

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Cleveland welcomes DEFIANCE as the Wolstein Center is hyped for DEFtv 180! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

***ANOTHER HIGHLY STYLIZED TERI AND LORD NIGEL UNFOLDING ROMANCE VIGNETTE PLZ
I NEED A REFUND FOR MY TICKET TO NIGHT TWO
MOAR LOCAL SNS PROMOS PLZ
I HAVE A SEXUAL PROFESSOR FANTASY FOR EVERY PROFESSOR EXCEPT FOR NED REFORM
I WAS FORCED TO MAKE THIS SIGN BY MANAGEMENT
MALAK IS ONLY GOING TO HURT YOU, CONOR
PUSH AARDMARK
JJ DIXON HAS SKILLS, WHO KNEW?!
I DONT CARE WHAT THEY SAY, IM GOING TO NIGHT 2 TOMORROW
GET WELL SOON, DEX!
WILLOW, THIS IS MODERN WRESTLING, NOT AGRICULTURE***

The scene switches to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

One night only today but SIX matches a lots on tap, partner.

Lance:

I'm ready!

DDK:

Let's take a look at what we have...

LUCKY SEVENS & AARON KING vs. PCP & DAVID FOX

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are preparing to go over tonight's opening match with huge stakes attached to it for both sides!

Lance:

What a big match to kick off the show, Darren! All Or Nothing! It will be David Fox of the Dangerous Mix joining forces with Elise Ares and The D of Pop Culture Phenoms against the Unified Tag Team Champs, The Lucky Sevens and "The Pensacola Playboy" Aaron King of the Better Future Talent Agency!

DDK:

And listen to these takes! If Fox and the PCP's win, they will face The Lucky Sevens for the Unified Tag titles in a triple threat tag team match! If BFTA wins tonight, both Dangerous Mix and the PCP's will be granted no more title shots!

Lance:

After The Lucky Sevens retained the titles over Mushigihara and Klein driving a wedge between both teams, PCP's and the Dangerous Mix stole the Triple 7 Express and it was recovered on Uncut in the old tiger encampment in Louisiana that PCP's fought the Lucky Sevens at!

DDK:

A sentence I didn't know we'd start the show with, but here we go! Let's go to our first match of the night! It is a must-win for both PCP's and David Fox!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a six person tag team match set for one fall! If the PCP's and David Fox win, The Lucky Sevens will defend the Unified Tag Team titles at DEFIANCE Road against both the Pop Culture Phenoms AND the Dangerous Mix! If the Better Future Talent Agency win, then both teams will be barred from future title matches as long as The Lucky Sevens hold the championships!

The Cleveland Faithful roar in appreciation as the house lights shift to a royal violet highlighted by gold.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The D leads the way wearing a t-shirt that says "BIGGER IN CLEVELAND THAN LEBRON" with Elise Ares trying to hype the crowd from behind him, equipped with a t-shirt gun. Before she can launch her first shirt into the Cleveland Faithful, Flex Kruger runs out from the backstage area and appears to whisper something to The D mid-entrance. The D pauses for a moment confused motioning at his shirt. Flex shakes his head in disapproval and The D sighs, ripping off his shirt revealing another sleeveless shirt under it reading "BIGGER IN CLEVELAND THAN CHUBB"

DDK:

Of course.

Lance:

Should've seen that coming.

With that said Elise fires a t-shirt into the crowd with her LED sunglasses flashing "TAG" and "ROYALTY" as the Pop Culture Phenoms begin their march to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Hollywood, California. Coming in at a combined weight of 298 lbs. The D. Elise Ares. The POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEEEENOMS!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE continues to launch high-powered t-shirts all around the arena as The D suddenly pauses at the end of the aisle.

♪ "Surprise! You're Dead!" by Faith No More ♪

Not far behind the PCPs, the striker of the Dangerous Mix bolts out with a defiant roar, tagging hands with the Faithful as he catches up to his partners for the evening.

Darren Quimbey:

And their tag team partner, one half of the Dangerous Mix... from Blackwood, New Jersey, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... DAVID! FOX!

The Soul Survivor stands between the Phenoms, a hand on either shoulder of each one, gesturing them to rally around... before darting into the ring together!

After the PCP's and David Fox are all in the ring, Tom Morrow is being showered in boos from the Cleveland crowd.

Tom Morrow:

I got a question for all of you tonight ... do you want to see dead bodies?

The incredibly macabre question catches the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful off guard.

Tom Morrow:

Because tonight, that's *exactly* what is happening tonight to Elise Ares, The D and David Fox! If you are a fan of theirs and you bought up their merchandise, those become collector's items here tonight after what we do to them. You don't take from BFTA without consequences. We've proven it to Saturday Night Specials! We've proven it to Gage Blackwood ... remember him? We proved it to Titanes Familia and we're gonna prove it to you all again like we always do!

Tom Morrow's finger points behind him.

Tom Morrow:

He stands six feet two! He weighs two-hundred thirty-four pounds with a meanstreak a mile wide and a body count – the kind of how many women you've bedded – two miles wide! He is Pretty Dangerous! He is the Baby Faced Killer! He is The Pensacola Playboy! He is AAAARRROOONNN K! !! N! G! KING!!!

♪ "I Am The Greatest" by Logic ♪

The beats start playing and strutting out to the theme wearing blue sunglasses, a blue leather jacket and black and blue colored leather pants is Aaron King! He starts swirling a small whiskey glass! He takes a quick drink and hands the unfinished drink to Tom Morrow. The coat comes off. Next, the sunglasses. Then with a confident smile he waits for his partners.

Tom Morrow:

And up next ...

Tom Morrow:

They have a combined fighting weight of six-hundred twenty-five pounds! They stand at an astounding combined fourteen feet tall! They are the TWO TIME Unified Tag Champions! My guys are the real Steelers here in Pittsburgh ... stealing the show by handing out Five-Star Beatdown after Five-Star Beatdown!!! They are your Unified Tag Team Champions! They are "Big Money Monster" Mason Luck! "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! They! Are! THE LLLLLUUUCCCKKKYYYY SSSEEEVVVEEENNNSSSS!!!!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

In brand new sparkling green capes, both Mason and Max hold them wide open to reveal all five titles between them!

Three for Max two for Mason tonight! The crowd is booing them out of the building as pyro goes off from all directions on the stage!

BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

And on either side of the new champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling more pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and claps like a seal! Mason focuses on the ring and Max holds his titles close. It's down to business now with the two men heading to the ring. The two most decorated wrestlers in DEFIANCE Wrestling take turns stepping inside. Morrow stays behind them. Fox, Ares and The D watch them all go to their corner. The twin seven footers and the Pensacola Playboy look like they are ready to fight tonight.

Aaron King is the first to start for BFTA's side. The D starts for their side.

Lance:

The PCP's and Dangerous Mix have formed an interesting alliance against the champions after Morrow and the Sevens tried to pit them against each other. Now that they are on the same page, will it be enough tonight?

DING DING

Aaron King hands out fist bumps to Max and Mason Luck then the cocky Pensacola Playboy starts to lock hands with The D (stop being dirty). The D gets picked up before he can do anything and then slammed to the mat with a takedown. A very quick roll up follows.

One ...

The D kicks out quick but the Pensacola Playboy grounds him again.

One ...

The Netflix A-Lister kicks out again.

DDK:

Those quick covers! Any chance that The Sevens and King can pin, they are going to. There's a real feeling of urgency here to keep the PCP's and Dangerous Mix out of the Unified Tag Title picture.

King kicks The D and then hits a big snap suplex going right for another cover.

One ...

Two ...

But a kick out from The Netflix A-Lister does not go quietly!

Lance:

You are right! Both teams want an early end to this match! So much at stake for both sides tonight!

When The Baby Faced Killer has The D up, he slings him with an irish whip. King is behind him, but The D kicks off the corner and flips over the cocky Florida playboy. The D jams quickly off the ropes with Aaron going for a big kick. The D casually slides under the boot and when he is back up King turns into a kneeling jaw breaker. King is stunned when The D jumps up and tags the back of his head with an enziguri kick! When he is knocked loopy, The D also goes for a quick cover on him!

One ...

Two ...

King shoves The D away with the kick out, but The D goes to work and tags Elise Ares. The former SOHER of

DEFIANCE Wrestling as well as its longest holder both use whips to take King to the corner. A drop toe hold from The D leads to a basement drop kick to the face from Elise! The D and Elise Ares pose down for the crowd! Mason and Max talk smack to the PCP's but their hated rivals both shoot them the middle finger instead knowing that they cannot tag in!

DDK:

And this is not where Aaron King should be! He thought smart with the quick pins but now PCP's are in control!

Elise Ares waits for Aaron King to try and stand but she strikes him right on the button with a super kick while King is on his knees and that knocks him back to the corner of PCP's and Fox. Elise makes another quick tag to The D and he stomps at King's chest! The Lucky Sevens know the annoying move all too well and yell at the referee who is letting it happen. The D tags in and he stomps away at King. David Fox even wants in on the action and he gets a tag! He starts stomping on King!

Lance:

David Fox is even getting in on the stomping! Putting Aaron King on the Blacklist!

DDK:

They sure did! And The Vanguard going to work on King!

Aaron King shuffles with hard martial arts-type kicks right into King's chest and then gives him lunch with a little bit of Sole Food! King's jaw snaps back then going to the mat. David Fox goes for a pin fall!

One ...

Two ...

No!!

DDK:

Close! Imagine that King lost the match that early!

David Fox kicks waits on Aaron King to get up but when he is on his knees he gets struck with a running rolling elbow. The Pensacola Playboy goes down! Elise Ares makes another tag and then jumps over with a senton atomico on King! She gets up and then tags The D! Then he jumps in with a senton atomico!

DDK:

The D with another cover!

One ...

Two ...

Another kick out from Aaron King but PCP's and David Fox feel that they are close to the win!

DDK:

I can't believe it! The PCP's have shown they can cut the ring in half as good as any team and with David Fox's experience I can't believe we have seen this!

Lance:

Mason Luck is about to go crazy!

Mason Luck is having a fit since they have not tagged in yet.

Mason Luck:

Get up! Get the fuck up Aaron! Now!

The D gets up and then he hits a running drop kick at Mason's knee. Mason limps and then he starts to climb but Max

won't let him get into the ring.

Lance:

The D getting some payback!

The D is about to get back into the match, but when that happens, King out of desperation grabs the trunks of The D and throws the Netflix A-Lister into the ropes! King does what he is told and makes a tag to Mason Luck.

DDK:

Ooooooooooh no!

The D gets back up to his feet in the neutral corner. Mason Luck's first move is running at The D and crushing him with a big-time running splash in the corner. The D goes limp (I said stop you dirty birds). Mason picks The D up off the canvas in a scoop slam position and drops him with a slam. Now Fox and Elise Ares are worried about The D's safety.

Lance:

Mason Luck just changes the game. All these twins need is one big move and the entire match gets turned on its head.

DDK:

And the chances of PCP's and David Fox making it to DEFIANCE Road have drastically decreased!

Mason tags Max and the twins work over The D. Mason with another big slam to The D. Max hits the ropes and hits the big running jumping elbow drop! The Netflix A-Lister groans with Max sitting up.

DDK:

Box Cars elbow drop by Max Luck!

Morrow tells Max not to play around and pin him. Max does.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer The D for his bravery in the face of tremendous odds, but The Lucky Sevens find no joy in it.

DDK:

Mason and Max putting some extra force behind these attacks tonight!

Lance:

They aren't through with any of it either!

The Netflix A-Lister picks him up first and then tags out to Mason Luck. The Beast of the Bright Lights and Big Money Monster both pick them up. Max Luck throws him into Mason who tags The D with a knee. He keeps him from falling so he can whip him back at Max with a big boot! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are already booing because when they see the twin brothers towering over The D, they know what phrase comes next ...

Mason and Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

The Ka-Ching combo drops The D! Fox and Ares haven't even been able to get close enough to stop him!

Lance:

Now what are they doing?

Mason Luck kicks The D out of the ring with Tom Morrow calling plays. Aaron King wants some revenge for being attacked by all three earlier. Mason tags Aaron King and he gets into the ring. The Pensacola Playboy runs right into the faces of David Fox and Elise Ares.

Aaron King:

Say goodbye to title shots!

The D is starting to stand outside but he doesn't for long because Aaron King lands the tope suicida!

Lance:

Right on point!

DDK:

King doing some taunting for the PCP's and Fox before he hits The D with that big tope suicida that he likes to use!

Aaron King is standing over his opponent and yells at the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Aaron King:

You like this guy? YOU LIKE THIS GUY?!?!?

King runs The D's back into the barrier once! Then King places the Netflix A-Lister back into the ring. King climbs in. He sets up The D for a uranage suplex but changes it up with a huge back breaker!

DDK:

Aaron King hits Party Down on The D! They're about to get closed off the from Tag Title picture!

King makes a big cover.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Elise Ares to the rescue with a somersault senton to break up the cover! She rolls off of King's back and back to her corner!

DDK:

I'm not sure if The D would have been able to kick out of that but Elise Ares isn't waiting enough to find out!

Lance:

Good move by Elise! The D has to find a chance to make this tag! Several times now both teams have almost gotten exactly what they wanted!

The D reaches out to his corner while King is trying to get him back to his corner, but King gets up and grabs the leg before pulling him back into the Lucky Sevens corner. Max is the lucky giant to get the tag now and he makes it with King holding The D for an abdominal stretch so Max can get a free gut punch in! The D is doubled over in pain!

DDK:

He almost got away, but Max Luck gets him up. He picks him up ...

The Winning Hand is locked in! He gestures that he's going to plant The D! He gets taken for the ride, but The D has different ideas and catches Max Luck with a knee to the face first! The Beast of the Bright Lights lets go of the claw

and holds his face!

Lance:

The D gets a lucky shot in and just saved himself from the Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

But Max is still upright!

Ares and Fox both cheer on The D and yell at him to get the tag. He tries to crawl away from Max Luck, but Max has him first by the leg. He drags him on his shoulders but before Max can use his next move, The D gives him the slip and sneaks behind him. He turns his head ... Max gets taken down by a tilt-a-whirl tornado DDT!

DDK:

Yes! Tornado DDT counter! That's exactly what he needed! Can he get the tag?

Max holds his head and King sees an opportunity. The Pensacola Playboy reaches out and tags Max ... But Elise makes the tag first!

DDK:

Hot tag to Elise Ares! The former SOHER is in!

She hits a springboard and then a flying head scissors to take Aaron King down! He sails across the ring with Elise Ares yelling to the crowd.

Elise Ares:

Que tal eso?!

DDK:

DEFIANCE's Leading Lady is on fire now!

With King stunned near the ropes now, Elise grabs the neck of Aaron King and jumps over the top rope to drive his neck across the top rope with a cutter type move!

Lance:

And there is the Cuban Necktie!

With King on the ground, Elise Ares goes up and then hits a perfect shooting star press that gets a lot of camera flashes from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful in attendance!

DDK:

That has to be it! Cover!

One ...

Two ...

But Mason Luck grabs her by the leg and pulls her off the cover and out of the ring! He has Elise Ares in his grip and tries to snake eyes her right into the post but she gets out at the last second and Mason collides with it!

Lance:

Elise Ares works her magic! Mason broke up the cover but Elise is back!

King is in a bad way when Elise tries to jump again ... but this time, King moves. Elise rolls through and gets back to her feet, but King hits her with a big drop kick first! King is down, but The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is knocked back into a tag by David Fox!

DDK:

King is back up ... but not for long! Fox with a Tornado Fang!

He strikes the neck of Aaron King with a discus throat thrust and ends up knocked back into the corner. Fox gets cheered on from the crowd when he hits a running big boot to King in the corner and follows with a bulldogging head lock out from the corner.

Lance:

David Fox might do it!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

King kicks out just in time!

DDK:

So close! David almost punched tickets for both teams to DEFIANCE Road, but King kicked out!

Lance:

Max Luck has seen enough!

When David Fox gets back up, Max rams right into him with a big shoulder tackle! Fox goes down! Elise and The D both charge in, but Max shoves them both back to the ropes. The Beast of the Bright Lights charges forward but both Pop Culture Phenoms yank the ropes down and he goes over!

DDK:

PCP get rid of Max ...

Elise tries to run with a big tope suicide of her own, but Max does catch her! He looks like he is going to slam her to the ground, but he is *wide open* when The D hits a springboard plancha and wipes out the giant!

Lance:

It took both members of PCP but they bring down Max Luck! We're now left with David Fox and Aaron King!

King takes advantage of the situation and sneaks behind Fox before rolling him up!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Fox kicks out and King screams at the official! Tom Morrow jumps on the apron, but slides something past the referee ... a bottle of the Triple 7 whiskey! King takes a sip and downs the drink!

DDK:

The ref doesn't see it! King has the bottle! He has spit that whiskey before! He's gonna blind David Fox!

Morrow is still shouting at the referee, but The D sneaks in first! He turns King around and hits a low blow that makes him spit the drink out! Da Dick-Punch-A hits, then The D slides over to the apron and super kicks the approaching Mason Luck!

Lance:

The D counters the cheating! David Fox hooks Aaron King with the back slide!

Fox turns his arms around and rolls King up for the back slide!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Surprise! You're Dead!" by Faith No More ♪

Max Luck is coming, but it is too little too late! David Fox gets out of the ring as quick as he can. The D and Elise Ares all regroup with him! Klein, Flex Kruger and Mushigihara meet them on the middle of the ramp not just for added protection!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... POP CULTURE PHENOMS AND DAVVVVVIIDDD FOXXXXX!!!

Lance:

THEY DID IT!!! THEY DID IT!!! THEY TURNED THE TABLES ON THE LUCKY SEVENS AND AARON KING!!!

DDK:

They did! This exactly what Tom Morrow didn't want! The Lucky Sevens are looking at not one but two teams coming after the Unified Tag Team Titles! The Lucky Sevens will defend the gold at DEFIANCE Road against The Pop Culture Phenoms *and* The Dangerous Mix!

Mason and Max Luck both get into the ring and chase down the referee! He gets out of the ring as well! They are throwing a fit! Tom Morrow screams that an illegal low blow was used, but the referee didn't see it! His decision stands! Fox, The D and Elise Ares are all ready to party! It's gonna be a great night for both teams!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

GRAPS WITH GODS

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

The arena lights go dark and the DefTRON reveals The Uncut Gems to a loud response from the crowd -- more cheers considering the opponent then jeers considering Teri Melton's iffy daliance with Lord Nigel.

Zoltan lurks in the background in his dark Reservoir Dogs suit. In the middle is JJ Dixon, his head bobbing up-and-down in anticipation as he's wearing a floor-length dark blue sequin robe with interlocking "JJ" initials in silver. And in the front is Teri Melton - wearing a silver tiara with a rose quartz gemstone in the front, dangling silver earrings with those same red quartz gemstones, a matching sequin shawl over a dark black dress, cigarette holder as always in hand.

JJ Dixon:

Alright allright allllriigggh! Right now, little old me, JJ Dixon has the honor of taking on the illustrious Oscar Burns! We all know your accolades, Oscar. Two-time Fist Champion! 60 wins! You are, without question, the biggest star I have ever stepped foot in the ring against. But The Special Attraction ain't afraid of this moment. That's because a few weeks ago I went over 20 minutes in the ring with MV1 and came one inch away from beating him... and he's the best damn technical wrestler -- not you. You like to like to write "I Am DEFIANCE" in Comic Sans font on your trunks? Well, I don't think you're DEFIANCE... I think you're just some guy chasing the BRAZEN Champion. Ain't that right, GC?

JJ winks and then smirks wide at the opportunity to trash talk one of the all-time greats as a lot in the crowd go "oooooh" at the unexpected burn. Teri purses her lips as she continues their Sorkin walk-and-talk.

Teri Melton:

Mr. Burns, please first inform your slave to not think about intervening in this match or so much glancing at my direction. Because I will not hesitate to --

She holds up the cigarette holder:

Teri Melton:

-- Burn two holes where his eyes currently sit and will permanently take away his ability to see the erection he receives anytime he's ordered to carry around someone else's luggage. Now, as far as you go, Mr. Burns. A few weeks ago on social media you stated that Mr. Dixon's arms were too short to box with gods. Now, I believe discussions about 'The Good Book' are best reserved for the sanctimonious, eye-rolling sermons of megachurch frauds like poor dear Magdalena...

Teri puts her hands on her chest with Oscar-winning concern.

Teri Melton:

And T'a Mute Freak Ta' D'eakon -

She does a stunningly accurate impersonation of Deacon, and one that even causes Zoltan to flinch at her ability to pull it off.

Teri Melton:

But I'm reminded of one of The Bible's most famous stories. Everyone remembers how David toppled the mighty Goliath... but few people know what came next, about how that moment in time was the first unlikely step he took into eventually becoming The King of Israel. Tonight, The Special Attraction will use his proverbial slingshot --

JJ pantomimes firing one while wording the word "Pow!"

Teri Melton:

-- To crack the fortress that is Vae Victus and begin our own unlikely path to The Uncut Gems' destiny... which is the throne of DEFIANCE. Woe be to those, Mr. Burns, who have not yet learned that...

She pauses. She knows the importance of the moment. And there's a buzz in the crowd knowing what's coming next, and say it along with her.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton!

She bends over and leans into the camera as JJ and Zoltan step forward.

Teri Melton:

Is Ready!

JJ puts up his DiamondHands gesture as Teri finishes her bow.

Teri Melton:

For her close...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

But she doesn't get to drop her line!

The intro plays and out comes Oscar Burns, followed shortly by Butcher Victorious, getting JEERS from the crowd.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Speak of DEFIANCE Himself and Oscar Burns appears. He looks like he doesn't like being called out!

Lance:

It's true! We have seen JJ Dixon really rise in status since joining up with Teri Melton, but the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, with more victories under his belt than anyone in DEFIANCE? That's a league of his own.

Burns looks pretty smug right now, considering the last time he was on TV, he helped Vae Victis put the boots to their mutual enemies. The music cuts. Burns waves a hand and Butcher holds his microphone out for him to speak as his music cuts.

Oscar Burns:

First off, Teri Melton, you don't speak for me. If you are going to quote DEFIANCE, do it right. This promotion doesn't like people speaking out of turn or misquoting it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Burns waits for the jeering to die down before...

Oscar Burns:

-URNS!

The jeering is louder as The Uncut Gems continue to watch Burns from the stage as Burns continues speaking in his Kiwi accent.

Oscar Burns:

What I said on social media was "your arms are too short to GRAPS with Gods." I don't box. Leave that to people who like the feeling of CTE in the morning. What *I* do between those ropes is art. I know you're saying things about MV1 being the best just to say them to get my attention. You're funny. You're a bit of a dag, JJ... but seeing as I took care of the Declan Alexander problem a few weeks ago... you have my undivided attention now.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

He's talking about what he and Butcher Victorious did to BRAZEN Champion Declan Alexander! Burns says he was teaching Declan a lesson by attacking him with his own title, but this is all because Declan upset Burns a few weeks back and then defended that title against Butcher successfully!

Burns shakes his head.

Oscar Burns:

JJ Dixon... I remember you well, GC. Back when you were just a starving little boy hoping to make a quick buck in BRAZEN. You always had the talent, had the drive, but the stats didn't match the in-ring results and you were on your last legs. I know for a fact there were people who were ready to throw you out the doors and make room for other, newer athletes, but you didn't take no for an . You didn't quit! Now that you've got yourself a manager, a bodyguard, I get it! You think you're hot! And you are! You're on the hot streak of your career! Things are coming up JJ, yeah?

The crowd gives The Uncut Gems some love... but not Oscar.

Oscar Burns:

What I did to Declan Alexander a few weeks ago was out of care. He was getting too big for his britches. He had a lucky victory over me, but he wanted more than he could carry right now. He flew too close to the sun, so I had to bring the young GC back to Earth. No one's heard from him since that attack and it's fine. Sometimes, when our balloon is popped, we need some time to reset and get our mind right. He can go back to steering the BRAZEN ship and leaving the grown-up work to the grown-ups. And now that I'm free, I've got a few hours that I can do the same for you, JJ. You're doing well... on UNCUT. But one thing you need to understand... and I mean, REALLY understand, GC...

He points towards the ring.

Oscar Burns:

Later tonight, I'm gonna let you have your fun, JJ. We're gonna have a good time and give these people a great match... I don't prefer the term "banger" cause that word is thrown around these days like confetti, but it'll be that. This is gonna be the best match of your career, JJ... then when I'm done, I'm gonna bring you back to back down to Earth, take my W and then we'll move on. You don't need to worry about being ready for your close-up, Uncut Gems, because NONE of you are ready to face DEFIANCE!

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

Burns' theme plays as he snaps his fingers and Butcher lower his arm. He shakes it after having to keep it level for so long before the two take their leave. The words of the Vae Victis member don't seem to have their intended effect... in fact, JJ Dixon looks even more ready for later tonight. Melton talks strategy off-mic with her client.

Lance:

Wow! War of words between Oscar Burns and JJ Dixon! This match is by far the biggest of Dixon's career since joining up with Teri Melton! Can he pull off the upset?

DDK:

That one is going to be great!

CORVO ALPHA vs. TATE NEWELL

DDK:

Two weeks ago on this program we saw Lord Nigel Trickelbush issue a challenge of sorts to the good people who run DEFIANCE Wrestling: with Dex Joy taken off the proverbial board, slide Corvo Alpha into his slot at DEFIANCE Road in a few short weeks.

Lance:

An absurd request by an absurd man, Keebs! While Corvo Alpha has certainly carved a place for himself here in DEF, few athletes have fought harder to earn their spot than Dex Joy!

DDK:

And yet, the fact remains that Dex Joy is expected to be out for an extended amount of time nursing injuries sustained over the last few months and exacerbated by the brutal attacks of Corvo Alpha! Which brings us to our next contest–

Lance:

Yes, earlier tonight, word spread backstage that Lord Nigel Trickelbush was issuing an open challenge for TONIGHT! And the man who accepted it, well... He's a young upstart on the BRAZEN roster with something to prove!

♪ *"Becoming the Bull" by Atreyu* ♪

DDK:

What do you know about the "Young Bull" Tate Newell, Lance?

The faithful politely applaud as a barrel-chested strong man plows down the aisle. His dyed green hair is shaved close to his skull with matching green trunks.

DDK:

He looks like he could have pulled my rental car to the building!

Lance:

Absolutely. Tate Newell was a standout football player before finding his way to a west coast wrestling school and, by all accounts, has adapted incredibly quickly to his new sport! Perhaps it's no coincidence that it was Dex Joy himself who helped the Young Bull get his foot in the door in BRAZEN!

DDK:

A big opportunity to pay Dex Joy back tonight... *and* make a name for himself on an incredibly high-profile stage!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our next contest is scheduled for one fall... now entering the ring, he weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty seven pounds... from The Dalles, Oregon... He is THE **"YOUNG BULL" ... TATE!**

NEWWWELL!!!

Newell's face screams "determination" as he stands center ring, eyes sweeping the arena – taking in the powerful moment.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

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

Lord Nigel is the first to appear atop the rampway to an unending cascade of boos. He smiles oddly towards Tate Newell in the ring just as Corvo Alpha stomps down the aisle, not waiting for his handler.. Whipping a damp towel off of his head and furiously hurling it behind him, Alpha blasts a snot rocket towards the first row, snarling and spitting along the way.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by his handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush... he hails from Parts Untold and weighs in at two hundred and sixty six pounds... Call him **CORVO... ALPHA!!**

DDK:

Looking just as ferocious as ever, is Corvo Alpha, as- Uh. Oh!

At the announce desk, Lord Trickelbush appears to be joining Keebler and Warner. Carefully placing his bowler cap on the table, he smooths his white hair into place, and gingerly puts on headphones before taking a seat.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Good evening, gentlemen. How lovely!

In the ring, Alpha slinks into a corner, distrustful and bewildered eyes scanning all around him. Referee Jonny Fastcountini offers Tate Newell a few words of direction and possibly even encouragement.

Lance:

Uh, welcome to DEFtv, Lord Nigel.

Before the bell has rung, Alpha has leapt to his feet and streaks across the ring. Spying him, Newell deftly moves Fastcountini out of the line of fire before ducking a hellacious clothesline.

DDK:

Corvo's not waiting!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, never, child!

DING DING**DDK:**

Look at this! This Young Bull is FIRING in right hands!

Tate Newell opens up on Corvo Alpha!

Tate Newell:

This is for Dex!!!

Forcing Alpha backwards and into a corner, Tate Newell has found his early fire and the Faithful have quickly discovered they like the way Newell throws a punch as support surges all around him. He moves to irish whip Corvo across the ring but Alpha reverses it, sending Newell THUNDERING into the corner chest first. He staggers backwards-

DDK:

Alpha clenches Newell in a rear waist lock... OVERHEAD SUPLEX!

Lance:

Newell landed on his feet!?! Two hundred and sixty pounds! The agility!

This time it's Newell who launches at Alpha with a clothesline and this time it's Alpha who ducks under it. He reaches behind him and grabs a SICKENING hangman's neckbreaker, that takes the air out of the faithful's sails momentarily.

Lance:

Have to say... that may have been the first real WRESTLING maneuver we have seen Corvo Alpha pull off in the year plus we have seen him in action! So often it's just straight ahead fists, knees, elbows and throws... but him having the

awareness to grab for and HIT that neckbreaker illustrates the wrestling knowledge that is seemingly BURIED in the psyche of the man we know as Corvo Alpha.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

An interesting observation. What you see as buried, I see as gestating and evolving. Do not deign to question the instinct and intellect of Corvo Alpha.

Alpha rolls over and lays an elbow across the face of Newell for a cover.

ONE

TWO!

DDK:

Newell with a forceful kickout! Both of these men of an equal weight, a similar height... Similar power, I'd say.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But these two men's inner drive could not be more different, Keebler.

After working back up to their feet, Alpha takes over a lock-up, forcing Newell back into the ropes. Fastcountini counts and then strongly encourages a break that Alpha seems to heed. He lays off of Newell, steps back, and lays in a SLAP across his face. Corvo whips the long, wet dark hair from his eyes and levels an insane glare at Newell. Along with something perhaps meant to be a smile.

Lance:

Newell with a SLAP of his own!

DDK:

AND ANOTHER from Alpha!

Both men now stand center ring. One slaps the other, the crowd reacts appropriately. And then the other returns the slap – with a little something extra on it. This continues and escalates for at least six exchanges–

Lance:

I think I just heard that last one ECHO off of the upper deck!

Alpha feels the effects and falls back into the ropes before bouncing off of them and laying in one final SLAP of his own across the jaw of the Young Bull. This one is one for the ages. Newell's eyes unfocus for a moment and he stumbles, first backwards and then down onto one knee.

DDK:

Tate might be out!

Smelling blood in the water, Alpha bounces off the ropes again and this time lays in a sitout double dropkick to the face of Tate Newell, his spit – and possibly a tooth– flying into the eighth row.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And here we are.

Corvo Alpha declines to go for a cover and instead wrenches Tate Newell to his feet and whips him towards the ropes.

DDK:

The Young Bull – The big man with a SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!

Lance:

But Alpha, showing his power, TURNS and CATCHES Newell on his shoulders!!

Teeth gritted, whites of his eyes squeezed to fierce slits, Corvo Alpha adjusts the big man's weight on his shoulders–

DDK:

DEVASTATING DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! He just PLANTED the Young Bull straight on his HEAD!

Lance:

...shades of Dex Joy!

The viewer can likely hear the vomitous grin stretch across the face of Lord Nigel Tricklebush as, once more, Alpha declines to cover his opponent and instead opts to pull him forcibly upright to something resembling a standing position.

Lance:

Oh, this young man is in trouble...

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

No pleasure is taken in watching an otherwise promising career get cut short, gentlemen...

Alpha pushes Newell into a corner and Alpha is laying in stiff elbows and fists to his face. Fastcountini's chiding goes unheard.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

...what we are witnessing today, make no mistake about it, is an outright TRAGEDY...

Pulling Newell center ring, Alpha lays in a few knees before slinging Tate's arm over Corvo's head and hoisting him up in the air. Corvo holds the Bull in place for an agonizingly long moment–

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

...but never forget that what we are seeing could have been avoided. Never forget...

–Alpha suddenly sits straight down, bringing Newell down with him – two hundred and sixty six pounds compressing down onto his own neck and head in a booming brainbuster.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

...Young Tate Newell volunteered for this. Just as Dex Joy did. Just as they ALL did, before they fell...

Alpha pauses a moment to acknowledge the sweeping discontent in the arena, that same odd, broken “smile” crossing his lips before he moves to pull Tate Newell back up to his feet once more.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

...it's a shame, really. I fear we never got to even know the promise of this youngster.

Alpha lifts Newell up once more... and lets him down in a vile powerbomb that focuses the point of impact at the head and neck. The faithful gasp.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

And I fear we may never. Now. If you'll both excuse me.

We hear Nigel remove his headphones in time with Corvo Alpha mercifully going for a cover. Sending some finality, Fastcountini lives up to his name.

**ONE
TWO**

THREE!

Lord Nigel is suddenly sweeping into the ring, carefully placing the bowler cap back atop his head as Alpha slinks over to his side.

DING DING DING

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

DEFmed specialists slide into the ring as well and, for once, Alpha lets them tend to his latest victim, eyeing them with suspicion.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout... as a result of a pinfall... Call him... **CORVO ALPHA!**

DDK:

Obviously, there's some concern for the health and safety of the debuting Tate Newell-

We hear the popping of a microphone as Lord Nigel reveals one from inside his jacket pocket. He smiles at the booing Faithful, placing his free hand on the hairy, sweaty shoulder of his victorious charge.

TAKE IT ALL

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

One wonders what this child might have expected from this encounter.

With exaggerated pity and mock distress, Nigel looks down at Newell, who stirs under the inspection, assessment, and treatment of DEFmed.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He had to have known the peril that might befall him. He had to be aware... How could he not? The prolific trail of broken bodies left by Corvo Alpha on this... DEFIANCE Road.

At the mention of the event, Nigel's eyes find the hard camera – an eye brow arched suggestively.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

If it's true... that this young man accepted this match to honor the memory of the fallen Dex Joy... Well, then he HAD to have known what he had asked for. He had to have known, by signing the contract for this match, that he would get exactly what he'd asked for. Everything he deserved.

The faithful boo relentlessly and Nigel lets it wash over him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And that's all *we* want. We want what we have asked for. *Exactly* what we have asked for. I want for Corvo Alpha what he deserves. EVERYTHING he deserves.

Nigel's voice breaks into something more threatening as he takes a step towards the ropes (and the hard camera).

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Everything / deserve. And if we aren't given them... if they aren't HANDED to us, just as everything seems to be HANDED to everyone else in this pitiful excuse for a promotion, then please understand that we are quite well prepared... to TAKE it all.

Tate Newell, under his own power, is able to roll out of the ring while carefully being attended to. A handful of fans in the front row offer polite applause as support but Lord Nigel disregards it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Every obstacle in the path of Corvo Alpha will be artfully removed or unspeakably obliterated. I stand before you all today... *asking*.

His smile stretches.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

But at DEFIANCE Road... there will be no asking. There will be no requests. At DEFIANCE Road, we get what we want... or we will tear DEFIANCE apart brick by brick. So. Please. Consider your options carefully, Favored Saints. Give us the top of the card... or we will TAKE it from you.

He wheels around, pointing an accusing finger at all of the fans.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

We will take it from ALL of you!

The discontent reaches its peak and Nigel is relishing the moment. Tucking the microphone away, he and Corvo exit the ring and our shot returns to the announce table.

DDK:

A despicable individual making incoherent demands... fans, I apologize for what we have all witnessed.

Lance:

We will work to update you on the condition of Young Bull Tate Newell... but first, let's take a quick break.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

GOOD GUYS UNITE!

In a random corner of the Wolstein Center backstage area, a brown round fold up table sits surrounded by four white chairs. The camera pans away from the table just as a larger cooler is thrown down on the tabletop - making a loud noise that echoes off the arena walls. As the camera continues to move backwards, the source of the dropped cooler moves into focus: "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd. Milwaukee's Beast lets out an exasperated sigh as he reaches into the cooler and pulls out a couple of fresh beers. Shutting it, Brock cracks open one of the brews and takes an especially long drink.

Brock Newbludd:

Ok, I'm ready.

Next to him, with arms folded and eyebrow raised, is his tag partner "Black Out" Pat Cassidy. Brock offers his partner a beer and he accepts it. In one swift motion, Cassidy cracks the beer open with one hand and takes a hearty drink of his own.

Pat Cassidy:

Thanks, buddy.

They look off screen - both men appearing skeptical.

Pat Cassidy: *[speaking to whoever is off screen]*

We're trying here guys. I'm gonna need to take a shower after this, but... sit down.

The camera pans over to where the former Tag Team Champions are focused.

Conor Fuse stands beside Malak Garland.

The Ultimate Gamer looks like he doesn't mind. He's willing to take a seat but Malak Garland, on the other hand, has a rather sour look on his face.

Cassidy makes a pathway with his eyes, from Conor and Malak to the chairs in front of them. Fuse shrugs and walks over, while Garland only gives in after he realizes he's holding everything up. The Snowflake Superstar slowly, cautiously... fighting regret in his body... finds the last open chair.

Pat Cassidy:

I don't know about you guys, but the way last DEFtv ended with the four of us flat on our back while those dumbshits paraded around like tough guys and gals... that pissed me off. We all have our differences, but man... if we don't get organized here, Vae Vicitis is going to eat us for breakfast.

Brock nods along while Conor does, too. Malak remains deadpan, his gaze practically looking through Pat.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah I mean... well, yeah. What do ya expect when Lindsay's brainwashed an entire army and hired untalented hacks from other companies *[cough]*Clay*[cough]*.

Fuse glances over to Garland. Figuring out Malak's not going to speak, the gamer continues.

Conor Fuse:

And with Malak in the main event tonight against Kerry Kuroyama... boy, that spells trouble on a Hard Mode let me tell you. Like last week with me all over again.

Fuse puts a finger to his chin.

Conor Fuse:

And both of you against the champions in two weeks.

As Conor finishes his sentence, there's an uneasy sense everyone in the room might actually be on the same page.

...Then Malak takes out his cell phone and starts texting. Cassidy rolls his eyes.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh sorry, are we boring you, clownshoes?

Newbludd rolls his eyes and angrily mutters to himself. Taking a drink of his beer, Brock gives Garland's chair a not too subtle kick and Malak's eyes snap up in surprise.

Brock Newbludd:

Just stop being a troll for like two minutes, dude. It'll make things alot easier on everybody else. Please.

Malak Garland:

Who? What? Me? You talking to me? Yeah, no, sorry. It has been ten seconds since I last checked my newsfeed so I needed to check it again.

They aren't buying that answer.

Malak Garland:

Okay, okay. It's just, I'm nervous. This is all new to me. Do you think I'm comfortable being in this position!? It's like I hit my midlife identity crisis of who I am yet no one is spoon feeding me the answers I want to hear. I want handcrafted service. Is that too much to ask for? IS IT? IS IT!!?? Back to doom scrolling I go.

Pat Cassidy:

Alright. Screw this. I knew it was a shit idea.

The Saturday Night Specials stand up and push their chairs out. Brock shakes his head in disappointment as they begin to move toward the door.

Conor Fuse:

PAUSE.

The former "Locker Room Leader" shouts as Cassidy and Newbludd stop at the doorway and turn back.

Conor Fuse:

Malak, put the phone away.

Conor stares at his teammate and won't take no for an answer. It takes Garland three glances up from texting before sighing and placing the phone in his pocket.

Conor Fuse:

Alright, so this "good guy" thing isn't really what you wanna do, right buddy?

Garland shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

Well sometimes it's not what I want to do, either. Full disclosure... I still don't really like Pat over there for adding his thoughts on my relationship with Tyler. Like, I don't do that with him and Siobhan.

Fuse takes a moment in-between his rant to look over Cassidy's way with a silly looking grin. Then he's back to laying into Garland.

Conor Fuse:

But Pat's not a bad dude or anything. We just, well, we don't see eye-to-eye. I've done some bad shit to him in the past, too. Brock's cool, though.

Brock Newbludd:

My man! Are we having a moment right now, guys?

No one responds. Shrugging his shoulders, Brock grins at Conor and gives him a triumphant fist bump while Cassidy gives an extremely half-hearted and sarcastic thumbs up.

Conor Fuse:

You know what a part of me wants to do sometimes, Malak? I wanna stand in the middle of the ring, jump up and down and throw a temper tantrum like old times. I wanna trick Deacon into the middle of the ring and have Game Boy mangle his face off. I wanna be the mischievous, underhanded clown that got me at the highest level possible.

Conor pauses for reflection. Maybe he's lost and doesn't know where he's going with this.

Conor Fuse:

But Lindsay's even worse, bro. You hate her. She treated you like trash. She's prestigious 'fWo' and you despise that shit. Kerry walked all over you with his wreck room garbage. None of those VV peeps are good dudes. Lindsay politicized her way to the FIST. Funny thing is, she tried to do that in HOW, too but she failed. She tricked me into her little group there. Imma just too smart for it here.

Fuse clears his throat.

Conor Fuse:

She didn't earn the FIST, not like how she told everyone she was gonna when she came back to DEFIANCE. Now she wants the easy way out. A Sgt. Safety here, a sit-back-and-do-fucking-nothing there. I even heard rumours the woman had the audacity to complain about DEFIANCE's schedule getting in the way of her precious lil' PRIME schedule. Like, it's clear DEFIANCE is second place to her. She's only using DEF to raise HER status.

The gamer stands from his chair and speaks to both parties.

Conor Fuse:

Sometimes your enemies become your friends, Malak. Like you and I, friends to enemies to friends again. That's wrestling, bro. That's life. So if Pat and Brock need our help...

Conor gives a thumbs up to the tag team over there. Both SNS members return the gesture, albeit Cassidy not as eagerly as Brock.

Conor Fuse:

...I'm game because honestly... we need their help, too.

Fuse walks in front of Malak Garland and puts his arm out.

Conor Fuse:

"Good guys" or not.

Silence falls over the locker room as Garland stares at Conor Fuse. Then he looks at Pat Cassidy. Then he looks at Brock Newbludd. Then he reaches into his pocket for his cell phone...

But surprisingly takes his hand out empty handed. He grabs Conor's hand instead and is pulled up to his feet.

Malak Garland:

Fine, but I'm losing on the deal and it's something I'll probably never ever recover from.

Conor shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

Naa dude, we'll win. Everyone in this room is better than anyone on that side of the table. There's only four of us, so, we might need one more guy-

Garland cuts Fuse off.

Malak Garland:

Let's just get through this night first, okay? You know I can't look ahead in this condition.

Conor's body language suggests he agrees as Garland and Fuse make their way over to SNS at the doorway.

Pat Cassidy:

Well, I guess we better make the most of this little arrangement, boys. Whaddya, say?

Brock grins at his partner and nods his head in agreement. He then turns his attention to the sour faced Garland and gives him a friendly jab on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

I say count me in, bro! And count Malak in too! Look at him, he's so excited about all of this he's broken out in a cold sweat!

SNS share a laugh and a groan escapes from Malak as he turns to Conor.

Malak Garland:

Everyone knows I've had nightmares over all this right? RIGHT!?

OSCAR BURNS vs. JJ DIXON

DDK:

Welcome back to in-ring action and we have a big one coming up! We have JJ Dixon of The Uncut Gems really coming into his own, but tonight, he has the biggest match of his career against Vae Victis member and the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, Oscar Burns!

Lance:

JJ Dixon showed a whole lot of gumption calling out Oscar Burns earlier after they jousted on social media recently, but tonight, Burns doesn't have BRAZEN Champion Declan Alexander to contend with after he battered him repeatedly with the BRAZEN title belt.

DDK:

Both men exchanged words earlier tonight, but the talking is now over! It's Oscar Burns against JJ Dixon up next!

And now to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first...

Sonny Silver:

Darren... Shutty the fuck uppy. Allow ME to give this man an introduction cause I do it a hell of a lot better than you...

Sonny points to the entrance.

Sonny Silver:

Just kidding. Come the fuck on, Darren. My guy doesn't NEED an intro and quite frankly, he's my favorite member of Vae Victis to introduce cause he does the work for me. **HE! IS! DEFIANCE! OSCAR BURNS!**

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win and his recent SIXTIETH win DEFIANCE! More recently...

The two previous assaults of Rezin! Once when joining Vae Victis! The other after a tag team match on DEFtv 176! And more recently, JEERS for his brutal attack on Declan Alexander on the tron leading to...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a brand new look! His goatee is trimmed down. The mustache is gone. His former locks have been shaved down to blonde stubble. He wears a burgundy red and black coat with long black tights with "DEFIANCE" down one leg and "BURNS" on the other, both stylized in the familiar DEFIANCE logo. Once Oscar Burns heads to the ring, Sonny Silver and Butcher Victorious remain on either side of him as Burns walks up the steps, wipes his feet on the ring apron and then climbs into the ring. He takes off his coat and then hands it over to Butcher Victorious as his music cuts.

♪ "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

The lights in the arena shut off completely as the DefTRON screen shows The Uncut Gems in their infamous formation - Zoltan in his dark suit carrying the rear with a scowl on his face, JJ Dixon in the middle his head bobbing up-and-down in anticipation as he's wearing a floor-length dark blue sequin robe with interlocking "JJ" initials in silver. And in the front is Teri Melton - wearing a silver tiara with a rose quartz gemstone in the front, dangling silver earrings with those same red quartz gemstones, a matching sequin shawl over a dark black dress, cigarette holder as always in hand. There is a loud response from the crowd with most favoring The Uncut Gems but some very much opposed to

the “partnership” and perhaps more of Teri Melton with Lord Nigel.

JJ Dixon:

Allright allright allright allriggght! Oscar Burns, tonight is the first time all eyes have been on JJ Dixon. Tonight is the first time I am in the ring with someone of your status. To you, I’m just another victim - someone who won’t even make the cut in your greatest hits list. But to me? This my chance to not just show up, but to show out and prove to DEFIANCE that I’m Bruce Springsteen about to take to the Stone Pony stage for the first time -- that I’m the next chapter in this promotion’s story. Tonight everyone is going to see why The Special Attraction commands the spotlight!

Teri Melton:

Overlooked and underrated is the way The Uncut Gems have been perceived since our dramatic emergence. But that ends tonight. Tonight hell freezes. Tonight pigs fly. Because tonight is the night that Mr. Dixon and The Uncut Gems go from being a disregarded sideshow into becoming legends. Because tonight Oscar Burns, Vae Victus and DEFIANCE will see first-hand why...

Teri and crew stop as she pauses and builds for the moment as the crowd joins her.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton!

She bends over a bit looking at the camera.

Teri Melton:

Is ready!

JJ and Zoltan both make DiamondHands behind her as she grabs the camera lens and sticks her face entirely into it.

Teri Melton:

For her closeup!

Now a spotlight beams back at ringside with Teri in the middle, taking a drag on her cigarette and exhaling the smoke high in the air, Zoltan next to her and JJ in his sequin robes on the apron right above her. The trio make DiamondHands together, with many in the crowd following suit. JJ lets out a “Let’s go!” as he slips off his robe that Teri protectively curls as he propels himself over the top rope, claps his hand a few times, and nods that he’s ready.

Now with Oscar Burns and JJ Dixon ready to go, referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING

The two men start to lock up with Burns making a feint leg grab. Out of instinct, Dixon goes on the defensive, but Burns lets him take the bait before the Kiwi grappler goes down and locks him in a front facelock! Oscar has a big grin on his face as he turns him around the mat. JJ Dixon goes for a roll to the side, but the former two-time FIST switches things up and goes right for the left arm of Dixon! He scrambles for the ropes and eventually gets a foot under the ropes to force the break. Oscar calmly does so, but remains quietly smug as he lets go and backs off without incident.

DDK:

Dixon was trying to pull Burns’ punk card earlier with that crack about his wrestling ability, but he’s finding out first-hand whether you like Burns or not, his skills are world-class.

Lance:

For now, Burns is in control.

Teri Melton dispenses advice with Zoltan watching behind her while Burns yells at Butcher Victorious to watch how he does things. Butcher is clearly taking notes as the two men lock up a second time. Once again, Burns is back on the

arm and cranks on it, ready to do something that would no doubt be devastating to The Special Attraction. He keeps cool and leans back, then twists forward to leap back up to his feet in impressive fashion... now JJ Dixon finds himself in the dominant spot!

The Cleveland Faithful cheer on young JJ, but not for long as Burns then shifts his body weight behind Dixon, then comes back around with a snapping headlock takeover! He rolls forward and then executes another rolling takeover to disorient Dixon, then a third! Now Burns is back in control.

DDK:

Some good mat wrestling to start!

Teri Melton yells at Dixon to use his legs! The taller Dixon does so and Oscar is able to fight him off once, but the second time, Dixon catches his legs around the neck. Burns pops out, but when he gets back up, Dixon SNAPS him over with a headlock takeover of his own! Burns tries to use his own legs to free himself, but twice over, The Special Attraction is able to fight them off and go back to the headlock!

Lance:

Great advice by Teri! Her managerial experience has REALLY just uncovered something special in this kid.

DDK:

Her methods are often suspect, but there's no substitute for experience!

Burns is finally able to get his legs around Dixon's head, forcing him to kip away to break the attempted headscissors. Dixon's speed comes into play as Oscar tries to stand, Dixon is already up in the air to nail Burns with a big-time dropkick! Burns topples over and when he tries to get back to his feet, Dixon takes him over with a body slam, followed by a springboard off the middle rope into a discus leg drop!

Lance:

Dixon changing up the tempo! Cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Burns, but great move by Dixon! He's always been an athletic freak in that ring and it has really come out in the last few months!

Burns kicks out at two, but Dixon is in control right now with a 70-30 split for The Special Attraction (not forgetting Teri Melton's recent endeavours). Dixon goes to pick up Burns, but suddenly, gets popped in the jaw with a big European Uppercut! Burns slowly gets up and fires again with a stiff elbow smash that sends him stumbling back into the ropes. Burns slowly gets space from him and circles the ring as he eyes Teri Melton.

Oscar Burns:

NEVER forget... I! AM! DEFIANCE!

Teri yells at Burns to focus on JJ, but she doesn't have to worry about that. Burns charges forward looking for a running European uppercut in the corner... but gets caught by a big pair of knees!

DDK:

Oscar wasting a little time there!

Lance:

And here comes JJ Dixon!

In one big swoop, The Special Attraction leaps to the top rope and then spins back to wipe out Burns with a HUGE flying forearm smash from the top! The crowd pops as Dixon rolls over and tries to cover Burns again!

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Another kickout by Burns, but he's getting a little too cute with Dixon and twice, he's almost paid for it!

Lance:

And I think Dixon knows it, too!

Burns is still down and nursing a sore jaw on the mat when Dixon goes to the ring apron again. He lines up Burns for another big move, but when he tries to jump, he sees Butcher trying to sneak around. Teri Melton and Zoltan continue to stand by as to keep Butcher from interfering... but that gives Burnsie the opportunity to grab the left arm of Dixon and drop down to the mat, SNAPPING it over the ropes!

Lance:

OOH! Burns saw the opening! He snaps the arm over the top rope there!

Dixon slumps over to the ring apron, but when Burns finds his ticket back to the offensive, he grabs the arm and then CRANKS it while between the ropes with a modified keylock! Dixon yells out in pain, but referee Jonny Fastcountini tells him to break it off! Oscar takes advantage of the five-count and finally breaks off the hold at four and a half before he drags Dixon back inside! Teri yells at the official about what happened, but technically no rules have been broken.

DDK:

Oscar doesn't break a lot of rules outright in his matches, but sure has no problem milking these counts in the ropes for more damage.

Lance:

And now The Special Attraction's left arm may have been compromised!

Dixon tries to get back to his feet and pushes off the mat out of instinct on his hands -- but he leaves himself wide open for Burns to run forward and KICK the bad left arm out from under JJ! The Special Attraction is down and yells out again as he cradles his left arm in pain. The fans jeer Burns as he stands over Dixon now. He goes for a waistlock and then turns him over into a big gutwrench suplex off the canvas! He hits once, but that's never enough for Burnsie as he rolls over to a standing position then picks JJ up again into a second gutwrench! The th is not a charm for Dixon as he connects with a third one!

DDK:

Trio of gutwrench suplexes from Oscar! Lateral press!

ONE...

TWO... NO--KEYLOCK!

Lance:

Kickout... no! Burns goes right back to the Keylock!

Burns happily goes for the arm again with Dixon trying to fight back as best as he can. He tries to fight with Teri Meltno pointing to the nearby ropes! Butcher watches his boss continue to tangle up the arm!

Dixon tries to squirm over...

...

AND MAKES IT!

Melton points to the ropes and yells to the official that he's there! Burns holds on AGAIN with Jonny counting him down. Burns once again makes it to the count of four before letting go a second time.

DDK:

Burns has slowed down the pace to a crawl for JJ Dixon, exactly where he doesn't need to be.

Lance:

And now he's trying to pull him up again... NO! Dixon is fighting back!

The Cleveland Faithful cheer when Dixon stops Burns going after the arm with a solid right! He cracks him with another pair of big hits, then runs off the ropes... but when he comes back, he gets caught and then caught with a HUGE exploder suplex on the return! The Faithful jeer as Burns turns over and then goes for another pinfall off the suplex with pinning the bad arm down.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

JJ kicks out, but Burns' tactics are working perfectly as he continues to grab the arm. He hits an uppercut on the arm, then an uppercut under the jaw before a STIFF elbow smash to the jaw! He stumbles back and hits the corner before Burns charges and hits the running European uppercut in the corner! Dixon is slumped over after the hit! Burns pummels him with a few more elbow smashes in the corner!

DDK:

Oscar going to town on JJ Dixon with those forearm smashes! He is putting this kid through the wringer!

Lance:

He is!

Burns listens to Jonny Fastcountini telling him to break it off and does so. He then grabs the arm and pulls it over the top rope before pulling them back again! Jonny with yet another count, but this time Oscar backs away.

DDK:

Dixon needs to get out of that corner right away, but Oscar Burns is perhaps DEFIANCE's undisputed master of working limbs.

Lance:

Dixon needs an opening, but Oscar hasn't made it easy!

Melton and Zoltan watch Dixon continue to get picked off by the arm. Burns has the arm again... but Dixon chops him in the chest! He fires back with another! He's doing everything he can to keep Burns from going after the arm, but Oscar fires back by cranking on the arm in a bad direction! He leads Dixon to the ropes and shoots him to the ropes... but when he comes back, Dixon ducks underneath a back elbow... then catches Burns...

STANDING MOONSAULT FALLAWAY SLAM!

Butcher jumps up and is in complete shock while the smile on Teri Melton's face couldn't be wiped off with a sand blaster!

DDK:

HOLY HELL! WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER THAT WAS!

The Cleveland Faithful EXPLODE when the replay shows JJ Dixon catching Burns off the rebound and then hitting a standing variation on the moonsault fallaway slam! Dixon can't follow up due to the damage done to his arm, but both men are down!

Lance:

That was incredible! He had to bust out something that Burns hasn't seen coming... and there is NO WAY that Oscar saw that coming!

DDK:

It's up to JJ to find another opening!

The Cleveland Faithful start to cheer for Dixon as he leans against the ropes, but with his arm still bothering him immensely, he's at a disadvantage and he knows it. The Special Attraction pulls himself up and then makes it to the ropes...

DDK:

JJ Dixon firing back with more chops!

As Burns gets turned back to the ropes, he fires back and then tries a whip, but once again Burns blocks it and hits a knee to the gut to double him over. He grabs the arm and then tries the belly-to-back backbreaker... but Dixon backflips and lands on his feet behind Oscar! The former two-time FIST gets spun around... and onto the shoulder of Dixon! CARTWHEEL DEATH VALLEY DRIVER!

DDK:

What a move! Cartwheel Death Valley Driver... And Dixon's not done!

As he rolls through, the arm slows him down, but when he sees Burns slowly moving he CRACKS him in the jaw with a superkick while he's grounded! Dixon falls back and hooks the leg as Teri Melton counts the fall with the crowd!

Lance:

Death Valley Driver! Superkick! He hooks the leg using the good arm!

ONE...

TWO...

TH- KICKOUT!

The Faithful let out a collective groan when Burns kicks now! Now it's Butcher's turn to jump and clap while Melton looks distraught.

DDK:

That was a GREAT sequence of moves, but Burns has wrestled and taken on some of the best DEFIANCE has to offer! He can take punishment, too!

Lance:

Where does Dixon go from here?

Burns tries to get him back up, but Dixon is already on him! He grabs Burns and the crowd jumps when he tries for Sunset Boulevard, but the full nelson can't be applied due to the bad arm! Oscar counter by grabbing the bad arm and throwing him forward. Dixon rolls through and gets back to his feet...

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! GERMAN SUPLEX WITH A BRIDGE!

Burns hooks him right into the bridge!

*ONE...**TWO...**THR-KICKOUT!*

Dixon now kicks out with the good arm before he slumps over to the mat! Burns isn't screaming with rage over the fall, there's clearly some internal issues with putting away The Special Attraction!

Lance:

Impressive kickout by Dixon, but that arm is hampering him badly! He couldn't even apply the Sunset Boulevard!

DDK:

And Burns knows it!

Dixon tries to fight back again, but Burns has the arm. He goes to lock up the arm of Dixon...

DDK:

The Graps of Wrath! He's... wait... what the...?

Lance:

What... what IS that?

Burns has the arm clinched up, but when he sees the eyes of Butcher Victorious and Teri Melton all looking up, he does as well...

DDK:

That's... that's The Payload™! That's the drone that belongs to... DECLAN ALEXANDER!

And the drone is carrying something of interest to Burns... his platinum shovel!

Oscar Burns:

BUTCHER! BUTCHER! GET IT! GET MY SHOVEL!

Burns yells at Butcher Victorious to go get it for him, but Butcher isn't sure how seeing as the drone is hovering over the ring! Butcher grabs a chair and starts to act like he's gonna swat it, but Burns yells at him not to for fear of disqualification!

And a buzz in the crowd tells people whats up...

DECLAN ALEXANDER! FRONT ROW, MANNING HIS SIGNATURE DRONE!

Lance:

DECLAN ALEXANDER! THE BRAZEN CHAMPION IS HERE! HE'S HERE! RUMORS WERE THAT HE WASN'T HERE TONIGHT!

Burns sneers at Declan, but goes back to punishing JJ Dixon... but when he has a chance, Dixon kicks away from Burns!

DDK:

Dixon fights his way out!

Burns tries to grab the arm again, but Dixon swirls around right into a forward roll, hooking the legs of Burns with his own!

Lance:

NO! PINFALL! PINFALL!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE... KICKOUT TOO LATE!

DING DING DING

♪ "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

Burns kicks out, but just a hair too late! JJ Dixon rolls out of the ring as quickly as he can once the bell rings! The Cleveland Faithful come alive as Dixon's arm is still in a bad way, but he manages to go over to hug Teri Melton with his one good arm!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION" JJ DIXON!**

DDK:

WHAT?! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! DECLAN ALEXANDER RETURNS TO COST OSCAR BURNS THIS MATCH!

Lance:

HUGE WIN! HUGE WIN FOR JJ DIXON!

Dixon can't help but grin ear to ear as he, Teri and Zoltan head up the ramp to celebrate the win! Teri tries to raise his bad arm, but JJ pulls it back so his manager can raise the good right arm instead! Meanwhile, Declan Alexander is having a fit laughing at Burns' misfortunes as he holds out his phone! He stands next to several fans from where he's at in the crowd and starts motioning for a TikTok dance with the crowd joining in!

DDK:

Oscar Burns told everyone that he'd run Declan back to BRAZEN, but Declan wasn't going to stand back and let Oscar Burns bully him back down to our developmental system! Declan has proven himself as good as any other member of the roster!

Lance:

That he has! This issue with Oscar Burns and Declan Alexander isn't over just because Burns thinks it is!

Declan waves to Burnsie and then heads back into the crowd while The Payload™ flies off with the Platinum Shovel in tow! Burns is screaming at Butcher with his stooge trying poorly to defend himself! Meanwhile, JJ Dixon is throwing up the Diamond Hands symbol on the top of the stage with Teri Melton looking proud of her charge as the show moves to a commercial!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



WOULD YOU DO ME THE HONOR?

Somewhere backstage, the usual hustle and bustle of activity is heightened by that immediate post-match frenzy of scurrying technicians, production assistants, and security staff milling about. Ensconced among them with a sly grin puttied on his face is Lord Nigel Tricklebush.

He nervously removes his bowler cap and flattens any unkempt hair into place, his small, beady eyes surveying the wide open space. Suddenly, his revolting smirk broadens. Gliding towards his prey, the camera turns–

–and when it comes to a rest again, the color has changed in some kind of abnormal, somehow nostalgic way. Closing her locker with force, Teri Melton spins in her white shoes. Her hair pulled back in a high ponytail fashioned with a large yellow bow, she pulls her pink sweater tighter over her shoulders and clutches her algebra book close to her chest. Long hoop skirt billowing in some unseen majestic breeze, she whirls around like a dream – suddenly bumping into someone's varsity jacket and the chest behind it.

Teri Melton:

Oh!

Running a black comb through his greased-into-place white hair, Nigel Tricklebush wears his confidence on his letterman jacket.

Lord Nigel:

Where are you off to in such a hurry, good lookin'?

Their eyes meet and Teri demures, brushing past him with an uncaring air.

Teri Melton:

You know where I'm going and don't make me late!

Nigel chases after her, the two of them weaving through a cluttered hall of rushing students.

Lord Nigel:

Now why would I do a little thing like that?

She doesn't answer him, but he notes her amused, blushing grin and it feeds him. He bounces after her like a doting puppy.

Lord Nigel:

I saw what just happened out there. Very impressive! You must be proud!

Teri Melton:

Of course I am! As proud as I am unsurprised! JJ is a man who follows through.

Nigel steps in front of her, his sneer feeling even more forced now. He pulls the black comb through his hair again.

Lord Nigel:

So you keep saying. And yet... I still have a problem.

Teri rolls her doe eyes dramatically and Nigel's heart skips a beat.

Teri Melton:

Yes, yes, we made a deal. I would be sure that JJ dealt with your "masked problem"... and you would compensate me. Handsomely.

Nigel pulls her towards him, the throngs of students all about them. He places a bony finger on her lips and lowers his

voice above a whisper.

Lord Nigel:

Shhh. Someone might hear you. I have your \$100,000, my dove. And YOU will have it when the deed is done. And once that deed is done–

Teri takes his hand into hers and turns her head, eyes melting at him.

Teri Melton:

Oh, Nigel. I don't work that way anymore, I thought you knew. Cash up front, darling.

She caresses his face... and then leaves him standing there, back down the hall head held high. Nigel is frozen in place for a moment – and then vaults after her.

Lord Nigel:

“Cash up front”?! Is that all? Consider it done! As a matter of fact–

Nigel shoves a dork into a locker in order to edge in front of Teri once more. Annoyed, she fixes a stern look at him.

Lord Nigel:

–that's what I wanted to talk about! I was... I was wondering...

Suddenly, Nigel wilts, stammering and stumbling over every word as if they've been pent up inside him his whole life – fighting to get out.

Lord Nigel:

I was wondering... if you'd... go to the Awards Show with me next week?

The moment hangs between them for what feels like forever. Teri leans up towards him... and places a gentle, delicate kiss on his cheek. With her eyes hopeful, she asks:

Teri Melton:

You'll bring the money?

Nigel blinks.

Lord Nigel:

Of course!

She fawns.

Teri Melton:

Oh, Nigel, I'd LOVE to!

Planting a kiss on his other cheek, she whirls around, all swinging pony-tail and skirt.

Teri Melton:

I'm going to be late! Call me!

Nigel's face flushes red and he spins down the hallway and into a random classroom, knocking several books out of a passing student's hand in the process. The camera spins to find Teri–

–walking gracefully down the hall in her evening gown, our color readjusted back to something more modern. There are no students or lockers, just production assistants and supply crates. One PA is picking up a mess of papers on the ground.

JJ Dixon steps into frame, a towel draped over his shoulder, fresh from the shower. Dixon's eyes follow Nigel's hasty, excited exit.

JJ Dixon:

What was *that* all about?

Teri smiles, looking over her bare shoulder with glittering eyes. She pinches JJ Dixon's cheek before continuing down the hall.

Teri Melton:

High school drama.

JJ's eyes linger on the doorway Lord Nigel Tricklebush disappeared into for a moment before thoughtfully regarding, and eventually following, Teri.

CHOKE(SLAM) ARTISTS

The backstage area.

In just moments, a battle between four of DEFIANCE's largest HOSS folks between "Supernova Cubana" Alvaro de Vargas and Strong AF against Dan Leo James and the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Deacon!

Two of said hosses are getting ready for that battle now.

Dan Leo James:

So...

Deacon is looking down the hallway. Dan Leo is walking up behind the Mute Freak.

Dan Leo James:

Chokeslam.

The Deacon turns & finds Dan, bouncing a bit - maybe from excitement, maybe from an overdose of caffeine. Deacon tilts his head & raises his eyebrow. The Young Titan wiggles his fingers.

Dan Leo James:

You know...

Dan holds his right hand up, making a "c" shape with it as if choking some air. He then lifts the arm up with a grimace, as if the air is quite thick in Cleveland, Ohio (if the crowd could read this, they'd be popping big time). Deacon nods but provides no other reaction.

Dan Leo James:

Since we're teaming together- I'm teaming with the legendary Deacon! I thought to myself - self - I bet that big Mute Freak knows a thing or two about delivering a ringshaking, earthshattering, spleen-bursting chokeslam. I've got The Titan's Orbit, but I can always improve my technique. As a HOSS of many, many, many years, any advice you can give me?

The Deacon nods again. More silence.

Dan Leo James:

So...? Deac? Mister Deacon...? Mister Mute Freak,,, sir? What's the secret?

Deacon gives another nod.

Deacon:

Pick t'em up by t'eir t'roat.

Dan Leo James:

And?

Deacon leans in close.

Deacon:

Be seven feet tall.

Deacon walks away. Dan's face twists from confusion for a couple of beats to enlightenment, his smile covering the whole of his face as he looks at his hands.

Dan Leo James:

7 feet tall... damn, that's genius. Oh, Strong AF is gonna GET IT... but I better watch out for Alvaro. That dude's

teaming with Strong AF and he's Scary AF...

The Young Titan nods and then gets himself mentally ready before following behind the former FIST as they get ready for battle!

DEACON & DAN LEO JAMES vs. ALVARO de VARGAS & STRONG AF

DDK:

Coming up next, we have what my old broadcast partner would call a... excuse me... HOSSFYTE! We just saw moments ago that former FIST of DEFIANCE Deacon and Titanes Familia member Dan Leo James are primed and ready for action against their respective rivals, BFTA member Alvaro de Vargas and newcomer Strong AF!

Lance:

It was back on DEFtv 177 when Alvaro de Vargas resurfaced as this new moniker he's called himself, Supernova Cubana, and put Deacon out for almost a month with a fireball attack! Meanwhile, Strong AF and Dan Leo James have had words from their time in BRAZEN. Strong AF has seemingly been jealous of the attention Dan Leo James has garnered since both men came up from BRAZEN. Two weeks ago, they fought one-on-one with Strong AF taking the victory thanks to a well-timed low blow.

DDK:

Which side will take it in this titanic battle coming up? The seven-foot Deacon and 6'7" Dan Leo James team up to do battle with the 6'8" Alvaro de Vargas and the powerful, 6'2" former powerlifter Strong AF!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The lights start to go dark and in moments, they give way to green lights flashing in tune with the drum beats of the music. Wearing a dark green towel over his broad shoulders, green thigh-length trunks with a white AF logo on the front, he marches with a golden plate on a pedestal at the entrance. He smirks, and then rubs his hands in the bowl full of weightlifting chalk before THROWING it up in the air in a cloud! After his pre-match ritual, Strong AF marches towards the ring. He sheds his green towel as he gets jeers from The Faithful while talking trash to the Cleveland Faithful. Once The Seattle Strongman enters the ring, he gets ready...

Lights out.

And in a single spotlight stands Tom Morrow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

I'm not in a good mood to mess with you bums tonight after the SCREWJOB in tonight's opener that BFTA suffered! So let me just get right to it... I don't give a crap what The Drew Carey Show used to say. Cleveland does not, in fact, rock. Your football team is the literal color of shit.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Strong AF can't help but be the only man that chuckles at that one.

Tom Morrow:

You're a city that was founded on disappointment and tonight, you'll get more of it when your heroes fall! Tonight, Alvaro de Vargas joins forces with that hungry young powerhouse in that ring and tonight, we're going to DISMANTLE and DESTROY Deacon and The Big Boy Blunder in that very ring! He is 6'8" and HIS light will burn FAR brighter than any holy energy you're packing, Deac! He is **"SUPERNOVA CUBANA!" ALVARO! DE VARGAS!"**

The DEFIAtron shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter...

The colors then become blue... and white...

And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before. He takes his time walking to the ring as Strong AF waits for his arrival. Once ADV steps up to the ring apron, he stands over the ropes and then climbs inside. There seems to be a silent understanding for now between Strong AF and ADV over common enemies as Alvaro's theme comes to an end.

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights go dark and one white light pulses through the entrance with the opening riffs... then another... then Dan Leo James stands looking far more determined than he has in recent weeks to loud cheers from the Cleveland Faithful! The drum beats blast loudly and the big protege of Los Tres Titanes regains his composure. He holds his massive hand out and gets cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is a tag team match & scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 260 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia... he is **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Dan stomps a foot to the theme and even gets more cheers from the crowd as he jumps over to The Commentation Station and rocks out to his theme! The proprietor of Young Titan Protein Powder throws up his hands and gets cheers! He pumps a fist and stops short of the ring as he waits for his massive partner to arrive.

The crowd is buzzing and their boos turn to cheers as The Deacon marches through the curtain wearing no robe, decked only in his fighting gear. A few moments later...

♪ "The Resistance" by Skillet ♪

The music blares and the crowd pops for the arrival of the former FIST of DEFIANCE!

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... from Alexandria, Egypt, standing at seven feet tall! Weighing in at three-hundred and twenty pounds... **DEACON!**

The Deacon's notice of Alvaro de Vargas pacing the ring like a feral animal, not willing to wait much longer for the man he blames for recent career shortcomings. Meanwhile the right hand curls into a ready fist. His eyes never leave ADV in the middle of the ring. Like a missile honed toward its target, the Deacon walks with purpose with Dan Leo James following along. As Deacon climbs into the ring...

ADV ATTACKS!

DDK:

Oh, no! Alvaro de Vargas not willing to wait in the confines of a traditional tag team match!

ADV pummels Deacon with various clubbing blows to the back and buries a knee so he ends up in the corner for ADV to fire elbows upon! Dan Leo James tries to come to Deacon's aid, but Strong AF cuts him off at the pass by tackling

the larger James and then rams The Young Titan into the corner! With fights all around, Brian Slater lets things go!

DING DING**Lance:**

These four big men tonight are not waiting for DEFIANCE Road to handle business! Tonight, it's every wrestler for themselves!

DDK:

ADV has Deacon in one corner! Strong AF has James in another!

ADV is full of vitriol for The Mute Freak and FIRES back elbow after back elbow with The Mute Freak trying to cover himself! He continues to fight, and Strong AF does the same with a few shoulder thrusts in the corner to Dan's midsection!

Lance:

Strong AF is out to make a name for himself! Meanwhile, Alvaro de Vargas just mauling Deacon in the corner... NO! Deacon fighting back!

The Mute Freak blocks an elbow and returns fire with a big right hand to Alvaro and channels some DJ Khaled. Another one! Another one! Another one! Meanwhile, Strong AF tries another shoulder, but Dan gets a knee up in his face!

DDK:

And now The Young Titan fights back!

Dan hits a big uppercut! Deacon nods at DLJ and both giants nod. They whip Alvaro and Strong AF at each other and collide with one another! Then Deacon FLOORS ADV with a huge running clothesline while Dan Leo James runs over Strong AF with a massive shoulder tackle out of the corner! Deacon and Dan Leo James both stand tall!

DDK:

The Young Titan and The Mute Freak are both standing their ground right now!

ADV rolls away with Tom Morrow checking on him while Dan Leo James isn't done with Strong AF by a long shot. The 6'7" 22-year-old climbs out to the ring apron.

Dan Leo James:

HEY... ASSBUTT!

Strong AF turns when he hears the rather... childish insult...

FLYING SHOULDER TACKLE OFF THE APRON!

The Cleveland Faithful POP out loud when the 260-pound James dives off the apron like a rocket!

DDK:

I don't know about Dan Leo James' trash-talking skills, but if there's any wrestler who can throw themselves around with the best of them, it's James!

Lance:

Strong AF stole the win from Dan Leo James in their singles match two weeks ago on DEFtv 179! Dan hasn't forgotten that and wants payback tonight!

James is back up to his feet and then grabs Strong AF before he muscled The Seattle Strongman back inside the squared circle. James gets back into the ring and then leaps and nails the big leg drop (brother!).

DDK:

Big leg drop to follow up that shoulder tackle! Cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

The Seattle Strongman kicks out while a seething Alvaro de Vargas waits from their corner.

Lance:

Strong AF and ADV started out this one quickly, but Deacon and Dan Leo James are making a good team!

Dan Leo James makes the tag to Deacon and both giants whip him to the corner before hitting a double shoulder block! Deacon follows up next with a huge elbow drop to the heart of Strong AF, but instead of going for the cover... he rolls Strong AF towards the corner.

DDK:

Deacon helps Dan Leo James take down Strong AF... but that's clear. He wants Alvaro.

He signals for Alvaro to make the tag. Alvaro wants to take the bait, but Tom Morrow shakes his head and tells him not to.

Tom Morrow:

No! Make him fight on YOUR time!

Deacon is preoccupied with Alvaro de Vargas staring him down, but after calling ADV "weak," the normally Mute Freak goes back to Strong AF and picks him up. Strong AF tries to fight back and stops Deacon temporarily with a knife-edge chop. He tries to get back to the corner...

Lance:

ADV refusing to tag out there. ADV has had tunnel vision where Deacon is concerned, but he should just let him in there if he's so much better.

DDK:

Heavy clubbing blows to the back! Deacon's working ADV's partner over!

Strong AF gets the stuffing knocked out of him. The Deacon tags in Dan Leo James! James comes in and then winds up a hand... SMACKING The Seattle Strongman with the Fastball Chop!

DDK:

Deacon and Dan Leo James are working very well together so far!

Strong AF is doubled over when The Young Titan charges at him in the corner and hits a huge running shoulder thrust! He's doubled over in pain when Strong AF gets another whip from the opposite corner. Dan Leo James measures him up for a second one. He charges again when Morrow hops on the apron & starts talking trash on the ring apron. Screaming at Dan.

Tom Morrow:

You giant dweeb! You don't belong in the same ring with Alv... HEY!

Dan takes a swipe at him, but Morrow backs off before he can connect. James then goes back to running at Strong AF... but that distraction pays off when Strong AF CATCHES him on the shoulder! He runs to the middle of the ring and DRIVES the 260-pound James down with a big spinebuster!

DDK:

Morrow's distraction paid off! Strong AF counters the second corner shoulder tackle and now he's got James down!

Strong AF sees ADV wants a tag and decides to do it. Supernova Cubana runs in and STOMPS the life out of Dan Leo James, driving boot after boot into his chest!

DDK:

He's not playing around!

Lance:

And look at what he's doing! Just like Deacon did earlier!

ADV quits stomping long enough on James and and just like earlier, he wants Deacon in the ring! The Mute Freak doesn't hesitate as ADV seems to let James crawl to the corner.

DDK:

He... he really wants Deacon!

Just as James is about to get to a knee... SCORCHER TO DEACON!

DDK:

HEY!

Dan tries to get up, but ADV turns and LEVELS him with a Scorchers as well! James hits the mat, then ADV shoots a dirty look at Deacon, then crawls to the outside

DDK:

Scorchers kicks both Deacon AND Dan Leo James!

Lance:

Magdalena has been Deacon's blind spot lately and Alvaro knows how bad Deacon wants to fight him as well! Playing games with the veteran!

Supernova Cubana waits as Deacon tries to pick himself up, only to charge forward and RAM him right into the outside ringpost! Deacon slumps over and falls to a knee in pain while Alvaro looks up and snarls at a VERY loud crowd.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

And now Alvaro de Vargas back on Dan Leo James! James rammed into the corner!

ADV motions for Strong AF to take it home. The powerful BRAZEN graduate nods, then climbs into the ring with Dan Leo James in the corner. He charges forward and hits a running back elbow first, then turns and nails him with a big right! He charges off the ropes and knocks down James with a running shoulder block! He slashes his throat while Dan is on the ground, then hooks the arm and DEADLIFTS him off the ground with a big vertical suplex!

DDK:

That strength is FRIGHTENING! His name says it all! Cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

The Young Titan's shoulder comes up first! On the outside, Deacon is still trying to shake off the early attack from Alvaro, cradling his back and slowly pulling himself up again while in the ring, Strong AF grabs Dan by around the

neck and repeatedly clubs him against the chest while he's on the mat! He continues rocking The Young Titan with a number of clubbing forearms on James!

DDK:

Rough Waters for Dan Leo James! He's working him over!

ADV wants a tag now and yells for Strong AF to bring James to the corner! Strong AF nods and then bulls James into the corner before making a tag to Alvaro. Supernova Cubana is in and sees Deacon trying to get back up. He looks over and scowls at the former FIST of DEFIANCE... but leaves himself wide open by a chop from Dan Leo James! He fires one at Strong AF on the apron, then uppercuts to both men as The Faithful cheer him on!

Lance:

Dan trying to fight his way out... no! ADV rakes the eyes!

Being clawed at the eyes by Alvaro, Dan howls out in pain! ADV then fires off a volley of headbutts to Dan in the corner! He fires four vicious shots to keep him grounded back in the corner. ADV then runs out of the corner and taunts Deacon, staying just out of The Mute Freak's reach. He charges and crushes James with a big corner clothesline! James slumps over, but ADV isn't done. He runs at Deacon again and gives him the double tall man before running and crushing his tall man of a partner with another corner clothesline!

DDK:

Goodness! Alvaro just assaulting James with these headbutts and corner lariats!

Lance:

This "Supernova Cubana" moniker he has given himself... WAY more volatile if that were even possible!

He takes Dan out of the corner and SLAMS him down with a huge belly-to-back suplex out of the corner! Alvaro hooks the leg!

ONE...

TWO...KICKOUT!

The shoulder comes up, shocking ADV! He stands up and gets into Brian Slater's face over the cover, but Tom Morrow warns him to stop!

DDK:

You're right. He's way more volatile. Way more dangerous than he was before to stand toe to toe with an icon like Deacon, but he better focus on the match!

James tries to crawl to the corner, but Alvaro grabs his tights and then headbutts him again, sending him staggering back into the corner! He throws him to the corner and tries to set up James on the top rope!

Lance:

What is he going for here?

He tries to climb to the second rope while James is seated on the top turnbuckle... but Dan fights back! He throws a number of open-handed chops that knocks ADV down! The Faithful roar, but ADV is back up. Strong AF tags himself in... not something that ADV seems to enjoy. Alvaro yells at Strong AF to get back, but The Seattle Strongman looks up and shakes his head no.

DDK:

Uh-oh... they were working together well enough against their mortal enemies, but ADV wasn't done with James!

Before they can come to blows, Dan JUMPS off the top turnbuckle and wipes them both out with a double flying

shoulder tackle off the top turnbuckle! Both ADV and Strong AF go down as Dan finally has a chance to get to his corner!

DDK:

The Young Titan is about to get that tag! Deacon has seem the least action out of these four since the match began!

Morrow shouts from ringside at either Alvaro or Strong AF to break up DLJ's journey to the corner... but his jaw drops...

HOT TAG TO DEACON! THE FAITHFUL ARE GOING CRAZY!

DDK:

AND HERE COMES DEACON! CLOTHESLINE FOR STRONG AF! AND NOW HE'S GUNNING FOR ALVARO! THE MAN WHO PUT MAGDALENA OUT OF ACTION!

Deacon charges at Alvaro and CLUBS away at him with a number of big blows to the chest in the corner, followed by a headbutt that puts ADV slumping into the buckles. Deacon sees Strong AF on the other side of the ring and charges right at The Seattle Strongman with a big jumping splash in the corner!

Lance:

One for Strong AF!

The Seattle Strongman stumbles out of the corner! Deacon turns back to Alvaro and charges forward in his direction, crushing Supernova Cubana with a splash of his own before unleashing a flurry of even more back elbow strikes to the head!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THIS CROWD! DEACON ON FIRE RIGHT NOW! HE WANTS TO HURT ALVARO!

He continues to rain down elbows until Brian Slater tells him that he isn't the legal man! And as this happens, Strong AF is back and he clubs Deacon with a shot to the back! He punches away against the ropes at Deacon before running off the ropes for a shoulder tackle, only to get picked up by Deacon and planned with a massive spinning side slam!

DDK:

Cover by Deacon!

ONE...

TWO...

BROKEN UP BY ALVARO!

Even after the elbow flurry from Deacon, Alvaro is somehow able to leap up and break up the fall with a massive leaping senton across the back of The Mute Freak! Brian Slater wants him out of the ring, but Alvaro rains down right hands on Deacon! Deacon is able to fight back and the two beasts continue to throw heavy blows!

DDK:

Look at them go! Every time they have locked up in this match, Deacon and Alvaro de Vargas are trying to tear one another apart!

Lance:

ADV with an uppercut! Deacon with one of his own!

Dan Leo James is back up, holding his face but still ready to fight! ADV kicks Deacon in the chest, but Dan Leo James gets the tag! James is back in the ring and Deacon kicks Alvaro back into the ropes with a big boot! Dan Leo James

runs towards him...

DDK:

DASH AND BASH! ALVARO GETS KNOCKED OUT OF THE RING BY JAMES!

Supernova Cubana takes the tumble! Meanwhile, Strong AF sneaks up behind James and clubs him by the head! He attacks him and then tries to set up James for the Deadly AF chokeslam variation, but this time Dan is ready for it and elbows his way free! Deacon grabs him by the throat! He eyes Alvaro on the outside and nods to Dan Leo James!

DDK:

What... what's going on here?

Deacon and Dan Leo James have Strong AF by the throat. ADV looks on from outside, gnashing his teeth together, but doesn't bother to go in and stop it when they power Strong AF high in the air...

DOUBLE CHOKESLAM!

DDK:

DOUBLE CHOKESLAM BY JAMES AND DEACON! THAT'S IT!

Deacon dares Alvaro de Vargas to come in and try to break up the cover as Dan Leo James hooks the leg of Strong AF!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The Young Titan balls up his fists and yells out loud after the win and a touch of retribution against the man who has antagonized him for several weeks! DLJ stands up slowly and watches as Deacon remains stoic, daring Alvaro with a look to get back into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS... **DAN LEO JAMES AND DEACON!**

Alvaro charges in and tries to get at Deacon, but Morrow stands in front of him.

Tom Morrow:

NO! NO! ALVARO, NO! ON OUR TIME! ON OUR TIME! NOT HIS!

DDK:

These four men beat the hell out of each other, but tonight, the team of giants, Dan Leo James and Deacon are victorious with a double chokeslam on Strong AF!

Lance:

Alvaro could have stopped it, but he didn't. He doesn't care about partners. He cares about hurting Deacon, but apparently only when it suits him!

ADV is told by Tom Morrow that they need to go. ADV keeps wanting to fight, but Morrow yells at him to leave for now. Alvaro looks like he'll listen... but dips around past Morrow and runs right back at Deacon! Morrow screams at Alvaro,

but it's too late as he runs into the ring right at his enemy!

DDK:

HE'S NOT LISTENING THIS TIME! ALVARO RIGHT AT DEACON! DEACON RIGHT AT ALVARO!

The two monsters continue to battle it out in the ring, exchanging fists until once again, DEFSec is forced to earn their paychecks and rush to the ring! Alvaro grits his teeth and the two go battle again, throwing right hand after right hand! Dan Leo James watches on and tries to help DEFSec!

Dan Leo James:

I'll save you, Giant Bonus Dad!

Lance:

DEFSec has been working overtime since Alvaro de Vargas lobbed those fireballs at Deacon and Theodore Cain in recent weeks! And now he's trying to do it again!

Head of security, Wyatt Bronson, gets in, as does Dan Leo James now trying to help and do the right thing! Deacon clobbers Alvaro, but he fires back with one of his own and DEFSec has to pry them apart!

DDK:

Folks, we have to go to commercial, but things are not done between The Mute Freak and Supernova Cubana!

Lance:

No, not by a long shot!

The two monsters continue to battle it out in the ring until over a dozen bodies have swarmed the ring to keep them at bay! As they scream at one another, the show goes to an abrupt commercial!

COMMERCIAL: DEFy AWARDS

OWN YOUR LOSS

Off the commercial break, Jamie Sawyers stands beside High Flyer IV.

Jamie Sawyers:

Flyer, a tough break for you last week, losing your FS Title in the first defense-

WHAM!

Before HFIV can even speak, he's tackled through the black backdrop as a man dressed in black hammers left hands into the side of his skull.

DDK:

Jesus, that's TYLER FUSE!

The OG Gamer drags a now bloody High Flyer to his feet...

Only to pile driver him on the cement!

Flyer isn't moving. EMTs run into the scene as Tyler interjects, leaning over the fallen BRAZEN talent and scaring the help away.

Tyler Fuse:

I was willing to leave you alone even though YOU never pinned ME. All is fair inside the wrestling ring but just like your father... YOU failed DEFIANCE. Zero successful title defenses. I LET YOU in our trip threat match because YOU complained I took your pinfall the match before.

Fuse leans right into HFIV's unconscious ear.

Tyler Fuse:

Be thankful I didn't break your arm tonight. I doubt I gave you a concussion, though. But step into the ring with me at the Year End Awards and I'll beat you so badly...

Fuse spits on the ground beside Flyer's face.

Tyler Fuse:

Your father will reappear.

He walks off.

NOW the EMTs can check on Harmen as the scene goes elsewhere.

VENGEANCE

Parking lot

A black SUV rolls up to the parking lot. As the car comes to a stop, moments later the driver-side door opens. Reaper the Grey steps out. Just as he turns around a yellow mist blinds him.

Reaper the Grey:
ARGGGGGHHH!!!!

The attacker is quickly revealed as Scrow, who quickly drives a boot in the gut of RG, and proceeds to slam the door over and over trying to smash Grey's head into the side of the SUV. The passenger side door quickly opens and out steps a black-haired man, he quickly throws his phone into the SUV and runs around the car. While Scrow continues to slam the door against Grey's head. He looks up and drives the door one more time into the groaning Reaper the Grey.

Scrow:
He knew that voice, Sun-Twist Skylar.

Skylar:
How did you find out?

Scrow rubs his cheek, and Skylar catches exactly how he knows, it appears Skylar forgot to put his mask on before exiting the SUV. Upon realizing this he grits his teeth. RG is screaming about his eyes in the background while holding his shoulder.

Skylar:
No matter I am about to stomp a mudhole in you for your cheap attack!

Scrow:
The thing about vengeance is the satisfaction of retribution!

Skylar and Scrow go at it, while Reaper holds the side of his head on the cold concrete road. Skylar drives a knee into the gut and then drives his shoulder into the gut of Scrow and pushes him back. Scrow manages to stop the bull rush just before he hits the dumpster behind him. His grunts are able to toss Skylar over his shoulder making STS fall into the dumpster. Scrow quickly grabs the side of Skylar's head and slams it over and over into the side of the dumpster. Like a man possessed he continues to violently try and crack open Skylar's head like you would a coconut.

Security arrives on the scene and manages to stop Scrow. Skylar holds his head in agony. Grey has managed to recover a bit but with a wall of security now blocking his path as well, all the muscle of the HoH can do is laugh, through the anguish, he is feeling.

Reaper the Grey: *[breathing heavily]*
Argh...I knew you still had some fight left in ...*[pants a bit, with a few groans]* you. It still does not change the fact. That Skylar is not the only one in the House of the Harvest.

He laughs once more through his pain, Skylar has managed to recover a bit and laughs through his own anguish.

Skylar: *[heavy breathing throughout]*
In two weeks payback is coming for you. Not backstage *[groans a bit]* but in that ring. I am going to make sure you pay for your cheap *[groans]* attack here tonight!

Scrow stares at Skylar for a second completely surrounded by security, he notices Grey has pulled himself up leaning against the SUV holding his shoulder, and rubbing his eyes with his free hand. Scrow looks back at Skylar who has managed to get his feet and leans against the dumpster holding the side of his head that was slammed over and over into the side of the dumpster.

Reaper the Grey: *[in a painful tone]*

It could even be one of those security guards.

Scrow's eyes widen as now he stares at each individual security guard with skepticism. He slowly begins to back away from the security, trying now to take eyes off all of them. All the while them trying to calm him down unaware that now he thinks one of them could also be in the House. Scrow quickly walks away from the security, while both members of HoH laugh together.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: NED REFORM Â© vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

Well... seems the House of Harvest's mind games with Scrow continue on... but in the spirit of mind games, we've got ourselves a Favoured Saints Championship match!

Lance:

Ned Reform has run a afoul of Titanes Familia for weeks now, and tonight Uriel Cortez looks to get some payback. The Good Doctor cost he and Titaness the Unified Tag Team Championship last month, and he's planning to repay the favor by taking Reform's newly won title!

DDK:

Won in a manner that some are calling... less than honorable. After he cost his newest "patient" Teresa Ames her chance at the belt, he challenged High Flyer IV on the spot... only to capitalize on some errant Uriel Cortez interference to cheat his way to the championship!

Lance:

Accidentally helping Reform has likely been eating away at Uriel for weeks... but he has a chance to right that wrong right now.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights become purple as the Cleveland Faithful rise to their feet... to boo the hell out of the Favoured Saints Champion. As the rock cover of the classical song kicks into high gear, the curtain parts and emerges The Good Doctor himself: Ned Reform, dressed in usual singlet, but sporting an additional pound of shiny gold around his waist. Reform spreads his arms wide and twirls around in a circle, making sure everyone gets a good look at his new piece of attire.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, from...

Ned Reform:

Enough! Be quiet! Be silent, you poor excuse for a mic stand!

Quimbey is cut off as Reform, still walking down the ramp, has a mic of his own. Ned's music abruptly cuts out as the championship grins, pausing mid-ramp to hold his free arm open as if embracing the people in attendance.

Ned Reform:

CHILDREN!!! Your FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION... has arrived!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Yes. Ladies and gentlemen, I've heard the tales. I've become familiar with... dare I say... the legend. Two weeks ago, it was as if time stopped. Everywhere on earth, mighty and proud pointed their noses to the sky and let loose a mighty howl. They say the moon turned blood red for just an instant. And they say that those who were out on the cold, dark roads... they saw the ghosts of the great man of history.

DDK:

What in the world is he talking about?

Ned Reform:

Some said it the specter of Abraham Lincoln. Some say Julius Caesar. I've heard Gandhi, I've heard Charlemagne... I've heard many names. But the underlying experience was fundamentally the same: no matter who it was, that ghost, that visitor from beyond the grave, that undead mystical shade... was clapping in appreciation. For you see, the ghosts

of the great men... the essence of the animal kingdom... even nature itself paused to recognize that one of those very special moments that only occurs once in a lifetime had passed: Doctor Ned Reform has won a championship here in DEFIANCE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform nods, seeming to pretend that he's been lauded and loved instead of mocked.

Ned Reform:

Oh yes. The odds have been against me from the start, children. The DEFIANCE brass never wanted to see The Sage on the Stage sporting any of their sanctioned gold belts, did they? Despite being held back, despite being mocked, despite being booked to fail, despite all of that... you cannot stop the alpha from rising to lead the pack. Greatness will always overcome. And so I stand before you today, as not just any champion... oh no. For I am... the **FAVOURED** Saint!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform unhooks the belt and stares at it lovingly. He then brings it down and resumes a thoughtful countenance once more.

Ned Reform:

But it begs the question - what is a "champion," children? Webster's Dictionary would have you believe it is "a person who has defeated or surpassed all rivals in a competition, especially in sports." Well, naturally yours truly fits that bill to a T, yes? But curiously... there is a second definition provided. You see, it also defines a champion as "a person who fights or argues for a cause or on behalf of someone else." And that, children... well that sure is interesting, no?

Reform strokes his chin. He begins to slowly walk toward the ring once more.

Ned Reform:

For does not that also aptly describe The Philosopher King? After all, I have been fighting for you all since the moment I stepped foot in DEFIANCE. Fighting for a product that does not insult your intelligence, for wrestlers that would make even halfway competent role models for your children, and for discourse that every so often raises above a second grade level. And I know that some of you are... less than appreciative of my efforts. I understand - ignorance is bliss, and many wish I would just let them be happy and stupid. But it matters not what you think of me, children. For I will continue to fight the good fight... I will continue to fight for YOU... and I will defend this championship with the honor, dignity, and class that it warrants.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform is up the steps and into the ring.

Ned Reform:

And tonight I fight for one other... for Ms. Teresa Ames. Ms. Ames has been making tremendous progress and I could not be more proud of her bravery. Two weeks ago was supposed to be her shining moment, but it was robbed... snatched away from her in the middle of the healing process by the spiteful, vengeful, and petty group known as... Los Titanes Familia or some such nonsense.

DDK:

If I recall... it was actually Reform who cost Ames the championship. Albeit inadvertently.

Ned Reform:

You people laugh, you people boo. How heartless can you be!? Have you no souls!? Do you not realize that failing to capture this title set her back by weeks!? Luckily, as per standard procedure, I stepped up the podium when no one else would. I vowed to be her knight in shining armor... her example of goodness in this world... and I have. And with that said... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Reform moves toward the ropes, slightly leaning over the top and pointing toward the entrance.

Ned Reform:

Get down here this instant and face me in one-on-one competition! For tonight I will show Teresa Ames that sometimes, good people do come out on top when I embarrass you in the center of the ring and demonstrate what happens to bullies in a DEFIANCE with Doctor Ned Reform leading the way as Favoured Saints Champion!

He puts the microphone down and waits. And because Titanes Familia are so nice... the lights dim as the opening to their theme starts to play...

*This is everything
The Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive
It's BOBBY by the way
Let's get it*

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Gitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES!

Standing on the stage, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Wearing a brand new set of blue and gold thigh length trunks, kneepads and boots. Wrists taped in a golden color! He raises a hand in the air, shooting blue and gold pyro from either side of the ramp! Locking eyes from the top of the ramp with Reform, the Titan of Industry storms down to ringside. He grabs the top rope with both hands, pulls himself up, then steps into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, the challenger... from The City of Industry, California, standing at seven-foot two! Weighing in at 339 pounds... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Major cheers erupt for the big man.

DDK:

Here we go. Uriel Cortez trying to right the wrongs of two weeks ago when he inadvertently cost High Flyer IV the Favoured Saints Championship!

DING DING

As soon as Benny Doyle calls for the bell, Ned Reform drops to the canvas and rolls under the bottom rope. On the outside, he begins to slowly walk around the ring while keeping a watchful eye on Uriel Cortez. Cortez refuses to take the bait, although the way he clenches his fists and grinds his teeth, it's clear that he really, really wants to. Doyle yells at Reform to get in the ring, but The Good Doctor holds up a single finger to tell him to wait. A fan behind Reform says something smart, so he wheels around and begins to shake his head in disgust at the front row of The Faithful. When Doyle begins a count, The Sage on the Stage climbs the steps and slowly... ever so slowly... enters the ring through the middle rope - never taking an eye off the challenger.

DDK:

Reform with the early mind games... he knows how angry Uriel is, and I think these tactics are a means to throw Cortez even more off his game.

The two men circle each other, finally engaging into a lockup. Cortez muscles Reform's head down and snaps a big elbow across the back of his head, stunning Reform enough for Uriel to send him into the ropes. On the rebound, The Favoured Saints Champion is caught by a HUGE shoulder block that sends him ass over teakettle - in fact, it's so powerful that he stumbles through the second rope and back to the outside! Reform hits the ringside floor, but his momentum keeps him tumbling, and he goes head first over the barricade and falls onto the laps of the Faithful! Ned flops around like a fish out of water while the fans laugh at him and toss some popcorn his way. Inside the ring, Cortez leans against the top rope and shakes his head while chuckling.

DDK:

Reform trying desperately to regain some dignity... this is not the way he wanted to start this off.

Lance:

Ned demanding Cortez back up now... The Good Doctor rolls under the bottom rope to get back into this match.

Another lockup, but this time it's Reform who moves quickest, as he shoots behind Cortez and tabs the challenger's arm in a hammerlock. He tries to wrench the arm, but Uriel is able to power out by firing a few quick elbows to The Good Doctor's bearded jaw. Ned releases the hold, rubs his jaw, and with eyes full of fire, he uses both his hands to shove Uriel Cortez right in the chest. Predictably, Uriel doesn't move... but he does answer with a double handed shove of his own that sends Reform spiraling backwards halfway across the ring!

DDK:

The challenger on Reform in a flash... he pushes Reform back into the ropes, wrapping each of the champion's arms around the top rope.

With his chest fully exposed, Uriel rears back and unloads with a chop that is likely to have removed several inches of skin from Ned's chest! Reform howls in pain, bringing up both his arms to cradle his chest as he dances around the ring in agony. Cortez walks behind him, and anytime The Good Doctor stops his painful dance, he's there to meet him with another chop into the chest! With his pectorals now a bright red, Ned Reform eats one final big chop - this one so powerful that it takes him off his feet and he tumbles over the top rope to the floor once more!

Lance:

Cortez used that exact move to eliminate Ned Reform from the battle royal a few weeks back.

DDK:

For the third time in this match, Ned Reform finds himself on the floor... and I think he's had enough!

Reform makes the tried and true "forget this" hand motion and he begins to walk up the ramp to a chorus of boos. Ned sticks both his pinkies in his ears to tune out of the crowd as he makes his way up the ramp... but his eyes BUG OUT when he sees the figure standing between himself and freedom: an angry Titaness, both arms folded as she stares down The Good Doctor!

DDK:

Ned Reform threw coffee in her face last month to cost her and Uriel the tag team championship! Neither of these two have likely forgotten.

Ned throws up his hands, backpedaling as he demands the former tag champion take it easy. He backs directly into Uriel Cortez, who lifts the Favoured Saints champ and drops him on the ramp with a big bodyslam! Cortez winks at his wife as he scoops up Reform's writhing form and lifts him over his shoulder, turning to bring The Favoured Saints champion back into the ring.

Lance:

Back inside... Reform sent into the corner... Uriel with a big running splash!

DDK:

Reform stumbles and falls... Cortez with the big elbow drop! Cover! We might have a new champion!!

ONE!

TWO!

Nope! Reform powers a shoulder up. Uriel sends Reform into the opposite corner - a place he meets (still raw) chest first! Ned cries out in pain and stumbles backwards... right into a Uriel Cortez powerslam! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Another shoulder up!

What follows is Uriel Cortez more or less toying with Ned Reform: Reform gets a headbutt, stumbles like a drunk man off the ropes, and walks into another. This same pattern happens four times: once for every set of ropes around the ring, until Cortez finally spins around and lays out Reform with a big discuss chop! With Reform flat on his back, Cortez grins to the cheering crowd. He makes a "night night" hand motion before dropping down and laying on top of Reform, back first. Cortez throws up a second hand to count along with Doyle!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?

NO! Reform, at the very last second, was able to lift his leg and just barely get it into the nearby rope. Doyle does hit the mat three times, but he has to stop Cortez's celebration to point out that Reform's leg was in the rope, therefore this match must continue.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The crowd might not like it, but it was the right call by Benny Doyle.

Lance:

And now look who's joining us.

The crowd continues to boo as from the entrance way comes Reform's flunkie TA Cole. Cole marches down the ramp, but runs into Titaness, who had moved closer to the ring to catch more of the action. Cole and Titaness get into each other's faces, yelling and posturing as the fans begin to stir in anticipation of a potential brawl. Inside the ring, Benny Doyle turns his attention to the powderkeg that's about to blow... and his turning away from the action allowed Reform to thrust his hand into the air and score with a desperation low blow!! Cortez grips his nether regions and crumples to the mat in the pain. Both the competitors are down and the referee now stands on the apron, waving to the back and calling for backup to prevent Titaness and Cole from slugging it out.

DDK:

Both Ned and Uriel slowly getting back up... NO!

As both men reach their feet, Ned Reform moves just a hair faster and goes for a SECOND low blow - this one a soccer-style kick right to the groin!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

With Cortez again on the mat, Ned rubs the sweat from his eyes and walks over to tap Doyle on the shoulder, getting his attention. On the outside, Cole steps away from Titaness with a grin, letting her know that his mission is complete. Titaness looks into the ring, where Ned Reform yells something that the camera is close enough to pick up...

Ned Reform: *[yelling]*

It appears that you will be unable to procreate, you faithless swine!

Reform grins and pretends to hold his own genitals, drawing another round of jeers. He turns to Cortez, who has reached his knees, trying to ignore the pain and get back to a vertical base. Ned gets a running start and drops the

Titanes Familia member with a running knee to the head! With Uriel down once more, The Good Doctor takes position over his form. Ned holds a single finger into the air, and with it he points into the people. With the finger outstretched, he rotates in a complete circle so that he points to every side of the arena. When he has, he leaps into the air, flying down with...

DDK:

Thinking Man's Elbow Drop!

Ned sits up, clapping himself before moving in for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Cortez kicks out with authority and sends Reform flying into the air! Ned hits the mat, his eye bugged out in surprise... as Uriel Cortez begins to rise!!

DDK:

Don't count Cortez out yet!

Titanness pounds on the mat from the outside as the seven foot tall machine from Titanes Familia gets back to his feet. Reform charges him, unloading with a right hand, right hand, right hand, right hand, right hand, right hand... until Cortez simply grasps Ned's fist, halting all momentum! Ned begins to beg for mercy as Uriel grins, twisting Ned's arm and causing the Good Doctor to howl in agony. Reform cries out for mercy and forgiveness as Uriel bends his arm into unnatural positions before booting him in the gut. He places Reform's bald head between his legs, reaching down and grasping him around the midsection.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez looking for the big powerbomb!

Cortez lifts Ned up, looking to end it with the 218... but when The Good Doctor is at the highest point of the powerbomb, he reaches down and rakes the eyes of the challenger! This causes Uriel to release Ned, who falls from his grip and lands on his educated feet! Reform bounces off the ropes, charging toward Cortez... but he runs right into another chop to his now bleeding chest! Reform yells out in pain and flops in the corner, putting him in perfect position for...

Lance:

CHOP OF AGES!

DDK:

And he's got Reform... BIG BUSINESS!! That's it!!!

Cortez covers...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - WAIT! TA COLE PULLS REFEREE BENNY DOYLE OUT OF THE RING!

Titanness immediately hops to attack Cole, and the two begin to throw right hands on the outside of the ring. In the ring, Cortez gets off Reform, looking to get Doyle back into the ring, when out of nowhere....

Lance:

Teresa Ames!! Where did she come from!?

DDK:

She nails Cortez with the Favoured Saints Championship!

Not only that, but she did in full view of Benny Doyle.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Unbelievable! Uriel Cortez has this match completely won.

Ames grabs Reform and pulls him to safety under the bottom rope, while Titaness enters the ring to check on the dazed Titan of Industry.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match as a result of a disqualification... Uriel Cortez! But STILL your DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion... Ned Reform!

Lance:

It's worth noting that this does NOT count as a successful defense toward earning a chance to challenge for the SOHer... although he's still the champion, Ned Reform lost the match.

The Titanes stare daggers up the ramp as Cole and Ames drag the dazed Ned Reform to safety... but he still has enough energy to hold his belt high into the air.

DDK:

I can't imagine that this issue between The Honor Society and Los Titanes is over by a long shot... and what about Teresa Ames!? First two weeks ago, now tonight... is she really happy just being a pawn in Ned Reform's schemes?

Lance:

I think we both know the answer to that.

DDK:

Sigh. I suppose we do. Don't go away, ladies and gentlemen... DEFtv will be right back with tonight's blockbuster main event!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2023

FOR THE CHILDREN

The words "Previously Recorded" appear in the lower right of the screen.

Upbeat, positive music plays as we see various exterior shots of the Greater Cleveland Children's Hospital. Christie Zane smiles from the inside of the lobby.

Christie Zane:

It's been a truly inspiring and impactful day here at the Greater Cleveland Children's Hospital and DEFIANCE Wrestling couldn't be happier to partner with this amazing facility to strengthen our ties in the communities where our athletes perform, but to also give back to the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Shots of smiling kids in hospital beds are cycled through. Finally ending on a shot of Masked Violator #1 with a waving little boy on his knee. Both wave at the camera before holding up a single index finger. They high five.

Christie Zane:

One of the performers who spent some time here today was Masked Violator #1 and I was able to catch up with him! Let's take a look!

We cut to a different shot of MV1 with a young girl riding around on his shoulders down the hospital corridor, both laughing, before switching to Christie & MV1 in front of a GCCH mural.

Christie Zane:

MV1, you're usually slugging it out in the ring with some of the toughest competition in the sport... What does spending some time here today with these kids mean to you?

Dressed in a black DEF Wrestling t-shirt, blue jeans & cowboy boots, and his trademark bright red mask trimmed with yellows and blues, MV1 nods his head thoughtfully.

MV1:

Christie, to be here is just incredible. These kids are so inspiring. A lot of them are fighting so hard and it's humbling for me to be able to come here and make their day if I can. It just reminds me of why I got into this business. I'm honored to be here.

Christie smiles and nods back.

Christie Zane:

Let's talk-

MV1 holds a hand up. One finger.

MV1:

Christie, I'm sorry to interrupt. I just want to say. I was asked to be here last minute today, along with a handful of other DEFIANCE Competitors, because Dex Joy was unable to fulfill his commitment to be here today due to his recent injuries. Obviously, I jumped at the chance. For a ton of reasons. Obviously, like I said: the kids, right? But also, just the respect I have for Dex Joy as a man. If he could have been here? Believe he'd be here. And when he can be, I know he WILL be to put more smiles on these kids' faces. And hey, there's also a part of me that... feels responsible in some way for Corvo Alpha and... where he is at. I know that guilt is arguably misplaced, but it's there. So I'm here. Anyway. Get well soon, Dex. Just had to say that.

Christie Zane:

No, of course! Obviously, your history with Corvo Alpha is-

MV1 holds up a hand again, this time with deep regret etched on his contorted mask.

MV1:

Christie, I'm sorry. I... shouldn't have brought him up. I'd... really rather not-

Christie Zane:

Well, you did bring him up and I don't think we can easily move on, with all due respect. How concerned are you that Lord Nigel Trickelbush is working behind the scenes to put a bounty on your head? I mean... that's the word on the road, I think you're aware of that.

MV1 nods before taking a deep cleansing breath.

MV1:

You know, I am aware of it. I heard what everybody has heard. A hundred grand for JJ Dixon to take me out. Heard that Teri Melton and Lord Nigel have been an item all along and they're conspiring to take me out of DEFIANCE. I've heard everything you've heard... and you know what? I trust JJ Dixon.

That seems to surprise Christie.

Christie Zane:

Can you trust him? When he is clearly under the sway of Teri Melton? And Teri, as you said-

MV1:

Christie, look. JJ Dixon has been nothing but a consummate professional in every encounter I've had with him. We're talking about the biggest success story of 2022 when you talk about the turn-around JJ Dixon's career has had. Teri Melton might wanna chalk that up to Teri Melton. But I've been in the ring with JJ Dixon and JJ Dixon is the reason why he is having the success he is having. No one else.

Christie considers that a moment.

Christie Zane:

There's no doubt that his stock is on the rise-

Interjecting once more, MV1 wonders aloud.

MV1:

What do YOU think, Christie? Lord Nigel and I made a deal, right? Seems to me, he is sticking his nose in my business and, I'm no business major, but that smells like a breach of contract to me. If Nigel knows what's good for him, he'll back off and back off quick. Next topic, please.

Christie visibly bristles before changing gears.

Christie Zane:

You spoke about respecting JJ Dixon. Trusting him. Obviously,. His stock is on the rise... but what about you? What's next for you?

MV1 chuckles to himself.

MV1:

What's next for me?!/ What's next for me is I've got a seven year old little hero in the next room who says they wanna "hit me with the B-Movie like The D", so... if you'll excuse me. Nice catching you, Christie.

MV1 ducks out of frame as we fade to black.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. MALAK GARLAND

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Returning from break, "Stranger Fruit" is already playing. Likewise, Kerry Kuroyama is already in the ring, pacing impatiently around in his corner.

DDK:

Welcome back, fans. We're about to get underway with our main event between Kerry Kuroyama and Malak Garland! This will be a rematch of sorts from DEFIANCE Road of last year, when the two met in a deathmatch!

Lance:

Kerry is looking antsy tonight, and it comes with good reason. "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" has been looking for a dominant win since Acts of DEFIANCE, when he fell to Dex Joy. Continuing this trend may eventually cause the other members of Vae Victis to lose faith in him.

DDK:

In any case, given the events of the last DEFtv, ALL members of Vae Victis have been banned from the ring area for this contest!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The bass drops as Malak Garland wastes little time storming down to the ring to a surprising mixed reaction by the crowd. He tries to pay them no mind as he focuses on his breathing because he's about to face off against a truly difficult opponent.

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell, and here comes Kerry!

Malak is characteristically reluctant to jump into the thick of things. Kerry is characteristically not, slapping Garland's hands away as the Snowflake Superstar attempts to stave him off and fiercely wrangling him into a collar and elbow.

DDK:

Kuroyama gets right into the thick of it! Garland goes into a headlock, and a quick takedown across the hip puts him to the mat!

Lance:

Kerry is all business tonight.

DDK:

Kerry pushes his weight right into him, forcing Malak to the mat and onto his shoulders!

One!

Two!

Garland twists and gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

...and Kerry forces him right back onto his shoulders!

DDK:

Malak is squirming like a bug on its back!

One!

Two!

Shoulder comes up! And this time, Garland slips free and out of the ring!

Malak takes what reprieve he can at ringside, face scrunching with agony as he overdramatically clutches his neck. He circles around the ring to buy himself some time, but Kerry smoothly hops over the ropes and cuts him off at the pass.

DDK:

Kuroyama keeps the pressure on with the dropkick off the apron! Malak can't get away that easily!

Lance:

He looks determined to finish this as quickly as possible.

DDK:

I'll say! Malak gets rolled back into the ring, as Kerry is right after him, going for the lateral press!

One!

Two!

A kickout from Malak!

Lance!:

Now Kerry hooks both legs!

DDK:

One!

Two!

NO!

Slight pop from the crowd as Malak's inner warrior surfaces and keeps the fight going, while Kerry gives Hector an annoyed look on the pace of the count. Kuroyama methodically sprawls across his opponent's back and works the arm.

DDK:

Kuroyama continues to keep the pressure on, keeping Malak locked down with a hammerlock!

Lance:

Garland has to come up with something to stay in this fight, or Kerry will continue to pick him apart.

Malak is certainly not in a good place... but having his autonomy withheld nevertheless triggers him into acting out, and without warning, a vicious back elbow catches Kuroyama unaware and breaks the hold. Kerry clutches his nose in pain, and when he regains his bearings, gives Garland the look of death.

Lance:

Uh oh.

DDK:

Kerry with the boot to the gut... BLACK MOUNTAIN BOMB!!

Garland spasms abnormally as the double-underhook backbreaker nearly splits him down the middle off of Kerry's knee. Malak continues to writhe on the mat until Kerry pulls him up again...

Lance:

I think Seattle's BEAST has just reached Beast Mode!

DDK:

Garland is barely able to defend himself as Kerry wrangles him back off the mat by the arms... TIGER SUPLEX!! Malak gets folded up like an accordion!

Cold malice is etched on the face of the Pacific Blitzkrieg as he quickly gets Malak Garland to his feet again and wraps him up around the waist. A belly-to-belly suplex sends the Snowflake Superstar ragdolling across the canvas.

DDK:

Malak Garland is getting thrown from pillar to post right now, and here comes Kerry for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Still not enough to put away Malak Garland!

Lance:

And it looks clear by now that his frustration is mounting.

Kuroyama rolls Malak onto his belly and presses his knee into the temple of his head, pinning him to the mat while Garland's legs kick frantically and getting the crowd hot. Finally, he grabs a handful of Garland's hair as he strips him off the mat, earning an admonishment from the official.

Hector Navarro:

Watch the hair, Kerry.

Kerry draws Malak up to full height. Garland's face comes to just as the Pacific Blitzkrieg palm buries itself into his cheek.

SLAP!

Malak recoils off the slap like he's been shot. A red handprint is clearly visible on the side of his face as he flounders on the mat. Kuroyama smells blood in the water as he moves in again, and the Snowflake Superstar can only cover up while Kerry mounts him from behind and further brutalizes him with rights and lefts.

DDK:

This is an absolute mauling! The official has to step in here!

Hector Navarro:

Watch the fists, Kerry!

Garland's thrashing legs finally find the bottom rope.

Hector Navarro:

Break! One... two... three... four... Kerry, I said "break"! KERRY!

Hector grabs Kuroyama by the shoulders, and Seattle's BEAST roars up to his feet.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Get your fucking hands off me!

The crowd "oohs" as the tension suddenly rises between competitor and official. Kerry pulls Garland up by the neck and angrily pitches him through the ropes, causing him to land with a crunch on his head and neck, then proceeds to go nose to nose with Hector.

DDK:

Oh boy! Things are getting hot between Kuroyama and the official!

Lance:

Kerry's been showing a lot of animosity toward the officiating crew in the recent months.

DDK:

This is what cost him at the last DEFtv against Elise Ares!

After a beat, they go right into a shouting match.

Hector Navarro:

Listen to me, so long as I'm calling this match--

Kerry Kuroyama:

This isn't a match! It's a waste of my time! If you overpaid bums learned to--

Hector Navarro:

HEY! Don't use that tone with me! I'm the authority here, and I'll call this right now if you don't get your act together!

Kerry Kuroyama:

...how about I save you the trouble.

Kuroyama exits the ring.

DDK:

Wait, what?!

BOOOOOOO!!

Kerry walks over to the timekeeper and retrieves his towel and robe. In the ring, Navarro is telling him to stop messing around, but the Pacific Blitzkrieg shows a bit of his own DEFIANCE by flipping the official the bird and walking back toward the ramp.

Lance:

I guess he's just walking out on this one!

DDK:

Unusual form of protest from Kerry, while Hector begins the ten count. Clearly, this isn't the way we expected this to end.

One... two...

Trash rains down on Kuroyama, who is stone-faced as he starts back up the ramp. Suddenly...

DDK:

MALAK FROM BEHIND!

Kerry sprawls, stumbles off the ramp, and goes head-first into the barricade. He immediately goes limp off the impact and slumps lifelessly back to the ramp. Malak, still holding his head, is cheering like he'd just won the lottery. The Faithful are cheering wildly.

DDK:

Kerry is out like a light! Garland has a chance to not only keep this match going, but to get a little payback!

The Social Media Savant grabs as much camera cable on the ground next to him as he can and proceeds to choke out his foe!

DDK:

Garland doing whatever it takes to get back into this thing!

Finally the aggressor, Malak rolls Kuroyama back into the ring before sliding in himself. He ponders for a moment about what kind of damage he can inflict before locking in a four leaf clover!

Lance:

Malak is pleading with Kerry to tap out but I don't know how successful his attempts at persuasion will be!

It takes some time but Kerry slowly crawls to the ropes, forcing a break. Focusing on the legs of his enemy, Malak pulls Kerry up to hit him with a dragon screw and then delivers a few hamstring kicks!

DDK:

Malak front rolls over Kerry and hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Even though Kerry kicks out, Malak somehow hold onto the legs. The two stars roll through until Kuroyama ends up on Malak's shoulders!

Lance:

Death valley driver! He hit all of it! Another cover!

ONE!

Kerry kicks out with authority and darts up to his feet. Malak jumps off the ropes and misses a lariat. The two ends up colliding on Malak's return trip from the ropes!

DDK:

Both men are down!

The crowd slowly begins simmering with a flake chant?

Lance:

Are my ears deceiving me or are these people starting to get behind Malak here? With a snowflake chant no less.

The delectable chant picks up steam as Garland begins to notice the energy geared towards him. He starting feeding off the energy as Kerry gets to his feet too.

DDK:

I never thought I'd see the day. I'm guessing the Faithful feel Malak is the lesser of two evils in DEFIANCE. A truly pick your poison situation here.

Both men ride to a vertical base and begin exchanging haymakers.

DDK:

Hang on just a second... who is THAT?!

Attention goes to the entry-way as the curtain flutters open and a towering figure emerges.

DDK:

It's CLAY BYRD!

Lance:

So much for everyone being banned at ringside.

DDK:

Well, it's not like DEFSEC aren't trying!

And they are indeed trying, as one piggy-backs the Cowboy Colossus, one has his arms wrapped around his waist, and another clings to his ankle.

Their combined effort is in vain as Byrd casually moseys down the rampway as though completely unhindered. He seems practically unaware of the DEFSEC members dangling from him like small children onto a theme park mascot.

DDK:

We're going to need to call in a tank!

Clay leisurely ambles his way toward the ring steps, casually flicking the security personnel off of him as effortlessly as one would remove their hat and coat. They sprawl wildly off the floor and crumble at the base of the barricade, cleverly hidden from the view of the camera.

DDK:

Navarro is telling him to stay out of his ring!

Lance:

If DEFSEC couldn't stop him, I'm not sure the official will find it any easier!

True to Lance's point, Byrd simply ignores the official's orders. Instead, he removes his oversized ten gallon hat and stuffs it down around Hector Navarro's head.

DDK:

The referee has been BLINDED by that GIANT COWBOY HAT!

As Navarro stumbles around the ring, struggling to remove the have that appears to be stuck around his entire face, Clay redirects his smirk to Malak, who stands in stunned paralysis.

DDK:

CLOTHESLINE FROM HECK!!

Malak flips through the air like a gymnast and lands in a heap. Clay steps over the ropes and returns to ringside.

Navarro finally removes his hat from his head and angrily scans the ring for interference.

But by now, Kerry has peeled Malak off the mat and put him into the pumphandle.

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

Kuroyama lifts Garland up and drives him down again.

DDK:

Make that TWO for good measure! Now Kerry hooks the legs! Navarro looks disgusted with himself, but he has no choice here!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Swearing to himself, Kerry rises off of Malak, begrudgingly kicking the Snowflake Superstar off his boot as he does so. Navarro doesn't bother offering to raise his arm, nor would Kerry accept it. Instead, the Pacific Blitzkrieg leaves the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner by pinfall... KERRY KUROYAMA!!

Clay Byrd greets his Vae Victis comrade with a patronizing golf clap. Perhaps because he didn't want nor ask for the assist, Kuroyama gives him cold look. After a beat, before they head back up the ramp.

DDK:

Well, Kerry got his win, but needed help to do the job.

Lance:

It doesn't look like he wanted it, though.

DDK:

I don't care. Months ago, this man famously said that Vae Victis didn't need to cheat or get involved in shenanigans to prove they were "better", but the group's actions these past few weeks would suggest otherwise. If he is indeed worried about being perceived as the weak link, it seems to me like it's completely warranted. He calls this match a waste of time and picks a fight with the official, but still needs help to get a win. If you ask me, Kerry Kuroyama is nothing more than a liar, a hypocrite, and a coward.

THE TROLLING HAS TURNED

The Wolstein Center rains boos down on Kerry and Clay as the two walk up the ramp. Neither man gives The Faithful the satisfaction of acknowledging the angry crowd as they get closer to the stage, though Clay does flash the camera a confident smirk as he passes by it.

Lance:

Big Clay sure looks proud of his handiwork. Or maybe dirty work would be a better description.

DDK:

It's unbelievable how...

Keebler is suddenly cut off as familiar music hits the arena's speakers, causing The Faithful to explode in cheers and the two Vae Victis members to stop dead in their tracks.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Lance:

Hang on a second, partner! It's The Saturday Night Specials! AND Conor Fuse!

The crowd's cheering swells to a roar as SNS and The Locker Room Leader storm out onto the stage. Together, the three make their way to the top of the ramp while Kerry and Clay stand their ground further down it.

DDK:

Something tells me things are about to get real violent, real quick, Lance.

The tension builds as Team Good Guys and the two Vae Victis members stare each other down. Connor glances at Brock Newbludd and Milwaukee's Beast nods his head. He then looks to his old rival, Pat Cassidy, and the Scrapper from Southie grins menacingly. United and on the same page, all three men charge down the ramp.

Lance:

SNS said they had Malak and Connor's back earlier tonight. Now they're gonna follow through on it!

With the crowd roaring loudly in anticipation, Byrd and Kuroyama don't back up an inch as the trio rushes towards them. Spreading his feet, Kerry readies himself for a fight while Byrd simply smiles as he gestures for SNS and Conor to come get some.

DDK:

I think we need some more security out here ASAP!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Things deescalate slightly on the ramp as boos fill the air and all eyes turn to the stage. With the FIST of DEFIANCE at the head of the line, Vae Victus walks out onto the stage.

Lindsay Troy:

Whoa whoa whoa...let's everyone hold their horses.

Everyone looks up at the Queen, who motions for Clay and Kerry to join her and the rest of the boys. They scowl and walk past SNS up the ramp, while the limping and dejected Garland joins his slightly confused comrades. Together, DEFIANCE's newest alliance turn their attention to Troy.

Lindsay Troy:

Now then, we have some pressing business that needs attending to. As much as I would've enjoyed seeing another massacre of Conor Fuse and the Little Alliance That Could, I'm thinking there's a better time and place for all this. Say,

DEF ROAD?

There's a buzz amongst the Faithful while Fuse and the SNS look at one another.

Lindsay Troy:

That's right. A big ol' brawl at the pay-per-view. Five members of Vae Victis versus you four with my FIST of DEFIANCE title and Henry's SOHER title on the line.

She pauses.

Lindsay Troy: *[snickering]*

Or Brock's and Pat's titles, if you believe in miracles.

DDK:

Holy cow, that's one hell of a match-up right there.

Lance:

Yeah, but Vae Victis have the numbers in their favor.

Lindsay Troy:

I know what you're thinking...Lindsay, five on four? That's totally unfair. And I'd say, well, that's not our problem. I bet Conor can ask Sargeant Safety to step in. Or *[laughing]* Malak can ask Thurston Hunter.

The rest of Vae Victis begin chuckling behind the Queen while the Faithful start booing again.

Lance:

Oh come on, how is that going to be fair?

DDK:

It's not, and Lindsay Troy knows it.

Lindsay Troy: *[giggling]*

OK but really, though. You all want a chance to take us down? There's your chance. What do you say?

Without even consulting one another, both Brock and Pat shout, "You're on!" to a chorus of cheers.

DDK:

And what happens next? Who will Vae Victis have as their fifth member.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh... before I forget... there's been something that's been bugging the hell out of us for a while now. There's been a mystery afoot. And because Vae Victis are doing everything that we're doing to better this promotion, we owe it all to you, The Faithful to solve that mystery.

Lance:

What is she talking about?

Lindsay Troy:

We went looking for the best help money could buy... but when we didn't want to spend that much, we went to this guy instead to do a little private investigating...

The crowd shows a mixture of jeering and slight confusion? Butcher comes out, happy as a pig in mud to be involved for once in something other than carrying bags for the group. He taps his mic and flashes a toothy grin at the SNS/Comments Section alliance.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

Lance:

...Butcher Victorious? What's this?

DDK:

More mental games, maybe? I have to admit I'm lost here.

Butcher smiles and for once, Lindsay Troy looks pretty happy to see him. She puts a playful arm around the stooge for Vae Victis and grins to the four in the ring.

Lindsay Troy: *[singing]*

Butcher has a se-cret! Tell everybody what we found.

Butcher Victorious:

That's right! BUTCH VIC... IS A DICK... a detective, I mean. And I did what any good guy would do in my situation... I paid a private investigator to give me news. A mutual friend of DEFIANCE that I'll refer to only as C. Chickentenders. He helped me crack the case. He helped me solve the mystery... OF SIOBHAN CASSIDY'S MYSTERY BOYFRIEND!

THAT has the attention of both the group and The Faithful.

DDK:

What?

Lance:

That's been something that's been on the minds of DEFIANCE! Siobhan Cassidy has never named the individual...

Malak and Conor both look up while Cassidy is screaming that he's done with the games. Brock wants them to come in and fight, but Butcher smiles. Lindsay looks like she's on the verge of having the world's biggest giggle fit along with the rest of Vae Victis.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... FOUND OUT THE BOYFRIEND IS **MALAK!**

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

WHAT!?

Lance:

Maybe that's why Garland has been so down lately, he's Siobhan's boyfriend!

With the crowd buzzing loudly in the background, a slack-jawed Conor stares at Malak in shock. Garland's stands frozen in place, his eyes growing wider by the second as what just happened begins to sink in. Then, he shifts his bug-eyed gaze over to The Saturday Night Specials. His girlfriend's fresh ex and her big brother. Two guys who also happen to pretty much hate his guts.

The ex-boyfriend reacts first by slowly shaking his head in disbelief.

Brock Newbludd:

Well...ain't that a match made in goddamn heaven...

Next to him, Pat Cassidy processes the news by balling up his fists and clenching his jaw so tight veins pop out of his

forehead. He slowly turns to glare at Malak, causing Garland to gulp nervously and take a step back. Taking another step back, the Snowflake Superstar shakes his head in annoyance and shrugs his shoulders at Cassidy.

Lance:

Uh oh...

Before Malak's shoulders can even finish shrugging, the irate Cassidy roars in anger and lunges towards him!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy does NOT approve!

Garland lets out a cry and takes a frantic step back as Cassidy closes in. The enraged older brother almost gets his hands on The Keyboard King but he's suddenly stopped by Conor who grabs him by an arm. Stopping for the briefest of seconds to glare at the hand wrapped around his bicep, Cassidy yanks it off of him and promptly punches Fuse in the face.

Lance:

Well this alliance didn't last long at all! Pat Cassidy just nailed Conor Fuse and it's all Malak Garland's fault!

DDK:

Unbelievable! Of all the things to happen it's Malak dating Siobhan!?

With Conor stunned, Cassidy moves towards the backpedaling Garland. He doesn't make it far though. Wincing in pain from the gut shot, Conor charges from behind and knocks Cassidy down with a forearm to the back of the head. Looking absolutely frustrated, Conor begins to crouch down to check on Pat. As he does so, Brock Newbludd tackles him from behind. Rolling off Conor, Milwaukee's Beast roars in anger and points at Garland.

Brock Newbludd:

Get the hell out of here, Garland! Run back to Siobhan and tell her Brock says f*ck off!

Taking the hint, Malak runs to the nearest guardrail. He attempts to hop over it but is stopped when a fan wearing a SNS t-shirt throws a full beer in his face.

SNS Fan:

Homewrecker! BOOOO!

Distraught and disgusted, Malak looks back to see Newbludd doing everything he can to keep the irate Cassidy held back. Unable to exit up the ramp and with The Faithful apparently blocking an escape through the crowd, Malak chooses the only option left. He sprints down the ramp and dives underneath the ring.

Lance:

Malak's hiding under the ring! Pat Cassidy is on the warpath! Everything is falling apart!

DDK:

How in the world will these four be able to come together and take on Vae Victis at DEF. ROAD! Lindsay Troy and company might have already won the war before it even had a chance to get started!

Standing by himself on the ramp, Conor Fuse shakes his head in defeat. This is not how he envisioned this team up going. Not at all. Panning up the ramp, the camera focuses on Troy and the rest of Vae Victis. Henry Keyes moves in next to her and whispers into her ear. The FIST nods her head as she listens and a wicked grin slowly forms on her face.

Lance:

She's as cunning as she is deadly, folks. And with Vae Victis by her side, she might be unstoppable.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.