

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Tampa, Florida welcomes DEFIANCE as the Amalie Arena is hyped for DEFtv 204!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

BROCK NEWBLUDD PINNED YOUR MOM

BROCK NEWBLUDD IS MY NEWDAD

(BLOOD) DIAMONDS AREN'T DEFS BEST FRIENDS

BIGSBY = BIGBUX

MASKS ARE SO HOT RIGHT NOW

**IMAGINE HAVING A LITTLE DEVIL-REZIN ON YOUR SHOULDER, THAT SHIT IS SO SURREAL, BRO. AND I
FEEL LIKE IT'S ALSO, IN A SENSE, A POLITICAL STATEMENT THAT ALL OF US SHOULD PAY HEED TO
TA COLE, BA DOUCHE**

HEY MALAK, THE DIRTSHEETS SAY HOUSES ARE DOWN - THX ALOT

GET WELL SOON, LITTLE ANGEL PART OF REZIN'S CONSCIENCE

BROCK NEWDAD IS MY NEW DAD

HERE TO SEE MIL VUELTAS DO FLIPPY SHIT

DAD JOKES ARE THE BEST

DEFIANCE IS TRIGGERED BY MALAK

GET SOME DANDRUFF SHAMPOO FOR THE FLAKE OF DEFIANCE

The scene goes to the parking lot.

WHAT AN ENTRANCE

The show opens to Mil Vultas making his way through the parking lot to a pop from The Faithful. Wearing a green and white track suit with his Mexican-themed mask, The Man of a Thousand Flips looks like he's on a mission-

Until suddenly someone shows up from behind and shoulders Vultas into the hood of a nearby car!

DDK:

That's... Tyler Fuse!

The crowd boos upon seeing Fuse come into focus, wearing black jeans and a black t-shirt. He hovers over top of Mil before lifting Vultas and throwing him shoulder/head first into another hood.

More boos reign down as Tyler pops Mil with a left hand under the jaw. Mil falls to his knees as he struggles looking at his attacker.

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

Show me up?

Fuse kicks Vultas square in the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

Everything I said about you is true.

Tyler drags Vultas off the cement floor...

SMASH!

And hip tosses Vultas on top of a windshield, cracking the glass as Vultas' back lands upon it and he shouts in pain. Fuse marches over and takes Mil by his head. Meanwhile, Princess Desire, Jane Fuse, leisurely strolls into the picture from off in the distance.

Tyler Fuse:

Hanging out in the parking lot, it's kinda become my thing.

Fuse peels Vultas off the windshield. He slowly marches both of them towards the arena.

Tyler Fuse:

It's nice to hold the door open for others.

Fuse smirks. He throws Vultas as hard as he can THROUGH the arena entrance doors. Vultas' body flies into the building as the doors swing back and forth thereafter.

Tyler Fuse:

But you're beneath me.

Tyler slowly dusts his hands off as he marches over to the fallen Mil Vultas, who's now laying motionless on the ground.

Tyler Fuse:

HAD TO SHOW ME UP, HUH?

Princess walks up to Tyler and hands him the ACE of DEFIANCE.

Tyler Fuse:

I'M the next FIST.

Fuse spits on Vueltas' back.

Tyler Fuse:

What the hell are **you**?

He walks off as Jane follows behind. Mil is seen BARELY moving after all that's been done to him, groaning in pain as the scene fades.

CYRUS BATES vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

What a vicious attack from Tyler Fuse on Mil Vueltras to kick off the show! We will try and get an update on Mil's condition before the night is over. But right now, we've got to switch to in-ring action to kick off tonight's show! Butcher Victorious is in action against Cyrus Bates!

Lance:

Both men are looking for a rebound win. Butcher Victorious has been embroiled in issues with Vae Victis member DLJ, back from when he upset Oscar Burns and defeated him at DEFCON! DLJ cheated Butcher out of being the Favoured Saints Champion! Cyrus Bates was the last road block to try and keep Brock Newbludd from earning a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Indeed! Can Butch Vic get back on the winning track before he takes on DLJ at MAXDEF? Or will Cyrus Bates play spoiler tonight and get himself in the win column? Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the in-ring introductions to tonight's opening match!

Darren Quimbey now stands in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your opening match of tonight's DEFtv and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Cyrus Bates walks out on stage, wearing his traditional wrestling gear. He pulsates his pectorals to the beat of the music, like he usually does before climbing into the ring and screaming like an uncaged beast.

Cyrus Bates:

I'M GONNA SHOW THAT BUTCH VIC... IS GONNA BE MY BITCH!

The powerhouse of The Comments Section heads towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

From Ft. Worth, Texas, representing The Comments Section, weighing in at 250 pounds... **CYRUS BATES!**

Bates heads to the ring and arrogantly walks into the ring. He looks pretty confident in his chances tonight as he heads into the ring. He paces and waits in his corner as he gets jeers from The Faithful... and those switch to CHEERS within moments! The DEFIAtron simulates a big pink, purple and blue fireworks display! Several loud booms ring out and highlight the silhouette of a very familiar, mohawked man holding up a microphone...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present, along with a brand new silver and purple fuzzy full-length coat, along with light blue tassels hanging off the sleeves! He holds out the new microphone in hand and then raises it to the sky as he spins around to face The Faithful! Dressed in sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing The Butch Vic Clique... From Austin, Texas, weighing in at 223 pounds...

BUTCHERRRRRR VICTORIOUS!

The flamboyantly-dressed Butch Vic heads down to the ring and slaps hands with The Faithful halfway down the ramp! He pauses halfway, then motions for the music to fade as he gets his microphone ready.

Butcher Victorious: [with the Faithful chanting along]

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

Cyrus Bates remains unimpressed, but the rest of the crowd hangs onto the other Texan's every word.

Butcher Victorious:

DLJ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher Victorious:

Because of you and Sonny Silver, Butch Vic ain't the Favoured Saints Champion... BUT... because of ME... you ain't either!

He laughs as the fans cheer.

Butcher Victorious:

The two of you told me it's on sight when you see me and here's what I say to the two of you... BRING IT. Cause you're gonna find out EXACTLY what I showed your boss, Oscar Burns, at DEFCON! It'll be what you find out at MAXDEF and it's gonna be exactly what Search Party Cyrus finds out right now! That BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK! BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK! AND BUTCH VIC... HAS IT! And to the BUTCH VIC CLIQUE... Strap in and grab a hold, brother!

The Microphone Fiend hands off The Stick v.2 and his coat to an attendant at ringside and then heads into the ring, looking ready. He stands face to face with the taller and more powerful Cyrus.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious put on a few pounds recently. He's been dedicating himself to the gym recently and it's starting to show.

Lance:

But he definitely does not have the power Cyrus has. He'll need to use his technical prowess to find a way around his power.

DING DING

Right at the bell, Butcher gets the crowd cheering when he leaps up and slaps a headlock on Bates! He cranks on the hold and tries to keep Bates at bay.

DDK:

This innovative headlock-based offense has worked wonders for Butcher, but against a bigger man like this, it may be a double-edged sword getting in up close against this powerhouse.

This is a lesson Butcher finds out quickly as Cyrus leans back to the ropes and quickly launches Butcher off. When he comes back, he runs right into Cyrus! The former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion hits the ropes himself and knocks over Butcher with a big shoulder block! Cyrus gets jeers as he stands over Butcher Victorious with some jawjacking. He runs off the ropes, but Butcher does a dropdown. When he comes back... another headlock!

Lance:

I don't know what Butcher is thinking! If Cyrus powered out the first time, he could easily do it again!

Butcher hangs on as hard as he can when Cyrus pushes him into the ropes again. He ducks down and Butcher rolls over his back to land on his feet behind him... another headlock! And this time, Butcher leaps over to slingshot off the ropes and then ROLLS Cyrus over to finally take him off his feet with loud cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

Search Party Cyrus has been grounded! Great footwork by Butcher with those headlock takedown variations!

He has Cyrus grounded into a cover!

ONE!

But Cyrus angrily tries to get up again! Butcher's grip gets tighter! He then tries to look for some kind of big move... but Cyrus shoves him away with a last-second burst of strength! Butcher gets a foot up to keep from going into the corner and elbows Cyrus on the jaw! He has the big man stunned and runs off the ropes... but doesn't expect Cyrus to pick him up and MILITARY PRESS him over his head! The crowd gasps at the strength of Bates as he drops Butch Vic across the top turnbuckle with a military press snake eyes!

DDK:

Cyrus' power is too much! Butcher looked like he was trying for some kind of driver move out of that headlock position, but Bates took control!

Lance:

And Cyrus isn't done! Look! He's got Butcher!

He grabs hold of The Microphone Fiend and pulls him up to his feet before THROWING him shoulder-first into the ring post in the corner! Butcher hangs there in pain, but Cyrus isn't done as he pulls him back out of the corner and throws him backwards with a huge German suplex! Butcher bounces off the mat and now a confident Cyrus Bates stands over the former Favoured Saints Champion.

DDK:

Great power on display there by Cyrus! And into a cover!

He kneels over to hook the leg of Butcher!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Great series of power moves from Cyrus, but Butcher kicks out!

DDK:

But Cyrus isn't done!

He slows things down by pushing Butcher to the ropes and then hitting his back with a big forearm! The Microphone Fiend is wincing in pain, but Bates is far from done. He pushes Butch Vic into the ropes and when the recoil sends him back, he gets caught with another forearm to the back! The Texan-on-Texan violence continues when he spins Butcher around and locks in a modified standing bearhug!

DDK:

Cyrus doing everything he can to wear down the back of Butcher Victorious! Butcher's quest to get back in the win column isn't looking so good at the moment, but Cyrus' quest to do the same is!

The bearhug continues to hamper Butcher, but The Faithful ring out with chants of "BUTCH VIC!" He struggles and then tries to elbow his way out with a pair of elbow smashes! It takes about three good shots to finally get Cyrus to loosen his grip! Butcher can't capitalize as his back is in pain, but Cyrus moves back and pushes him into the ropes before hitting a huge belly-to-belly suplex!

Lance:

And just when we thought Butcher was free, he hits the side belly-to-belly suplex! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Butcher kicks out again! Bates has been on top of him through most of this bout, but Butcher Victorious is true to his word that he isn't quitting!

Cyrus looks at Benny Doyle with a look of anger, then goes to pick up The Microphone Fiend... but Butcher lands a chop! Cyrus is stunned when Butcher fires back with another! And another! He then grabs another headlock! He tries to hit the driver-like move a second time, but Butcher gets pushed off to the corner. The former two-time Unified Tag Team champion speed towards Butcher, but he sidekicks Cyrus in the gut. He locks him in yet another headlock, then charges in between the top and middle rope, effectively bulldogging Cyrus' face into the turnbuckle! He stumbles back and falls to the mat!

Lance:

What an innovatie move! Butcher got him with the bulldog headlock INTO the turnbuckle! He's gonna have to string some moves together if he wants to keep the powerhouse down!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

The chants continue loudly as Cyrus holds onto his face in pain. The Bellicose Brawler remains stunned, but Butch Vic looks worse for wear as he favors his back while hanging on in the corner.

DDK:

Listen to these people! Butcher is doing whatever he can against the big man!

When Bates gets to his feet, he's met with a stiff European uppercut by Butcher. Butcher holds his neck and fires off a second and a third until he's backed off the ropes. He tries to whip Bates across the ring, but The Keyboard Warrior reverses that. He goes for a big boot, but Butcher ducks underneath and comes back with a springboard off the middle rope into a big dropkick that takes him off his feet! Butcher rolls up slowly to his feet as Cyrus rolls out of the ring. Butcher clasps his hands together as if he's trying to put a headlock on air, then runs the ropes... SUICIDE DIVE INTO A HEADLOCK OUTSIDE!

DDK:

Another headlock... INTO A BULLDOG ON THE FLOOR!

Butcher's tailbone is probably rattled, but Cyrus gets faceplanted outside the ring! Butcher takes a second to get back on his feet, grabs Bates and then throws him back into the ring! Butcher then climbs to the top rope. When Bates scrambles to his feet, he ROCKS him with a springboard clothesline!

DDK:

And Butcher follows it up with a springboard clothesline! Right into the headlock pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

He kicks out... but Butcher uses the headlock pin he had on to shift right into the Noise Canceler!

Lance:

Butcher's got it locked in! That bridging bulldog choke! He calls that the Noise Canceler! He tapped out Thomas Slaine with it a few weeks ago on UNCUT!

Butcher yells out as loud as he can to keep the hold locked in! The Faithful are chanting for Cyrus Bates to tap out, but he crawls towards the ropes instead! He claws... and claws... then gets to the ropes and hangs for dear life!

DDK:

Cyrus makes the ropes! But he's hanging on!

The Microphone Fiend lets go of the hold! He tries to pull Cyrus back, who hangs into the ropes... but he catches Butcher with a boot from the other foot! Butcher gets knocked down to jeers from The Faithful as he grabs the hand of Butcher and then quickly SNAPS him down with a ripcord lariat!

Lance:

That cheap shot by Cyrus Bates just gave him an opening with the ripcord lariat! And now he's got Butcher by the throat!

With one arm still maintaining control of Butch Vic's wrist and a hand around his throat, he pulls him up to his feet... then right into a HUGE chokeslam! Gasping a sigh of relief, he tries to get some air back and goes for the cover on Butcher!

DDK:

What a ripcord lariat and what a chokeslam! This could be done!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

No way! No way, I thought that was it!

Butcher kicks out and the Florida crowd cheer on the escapee of Vae Victis! Bates can't believe it and shakes both his head and balled-up fist at Benny Doyle!

DDK:

Focus on your opponent, Cyrus!

He shakes his head and pulls Butcher slowly up to his feet. He doubles him over with a kick to the gut and hits the ropes, presumably trying to score with his finishing scissors kick called the Keyboard Kick!

DDK:

Keyboard Kick incoming... NO! Butcher moves and shoves him into the ropes!

When Bates comes back, he gets SMACKED with the mother of all headbutts right to the temple from Butcher! The Hard Out Headbutt rocks him, freeing Butcher to hook another headlock before DRIVING Cyrus into the canvas with a sick headlock driver!

DDK:

HE SCORES! HE TOLD ME EARLIER TODAY HE WAS WORKING ON THIS MOVE! THE HEADLOCK DRIVER CALLED BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT!

Bates is down and out as Butcher rolls him over and still holds his own head with one hand, then hooks the leg with the other!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher breathes a sigh of relief, feeling the energy from The Faithful bringing him to a huge win here tonight! Benny Doyle raises his hand in victory as a huge grin crosses the face of Butch Vic!

DDK:

What a counter to the Keyboard Kick! Cyrus had it right there, but Butcher found an opening to score with the Hard Out Headbutt and followed it up with that Headlock Driver! Butch Vic's Greatest Hit just sounded the victory!

Lance:

He looks ready for DLJ at Maximum DEFIANCE!

As Cyrus rolls out of the ring one way, Butcher celebrates with the Butch Vic Clique and salutes each side of the arena. After soaking in the moment, he leaves and heads the other way.

Lance:

Cyrus gave him a heck of a fight! There's a reason he's been such an asset for our FIST of DEFIANCE and... HEY! LOOK OUT!

As Butcher leaves the ring, he hears the reaction from The Faithful change... then gets TACKLED FROM OUT OF NOWHERE BY A MASSIVE FIGURE! HE GOES FLYING INTO THE BARRICADE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Standing over him is none other than The Front Runner himself! The massive DLJ stands over Butcher, pointing down at him! Sonny Silver is at his side and continues the trash talking.

Lance:

Where did DLJ come from?!

DDK:

I don't know! He must have been lurking in the crowd... but he and Sonny Silver have picked their spot once again tonight!

Sonny Silver looks at Butcher with DEFSec coming down to ringside to try and usher the Vae Victis members off.

Sonny Silver:

On sight! We told you this was on sight! Every time we see you, DLJ is gonna run your backwater ass down!

DLJ:

Still think I'm weak? Huh? Still think I'm weak?!

DEFSec issue their final warning to have DLJ and Sonny leave ringside and they finally do. The message is loud as clear as Butcher is laid out from the surprise shoulder tackle from DLJ! The Front Runner raises his hands all the way up the ramp with Sonny Silver looking smug at his side.

DDK:

DEFtv 204 is already off to a hot start tonight! Bedlam is breaking out and if this is how the night kicks off, I worry for the rest of our roster this evening!



COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

DLJ vs. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

We've got more action coming up here on DEFtv and up next, it's DLJ of Vae Victis going up against underdog Nicky Synz!

Lance:

Ever since just before DEFCON when Butcher Victorious walked out on Oscar Burns, we have seen things escalate between DLJ and Butcher Victorious. Butcher Victorious was cost the chance to be the Favoured Saints Champion on DEFtv 202, and Butch Vic returned the favor to DLJ on DEFtv 203.

DDK:

But things have only continued to escalate! Just a little bit ago after Butcher Victorious won over Cyrus Bates of The Comments Section, he was attacked by DLJ once again with a huge shoulder tackle into the barricade!

Lance:

And we understand that Butcher's being checked on by medical. We hope to have an update on his condition, but as always, we have to move forward with the action. Let's get to the next match. DLJ takes on Nicky Synz!

The camera moves to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Good F***ing Music" by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction using a new theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. On his way to the ring, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz is on the apron, playing a little riff and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar for the people and then hands off his signature Flying V to a person at ringside. As his music fades out, the entrance of his opponent starts up.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The ever-present spokesman for Vae Victis, Sonny Silver, makes his way out to tremendous jeers. He looks annoyed as he holds his hands out and allows his famous OLD SKOOL MIC~! -- a retro silver microphone -- to being lowered from the ceiling. He catches it in hand. He's about to say something...

Then thinks better.

Sonny Silver:

Nah. I'm on the clock tonight, and I'm not wasting a perfectly good introduction on either you dumbasses or on THAT dumbass with the guitar he rented out at the Guitar Center just before the show. I bet you can't play one goddam note.

Nicky Synz responds in kind by playing a loud riff! The fans cheer him.

Sonny Silver:

All right, fine. You can play a guitar, but you can't beat THIS mn... This man has the height of a skyscraper, and he's faster than a NASCAR racer! HE IS THE FREAKIEST OF FREAK ATHLETES! He is THE FASTEST BIG MAN ALIVE! He is "THE FRONT RUNNER" ... **D! L! J!**

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

VAE VICTIS

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

Out from the back steps Dan Leo James! Wearing his new burgundy and gold thigh-length trunks, red taped fists and brand new burgundy boots with gold laces, James stands proudly on the stage. He has a trimmed red goatee and mustached combo. He runs a hand over his hair. The blue-eyed kid stomps a foot on the stage, sending red PYRO exploding from either side, then RUNS towards the ring! He stops short of the ring apron, then jumps on the apron... only to catch a dropkick by Nicky Synz!

DDK:

Nicky Synz just got the drop on DLJ! Nicky has seen what The Front Runner has been capable of lately and tonight, he's gonna try and take the fight to him!

DLJ holds his face and pain and by the time Sonny has made it to ringside, he yells at Carla Ferrari to start the bell on behalf of his protege! She shrugs and calls for the bell.

DING DING**Lance:**

This one getting started fast! And... and Nicky Synz with the suicide dive!

He catches DLJ off-guard with the big dive and knocks the big man over! Sonny Silver shouts in annoyance! Nicky Synz is back on his feet and he's getting cheered by The Faithful!

Lance:

Nicky Synz is trying to do what he can to survive! DLJ made quick work of Count Novick and Theodore Cain in his last few matches and could have been Favoured Saints Champion, had it not been for Butcher Victorious!

DLJ escapes away from Nicky and rolls into the ring with Nicky throwing his vest off. The Front Runner is in the corner when Nicky rolls through the middle rope and lands on his feet. He aims right at the corner and then connects with a running leaping back elbow to DLJ!

DDK:

Flying back elbow in the corner! Nicky rolls out and back to his feet... running shoulder thrust! He hits the Double Platinum combination in the corner!

DLJ looks gut-checked by the always-gutsy Synz as he pumps a fist to celebrate landing one of his signature combinations in the corner. He sees The Front Runner still in the corner when he charges again, looking for another big move...

Lance:

Nicky doing the smart thing and staying on the attack... Wait!

Before Nicky can hit the corner... DLJ shakes it off and moves out of the corner, sending the smaller Nicky hitting nothing but the corner. The fleet-footed Vae Victis member runs out of the corner and hits the ropes not once, but twice, then BLASTS The Frontman as he comes out of the corner with the Dash and Bash, sending him flying right through the ropes and to the mat on the outside!

DDK:

GOODNESS! THAT FAST! THAT SUDDEN! DLJ HAS TAKEN OVER WITH THE DASH AND BASH!

The near-270 pound DLJ jumps in place in the ring several times, happy as a clam that he managed to take complete control of the match in one move despite Nicky Synz throwing everything he can at the Fastest Big Man Alive. Sonny tells him to stop playing and finish the job.

DLJ:

Got it, boss!

James rolls out of the ring and grabs a discombobulated Nicky Synz by the back of his hair before throwing him back inside. DLJ follows quickly and then positions himself in the corner by grabbing his wrist from the jeering crowd.

DDK:

We got this match off to a hot start, but in one big move, DLJ has taken over! He's going for that match-ending running palm strike that Sonny Silver taught him!

Sonny looks proud as DLJ waits on Nicky to get up. When he does... he gets TURNT inside-out with the big running palm strike!

DDK:

GODSPEED! GODSPEED CONNECTS!

Nicky Synz is out cold when DLJ slides over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Before Darren Quimbey can even make the announcement, Sonny Silver has already gone over and stolen his microphone.

Sonny Silver:

Your winner of this match... with RECORD speed... **D! L! J!** Now we're getting the hell out of Florida. Peace.

He chucks the microphone behind him to a flummoxed Darren Quimbey, who almost drops his microphone. The Silver-Tongued Devil nods to DLJ as he gets his arm raised by Carla. Once that's over with, he towers over Nicky and holds his jaw in pain, still feeling one of the several shots he took.

DLJ:

Better luck next time, buddy! Owie...

The Front Runner leaves the ring and then heads to the back along with Sonny Silver.

DDK:

Once again, that speed is unreal. A man that stands 6'7" and 265 should NOT be able to move that fast, but since joining Vae Victis on DEFtv 200, it has done wonders for his career.

Lance:

And these two seem to be off in a hurry tonight.

DLJ and Sonny breeze by and right at the top of the ramp, Chris Trutt stands by to try and get a quick post-match

word with the winner of the match.

Chris Trutt:

Hey! Guys! Chris Trutt! Can I have a word about what you did to Butcher Vic...

Sonny looks down at Chris and speaks into his microphone.

Sonny Silver:

Trutt, get fucked.

DLJ does the same right behind and pulls Trutt's microphone closer.

DLJ:

Yeah! Get bleeped, loser.

Sonny looks up and raises an eyebrow at his protege, then gets ready to go.

DDK:

Well, we still have plenty of more show to go, so stay tun... Hey hey!

Silver and DLJ have their backs to the entrance and standing right behind them is none other than Butcher Victorious with both The Stick v.2... AND a megaphone! His shoulder is taped up under his sleeveless "Grab A Hold, Brother!" t-shirt, courtesy of the attack from the night before, but he creeps up on them.

Butcher Victorious: *[through the megaphone]*

HEY! BONERS!

The sound reverb makes DLJ and Sonny both cover their ears at the same time! That's when Butcher gets a free shot and shoves Sonny on his ass! The Vae Victis spokesperson tumbles over! And before DLJ knows what's happening, he gets THUMPED upside the head with The Stick v.2 that sends a reverb through the arena speakers!

DDK:

It's Butcher Victorious! Butcher's here and I think he just blew out their eardrums in the process!

DLJ stumbles over when he catches ANOTHER mic shot upside the head! The Faithful cheer him on as he tackles DLJ on the ramp and finally gets the big man down for the first time since this issue began! He throws right hand after right hand to DLJ! The Front Runner covers up before DEFSec move in from behind the curtain! They go over to pull Butcher off of DLJ, with jeering loud throughout the arena!

Lance:

Butcher FINALLY with some payback of his own after multiple attacks by DLJ!

The Vae Victis member holds the side of his head in pain while Sonny Silver starts to stand, yelling at DEFSec to get Butcher back!

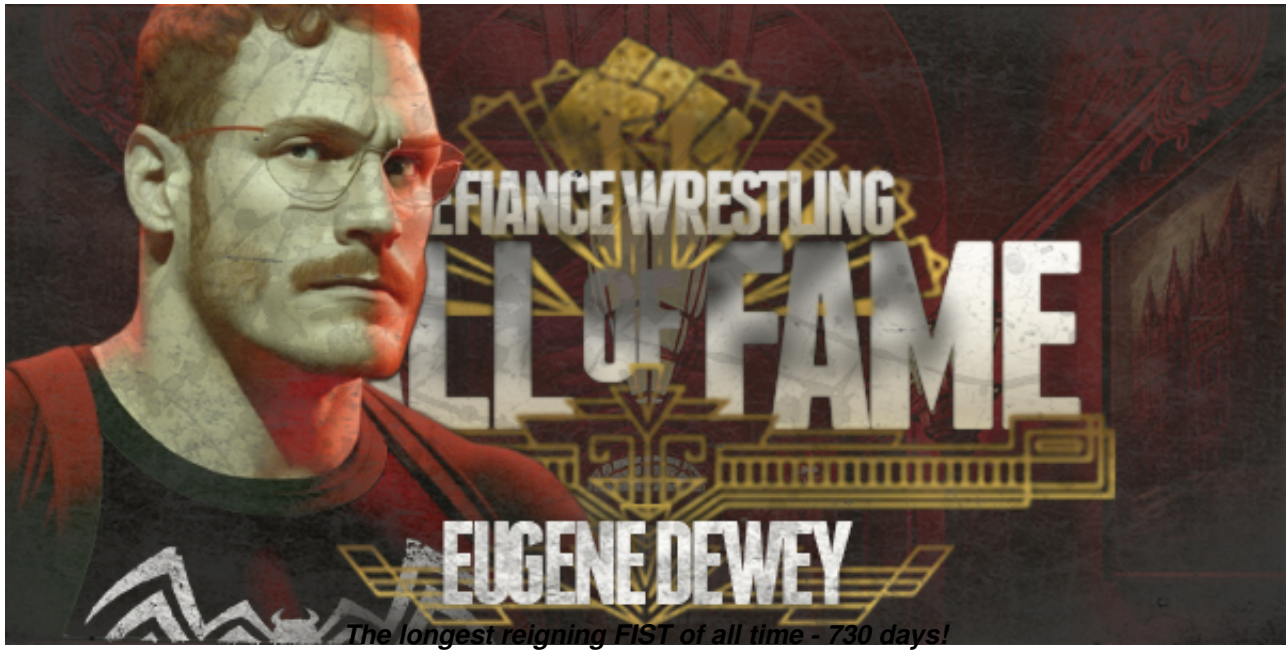
DDK:

The physicality has only increased since these two locked horns. This goes back to DEFtv 200 when DLJ effectively took the spot in Vae Victis that Butcher wanted! And at MAXDEF, this issue is finally going to come to a head!

Butcher keeps scrambling to get back into the fight, but DEFSec break things up between the two men! James wants back up and tries to go after Butcher while feeling a ringing in both his ears and his head, but DEFSec are on top of things!

Lance:

Folks... we have to take a commercial break, but we hope to get some order sorted! We'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

BY THE FREEZER WITH THE BELT

DEFTv resumes from commercial break with Christie Zane standing in front of a large walk-in freezer backstage. She continually checks her smart watch.

Christie Zane:

Hello Faithful and welcome back to DEFTv, I was told to be back here at this time to meet none other than the FLAKE of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland for an important announcement but he's nowhere to be found!

Zane looks around with concern on her face, not because she's scared of the champion but because TV time is burning away with nothing really of note to air. Finally, the latchable freezer door swings open, narrowly smacking Zane in the back. A cool fog escapes the cold zone as numerous frozen concession treats are neatly stacked on shelves.

Christie Zane:

Oh my goodness.

Already inside, sitting on a throne with ice patches attached is the FLAKE of DEFIANCE, belt and all. His icy stare matches his surroundings.

Malak Garland:

Christie. You're late.

Zane throws her hands up in the air.

Christie Zane:

Listen, I was here on time. I couldn't find you because I thought you wanted to meet by the arena freezer, not be IN it.

Garland brushes off the rebuttal as he signals to Cyrus Bates and Thurston Hunter to pick up the chair he rests on and to bring him closer to Zane. They do just that.

Malak Garland:

No matter. We're here now. I will forgive you for your mistake. Soon, we will be joined by someone else who I despise but I told him not to arrive for a couple more minutes so I could have the floor to myself.

Thurston Hunter occupies himself by diving into a box of drumstick ice cream cones in the background as The Frozen Flake continues his televised address.

Malak Garland:

Christie, last time on DEFTv I pulled the wool or rather, the snow over Brock Newbludd's eyes. I used him as a metaphor for every doubter against me in this business. I gave him the runaround. He really thought he was going to get a shot against my title if he ran through my tournament of resiliency I set up for him, when really, I orchestrated such a tactic in order to embarrass him and reveal my new FLAKE of DEFIANCE belt.

He sighs with anger.

Malak Garland:

I was given extra motivation after the desecration of my mother took place in the ring. That went too far. That was pure smut on live television. I've made sure my mother isn't to leave Garland farms anytime soon as a result. Something like that WON'T happen again. Blew up in my face. That's on me and no, I won't love that for you or anyone else.

The Keyboard King stares down at the belt laced over his shoulder. Cyrus cracks his knuckles in the background. Bates grabs a slab of frozen meat and presses it tightly against the shiner he received under his eye from his match.

Malak Garland:

Love most certainly was in the air, though. I can't deny it. It disgusted me but made me realize something. Brock, if love is what you want. Love is what you'll get. Just not the kind you're looking for.

At that moment, Garland's gaze turns away from the camera as Siobhan Cassidy walks into view. She finds a warm spot on Malak's icy lap. Like the supervillain couple they are, Cassidy caresses Malak's neck and shoulders. The champ grins.

Malak Garland:

Christie, he should be arriving any minute now.

Suddenly Brock Newbludd appears behind Zane. He surveys the scene in front of him and rolls his eyes in exasperation. Reaching over Christie, he grabs a popsicle and unwraps it before pointing the frozen treat at Garland.

Brock Newbludd:

I knew I wasn't crazy when I got a random text earlier tonight from a "FLAKEBOT" asking me to be here at this time. Look Malak, I don't know what you're scheming but bro, honestly, your mom has the hots for me and you gotta let it go. You have to let it happen. Who knows, maybe one day you'll be able to call me DAD.

Holding back tears of anger with a clenched FIST, Malak does his best to control his emotions.

Malak Garland:

I'm finna keeping my feelings in check right now because I asked you here for a reason so I'm going to pretend I didn't hear any of that.

Newbludd raises a calming hand up to Malak and grins.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't be like that, son. You know you can always talk to Papa Brock about your feelings.

Malak raises a finger, asking the room for complete silence.

Malak Garland:

Brock. LISTEN! I've heard the pundits online trying to troll me about how unfairly I've treated you and that seeing you've gone through all these trials and tribulations, that you ACTUALLY do deserve a title shot. A legitimate one. A real one. For the FLAKE of DEFIANCE and while my interest with you has waned like it does after shitposting on a reddit thread after five minutes, I have to admit that everyone is right. I have put you through alot and you probably do deserve a title shot so here is what I'm PROPOSING. It's a big deal.

Malak rises from his chair as Siobhan stays clinging to his arm. Garland locks eyes with Brock, face to face.

Malak Garland:

By the power vested in me, I will grant you a main event shot for my belt at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Under one condition.

The Frozen Flake glances down at his girl for a moment.

Malak Garland:

I said love is what you'll get and I mean it. I love this idea for you. I love it for everyone because when I defeat you at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and you don't take my belt away, your loss will give me consent and not only your blessing but Pat Cassidy's blessing to marry Siobhan.

The crowd can be heard reacting with 'Whoas' as Christie Zane looks on with shock. Brock remains stoic, even though he wants to punch the FLAKES lights out.

Brock Newbludd:

Is that a serious proposition or is your brain starting to actually freeze from sitting in here like an idiot?

Malak Garland:

Not only that, but it will mean that Pat will stand as my best man and oh yeah, you will be the officiant of the ceremony. So if you somehow win, sure, congrats, you're the new FLAKE of DEFIANCE but if I win, I get to propose to Siobhan right after the match and we will be wed in holy matrimony under the progressive chakra Gods at the following DEFTv. Deal? Or is it too much for you to see your ex happy with someone else?

Newbludd snorts and shakes his head. He takes the briefest of moments to think things over.

Brock Newbludd:

So basically I can kill two birds with one stone? End your sham of a title reign and prevent the un-holiest of matrimonies from happening with one simple ass kicking? Hell, you got yourself a deal.

Grabbing another popsicle, Newbludd glances at Siobhan and then back to Malak.

Brock Newbludd:

You know what? I DO love this for me. Catch ya later, shitbags.

Smiling from ear to ear, Brock walks off camera. Malak cozies up with an excitable Siobhan Cassidy. She can't help herself. She has to whip out her phone right then and there and start doom scrolling through dress options.

MV1 vs. FELTON BIGSBY

Cutting back to our announce team, the pair is all smiles.

DDK:

It's been a wild night already still with Rezin challenging TA Cole for the Favoured Saints Championship to come in our Main Event... but up next, it's time for a little mask versus muscle as we go to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Quimbey nods as the camera zooms in. He steps forward.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first-

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

Tampa let's Houston know what they think of it as Felton Bigsby stomps onto the stage, clutching his titles. He is all anger and attitude.

Darren Quimbey:

-he hails from Houston, Texas and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and eighty pounds... Representing the BLOOD DIAMONDS, he is escorted to the ring by JANE KATZE! He is the holder of the BRAZEN Star Cup and is the reigning BRAZEN CHAMPION! He is "**HOUSTON STRONG**"... **FELTON! BIGSBYYYYYYYYY!!!**

Bigsby stands threateningly on the second turnbuckle, stank-eyeing the entirety of the Amalie Arena as the boos cascade down upon him. Katze prowls around the ring, one stiletto in front of the other. Her attention never leaves Bigsby as he stretches in his corner.

The tone shifts as his music fades and the red, blue & yellow pyro of MV1 hits to the beat of a different song.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

The fans hit their feet at the sight of Masked Violator #1 powering through a brilliant spray of colorful pyrotechnics atop the rampway. Determined and focused, he trots down the aisle, tagging outstretched hands as he does so.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Parts Undisclosed... Weighing in at two-hundred and thirty seven pounds... He is the MASKED MARVEL of DEFIANCE! Please welcome: **MV1!!!**

Sliding under the bottom rope and into the ring, MV1-

Lance:

Look out!!

An abrupt, musclebound blur crosses the screen.

DDK:

BIGSBY!! RUNNING KNEE!!

Lance:

He caught MV1 right in the head, before he could get to his feet.

Frustrated, Benny Doyle signals for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

What a gutless pre-match attack from Felton Bigsby!

Bigsby has MV1 cornered and is picking him apart with elbows and knees.

Lance:

Bigsby is a man possessed! You have to think that, after coming up short in his high-profile opportunity for the SOHER two weeks ago versus Corvo Alpha, Felton Bigsby is Big, BigMad!

DDK:

And I suppose it's not that much of a reach to think that Bigsby looks at MV1 and sees this as an opportunity for a measure of revenge!

Lance:

Of course, it was nearly a decade ago that Corvo Alpha wore a yellow wrestling mask and competed here in DEF as Masked Violator #2. But he and MV1 haven't necessarily been on the same page in YEARS!

Bigsby SPLASHES MV1 in the corner.

DDK:

Tell that to Felton Bigsby, Lance.

MV1 crawls across the mat. Before he can use the corner to find his feet, Bigsby kicks them out from under him. Pressing a thick boot across MV1's throat and using the top throat for leverage, Bigsby willfully ignores the chiding of Benny Doyle. Finally, DEF's Senior Official starts a five count, one that Bigsby would only honor until hitting "four".

Pulling MV1 up, Bigsby slings him into the ropes. MV1 shoots off.

DDK:

LEAPFROG by MV1! Look at this! MV1 hits the SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY! Cover?!

But Bigsby powers through it, taking the momentum and adding his considerable strength to it. In one smooth motion, Bigsby rolls to his feet - still clutching MV1 in his massive arms. There is an audible GASP rippling through the crowd as he rises to his feet..

Lance:

OH MY GOODNESS!

DDK:

Bigsby just POWERS the six foot three frame of MV1 up onto his shoulder! CHARGES!

Lance:

SNAKE-EYES across that top turnbuckle! My WORD, just SLAMMED him face-first into it! I don't know if I've ever seen a snake-eyes face-first SLAM like that. He just used all of his force to break MV1's face square open!

MV1 writhes on the mat, clutching his mask. Bigsby doesn't offer much of a reprieve. He hoists MV1 UP in a powerbomb position!

DDK:

MV1 throws a right hand! A second right hand! Perched precariously up in that position!

Bigsby shakes off both punches then takes two steps backwards and falls back in the same direction!

Lance:

Bigsby goes to DROP MV1 across the turnbuckle again! But MV1 lands on the top rope! LOOK AT THIS!

DDK:

MOONSAULT!! WHAT THE–

Bigsby SNATCHES MV1 out of the air, knees buckling under the momentum only slightly. Just enough to notice.

Lance:

The absolute unmitigated POWER and TOUGHNESS of Felton Bigsby on full display!

Bigsby's face – and the rest of him – strains with exertion as he adjusts MV1 on his shoulder. That was the only opening MV1 needed!

DDK:

MV1 slips off of Bigsby's back! He HOOKS Bigsby's head on the way down in an INVERTED FACELOCK! DEATHDROP! DEATHDROP!

MV1 crawls over and Doyle is quick to drop down to count.

ONE!

TWO!!!

TH-KICKOUT!!

Jane Katze slaps the canvas, barking words of encouragement and direction to Bigsby as both men lay mostly dormant and spent on the mat. The Florida Faithful take their cue to inject some energy back into things.

MV1! MV1! MV1!

Katze turns to hurl a lady-like obscenity at the crowds reaction. Each combatant crawls to an opposing corner.

DDK:

That falling Deathdrop! What a clever counter by MV1!

Lance:

In one move, one stroke, MV1 may have completely altered the very CHEMISTRY of this contest! Bigsby is seeing stars, you can tell!

Using the ropes to regain his balance, MV1 nods his head in time to the fans chanting and cheering. His face nearly as flushed as the color of his mask, MV1 feeds off of the emotion of the moment.

DDK:

West Florida is ELECTRIC!

MV1 turns – just as Bigsby SPRINTS and PIVOTS!

DDK:

RUNNING BACK ELBOW by Bigsby!

Lance:

Bigsby may have just DECAPITATED MV1!

DDK:

So much for “chemistry”!

Bigsby scowls, sweat pouring off of him as he yanks MV1 upright.

DDK:

STIFF closed-fist right to the nose of MV1! ANOTHER! COME ON!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

With his left hand, Bigsby has a handful of MV1’s mask. His heavy right comes back one more time before **BLASTING** MV1 in the jaw! MV1 goes splaying across the ring, staggering into the ropes. Benny Doyle steps in, brow furrowed, scolding Bigsby who can only belly laugh.

DDK:

Bigsby, again with a handful of MV1’s mask... OH MY!!!

Bigsby, with a massive grunt, **HEAVES** MV1 across the ring by his wrestling mask. The fans hold their breath until MV1 **CRASHES** down backfirst across the canvas.

Lance:

BIELED HIM MASK FIRST!

Shaken and stirred, MV1 instinctively reaches to his mask, adjusting it on his head. He rises up from one knee — and walks right into a STIFF kick to the gut by Bigsby.

DDK:

Bigsby caught him! Got him cinched! OH NO! HOUSTON STRONG!

Emphasis on impact, MV1 is broken by the powerful dominator delivered by Bigsby. Bigsby presses a forearm across MV1’s mask as—

ONE!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

What a war!

♪ “100 Black Coffins” by Rick Ross ♪

DDK:

Bigsby with a BIG win on DEFTv!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Bigsby’s arm is raised by Doyle but he angrily wrenches it away. Katze slinks to his side, handing him his **BRAZEN**

titles. He raises them to a crescendo of displeasure from the locals.

Lance:

A big bounce-back win coming out of DEFtv 203 and a statement win, Keebs. Felton Bigsby is BRAZEN's baddest man... and with the backing of the Blood Diamonds, he could be DEFIANCE's next big complication!

Seated in a shattered heap at ringside, MV1 is dejected and disoriented. He clutches his mask, leaning up against a barricade.

DDK:

It almost felt like MV1's mind was not with it tonight, Lance.

Lance:

He certainly was "off".

#1 re-ties his masks laces, tugging them taut as he goes. The masked man oozes weary frustration and disappointment... as we cut backstage.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



FLIP OFF

The scene switches backstage as Tyler Fuse stands beside Jamie Sawyers. The Faithful give a heated reaction as Sawyers sees the cameras are rolling and starts into it.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, a vicious attack at the start of the night against Mil Vultas. I have to ask, what did he do to deserve it? You've been pissed at people for a lot more than this. Take Malak Garland for example, and you've never attacked him from behind...

As Sawyers' voice trails, Tyler leans towards the microphone when-

???:

TY!

Tyler looks around, confused, as does Jamie.

Mil Vultas ROCKETS into view like a 170-pound missile and CRASHES right into Tyler Fuse's chest with a headbutt-like shot! The current ACE of DEFIANCE goes flying backwards into the set! As Tyler is down, it takes Mil Vultas a second or two to recover. He's still wearing the pants of his tracksuit, but he's got a black wifebeater on and has a taped-up back courtesy of the windshield earlier.

Mil Vultas:

You want to know who *I* am?

He growls at the ACE of DEFIANCE.

Mil Vultas:

Alguien que no tiene nada que perder! That's who!

Jamie is long gone as Mil grabs a chair. He tries to swing...

But Tyler moves!

He kicks Mil in the ribs, making him drop the chair! Mil is hurt from the earlier attack, but Tyler is still feeling the effects of a speedy luchador cannonballing himself into his chest. Tyler, seething, grabs the chair...

Tyler Fuse:

Personally, I don't care who you are.

He runs and swings at Mil...

BUT VULTAS BACKFLIPS TWICE TO AVOID THE SHOT!

With a mix of both shock and anger, Tyler grabs the chair again, but Mil ducks underneath the shot and manages to push himself up and over one of the production crates with a flip! Mil winces in pain upon landing on his feet from the other side, but adrenaline takes over when he sees Tyler coming at him again. Fuse has the chair in hand and comes charging his way, only to get WHACKED when the crate on wheels gets shoved back at him! The ACE goes down hard on the backstage floor. Mil Vultas, boiling with rage himself, takes a pair of steps back as Tyler is down.

Mil Vultas runs at the box, practically lucha-parkours his way up the box... then does a front flip off the box to land with a flipping DOUBLE STOMP on the downed Tyler!

Tyler lets out a loud groan as Mil stands over him, still wounded from his own battle earlier.

Mil Veltas:

You know who ELSE I am?

He looks down.

Mil Veltas:

I'M THE GUY THAT DOES FLIPPY SHIT!

Mil holds his chest in pain, but storms off and walks away, leaving Tyler Fuse down on the ground, holding his ribs as he walks away!

FAVORED SAINTS: TA COLE (C) vs. REZIN

Back to the arena, the camera drone sweeping the cheering Faithful.

DDK:

And in our main event tonight, ladies and gentlemen... the Favored Saints Championship will be on the line!

Lance:

TA Cole has made his intentions very clear: he fully intends to take advantage of the stipulation attached to that particular championship when he amasses four victories and then cashes it in for a shot at Corvo Alpha's SOHer! If he can get by Rezin tonight, he'll be just one victory away.

DDK:

MAYBE Corvo Alpha's SOHer, Lance. Although The Honor Society has certainly been throwing barbs in Alpha's direction, it remains to be seen if the title stays with Corvo after he defends against Conor Fuse tomorrow night.

Lance:

Let's not forget Rezin's particular history with the Favored Saints title... many say he put the belt on the map!

To the ring, where the esteemed Darren Quimbey stands.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... and is for the FAVORED SAINTS Championship!! Introducing first...

♪ "Quitter's Fight Song" by Whores. ♪

Tampa pops hard. The thumping drum and bass intro steadily builds the tension in the arena. When the guitar hits, Amalie Arena fills with a thunderous warcry called out in unison by twenty-thousand plus screaming fans.

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

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

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

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

Flash bots arrayed across the stage shoot flames into the air in time with the music. Looking something like an out-of-control plane on a fiery crash course, REZIN bursts forth from the curtain to a loud ovation.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... THE ESCAPE ARTIST...
RRRRRRREEEEEEZZZZZZIIIIIIIIINNNN!!!!

DDK:

A strong greeting for Rezin by this Tampa crowd! The Goat Bastard certainly oozes Florida Man vibes tonight!

Lance:

He may not be from this state originally, but these people would be "damed" if they don't claim him as one of their own.

DDK:

We've witnessed a struggle as of late on his end ever since his return to DEFIANCE, allegedly after spending months on an alien planet to repair the knee he injured. But can the pro wrasslin' pyromaniac relight that fire tonight, with a record *fifth* reign as Favoured Saints Champion?

Rezin spends a few beats running to and fro across the stage, further charging up the fans, then bounds his way down the ramp. A quick slide under the ropes later, and he's in the ring, on his feet, fired up, and ready to scrap.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights begin to swirl a light purple as TA Cole marches onto the stage, Favored Saints Championship firmly around his waist. He doesn't showboat, he doesn't peacock, he doesn't acknowledge any of the hoopla or boos... he simply walks with purpose toward the ring with his game face on. Ned Reform, by contrast, takes his sweet time on the ramp. The Good Doctor extends his hands and smiles as if the jeering of the people is energizing him as he slowly saunters toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

From Omaha, Nebraska... he is the Favored Saints Champion... T! A! COLE!

Cole enters the ring and shoots Rezin a look of steel. Without taking his eyes off The Goat Bastard, Cole unhooks the championship belt and hands it off to Johnny Fastcountani who then holds it high into the air.

DDK:

Cole looks laser-focused. If nothing else, he is taking this opportunity at the SOHer extremely seriously.

Fastcountani brings the belt down and signals to the timekeeper.

DING DING

Rezin begins to circle Cole like a deranged monkey stuck in a cage. Levi, for his part, simply assumes a grappler's stance and doesn't take his eyes off the Goat Bastard as he bounces around the ring. This continues for several seconds until a fresh round of boos from the crowd heralds the involvement of Ned Reform who jumps onto the apron. He leans over the top, pointing at Rezin and running his mouth. Without a mic nearby, we can only guess what he's saying.

DDK:

I think Ned may have sensed Rezin's antics getting in Cole's head and he's looking to not let that particular tactic get any traction.

Lance:

And it may have worked!

Rezin's eyes bug out as he returns the jaw-jacking goodness back at Ned... but that leaves him wide open as Cole swoops in from behind and sends him head over heels, arms flailing wildly, with a monster German suplex! Reform laughs and leaps down off the apron, turning to the crowd and exaggeratingly and brushing his hands in a "done and done" motion as they boo him relentlessly.

DDK:

I thought the Good Doctor might play a role in this one, I just didn't think it would be this soon.

In the ring, Rezin doesn't get any respite as Cole locks him from behind and deadlifts him up and into a SECOND German! This time, The Escape Artist crumples upon impact, but he doesn't stay down long as Cole repeats the exact same action into a THIRD German!

Lance:

Looks like we're going to... uh... drop-you-on-your-head town?

DDK:

We can workshop that.

The fun doesn't stop. As Reform does what could best be described as a jig of happiness outside the ring, TA Cole AGAIN sends Rezin flying through the air with a T-Bone suplex! Rezin hits the canvas and actually does a little mini-flip before turning over and spreading his limbs as he gasps for air and looks up at the ceiling. Cole goes in for a cover and hooks the leg.

DDK:

This match has been all Cole thus far! This can't be it, can it!?

ONE!

TWO!

NO - Rezin uses all his strength to kick out.

Outside the ring, Ned pantomimes that it's no big deal. No worries at all. Barely an inconvenience! Rezin reaches out and tries to pull himself to safety, but Cole uses that as an opportunity to lean his neck on the bottom rope and press down with his knee.

Rezin:

BLEEEERGGG!!!

Fastcountani admonished Cole, but Levi seems to have learned a thing or two from The Mad Gadfly as he doesn't release his choke until the count of four. And then, once he's safely avoided the disqualification... he does it again!

DDK:

Ned couldn't be more proud. Look at him.

Indeed. Outside the ring, Reform has a look that can best be described as "that's my boy!" Inside the ring, Cole whips Rezin with velocity into the ropes. On the rebound, Cole looks for a clothesline, but Rezin ducks. The crowd wakes up as when Rezin hits the opposite ropes, he suddenly launches off with a springboard asai moonsault! Reform's hands go to his head and his eyes go wide! Cole gets back up to his feet, but he's unprepared for a leg sweep from The Goat Bastard that sends The Favored Saints champion headfirst into the canvas!

Lance:

Rezin trying to build some momentum for the first time in this contest!

Cole tries to refuge in the corner, but a frantically charging Rezin flies into him using his body like a missile! Cole's head snaps back and he stumbles out of the corner. Rezin hits himself in the head a few times to clear the cobwebs before hitting the ropes and nearly taking Cole's head off off with a spinkick! Rezin with the cover!

DDK:

New Favored Saints Champion!

ONE!

TWO!

THR - NO!

Cole kicks out and Reform appears to have avoided a heart attack.

DDK:

Rezin could very well win this one, Lance, and then maybe it'll be him with SOHer aspirations! They still speak in hushed tones about the great robbery that was his match with Henry Keyes last year for that very belt!

Lance:

I'm not sure how winning a belt fits into the battle against alien invaders, but he's certainly giving it his all here.

Sensing things going south, Levi wisely rolls under the bottom rope to the outside. He lands on his feet but steps forward to use the guardrail for support as he clears his head. Back inside the squared circle, Rezin fires up the crowd before pointing to Cole. He swings his head back and forth before hitting the ropes, running toward Cole, and sailing through the middle rope with missile-like precision...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...but out of nowhere, Ned Reform appears to roughly shove TA Cole out of the way!! Instead of Cole, Rezin instead flies directly into the steel guardrail! He lands in a heap as Reform taunts the first row fans by pointing aggressively to his big brain.

DDK:

Again, Ned Reform is playing a key role.

Lance:

If I'm Fastcountini, I think it's time to send him back to the showers.

And indeed, Fastcountini does have some words with Ned as he leans through the middle rope, but The Sage on the Stage feigns complete innocence. Meanwhile, Cole whips Rezin into the ring steps with enough force to send Rezin tumbling feet first over them! Not letting up, Levi grabs Rezin and lifts him on his shoulder... before sending The Goat Bastard face-first into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

For a man with the name "Fastcountini," he's being very liberal with the ten count!

The Favored Saints Champion rolls Rezin under the bottom rope and into the ring. Instead of following him in, Cole climbs to the middle rope and stalks his prey. Poor Rezin stumbles and bumbles his way back to his feet until Cole leaps down at him with a second-rope bulldog. Cole covers...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

Rezin is still alive!

As Rezin shoots his air into the air, a chant picks up steam with the crowd...

LET'S GO REZ - IN! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

LET'S GO REZ - IN! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

LET'S GO REZ - IN! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

This chant apparently really gets to TA Cole, as he turns to sneer at the crowd and yell some insults of his own!

DDK:

That's so out of character for Levi Cole. Look what Ned has done to him...

But Ned doesn't approve of this behavior as he barks at Cole to get his eyes back on the prize. The Favored Saints Champion takes his mentor's advice and grabs Rezin, lifting him up on his shoulder and looking to lock in his Letter Jacket submission... but Rezin slips down Cole's back and hooks him from behind with a Cabro Clutch! The crowd roars its approval!

DDK:

Cabro Clutch locked in!

Lance:

Like a pitbull, Rezin strikes and won't let go!

The larger Levi Cole tries to buck Rezin off, but The Goat Bastard is as tenacious as ever and refuses to be dislodged. Cole's movements begin to slow somewhat as the hold begins to affect him! He drops to a single knee and reaches out for the ropes... and his hand is grasped by Ned Reform! Reform is on the apron, reaching through the second rope, and he pulls Cole forward and into the ropes! The ref again tries to admonish Ned, but The Good Doctor is off the apron and scooting to the other side of the ringside area before he can get a word out.

Rezin breaks the hold, but he quickly puts Cole down when he hits the ropes and fires off a springboard dropkick! Cole is down and Rezin's eyes bug out as he senses the end may be near! The Faithful rises to their feet as Rezin points to the top rope and they explode!

Lance:

Rezin is likely thinking it's time for the Rezinsault!!

The Escape Artist ducks through the ropes to the apron and begins to climb to the top rope... and that's when Ned Reform chooses to appear again. He tries to grab Rezin's leg, but gets kicked off... and instead of flying INSIDE the ring, Rezin instead leaps off toward the apron! He connects with Ned and both men tumble to the ringside floor!

DDK:

I think Rezin had enough of Ned getting involved!

It takes about thirty seconds, but Rezin gets back to his feet. He slowly climbs onto the ring apron. Inside the ring, Cole has just gotten back to a vertical base. Rezin leaps up, springboards off the top rope, and flies toward the FS champ with a crossbody... but he's caught! In an impressive feat of strength, Cole throws Rezin in the air and onto his shoulders into a powerbomb position. Rezin's arms flail frantically as Cole DRIVES him into the canvas with a big powerbomb!

Lance:

Rezin took too long and he just paid for it!

Oddly, Cole doesn't cover. Instead, he walks over to the turnbuckle... and begins to untie the turnbuckle pad?? Johnny Fastcounti is over in a flash, asking Cole what the heck he thinks he's doing. Cole tries to ignore him, so Jonny gets more aggressive in asking... but this is all a ruse, as while the referee is busy dealing with this, Ned Reform comes OUTTANOWHERE and leaps through the air driving the Favored Saints Championship right into Rezin's face! The Goat Bastard goes down and Ned disappears out of the ring like a ninja. Satisfied, Cole gives up his quest to untie the turnbuckle, and instead darts over to cover Rezin!

DDK:

Come on - not like this!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

Unbelievable. Cole retains in what might as well have been a handicap match!

Reform returns to the ring, raising Cole's hand in victory as the fans boo and a select few throw pieces of trash at the proud Honor Society. They don't mind - Reform takes Cole in a full circle, displaying the Favored Saints Champion after a "hard fought" win.

DDK:

We may not like how he did it, but the fact is: TA Cole is just one successful defense away from challenging for the SOHer at Maximum DEFIANCE. He'll face either Corvo Alpha or Conor Fuse depending on...

Jamie Sawyers:

Ned! Ned!

Sawyer's voice unexpectedly cuts through the boos. Ned lets go out of Cole's hand and turns suspiciously to the DEFIANCE announcer who is sprinting down the ramp with a mic in hand. Rezin has rolled out of the ring and is being tended to on the ringside floor. Sawyers enters the ring and addresses the confused faces of the Honor Society.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ned Reform... TA Cole... I've been sent out here to make an announcement that you're both going to care about... now, because you have successfully defended your Favorite Saints Championship here tonight, Mr. Cole, you are booked to have one final defense before you are allowed to challenge for the SOHer! And I just found out that defense will take place in two weeks at DEFtv 205!

Cole smirks with confidence, and Reform breaks into a grin while patting his student on the shoulder in encouragement.

Jamie Sawyers:

And not only that, but I've been authorized to announce your opponent! At DEFtv 205, you will defend the FS Championship... against...

Sawyers points.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ned Reform!

An audible "ohhhhhh" from the crowd! Cole's eyes go wide and he immediately turns to look at Ned for guidance... but The Good Doctor's eyes narrow and he does not look at Cole at all. This continues on for several awkward seconds: a wide eyed Cole confused as to what they should do and Reform looking straight ahead instead of at his stable-mate and friend. Finally, Reform motions for the mic and Jamie brings up to his face.

Ned Reform: *[somewhat quietly]*

...that's *DOCTOR* Ned Reform.

And with that, Reform turns and leaves the ring! Cole extends his arms in confusion as Ned marches up the ramp without looking back!

DDK:

What a turn of events! After guiding Cole to defend his FS championship enough times to get the SOHer shot... DEFIANCE has named Ned HIMSELF as Cole's final hurdle!

Lance:

I am going to be VERY interested in how this plays out! One might think Ned could see this through by giving Cole the victory... but will Ned's ego allow him to do that!?

DDK:

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

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



IT'S TIME FOR COMMITMENT

Backstage, a moving camera! The camera man is clearly sprinting to keep up with Christie Zane as SHE jogs at a brisk pace with a mic in her hand. As the screen disorientedly bops up and down, Zane finally catches up with her target: a civilian-clothed Pat Cassidy. His arm is in a sling, but it's him. He is also walking rather quickly, hence the sprint to reach him.

Christie Zane:

Pat! Pat!

Cassidy stops right in front of the same freezer that Malak was found in earlier. He slowly turns to Zane with fire in his eyes and a beat-red irish american face.

Pat Cassidy:

What!?

Christie Zane:

I just wanted to get your thoughts...

Pat Cassidy:

Lemme stop yah right there. My thoughts on that bullshit Gahland spouted tonight? Lemme tell you this, Christie: I came hea because tomorroah night I was gonna give an update on the surgery.

Cassidy lifts his arm sprint by way of demonstration.

Christie Zane:

...how did it go?

Pat Cassidy: *[sarcastically]*

It went FUCKIN' great, thanks for asking. But who cares now!? Did you hear that [BLEEP]? A stipulation that Malak [BLEEP]ing Gahland is gonna marry my sister!? Siobhan may be a Grade A [BEEP] lately, but I can't stand by and let this...

We never find out what he was going to say, as he is attacked from behind by Cyrus Bates!! Zane screams and leaps back, and the one armed Cassidy goes down with a yell. That yell turns into a cry of rage as he attempts to spear Bates, but he doesn't quite have the footing, and the strong Cyrus is able to stop his momentum and begin firing shots into his ribs. Bates is then joined by Teresa Ames and Thurston Hunter, and valiant as he might be, The Saturday Night Special is no match for those odds... especially in his condition.

Christie Zane:

Leave him alone! He's hurt!!

Teresa Ames:

Oh, is he?

She laughs sadistically as she sends a sharp kick right into Cassidy's injured arm.

Pat Cassidy:

[BLEEP]!

The three of them continue to put the boots to Cassidy who is now bleeding from the face and desperately trying to cover up. However, the trio take a step back as Malak Garland and Siobhan Cassidy enter the frame. Malak tugs Siobhan by the wrist, never letting her go as they gaze down at Pat Cassidy.

Malak Garland:

I know that must've been painful for you to watch, Siobhan. Your big brother just got his dose of reality but like also, you deserve to witness that beating because Cassidy is your last name. I tried to beat the Cassidy out of him but it's still there and unfortunately, it will still be inside you too. For now. We will change that. We will rectify everything, honey. Don't you worry. You picked the winning side. It's time the real truthful REALITY settles in nice and deep down inside Patty cakes.

Garland kneels by one half of SNS, all the while jerking Siobhan's hand around.

Malak Garland:

Pat, this is what you've signed up for. Your partner is going to lose to me and then WE become one big happy family. Love that for you.

Garland slides a bit to land one knee on the ground while facing the love of his life. He mocks a proposal all while Pat helplessly reaches out in pain.

Malak Garland:

It's time for commitment, sugar. Siobhan, I cannot wait to marry you. It's the missing piece to all this. I have the belt. I have the glory. I have the fan's adoration. All that's missing is you and everyone can mark my words that as soon as we get married, we're going to crossbreed in the most natural ways possible. You'll be my bride and I love that for you.

They run off, chuckling like the pair of idiots in love they are. Looking completely shellshocked from what transpired in front of her, Zane looks around frantically.

Christie Zane:

We...we need some help here!

"What the hell!? Cass!? CASS!"

Brock Newbludd suddenly appears and he instantly rushes over to his unconscious friend, dropping down to a knee next to him. He looks up to Zane with anger in his crystal blue eyes.

Brock Newbludd:

What happened, Christie!?

Zane stutters and Newbludd slams a fist into the freezer door behind him, causing her to slightly snap out of her stupor.

Christie Zane:

It was Malak...Malak and Siobhan and The Comments Section...they just attacked and...

Another angry fist into the cooler cuts her off. Putting a hand on Cassidy's chest, Newbludd shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

And now they're going to pay. You hear me!? Malak Garland...that bitch Siobhan...I'm comin' for all of em'!

Eyes wide in anger, Newbludd is pulled away from Cassidy by DEFSEC and members of the medical team quickly surround his fallen best friend. One final shot of the battered and bloodied face of Pat Cassidy is shown before the screen fades to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.