENRY KEYES!!!

The Georgia Faithful roar with approval as a pained Keyes sits up and then gets handed the championship, making his pivotal fourth and final defense! He looks over at Alvaro, rolling outside the ring, happy to have scored the victory!

Lance:

That was Alvaro's own doing! He could have taken the kill shot right then and there, but he panicked after missing the Ardiendo piledriver earlier... he went for the chain and I don't know what happened, but he didn't have it. And that might have cost him!

DDK:

But the bottom line is this... despite Scrow's bribes... Henry Keyes now has logged four successful title defenses and has a guaranteed shot at the Southern Heritage Championship! He has a clear line of right aimed right at the title.

As Henry Keyes continues to hold his title and raise it overhead, on the ramp, a stagehand appears on stage... and then Jack Mace.

DDK:

Wait... what's this?

Lance:

That's... that's the stagehand that bumped into Alvaro backstage... yeah, the one after they met with Minerva Hive!

ADV is hurt at ringside, but has an eye open to see Jack Mace standing on his own two feet, handing the man a wad of bills... in exchange for his chain! The crowd ROARS when they realize what's happened!

DDK:

JACK MACE! MACE PAID THE STAGEHAND TO PICKPOCKET ADV'S CHAIN EARLIER!

Mace blows a kiss at Alvaro and leaves with his chain while ADV growls, still almost out of it. Keyes doesn't appear to be concerned at all with their tiff, standing tall in the ring after making his last title defense of the Favored Saints Championship!

THE BEAUTY OF ART

DDK:

Henry has managed to win his fourth defense, Scrow appears to be next on his radar.

Henry's celebration is cut short music and all as the Deftron takes his attention.

♪Please, Please, Please Let Me Get What I Want by Dream Academy♪

High Musesum of Art, Atlanta, Georgia

The Faithful jeer as Scrow dressed for success but in a more casual style. The SOHER around his waist. Various fade in and fade out sequences occur as Scrow stares at expensive art pieces. It finally stops with him staring at a particular piece. The art shows that of a giant Kraken tearing apart a crabbing ship. Scrow seems entranced with this painting as he continues to stare at it not blinking. The longer he stares at it the closer the camera zooms into the painting.

Closer....

Closer....

Closer...

All with Scrow not blinking a eye. The camera has gotten so close that you can see the painted burlap thread of the painting now.

Minerva Hive:

Scrow.....Scrow.....Scrow.....Scrow!

Scrow finally blinks his eyes as the music abruptly cuts.

Scrow:

Hmmm?

Minerva Hive:

Well, apparently you got what you wanted despite my warnings. You and Henry Keyes at MAXDEF.

Scrow looks back at the portrait for a moment then turns to the side to notice the DEF Camera crew showing this LIVE on DEFTV 172. Scrow's eyes moved back to the painting and then to the camera. Still in a somewhat trance-like state.

Hive shakes his arm. Scrow seems to snap out of it. He faces the camera and stares with a focused look toward Keyes who has not taken his eyes off of Scrow since this video began playing. If this were an actual face-to-face, you could cut the tension with a knife. Leave it to Minerva to cut that tension.

Minerva Hive:

I told you this would happen now say hello to "The Kraken" Henry Keyes.

She extends her hand to the camera palm upward. Scrow quickly looks back at her for a second and then back into the camera with an intrigued look on his face.

Scrow:

No, you must be mistaken, that is "The Airship Pirate" Henry Keyes....Right?

Hive just stares at Scrow with a look of she told him so.

Scrow:

Come on he is the Airship Pirate right?...RIGHT?

Minerva Hive:

Were doomed...

You can see Scrow trying to grasp the concept of it all, he stares back at the painting once more than back into the camera.

Scrow:

Noooo.

Minerva Hive:

YES!

Scrow:

Well if that is the case where are all his arms?

Minerva Hive:

WHAT!?

Scrow:

A Kraken has arms it's a giant octopus, mythical mind you. Scrow doesn't see arms.

Minerva Hive:

It's a nickname Scrow, we guess Airship Pirate did not strike fear in his opponent's hearts.

Scrow:

Oh, Scrow knows but couldn't he have come up with something more creative. Perhaps The Swashbuckler Henry Keyes, or how about One-Eye Henry.

Minerva Hive:

First of all, this is not The Goonies, or some video game character. Can we get to the topic at hand here?

Scrow:

What...*[he points at Henry in the ring]* him. We were doing that just now, weren't we?

Minerva Hive:

We believe talking about nicknames a professional wrestler chooses for himself is not the issue at hand.

Scrow raises his index finger.

Scrow:

Perhaps it is, you seem to think someone slaps a new nickname on their tag line that they are a completely different person.

Scrow looks back at the camera.

Scrow:

All Scrow sees in that ring is a Malak Garland wannabe. Look at him Minerva the white hair the silly villain mustache. Henry is nothing more than a fanboy of Malak Garland.

Minerva Hive:

Can you PLEASE take this seriously! We have been telling you for months now this is not the Henry you saw when he and Rezin were going back and forth a year ago.

Scrow has trouble believing her and just stares at Henry who has not really changed his cold stare toward Scrow. The champion squints trying to apparently see what is so different.

Scrow: *[clicking his tongue]*

Tsk... You are wrong Hive, you want to know why you are wrong?

Minerva Hive:

No, but we have a pretty good idea you are going to tell us anyway so spit it out.

Scrow:

Because he is just like everyone else in DEFIANCE, beneath me. Why should he be worried about this...Scrow is just better than everyone, matter of fact it doesn't matter if you are Oscar Burns, Lindsay Troy, Deacon, or even this Henry Keyes; Scrow is just better than everyone. Matter of fact, Scrow is tired of carrying The Kabal on his back....

Minerva Hive:

Wait...what!?

Scrow:

Seriously Reeves can't figure out WHO he is anymore, Tyler hasn't been relevant since he was tagging with Conor. Well, the Cerberus are nothing more than a bunch of guys that like Milfs and making doom burgers. Scrow is done with The Kabal.

Minerva quickly interrupts him and argues with him.

DDK:

Did Scrow just leave The Kabal?

Lance:

Good grief, he gets a huge payday at DEFCON and he has just been so wrapped up in himself that he has forgotten about those that helped him over the years.

While Henry just watches Hive and Scrow arguing back and forth, someone has slid into the ring with the same briefcase it appears Hive offered ADV to take Henry out at Uncut last week.

WHACK!

Henry drops quickly as the briefcase slams over the back of his head.

DDK:

What the hell!

Lance:

Some masked guy just came out of nowhere, and The Favored Saints Champion is out cold face first on the mat!

The man lifts his hood and mask....

DDK:

SCROW! He has been here the whole time!

Hive steps over the barricade, with the SOHER. She slides into the ring. Scrow just looks down at Keyes with a devilish smirk. He opens the briefcase and flips it upside down to show a 25-pound plate for a barbell. Scrow grabs the SOHER and flips Henry over on his back grabbing the back of his head.

Scrow: *[shoving the belt in Keyes's near-unconscious face]*

You will NEVER have this! Your mission will end at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Scrow rubs the belt in Keyes's face pressing it against his face and trying to waffle press Henry's head into the mat with his belt.

♪ "Diabolical" by Nyxx ♪

He gets off Henry and raises the belt high up in the air to a chorus of boos, still mouthing off at Henry while he stands above him.

DDK:

Scrow has pulled the wool over us all, could this have all been just a ploy to make people think he was not paying attention to everything going on here these last few months?

Lance:

He sure tricked Keyes here, he has not moved since that hit from the loaded briefcase. Scrow has been a mastermind when it comes to his calculated plans. This being the greatest one yet it would seem.

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN

REUNITE OR SAY GOODNIGHT

DDK:

Our Main Event is still to come... but first—

♪ “The Fixer” by Pearl Jam ♪

The crowd leaps to their feet, youngsters pushing forward at the aisle, arms outstretched as, bounding through the curtain, comes Masked Violator #1.

DDK:

Two weeks ago at DEFtv 171, MV1 was victorious in his DEFIANCE singles return before being confronted by the specter of Lord Nigel Tricklebush, who made it clear that the twisting, intricate “MV story” would come to a dramatic conclusion here tonight!

A broad, pearly smile stretching his bright red lucha mask, MV1 makes certain he pauses down the ramp to tag every outstretched hand.

Lance:

As you know, Keebs, I’ve been chronicling this evolving issue on recent editions of UNCUT. It’s clear that losing his best friend has taken a toll on MV1...But you can’t help but admire the man’s positivity in the face of this adversity.

DDK:

We haven’t seen Corvo Alpha, the former Masked Violator #2, in months, Lance... it isn’t even clear that he is still under the thrall of Tricklebush. As you said, you’ve been close to this situation since MV1’s return to DEF at DEFIANCE Road... how do YOU see this ending?

Sliding under the bottom rope, MV1 stands to raise a single arm overhead... but this time, instead of holding up his trademark “1”(index) finger, he earnestly holds up “2” instead, steely blue eyes fixed on the hard camera. The faithful note it and respond appropriately.

Lance:

You had to ask that. *sigh*. I, ultimately, see this “ending” with good prevailing over evil, as I always do... But, as for tonight...?

MV1, standing center ring as the pulsing blue, yellow, and red lights calm, motions for a microphone.

Lance:

...I don’t know...

MV1 raises the mic over his head to a modest pop before bringing it to his mask-lips.

MV1:

Good evening, ATLANTA!

There’s some love in the building, y’all.

MV1:

I stand before you tonight... a man without a friend in the world.

The faithful offer a decidedly mixed reaction before MV1 is able to complete his thought.

MV1:

But I’m not leaving Georgia tonight without my best bro... in tow!

Solid pop, no way!

MV1:

I heard what Lord Trickelwuss said last show. He said he wants to “end the Masked Violator story” tonight in this ring.

1 with a firm, resolute nod of his masked head as the fans voice their displeasure with that idea.

MV1:

There's nobody who wants to end what YOU started more than me, Nigel!

MV1 leans on the top rope, leg propped on the lower rope – eyes still transfixed on the hard camera. The faithful light up around him, their embers feeding the flame. MV1 pushes off the top rope, turning–

MV1:

But I didn't come here tonight to listen to you, Nigel! I don't wanna hear what you have to say! I came here tonight hoping my BROTHER was in the building!

Someone in the uppest of upper tiers starts the chant. Someone further down catches it and sparks their row. It quickly spreads. And suddenly, without warning, the whole arena finds themselves chanting for “MV2”. 1 turns back to the hard camera.

MV1:

Wow.

MV1 soaks in the “MV2” chant, again holding the mic over his head in an attempt to ensure that it comes across in the broadcast. There's no way it couldn't.

MV1:

I came to Georgia to bring my best friend home! I came here tonight–

♪ “Electric Funeral (Instrumental)” by Black Sabbath ♪

MV1 spins towards the entranceway just as the lights cut. Red lights strobe across his red mask, eyes wide with concern.

DDK:

Here we go...

MV1 peers up at the tron as Corvo Alpha's throbbing, pulsing red and black entrance video plays. The faithful aren't sold on how to react... until they see who emerges through the curtain.

Lance:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush!

Nigel doesn't travel alone. But no Corvo. Fast behind Trickelbush, two technicians wheel out a large barrel. The faithful boo the lot of them. Trickelbush stops atop the ramp with a plastic grin as the techs wheel the barrel before him. Boo's rain down. Trickelbush is resplendent in his dark suit and matching top hat, his smile hiding a scowl.

DDK:

Listen to this crowd give it to him!

The techs skulk off the rampway as Nigel produces a microphone of his own. Nigel removes his bowler cap in a theatrical sweeping motion with his free left hand. He places it back on his head carefully.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, how I *hate* to disappoint!

He is nearly drowned out. Dramatically striking a match, he tosses it in the barrel. A flame quickly takes, setting frightening shadows across Nigel's sharp features for a fleeting moment.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But disappoint, I must!

Nigel looks to the unwashed and presses a single finger to his wrinkled, pursed lips.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

HUSH!

The crowd does just the opposite. MV1 paces in the ring, locked on the small man atop the ramp.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You came here tonight expecting a FANTASY!

Nigel peers down at the flames licking up from the barrel, his face hideously illuminated. He adjusts the bowler cap atop his head before reaching into an inside breast pocket... and pulling out a yellow mask. The same yellow mask Nigel snatched off the canvas all the way back at DEFIANCE Road.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

While *I* came here to deliver a cold hard REALITY!

The same yellow wrestling mask once worn by Masked Violator #2. Lord Trickelbush unfurls it and holds it high to another mixed reaction from the faithful. The camera briefly cuts to MV1, who is suddenly horror-struck.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You poor, poor masked man. So afraid of the world around you that you mask yourself. So afraid of the truth that you hide yourself away. You came here thinking you'd find a friend...

Nigel lowers the bright yellow mask just enough to let the flame gently nip at its nylon. MV1 steps between ropes, onto the apron.

MV1:

Stop that!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I came here to tell you that your friend is gone—

MV1:

Don't do it!

MV1 drops to the ringside floor and starts up the aisle...

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

—came to tell you your past is dead, to walk away, to RUN - while you can!

Quickly, MV1 is up the ramp. He meets Lord Nigel over the barrel, the mask held between them over the flames by Nigel's thin, bony fingers. MV1 holds up a hand of his own, this one much beefier, begging Nigel to halt.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

ONE MORE STEP and I BURN IT!

The faithful boo as MV1 stops short of snatching the mask from Nigel's hands.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

ONE MORE STEP and it's over... One more step and memory of the "friend" you knew is gone along with this hideous mask... Up in flames!

The camera catches the concern etched on MV1's mask as the flames lick at #2's mask, clutched in Nigel's grasp.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

This is all YOUR decision, you see! Tonight, you can decide *how* this story ends... Walk away forever, forget I exist - that CORVO exists - and we all live happily ever after! You have that power! WALK. AWAY.

MV1 steps forward, Nigel briefly lowers the mask in the flame before yanking it back up, halting MV1 in his tracks once more.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Walk away today... or... face painful consequences.

Nigel dangles the mask just a bit closer to the open flames.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Walk away today and leave with this memento to forever remember your friend by. Take this disgusting piece of cloth with you... Or... stay here in DEFIANCE... and be DESTROYED by Corvo Alpha as he has DESTROYED every one and every thing in *my* path.

MV1:

He doesn't answer to you, Nigel—

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Care to *test* that theory?

Dangling the mask ever closer to the flames, MV1 shouts "NO!" off-mic.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Walk. Away.

The crowd hates that idea and lets MV1 know as much as he polls them with his eyes, sweeping the arena.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You're too much the fool to recognize a gift when it's wrapped and handed to you... do you hear me? Walk away NOW and—

Suddenly, there is a buzz in the building as a figure leaps the rail and none other than CORVO ALPHA emerges. The fans' reactions are starkly divided at the sight of him, sans red or black paint, long dark hair dry and unkempt.

DDK:

Alpha is in the building!

Lance:

But whose *side* is he on?!?

Tension builds as Corvo comes to a rest between them atop the ramp, eyes drawn to the flames before him and the yellow mask held out. Without warning, Alpha SNATCHES the mask from Nigel's hand, shoving the Lord to the ground in the process with his other hand.

Lance:

Look at the eyes of Trickelbush! He looks as surprised to see Corvo here as *anyone* else!

DDK:

You're right!

Corvo glares at the MV2-mask held in his hands, tears welling, heavy, in his eyes despite himself. Lord Nigel scoots backwards on the ground, away from his charge, eyes alight with something closely resembling fear.

Lance:

I... I think what we are seeing... is a broken man who is finding himself again, Keebs!

Corvo's wide, anguished eyes slowly span the arena. The fans let him know how they feel with a wall of sound and emotion. MV1 is speaking to him, the words unclear. Corvo slowly raises the mask up to head-height, empty eyes searching empty eyes. For an answer. For a feeling. For something to hold onto. For anything.

DDK:

Will he-

If they found anything... It wasn't enough.

Lance:

NOOOOO!

In a blink, Alpha shifts his weight and DARTS a superkick through the throat of MV1, sending the masked man sprawling off the ramp and HARD onto the exposed concrete flooring with a **SPLAT**.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha just took MV1's head CLEAN off with that dart superkick! That spring-like extension of the leg, just DEVASTATING!

The faithful are in full revolt as Alpha's eyes remain locked on the unmoving body of MV1 in a heap below him. Behind him, skulking out of Corvo's shadow, Lord Nigel's eyes are stretched open with shock, elation, and confusion. His mouth as well.

Lance:

I think Corvo Alpha has shown where his loyalties lie!

On cue, Corvo snaps his attention towards his erstwhile handler, muscles coiled and tense.

DDK:

HAS he though?!? Lord Nigel doesn't seem too sure!!!

The fans play their part, filling the moment with noise. Turning to face the still-kneeling Lord Tricklebush, Corvo takes a step towards him, yellow mask still clenched in his right hand. Nigel begs off, skirting back away even further, dangerously close to the far edge of the rampway.

Lance:

Nigel may be in trouble here, too!?!

The moment hangs in the air long enough to register before Corvo Alpha makes his decision.

DDK:

What the- Alpha turns away... DROPS THE MASK IN THE BURNING BARREL!

The fans churn with contempt. The shot lingers on the mask disappearing in the contained blaze before cutting to a shaken and bewildered MV1, who by now has climbed to his feet via the nearest guardrail. Clutching the back of his head, the depth of his despair and pain shows even through his red wrestling mask.

Lance:

Drops his OWN mask in the barrel, Keebs! Burning away that part of his past! I... I don't know what to say... The man that MV1 knew all those years ago may very well be gone.

Alpha slowly looks back to Nigel, who grins ear to ear, loving what he has seen. He tentatively crawls forward, finally hugging the left leg of Corvo for dear life, laughing maniacally. Faithful from the cheapest seat to the priciest of ringside box voice their displeasure the only way they know how. Alpha doesn't seem to hear them, eyes instead locked on the amber glow of the fire.

♪ *"Electric Funeral (Instrumental) by Black Sabbath* ♪

Lance:

Only Corvo Alpha remains...

Nigel slowly rises to his feet and gingerly reaches for Corvo's hand. Alpha surrenders it, eyes still on the flames before him. Nigel leading him backstage, Alpha never looks back towards MV1, who vainly tries to climb back up the side of the rampway. Too late. Too little. Too far gone.

DDK:

As... as Corvo Alpha and his handler, seemingly reunited, retreat backstage... one has to wonder what all of this means and if MV1's return to DEFIANCE – confronting Corvo at DEFIANCE Road, signing that one year contract – if ALL of that has been for naught!

Lance:

Keebs, I indicated before all of this went down tonight that I expected this story to end in sadness and... I think we have seen the END of the Masked Violator's story in DEFIANCE... and in this sport.

The camera rests on a shook MV1, catching his breathe on one knee atop the rampway, still clutching the back of his head and neck.

The camera captures the moment when our hero pulls himself up by his bootstraps, to his feet, and up to the occasion. It captures the resolve in his eyes, that he isn't done fighting for his friend. It captures MV1 turn back to the packed house, shaking his head. The camera does *not* capture his words, drowned out as they are by the fans, but it can read lips.

MV1: *[lip-reading, y'all]*

I'm not giving up! I'm NOT giving up!

A supportive pop ripples through the building as a member of DEFmed saddles up on one side of MV1, asking the pre-requisite, protocol questions no doubt.

DDK:

If tonight was the end of the Masked Violator's story, Lance... you might want to tell THAT man.

Lance:

I think I'll pass.

DDK:

Well, maybe on the next UNCUT: UpClose, eh? Sit tight, fans... catch your breath... It's Elise Ares and Ned Reform, ONE ON ONE, next!

ELISE ARES vs. DR. NED REFORM

DDK:

Main event time! So we found out earlier tonight there is no weaseling his way out of this one, Ned Reform is finally being forced to wrestle Elise Ares one-on-one. There's nowhere to go and he finds himself in the main event.

Lance:

We also found out Elise Ares by some miracle wasn't lying about being a genius. An IQ of 147! Things are coming up PCP tonight!

DDK:

It seems that way... but to assume this match is going to end one-on-one might be foolish, Lance. We were informed during the break that Flex In The Box didn't make it to Atlanta for a currently unknown reason, we hope they're doing okay wherever they are - but with TA Cole and The D here in the arena tonight both of these individuals have quite the reputation outside involvement?

Lance:

Elise has made it clear that she wants to put Ned Reform in his place. I don't think she'll be satisfied with a DQ, count out, or disputed finish here. I don't think I can say the same for Reform.

The McCamish Pavilion lights shift into blue-violet and gold as the familiar "Paper Planes" intro rings over Atlanta, Georgia for the first time.

All I wanna do is... BANG BANG BANG

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

Swaggering out into the arena is Elise Ares, wearing a golden crop top leather jacket and her trademark LED sunglasses over her purple and gold ring attire. The D comes out behind her, catching her jacket behind her as she drops it to the floor. Her glasses read "BRAINS" "FOR" "DAYS" before she takes them off and launches them into the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is your MAIN EVENT! Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. Accompanied by THE D and representing the POP. CULTURE. PHENOMS. "The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE" ELIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

Lance:

There she is, Darren. The certified genius herself. The thorn in Ned's side. I don't think he quite knew what he was getting himself into when he involved himself with the Pop Culture Phenoms, Ned has been taken on quite the ride.

DDK:

Unfortunately Ned Reform and the Pop Culture Phenoms do share something in common, they're both a lot more dangerous than the impression may give. Ares has found herself back in a groove again but Ned Reform is also one not to be taken lightly.

The D holds the ropes open by sitting on the middle rope with Ares' jacket draped over his shoulder, gesturing towards the former Southern Heritage Champion. Elise struts across the apron before suggestively entering the ring, popping The D (HA!) and the Faithful alike. She walks across the ring and poses for all of her Aresites on the top rope before the music cuts and the lights suddenly shift.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The fans begin to boo in earnest as Ned Reform walks through the curtain - strangely, no TA Cole in sight. Reform's usual gentlemanly demeanor is not present tonight - he power walks toward the ring with a look of pure disgust.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 226 pounds... NED REFORM!

We don't even get a protest from Reform about Quimbey not using his academic title - instead, he simply hits the ring and climbs inside as quickly as he can.

DDK:

I think weeks of embarrassment might be taking their toll on Ned Reform here... Elise Ares might have successfully thrown him off his game!

DING DING

Ares stretches in the corner, but the Philosopher King rushes the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style. Before the elbow can connect with the side of the head, Ares drops to the canvas and grabs the bottom rope forcing Hector Navarro to pull Reform away from the roped South Beach Starlet. As Reform backs away the Faithful immediately break into a dueling chant.

"LET'S GO ARES!"

"NED YOU SUCK!"

LET'S GO ARES!"

"NED YOU SUCK!"

DDK:

That's not usually how these types of back and forth chants work.

Lance:

I'll allow it.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE pulls herself up to her feet and steps into the middle of the ring. She holds her hand up for a lockup with Ned Reform, looking for yet another opportunity to embarrass the BRAIN of DEFIANCE. Reform smirks at Ares' proposition and grabs her hand, but the second Elise starts to move he breaks away and raises his arm, wiping his brow. The Faithful boo and this series of events happen exactly the same a second time, causing a louder boo as Reform then walks over to his corner and picks a hand towel up off the apron and wipes off his head and hands. Ares rolls her eyes as Reform then begins to chalk his hands.

DDK:

Suddenly Ned isn't as prepared for this match as he initially thought.

Lance:

Funny how that works.

Elise goes to approach Reform but is immediately stopped by Navarro, outside the ring The D starts screaming for Hector to begin a count to force Ned to stop prepping. Right as they do Reform turns around and nails Ares in the face with a knee strike sending her hard to the mat. Ned pounces on the grounded Phenom and slams Elise's recently healed face hard into the canvas as many times as he can before he reaches a five count. He then maneuvers into a side headlock for control and looks smugly into the Faithful. Among the jeers, Elise tries to use her hands and agility to find a way out but only gets to a standing position with Reform, still firmly locked in. He goes to a knee two or three times, pretending to be getting a workout in while Elise is unable to escape the routine headlock. Digging at her hair, it becomes obvious that Ned has a fist full of hair and immediately is forced to release the illegal hold. Of course, after a five count. He's forcibly pulled off of Ares and while lecturing Navarro about the intricacies of the five count he suddenly drops to his knees.

DDK:

Elise with some tricks of her own!

Lance:

I think she learned that one from The D!

After the sneaky low blow goes undetected, but not without suspicion, the Faithful cheer as Ares leaps forward and locks Ned Reform in a side headlock. She quickly tries to get some "workout style" knee bends in before gyrating and she's lifted off the ground. Before Reform can complete the back suplex Elise flips onto her feet and kicks the leg out from under Ned Reform. He gets back up to his feet and is floored again with a drop toe hold. Ares rhythmically shakes her hips as Reform changes his approach, deciding not to rush Elise but is still dropped with a low dropkick. In frustration he reaches his feet before arm drag, up, arm drag, up, arm drag, and then a primal scream before a snapmare sends him down and rolling out of the ring. The Faithful roar as Reform kicks the stairs and the barricade in frustration. Meanwhile Elise opens the ropes for him to return.

DDK:

An impressive sequence from Elise Ares has Ned Reform LIVID! The Faithful here in Georgia are LOVING it!

Lance:

Is Ned doing breathing exercises?

DDK:

He needs to do something to get his head back into this match!

Elise looks disappointed about Ned not taking her invitation to get back into the ring. He instead stomps up the stairs at the count of seven, wipes off his feet at eight, and steps back into the ring at nine where Ares claps at his ability to get back into the ring. The Warrior Poet dusts himself off and puts on a composed facade before finally raising his arm, as if he's giving Ares that lockup that she wanted at the beginning of the match. Elise walks up and begins to lift her arm before she slaps Reform across the face with her other hand.

OOOOOOOOH!

Reform answers with a stiff elbow.

BOOOOOOOO!

The impact spins Ares around, but she does a backflip grabbing Reform in a headscissors and flipping him forward, but the Pedagogue of Pain cartwheels through pointing at his brain to show his superior intellect. Before he can make a facial expression he gets hit with an enziguri to the back of his head, stumbling him forward. Ares goes to capitalize but eats a knee lift that stumbles her and Reform follows up with a lariat... but Elise ducks under. Ned looks down to see where Ares went and turns around to a backflip kick from Ares! But Reform moves out of the way and then stomps on the hand of Elise Ares before dropping down to the mat and pulling the fingers of the former Tag Team Champion.

DDK:

Elise Ares is screaming! You don't think about it but the fingers can be a very persuasive body part to force a submission. Could you imagine someone, or something, just ripping your fingers apart as hard as they could?

Lance:

You're right, Darren. It doesn't make good television but it's damn effective. Jay Harvey used a similar strategy against Ares earlier in her career.

DDK:

There is a lot I can say about Ned Reform but the man is well educated in his opponents. He knows of Elise's past hand problems. Her facial injuries. Her recent back injury. He's just been waiting for an opportunity to exploit them.

Navarro checks for the submission but Ares declines. Reform positions himself better on top of Ares, his back against hers pulling back on her arm and separating the fingers. With each finger she screams and tries to pull her hand away but he grabs it again, pulling hard between her ring and pinky finger ending in a crack that echoes across the McCamish Pavilion.

OHHHHHHHHHH!

A blood curdling scream leaves the lips of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE as Ned Reform is forced off of her by Hector to check for an injury. Rolling around on the ground, Elise is hard to check as she cradles her hand.

DDK:

A SICKENING snap!

Lance:

I cringed from back here.

DDK:

Reform is pacing like a predator, sensing the blood of his prey with a sickening grin on his face. They might have to call this match. I can't imagine Ares isn't legitimately injured here.

Navarro finally gets Elise still enough to check on her hand and The D jumps up on the apron. The Faithful grow quiet, trying to hear the conversation between Ares and the DEFIANCE official as he looks at her hand.

DDK:

We need a better camera angle here to assess the damage.

Lance:

NO!

Ned Reform suddenly shoves past Navarro and jerks Ares up by her injured hand. She shouts as he drags her to the top rope and throws her right at The D, knocking him off the apron and onto the floor below. He then grabs the hair and uses it to hang her over the top rope kicking and screaming. An aggressive five count is immediately started as Ares squeals helplessly. Hector jumps in right at a fast five and forces the Warrior Poet to drop Elise to the apron. An argument quickly ensues where Reform tries to explain to Navarro how long a second is before he's warned of a disqualification. Elise rolls over to her back, still cradling her hand. The D gets up and runs over to Ares to check on her when Reform tells Hector to keep him out of the match. Navarro gives The D a reluctant warning, but he argues his case that he still needs to finish checking her hand to make sure she can continue. All this does is give Ned Reform enough time to climb to the top rope undetected...

DDK:

The D is right! He shouldn't be involved but Navarro never was given the proper opportunity to assess the injury suffered by Ares on her left hand. We might need to pause here for a mome...

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

THE THESIS STATEMENT ON THE APRON! The leg of Reform drops down right across the upper chest and cradled hand of Elise Ares in a death blow. The Philosopher King shoves The D away and rolls Ares into the ring before hooking the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

BUT IT'S NOT.

The Faithful erupt as Elise manages to kick out of the brutal sequence that forecasted her demise. Ned Reform looks down at his foil in shock.

DDK:

The fight in Elise Ares might be her finest quality, Lance! The things I've seen this 122 pound frame endure are just simply indescribable. How does she do it?

Lance:

Ned Reform wants the answer to that question too!

Unable to accept reality, Reform immediately begins to lecture Navarro about the act of counting once again. The McCamish Pavilion begins to shake with the roar of the Aresites, trying to breathe life back into the fallen body of their champion. The D leads the charge, banging on the apron of the ring as Ned turns around and rips the body of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style up off the mat. She immediately answers with ANOTHER slap.

RAAAAAAAAH!

Reform backhands her and sends her stumbling.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Superkick from Ares!

RAAAAAAAAH!

Knee lift from Reform!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Spinning back kick by Ares!

RAAAAAAAAH!

Soccer kick to the face by Ares!

RAAAAAAAAH!

Elise spits on the back of her non-injured hand and hits the Paragogue of Pain with a spinning back fist!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The South Beach Starlet grabs the bald head of her opponent as he spins around and rushes towards the ropes before she drops him, neck first, across the top rope!

DDK:

CUBAN NECKTIE!

Ned Reform bounces back and is out on the canvas. Ares surveys her injured hand before looking out into the chaotic Faithful going banana in front of her. Lost in the moment, she does her "que tal eso?!" dance when on the other side of

the ring TA Cole blasts The D from behind knocking him into the ring apron!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL?!

DDK:

I WAS WONDERING WHERE HE WAS AT!

Ares doesn't even notice as Cole quickly catches The D on the rebound and Red, White, and Blue Thunders him right into the barricade. Sickeningly reminding the Faithful of the bump Elise Ares took from Flex Kruger at DEFCON. The Faithful's cheerful eruption turn into chaos as Ares leaps from the top rope, in obvious pain, and NAILS Amethystation on Ned Reform!

Lance:

Does she know what just happened?!

DDK:

I don't think she has any idea!

Grimacing in pain and still favoring her injured left hand, the support of her Aresites and pure adrenaline alone kips her back up to her feet, where her jaw drops just inches away from TA Cole who lifts her up despite protest from Hector Navarro (who immediately calls for the bell) and Red, White, and Blue Thunders her over the top rope and hard onto the body of The D who is sprawled out on the concrete floor!

DING DING DING

DDK:

My God! TA Cole has just laid absolute waste to The D and Elise Ares!

With the two Pop Culture Phenoms sprawled out on the outside, Cole moves in to check on his mentor. Cole brings the dazed Reform up to his feet as The Good Doctor rubs his jaw and shakes away the cobwebs. Levi Cole looks to Ned for guidance, and Reform sneers, pointing to the outside. The camera is on the apron and close enough to pick up his words.

Ned Reform:

Dispose of him. I want *her*.

Ever the dutiful pupil, Cole exits the ring. He roughly kicks Elise Ares off The D, ignoring the protests of the DEFIANCE officials who have begun to pour out to the ring area. Cole wraps his palms around the head of The D and violently jerks him to his feet before throwing him headfirst into the nearby ringsteps. Cole then grabs Elise Ares by the hair and roughly rolls her under the bottom rope and into the ring where Ned Reform waits.

Lance:

We've seen this before. It's all fun and games with Ned Reform until he gets an opportunity like this. This is the man who broke Jessica Fear's arm at DEFCON... we need to get some help for Elise out here and quickly.

DDK:

And no Klein or Fex in the building tonight! Reform picked his spot!

His face beet red, Reform places Elise's neck on top of the bottom rope. He drives his knee into the back of her head, driving her windpipe into the rope. Hector Navarro tries to pull him off, but TA Cole roughly tosses the DEFIANCE referee aside. Reform ruthlessly bares down with his knee until Elise's face turns as red as his own as she gasps for breath and flails her arms.

Ned Reform:

YOU'RE NOT SMARTER THAN ME! YOU'RE NOT!! YOU'RE NOT!!!

Finally, Reform releases his choke hold, allowing Elise to roll over and desperately gasp for breath. While Cole

continues to keep the horde of officials at bay, Reform gets right to work undoing one of the nearby turnbuckle pads. Reform tosses the pad aside before storming back over to Elise. Grabbing her by her hair, he brings The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE up off her back, bringing her face and his mere inches apart.

DDK:

Reform is obsessed!

Reform's stone cold eyes lock right onto Elise's glazed pair. For a moment it appears as if he's going to say something, but instead he simply gets a running start across the ring before driving her exposed face into the unforgiving steel of the buckle!!

Lance:

He's trying to injure her face again! Somebody get out here!

The timekeeper continues to ring the bell non-stop as Elise drops to the mat, holding her face and screaming. As she covers up, Reform begins to pepper her body with stiff stomps. The fans are relentless with the jeers... but there is a small shift in the tone of The Faithful as The D, still groggy but determined, jumps up onto the apron and tries to enter the ring. The hope of the crowd is short lived, however, as Cole is there to meet him with a lariat that nearly turns him inside out. Like a man possessed, Reform is all over The D in an instant - and he locks The A Lister in his brutal Ad Hominem!

DDK:

This is an absolute dissection, Lance.

The D's arms flail helplessly, but he can't escape Reform's Crossface Chickenwing. As Reform works on choking The D, he shoots TA Cole a look that is clearly a silent command. Cole nods before grabbing Elise Ares off the mat and lifting her slim frame over his head in his Letter Jacket Torture Rack. Elise, already in agony over her face, is now bent completely in half as Cole bounces her up and down. It's a sight of pure domination: The D fading as his arms hang limp in Ned Reform's Ad Hominem while Elise screams in agony in Cole's Letter Jacket. Finally, both members of the Honor Society release their respective opponents and allow both PCP members to crumple to the mat.

Reform rolls out of the ring, shoving the DEF officials out of the way as he approaches Darren Quimby. Quimby, who has been around Reform long enough to know the score, immediately gives up his microphone. Now armed, Reform re-enters the ring. He again reaches down to grab Elise Ares by the hair, lifting her face off the ring. He crotches down next to her, folding her up so that her face is starting directly into the hard cam. She is nearly completely unconscious as Reform looks at her before bringing the mic to his lips and staring into the lens.

Ned Reform:

I want you all to witness. Observe. LOOK AT HER! Let this be a warning to all who hear this: this is what happens when you embarrass Dr. Ned Reform.

With that, he simply releases her hair and she falls face first into the canvas. Reform stands, dropping the mic and grabbing TA Cole's hand. Cole looks absolutely over the moon with what's happening as Ned slowly raises his hand into the air. The Honor Society stand over the broken forms of TA Cole as some of The Faithful begin to toss trash into the ring.

DDK:

I'd hate to say it, folks... but even though we've seen egg on Reform's face for weeks... it looks like he got the last laugh in the end.

The last thing we see are the cold, dead eyes that belong to a man who has lost it.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.