

SHOW OPEN

[*~♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ~♪*](#)

BOSTON welcomes DEFIANCE as the TD Garden is hyped for DEFtv 182! 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!

CRAYCRAY FOR JJ

LUCKY SEVENS ARE THE ABSOLUTE WORST

ONE MILLION TURKISH LIRE FOR THE MAN WHO BRINGS ME THE HEAD OF TOM MORROW

BUT CAN THEY CO EXIST!?

DECLAN'S DRONE WATCHES ME HAVE SEX WITH MY WIFE

CHATGPT MADE THIS SIGN

IM PAT CASSIDY'S EX

IM BENNY DOYLE'S BROTHER

IM DECLAN ALEXANDERS MOM

ROAD SIGN

ALL SIGNS POINT NORTH

WILL YOU BE MY ROAD DOG?

ROAD DOGGY DOGG DOGG

OH YOU DIDN'T KNOW?

YOUR MODEM BETTER CALL SOMEBODY

I NEED A DRANK

MY FRIEND NEEDS A DRANK

THOUGHT THIS WAS THE DISCO

RALLY AND REGROUP

TERESA IS A LOVELY PERSON

TERI MELTON IS A LOVELY PERSON

I'D LIKE A CLOSE UP WITH TERI NBD

BUT DID DAD LEO JAMES EVER GET HIS PIZZA HUT?

I BET SCROW OFFERED DLJ TACO BELL ðŸ™ˆ"

THE ONLY THING LESS SATISFYING THAN THE LANCE WARNER EXPERIENCE IS LANCE WARNER.

**SINCERELY, LANCE'S LONG SUFFERING WIFE
REZIN IS MY GREASY VALENTINE
MIX WERE ROBBED
STEP OUT OF URIEL'S LONG, TALL SHADOW, MINUTE!
I'D RATHER STAND IN LINE AT THE DMV THAN STAND IN LINE FOR VV
LITERALLY ANYONE ELSE FOR FIST
THEFT IS THEFT, TERI
I'VE TRAVELLED THROUGH AND ACROSS THE BOUNDARIES OF SPACE AND TIME TO BE HERE ON THIS
NIGHT IN BOSTON AND HOLD UP THIS SIGN AND I'VE FORGOTTEN WHY
HEY FOLKS, LET'S USE THE WORD "DWARF", CAN WE?
-800 IS REPRESENTATIVE OF AN EMBARRASSING & PISS POOR JEOPARDY PERFORMANCE, I AM
SORRY
ROSETTA STONE TAUGHT ME VAE VICTIS IS LATIN FOR VENEREAL DISEASE
WE JUST GOT MARRIED AND THIS IS OUR FIRST DEFIANCE SHOW
THE GOAT BASTARD WILL BE FIST OF DEFIANCE
SEND THE LUCKY SEVENS TO THE LAST REMNANTS OF THE WONDERLAND GREYHOUND TRACK
BOSTON HOSSFITES
PITCHERS AND CATCHERS REPORT FEBRUARY 15th
HOLDING CALL WAS HILARIOUS EFF PHILLY LOL
WE NEED A DEFIANCE GAUNTLET BATTLE ROYAL
HENRY KEYES EYEPATCH IS MADE FROM TORI MELTON'S CELLULITE
I HAVE DEXUAL FEELINGS FOR YOUR BIGGEST BOY
BIG DEX ENERGY NOW AVAILABLE IN ZERO SUGAR
THE PRIME SIGNS CHANNEL HAS FANTASY BOOKED A PRIME VS DEFIANCE SUPERSHOW, GET ON
THEIR LEVEL
AND IT DOESN'T HAVE SLOWMODE EITHER
IT'S PRONOUNCED "QUINZY" NOT "QUIN-SEE" AND NO I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY
PAHK THE CAH IN HAHVAHD YAH
LUNCHPAIL NATION SUPPORTS SNS
YOU HAD ME AT "NO SLOWMODE"
REZIN LIVES AT THE HARVARD SQUARE T STOP
DEAR DEFIANCE THE T STOPS RUNNING AT MIDNIGHT PLEASE MAKE SURE DEFTV ENDS BEFORE
THEN
TOM MORROW IS WICKED MID
A-D-V IS T-R-A-S-H
GAME ON, CONOR
BURNS CAN BURN**

The scene goes to the announce both with "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

We are on the road to DEFCON, our biggest event of the year!

Lance:

And we're in BOSTON for two straight nights!

DDK:

Folks, let's-

Keebler's cut off. DEFTv is clearly starting HOT.

THANK YOU

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

It's a reduced Vae Victis contingent that makes their way through the curtain. First out is the group's advocate, Sonny Silver. Next is "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama. And finally, the FIST of DEFIANCE herself, Lindsay Troy, walks confidently onto the stage. A barrage of red, white, gold (and pink!) pyro booms around the trio before they all head down the ramp, LT with her arm slung around Kerry's neck.

DDK:

As has become an unpleasant tradition of late, we're starting off DEFTv with Vae Victis.

Lance:

DEFIANCE ROAD saw an all-out war between five members of Vae Victis and the team of Conor Fuse, Tyler Fuse, Malak Garland, and the Saturday Night Specials. Unfortunately, Conor's squad wasn't able to come away with the win a few weeks ago, as Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy were the last two standing for Vae Victis.

DDK:

They might have had a chance had Malak Garland not quit on his team midway through the match, Lance.

Lance:

We're told Malak will have an explanation for his actions before he leaves Boston and I, for one, am *very* interested in what he has to say for himself.

Vae Victis are in the ring now and the Queen has a microphone. Interesting to note that in addition to the big gold title belt around her waist, she's wearing a well-worn black shirt that says "KEEP CALM AND BERGERON" in large gold letters.

Lindsay Troy:

I know what you all are thinking.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The FIST waits for the crowd to pipe down just a smidge.

Lindsay Troy:

You see me standing in this ring right now, wearing this shirt, and you either think I'm pandering, or you think I'm gonna do an about-face and run this city and all the fans in it down. But that's not the gameplan tonight.

The BOOOOOOOOOOOs from the Faithful quiet down a touch, some turning into curious murmurs.

Lance:

Well that's surprising.

DDK.

A bit, yeah.

Lindsay Troy:

See, those of you who've been following my career a long time know that I spent a few years living in Boston from the late 2000s to the mid-2010s. My father went to college here and I got my love for Boston sports from him.

There's a small POP! from the fans for that.

Lindsay Troy:

My daughter went to college here too; worked her ass off and got a scholarship to MIT. My son went to school down the road at RISD. He dropped out to drop people on their heads in BRAZEN instead so I guess things worked out alright for him. *[laughter]* I opened up a gym a couple miles from here in Back Bay and it's still going strong. I got a lot of love for Boston so no, I'm not gonna stand here at the top of the show and shit on all of you.

RAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Another pop for the woman who's received nothing but jeers for months. Troy lowers the microphone and looks out into the sea of fans. Sonny and Kerry stand impassively next to her. After the moment sinks in, the microphone is raised again.

Lindsay Troy:

I will shit on Pat Cassidy, Conor Fuse, and the rest of Team Drunks and a Snowflake though.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

Or maybe it's Team Drunks and a Ghost, since Malak bitched out halfway through the match at DEF ROAD.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

I dunno, guys, what do you think?

She turns to Kerry and Sonny for input while the fans' displeasure grows.

DDK:

I knew it was too good to be true.

Lance:

She had me in the first half, Darren, not gonna lie.

After their brief huddle, the Lady of the Hours turns back to the crowd. She pouts, sarcastically.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh what? WHAT? You all don't want to be reminded that cOnOr fUsE's Merry Band of Dipshits shit the bed against us? Or that your precious Pat Cassidy *[BIG POP!]* got knocked out by the Tetris Twerp and had his dreams of singles gold dashed? *[BOOOOO!]* Or that cOnOr's last gasp for survival was snuffed out by three Coins and a Thy Kingdom Come?

Pause.

Lindsay Troy:

No? You don't want to be reminded that Vae Victis put it all on the line and came out STRONGER than before LIKE WE KNEW WE WOULD? Too bad. Not only do we still have the FIST and the SOHER...

Her arm returns around Kerry's shoulders.

Lindsay Troy:

But Kerry made a fool out of each and every one of you.

The Pacific Blitzkrieg casts a wicked grin out to the crowd.

Lindsay Troy: *[to Kerry]*

You really had them going with the whole “maybe he’s not really on board with the gang” thing, y’know.

Kuroyama says something off-mic that makes both Troy and Silver chuckle.

Lindsay Troy:

You all are a bunch of gullible fools. You probably think the Sawx will wind up above .500 this year, too.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

LOOK, I’M JUST BEING REALISTIC, ALRIGHT?

She shakes her head as the vitriol is unrelenting.

Lindsay Troy:

Y’know what? I think we’ve graced you all with our presence long enough. Peace out, clowns.

The trio get ready to take leave...

♪ “*Empire of Ashes*” by Like A Storm ♪

Before Vae Victis can go any further, both they and The Faithful get a genuine shock!

Alvaro de Vargas steps out from behind the curtain first. Wearing a black leather jacket and black tattered jeans, and eyes hiding behind his tinted blue sunglasses and what has become a trademark disdainful sneer to the masses. Next to him, a person that Lindsay Troy has had the displeasure of knowing all too well throughout their DEFIANCE tenures... Tom Morrow. With a glib smile, he waves and mouths “hello” from the ramp, directed right at Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

Wow... Tom Morrow? Alvaro de Vargas?! What is the meaning of THIS?!

Lance:

When we last saw Alvaro de Vargas, he stopped the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Deacon, right in his tracks along with Magdalena! He was dead set on revenge against Deacon for what he feels was his fault being excluded from the original ACTS Tournament won by Troy! By hook or by crook, he injured them both.

Supernova Cubana steps out and heads towards the ring with a microphone in hand, along with Tom Morrow flicking the switch on his BFTA headset tied to the PA. The music cuts. LT looks annoyed by all of this.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, LT, LT, LT... it's been a while, hasn't it? You and I... no matter how many times we've been here and gone, DEFIANCE always has a way of pulling us back. You made yourself the FIST for the second time and surrounded yourself with powerful people. Me changing my stupid former name, making myself the most successful manager this promotion has ever seen and surrounding myself with powerful people! We have been through it all, haven't we? I got your original friends, Tyler Rayne and Wade Elliott, fired. You got my first cash cows, Team HOSS, fired.

He smiles the best snake oil salesman smile he can at The Queen of the Ring as they approach.

Tom Morrow:

Good times... but I didn't come here to reminisce. I'm here about something else... the future. A... low-hanging fruit here... a BETTER Future, if you will. For both DEFIANCE AND for that very title you hold now. Two groups right now are on the tippy-top of their game. Vae Victis won both of its matches. Better Future? CLEAN DAMN SWEEP in MSG, BABY... But only ONE of us can have that title, L-T. And those hands around that title are starting to look awfully shaky...

Alvaro steps up ahead of Morrow to jump onto the apron. He steps in between the ropes and is almost nose to nose with the champ in spite of Kerry and Sonny being there.

Tom Morrow:

Alvaro! Hey! Alvaro, no! Business tonight only! Guns down, everyone! Guns down!

ADV shows no trepidation in spite of the numbers advantage had by Vae Victis. He looks to Morrow and then takes one step back, but has the microphone up.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Lindsay Troy... I've been made to wait too fucking long for this. This company tried to keep me away from that fucking title. They failed. That PENDEJO, Deacon, and Magdalena tried to do the same. Sure, you beat them to win that title... but I CRIPPLED him. They failed. Now they're gone.

He points squarely at the title around her waist.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Now... there's only YOU standing in the way of me and that title. And when I come for it, you'll fail, too.

The Faithful get loud for that incredibly bold statement.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I have spent the last six months burning brighter than ANYONE else in this company, hurting EVERYONE put in front of me with only my two hands. You? Since you've had that title, you've had to injure Conor Fuse and Brock Newbludd before your title matches to have a chance. You? The great Lindsay Troy... PROUD of having four other people just helped you defend your title? That's because you know el tiempo se acaba... Time is running out. The future is coming más temprano que tarde and you're starting to realize it.

Supernova Cubana takes a step forward.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You've kept that title so far... but that's only because no one else is willing to do what I'M willing to do, pendeja. You tried to attack me at Ballyhoo Brew. You tried to put me down in a singles match... but I'm standing right here to gloat about it because I'm the one person you CAN'T beat. So if you're still the same proud Lindsay Troy of old that thinks she runs DEFIANCE...

Now the two come face to face.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You and me! One on one! DEFCON for The FIST!

It's not a hero they want or deserve, but The Faithful are buzzing!

Tom Morrow:

What's it gonna be, Queenie? Vae Victis is invincible, right? If you can't be touched, then put that to the tes...

Sonny Silver:

OH, SHUT THE FUCK UP!

That gets an audible cheer from the fans! Sonny Silver of all people steps forward and looks even more annoyed than LT and Kerry at the start.

Sonny Silver:

I don't know who either of you think you are... but this is a sacred moment that the both of you are fucking up. This was OUR time that WE booked for OUR gloat sesh! You and the and the big-ass firebug need to leave Vae Victis' ring or you're both going to find out how invincible we REALLY are.

ADV towers over Sonny, but Morrow gets in between.

Tom Morrow:

Hold up, hold up, I got this one...

Morrow turns to address Sonny. Fake smile and all.

Tom Morrow:

Sonny Silver! PRIME Hall of Famer! Legendary wrestling trainer...

The fake smile is gone.

Tom Morrow:

...but old man, this ain't PRIME. You aren't a Chairman of ANYTHING here, pal, so how about you go touch mic tips with Butcher Victorious or something and let the REAL orators conduct business, okay?

OOOOHHHHHHH

Sonny looks like he wants to grab Morrow by his tie and hang him. But before he can, Troy has heard enough.

Lindsay Troy:

Junior.

Tom Morrow:

It's Tom—

Lindsay Troy:

Shut the fuck up. I'm never calling you by that dumbass name and you know it.

Tom Morrow white-knuckles his microphone, seething.

Lindsay Troy:

You say you've spent the last six months burning brighter than anyone else, Alvaro? That's real funny, because all I've seen from you is a bunch of tantrums and pissed Pampers about not being given your due. Boo hoo, the big mute

dummy didn't choo-choo-choose you to be in his little ACTS tourney. Big whoop. It was always mine to win, so it was really just a matter of who you were gonna choke against. And sure, you got your revenge against Deacon...after I softened him up for you; YOU'RE WELCOME, by the way, you selfish little shit. That's what's wrong with you Better Future ingrates; you're so goddamn unappreciative of what we're doing in DEFIANCE. It's no wonder we beat y'all for Faction of the Year.

Alvaro looks like he's about to disregard his manager's request to stand down and throw hands with the Queen instead. Troy notices his growing agitation and smiles a viper's smile.

Lindsay Troy:

You wanna have a go at me at DEFCON, big guy? You're on, because there's nothing I'd enjoy more than making Junior look real stupid for backing the wrong horse, *again*. There ain't gonna be a stalemate between us like there was a year and change ago, baby boy. I'm gonna beat the brakes off you and snuff that flame of yours out.

ADV manages to force a smile, but still looks ready to do something now. Before he can, Morrow once again has to get between the FIST and his most volatile client among BFTA! When he's able to talk his client down, Morrow turns back to Troy.

Tom Morrow:

You know what? You know what, L-T? I'm about to say something that you might find shocking. To all of you. And I mean this, I really do. You want your flowers for everything Vae Victis is doing? You want recognition? That's all Better Future Talent Agency wants. That's all Alvaro wants, too, so we can appreciate where you're coming from. So... from BFTA to all of Vae Victis... and you, Lindsay...

He looks up to the champ.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you.

The BFTA Brainchild puts a hand to his heart.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you for being REAL athletes and not these cartoon characters, drug dealers and simpletons that think they can do what WE do as big-time main eventers. Thank you for not giving these people the same bullshit story at DEFCON about heroes triumphing over evil.... it's about who's the baddest of the bad! The toughest on two feet! Thank you for giving them something new. Thank you for giving Alvaro de Vargas the one opportunity that he has been hunting for his entire career since I plucked him from BRAZEN and shaped him into the bright, beautiful, BADASS shining star that he is today. And most importantly... thank YOU, Lindsay...

He taps the title with a finger.

Tom Morrow:

...For making sure that at DEFCON... Better Future Talent Agency and Alvaro de Vargas... take THAT title and become DEFIANCE's PRESENT!

He clicks off his microphone and gives a silent nod to Alvaro to leave. He doesn't take his eyes off Troy or the title but eventually follows Morrow. The two finally take their leave as Troy, Kerry and LT watch them go, making sure they don't pull any funny business on the way out. After they take

DDK:

There it is! Your main event for DEFCON! Vae Victis vs. Better Future Talent Agency! Lindsay Troy defends the FIST of DEFIANCE against a man that has been on top of his game! Alvaro de Vargas! Two of the deadliest forces going on DEFIANCE today! And only one is going to walk away as the champ!

Lance:

The history of Lindsay Troy and Tom Morrow... back when he was Junior Keeling... goes so far deep in DEFIANCE's history! LT and ADV have had one match end between them long ago ending in a No Contest!

VV now take their leave from the ring as the show moves forward.

JJ DIXON vs. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

DDK:

Well with that out of the way, we are going to get to some in ring action as the parties have left.

Lance:

To ringside!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, now making his way to the ring...Cristiano Caballero!

♪ "Careless Whisper" by George Michaels ♪

Walking down the ramp is BRAZEN's Cristiano Caballero as he closes his eyes and lets the warm soft rock saxophone bathe over him. He's wearing a floor-length pink robe with his initials on the front. The playboy pretty boy from Mexico City is carrying a rose that he caresses gently in his fingers and smells, before he presents it to a woman at ringside. He points at her husband.

Cristiano Caballero:

Divorce him. Now.

He laughs at his unsolicited marriage advice and continues his walk to the ring, stopping on occasion to tell female fans that he is more attractive than their significant others. He's not wrong -- just obnoxious.

DDK:

And here is BRAZEN's Cristiano Caballero. What can you tell us about this piece of work?

Cristiano has a bottle of aftershave lotion he pulls from his robe and is dabbing it on his smooth face.

Lance:

Cristiano is making quite a name for himself in BRAZEN. However, it's not for his win-loss record. It's largely because of how much time he spends each day ensuring he has his hair just right.

Cristiano rolls under the ropes and takes off his robe. He's wearing pink spandex tights with his smiling face (!) airbrushed over his crotch.

Darren Quimbey:

And now...

♪ "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

The lights go out entirely in the arena and revealing themselves on the DEFTTron are Your Uncut Gems -- JJ Dixon in the back and, as always, Teri Melton leading the charge from the front.

JJ's hair is a little long, a little wet, a little sexy -- like a freshman college quarterback who just saw the senior go down to injury and he knows it's his time to shine. He's wearing a Shamrock Green sequin robe tonight, in the same shade of color as the Boston Celtics. (Yes, babyface placating.) And he has a wide-eyed smile of a man who knows he belongs.

Teri's hair is in its jet black with 1920s flapper curls elegantly in place. She's wearing a light netting over her hair dotted with silver and shamrock colored specks. She's wearing dangling silver earrings with a shamrock green emerald, a silver necklace with a large jewel of the same shade, and a shamrock green sequin shawl over her designer dress, with a shamrock green Hermes Birkin bag over her shoulder. Her skin is porcelain. But her smile is deliciously mischievous and confident -- she knows a lot of things you don't know, and you will never know.

There is a huge roar from the fans at the site of the emerging cult heroes as they start their trademarked pre-match

walk-and-talk like a scene from West Wing.

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

JJ nods his head a few times and then takes a little bit of a hop. He's caffeine pumped.

JJ Dixon:

Allriigggggh alllriiggghhhht allllriiggghhhht! You all know the story by now. Me, JJ Dixon, about to see his career go away for good. But now, just a few months later, I've got allll the momentum a boy could ever hope to have! It's been YEARS since anyone in DEFIANCE has had what I've got going on. I'm not just unstoppable but I am unimpeachable. And while I know a lot of you bought tickets to see a certain hometown hero. (Crowd pop) But the real heads? Well (singing to the tune of "Piano Man") I know It's me that they're coming to see to forget about Vae Victus for a whiiiiile. Because I am The Special Attraction! I've got more hops than Jayson Tatum. I've got more strength than Big Papi! And I run a hell of a lot faster than The Green Line! (The crowd pops big at that, because every Bostonian knows the Green Line is the worst subway line.) !! AM! THAT! DUDE! And putting it all together with me --

He points his hand under Teri's chin. She makes an adorable kissy-face.

JJ Dixon:

-- Is Professional Wrestling's Beautiful Mind!

Now there's a unique buzz since it's Teri Melton in the spotlight. She knows it, too.

Teri Melton:

By definition, I am a scoundrel. A lovable scoundrel? Perhaps. But a scoundrel nonetheless. I scheme. I scam. I seduce. I am a very bad girl who does very bad things to people who think they're as bad as me... but they're not.

JJ makes the Dikembe Mutombo "No-No" finger wag.

Teri Melton:

I am The Gangster in a Gucci Dress. I've got a whole lot of tools at my disposal in my Birkin Bag. I pick the locks. I crack the safes. And then I commandeer the getaway car -- always a Rolls Royce, mind you, and we've got the back door open for anyone who wants to hop on board with Your Uncut Gems and ride in style down Sunset Boulevard!

Teri and JJ do not stop walking.

Teri Melton:

Then I take the loot and head down to the highest of high-end boutiques on Newbury Street, where my personal shopper is already waiting for me, already holding the right pair of \$3,000 Valentino shoes to wear when I kick down the door. And whe. I walk across Boston Commons, the crowds swarmed me and the flashbulbs were popping because I am Boston Uncommon. I don't need to look my finest but THE finest. After all - I've got the spotlight to claim and Your Uncut Gems have another damn show to steal!

Teri pauses with her incredible "I just got away with it" smile. She turns sideways and places her hand on her hips.

Teri Melton:

Because while the name of this promotion is DEFIANCE... I call it something else...

JJ points above Teri's head with two finger guns as she says what's next and echoes what she says, holding her hand up theatrically high.

Teri Melton:

MINE!

Teri just knows when to pause-for-effect. She leans into the camera and winks as JJ playfully runs in place behind her.

Teri Melton:

And All Ye Faithful know this is true because --

Teri starts to raise her hands from her sides up in the air as JJ starts to make his DiamondHands. But the video dims black as a spotlight comes -- with Teri on the floor, and in the middle, and JJ on the apron, and both of them continuing their poses right from where they left off in a teleportation effect.

And the crowd, of course, knows what's coming next. And they scream - not say, but scream - it with her as row upon row hoist their DiamondHands!

Teri Melton:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Teri holds her pause as she looks around the arena. The lights bounce off the specs of jewels in her hair and the sequins of her dress/shawl combo to give her a literal aura and glow around her. JJ is on the apron, holding the middle rope with his left hand, as he leans over Teri and starts ironically aping Robin Williams and his sad eyes from Good Will Hunting and points to people in the section right in front of him.

JJ Dixon:

It's not your fault! It's not your fault! It's not your fault!

JJ then pulls himself up and slides off his robe revealing emerald green shorts that read "The Special Attraction" in silver cursive. But also noticeable is some heavy bandaging on his left arm.

Darren Quimbey:

Representing The Uncut Gems (Teri gives him a dirty look) -- I stand corrected... YOUR Uncut Gems... Now making his residence in Hollywood, Los Angeles, California... is "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon!

DDK:

This is the latest in a rivalry of sorts between Cristiano Caballero and The Special Attraction. It began at Tag Party IV, when they joined ranks as The Special Attraction Attractions. Teri and JJ blamed Cristiano for their loss to Kraken Skulls, which resulted in JJ laying him out with Sunset Boulevard. Then at Uncut 130, Caballero challenged JJ, who upped the ante and said he would give up his spot in The -- I mean, Your -- Uncut Gems if he could not beat Caballero in under one minute. And, well, that led to this --

The video shows Teri Melton seducing the timekeeper into relinquishing the timekeeper's hammer. She then tossed the hammer to JJ, who then tossed it to Cristiano surprisingly. JJ then fell down and acted like he was unconscious, leading to questioning from the referee. JJ then popped up and hit Sunset Boulevard for the easy 1-2-3 that came in well under one minute.

Lance:

That match may have been the start for this fandom that has emerged around Teri Melton and JJ Dixon in recent months. We've seen them largely act very seriously here on DefTV and at DEFIANCE Road, aside from Teri's escapades with Lord Nigel. But on Uncut, Teri and JJ developed a unique, bizarre chemistry combining her roguish ways and his freakish athletic ability, which has caught on with a large segment of The Faithful.

DDK:

And, of course, there goes Teri right to the timekeeper.

Teri walks to the man and blows a kiss at his direction.

Teri Melton:

Remember me, darling?

The man is clearly very uncomfortable. But Teri sets her eyes upon him and practically crawls over him as she is leaning towards his ear.

Timekeeper:

Please, no! I have a wife!

Teri Melton:

That never stopped us before...

Timekeeper:

No! That's not true! Please, I have kids!

Teri snatches the hammer from the man while laughing. Cristiano Caballero is pointing, screaming mad, but Referee Mark Shields has his back fully to Teri and has no idea what's happening. Teri spins toward the ring and coyly drops the hammer down for JJ to pick up.

DDK:

And let the shenanigans begin!

Teri hops on the ring apron and is saying something to Referee Mark Shields, who now has his back to both competitors. JJ tosses the hammer to Cristiano, who catches it.

Cristiano Cabellero:

Not this time, amigo!

Cristiano then tosses the hammer right back to JJ, and then he collapses to the mat like he's unconscious! Only Mark Shields is still in conversation with Teri, who previously seduced the corrupt referee into making a dubious three-count at a separate Uncut.

Teri Melton:

Mark, I promise you, I won't stand you up like last time. It's just that I am very allergic to Olive Garden --

Cristiano is still on the mat, feigning unconsciousness as JJ stands over him, points with the hammer. Now JJ pops down next to him and starts doing push-ups and Cristiano has no idea. People in the crowd start laughing as Teri is now caressing Mark's face gently.

Teri Melton:

Sweetheart, I would never leave you alone! But you should know me by now, I'm just not a Buffalo Wild Wings gal! I didn't mean to make you cry all over your Blazin' Carolina Reaper sauce!

Cristiano now peeks his head up and makes a shocked and then disappointed face ("Oh, come on....") realizing he's been had. The crowd loves it.

DDK:

JJ leaps over Cristiano onto the middle rope -- springboard discus leg drop! Teri finally hops off the apron and blows Mark a kiss, ever so impressed again at the trap she and JJ set.

JJ then tosses the hammer over his head, without Mark noticing, that Teri catches. She then rings the bell --

DING DING

And leaves the timekeeper happily married.

DDK:

Now JJ bends over and practically deadlifts Caballero... beautiful overhead throw!

Lance:

We haven't seen that move from JJ, there. That took a lot of technique, which is something he still needs to work on, but that was impressive.

DDK:

JJ quickly has Caballero and whips him into the ropes -- leapfrog. Caballero rebounds -- JJ with a blind reverse leapfrog. Caballero puts on the breaks -- textbook dropkick from The Special Attraction! And Caballero rolls to the floor, hoping that his dental work is in order.

Lance:

That explosiveness is something Teri has drilled into him, and it's something else to see.

DDK:

But it's not stopping there. JJ kips up and hops to the top rope without using any ropes. JJ LEAPS OFF WITH A TWISTING PRESS RIGHT INTO CABALLERO WHO HAD NO IDEA IT WAS COMING! JJ DIXON IS! THAT! DUDE!

JJ winces and starts to stretch out his left arm.

Lance:

That left shoulder is still bothering JJ. MV1 made that a target in their Ironman match at DEFIANCE Road, following up on the damage Oscar Burns did to it a few weeks prior. But JJ's on the run of a lifetime and is trying to work through it.

JJ now rolls Caballero into the ring. He pulls himself onto the apron.

The camera shows Teri Melton on the other side of the ring doing a "Come Hither" finger. She smiles wide. JJ springboards onto the top rope on the far side of the ring --

DDK:

JJ with The Wirehanger springboard clothesline!

And he rolls forward. He stands up. And without looking, Teri and JJ start to do The Fargo Strut together! People who watched last week's Uncut saw this coming and started to do their own version of the ridiculous taunt. After a few struts, Teri and JJ both make DiamondHands and yell out "Uncut Gems!" with a lot of fans joining in. Right after there is applause and a chant:

Strut Baby Strut!

Strut Baby Strut!

Strut Baby Strut!

Lance:

The confidence and swagger needed to do a joint Fargo Strut in the year of our lord 2023 is something else.

DDK:

Caballero though with a kick to JJ's shoulder from the mat. He now yanks on that arm! And again. JJ goes to punch him --

DDK:

Nope, it was a feint. JJ pops down to the mat and wallops Caballero in that rigid jawline! JJ now whips Caballero hard into the corner... running big boot across the face! And now JJ has him in the full nelson --

JJ Dixon:

Time to take a drive!

DDK:

Sunset Boulevard! He just dropped Mexico's Most Handsome Man on his beautiful, angular features!

Caballero is out cold on the mat. But JJ, for no real reason at all, starts crawling on the mat dramatically and pretends to pass out like he's been wrestling for 2 hours and only draping one arm over him. Teri coolly blows on her fingernails as she walks around the ring not even looking.

DDK:

One! Two! Three! And another great showing for Your Uncut Gems!

DING DING DING

Lance:

JJ was at the same level as someone like Cristiano just six months ago. In fact, JJ was on the cut list and about to lose his career. Now, JJ is dominating the same people he lagged behind not-so-long ago. It's a testament to JJ's hard work and newfound confidence --

Teri has a "cat and canary" smile as she holds her arm out as JJ rolls out of the ring. He approaches her as she clutches his arm as he puts a big wet kiss on her cheek.

Lance:

-- And both the madness and the genius of Teri Melton, who as JJ calls her, is Professional Wrestling's Beautiful Mind!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

SOFT EXPLANATION

The Boston Faithful work into an immediate !RANK chant as they see Conor Fuse calmly strolling the halls of the backstage TD Garden. Fuse is sporting a brand new “REVERSE RETRO” t-shirt, with a picture of his rookie DEFIANCE mug in an 8-bit rendering from the initial Fuse Bros. days. Conor also wears his typical white wrestling tights, a white headband and white shooting sleeve on his left arm, branded in Comments Section hashtags approved by Malak Garland. Lots of fWo, Deacon and Lindsay Troy slander. So, the usual.

Conor doesn't look particularly bothered by Lindsay Troy's earlier comments or the fact his team failed at DEFIANCE Road. However, as he approaches a locker room door, his eyes lower and he lets out a huff.

Fuse opens the door and walks in, revealing the nameplate as the camera follows. It reads 'MALAK GARLAND'. Boos reign in from inside the arena.

Once inside, The Ultimate Gamer stands across from The Snowflake Superstar. Malak is situated behind a large oak desk, like this is no longer his locker room, it's an office. Paper is scattered everywhere as well as the DEFIANCE Paper Championship, which hasn't been defended in some time. Garland sees Fuse and stops what he's doing. Malak then places both elbows on the table and his chin on top of his fists.

Malak Garland:

I had to soft exit, Conor. We've been through this already...

It seems as though Conor and Malak have talked for the past three weeks about the events which unfolded at DEFIANCE Road, how Malak Garland walked away from their team and left Conor, Tyler, Brock and Pat... when their team had Vae Victis down in numbers.

Fuse surprisingly isn't phased by Garland's words.

Conor Fuse:

I'm aware, I'm over it. I'm moving on. You heard what Lindsay said out there and I think we can-

Conor stops talking as Malak removes his right arm from underneath his chin. He holds it in the air.

Malak Garland:

I've decided to do nothing about it, Conor. I'm throwing in the towel on being the “good guy”. I'm soft exiting that, too. I can't do it, it's too stressful. It's not a good fit for me.

Fuse replies with a shrug but Malak goes on.

Malak Garland:

I have nothing against you. Before you were cOnOr but now you are Conor. I have learned to get along with you. I guess... maybe...

These words seem difficult for Garland to spit out.

Malak Garland:

We are friends now.

He says this as if insinuating they never were before. Which... is likely true. Even when Conor and Malak did get along back in 2020, it was superficial.

Conor looks around the locker room before speaking.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, we're good, man. I mean, Tyler... he wants to kill you. Pat has wanted to kill you for a while already. We're good, though. I get it. I mean I don't get it AND get it at the same time. I tried to make you something you're not. Perhaps I should've seen the soft exit coming.

Fuse reflects.

Conor Fuse:

Either way, I'm a part of The Comments Section so... what do you want to do next?

Garland begins to ponder. His eyes roll around in a circle. Then he leans back in his chair and shows a confident, slithering look.

Malak Garland:

Nothing.

Conor raises an eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

What?

Garland replies.

Malak Garland:

I said nothing.

He waves Conor away.

Malak Garland:

You're free to go.

Fuse shrugs again.

Conor Fuse:

Okay. Uhhh, when do you want me back?

Malak doesn't move a muscle.

Malak Garland:

I don't.

There's a long, awkward pause. Conor doesn't know what to say so Garland sighs, leans forward and adds more.

Malak Garland:

You're free to leave The Comments Section, I retract your duties. You are no longer a member. You can be the good guy, I can be the troll. It's what we were meant to be. Go. Chase the FIST, Lindsay Troy or Deacon. Just know I hate all former fWo employees so if you associate with any of them you may feel my wrath.

Conor was lost at the initial comment, that he can leave The Comments Section.

Conor Fuse:

Ummm... guy? You're telling me I can leave The Comments Section? My forever contract is over?

Garland simply nods yes.

And Conor crosses his arms.

Conor Fuse:

Well I won't do it.

Malak's facial expressions immediately change to "wh- what!?"

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, I won't leave. I lost to you, I lost my rights for freedom. I refuse to be let out the easy way. I'm not leaving.

Garland's jaw is open. His mouth is babbling around but he's not forming words.

Conor Fuse:

Like, I'll make some changes. We both will. I won't make you someone you're not. You're a... errr, snowflake. You do your thing. And Imma do mine.

Fuse walks over to the desk, reaches out and pats Malak on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

So for now, maybe it's a break or something? You do you and I do me. But I'm still a Comments Section guy, I'm here if and when you require. AND...

Fuse looks over his own wrestling tights and arm sleeve. He removes his Comments Section branded headband.

Conor Fuse:

I'll still sport the Comments gear, too.

Fuse begins reading some of the hashtags on the headband. He chuckles.

Conor Fuse:

You know, some of these digs on Lindsay Troy are pretty funny. And truthful.

Malak's still in shock about Conor not complying with his resignation so he doesn't say anything other than nod his head at first.

Malak Garland:

Yeah, she's a nimmy.

Conor grins and winks at his friend.

Conor Fuse:

You got that right.

Fuse places the headband back on his head. He makes his way to the locker room exit.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, well... see ya around I guess.

Malak Garland:

Yeah. See ya.

Conor exits the locker room and for a moment there, a very brief, almost instantaneous moment, it looks as though there's a sense of honest sadness that crosses Malak Garland's face.

...Before The Mega Troll opens up his phone and starts to slander someone online. He begins to laugh menacingly. The scene fades.

SUN-TWIST SKYLAR vs. DAN LEO JAMES

DDK:

We've got another big fight coming up between two of the big, strapping young lads of DEFIANCE, stemming from what happened at DEFIANCE Road between Scrow and House of the Harvest. Dan Leo James stepped up to help and fought into the crowd with Sun Twist Skylar of the HoH, leading to tonight's match!

Lance:

We still don't know why exactly possessed Dan to come in and help Scrow of all people, a man with practically no allegiances in the locker room, but he came to his aid regardless. Both men wanted this match to settle the score from DEFROAD!

DDK:

Let's get to the action! Titanes Familia member Dan Leo James goes one-on-one with Sun Twist Skylar of House of the Harvest!

To Darren Quimbey we go... in the ring, of course!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "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. 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:

...from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 262 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia... he is The Young Titan... **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!

DDK:

Now we have this inset promo for Dan Leo James as to why he stepped up to help Scrow...

Dan Leo James:

Look, guys... I'm a little upset right now. Giant Dad and my Big Little Uncle are fighting and I hate it when family fights... but no matter what they're going through, they taught me to do what's right. And what House of the Harvest has been doing to Scrow isn't right, even if he's not a saint and plays in a lab and was part of the Kabal and we do or don't know who ran over Crimson Stalker...

He looks up and realizes he's in an inset promo.

Dan Leo James:

Oh, no... I'm trapped in a box! I better ask Klein for help, I bet he'd know what to do right now... THEN I'll help Scrow by yeeting Sun Twist Skylar into the next zip code...

--

After seeing the inset promo, Dan mouths to the crowd "I got out of the box!" The Young Titan leaps from the arena floor to the ring apron, then pumps a fist in the air! He steps in between the ropes and acknowledges the cheering

crowd before he waits for the arrival of his opponent.

♪ "See you in Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

Skylar is shirtless, with HoH design tights, and no footwear; he is barefoot. His hands wrapped in white tape, and his black hair pulled behind his head. That signature Coconut with a gold chain draping across his neck. Behind him, Ravanna makes her way not far behind Sun Twist Skylar, hoping that he can get the job done tonight, lest she forget the warnings Crimson Lord gave them in no uncertain terms.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied by Ravanna... weighing in at 241 pounds, he is a member of House of the Harvest...
"Sun Twist" SKYLAR!

James remains cautious as STS makes his way up the steps and slowly stalks the ringside.

Lance:

Skylar is technically a BRAZEN member, but has impressed many down there by his raw strength alone! He has a victory over Scrow, a former Southern Heritage Champion, so you have to consider him a favorite here.

DDK:

James' heart was in the right place, but will he live to regret getting involved in Crimson Lord's business?

The two big men are standing across from one another. The 6'6" Sun Twist Skylar and the 6'7" Dan Leo James get ready...

DING DING

The two men charge at one another! They both have the same idea and crash into one another with big shoulder blocks! Skylar and DLJ don't move, but both have the same idea and run into each other a second time! When they don't budge a second time, Skylar barks at Danny Three Sports to bring his best shot.

Dan Leo James:

Oh, you asked for it, guy!

Dan hits the ropes, but when he's expecting Skylar to try and take the shoulder, he throws him into the ropes and then comes back with a big boot that knocks Dan in the chest and sends him stumbling back to the corner. Skylar charges forward and then lands a big knee strike into the chest of James!

DDK:

Dan got suckered there by Skylar! And Ravanna looks on approvingly right now of the House of the Harvest's young recruit.

Dan is slumped over in the corner when Skylar charges again and then nails a big boot in the corner, catching James in the chest a second time. He palms the back of his head to get him out of the corner before taking James up and over with a big-time Samoan Drop!

DDK:

What a powerful Samoan Drop! Sun Twist Skylar didn't take kindly to the fact that Dan Leo James stuck his nose where he felt it didn't belong. Payback's on his mind.

Lance:

Crimson Lord, a former WrestleUTA World Champ, has recruited some promising young talent into the fold.

STS gets jeers from the crowd as he stands over Dan Leo James. Instead of going right for a cover, he starts to stalk over him and then throws a big kick to the side of Danny's head! Danny stands up to his full height and then takes a

big headbutt to the jaw of The Young Titan!

DDK:

When Dan gets going, he uses a great blend of speed and power to run right through his opponents, but Skylar baited him into that exchange of tackles and he's been in control since!

Dan is backed to a knee when Skylar tries to pick him up... but DLJ fights back with a shoulder thrust to the stomach! Skylar gets doubled over and the Boston crowd starts to cheer him on. Skylar rocks him with a hard right hand that stumbles DLJ, but Danny Three Sports fights back... THWACK! And cracks him in the chest with a big open-handed chop! Skylar eats the shot, then fires back with a knee to send him to the corner!

He grabs the arm of James and then whips him cross-corner. He charges right at James, but he gets the big boot up! The Ginger Giant balls up a fist to cheers from the crowd as he sends Sun Twist Skylar stumbling back, but when he charges at him...

Lance:

WOW! Skylar catches James and plants The Young Titan with that big front powerslam!

The Faithful look on in shock as Sun Twist continues to dominate the match! He flies off the ropes with a big headbutt drop, using his skull as a weapon right in the heart of gullible gold! The blow takes a lot out of both men when Skylar finally goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Big kickout there by James, but I'm impressed with the poise of a man like Sun Twist Skylar.

Ravanna yells at STS to hurry and finish him off. Skylar shoots a menacing look at the official but goes back to putting a hurt on James. He leads him up by the arm and then pulls him into a short-arm back elbow! James gets rocked and slumps down, but Skylar maintains wrist control and pulls him into a second shot!

Lance:

Like you said earlier, it's almost been all Sun Twist Skylar so far!

Sun Twist Skylar pulls him in for a big short-arm elbow, then leans back to CRACK Dan under the chin with a big savate kick! James falls to the mat and Sun Twist Skylar jumps on top for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Another kickout by James, but already, Sun Twist Skylar going back to the wrist!

Lance:

Dan better think of something! He can't take too many more of those shots!

Skylar pulls him up shortly and then tries to pull him in for what looks like a short-arm clothesline... but Danny comes back to life!

He charges at the ropes once and ducks under another wild elbow from the other side! The crowd knows what comes next when Dan Leo James comes off the second side when he CRASHES into Skylar with a powerful shoulder tackle off BOTH ropes! The impact sends Dan falling to the mat and Sun Twist Skylar tumbling out of the ring to the surprise of Ravanna!

DDK:

Dash and Bash! That move is probably the most accurately-named wrestling move on the roster! The speed that a kid as tall as James can build is uncanny at times!

Lance:

It really is! He literally describes his wrestling style on the website as "bull in a china shop" and that couldn't be more accurate.

Ravanna yells at Skylar to get back to his feet as Dan Leo James finally starts to get back to his inside the ring. He looks out to the crowd and then points at Skylar on the floor before he climbs through the ropes. He stands on the ring apron... then takes flight with a HUGE flying shoulder tackle off the apron right onto Skylar!

DDK:

Dan Leo James goes airborne! Maybe learned a thing or two from Minute!

Lance:

Now Danny is back up! The Boston Faithful are rallying behind him!

James grabs Skylar by the trunks and back of the neck before pitching him back into the ring. Ravanna shakes her head frantically as Dan feeds off The Faithful's energy and then slowly gets back into the ring. Skylar is still reeling from the two powerful shoulders from The Young Titan, then when he gets up in the corner, he gets a third one in the form of a big running shoulder thrust to the gut! Skylar is doubled over when Dan picks him up in his arms! He shows off his own great strength and then HURLS him overhead with a huge fallaway slam to the surprise of the crowd!

DDK:

Great strength by James to accompany that speed! Can DLJ seal the deal?

He tries to cover Sun Twist Skylar as Ravanna shouts for him to kick out!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

STS with a big kickout! Dan looks disappointed and wipes sweat away from his red hair as Ravanna looks relieved.

DDK:

I don't know how Skylar kicked out of that flurry of big moves, but Dan should be staying on him!

Lance:

You can't give any member of the House of the Harvest member a chance to strike. Scrow knows that better than anyone!

The Young Titan gets a hand up for The Faithful!

DDK:

Titan's Orbit coming up! He put down Strong AF a few times with this move recently! That uh... modified, chokeslam if you will!

James goes to hook Skylar and goozles him by the throat when Ravanna climbs the ring apron and tries to get Dan's attention. Dan turns around and yells at her to go, but the distraction is all Skylar needs to surprise James with another big headbutt! He frees himself from the chokeslam setup and then charges off the ropes, hitting a HUGE flying spinning heel kick to knock James off his feet!

DDK:

Skylar with the kick! Is that it?

He hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

James gets a shoulder up!

Lance:

Wow! That was a great kick by Skylar, but James kicks out again!

DDK:

Ravanna telling him to finish this now! He has a sick variation of a ganso bomb that he calls The Moon Beam! He's racked up many wins with it in BRAZEN and put down Scrow with it!

He picks up Dan by the neck and gets him into the powerbomb position. Skylar wraps both arms around his waist... but Dan fights out! He POWERS him up and over with a huge back body drop to free himself! DLJ falls to his knees, but psychs himself up!

Lance:

No! That Moon Beam would have finished him!

Ravanna jumps on the apron a second time as Dan has him by the throat! Skylar breaks free and tries to rush at James, but The Young Titan moves and knocks Ravanna off the apron!

DDK:

No! Wires just got crossed there!

Skylar is in disbelief, but turns around... right into a EXTRA-STIFF Fastball Chop from James, catching him in the chest and knocking the wind out of him! He gets doubled over when James grabs his throat. He HOISTS him high in the air and charges forward with a running chokeslam, PLANTING him into the mat to wild cheers from the crowd!

DDK:

TITAN'S ORBIT CONNECTS! THAT'S IT! JAMES GOES FOR THE WIN!

He hooks the legs of Skylar!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DAN LEO JAMES!**

It's now James' turn to breathe a sigh of relief as he scores a hard-fought win over a vindictive and game Sun Twist Skylar!

DDK:

Dan Leo James scores the win tonight and gets a measure of revenge from DEFIANCE Road tonight!

Lance:

Ravanna tried distracting James a second time, but he learned from his mistake and it might have cost Sun Twist Skylar the victory!

Ravanna is slowly starting to pick herself up after being knocked off the ring apron... she looks up and sees Dan standing triumphant in the ring with Skylar down on the canvas. A look of panic starts to set in!

DDK:

Ravanna looks terrified! Crimson Lord warned what would happen if they failed and tonight., Dan Leo James stopped Skylar!

Despite the inner turmoil among other members of Titanes Familia, Dan is happy to have another big win under his belt!

DDK:

DEFtv has been kind to Dan Leo James! Successful with Deacon over ADV and Strong AF in a tag match, defeats Strong AF back at 181 in a No Disqualification match, and now tonight! Big opportunities may come his way sooner than later!

Dan leaves the ring victorious while Ravanna is still mortified over this loss and what that may mean, knowing Crimson Lord is watching!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



WHO EVEN ARE YOU

As we return from commercial, the view is that of backstage as the fevered crowd swells in anticipation. They roar to life at the site of the beautiful Christy Zane. She's dressed in a black evening gown, subtle but stunning. She smiles and nods to the camera.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, he is a former Favored Saints Champion, and a two time BRAZEN Tag Team Champion alongside his Les Enfants Terribles stable mates. Please welcome, High Flyer IV.

Walking into frame from camera right is none other than the long blue dreadlocks of a decidedly white luchador, the third generation athlete High Flyer IV. He's chewing gum the entire time, but smiles nicely toward Christie as the fans give him a mediocre pop.

Christie Zane:

You've been quite busy lately and healed up from the battles with Tyler Fuse I see.

At the mention, HF IV tenses up, but then fights through and relaxes as Christie continues.

Christie Zane:

Recently you and Killjoy unsuccessfully challenged for the BRAZEN Tag Team championships against your own stable mates Kaz Troy and Archer. Any hard feelings?

HF IV reacts perturbed by the question but continues as if nothing happened.

High Flyer IV:

What a hilariously poignant question Zane. L-E-T? We're all on the same page down there in BRAZEN. Sometimes we want a challenge. Sometimes, we're the only ones who can only give ourselves that challenge. Gotta keep the edges sharp and the heads on a swivel, Zane. So no, Arch and Kaz are my family, in this weird dysfunctional Pro Wrestling family tree. Don't ask about the aunts and uncles. But see, no, I'm not here to talk about my time in BRAZEN, or my relationships down there, or anything. I'm here because I'm a former Favored Saints Champion, and I'd like my rematch now please 'kay thanks bye.

Christie Zane:

Uh... Do you think I book matches? Is that why you wanted this interview time?

High Flyer IV:

No, that's insane. Unfollow. Crazy town population you. You're basically just a podium. Sorry not sorry. Then again, you might know who does have the authority to book matches. Do you? Like, who do I go to, to yell at incessantly, until I get what I want? Does Capital Punishment have ANY power up here? No? What about Kelly Evans? Is she still around?

Christie Zane:

Uh... I didn't think we could say her-

HF IV raises a hand toward Christie to tell her to stop. Something off camera has caught his attention.

High Flyer IV:

Oh, I'm sorry Christie. But I gotta go clown on this fuckstick.

HF IV walks off screen. Christie looks confused and motions for the camera to follow him. HF IV walks up to Victor Vacio dressed in the strangest thing the Faithful have seen him in yet; jeans and a hoody covered t-shirt. Obviously, his face remains obscured by his black on black lucha mask. The crowd response is low but still negative.

High Flyer IV:

Oh look, it's that prick Vae Victis stole their initials from. How's relevancy?

Victor Vacio: *[with a sigh]*

¿Por qué los blancos extraños siempre vienen a mí?

High Flyer IV:

What happened to you dude. Was it the serum? Lookitcha. You had all the talent in the world, you had a leg up on me, I was JEALOUS of you. Now. Lookitcha now.

HF IV takes a moment to look at Vacio from head to toe. He shakes his head.

High Flyer IV:

Who even ARE you.

Victor appears emotionless. Maybe it's his ideology ... but it's probably just his mask.

Victor Vacio:

Incluso si actúas como si no pudieras hablar su idioma... seguirán hablándote.

High Flyer IV:

LAZY. You straight up lazy.

Victor Vacio:

Que entenderá este bicho raro de pelo azul...ah, si-

The Lost Cause clears his throat and makes a meal out of pursing his lips to raise the ire of HF IV.

Victor Vacio:

... PUTO!

HF IV's eyes grow wide before he reaches out with a very quick pieface on Vacio, shoving him away. Vacio backhand chops HF IV's throat, and the two start soccer style brawling as Zane screams for DEFSec. The brawl spills over into the camera man and signal is lost as we cut to the interview stage.

DDK:

Well. Once again, we have to advise the Faithful to not take any serum provided to you by any member of the Kabal or the Reapers. *[sighs]* ... whether it be brown or otherwise.

Lance:

The Reapers or the Serum? You know what? Nevermind... is... is that Chris Truit?

"SAY WHAT?!"

A dynamic crane shot sweeps over the ring and the first few rows of screaming fans before coming to focus on a sole figure standing in a spotlight trained on the interview stage. When the camera zooms in, the beaming smile of interviewer Chris Trutt comes into focus. The not-so-junior reporter is looking downright dapper in a stately-looking charcoal tweed suit, punctuated with a DEFIANT-red tie. As the chyron introduces him, he raises the microphone to be heard over the PA.

Chris Trutt:

What's up, Boston!? Welcome to "Say What?!", with your host, Chris Trutt!

He gets a generous pop, even for a reporter.

Chris Trutt:

Tonight's in-depth spotlight is a very special one for me, and undoubtedly one of interest for many of you in the DEFIANCE Faithful! So without further adieu, let's get right into it...

He motions to the entry-way.

Chris Trutt:

Joining me now, for a very exclusive one-on-one interview, is a man who I believe needs no introduction!

The crowd noise is already beginning to amplify in growing anticipation. So much so, that nary a soul can hear the feedback intro to...

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

...until the bass and drums begin stomping in. Many in the crowd begin to cheer when they recognize the original entrance theme to a certain DEFIANT. Those that don't see the smoke and strobes fill the entry-way and figure it out for themselves. The buzzing din of interest is fast becoming an incipient avalanche of voices.

Chris Trutt:

You know him... I know him... so here he is, fresh off his return at DEFIANCE Road... the Escape Artist, REZIN!!

Trutt's introduction is practically drowned out by the booming pop of confirmation following the words 'Escape Artist'.

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

REZIN practically kicks the curtain aside and storms out onto the stage, eyes red with fury. Or something else. The TD Gaarden again explodes!

"LET'S SEE HOW LOW I CAN GOOO!!
"I'M GONNA SINK THIS SHIP DOWN! DOWN! DOWWNN!!
"EVERYONE ALREADY KNOOWS!!
"STAND BACK! WATCH ME DROWN! DROWN! DROWWNN!!"

The Escape Artist tears across the stage like a man with fire arts under his skin. He tremors and convulses with an uncontainable energy that only further feeds into the wildly screaming crowd. He walks from one edge to the next, fiercely puffing down on a spliff clenched in the corner of his twisted mouth while gazing off into the sea of Faithful that are feeling the power of the PUNK ROCK.

"I'VE SEEN ALL I WANNA BE NOW! I'VE LISTENED TO THE LIES!
"LORD I'M READY TO TAKE MY PLACE SMEARED OUT AGAINST THE SKY!
"UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN LANGUAGE! UNSEEN BY PRYING EYES!

"SAIL OUT INTO THE DARKNESS! I'M FINALLY ALIIIVE!!"

As he passes by Trutt, the smiling interviewer reaches out to take his hand. Being men with a certain kind of history together, Rezin accepts the handshake, but also turns it into something of a secret high-five, hug, pat on the back, pinch to the belly, slap to the buns, and swipe at his wallet all rolled into one. The Escape Artist promptly goes back to working up the crowd, while Chris is left readjusting his suit and hair as though he'd been caught in the path of the Tasmanian Devil.

"LET'S SEE HOW LOW I CAN GOOO!!"

"I'M GONNA SINK THIS SHIP DOWN! DOWN! DOWWNN!!"

"EVERYONE ALREADY KNOOOWS!!"

"STAND BACK! WATCH ME DROWN! DROWN! DROWWNN!!!"

The music eventually fades out, but Rezin can't seem to lock himself down. He frenetically paces back and forth along the length of the stage, stewing with a percolating rage that finds its way up to his grizzled and grimacing face. To fill the vacancy in arena volume, a chant picks up among the Faithful.

"RE-ZIN!! RE-ZIN!! RE-ZIN!! RE-ZIN!! RE-ZIN!! RE-ZIN!! RE-ZIN!! RE-ZIN!!"

Despite his name booming through the rafters of TD Gaahden, Rezin continues to pace to and fro, something clearly on his mind. Trutt can see it, as he's seen the Goat Bastard at his most volatile on many occasions. Tonight, Rezin is burning as hot as the tip of the smoldering joint jutting out through his whisker-lined mouth. Ever trepid, as he suddenly has no idea how this may go down, Trutt breaks the ice with the most obvious question.

Chris Trutt:

So, Rezin... how are you feeling tonight?

The Escape Artist came out with a mic of his own, and thankfully doesn't have to tear one out of the interviewer's hand. Arguably a good thing, as in his current state it looks as though he'd tear the entire arm off with it. Rezin's crushes the tip of the mic against the lips and nose, filling the arena with his incensed breathing for a few moments before rasping into speech.

Rezin:

...HOW am I FEELIN'?!

More angry pacing. More heavy breathing.

Rezin:

Well if I hadda be completely honest with ya, Trutt... TONIGHT...

He suddenly bounces nearly three feet into the air in a convulsive fit of explosive exasperation.

Rezin:

I'M FEELIN' *PISSED OFF!!!*

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Chris Trutt:

That would definitely appear to be the case, but I have to say, Rezin, I find that somewhat surprising. I almost expected that you'd be feeling excitement and joy to be back with DEFIANCE.

Rezin:

"JOY", ehhhh?? Well, don't get me wrong here, Trutt... I am feelin' DAMB fired up to be back! To be lookin' out there and seein' all those raised FISTS in the crowd! To be feelin' the PUNK ROCK still out there, strong as ever! Maybe ya might call it "JOY"... if it weren't for the feelin' of something else that's been burnin' my ASS these past couple months!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Rezin:

So feel me here, Trutt... it ain't that I'm **PISSED OFF** to be back! I'm **PISSED OFF** cause now that I **AM** back, I'm rememberin' all the reasons why I **LEFT** in the first place!

The Escape Artist's lips curl in a seething sneer, eyes getting lost a thousand miles into distant memory.

Rezin:

Rememberin' what went down at Maximum **DEFIANCE**... rememberin' those thievin', elitist **SCUM** in **VAAEE VICTIS**...

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

Rezin furiously shakes his head and runs up to Trutt, pounding his chest.

Rezin:

They tried to run me outta **DEFIANCE**... but it was the worst mistake they could ever make! Just cause I ain't been around don't mean I ain't been **BUSY**! Gettin' **STRONGER! HARDER! HIGHER!** More **PUNK ROCK** than the civilized world can fuggin' **HANDLE**!

His maniacal glare finds the roaring Faithful once again.

Rezin:

And now... I'm **BACK**, I'm **BITTER**, and most importantly, I'm **PISSED OFF**! And I'll be **DAMBED** if I leave **DEFIANCE** again in anything other than a **BODY BAG**! Cause as of tonight, I am offish wagin' a **ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST** the **WHOLE LOT OF 'EM**!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Rezin:

Ya wanna take **DOWN** a regime? Ya don't **BECOME** a regime! Ya become a **GUERILLA! A REBEL! An INSURGENT!** Ya hit **HARD** and **FAST**, one scum lord after the next! The Byrdses, the Troyses, the Kerryses... one by one, I'll bring the pillars of their evil empire **CRUMBLIN'** around 'em, like he **ASH** on the tip of this **SPLIFF**!

He drops the spliff to the stage and smashes it out beneath his boot.

And just then, as if on cue...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

Two words fill the **DEFIATron**.

V A E V I C T I S

Two eyes come impressively close to ripping themselves free from the skull. Naturally, they belong to Rezin.

Trutt nervously gulps as the tension in the arena immediately ratchets up. The Escape Artist stands in wild anticipation like a man ready to burst out of his skin. One by one, members of **DEFIANCE**'s allegiance of professional wrestling elite step out onto the stage, each accompanied with a fresh salvo of spite-filled jeers from the rowdy Boston Faithful.

A stone-faced Kerry Kuroyama, taking point.

A sneering Sonny Silver, shaking his head in disgust.

A simpering Butcher Victorious, doing his best to look like he belongs.

A smirking Clay Byrd, towering behind the lot of them.

Finally, Oscar Burns, DEFIANCE himself, emerges to a tidal wave of heat from the crowd.

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

Burns rolls his eyes, knowing what he's gonna do next:

Oscar Burns:

...URNS!

He then turns his attention to the ring.

Oscar Burns:

GC, I'd ask you if I'd not already knocked enough brain cells out of your head, but that's like reading Shakespeare to a dog or dividing by zero! The DEFIANCE-slash-Oscar Burns... SLASH Favoured Saints Faithful aren't here to see you blow yourself up or fall face first into a vat of battery acid. They're here... Because I bring them here, you silly ponce.

Rezin:

LEMME AT 'EM!! LEMME AT 'EM, TRUTT!!

Rezin is at a perfect forty-five degree angle on the stage, legs running in place and fists punching the air in front of him. Trutt has his fingertips in the back of the Goat Bastard's pants, pulling them out MUCH further than anyone would like to see, desperately trying to hold him back before this edition of "Say What?!" turns into an impromptu episode of "Call an Ambulance!"

Chris Trutt:

Rezin, *please!* Let's keep this civil here!

Fitfully throwing his arms into the air in half surrender, Rezin backs off but watches the echelon of five on the balls of his feet, like a cat ready to pounce.

Oscar Burns:

I see you learned NOTHING from when I gave you the beating of your life at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and sent you home for three months with your tail between your legs. I tried to show you, Rezin, just because some people might adore whatever attention-starved antics you bring upon yourself, you are not my peer. You're beneath me, you're beneath Favoured Saints and you are DEEP beneath DEFIANCE where you should stay.

He presses on despite the LOUD jeering at this point.

Oscar Burns:

But since you've been gone, I got a little upgrade. As a major shareholder of Favoured Saints, I AM BOTH Favoured Saints AND DEFIANCE! And thanks to those shares and the work I've so graciously put into putting this company up on top, I have been granted some ability to... how do we say... create matches! Give these people the matches they truly deserve with people they want to see...

He looks grossed out by his next words.

Oscar Burns:

...like you.

The Escape Artist accusingly

Rezin:

CORPORATE SCUM!! SELL-OUT!! DAMB YA, Ozzie! Ya were SOOO DESPERATE to BE the man... ya went and became The MAN! Tell ya what, ya wanna book a *REAL* match?! How 'bout we give Boston a show tonight! Gimme LINDSAY TROY, the FIST of DEFIANCE... against "THE ESCAPE ARTIST" REZIN, the UNIVER--

Oscar Burns:

NOT. HAPPENING.

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Oscar Burns:

You aren't ready to test your mettle with The Technical Spectacle. You seem more like you eat a good scrap, GC... so in that ring right now... you go one on one... WITH CLAY BYRD!

Rezin's bloodshot eyes snap from Burns to the towering Cowboy Colossus standing in the back, smiling threatening back at the Goat Bastard.

Rezin:

AH, BIG BLONDIE! YOU and EYE still gotta SCORE to settle! This is PERFECT! So C'MON, Tex! Let's see how well it goes when ya AIN'T comin' at me from behind!

Rezin eagerly walks to the ramp, heading for the ring, only--

Oscar Burns:

NOT so fast, GC!

The Goat Bastard attempts to suddenly bring himself to a halt but completely loses his balance, tumbles over, and slides part ways down the ramp on his ass, all while incredulously staring back up at Burns on the stage.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, no, no, no, no... This won't be ANY match, GC. This match... Is an OVER THE TOP ROPE CHALLENGE!

BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

On the ramp, Rezin sits dumbstruck. And how could he not be, given the size differential?

Chris Trutt:

Wait a second, Mr. Burns, with all due respect, you can't be serious! Clay Byrd has ten inches and nearly a hundred pounds on Rezin! He's being granted a clear advantage, given these stipulations you are imposing on--

Oscar Burns:

Are you QUESTIONING DEFIANCE and Favoured Saints, Chris? Cause you shouldn't. People love an underdog story and so tonight, the fine people of Boston! The Oscar Burns Faithful are going to GET ONE!

The big man from Texas slowly and methodically separates from his teammates and begins coming down the ramp. Rezin is a mere speck in his shadow, but nevertheless DEFIANTly rises to his feet, wrathfully sneering and showing he isn't about to back down.

Instead, the Goat Bastard throws his head back and unleashes a war cry before pouncing into action.

Rezin:

KYAAAAAAAAAAAAA--BLEGHK!!

One moment, there is nothing but air in the space in front of Rezin's face. The next, Byrd's fist is there. The impact sends the Escape Artist ragdolling down the ramp, chaotically bouncing from one barricade to the next as he endlessly tumbles in a prolonged, croaked scream on his way to the ringside floor.

Clay allows a moment to chuckle to himself before continuing to amble his way down to the ring. Meanwhile, referee Brian Slater breezes by him down the rampway, briefly checking on the dazed Rezin before himself sliding into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a ring elimination contest, specially mandated by Oscar Burns on behalf of Favoured Saints! To win, a competitor must force his opponent over the top rope and onto the ringside floor!

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

Rezin comes to in time to see Byrd bearing down on him, and frantically scrambles himself under the ropes. Clay is in absolutely no hurry.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, representing VAE VICTIS... *[pauses to allow for jeering]* ...hailing from Plainview, Texas, and weighing in at two-hundred and ninety-five pounds... the COWBOY COLOSSUS... CLAAAAAAYYY
BYYYYYYRRRRRRD!!!

Byrd generously tips his hat in Quimbey's direction as he patiently ascends the steps, casually removing his duster and folding it over the top rope.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... the ESCAPE ARTIST... RRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIIIINNN!!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

The Escape Artist has found his footing once again, and bounces eagerly from one foot to the next, daring the cowboy to come into the ring. Still grinning menacingly, Byrd tosses his ten-gallon hat aside and steps over the entire set of ropes to come into the ring. Slater has only a second to cue to the timekeeper before Rezin becomes a black streak tearing across the ring.

REZIN vs. CLAY BYRD**DING DING****DDK:**

Folks, looks like we're going right into this, as--wait, here's REZIN OUT OF THE GATE--NO!

Lance:

Ran himself into a brick wall!

The impromptu shoulder block barely causes Clay to stir, but the impact nevertheless sends Rezin sprawling wildly backwards and immediately crashing into the ropes, practically going all the way over and ending things before they began. Unphased, Byrd smiles wide. Undeterred, Rezin shoots himself off the ropes.

DDK:

Rezin is not to back down, coming again off the ropes... DROPKICK to the CHEST, but gets NOTHING for it! He splatted against his chest like a bug on a windshield!

Lance:

I understand Rezin's anger, but I can't help but think he's letting his emotions get in the way of his thinking. He's no match coming at an impervious object like Clay Byrd head on like that!

DDK:

Can you blame him, Lance? He's had months away from the DEFIANCE locker to stew on his plans for vengeance, and tonight he finally has his chance to get even with the man who cost him the match at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Except that our new "major shareholder" of Favoured Saints has stacked the deck against him.

Rezin rolls back to his feet, still brimming with fury, but now hesitant to run at the immovable Texas oak occupying the center of the ring for a third time. The two of them could probably go at this all night and not get anywhere, but the night is still young, and he's got PUNK ROCK shit to do, so he now elects to come in a bit slower, looking for an angle.

DDK:

Rezin switching things up, looking to possibly grapple now!

Lance:

I don't know how wise that is, but maybe he has something up his sleeve.

DDK:

Lance, can you honestly remember any time you've seen the Goat Bastard with sleeves?

Lance:

...you know, now that you mention it...

DDK:

Rezin, bobbing to and fro... he's got the speed to equalize the size of Clay Byrd, but the Monster from Plainview stands ready and waiting, even if he seems to be enjoying himself perhaps a bit too much!

Lance:

Clay may still be new to DEFIANCE, and he may be among some of the federation's best in Vae Victis, but he would be wise not to take the ever-resilient Escape Artist lightly in the ring!

DDK:

Rezin, shooting for the leg... Byrd with the Double Axe-Handle--NO! Rezin baited him, and sees the opening to slip into a rear waistlock! Now where does he go from here?

The smooth maneuver elicits a pop from the crowd, but Byrd doesn't look put off in the slightest. He seizes the Goat Bastard by the wrists and forcefully pries his hands apart, not only breaking free from the hold but also managing to keep ahold of Rezin's arms while he twists himself around and counters into double-underhooks. Before he can react, Rezin's feet leave the canvas.

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

The tables have turned for Rezin now! With those double chickenwings in place, Byrd is carrying him over to the ropes, looking to finish this quickly!

Lance:

Bad place for the Goat Bastard to find himself in this early on. Byrd would have no problem throwing him over those ropes if given the proper chance.

DDK:

Rezin kicks at the ropes, fighting this elimination attempt! He may have been given a raw deal in this match, but he'll be danged if he gives up this easily!

Both of Rezin's feet finally catch the top rope at the right time, and pushes off to backflip out of Byrd's grip and drops to his feet behind him. Before Clay can turn himself, the smirk finally wipes itself from his face and is replaced with a mosaic of agony.

DDK:

Low dropkick brings Byrd to a knee! Rezin has an opening!

Lance:

And Clay has been cut down to his size!

Without a moment's notice, the Escape Artist pivots...

SMACK!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK FINDS ITS MARK!

Clay rears up off the impact of the spinning heel kick, eyes rolling back into his head. His gourd is positively shaken, but already, Rezin is following through with a three-quarter headlock and a graceful backward somersault, going a good seven feet off the ring with a picture perfect sitout Asai DDT.

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

INTO THE VOOOOIIIIID!! REZIN HAS BROUGHT THE MIGHTY CLAY BYRD DOWN!

Rezin kips up to his feet, unleashing a mighty roar along with the Faithful thundering around him. He grins murderously at the Cowboy Colossus who vexed him last year at Maximum DEFIANCE, finally seeing his chance to make due on his revenge...

...only now remember what that all entails. The grin subsequently disappears.

Lance:

Hold the phone, Keebs! Might be too early to celebrate, as down isn't necessarily the place where he wants Clay Byrd to be! He needs to get him OUT to win this match!

DDK:

Easier said than done! Clay Byrd is OUT, in one sense, but that will make getting him over the ropes that much more difficult.

Rezin goes to work, tugging at Clay Byrd's arm and torso in attempt to peel him off the mat, but the ninety pound weight differential makes it comically impossible. Rezin is digging deep and desperate, using his own body as a crutch to pry the Cowboy Colossus out of the prone position. On the stage, the remaining members of Vae Victis smile and nod approvingly. Burns in particular points at his head, celebrating his successful show of genius.

DDK:

Getting him up is one thing! He still has the matter of getting him over the top rope!

Lance:

I think he'll cross that bridge when he gets to it, partner.

Through tenacity and sheer willpower, Rezin finally gets the mighty Byrd back on rubber legs, the two of them dancing like disparately sized drunks stumbling their way to a waiting Uber. Rezin finally manages to shove him up against the ropes when Clay's eyes suddenly flutter open.

DDK:

Hold the phone, Byrd suddenly back with a SHOVE that nearly sends Rezin sprawling across the ring! Rezin back up--

SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEEEEEAAAARRRR!!

Rezin folds up like a bear trap, his middle taking the monstrous impact of Clay Byrd's shoulder. His out of control careening across the ring gives the audience a good preview of the physics engine to Goat Simulator 4. Glaring down at him, Byrd nonchalantly wipes the blood that has dripped from his nose. He is further angered by the realization that this Goat Bastard made him bleed his own blood.

DDK:

Byrd just came bursting off the ropes like a derailed freight train! Rezin is broken in HALF! The Monster from Plainview could just as easily pluck him out of the ring now!

Lance:

Maybe, but something tells me he's looking to further punish Rezin for giving him a harder time than expected.

DDK:

You could be right! Byrd is holding back, measuring up the Escape Artist! He's got him in his sights!

Clay's lips curl into a bloodthirsty sneer. Rezin, still seeing stars, makes a stumbling and awkwardly contrived mess of getting back to his feet with the help of the ropes. Finally, he's up and teetering, and the Cowboy Colossus takes a bounce off the ropes before stampeding in...

DDK:

Here comes Byrd with the TEXAS LARIAT!

Normally, there'd be a head to go into the hook of Byrd's massive arm. Normally, the guaranteed collision with that head would serve as a slight speed bump to slow the nigh unstoppable momentum of a nearly three-hundred pound Texan charging off the ropes.

Except in this case, Rezin is not there. He's instead snaked his way up the arm around into the crucifix position. The

whiffed lariat, along with the unexpected addition of weight to his shoulders, suddenly has Clay Byrd uncontrollably running forward...

RRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

...and pitching over the ropes.

DDK:

THERE GOES BYRD!! HE GOT HIM OVER!!

Lance:

Perfect timing on that counter!

Clay finds himself in the unfamiliar position of being upside down, his waist straddling the top rope while his overburdened top half precariously leans out to the ringside area. Rezin slips off his shoulders and onto the apron, lest he eliminate himself in the process. The Faithful are on their feet, screaming frantically as Rezin scrambles back in under the ropes and begins the painstaking process of trying to roll Byrd the rest of the way out.

DDK:

Byrd, teetering precariously across the ropes... and now Rezin is using every last bit of his strength pushing up against those legs!

Lance:

But Byrd is giving him a fight! He may not have expected to be in this situation, but knows he has to keep ahold of that apron and push back with any leverage he can find!

DDK:

Unsurprisingly, that weight advantage is really making the difference here in this match! And there's a BOOT to the face courtesy of the Goat Bastard to leave Byrd stunned and still dangling over the top rope! What does Rezin have planned now?

Lance:

Something I have no doubt is as risky as it is daring.

Rezin pounces to the top rope. His maddened stare finds the crowd as he points to Byrd and slashes a thumb across his neck.

DDK:

Clay Byrd is about to know what it's like when HIS head gets taken off! Rezin OFF THE TOP with the REZINRANAAA--

RRRAAAAA--OOOOHHFUUUU--!!!

Everything is perfectly executed. The forward somersault has the precise arc. The leg scissor at the end of the motion amazingly finds its mark around Clay's red-faced head. Rezin rolls back on the rana with all of his moment, wisely, clutching the trim of the apron as both a fail-safe from elimination and for added leverage.

Nevertheless, Clay Byrd, both hands gripping the middle rope for dear life, doesn't go over. Rezin is left suspended upside down, the top of his head mere inches over the ringside mats, his legs still wrapped around the head of precariously inverted and now very enraged Cowboy Colossus.

Lance:

Soooo close...

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Rezin's bereaved scowl finds the camera.

Rezin:

...ffffFFFFFFUCK!

All at once, the tension on the ropes whips Clay rightside up onto his feet once again, bringing Rezin up with him. The Escape Artist unloads shots into the Texan's head, but that dog won't hunt in the world of Clay Byrd. No longer enjoying his time in this match, and more than ready to be rid of this unkillable pest, the Monster from Plainview elects to do the obvious.

DDK:

BYRDWITHTHEPOWERBOMBLOOKOUTBELO--

CRAAASHH!

That's crash with the hard, Boston "AAA" sound, by the way.

The barricade explodes, and the first three rows of ringside seats go with it, as the Escape Artist's body is mercilessly launched out of the ring like a missile.

DDK:

JESUS NATHANIEL CHRIST, CALL AN AMBULANCE!

Lance:

They had to have felt that as far as Providence!

Everyone at ringside is so stunned at the side of mass destruction that the timekeeper temporarily forgets his job, and promptly calls it.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by elimination over the top rope... CLAAAAAAAYYYY
BYYYYYYYRRRRRRD!!!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Byrd angrily spits out of the ring in Rezin's direction and shakes off the ref's attempt to raise his arm in victory. He instead posts up to the second rope and pumps his arms to the air, soaking in the jeers from the crowd. The only people in the TD **GAAAH**den giving him applause are the four other members of Vae Victis coming down the rampway to join him.

DDK:

Well, chalk that one up as a win for Clay Byrd and Vae Victis, but be as it may, I think everyone can see that Rezin was set up to fail! Nevertheless, he got a lot closer to a victory than I would have figured!

Lance:

Definitely not how Rezin pictured his return to DEFIANCE would be, though the heart he showed here tonight in not backing down from this challenge cannot be understated.

DDK:

Still, with Oscar Burns now the majority shareholder of Favoured Saints, and now with a measure of control over the bookings here in DEFIANCE, life won't be getting easier for the Goat Bastard any time soon! He already had a tall hill to climb in waging his one man war against Vae Victis by embarking on it alone, but now that hill has stipend into a full-on WALL!

Lance:

I feel that Rezin's troubles with Vae Victis are only going to get worse from here on out.

DDK:

You may be right, partner. And as tenacious as he is, if they could break him once, it may only be a matter of time before they break him again! Folks, still more action to come, but right now we're going to take a break and hopefully get this mess cleaned up! Some of those fans in the front few rows really got their money's worth here tonight!

Kerry, Butch, and Sonny stand around the victorious Clay Byrd, giving him props on a job well done. Perched on the apron, Oscar Burns smugly grins as the fallen body of Rezin amid the pile of seats and concessions. The five of them arrogantly pose to the camera before the feed goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

RAINBOW ROADKILL

Returning from commercial, the feed goes backstage, where we spy Vae Victis stalwart, “The Pacific Blitzkrieg” Kerry Kuroyama, sternly making his way down the hallway with a pencil and pad of paper clutched in his hands. Every few steps, something catches his attention and jots it down on the pad.

A crew member leans against a pile of empty production crates, enjoying a ham sandwich until he’s needed to load things out when the show ends.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Crew slacking off backstage instead of assisting production... noted.

He passes by a security check-in station, where a few staff members in polos are seated around a milk crate, enjoying an impromptu game of cards while the scene backstage is (for the time being) enjoying a calm period.

Kerry Kuroyama:

DEFSEC playing poker instead of patrolling the backstage area... noted.

He moves on into catering, scanning the tables of foodstuffs and grimacing with dismay when he can’t find what he’s looking for.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Catering not providing enough high-protein options... noted.

A scuffle off camera catches his attention. He spots two familiar looking goons dressed as Grim Reapers making off with tins of rack ribs and chopped steak. Guess we can write off the mystery on those missing high-protein options.

Reaper Magenta:

Hop to it, Cy! Reaper Chartreuse has the motor runnin’ out there!

Reaper Cyan:

Finally! No more Burger King! Tonight, *WE* eat like kings!

They disappear out an exit, and with a groan, Kerry writes another entry onto the pad.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Reapers are still being allowed to hang around, even though they’re not on contract... noted.

It’s only now when he notices the camera that’s been following him around this entire time, and gives it a look of reproach.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Camera operators wandering around backstage... filming whatever random footage they can find. As opposed to oh, I don’t know, filming the actual *sports competition* out in the ring.

The pencil fiercely scrawls across the sheet while he glares in contempt at the cameraman.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...noted.

Kerry continues to walk down the hall, hearing noises in the distance, in the sound of cars driving and crashing into each other. The further he walks, the louder it gets. He hears music, he hears laughter...

He turns the corner, right outside gorilla now... and he sees Conor Fuse and Declan Alexander sitting on bean bag chairs. He sees controllers in their hands. They’re playing Mario Kart on one of the monitors.

It's near the end of the race. Conor, with the Luigi race car and Declan with the Yoshi race car, are neck and neck on the final lap. Declan pulls into first but just as Conor passes him, he's hit with a blue shell and Yoshi takes the lead.

Conor Fuse:

And that's when I said, "fuck it, I'll still be part of the team", ya know? Like, I don't like quitting things, eh. So I'll do my own thing while being a Comments Section guy. *[Pause while continuing to pay attention to the race]* So WTF is new with you?

Neither man seems cognizant of the heavy, nasal breathing getting progressively louder behind them. Kerry is there, looking hotter than a bottle of Mt. Rainier's Revenge, hands scribbling down an entire novel while his head shakes disapprovingly.

DEC4L:

Ehhh, no cap bro I've been in kind of a rut. I thought for sure I was going to get one over on Burnsy but then Kerry snatched my phone and... ugh.

Kuroyama continues to look on at the former reigning BRAZEN Tag Party Champions known as Level 8. As the final lap continues, Declan Yoshi is hit with a red shell and Conor Luigi drives into first again!

Conor Fuse:

Ohhhhh there we go, Fuse is on a roll! See, a lot of people don't like the cloud mobile but it's so legit. You pair it with the tiny wheels and it enhances your handling AND traction, which is key. Also, Oscar Burns is a total n00b.

As Conor makes this comment the finish line is near...

And he's immediately overtaken by first from Declan Yoshi, using drift action to charge up and speed past Luigi to the finish line!

Declan throws his hands in the air; Conor looks on in amazement!

Conor Fuse:

I've never been defeated before... like... ever.

Fuse claps for Alexander's victory.

DEC4L:

LET'S FUCKING GOOOOOO, BRO!

The former BRAZEN Champion reaches out and does a pull-in high five with his Tag Party partner.

DEC4L:

The glow up was real! With that dub it's what now? 1-1? We gotta do the tie breaker fam. There's only one way to set up a race of such proportions. Conor Fuse. DEC4L. Rainbow Road. For all the marbles. Whatcha say bro?

As the question leaves his mouth, you can almost see Declan's eyes slowly navigate over towards Vae Victis member with notebook in hand and eyes searing through his flesh.

DEC4L:

Big yikes.

Big yikes is right. Kuroyama bursts into action by brusquely pushing his way through Conor and Declan and yanks the cord to the switch out of the monitor. The screen--and Rainbow Road with it--cuts to black.

Conor Fuse:

Um like, guy, we're trying to decompress over here. Besides, you beat my team. I get it. The dream is over for cOnOr

fUsE. I listened to Lindsay's rant and I'll manage and move on. Main Event Conor no more. Also, WTF. Like actual WTF.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Funny, I was thinking of asking the same thing of you.

He tosses the Switch haphazardly back to the other two. Declan is thankfully quick to the catch, even if it was more directed toward the floor and his hands.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Video games? Backstage? What is this, kindergarten? Go home if you want to play games. This isn't a slumber party; it's a *sporting event*. Some people actually *use* this monitor to watch the live feed.

Fuse rolls his eyes, something he's been doing a lot of lately.

Conor Fuse:

'Member when I Head Stomped you off the cage? Oh I 'member. Again, I get it, Vae Victis reigns supreme. For now. For this week. This month. Maybe year. Your downfall is coming bro, one way or another. Plus...

Fuse gives Kuroyama a head-to-toe over glance.

Conor Fuse:

So nice of you to play bitch boy. You saved Lindsay at DEFIANCE Road, now I see you're the hall monitor. Can I get the laboratory pass, please?

Conor giggles. Declan hits Conor on the arm with a quiet "good one". Kerry, meanwhile, visibly bristles at the dig, and squeezes the bridge of his nose to mentally push down his mounting frustration.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jesus... where to even begin here? First of all, I am *not* the hall monitor. Secondly, nobody here mentioned "Vae Victis" until you did, but thank you for once again reminding everyone that while you still choose to maintain this weird obsession over us, you still have no idea what we *actually* stand for. Just goes to show you didn't really "listen" to anything. A proper Ritalin prescription could fix that, but that's your problem. Not mine.

He taps his chest.

Kerry Kuroyama:

My problem? You guys, using up company resources to dick around in what some of us consider to be a workplace. It's distracting, and juvenile.

The Pacific Blitzkrieg holds up his notepad and gives it a shake.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But things are about to change around here, kids. In case you haven't heard, Vae Victis now has an *in* to the Favored Saints. And it couldn't come at a better time, because I have a long list of things that need correcting around here.

Fuse makes a pukey face.

DEC4L:

Alright, bet. Let's start with thieves. At Madison Square Garden, "someone" stole my phone. A device I use to do IRL streams with chat. The DEC4LLION demands retribution for my stolen property. I've put out a 10,000 DEC0IN bounty and a free three-tier for whoever gets it back, so let's say you get to the bottom of this "mystery" and meet me-

Conor puts his hand in front of the Intrepid Influencer, cutting him off in mid-sentence.

Conor Fuse:

I got your six. Kerry, I know Oscar Burns has stock in the Favored Saints or whatever. So here's what's up...

Conor walks up to Kerry, standing nose-to-nose with him.

Conor Fuse:

Vae Victis may be running the show but the Fuse's run Kuroyama. My brother's beat you so many times I can't count. Actually tho. I can't count high. Anyway, how about it's my opportunity to get some wins over you? Me, you, wrestle, tonight.

Out in the arena, the Faithful roar. Kerry remains silent. Seconds pass. It becomes a pregnant pause. Suddenly, he blinks.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...oh, I'm sorry, is that it? There's no catch? No gimmicks or flaming hoops? No five-on-five or six-on-six or pointless gang war that nobody asked for? Just you and me, in something like a normal, basic, plain vanilla *wrestling* match? The very thing we all--supposedly--are here to do?

Kuroyama "wows" into air in a mock show of amazement.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well hot damn, Conor Fuse! You're just full of surprises!

Kerry inserts the pencil through the spools of the notepad and stuffs it into his back pocket. He's no longer interested in taking notes; now, it's all about the match.

Kerry Kuroyama:

For the record, I don't care how many times Tyler has beaten me. He had the opportunity to use any of those wins to step up into becoming something greater. Consequently, he never did... because he's a bottom feeder. He plays on easy mode. And something tells me, even if you somehow manage to miraculously win tonight, you'll end up being no different.

Kuroyama exits, heading for the locker room. Conor and Declan exchange confused glances.

Conor Fuse:

Guy needs to chill.

Fuse interprets his surroundings.

Conor Fuse:

Like us.

The feed fades to the next segment.

FEELING LUCKY?

The Triple 7 Express is seen pulling up in the parking lot of the TD Garden.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful see two members of Better Future Talent Agency walking off the bus ...

Mason Luck wearing a crisp green suit and white buttoned dress shirt with some of the Unified Tag Titles on his shoulders. His sunglasses have a green tint to them.

Max Luck steps out next in a red suit and white buttoned dress shirt with more of the titles on his shoulders. Both of the smug brothers take their time.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen tonight we will be hearing from DEFIANCE Wrestling's Unified Tag Team champions, the Lucky Sevens! They had a massive triple threat Unified Tag Title match against the Pop Culture Phenoms and the Dangerous Mix.

Lance:

The Dangerous Mix had won the titles ... or so we thought!

Stills show David Fox and Mushi holding up the titles ...

Then stills of The Lucky Sevens attacking them after the match.

Lance:

That was not to be. Tom Morrow secretly had a clause in the contract of the Lucky Sevens – the same ones they negotiated with DEFIANCE Wrestling when they were rehired after holding the Unified Tag Titles hostage – if the Lucky Sevens were ever thrown into a multi-man title situation, the titles could only change hands by pinning them. Since they were not pinned, the original result didn't count.

DDK:

But nobody knew about it until the end of the match after The D was beaten by Dangerous Mix, who were in turn attacked by the Lucky Sevens! They stole a moment away from Fox and Mushigihara!

Lance:

As we await the arrival of the champions, we'll cut over to Jamie Sawyers on the interview stage. Jamie?

The camera is now on Jamie Sawyers at the interview stage to the side of the entrance.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you, Lance and Darren! By hook or by crook they successfully retained the Unified Tag Team championships in Madison Square Garden over Dangerous Mix and Mushigihara! Welcome to the stage, BFTA representative Tom Morrow, and the Unified Tag Team Champions ... The Lucky Sevens!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

Wearing dark red and dark green suits respectively both Mason and Max walk out with sour looks on their faces. Despite this, they take their place on the ramp! 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 champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling more pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and claps like a seal as they pose with the gold.

DDK:

I'm shocked that we haven't blown through our entire yearly budget giving him to these giant yahoos.

Lance:

That's the truth if I've ever heard it!

Morrow leads the trio to the stage. They tower over Sawyers and stand on either side of the podium with Jamie Sawyers looking uncomfortable where he is.

Tom Morrow:

Cut the music! Cut the music!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are already booing him.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tom Morrow! Many are calling DEFIANCE Road the best night in the history of the Better Future Talent Agency!

He is almost overpowered in jeers but Morrow continues over it.

Tom Morrow:

Eat it, haters. You're just jealous that I brokered a deal for Alvaro de Vargas to be in the main event of DEFCON! My guys defending their Unified Tag Titles in DEFCON night one! And then Alvaro is going to win the FIST of defiance on night two! Nathan Eye is going to be racking up all of the wins! Better Future Talent Agency is firing on *all* cylinders right now and *nobody* is stopping this train now that it's on the tracks!

Morrow throws his arm over the shoulder of Jamie Sawyers in a playful manner.

Tom Morrow:

That's right! My guys got their brooms out! Clean sweep! Alvaro de Vargas *torched* Deacon! Aaron King messed up bad when he put the Lucky Sevens in that situation, but we'll talk about that in a second. He couldn't cut the mustard and now we have the vastly superior athlete that is the former BRAZEN Champion! Tag Champ! Tag Party 2 winner! Nathan Eye! But right now, I'm here to talk about these giant handsome devils!

He points up to the duo.

Tom Morrow:

Not one team ... but *two* teams! The PCP are practically tag team legends in this company. Dangerous Mix are veterans of this promotion ... but they got beat! Both of them! Both of them came at the kings of DEFIANCE's main event tag team division and they missed. *badly*!

Mason inches towards the microphone and Jamie raises it up to his face.

Mason Luck:

That's why we strung those little assholes along. Made them think they had a fighting chance against DEFIANCE's Golden Beasts! Made them think that they possibly had a goddamn chance. Made you all think they possibly had a goddamn chance. But what happened, Jamie? Who won?

Jamie Sawyers:

What?

Mason Luck:

[*Mocking Jamie*] What? Are you slow? Who won the match? Who has the titles right now?

Max Luck:

Say it, Jamie. Say our names. Say it for everyone here.

Jamie Sawyers realizes he's up a creek right now so he does as asked.

Jamie Sawyers:

The Lucky Sevens won the match.

Mason and Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

The two brothers slap hands together and give each other a chest bump.

Jamie Sawyers:

But ... don't you think you would have been able to do it without that contract? You're two of the most powerful men on this roster! Why have to use it at all?

Morrow looks confused by the question being asked of him.

Tom Morrow:

Because you touch yourself at night, you idiot. What kind of *dumb ass* question was *that?* Battles can be won and lost in that ring without even trying! This is a cut-throat business, you stupid ass-hole! You can either make friends or you can make money, Jamie, and these two only need *me* as their buddy! We need money! We need *all the money*! We need a quality challenger for DEFCON and my Main Event Monsters need that Main Event Money!

Max Luck:

That's right! So check this, Jamie. Who's left? Titanes Familia got humbled by us when they thought they won in Urinal Cortez's home town, only for us to get these titles right back and undo the Screw Job of the Century. PCP? Still winless against us! Dangerous Mix? The only thing Dangerous about those two fuckers are the thing we did to them to keep these titles.

Mason Luck:

Wait, guys ... maybe the Saturday Night Specials?

Morrow laughs.

Max Luck:

BBBBBBBBBBBBRRRT Wrong! Those two let DEFIANCE Wrestling down twice and choked twice against Vae Victis. They let their bar down, they let their fans down, Brock's girl upgraded to *Malak Garland* after we beat the little bit of testosterone he had left out of him, took these titles, and then sent him crying for three months cause lost his smile or got kidnapped by swamp rats. I forgot which. No, Jamie, I don't care.

Tom Morrow:

Also ... they're B-B-B-B-BLOCKED from any title shots at these belts as long as we have them. They're too busy playing with Malak Garland to worry about what we have going on.

Mason points up at the DEFIA-Tron.

Mason Luck:

That is why we are going to introduce the first twist on the Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery to find new challengers. Introducing ...

A graphic of the brothers appears on the screen with the words: LUCKY SEVENS LUCKY GAUNTLET!

Mason and Max Luck:

THE LUCKY SEVENS LUCKY GAUNTLET!!!!

Morrow leans toward the podium.

Tom Morrow:

Four teams ... **FOUR NEW TEAMS** will be drawn at random for this gauntlet! And *only* teams my boys have never mixed it up with before so there won't be any repeat opponents. The Unified Tag Titles will not be on the line, but if any team among this gauntlet manages to pull off the biggest miracle of all time and manages to beat my guys in a match at any point during the Gauntlet, they will earn the title shot against The Lucky Sevens at DEFCON!!!

Jamie Sawyers:

Wow that is a massive career-changing opportunity!

Tom Morrow:

Damn right! And if we clear the gauntlet, then I guess we get to pick our own opponents then, huh? So boys ... two weeks from now on DEF TV 183, the Lucky Sevens Lucky Gauntlet will be underway! And if you're lucky enough to be picked ... well, I'd like to wish you teams good luck, but it wouldn't do you any good anyway.

Mason Luck:

We're taking the rest of the night off to get our flight back out to Hawaii for a nice recharging session before the Gauntlet.

Max Luck:

Later, dick heads!

Booing drowns them out as they leave the stage!

DDK:

That's a massive opportunity for any team to make a name for themselves!

Lance:

But ... it's the Lucky Sevens. Who knows what they have up their sleeve. That Gauntlet will probably be rigged just like all of the Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery matches!

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv and we have a match that promises to be VICIOUS in every sense of the word. Two of the largest forces in DEFIANCE renew old rivalries when “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez goes one-on-one with the new #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE, Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

These two monsters are no strangers to one another! They’ve battled on big Pay-per-view shows on two occasions with ADV on both winning sides, and not to mention a violent Falls Count Anywhere match on a past edition of UNCUT won by Cortez!

DDK:

And as we inch closer to DEFCON, wins matter! Alvaro de Vargas was just named the #1 Contender earlier tonight and will have his shot at DEFCON against Lindsay Troy! If Cortez plays the spoiler tonight, then all that could be thrown into disarray!

Lance:

Indeed it could! Let’s go to Darren Quimbey for the intros to what’s going to be a violent encounter!

To Darren Quimbey, already in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

*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!

Darren Quimbey:

...From The City of Industry, California, standing at seven-foot two! Weighing in at 339 pounds... **“THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY” URIEL CORTEZ!**

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! From the top of the ramp, the Titan of Industry storms down to ringside.

DDK:

Titanes Familia appear to be in a little bit of internal turmoil. Minute is scheduled to be here tomorrow night in action against Nathan Eye of BFTA, but has apparently been radio silent where the rest of the group are concerned.

Lance:

I hope Uriel is ready. Whatever happened between them at DEFIANCE Road, he has to put that out of his head to focus on the most dangerous version of Alvaro de Vargas we’d ever seen. One that has the FIST in his sights and one who is willing to hurt ANYONE and do ANYTHING to get.

Uriel grips the ropes tightly to pull himself onto the apron, then steps over the ropes into the ring. He waits for the arrival of the very man who brought him into DEFIANCE a lifetime ago.

Tom Morrow:

AHEM!

The BFTA Brainchild is once again on the stage.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and ge...

Uriel Cortez:

Shut the fuck up.

RRRAAAAHHHH!

Cortez has a microphone and is in no mood to play games. Morrow looks stunned by the reaction.

Uriel Cortez:

Bring Alvaro's ass out here... NOW.

Morrow shakes his head and his lip starts to shake, trembling with anger.

Tom Morrow:

...You want him? You're gonna GET him... ladies and gentlemen... your NEXT FIST of DEFIANCE!

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 as the jeers get loud. Tom Morrow is at his side, but unlike his standard fare with The Lucky Sevens or Aaron King, there are no flashy intros for the man formerly known as El Sol Dorado. Morrow leads him to the ring.

Tom Morrow:

He hails from Miami, Florida, by way of Havana, Cuba... he weighs in at 278 pounds... **"SUPERNOVA CUBANA"**
ALVARO DE VARGAS!

Once ADV steps up to the ring apron, he stands over the ropes. Titus is laying in wait and rips off his shirt, looking more like he's ready for a fight than anything. Referee Brian Slater gets in and calls for the bell...

DING DING

Alvaro attacks at the bell with right hands! Uriel Cortez goes on the defensive and tries to get his hands up to block the volley of punches coming his way, but ADV is already bringing the fight to the giant and soon has him backed up into a corner!

DDK:

We covered it moments ago, but so much history and bad blood between Titanes Familia and Better Future Talent Agency! The saga continues tonight!

Lance:

And look at Alvaro go! He's taking the fight right to the largest man on the roster!

Alvaro continues delivering right hands and then switches to stomps to the midsection of Cortez! The Titan of Industry tries to block one of the shots, but Alvaro switches over to a STIFF headbutt that catches Uriel just below the chin! Uriel is reeling now when Alvaro rams a series of big shoulder thrust to the midsection! Brian Slater tries to warn the #1 Contender to the FIST to back out of the corner, but Alvaro is not heeding his warnings!

DDK:

Nobody else but Brian Slater could referee this match and even now, he's having trouble trying to break things up!

Alvaro finally leaves the corner of his own accord, circling the ring as loud jeers rain down on him.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Soy tu próximo campeón!

He charges the corner and strikes The Titan of Industry with a big running corner clothesline! Uriel is still reeling when Alvaro has the audacity to paintbrush him now and talk trash in Spanish! He charges cross-corner for more distance... but the crowd pops when Uriel surges out of the corner and runs right through Alvaro with a massive running shoulder tackle out of the corner! Tom Morrow looks worried for BFTA's Crown Jewel as he's reeling on the mat!

DDK:

That's where Alvaro's games of disrespect and trash-talking can come back to haunt him!

Lance:

And now Uriel is on the attack! He's got Alvaro up!

The Titan of Industry DECKS Alvaro with a big right hand! Then a second right hand to put him into the corner! ADV fights to get away, but the Titan keeps him there... THWACK! A HUGE chop by Uriel Cortez almost drops Alvaro! He's stunned when Uriel grabs him by the arm and then LAUNCHES Supernova Cubana out of the corner with a HUGE biel that pops the Boston Faithful!

DDK:

Good lord! That strength of Cortez is uncanny! He just lobbed a 278-pound Alvaro like it was nothing!

Lance:

And now what's he going to do?

Cortez waits as Alvaro tries to stand. He looks down at a worried Morrow and cracks the smallest of smiles. Cortez hits the ropes... then launches the Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE, knocking Alvaro through the ropes and crashing outside the hard way onto the floor!

Lance:

Answered that question quickly! After a quick start by Alvaro de Vargas, now Cortez is holding court!

The Faithful cheer for the largest man in DEFIANCE before he steps over the ropes and heads out to the floor to stalk Supernova Cubana. Tom Morrow is trying to warn his client to look out... but before he can, it's too late! Uriel runs at Alvaro and tries to run him down, but Tom Morrow tugs on his arm!

DDK:

What the...? We ask this question a lot on commentary, but has Tom Morrow lost his mind?

Lance:

We both know the answer to that if he's trying to tug on Uriel Cortez's arm!

Cortez turns around and immediately shoves The BFTA Brainchild on his ass to another large pop from the crowd! He

starts talking some noise to Morrow!

DDK:

Uriel not buying anything Morrow is selling... wait! Behind him!

Before Uriel can do anything more, Alvaro sneaks off behind him and **SHOVES** the big man into the ring post! He hits it once with a thud, but is still upright. Supernova Cubana then spins him around and runs him into the post a second time, back-first! The Titan of Industry almost knocks the ring back! Morrow gets up and starts getting jeered as he jumps behind Alvaro!

Tom Morrow:

That's what you get, asshole! You don't touch greatness!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Dirty tactics by Alvaro de Vargas! Now getting Alvaro back into the ring!

The Titan of Industry is still trying to stand when Supernova Cubana shoves him under the bottom rope and manages to squeeze the larger man back into the ring. When he gets inside, Uriel tries to crawl to create some space when Alvaro gets back into the ring. He steps inside from the corner and when Cortez tries to stand, Alvaro runs off not one, but both sets of ropes... then **NAILS** Cortez with a running discus lariat! Uriel crumbles and the impact is so great, Alvaro goes down with him!

DDK:

Good night! One big move and Alvaro turns this match around! Cover! Cover on Cortez!

ADV hooks the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cortez gets a massive shoulder off the mat!

DDK:

A lesser man might have kicked out of that move, but Cortez knows Alvaro's game!

Lance:

This isn't the first time that Cortez has played spoiler to BFTA lately! Remember, it wasn't too long ago that he and Titaness won the Unified Tag Titles from The Lucky Sevens in his hometown!

Alvaro starts hovering over Uriel and then batters him with another volley of right hands, then a grounded eye rake! He yells in Spanish at Cortez when Brian Slater yells at him to cut the shit! When Alvaro stands up to his full 6'8" height, he gets jeered by the crowd. He then starts to paintbrush the back of his head with light taps of his boot.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro de Vargas:

MY ring! MY ring, pendejo!

Cortez shoves him away, but Alvaro fires back with a big kick to the side of the head, sending him back into the corner. Alvaro then backs up and then runs across the ring before he **CRACKS** Uriel in the chest with a massive

running corner dropkick!

Lance:

Another huge move by Alvaro! That sick dropkick in the corner takes down Cortez! In these past six months, like him or hate him, Alvaro has been putting it all together!

Lance:

Indeed. Between his confrontation with Vae Victis earlier tonight and his absolute destruction of Deacon and Magdalena, he feels ready for DEFCON!

Alvaro makes another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Alvaro continues to rain down more right hands on the head of Cortez!

DDK:

Alvaro working for this victory tonight! He's controlled this match!

ADV once again paintbrushes the back of Cortez's head and talks more trash.

Alvaro de Vargas:

PENDEJO!

He heads to the ropes and tries for Abajo Vas... but Cortez rises up and catches ADV with a big ring-rattling spinebuster first! The Titan of Industry collapses from the pain previously inflicted on him while Alvaro is looking up at the lights!

DDK:

Holy hell! What a spinebuster! Cortez changes the complexion of the match!

Lance:

Can he fight back and make it into this match?

Alvaro tries to get some distance away from his massive opponent while Cortez uses the opposite corner to get back to his feet. With the hot Boston crowd cheering on the former three-time Unified Tag Champ, Cortez gets back up, but Alvaro slips out to the floor to loud jeers.

DDK:

Cortez is back up, but Alvaro still rattled by that spinebuster!

The Titan of Industry doesn't give ADV the chance to get too far from him when he climbs out of the ring. He steps over the ropes and then out to the floor. Tom Morrow tries to warn Alvaro, but it's too late when Cortez charges like a really tall bull and MOWS him down with another massive shoulder tackle on the floor!

DDK:

Alvaro thought there was light at the end of the tunnel, but it was just a freight train coming his way!

Lance:

"No Leaf Clover" was on my Spotify earlier, too!

Cortez gets loud cheers from the crowd when he throws Alvaro back into the ring. The Titan of Industry lobbs the #1 Contender to the FIST back inside, then measures him up... THWACK! Chop of Ages in the corner!

DDK:

Chop of Ages by Cortez!

He pulls Alvaro out of the corner by the back of his head... then drops him with a huge Full Nelson Slam!

DDK:

What a full nelson slam! Alvaro might be done!

The former three-time Unified Tag Team Champion hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

To the delight of Tom Morrow, ADV gets an arm upwards off the mat! Cortez looks disappointed, but remains steadfast in his chance to get a big win and perhaps put himself in future FIST contention!

DDK:

Cortez has him on the ropes, though!

He takes ADV to the corner and then pulls him up by the neck... BIG BUSINESS!

Lance:

CORTEZ PULLING OUT ALL THE STOPS TONIGHT! THIS COULD BE IT! COVER! COVER!

Cortez hooks another leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Alvaro just BARELY gets the arm up, but he does! Cortez can't believe that the HUGE chop drop didn't pay off!

DDK:

That was unreal! How the hell did kick out of that as well?

Lance:

He and Deacon went to war! He took all of Deacon's best shots and still won! He's taking everything that Uriel Cortez can throw! But Uriel might have him dead to rights!

The big man stands up to his full height over Alvaro and then signals for the 218 Powerbomb! He calls for it and then picks him up as Morrow freaks out! He has him up...

Lance:

NO! ALVARO HAS HIM! HE'S... HE'S GOUGING HIS EYES! HE JUST GOUGED HIS EYES! TO GET FREE FROM THE POWERBOMB!

Uriel is caught off-guard and stumbles back to the mat as Alvaro frees himself! Cortez checks his forehead, but Alvaro

has The Titan of Industry stunned! He stumbles and grabs his eyes when Alvaro measures him up... then BLASTS Cortez with the Scorcher superkick as he's on his knees!

DDK:

He lands the Scorcher on Uriel Cortez! Right on the jaw!

Cortez doesn't go down fully, but Alvaro measures him up and froths at the mouth... ABAJO VAS!

DDK:

And there's Abajo Vas!

The running knee strike to the chest CRACKS Uriel Cortez and drives the big man down. Alvaro then finally has him groggy where he wants him. He picks up the massive Cortez by his neck and then looks out to the crowd!

Lance:

No way...can he?

ADV grits his teeth... then The Faithful collectively GASP when he gets Cortez upright right into the SICK Ardiendo piledriver!

Lance:

HE DID IT! ARDIENDO!

ADV cackles and the crowd jeers when he pins Cortez's shoulders to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

Alvaro rolls off of the giant and then stands on his two feet, cackling and laughing at what he's done... single-handed taking down another giant! Tom Morrow enters the ring and pushes his way in between ADV and Brian Slater so he and he alone can have the honor of raising his hand!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas takes down another giant after a big battle! This version of Alvaro... Supernova Cubana... might be the most dangerous version we've seen, by far.

Lance:

When he says he and he alone can take the FIST from Lindsay Troy, you can tell he truly believes that... and I think he could make believers of us yet.

Titaness comes running down the ramp with a lead pipe in hand just in case BFTA tries anything! ADV takes notice of Titaness, getting ready to keep fighting, but Morrow stops him.

Tom Morrow:

No... For once, we're doing something at DEFCON OTHER than dealing with these assholes. Let's go.

ADV growls and takes heed of Morrow's words. The gruesome twosome leave the ring, giving Titaness free reign to enter the ring.

DDK:

A huge win for Alvaro de Vargas and what's scary... is that he's done this all on his own.

Lance:

Minute not here right now. Dan Leo James still feeling the effects of his match with Sun Twist Skylar!

ROCKY ROAD

After ADV and Tom Morrow pose on the ramp, they take their leave behind the curtain. Titaness is in the ring checking on her husband, who is still barely moving after being dropped on his head.

DDK:

Brutal super heavyweight fight we just saw! Alvaro de Vargas claims another scalp on his way to DEFCON!

Lance:

Uriel gave him hell, but it just wasn't enough tonight for this leveled-up version of ADV.

Titaness continues to check... but a buzz starts to happen. A form starts to climb over the barricade on one side. It's a familiar face that hasn't been seen since UNCUT. 6'2", 267 pounds, heading into the ring!

DDK:

Wait, wait... why is "Strong AF" Allen Fosters here? His battle was with Dan Leo James!

Strong AF stands over Titaness and Uriel Cortez. When she takes notice of the man that spent weeks tormenting their stablemate Dan Leo James, she stands up and gets ready to brandish the lead pipe she brought out earlier. Strong AF does nothing but smile, then point behind her...

Lance:

Wait... what the? THAT'S...

Titaness turns around...

AND CATCHES A PUMP KICK TO THE FACE FROM A 300-POUND MONSTER!

Lance:

ANGEL TRINIDAD! HOLY HELL! IT'S ANGEL TRINIDAD OF TEAM HOSS!

The crowd JEERS the 6'10" New Yorker! Who hasn't been seen in DEFIANCE in just over two years! And not far behind him, another form rolls out from the crowd... Aleczander The Great! The 6'4" and 260-pound tag partner of his and one third of the legendary monster trio and former World Trios Champions!

DDK:

TEAM HOSS IS BACK.. AND STRONG AF HAS JOINED WITH THEM?!

The crowd JEERS when the monsters put the boots to Titaness and Uriel Cortez, still down from his match earlier! Strong AF and Aleczander continue stomping away on Uriel Cortez in the corner when Angel grabs Titaness on his shoulders. He looks out to the crowd and then slams the Show of Force into a fireman's carry into a chokeslam!

DDK:

What the hell are Team HOSS doing back in DEFIANCE? Strong AF had that series of matches with Dan Leo James... does this have to do with that?!

Lance:

I... I don't know! Capital Punishment, the original third member of Team HOSS, is the matchmaker for BRAZEN! Perhaps Team HOSS are looking for new blood to fill the part! I'd say they found it!

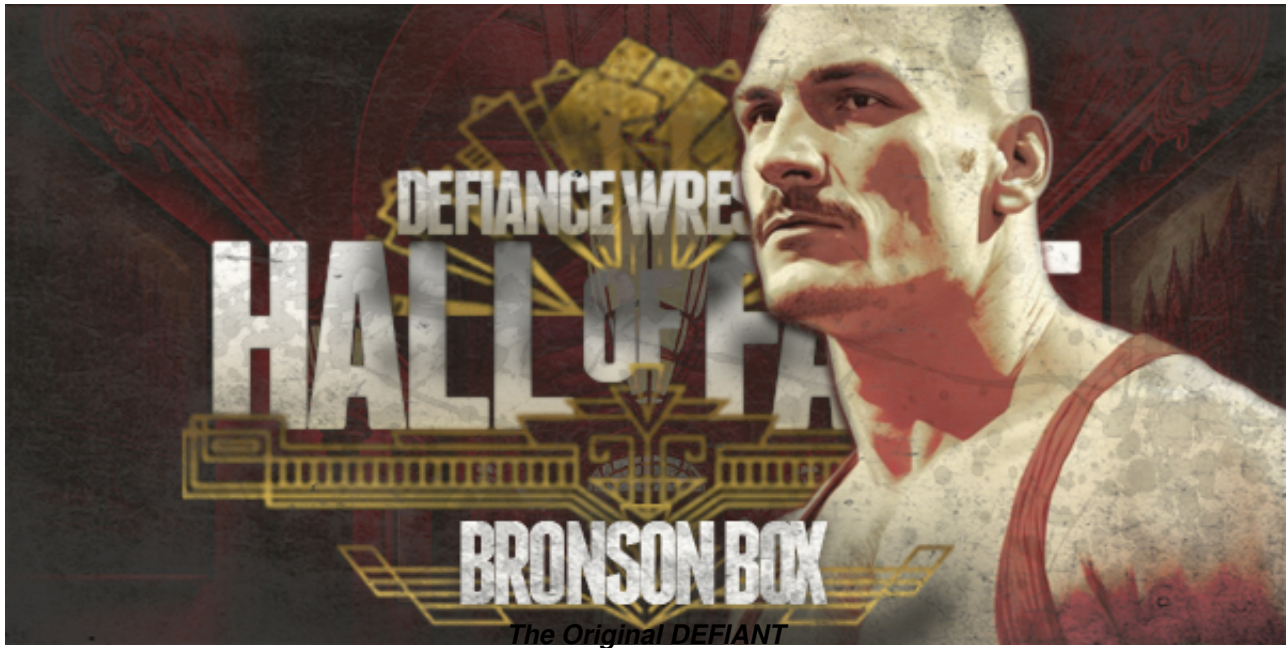
Angel Trinidad, Aleczander and Strong AF pose in the middle of the ring and get jeered by the Boston crowd!

DDK:

These men have terrorized a lot of the roster back in the day! Even luminaries like Lindsay Troy, Dusty Griffith and Eugene Dewey have had run-ins with them and now that they appear to have bolstered their lineup, they've singled out

the former Unified Tag Team Champions!

The new trio take their leave from the ring after the destruction left in their wake.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

REAPER THE GREY vs. SCROW

♪ "See you in Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

Reaper comes out with Ravanna beside him as the two make their way to the ring, "Ravanna is telling Grey to end this in that ring"

DDK:

RG has had Scrow's number for years now. The man is built like a brick wall, no wonder he is labeled Crimson Lord's Muscle.

Darren Quimbley:

The following match is scheduled for one fall. Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Ravanna from the House of the Harvest, "The Muscle of HoH" REAPER THE GREY!

Lance:

His domination of Scrow has been written in the history books. Everything rides on his meeting with Scrow here tonight. Is this going to continue the history between these two men, or is this the start of a new chapter in their story?

Reaper raises his hands to a crowd of jeering fans, as Ravanna makes her way outside the ring.

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell Instrumental" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9" ♪

Scrow's DEFTRON video plays as the Raven's Eye steps from behind the curtain about a couple of moments later. His wet black hair draped over his right eye, his monocle now with an etched Raven's eye in the glass. He is in red ring gear with black trim and blackbirds on the shin pad and on the side of his trunks. His new logo is of a bird trying to escape a puddle of ooze on the front of his trunks. That same logo is on the back of his black leather coat.

Darren Quimbley:

His opponent.... Making his way to the ring at this time, from the Fields of Torment....."The Raven's Eye" SCROW!!!!

Scrow makes his way to the ring, while the Faithful cheer him on. The focus on Scrow has him paying no mind to the people.

DDK:

So to catch people up Crimson Lord ordered both Skylar and Reaper to finish the job on Scrow, and Ravanna has been added to this whole mix. Lord apparently was not pleased with them defeating Scrow at DEFROAD.

Lance:

I have known Crimson for years, and this man has lived by the philosophy of if they walk out then you did not clearly inflict enough pain.

DDK:

Well, given his ultimatum to Ravanna and she has already failed once. As Dan Leo James beat Skylar and walked out on his own accord. This match is probably her last chance to make sure the job is finally finished.

Lance:

Given the history between Scrow and Reaper the Grey. She may get herself out of this one by the skin of her teeth. Scrow has not had an answer for the brute strength of Grey. The man has abused Scrow for years and Scrow has had no answer to Crimson's muscle.

Scrow enters the ring.

DING DING

RG quickly runs at Scrow and the quicker of the two manages to duck out of the way. Scrow unloads on The Muscle of

HoH. Grey backtracks into the ropes and quickly shoves Scrow to the ground as he somersaults on the ground and gets up. He charges at Grey who strikes Scrow with a running Yakuza kick! It knocks Scrow out of his boots. Ravanna nods with approval. Grey quickly picks up Scrow and lifts him up into a stalling suplex...

DDK:

Scrow is in trouble here. It appears his striking was absorbed by the bigger of the two.

Lance:

OOOOO...Screwdriver!

Scrow holds his head, and Grey mounts him and unloads with hard blows across the skull. After a few minutes of blows. He picks up Scrow and throws him shoulder-first into the steel post! He pulls him out of the ropes and german suplexes Scrow folding him up! Grey gets up and smirks at the Faithful who jeer him. Scrow continues to hold the back of his head.

DDK:

Scrow is being manhandled here. Ravanna has to be happy right now. Can The Raven's Eye manage to survive here?

Lance:

We all know Scrow has been on the end of some massive beatdowns and has managed to survive.

Grey picks up Scrow and sets him on the top rope, he climbs the ropes and nails a SUPER Back Suplex! Grey goes for the cover! Ravanna hops on the apron and shakes her head before a one-count can even be made. Grey stops the pinfall as she drops off the apron. Reaper picks up Scrow and unloads with a homage to suplex city! OVER AND OVER AND OVER! Scrow can barely move. Grey looks on with amusement. He drags the prone Scrow to the center of the ring. He goes for the cover again, and yet again...

DDK:

Ravanna again is not satisfied with this beating Grey has given Scrow.

Lance:

He is still moving, even after a good eight suplexes. Scrow is in loads of trouble here!

Grey picks him up, Ravanna is barking orders from the apron ignoring Mark Shields wanting her off the apron, but he is so horrible at his job that he doesn't realize he could force her to get off the apron, or be ejected from the ringside if he could come up with a coherent thought to tell her that. Reaper pushes Scrow off the ropes...

DDK:

Scrow reverses!

Lance:

Reaper just collided with Ravanna on the apron! SCHOOL BOY by Scrow!

Ravanna collides with the floor for the second time tonight! Mark starts the count.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell Instrumental" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9"♪

Darren Quimbley:

The winner of the match.. "The Raven's Eye" SCROWWW!!

DDK:

Scrow SURVIVED! Reaper is irate shouting at Mark about the count!

Lance:

Scrow quickly is out of the ring before Reaper can grab him. The man somehow managed to survive a brutal beating at the hands of HoH. Listen to these fans firmly behind The Raven's Eye!

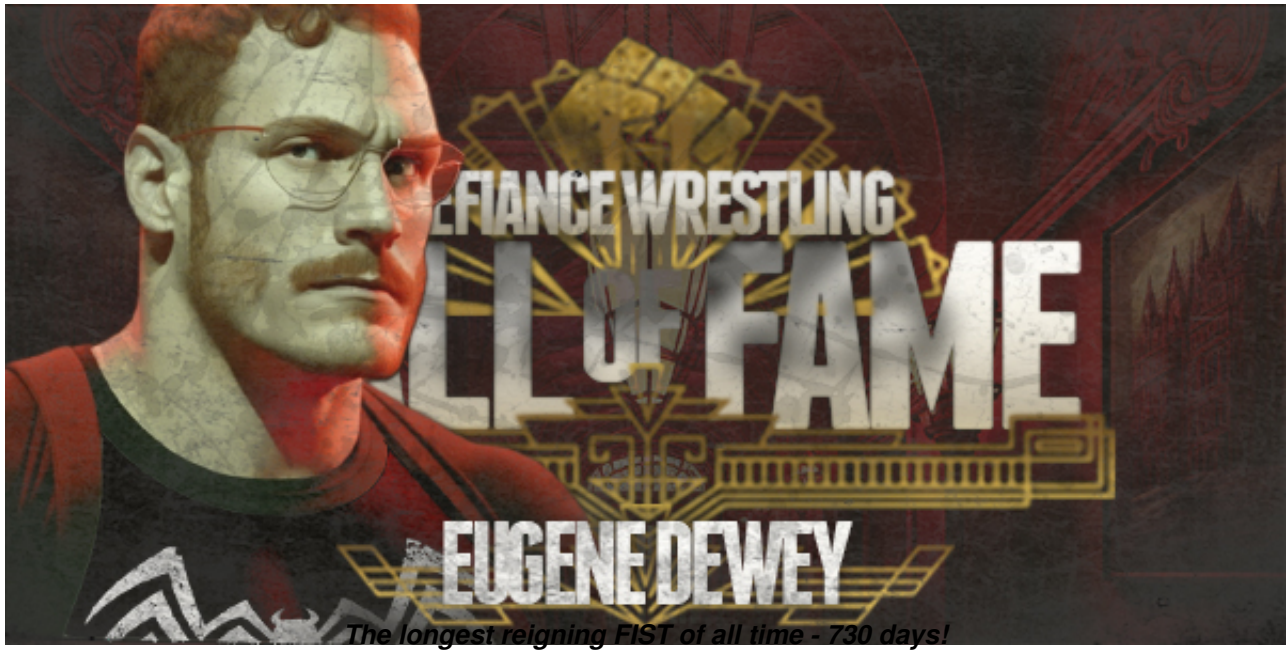
Scrow can barely stand but manages to raise his hand as Grey kicks the ropes staring out at him. Mark exits the ring to check on Ravanna. Grey watches Scrow exit through the curtain and looks up at the ceiling in disappointment. He notices Mark by Ravanna he exits the ring and shoves Mark off of her. RG checks on Ravanna who is still out of it. He picks her up and carries her to the back.

DDK:

How is Crimson going to respond to both his men failing at their respective jobs? Ravanna has cost both men their wins here tonight. She has not had a great night. I think when Ravanna wakes up she is also going to have to think about what to do now.

Lance:

This was not a good night for The House of the Harvest. Darren, I can guarantee you it will not be good at all.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY

A LITTLE CHAT

DEFtv returns from its last commercial break of the evening to find the Uncut Gems heading out for the evening. Teri Melton looks resplendent as she breathes in the crisp Boston air. JJ is almost next to her, now wearing a ringer T-Shirt in the style of Fleetwood Mac's "Rumours" album but instead it says "Uncut Gems." And waiting for them is an ivory white Rolls Royce Phantom (as mentioned by Teri earlier in the night, she was not lying) with a chauffeur opening the back door for them.

Teri Melton:

It's such a wonderful evening, Mr. Dixon! Let's go for a drive on Storrow Drive! And then we can have a nightcap! I have several professor friends at Harvard who want to know the secrets to our success --

Teri's thought trails off and her smile is washed away as she spots two people exiting the Rolls. *Her* Rolls.

Lindsay Troy:

I dunno, Sonny. The constellation thing is neat and all but the whole thing seems rather....

The Queen of the Ring snaps her fingers, searching for the right word.

Lindsay Troy:

Pretentious. And we're not pretentious people.

She looks over her left shoulder and sneers at Teri.

Lindsay Troy:

Unlike some others in our present company.

Teri stares. And there is a very noticeable and bright twinkle in her eye. She looks at her silver watch and she taps it.

Teri Melton:

Ah, Lindsay Troy. Just as I was expecting. Soon enough, I knew you'd realize it was time we had a little chat.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah, not here for the warm and fuzzy ex-family reunion, Teri, which I'm sure you're very broken up about. I'm here to talk with the kid.

She motions her head toward JJ, who raises his eyebrows and looks at Teri. Teri nods back at him.

Teri Melton:

I am shocked at the tone of disrespect from you, the great Lindsay Troy! Why, how could it ever have been predicted? What do we get next? The sarcastic eye roll? The "can you believe what this person is saying, Clay Byrd?" over the shoulder dismissal? Or will it be the "can you believe what this person is saying, Kerry Kuroyama?" over the shoulder dismissal? Perhaps a stern look into the horizon of all you see in your imaginable kingdom? Or maybe the sarcastic golf clap?

Teri does a sarcastic golf clap.

Teri Melton:

No, Lindsay. You don't talk to Mr. Dixon until you can learn to do so with the respect he is due. But that just means you'll have to talk to me. And there are a lot of things I want to say not just to your face...

And then she does something very few people do. Despite being 5'4", she steps right in Lindsay Troy's face and smirks.

Teri Melton:

But **IN** your face, honey.

Lindsay Troy:

Well, I'd say you'd better find a step-ladder but that would mean I give a damn about anything you have to say. And I don't.

The FIST of DEFIANCE gives The Silver Vixen a shitty little smile.

Lindsay Troy: *[to JJ]*

I was impressed with how you manhandled Caballero out there, and Sonny can't stand him.

The visible shudder from Silver confirms this.

Sonny Silver:

It's true... how does that prima donna asshole still have a job?

Lindsay Troy:

Because you thought making his life hell in BRAZEN was more fun than telling him he couldn't hack it.

Sonny Silver: *[grinning]*

That does sound like something I'd do.

Lindsay Troy:

Anyway. *[back to JJ]* Like I was saying, I was impressed with you out there. **WAS** But then you tucked your balls away and had Teri do the talking for you, soooooo...

She shrugs her shoulders.

Lindsay Troy:

I guess you can thank her for talking you out of getting a crack at the FIST of DEFIANCE. Too bad, kid; could've been a career-making moment for you. Ah well. Them's the breaks, I guess.

Sonny Silver:

It's fine, I hear the Bigfoot Wizard needs something to do next week.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh shit, did Oscar actually get him? Now *that'll* be a challenge.

Teri Melton:

Oh, gasp! A highly predictable power play from Lindsay Troy! Color me shocked! Did the great Lindsay Troy - she of the FIST of DEFIANCE and some other leagues and the owner of the professional wrestling unemployment office known as PRIME - really go completely out of her way to lay out in the back of my Rolls Royce, waiting out here for at least 30 minutes while wearing some ridiculous outfit from the back of a Forever 21 catalog in this winter New England air, just waiting for our grand departure so you can offer JJ Dixon a title opportunity, only then then yank it away because Teri Melton stepped in your face and humiliated you? Don't you know how absolutely ridiculous it is to think that I would fall for such a ridiculous ploy?

Teri gives Lindsay her own shitty little smile.

Teri Melton:

That's fine, Lindsay. We accept. We'll see you in Milwaukee.

JJ Dixon: *[shrugs]*

Them's the breaks, I guess!

Then Teri looks at Sonny Silver.

Teri Melton:

Oh, I'm not sure we've met. Who are you?

Teri condescendingly offers her handshake before she laughs and she and JJ get in the Rolls Royce and leave.

The two members of Vae Victis watch them go. Sonny reaches into the inside pocket of his coat and produces one of those old Big Red "Easy" buttons from Staples. He presses it and the obnoxious recording breaks through the silence. As it does, the shitty little smile hasn't left the Queen's face.

In fact, it's only grown.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. CONOR FUSE

DDK:

It's time for the main event.

The scene switches to the middle of the ring where Darren Quimbey stands.

Darren Quimbey:

It's time for the main event!

DDK:

Hey, I just said that.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUSE!!

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Conor shoots out from behind the apron to a massive reaction as he hops, skips and jumps his way down the ramp smacking hands with the gamers in attendance.

DDK:

We don't have to go over it much, it's been beaten to death already. Conor's team was unsuccessful at defeating Vae Victis during DEFIANCE Road but Conor, and Pat Cassidy, lasted until the bitter end. Fuse had a real chance to win the FIST or SOHER, as did Pat. In the end... it was a misplaced Weapon Getted knee that struck Pat and all bets were off.

Lance:

No one feels worse than Fuse, being the man who was really the glue that kept the team together... or tried to keep it together.

The Codebreaker jumps on the apron and then clears the ropes in another jump, landing perfectly in the center of the ring. His theme song comes to a close while the crowd already starts to fill the ring with jeers...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Seattle, Washington... weighing two-hundred-forty-six pounds... The Pacific Blitzkrieg... KERRY KUROYAMA!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Smoke fills the rampway as Kuroyama marches out, still with the notepad in hand. He begins making other observations as he marches down the ramp, with Conor in the ring shaking his head in disgust.

Lance:

Fuse is right, these two are familiar with each other. Maybe not on the level of Tyler and Kerry, but Conor was a part of the initial battles between Seattle's Best and the Fuse Bros. years ago.

DDK:

How time flies. It feels like that was yesterday.

Kuroyama strolls up the steps and enters the ring. He still has his clipboard in hand as referee Benny Doyle asks both men to meet in the center of the ring. Kerry brings the clipboard along with him and once all three men are in the center of the squared circle, the VV member starts checking off other "issues" he has with Conor Fuse's ring attire.

The Power-Up King smacks the clipboard out of Kerry's hands as it falls to the mat.

Kuroyama goes for a forearm to the face but Conor ducks it. Kuroyama looks for another forearm and this time Conor leaps up and flips backwards, landing a good three feet away from the VV assassin. With Benny Doyle being a pro at his job, he calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

You had to think this match wouldn't take long to kick off.

Kuroyama charges at Fuse but the gamer is coy and steers Kerry chest-first into the corner. Kuroyama stumbles out and Fuse connects with a reverse exploder suplex!

DDK:

There's a move you don't see Conor do every day!

The crowd is also stunned because as Kuroyama gets to his feet, he's hit with a regular exploder suplex by Fuse.

DDK:

Is Conor changing up his game to show he can hang with one of the best wrestlers in DEFIANCE or is he doing this to get under Kerry's skin?

Lance:

Both, Keebs. Likely both.

Fuse kips to his feet and runs at Kuroyama. However, this time, Kerry allows Conor's momentum to steer The Character Formerly Known as Player Two into the turnbuckle padding. Upon exiting the corner, Kuroyama connects with a side Russian leg sweep and then drops an elbow against Conor's right temple.

Fuse rolls over to the ropes but Kuroyama snatches him, drags the pale skinned gamer to his feet and lands a German suplex with a bridge.

ONE.

TW-

KICKOUT!

Right back to work Kuroyama goes with a headlock takedown. The Seattle star holds the neck of Conor in place before applying a few stiff punches to his skull. Fuse tries for a headscissors to escape the takedown... he's very flexible and he's able to do just that. Kuroyama drops the hold as the younger Fuse pops to his feet and hits the ropes.

Kuroyama catches Fuse and tries for a backbreaker but Conor swings all the way around and lands an implant DDT!

Lance:

A few months ago Conor started experimenting with adding DDT's to his arsenal. Since then he can hit various ones with leveled off impacts. He calls them Resolution DDTs. I would say this looked like it's 720p.

DDK:

I don't know how you keep up with this stuff...

Lance:

I get paid to.

DDK:

Good point.

Fuse flies around the canvas and hits Kuroyama square in the face with a missile dropkick. He then runs over, drags Kuroyama to his feet and connects with a falcon arrow suplex into a pin!

ONE.

TW-

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Both men with a pinfall to their name but more work to be done!

Fuse hits the ropes and looks for one of the fastest looking lionsaults in the game. It connects! Fuse hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

You have to believe both men are feeling the effects of DEFIANCE Road. They might want to continue trying to put away this match ASAP.

It looks like that's what Conor is doing. He immediately scrambles on the mat and is attempting to work Kuroyama into the Elden Rings of Saturn!

...Except Kerry finds the ropes with his feet.

Lance:

It's not every day you see someone like Conor Fuse out-wrestling Kerry Kuroyama on the mat.

DDK:

Kerry DID get to the ropes, though.

Both men are up but Conor plants Kerry with a sitdown hip toss before bouncing off the ropes again- but Kuroyama is quickly onto his feet and he crushes Fuse under the jaw with a discus forearm smash!

Fuse stumbles back and Kuroyama connects with judo strikes, followed by an exploder suplex of his own.

Kerry looks for a second exploder suplex when Conor lands on his feet!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Fuse leaps into the ropes and jumps off them just as quickly, connecting with a springboard dropkick into Kerry's right knee. It puts The Specific Blitzkrieg, as Conor Fuse calls him, on his knees in the middle of the ring.

Conor takes flight again, catching Kerry's head and planting him with a 1080pDDT!

Fuse kips up. He's feeling it. He's pumping his hands wildly around. It looks like he may go for the Head Stomp-

NO! Kuroyama rolls out of the way and the gamer is wobbly. Kuroyama shoots off the ropes, grabs Conor's head and lands a running bulldog!

Tiger suplex follows.

Into a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse gets away but he's clearly struggling to find his whereabouts in the ring. This allows Kuroyama to position himself behind the former Tag Team Champion and whip Fuse into a pumphandle slam!

Kuroyama stands, stumbles into a corner and shakes his head. He's licking his wounds but he knows he has a chance to put The Power-Up King away. With Fuse on his feet, Kuroyama runs at the Comments Section member and smacks Conor across the face with a well placed Yakuza kick!

Conor spins around, twice, before crumbling to the mat in a heap.

Kerry dusts his hands off, walks over... and looks down.

DDK:

ROLL UP BY FUSE!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Oh the crowd bought that one!

DDK:

We all did!

Kuroyama kicked out at the last possible second! He's furious... and it's also clear it was a desperation move by The Ultimate Gamer. Conor wasn't playing possum. He was definitely hurt from the kick and tried for a last gasp victory roll up!

A pissed off Kuroyama lifts Fuse to his feet and into a suplex position... only to toss Conor halfway across the ring in a Gordbuster.

Kuroyama isn't done. He continues to drill one of DEFIANCE's favorites with forearm blow after forearm blow, working Fuse into a corner. Kuroyama Irish whips the Comments Section member into the corner across the way. Fuse flips right before impact, meeting the padding with his back and also flipping Conor Fuse upright, as he sits on the top turnbuckle pad. Woozy as shit, Fuse falls off the turnbuckle pad the exact same way he went on, flipping down, landing on his feet and stumbling backwards to the center of the ring. Conor throws two wild punches in the air, that hit no one... and then he folds like an accordion in the middle of the ring.

Kuroyama shakes his head at the "theatrics" of the impact.

The VV member walks over with a measured knee drop to Fuse's head. He drags Conor upright and lands a fisherman suplex for the pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Specific Blitzkrieg looks a little irate but nevertheless, he stays on his gameplan. A Black Mountain Bomb (double-underhook powerbomb) follows and then...

Kuroyama props Conor on the bottom rope.

Kerry takes a number of steps back before charging with the knee... looking for the Green River Revolt...

SWOOSH!

The knee doesn't just miss but Conor, upon moving, allows his free leg to sweep the left leg of Kerry Kuroyama and drag the Seattle star down to the mat along with him.

DDK:

A great counter by Conor Fuse. Then again, the Green River Revolt is basically I Trigger, Malak Garland's knee. Both are modified versions of each other so they are moves Conor is familiar with and uses. Of course, he accidentally used the knee on Pat Cassidy when he meant it for Lindsay Troy last month...

As Keebler speaks, the crowd is becoming MOAR alive. It's not so much about the move Fuse countered, as it is what he's trying to lock in right now.

The Elden Rings of Saturn.

DDK:

HE HAS IT!

The Boston Faithful go batshit insane, seeing Conor Fuse of all people outwork Kerry Kuroyama on the mat. It looks like Kuroyama is DOA in the center of the ring... but as the crafty vet tries to kick his feet free or closer to the ropes, he begins to slip away from Fuse's grasp.

Somehow, Kuroyama reversed the move! He gets his knees behind him and turns this into a backslide pin!

ONE.

TWO.

FUSE IS FORCED TO LET GO OF THE HOLD AND GETS HIS SHOULDER UP AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!

DDK:

Wow! Hell of a counter by Kerry!

And before Conor's on his feet-

WHACK!

He's met with the Green River Revolt!

The air is sucked out of the arena as Kuroyama signals for the end. He sets up Fuse for the pump-handle emerald flowsion finisher... the Kuroyama Driver...

Fuse escapes!

Conor pumps Kerry under the jaw with a superkick!

Lance:

Fuse was on life support there for a moment.

With a ton of energy from feeding off the crowd, The Ultimate Gamer runs into the ropes, leaps in the air...

And he's caught!

Kuroyama eventually maneuvers into a Gedo clutch pinning attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

CONOR NARROWLY ESCAPES!

The crowd gives a cheer, although most thought it was over again as both men gain a vertical base. Kuroyama leaps with a knee strike but Conor catches Kerry and performs a belly-to-side suplex... followed by a snapdragon suplex!

Fuse kips to his feet... but then falls into the corner with exhaustion!

Conor's head starts rocking with the !RANK chants. It doesn't take long for him to go overboard with the head nods since the crowd is so loud. Conor bursts out of the corner, leaps in the air and might be attempting the Head Stomp-

But once Conor leaves his feet he's caught by Kuroyama and whatever Fuse was going to do, it's turned into a sidewalk slam!

Kuroyama fumbles backwards. The Vae Victis member has an opportunity to put this match away but he's not able to do anything just yet. The crowd is rumbling their feet, in the hopes to wake Conor Fuse up.

DDK:

It has to come down to the next person to hit a move, does it not?

Suddenly... Declan Alexander appears from behind the FIST logo.

Lance:

Declan's come for a closer look!?

Fuse is on all fours and Kerry Kuroyama looks none too happy upon seeing Declan Alexander watching from the apron. Kuroyama emerges from his side of the ring in a fury as he goes for a discus elbow but Fuse ducks, lifts Kuroyama to his feet and performs a hammer throw! Kuroyama flies halfway across the ring before Conor hits the ropes, jumps up in the air-

And meets the heel of his feet against the crown of Kerry Kuroyama's head.

DDK:

HEAD STOMP!

The crowd EXPLODES as Fuse falls to the side of the canvas! However, the look on Conor's face suggests he believes the match isn't over and he will need to do something further in order to be successful.

The gamer slowly moves his way towards Kuroyama. Fuse drops to his knees and configures the technical wrestler

into a heel hook submission!

Kuroyama cries out! Kerry reaches for the ropes but he's in the center of the ring. He tries to reach for Conor Fuse but he can't get there...

DDK:

I have NEVER seen Conor apply this kind of submission before!

Kuroyama waves his arms around... he's trying to break free... the crowd is cheering loudly... even Declan Alexander is watching with intensity.

Kerry tries to position to his left, he can't do it. He tries for his right, he can't do it. Finally, in a last ditch effort, Kuroyama places both hands behind him, pushes off the mat and he's able to spin Conor Fuse around and out of the hold!

Except Fuse still has Kuroyama's right leg... and Conor reels Kerry in!

Into a modified bridging heel hook leglock pin!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

I don't believe it!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUSE!!

The Faithful roar as Conor's theme song plays and Declan Alexander claps along! A woozy and furious Kerry Kuroyama rolls himself out of the ring.

The gamer is certainly feeling it as it takes him a while to stand but once he does, Benny Doyle raises Conor's hand to a standing ovation!

DDK:

Conor Fuse out-wrestled Kerry Kuroyama at Kerry's own game. I can't believe my eyes!

Lance:

It was impressive, I'll give you that.

DEFCON RAINBOW ROAD

Conor's theme song, however, comes to a close as Jamie Sawyers enters the ring with a mic in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, congratulations!

The interviewer speaks, capturing the attention of Conor Fuse as well as the crowd. Everyone settles down.

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm sorry to interrupt your moment but I have some exciting news that I just received!

Sawyers' voice is joyous so, of course, Conor Fuse is interested. So are The Boston Faithful.

Jamie Sawyers:

You have been coming very close in your recent battles, Conor. The last man on your DEFIANCE Road team, the semi finals of the FIST tournament, too. Well, if you recall, the Favored Saints did make additional stipulations for anyone who got out of the first round of that FIST tournament from last year. Those who went to the second round had a second chance at a fatal four way battle for a shot at the FIST. This had already taken place a while ago. However, for the rest of you who advanced, nothing was offered. Until now...

Sawyers pauses as Conor leans against the ropes, listening intently.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well I'm here to tell you, you're going to get another opportunity at the "last level"...

The crowd begins to rumble amongst themselves. Sawyers continues.

Jamie Sawyers:

Because at DEFCON, two of The Faithful's favourites will battle it out for a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE! Yes, you heard me correctly! At DEFCON there will be a number one contendership match! It'll be Dex Joy on one side...

Pause.

Jamie Sawyers:

Versus Conor Fuse on the other!

The crowd roars with anticipation!

DDK:

HUGE NEWS!

Lance:

I definitely like the sounds of that.

Conor is beside himself... in a good way. He slams his fists against the top turnbuckle pad and the crowd chants *!RANK*. Then he slams them again... and the crowd chants *!RANK*.

And again. *!RANK*

Again. *!RANK*

So on and so on, *!RANK !RANK !RANK*

Finally, an adrenaline riddled Conor Fuse walks to the center of the ring and puts his arm around Jamie. Fuse leans towards the microphone Sawyers holds.

Conor Fuse:

I always liked you, Jamie.

Conor adjusts Jamie's tie.

Conor Fuse:

Amazing news!

Conor spins his head to see Declan Alexander is still standing at the rampway.

Conor Fuse:

HEY! Hey dude, it's the end of the show! You wanna do that Rainbow Road rubber match... ON THE DEFIATron!?

The crowd erupts again with approval!

Declan Alexander starts nodding his head, revealing a controller in his hands. He begins his descent on the rampway-

When a disgruntled Kerry Kuroyama walks past, snatching the controller out of Declan's palm. Kerry smashes it to the ground in a rage and storms to the back.

Conor, however, refuses to allow the moment to ruin anything further. He exits the ring with Jamie's mic in hand.

Conor Fuse:

Naa dude, fuck that guy. I have a bunch of hidden Switch remotes under the ring.

Conor pulls out a box of them and slides them into the squared circle.

Conor Fuse:

LFGGGG, man!

Declan's game as he rediscovers the previous smile on his face and walks down the rampway. Conor gives Jamie Sawyers a hug the interviewer wasn't ready for before orchestrating another !RANK chant with The Faithful.

DDK:

The road to DEFCON has officially begun!

Lance:

But not before *RAINBOW* Road to DEFCON. Huh? Huh? Is that funny?

DDK:

Eh.

The DEFtv signature appears in the bottom right corner of the broadcast feed, while Declan Alexander enters the ring and Conor Fuse tosses him a Nintendo Switch controller. Mario Kart 8 loads on the DEFIATron.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.