

SHOW OPEN

After the amazing video package put out by the lovely new video department, the camera pans all around a very PACKED and very RABID Wells Fargo Center packed with thousands of DEFIANCE Faithful hungry to see the second of two nights full of wrestling action! The extra-large ACTS of DEFIANCE DEFIATron shines brightly! The pyro explodes from every direction as the camera then cuts to signage...

PUSH AARDMARK

HOW ABOUT "ACTS OF KINDNESS", HUH?

WHEN DO WE GET TO SEE SCOTTY FLASH KILLED IN THE RING?

KERRY WAS BIGGER THAN VV

cOnOr SECTION

HENRY KEYES USED TO BE SUCH A NICE BOY

MV REUNION OR RIOT

HIGH ON PCP

I'M SEARCHIN' FOR CYRUS

I'VE BEEN TO EVERY MAJOR DEF SHOW SINCE JULY OF 2021 IN HOPES THAT *THIS* IS THE SHOW

MIKEY UNLIKELY RETURNS

IF A BLOODBATH DOUBLE RING STEEL CAGE MATCH WITH A RETIREMENT STIPULATION THAT ENDED WHEN AN OLDER LADY FELL OFF THE ROOF OF A 30 FOOT CAGE HAPPENED ON UNCUT DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

EVERYCHAMP FIGHTS FOR EVERYONE!

EVERYONE > OSCAR BURNS

MORE LIKE THE UNLUCKY SEVENS, AMIRITE?

#NEWRECORD #NEWCHAMPION

And then once again to the COMMENTATION STATION with those two reputable commentary folks that DEFIANCE know and love so well...

DDK:

WHAT A NIGHT WE HAD LAST NIGHT, BUT WE ARE NOT DONE BY A LONG SHOT! WELCOME TO NIGHT TWO OF ACTS OF DEFIANCE 2023! I AM "DOWNTOWN" DARREN KEEBLER AND AS ALWAYS, I'VE GOT LANCE WARNER WITH ME TO HELP CALL THE ACTION!

Lance:

And my God, what a noteworthy Night One! After a four-hundred and forty-eight day reign of TERROR of "The Kraken" Henry Keyes, it is all OVER at the hands of the monstrous and seemingly unstoppable CORVO ALPHA!

DDK:

And the Unified Tag Team Championships did as well! Flex Appeal could not deny the Pop Culture Phenoms their record THIRD Unified Tag Team Title as a team! The D and Elise Ares won back the gold and in the process, a rift formed! Klein lost the titles, but rejoined his family! Meanwhile, we don't know what this mean for Flex Kruger and Kyle Shields going forward!

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant defeated Conor Fuse and cemented himself as one step closer to glory! M4NTRA defeated The Lucky Sevens when TOM MORROW turned is back on his own clients to make it happen! The Devil's Circus outlasted Titanes Familia in tag team action and Search Party Cyrus defeated David Fox... and that was all just NIGHT ONE!

Lance:

That's right! We've got SIX more matches on tap tonight, including the BIG ONE... It's DEFIANCE vs. Everyone! It's "The EveryChamp" Dex Joy defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against the man who wants to be the ONLY Champ... DEFIANCE Himself, Oscar Burns! After a HEFTY toll has been paid by Vae Victis in recent weeks with the loss of the Favoured Saints and the Southern Heritage Championships, it is up to Oscar Burns to right the ship of Vae Victis! Can

he reach rarified air as a three-time FIST of DEFIANCE following his recent victory over Dex Joy in tag team action? Or will Dex Joy show the man that claims to be DEFIANCE that this promotion now belongs to everyone?

DDK:

In other action, it will be NO HOLDS BARRED when DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Bronson Box teams up with former FIST of DEFIANCE and SoHer Champion Gage Blackwood to take on The Honor Society of DOCTOR Ned Reform and TA Cole! Has The Good Doctor bitten off more than he can chew or can The Honor Society make the biggest statement on the biggest stage! We have the match that we needed FAA approval for... when one of DEFIANCE'S most gifted high-flyers takes on the man that has antagonized for weeks, Malak Garland aka Malak El Frio!

Lance:

We round out the card with an OPEN CHALLENGE from the returning "Black Out" Pat Cassidy! After several years of success as the decorated Saturday Night Specials with the now-retired Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy strikes out on his own! Who steps up against The Scrapper From Southie? In six-man tag team action, unlikely allies band together! The Flying Men aka The Flying Frenchie, the OG High Flyer Jack Harmen and son, High Flyer IV, take on the unlikely trio of villains in the sinister Tyler Fuse, the dangerous Victor Vacio and his heavy, Gerardo Villalobos!

DDK:

After his absence last night and a loss from Titanes Familia, we will hear from their leader and the new Favoured Saints Champion, Uriel Cortez, and what's next for them. But kicking off tonight's show... a grudge match! The demented, but talented Scott Hunter tries to finish what he started when he takes on Masked Violator #1 to start the show! Just cleared mere days ago after a knee injury led to a loss against Hunter, MV1 tries to avenge that loss! He'll have his chance when our show starts... right now!

MV1 vs. SCOTT HUNTER

DDK:

Getting us started here tonight we'll see a rematch between MV1 and the man who has been a thorn in his side for the last few months, Scott Hunter. In fact, Scott Hunter picked up a win, although a win under... shall I say... sneaky circumstances, and additionally, we all saw how the knee of MV1 buckled that night, so I have to wonder if he is at full strength here tonight for this rematch.

Lance:

I have to say, I somewhat underestimated Scott Hunter. MV1 is an incredibly talented professional wrestler, and yet Hunter matches him hold for hold. It did look like MV1 was gonna take it at one point, but it's hard to do much when you can't stand on your own two feet.

DDK:

Not to mention, it's hard to anticipate your opponent helping you to get medical attention, then rolling you up for the three count when you least expect it.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our opening contest is scheduled for one fall... Introducing first...

The loud sound of an elephant reverberates through the arena.

Lance:

What the - - ?

DDK:

Was that... was that an elephant??

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

An audible groan ripples through the arena just as Scott Hunter appears atop the ramp, astride a full sized African elephant. Scott has one fist raised high overhead, and both Scott and the elephant have colorful blue and yellow sweater vests on.

DDK:

Dear Lord...

Lance:

That must be the biggest sweater vest I've ever seen!

Sparklers fizzle around Scott and the elephant disappointingly, but he doesn't seem to pick up on their lackluster impact.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Miami, Florida and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and forty six pounds! ... SCOTT HUNTER!

Hunter pumps his fists so hard with excitement that he nearly falls off of the back of his 'steed'. The elephant abruptly stops at ringside, flinging Scott forward and onto the apron. Catching the middle rope, he jerks himself back upright, wipes his boots on the apron, and steps into the ring with over-the-top energy and enthusiasm.

DDK:

I never cease to be amazed by this guy.

Lance:

Absolutely he is perhaps the most unique... uh... person, that we have in the locker room right now.

The lights dim for just a moment before pulsing red, blue, and yellow. The Faithful hit their feet at the rattle of snare and scream of electric guitar.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent!

Emerging onto the stage with determination spelled out across his mask, MV1 is dressed in his trademark red wrestling singlet trimmed with blues and yellows with matching pads and boots. Pausing at the ramp just long enough to raise a single index finger high over-head, he gingerly walks down the aisle, giving a side-eye to Scott Hunter's elephant, standing in all his glory at the bottom of the entrance ramp. MV1 shakes his head in annoyance, but keeps walking slowly and steadily to the ring. Unbeknownst to MV1, the elephant reaches out his trunk toward him, but MV1 doesn't notice as he passes.

Lance:

MV1 is obviously favoring that knee tonight. I just wonder if Scott Hunter is smart enough to take advantage...

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Unknown and weighs in at two-hundred and thirty-three pounds! He is MV1!!!

MV1 reaches the ring, forsaking his usual sprint and slide under the ropes in favor of a simple walk up the ring steps and stepping inside the squared circle.

As MV1 holds his hand up in the air, bringing applause from the DEFIANT faithful, Scott Hunter charges across the ring. But MV1 senses it and turns, bringing Scott to an abrupt stop about two feet away. Scott then smiles and holds out his hand for a friendly handshake.

Lance:

What a friendly guy.

DDK:

Yeah right. It looked to me like he was trying to catch MV1 off guard again but got caught this time.

MV1 snarls at him and slaps his hand away, then fires a right hand to the jaw that drops Hunter onto his backside, where he grasps at his face and looks up in shock and mock-puppy dog eyes.

Just as quickly, he kicks out with his right leg and strikes the outside of MV1's injured knee, causing him to drop to the mat with a howl of pain.

DDK:

See!?! You can't trust this guy!

Hunter pulls MV1 to his feet, and MV1 has to put all of his weight on his good leg. Hunter throws a stiff forearm to MV1's chest, then his face, which causes MV1 to back up into the ropes. Hunter tries to fire him across the ring with an Irish whip, but MV1's knee immediately buckles and he goes practically face-first to the mat, just barely getting a hand up to break his fall a bit.

Hunter jumps into action, quickly scrambling over and twisting MV1's leg into a standing leg lock while he lies face-down on the mat.

DDK:

Scott Hunter is perhaps more aggressive than we've seen him so far in DEFIANCE, and he is wisely working on the injured knee of MV1.

Lance:

It's a solid strategy for sure. If you can't stand, it's pretty hard to fight back.

Hunter wrenches back with the standing leg lock, but MV1 spins with a burst of adrenaline and flips over onto his back. The torque of the movement flings Scott Hunter to the side and he stumbles as MV1 is finally able to scramble to his feet with the help of the ropes.

Lance:

Still, MV1 has a lot of fight in him. I don't think he's gonna be caught off guard by these tactics. In fact, he's probably expecting them.

Hunter regains his balance and tries to approach MV1 again but is met by a hard knife-edged chop. He acts like he's been shot, flinging himself back and into the corner and grabbing at his chest. MV1 snarls and follows in with another chop, then another, and red welts start to form on Scott Hunter's chest.

DDK:

Those chops rang out through the arena like a gunshot!

MV1 whips him hard across the ring where Scott bounces off the turnbuckles. He stumbles to the middle of the ring grasping at his back, and MV1 lets his weight give him some momentum into the ropes, then leaps off one foot into a flying back elbow that catches Hunter flush in the temple.

DDK:

He caught him with the point of the elbow right on his temple! MV1 going for the cover!!

MV1 quickly covers Scott Hunter, but before a one count even happens, Hunter kicks out emphatically.

DDK:

But not enough.

Lance:

It's a little too early for that still, I think. MV1 may be wrestling with a bit of a handicap here tonight, but I still think Hunter will need to be focused and wear him down to get another win here tonight.

Scott rolls away and MV1 pursues. Scott Hunter gets to his feet just in time to be met by a right hand from MV1. He follows with a kick to the midsection and locks in a front facelock. With a swing of his bad leg to get leverage, he takes Scott Hunter over with a snap suplex.

Lance:

Scott Hunter better be careful here. If he lets MV1 get on a roll, he's gonna find himself in a world of trouble.

DDK:

Scott Hunter is apparently a pretty solid technician as well, but all things equal, I think I'd have to agree with you.

MV1 waits as Scott Hunter gets to his feet, then follows in behind and wraps his arms around his waist from behind, picks him up and then slams him back down to the mat face first. MV1 winces at the pain shooting through his leg after the take down, but is able to follow through with a side head lock in a seated position on the mat.

DDK:

A nice take down there by MV1 and he looks like he's gonna do some ground work here for a little bit.

Lance:

If he can't stand and get around like he's used to, it really limits him from doing what he usually likes to do. So he's gotta come up with a way to adapt, and I think this is a solid option, just wearing Scott Hunter down.

MV1 pulls and twists the head of Scott Hunter, who desperately tries to ask the referee for a time out. The ref, of course, ignores this and simply asks if he wants to give up. Scott shakes his head no, which makes MV1 just yank back on his head and neck even more.

Lance:

Scott seems like a tough kid, but I don't know if I can get with the weird antics. Asking for a timeout?

DDK:

Indeed, and MV1 isn't impressed. He's really got it locked in. Hunter's gonna need to make some kind of attempt to get out of this.

Hunter tries to wriggle free and can't, but he starts to be able to scoot them toward one side of the ring. After a minute or so of expending seemingly every bit of energy he has left to get out, he finally reaches the ropes, much to MV1's dismay.

Lance:

Good job by Scott Hunter there. If he can just put aside some of the... well, nonsense... he can be really good, but the kid definitely plays around just a little too much for my taste.

MV1 releases the hold and stands to his feet. He has his hands on his hips as he looks down at Scott Hunter, who is once again claiming that he asked for a time out. MV1 sighs and stomps down on Scott Hunter's left hand. Scott yelps in pain and rolls out of the ring under the bottom rope, grabbing at his hand.

DDK:

And Scott Hunter bails out!

Lance:

Boy, MV1 brought his boot down right on Scott Hunter's hand and I have to say, that looked really painful. That can break or dislocate a finger in a hurry!

Scott holds up a finger and points to it, and the mic at ringside catches him saying "you hurt my finger!" The finger he's holding up, of course, is his middle finger, although he is oblivious to the significance of this gesture.

Lance:

Good lord...

DDK:

I think Scott Hunter is asking for it here. He may not even know what he's doing but I don't think MV1 is gonna take too kindly to it regardless.

Annoyed, MV1 goes through the ropes after him and Scott takes off in a sprint around the corner of the ring. MV1 follows, but he gets another shooting pain through his knee and stops, leaning against the apron and slamming his fist down on it in frustration.

DDK:

MV1 is fighting a battle with himself here! He couldn't follow up and now he's grabbing at his knee again.

Lance:

One thing you can't control is how well your body is gonna hold up. We saw MV1 come down on that knee awkwardly in their first match and it's really keeping him from being at his best here tonight.

Giving up on the chase, MV1 climbs back into the ring while Scott Hunter hides behind the elephant outside the ring. The camera feed to the announcers shows Hunter crouched down near the elephant's tail.

Lance:

My God look at this idiot.

DDK:

This has to be a first, honestly. I can't remember us ever having circus animals at ringside for a match...

MV1 stomps his foot a few times, trying to shake his knee into compliance, and when he turns around Scott Hunter is nowhere to be found. MV1 frowns and searches for him in vain, then shouts at the referee in frustration, asking where his opponent has gone.

DDK:

And now... MV1 seems to be at a loss for where Scott Hunter has gone. We can see him behind the elephant, but he's apparently blocked from view from MV1's vantage point!

As MV1 heatedly converses with the referee, his back is to the entrance ramp and thus, the elephant. What he doesn't see is that Scott Hunter is slowly scaling the giant creature and is making his way up onto his back, causing the crowd to stir and some to stand to their feet.

DDK:

Oh my God! What is he doing! He's up on the back of the elephant, raising both hands in the air!!

Lance:

I can't believe this!

MV1 hears this. He's no dummy. But he's too late. He turns around just in time to see Scott Hunter come flying off of the back of the elephant, over the ropes and on top of MV1 with a flying cross body.

Lance:

Unbelievable!! He jumped off the back of an elephant and landed right on top of MV1! He's got the cover and hooked the leg!!!

ONE...

TWO...

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

MV1 rolls Hunter into a small package and gets a cover of his own.

ONE...

TWO...

THR.... KICKOUT!

MV1 breaks loose and jumps to his feet, still hobbled, but adrenaline shooting through his veins. As Scott Hunter gets to his feet, MV1 rushes in and drops him with a hard clothesline. Not wasting any time he jumps and hits steps on the middle rope with his good leg and springboards off into another flying back-elbow, reminiscent of their last match.

DDK:

MV1 is back in control! He's on fire! Big clothesline! Springboard back elbow!

The crowd roars as MV1 waits again, and as Scott Hunter gets to his feet, scoops him up and hits a big spinning slam near a corner of the ring.

DDK:

And a HUUUUUGE spinning slam!!

MV1 walks over to the turnbuckle and looking out into the crowd, raises one finger high overhead.

Lance:

Oh boy, is he gonna try and go up top!

DDK:

It sure looks like it! He's gesturing to the crowd and they are eating this up! Here he goes!

The crowd roars again as he slowly climbs up onto the turnbuckle, gritting his teeth all the while.

Lance:

Will his knee hold out?!

He makes it to the top and wobbles there, wincing again. This time the knee gives out completely and he drops in a heap across the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Ohhh! Looks like we got our answer! MV1 is draped across the turnbuckle! He's in big trouble here!

Lance:

Scott Hunter has a big chance to take advantage if he can capitalize here!

Sensing a moment, Scott Hunter lifts him up into a fireman's carry position, turns and drops him with a Samoan drop. Quickly, he follows up by jumping up and taking one of MV1's legs, spinning around and leaning back into his 'patented' figure four leg lock.

DDK:

Figure four leg lock! He's got it locked in right in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

It's the move he invented!

DDK:

Right. The move he invented.

MV1 flails his arms, but the pain in his injured knee is so intense being twisted this way that he has no choice but to furiously slap mat in submission.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

I can't believe it! Just like that, it's over!

Lance:

In the end, you can only do what your body will allow. It's a shame, but Scott Hunter is gonna get a second straight win over MV1.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by submission... SCOTT HUNTER!

There's an audible gasp of surprise from the crowd, and Scott Hunter releases the hold. He himself is surprised, a huge goofy smile on his face, and he starts jumping up and down like he won the lottery.

Lance:

Scott Hunter is excited, but I have to hope that MV1 didn't sustain even more damage to that knee. It was a hell of a valiant effort here tonight, but he may end up questioning whether or not it was wise to try and go through with this match.

DDK:

MV1 is a man of honor, I think we all would agree with that. I don't think there's any way you could have stopped him from competing, but you may be right. It may have been wiser to fight another day.

MV1 holds his knee in agony and this time the medical personnel come rushing out immediately, tending to and trying to stabilize the knee. Scott walks happily to the ring ropes, ready to step out, then stops, turns around and walks over to MV1, who is being strapped into a gurney, his arms already immobilized, and is shooting Hunter a glare.

Scott Hunter reaches down... grabs MV1s hand...

And shakes it.

Lance:

Oh brother...

MV1 tries in vain to get loose so he can get at him, but he's stuck, so he's unable to do so. Scott just smiles, turns and heads to the ropes, on cloud nine, and climbs through and out to the arena floor.

Scott climbs up the side of the elephant, the elephant blasts a trumpet-like sound that echoes throughout the crowd, and smiles and waves as the elephant walks back up the ramp.

DDK:

Folks, I've honestly seen it all. Coming up we've got The Flying Men vs. Tyler Fuse, Victor Vacio and The Fallen, as soon as we're sure that MV1 is okay and receiving the medical attention he needs.

THE FLYING MEN vs. TYLER FUSE, VICTOR VACIO & GERARDO VILLALOBOS

DDK:

Up next we have a six man tag. I was told it will be Gerardo Villalobos of The Fallen taking the remaining slot on Tyler and Victor's team. I'm also told Jack Harmen wants this match billed as The Flying Men.

Lance:

Makes sense. Harmen is the OG High FLYER. His son uses the alias and Frenchie is The FLYING Frenchie.

DDK:

Two legends teaming up with a young man on the rise against three of their newer rivals. Let's go to ringside!

The scene switches to inside the ring where Darren Quimbey stands.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a six man tag match! Introducing first... the team of Gerardo Villalobos, Victor Vacio and Tyler Fuse!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Tyler slowly paces out with Princess Desire trailing behind. Victor Vacio and Gerardo Villalobos trail even further behind as the group make their way down to ringside.

DDK:

Villalobos has a brief history with Jack Harmen back in 2020. Obviously, we know the ongoing rivalry between Vacio and High Flyer IV. Then there's Tyler and Jack. Their match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE never was a match, it was thrown out immediately but that didn't stop the two from brawling around the entire arena for over twenty minutes.

Lance:

You're right, it did not stop them. It also didn't seem to end anything between Fuse and Harmen, either.

DDK:

This isn't the first "team" Tyler has assembled. Need I remind you or anyone watching Tyler teamed with The Lucky Sevens to attack Harmen, Blackwood and Box before their previous pay-per-view encounters. The only difference here is this is a legal match and not a blindside ambush.

Fuse rolls into the ring while Villalobos marches his massive 6'6" frame up the steel steps and Vacio simply cracks his knuckles, walking around the outside of the ring to arrive at their corner.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... the team of High Flyer IV, Jack Harmen and The Flying Frenchie... THE FLYING MEN!

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

The crowd roars in support of the legends and the upcoming BRAZEN talent, as Harmen is the first to appear. He cranks his arms around in a circular motion, as if he's loosening up for a fight. The camera cuts to Tyler standing in the middle of the ring, merely scanning who's out there.

Pierre Delacroix, on the other hand, continues to nod along with the theme music and High Flyer IV, the much more energetic of the trio, tries firing up the crowd. The Flying Men make their way down.

Lance:

Oh, youth. HFIV could provide enough energy for this entire building!

DDK:

It's great to see The Flying Frenchie. He was only supposed to kick around to teach Malak Garland a lesson or two but he's decided to stay.

Lance:

Pierre's going to be a great influence on HFIV if I do say so, let alone anyone else who wants to listen.

The group arrives at ringside while Hector Navarro goes over the rules with each team before asking for the first participants and calling for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

We're going to have Tyler Fuse start off against Jack Harmen.

The crowd is electric as they wait to see the legend and Tyler battle each other once again.

Lance:

Based on their well received brawl, which never did become an official match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, I think we all want to see a final conclusion to this feud.

Harmen walks to the center of the ring and draws a line with his right foot, asking Tyler to please step over it, with no hint of sarcasm. The OG Player is resting in his corner of the ring as he looks at Vacio, takes another glance at Villalobos and then stares at his wife on the outside. Eventually, Tyler takes a step forward.

DDK:

He's in no hurry.

Lance:

Which is... odd, to say the least. Tyler's been the one gunning for Harmen from the very start.

DDK:

And you know Harmen is always ready to go, even if his career is winding down like Tyler says it is.

Fuse takes a second step forward and Jack looks at the watch he isn't wearing on his wrist. It's not that Tyler seems worried, or doesn't want to engage. It's tough to get any reading on him whatsoever.

Fuse takes another step forward. The crowd roars.

And then Tyler walks back to his corner and tags Gerardo Villalobos to a chorus of boos.

Fuse smirks at Harmen before exiting the ring. Jack gives a shrug but Villalobos races in with an attempted clothesline. The fWo Hall of Famer ducks the clothesline and rattles off three quick jabs under Villalobos's chin, shifting the crowd momentum from boos to cheers. Harmen backtracks into the ropes-

And is met with a swift kick by Tyler into his back.

More boos!

Harmen's about to spin around and confront Tyler when Villalobos hits that once illusive clothesline.

Referee Hector Navarro, who is typically the tag team specialist and known for not allowing chaos to break out in matches, walks over to Fuse's corner and absolutely lets loose on him for what Tyler did.

DDK:

If Tyler wanted a chance to get his legal kicks in, he shouldn't have tagged out.

Lance:

I'm pretty sure he knows this, Keebs.

Fuse yawns as Navarro works on that heart attack. Meanwhile Villalobos connects with a double booted dropkick into Harmen's face. Villalobos pulls Harmen onto his feet and lands a wicked looking brainbuster suplex.

Villalobos races over to his corner and tags in Victor Vacio.

Vacio locks eyes with High Flyer IV across the way before methodically lifting HFIV's father into the air and slamming him back to the center of the ring. Vacio bounces off the ropes and drops a flash leg drop across Harmen's neck. Then he wrangles Harmen into a head and shoulder lock.

Vacio tears as Harmen's right shoulder, suddenly becoming a man possessed. Even Tyler Fuse breaks his typical stoic demeanor. He looks down at Princess Desire with a suggestion across his face like he's surprised yet pleased he made the right choice with Vacio.

Harmen uses his left hand to fire up the crowd and gets on his feet, although he's still in this clutch hold. Vacio pulls and pulls at the shoulder and neck. It doesn't look like Jack will break free when...

He connects with a double knee facebreaker!

Victor shoots up in the air and crashes down like a crash test dummy before Harmen leaps to his corner and tags his son.

The crowd is hot again when HFIV comes in with a corkscrew flying clothesline, followed by a vertical suplex that's changed at the very last moment into a snap piledriver!

The crowd OOOOHHHHHHHs at the impact and how the intensity of the match has ramped up so fast. HFIV runs around the ring, leaps into the second rope and comes flying across with an intense looking lionsault where his knees drive straight into Vacio's chest.

Flyer covers.

ONE-

But Tyler Fuse is there to snatch Flyer in one fluent motion and hurl him out of the ring!

The crowd boos. Tyler gives Harmen a casual middle finger before walking to his corner and placing his back towards the legends. Jack wants to enter the ring but Hector is there to stop it!

DDK:

Tyler knew this. That's why he had his back towards Jack Harmen. He knows who's reffing the match! It's likely why Fuse threw a kick in there so blatantly at the beginning, too. It was RIGHT in front of Navarro. Stir the ref up, reap the benefits after.

Lance:

Tyler's very smart. We underestimate him but he knows exactly what's going on. He also runs this fine line between looking disinterested all the time and absolutely, positively, being 100% tuned into his surroundings.

DDK:

Lull you to sleep. Princess Desire does this, too. Look at her on the outside of the ring, she's barely paid attention and yet I'm willing to bet money she can recite every single move so far.

The Princess wanders over to where HFIV is recovering. Suddenly Flyer sees her, he tries to ready himself for a fight when she casually steps over HFIV and continues on her merry way.

Lance:

See what I mean?

IV slides into the ring just as Vacio is getting on his feet. Victor connects with a standing dropkick and Flyer goes stumbling back-first into a free corner. Vacio charges in with a splash, then snatches IV's head and performs a running bulldog.

DDK:

Not the same running bulldog as Tyler's but certainly one that packs a punch!

Vacio rolls Flyer onto his back and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO-KICKOUT!

The crowd gives a cheer but Vacio is right back to it. He drills numerous fists into the side of Flyer's temple before dragging Flyer to his feet and connecting with a swinging DDT. Vacio holds on and pulls HFIV up with him, working the kid into a running release suplex, where Flyer lands perfectly and loudly against the mat.

Vacio bounces off the ropes and delivers a high angle leg drop across Flyer's neck. He slides into position and applies a sleeper hold.

Victor cranks his arm around Flyer's neck as tight as it can go. This is not a regular sleeper but one where Vacio is trying to inflict even more damage against his nemesis by hoping he will suffocate HFIV quickly.

The crowd rallies their feet on the ground, trying to will High Flyer to his feet. It seems to be working... as HFIV is on one knee... then one leg... then both feet.

Backdrop to Vacio breaks the hold!

Flyer leaps into his corner and tags in The Flying Frenchie!

The Faithful ERUPT as the legend enters the ring and immediately goes for an eye poke. The crowd eats it up as Hector Navarro provides Pierre Delacroix with a warning.

Frenchie shrugs. It sounds like he says something along the lines of "that's what he gets for not wearing a mask".

Frenchie lifts Vacio to his feet and implements a surfboard stretch submission! The crowd yells for Vacio to break the hold when Tyler Fuse races in again-

Wham!

This time Fuse lands an elbow against Vacio!

DDK:

Frenchie saw what was coming and was ready for it.

Lance:

What goes around comes around!

Tyler wants to seek revenge but this time Hector Navarro is there to put a stop to anything else. Frenchie looks over to Jack Harmen and gives him a nod. Harmen enters the ring and both he and Frenchie begin unloading boot after boot to Vacio, to the delight of The Faithful!

Fuse is seemingly HOT, watching The Flying Men “cheat” before his very eyes. Throughout the entire event Harmen has a middle finger pointed in Tyler’s direction.

Frenchie lifts Vacio into a piledriver position...

And High Flyer IV LEAPS off the top rope with a moonsault, crashing down onto Vacio’s body as Frenchie connects with a piledriver!

With Tyler in his corner, Hector spins around just in time to see there is a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

PRINCESS DESIRE PULLS HECTOR NAVARRO OUT OF THE RING!

Hector is going to lose his shit! He’s ready to ban The Princess to the back when Tyler Fuse and Gerardo Villalobos shoot into the ring and tackle Flying Frenchie to the canvas, unloading shot after shot to a chorus of boos!

Navarro screams at Desire, he’s ready to eject her when he’s grabbed by the back of the neck and redirected into the ring by Tyler Fuse.

Tyler and his wife acknowledge each other before going their separate ways, while Vacio has a pin attempt on The Flying Frenchie!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Villalobos can’t believe it. Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse simply walks to his corner from the outside.

Vacio levels Frenchie with a German suplex, followed by a northern lights suplex into a bridge and pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Vacio drags Frenchie to his feet again. Victor finds the second rope and measures a wobbly Frenchman. He leaps off and performs a Canadian destroyer!

Vacio walks to the other free corner and tries for a second Canadian destroyer- but Frenchie shoots Vacio halfway across the ring with a backdrop!

Frenchie spins around and connects with a spinning heel kick. Pierre gives his head a shake for a moment, likely to work off some of the dizziness from the destroyer he was feeling. He reels Vacio in and looks for his Time Bomb, the delayed powerbomb...

Yes! Frenchie hits it!

Fuse wants to enter the ring but this time Jack Harmen IS able to get into the squared circle first and avoid Hector Navarro’s wrath. Harmen stands between the legal men and Fuse!

Frenchie with the cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

As the pin takes place, Harmen leaps towards the opponents corner and Tyler and Gerardo unload on him, and Jack on them.

With the match seemingly blowing up, Navarro makes a commitment to pay attention to the tagged men. Frenchie pulls to his feet and calls for the death valley driver. He places Vacio onto his shoulders and goes for it-

But Frenchie winds up empty handed.

Vacio bounces into the ropes and comes across with a twisting, spinning, flying elbow smash.

DDK:

Wait a second! I think Princess slipped something to Vacio as he bounces into the ropes!

Replays show Desire DOES toss a set of brass knuckles to Vacio, just as Victor hits the ropes. Victor catches them blindly, behind his back, before slipping them on as he bounces towards the middle of the canvas. It wasn't a flying elbow smash but rather a punch with VV's left hand, covered by his right forearm. Even the crowd, unfortunately, has to be in AWE for a moment at the flawlessness of what took place.

Lance:

That was a one-in-a-million chance it worked out and yet here we are!

Harmen, Fuse and Villalobos have stopped brawling in the corner because they've spilled to the outside and HFIV has also made his way over.

Inside the ring, however...

Victor Vacio covers The Flying Frenchie!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A KICKOUT!

Vacio can't believe it as the crowd cheers! On the outside of the ring it looks like Princess Desire couldn't care either way.

Vacio fires a HARD, stiff superkick under Frenchie's chin. French saliva flies into the second row as Vacio lifts TFF onto his shoulders...

And then hits Pierre with a death valley driver of his own!

Another pin!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY HIGH FLYER IV!

In come the troops and all hell has broken loose. However, Tyler Fuse is the ONLY one remaining in his corner...

Villalobos unloads on HFIV, while Vacio is taking it to Jack Harmen. All the while... Pierre Delacroix is slowly getting to his feet.

Frenchie finds Vacio.

Frenchie rolls him up!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Both men stand. Vacio looks for a clothesline but instead it's flipped into a Spanish fly! Navarro is finally able to restore order... everyone is back to their corners...

And then Tyler Fuse strikes.

He sprints into the ring, almost as quick as his brother is on his feet. Fuse chop blocks Frenchie from behind before exiting. All of this was missed by Navarro because it was so incredibly fast and right behind Hector's back.

Vacio recovers. He's crawling to his corner and tags in Gerardo Villalobos.

Villalobos roars in, scoops Frenchie off the canvas and connects with a Samoa drop. The massive, 6'6" BRAZEN talent pulls a fallen Frenchie off the mat. He's looking for a backbreaker when Pierre connects with a desperation jawbreaker!

Frenchie leaps into his corner and tags in High Flyer IV!

Except HFIV is on the top rope.

SHOOTING STAR PRESS!!

Right across Villalobos' left shoulder!

Vacio is furious in his corner, he wants to burst into the ring because that's Victor's own move but Navarro is there to stop him. Nevertheless, the referee does have to count the pinfall attempt...

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Victor Vacio comes in with an elbow drop but HFIV moves so Victor hits Gerardo instead!

Jack Harmen enters the ring and ejects Vacio out of it!

Princess Desire slides into the ring and destroys Jack Harmen with a roundhouse leg whip, followed by clotheslining both herself and the legend over the ropes.

High Flyer IV takes to the top buckle again! He measures Gerardo...

MOONSHOT SPECIAL!!

Flying Frenchie enters the ring as if he's calling Tyler on, telling him to try breaking up THIS pinfall attempt.

Tyler, meanwhile, only stands there watching as Hector Navarro makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd roars while Fuse drops from his corner.

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... JACK HARMEN, FLYING FRENCHIE AND HIGH FLYER IV!!!

DDK:

I- I don't think Tyler was ever TAGGED into this match, was he?

Lance:

I think you're right. He tagged out at the start, never to be legal again.

Fuse strolls over to where The Princess is recovering. He pats her on the back, as if signaling it's time to leave. The two walk up the rampway and don't look back.

Meanwhile, inside the ring Flying Frenchie and HFIV celebrate, before a groggy Jack Harmen joins them. Gerardo Villalobos remains comatose inside the ring while Victor Vacio sits beside the guardrail, rubbing the side of his head.

DDK:

A big victory for The Flying Men!

Lance:

Tyler's plan backfired. Then again, he had a chance to do something and chose not to.

DDK:

Who cares? Let's enjoy this victory while we can.

The Flying Men hit different corners of the ring as ACTS of DEFIANCE goes elsewhere.

NO HOLDS BARRED: BRONSON BOX & GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, up next is a match that has been building for over two months!

The ACTS of DEFIANCE Graphic:

No DQ: The Honor Society vs. Bronson Box & Gage Blackwood

Lance:

At Maximum DEFIANCE, we saw the formation of Ned Reform's Honor Society when TA Cole turned his back on MV1 to re-join his mentor AND Weighted Grade chose to ally themselves with both men. But the very next DEFtv, Brosnan Box and Gage Blackwood interrupted Ned's ceremony intended to solidify his stable.

DDK:

Box and Blackwood both took exception to Reform's claims that he was now the, and I quote, "greatest wrestlers in DEFIANCE history." And they've been on a mission since August to prove to him that he is not.

Lance:

And this is the result. A tag team match that is No Disqualification. A match in which... and this is breaking... The Favoured Saints have banned Weighted Grade from the building! There is no help coming for Ned or Levi. I'm afraid that this time The Good Doctor has talked his way into a situation that he can't get out of, Darren...

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

As per usual there's not much fanfare attached to the entrance of the tag team affectionately dubbed "Boxwood" by the DEFIANCE Faithful. The two Scotsmen push through the curtain and march out onto the stage, greeted by an absolutely deafening reaction. Boxer stage left, Gage stage right, the two former FISTS of DEFIANCE take it in for a moment before meeting at the top of the ramp where Jack Harmen is waiting for them. The trio head ringward together.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! The next contest will be... NO HOLDS BAAAAARRED! Heading to the ring escorted by JACK HARMEN! Weighing in tonight at a combined four hundred and seventy eight pounds both hailing from SCOTLAAAAAAND! GAAAAAGE BLACKWOOD! AND THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOON BOX!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box were away from DEFIANCE for very different reasons, but they've come together upon their return with a singular purpose. To step into the middle of the business of anyone, in their eyes, soiling DEFIANCE's good name.

Lance:

The Sevens got their receipt for what they did to Gage, now it's the good Doctor's turn to pay for brainwashing Bronson and Jack's BRAZEN trainees! I mean... uuuhhh... helping three poor lost souls find positions as teaching assistants...

Gage deftly scales up the ringsteps and up onto the nearest available turnbuckle looking out over the packed Wells Fargo Center. Box takes his time up the steps, wiping his boots on the ring apron before hooking a leg through the ropes. Blackwood hops off the turnbuckle and joins his countryman and tag team partner at center ring, eyes up the ramp towards the entrance curtain. After longer than normal and no music, no Ned and TA Cole, the crowd starts to boo and boo loudly.

Lance:

Has Ned chickened out?

DDK:

I DON'T THINK SO, LOOK!

It takes the cameras a few seconds to cut back to the ring from the announcers.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

Holy heck, where did they come from?!

Once our eyes are back on ringside we see Bronson and Blackwood already laying boots to Ned Reform and TA Cole! A picture and picture replay shows the Honor Society duo leaping over the guardrails and sliding into the ring forgoing an entrance in an attempt to get the jump on the Scots. Luckily for Boxwood Jack Harmen laid eyes on them the second they hit the floor! Thanks to The Lunatic's keen eyes this match started nose to nose... knowing this is as good a start as any, referee Buffalo Brian Slater rings for the bell and this thing is on! DING DING!

DDK:

Mr. Smartie-pants and Cole thought they were going to pull a fast one!

Lance:

That plan died on the vine, Darren! Thanks to eagle eye Jack, odd considering his advanced age...

DDK:

You know Box is actually older than Jack by a couple years. Are you calling Boxer OLD, partner?

Lance:

... nn... no? God, no?

The foiled sneak attack turns into a poor start to the match for the Honor Society as Gage backs Ned into the most convenient corner with some heavy lumber that leaves Reform dazed. Box and his former pupil TA Cole lock horns like two charging bulls. Cole with his size pushes them tumbling through the ropes to ringside where they continue sprawling and matching brute strength with brute strength. Back in the ring Ned Reform does what Ned Reform usually does when he's trapped by a stronger, more capable competitor...

DDK:

Thumb to the eye of Gage Blackwood from the good Doctor!

Reform goes about returning the favor, chopping and forearming Gage back into the opposite available corner. Ned kicks and stomps Blackwood down onto his keister, allowing for Ned to RAKE the sole and laces of his boot across the tender face flesh of Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Some real intensity here from the good Doctor, partner!

Lance:

He better stay that intense if he thinks he's getting out of here alive, Darren!

Back at ringside Cole still has the physical advantage on the two time former FIST of DEFIANCE as he sends Bronson once again sailing across ringside, colliding with the metal barricade with a sickening clatter. Pain still etched on his face after his last trip into the steel TA Cole grabs Boxer by the ears and screams in the Scots face at the top of his lungs...

TA Cole:

I MADE ME, OLD MAN! YOU HEAR ME? I MADE ME, NOT YOU!

Cole violently shakes Boxer's head.

TA Cole:

ONLY DIFFERENCE NOW I HAVE A TEACHER WHO ACTUALLY GIVES A SH[censored]

The enraged midwestern juggernaut Levi "TA" Cole Irish whips Box again, this time into the ringsteps with enough force to dislodge them from the ringpost and send the the huge steel steps tumbling over and clattering against the barricade. Boxer immediately clutches his right shoulder like he's been shot.

Lance:

HOLY CRAP!

DDK:

Bronson Box caught ALL of those ringsteps, folks! He looks HURT.

Lance:

I know Boxer is the stuff of legend, even his worst enemies would describe him as nearly indestructible but...

DDK:

Keyword there being NEARLY, partner.

Up in the ring Ned rains down reckless boots right to the side of Gage's head, ending the series by just grabbing the top rope with both hands and PLANTING his boot into Blackwood's throat for enough time to send the Scots eyes rolling back in his head to an unhealthy degree. Ned takes a moment to tell the crowd how smart he is, tapping the side of his head with the smugness of some sort of Looney Tunes villain.

DDK:

Considering how things got started here things are looking up for The Honor Society; Boxwood is on the ropes!

Lance:

Box is still favoring that right shoulder, Darren.

Cole rolls a still agonizing Bronson Box back under the bottom rope to kneel beside his similarly suffering tag team partner who's just now shaking the cobwebs and crawling out of the corner. Both Scotsmen are on their knees, wounded and looking worse for wear. Cole and Reform stand over Boxwood triumphantly talking smack.

Gage and Box share an exhausted glance, Gage shrugs and we see the usually white hat sporting Scot mouth "screw it, why not" before...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

DOUBLE LOW BLOWS FROM BOXWOOD!

We're talking with enough force for Reform and Cole to taste their own testicles in the back of their throats sort of low blow.

Lance:

RIGHT IN THEIR DIPLOMAS, DARREN!

And just like that The Honor Society's momentum grinds to a halt.

Gage is up first, blinking away a few more of the cobwebs. He immediately grabs Cole's wrestling ear protector headset, YANKS it off and hucks it into the audience. Gage then goes about just wild open hand slapping the massive midwestern TA across the side of the head over and over and over until Cole yelps. He tries to protect his exposed ears from the intentional eardrum popping open handed shots from Blackwood.

Lance:

That's how you get tinnitus, you know.

Still clutching his shoulder, Box gets to his feet at about the same time as Ned reform does, clutching his own.. Um... injury. More concerned with his junk than looking around to see what's what, Ned blindly stumbles back into Box and does the classic slow wide eyed turn to see Boxer standing there with his bloodshot brown eyes twitching staring a hole right back into him.

Ned drops to one knee and begs off as Boxer just stands there like Jason Vorhees...

DDK:

NASTY EYE POKE FROM REFORM!

Boxer grabs at his face.

Bronson Box:

GAH, YE WEE F[censored]IN' CHICKENS[censored] PRICK!

Lance:

You can't say the good Doctor isn't resourceful, Darren!

Boxer swings a few lefts and rights out in front of him missing Ned by a mile.

Once again Ned does the ol' tap the side of the head 'I'm smarter than this guy' gimmick but suddenly Box reaches out and wraps his one good arm around Ned's neck and yanks Ned over in a lightning quick headlock takeover that takes the good Doctor completely by surprise.

Ned shows off his not oft seen technical prowess and manages to escape the hold. Box ALSO shows his not oft seen mat acumine and the two actually produce some hold for hold mat based chain wrestling, much to the surprise of audience and announcer alike. Even with one arm Boxer manages to hold his own in the exchange, a herculean feat in and of itself.

Lance:

Well would you look at that!

DDK:

Both men might rely more on different facets of their arsenals, but both Ned and Boxer are equally proficient trading holds on the mat when tasked.

Right when they were hitting a real grappling stride both men predictably just end up burying their fingernails into each other's eyes, rolling around like a couple rabid cats. The exchange ends with Box on top, slamming Ned's head back and forth into the mat. With Reform dazed, Box gets to his feet and trudges over to the nearest turnbuckle pad, grabs it with his one good hand and YANKS it free, exposing the bare metal lug underneath much to the crowd's delight.

Lance:

One handed, still freaky terrifyingly strong!

Box:

ONE F[censored] ARM, YA' PRICKS!

He looks to be going for the ONE HANDED Bombastobomb into the buckle, but Ned manages to deftly slip out of the maneuver, scrambling like a maniac to get to ringside. A frustrated Bronson Box gives chase. A true honorable sort, Ned tries to hide behind the poor timekeeper. Box grabs the little man and attempts to get him out of the way... Ned utilizes the distraction to perfection as he absolutely WAFFLES Boxer with the ringbell!

DING!

DDK:

The Original DEFIANT is busted open! Oh my...

REALLY busted open. The wound from the ringbell is just absolutely GUSHING blood from the very center of Bronson's forehead. It's similarly bloody up in the ring as Blackwood has been working over Cole something fierce. Gage grabs a fistfull of Cole's hair and just GOOSE EGGS Levi's forehead. He stands over Cole with the TA's blood on his fists... but gets dropped from behind by a chair shot...

DDK:

Chairshot from Ned Reform!

The folding chair catches Blackwood flush across the upper back and head, sending the Scot slumping down across a bloody TA Cole. With the rest of the competitors down, Ned finds himself the lone man standing. His ego being what it is, he just can't help egging on the already incensed crowd. With chair still in hand, a grinning Ned does a little Fargo strut action.. Unbeknownst to Ned the now completely crimson mask covered, mustachioed visage of Bronson Box slowly rises up above the ring apron like some sort of ghastly apparition.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

OOOOOOOOH NED TURN AROUND MY MAN!

Ned and Box lock eyes. Ned has the chair. Ned digs down deep and actually DARES the Scottish Strongman to get back into the ring while waving the chair threateningly. Box smiles through a sticky blood mask and does indeed stomp his way up onto the apron and into the ring... where Ned and his chair crack a dome shattering shot to his Scottish skull!

Much to Ned's horror...

DDK:

BRONSON BOX IS UTTERLY UNPHASED BY THAT CHAIR SHOT, JESUS!

Reform goes white as a ghost. This can't be real.

The wound on his head now noticeably wider, Bronson just bellows like some sort of beast succumbing to bloodlust. Ned hesitates only a moment before going for a second chair shot, but Bronson literally just reaches up with his one good ham-sized paw and catches the chair in mid swing. The Original DEFIANT yanks the chair away from and now visibly shaken Ned Reform.

Lance:

OOOOH, CHAIR RIGHT TO THE GUTS OF DOCTOR REFORM!

Bronson waits for Ned to get up...

CRACK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The fans roar for the absolutely SICK shot to Ned's skull and now HE'S busted open too.

DDK:

This is rapidly turning into a bloodbath, partner!

Lance:

Did you expect anything less!?

Reform twitches like a fish out of water as the crimson of his own blood covers his eyes. Box stands over him, chair still in his one good hand. The original Defiant violently throws the chair to the mat and roars in pure aggression - driving The Faithful BANANAS. He's a shark who smells blood as he stalks the dazed Sage on the Stage. Ned is on absolute dream street, but eventually he does start to stir. Box waits and picks his moment: just when Ned is up to a knee, he charges and KICKS Reform in the face so hard that The Good Doctor flies through the nearby ropes and to the floor below! Box is alone in the ring... but OUTTA NOWHERE TA Cole appears, wrapping his meaty paws around the waist of his former mentor and dropping The Original Defiant with a snap German suplex!

Lance:

Cole reminding us of that raw power! For all his associations with Reform's squad, the man IS a freak athlete!

Levi sets Box up for a gutwrench powerbomb, but now it's his turn to be caught off guard as Gage Blackwood flies into frame with a clothesline so stiff that it sends both Cole and Blackwood over the top and to the floor. On the outside, Blackwood grabs Cole by the scruff and launches him over the guardrail and into The Faithful. Gage turns toward the ramp where a bloody and borderline sobbing Ned Reform is crawling his carcass up... apparently looking to get out of dodge. Blackwood marches over and stands in front of the crawling Sage on the Stage. Reform's crawl is stopped as he sees the Scottish boots planted in front of him. Ned slowly turns his head up to see an angry and bloody Blackwood staring down at him.

DDK:

Don't forget... it was Ned Reform who was soundly defeated at DEFCON in Gage Blackwood's return to DEFIANCE.

The Good Doctor is shaking his head "no" but gets no quarter from Blackwood. In fact, the people roar as Bronson Box ALSO approaches Reform. Ned moves into a sitting position, looking back and forth and realizing he's surrounded on all sides. His mouth moves a mile a minute as he tries to use that silver tongue to get him out of his... but no dice. He gets lifted to his feet and dropped onto the ramp with a double Scottish-sized suplex! Ned's back meets steel as he arches and screams out in pain.

Lance:

You've got to think if Reform could go back in time he could undo a lot of the things he said!

Blackwood and Box drag Ned's corpse down the ramp and back toward the ring. Gage throws up the ring apron and looks underneath for some blunder... finding a table! The Faithful voice their approval at the potential continued pain for Ned as Blackwood sets up the furniture next to the ring apron directly in front of the bottom of the ramp. Blackwood jumps up onto the ring apron and begins to climb the nearest turnbuckle as Box lays Reform's prone form on the table. Everyone comes out of their seat as Blackwood steadies himself on the top rope with Reform sprawled out beneath him. Blackwood leaps...

...and TA Cole hits Box on the outside...

...and Reform rolls off the table at the very last second...

CRAAAASSHHH!

DDK:

NOBODY WAS HOME! BLACKWOOD CRASHED THROUGH THAT TABLE!!

HO - LY - SHIT!

HO - LY - SHIT!

HO - LY - SHIT!

Blackwood lays in a heap as Carla Ferrari heads out to check on him. Meanwhile, a Box and Cole brawl ends when Box drops Cole's neck over the top of the guardrail. Cole is stunned and it allows Box to turn his attention to nearby... where Ned Reform is again trying to crawl to safety. The crowd roars its approval as bloody Bronson Box again begins to stalk his prey.

DDK:

It may have come down to these two, Lance... and I fear the Good Doctor may be about to eat his words!

Reform is crawling, and manages to get a hand under the apron just as Box reaches him. The Bombastic One grabs Ned's singlet with his one good hand and begins to haul the Sage on the Stage to his feet when...

Lance:

NO! Ned had something in his hand! He hit Box right between the eyes!

Bronson goes down again holding his face. A wobbly Ned stands on rubber legs and uses the ringside to straighten himself. When he's upright, he looks down at the stunned Bronson... and he proudly holds into the air the object that he used to strike him in the face. The gray steel shines under the arena lights.

DDK:

Handcuffs!

All vestiges of the intellectual scholar have melted away. Instead, it is a bald, bloody, grinning, bug-eyed mad man who laughs into the camera dangling the cuffs.

Lance:

If Reform is able to neutralize BOTH of Box's arms, this could get really bad really fast...

DDK:

Look at him! He's lost his mind!

With Box stunned, Ned is able to get the Scottish wrestler's arms behind his back and in position to lock the handcuffs together. The Good Doctor keeps his hold on his opponent as he rolls him under the bottom rope and into the ring - following closely behind.

DDK:

Box is helpless! I never thought we'd see Ned Reform stoop to this level...

Box struggles to get to his feet without the use of his hands. Reform watches and licks his bloody lips, using his hand to wipe a large glob of plasma from head to the mat. Finally, Box is able to get upright and he and Ned Reform lock eyes. It's one of those moments, man. Time stands still. Bronson Box, the flood flowing down his bald face, completely immobilized but pure DEFIANCE burning his eyes - almost daring his opponent to finish him off. Ned Reform, the cornered animal, looking toward the Scotsman like a hungry lion eyes a wounded gazelle. Slowly, without breaking the gaze, Reform reaches down next to him and picks up the chair from earlier. He grips it with both hands.

Bronson Box:

I [BLEEP]in' dare ya, PROFESSOR!!!!

Reform snarls as he leans back...

WHACK!!!

CHAIR SHOT TO THE HEAD OF BRONSON BOX!!!

DDK:

MY GOD!! BOX CAN'T GET HIS HANDS UP!

Lance:

Carla needs to think about ending this...

Box disagrees, though. He recoils, sure... he even goes down to a knee. But the crowd ROARS as he is able to get back to a vertical base... looking at NED WITH EVEN MORE DEFIANCE!

DDK:

MY GOD!!

Reform's eyes go wide. He screams. He again rears back...

WHACK!!!!

Another shot RIGHT to Box's head!! Box takes this one with more force, falling to the mat. The fans begin to boo and Ned turns to scream at them.

Ned Reform:

I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!?!?! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO....

Reform stops mid-rant as he turns... to find Box back to his feet!!! Box doesn't just look defiant anymore. He's outright murderous. Reform actually takes a step back as Box SCREAMS...

...AND RIPS THE HANDCUFFS APART!!!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Reform LITERALLY takes a bump in response. He scoots himself, in a sitting position, into the corner, holding up his hands and saying "NOOOO!" He even drops the chair in surprise. The crowd can't resist...

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOUUUU!

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOUUUU!

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOUUUU!

Finally, a desperate Reform just charges... right a ONE ARMED SIDE SLAM! Box fights through the pain in his shoulder to drive Ned directly into the canvas! Ned is down. On the outside, Blackwood is still out via the table. Cole is dazed. There is no one left to get involved here. And that's when Box throws his head back. He pants. He smiles. And as he shots the crowd a look, he reaches down... into his boot... and pulls something out... and holds it up..

DDK:

OH! MY! GOD! IT'S THE RUSTY SPIKE!!! THE RUSTY SPIKE!!!

Lance:

BOX HAS USED THAT WEAPON ON COUNTLESS ENEMIES!!! IT'S BOUGHT HIM A TICKET TO THE HALL OF FAME!!

Not a soul is sitting as Box holds his signature weapon into the air. With his good hand, he holds the weapon at the ready, stalking Ned as the Sage on the Stage begins to stir and get back to his feet. Just as he turns, Box makes his move, looking to drive the weapon into the already bloody skull of Ned Reform...

...but Reform gets his hands up! He grips the spike! Grits and screams as he puts everything he has into stopping

Box's forward momentum. Thanks to Box's bad shoulder, he is able to stop it! For a moment the two are locked in this position, pushing and pulling, jockeying for control of the weapon as it is only inches from Ned's exposed flesh. This tug of war continues...

...until Box lets go!! Reform stumbles backwards, losing control of the spike and hitting the ropes. He bounces back toward Box and eats a boot to the gut. When Ned doubles over, Box hooks him position for a powerbomb. Box grits his teeth and again shows his perseverance and he's able to bring Ned up and SLAM him back first into the squared circle!

DDK:

That's it. No matter our personal feelings, we HAVE to give it to Ned tonight. He brought in this match in ways I don't think we thought he was capable...

No Cole coming to help. No Blackwood. Just Box looking down at his finished opponent... and refusing to pin him.

DDK:

Uh oh.

Box brushes right past Carla as he walks to one of the ring corners. He reaches down and screams as he begins to peel BACK THE CANVAS!

Lance:

Uh oh is RIGHT!

Carla protests, but Box ain't listening as he literally tears the ring apart. The wood underneath the ring is exposed! Box looks to Ned with bad, bad intentions.

DDK:

Don't forget - the Favoured Saints ordered that Weighted Grade not be here tonight. And Cole is still down! There's nobody to stop this!

Box brings Ned back to his feet one final time, again putting him in the powerbomb position over the quarter of the ring with the exposed wooden planks. He locks his hands. Carla again pleads with him not to do this, but again... he ain't listening.

DDK:

Box... I know he's a jerk... but this is a man's career! Think about this!

Again, Reform goes up for the powerbomb. But this time, he's in for a much worse landing. Box lifts him up toward the arena lights...

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

WAIT!!

Lance:

He had the SPIKE!! Ned had the SPIKE!!!

He does. And he drives it right into Box's head as he is being lifted for the powerbomb. The ACE of DEFIANCE falls back, hitting his back... and the back of his head... into the exposed canvas. Reform, somehow, lands on his feet. With dazed eyes, he looks at the spike. He drops it. And his eyes go back in his head as he collapses.

But he collapse forward.

And his hand ends up landing on Box's chest.

ONE!

TWO!!

... THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DING DING DING!!

The fucking place LOSES it.

DDK:

!! I can't believe this!!

Lance:

Ned Reform wins!! And he pins BRONSON BOX!!

DDK:

I'm... I'm speechless at what we just saw here.

Although Reform's music hits and Carla appears to be looking for a way to raise his hand, neither man is moving. On the outside, Cole has finally gotten up... he hears the music... his hands go to his head and he breaks out into a laugh! They've done it!

DDK:

Can we... can we take a look back...?

And we do. The ACTS of DEFIANCE graphic comes up and we get the replay: Reform, desperately reaching out as Box grabbed him and managing to grab the spike. Back to the live feed - Cole has entered the ring and he's beside himself, trying to get Reform to come to... but The Good Doctor is out. DEFMed hit the ring and begin to check on both Ned and Box. On the outside, Blackwood is up and holding his hands on his hips looking none too pleased.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, we can only guess that both Bronson Box and Ned Reform have lost so much blood that they will both be needing medical attention!

DDK:

I still can't believe what we saw here tonight... this was a war, Lance. A war that... and this is so odd to say... Ned Reform seems to have won.

Lance:

Some might say he got lucky... but damned if the man didn't survive in the ring against the ACE of DEFIANCE in an environment like this... that's not a thing a lot of people can say...

Before heading elsewhere, we get one last look at the bloody faces of both Bronson Box and Ned Reform. Neither man is conscious.

"TRAVEL ISSUES"

While the tech crew do their absolute damndest to put the ring back together for the next match, the camera goes back to The Commentation Station on stage with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

Lance:

What an unbelievable WAR that was, Keebs... and I am still STUNNED how it happened, but The Honor Society walked away with the win. Reform pins Box!

DDK:

We'll never hear the end of that. And we'll be sure to provide a medical update on all participants, but right now we must switch gears. It's already been a huge night so far and we're coming up on our last few matches tonight, but first, we have to take you back to UNCUT! The Favoured Saints Championship was on the line when Vae Victis member Butcher Victorious sought out his fourth and final successful defense needed to bank a future Southern Heritage Title shot...

Lance:

Butcher Victorious put out an open challenge and it was answered by the largest man in DEFIANCE, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

Various stills of the match play over commentary, including Uriel Cortez chopping Butcher in the corner, Butcher hitting two springboard diving headbutts to try and keep the title, then Butcher loading up the loaded headband that he has used to retain the title in the past.

DDK:

Cortez was supposed to have been suspended, and that will be addressed momentarily, but in this match, Butcher tried everything he could do to overcome the giant, but it was too much for Butcher to overcome and with that, a new champion was crowned in a returning Uriel Cortez!

One final still of Uriel Cortez hitting the 218 Powerbomb before winning the Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez couldn't be at the side of the rest of Titanes Familia due to travel issues following a storm cutting off his return flight from California, but he is here tonight. And while that loss to the Devil's Circus was tough, we have Jamie Sawyers backstage standing by with the new Favoured Saints Champion to find out the path forward for Titanes Familia.

Cut to the backstage interview area with Jamie Sawyers smiling to the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... Please welcome the new Favoured Saints Champion, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez!

He moves and the camera backs up... all the way up... to get the 7'1" Cortez into full view. Wearing a new sleeveless Titanes Familia "Papa's Home!" shirt in blue and gold, the man affectionately known in the group as Papa Tez walks into view with the new championship over his left shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

First off... congratulations on your title win are in order. With this being the first singles win of your DEFIANCE career, how are you doing right now?

Uriel Cortez:

If I can be honest, Jamie? Mixed. I'm mixed as hell. Last night didn't go the way that me, T or Danny wanted. They got

screwed because that's all Tom Morrow knows how to do... but quite frankly... I'm DONE wasting one more breath on anything having to do with Tom Morrow.

Snarling, The Titan of Industry shakes his head.

Uriel Cortez:

Everyone knows how that story has gone. Ever since that little worm turned his back on myself and Mil years ago, it's been an endless cycle of us making each other miserable... quite frankly, Jamie... I'm DONE being miserable. I'm choosing to for once, enjoy success. Let that spineless hack enjoy his victory, Jamie, because it's clear he and his guys can't handle shit on their own without help...

He adjusts the title on his shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

Cause quite frankly, I'm gonna enjoy mine more cause I have gold now. So let's go ahead and talk about literally anything else if you don't mind.

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh... wow... just like that?

Uriel Cortez: [coldly]

Just like that. Move on.

Taking the not-so-obvious hint, Jamie moves on to another line of questioning.

Jamie Sawyers:

We can certainly do that. You came back early from what was supposed to be a sixty-day suspension and won the Favoured Saints Title in what was a shock to many! Walk us through what happened to get to this point.

Uriel Cortez:

That, I can do. In the heat of the moment after my mom got attacked on DEFTv 191, I lashed out at the largest referee DEFIANCE has because he threw my wife out of ringside for something Jestal started. I think that DEFIANCE's call to suspend me for attacking Brian Slater was unfair. I think it was... pardon my French... complete bullshit. So I filed an appeal and after me and my lawyer got done pleading our case, management saw the light. I had to pay a BIG fine and donated the money to a local charity to make it right, but they ended the suspension just one day before UNCUT. I came back... wel...

Once again, he flashes the title over the shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

You guys covered what happened.

Jamie Sawyers:

Indeed, we have. With all that said... what's next for Uriel Cortez and Titanes Familia?

Uriel Cortez:

What's next? What is next for everyone's favorite family...? I'll tell you what I learned in the last thirty days sitting at home, Jamie... I learned that I'm SICK of my family being targets. I'm SICK of people thinking they are gonna roll over and take money used to provide for myself and my wife. Last year, Titaness and I DEFEATED The Lucky Sevens for the Unified Tag Team Titles, only for some Instant Rematch bullshit less than a month later to let them take the titles back. Did we ever get them back? No. Ned Reform used the Favoured Saints title to drive a wedge between myself and the Familia right after that and that took months to repair. And what have I done to protect my family since then, Jamie?

Jamie shrugs at what feels like a rhetorical question.

Uriel Cortez:

Nothing... nothing, Jamie. They all got away with it. Every single one of them...

The anger in his voice rises.

Uriel Cortez:

But not anymore. The time off allowed me to think. I was given a second chance to get my priorities in order. Something had to change...and I know what that is. I'm tired of us being VICTIMS. So when my suspension was lifted and I got word that Butcher Victorious was going to defend his title wit an open contract, you bet your ASS I signed on the dotted line. I had to make an example to show what the hell I'm talking about... who better than the almighty VAE VICTIS...

He hoists the championship.

Uriel Cortez:

After that Jamie, my priorities are this: if you mess with me, you mess with mi Familia... Te lastimarás. If you mess with my ability to provide for my mom, my family, you pay. Simple as that. I've got plans with this title and-

*"Whoa, whoa, **WHOA!**"*

In from off-screen waltzes the latest in a long line of DEFIANCE nepo-babies, Eric Dane Jr. Brash as the day is long young Eric walks right up to the incomprehensibly larger Uriel Cortez and goes face to... faceplate... with the Favored Saints title belt that's comfortably draped over Papa Tez's shoulder and hanging proudly on his chest.

Eric Dane, Jr:

You got a whole lot of nerve showin' up here a day late and upwards of seventeen dollars short after having left your so-called *"Family"* to fend for themselves last night against the Insane Clown Posse and crying about how you're sick and tired of being a victim!

The Crown Prince of DEFIANCE has the worst kind of macho alpha gas-lighter energy with his cut-off jean-shorts and teal fishnet long-sleeved shirt. The whole ensemble is held together by a pair of faux-dolphin loafers and a ridiculous man-bun.

Eric Dane, Jr:

Ya know, it's no wonder you're the world's biggest titty-baby, look at the size of these juice-buckets right here-

Dane Jr. jabs two fingers into Uriel's chest. The Champ bats Eric's hand away almost hard enough to break bones. The Titan of Industry looks over at Jamie Sawyers with a "who's this mfer?" type of glance.

Uriel Cortez:

And you are...? (snapping a finger). Oh, right. The guy Titaness mopped the ring with on UNCUT. Eric Dane's baby boy, right? Boy... I gotta say I only know Eric Dane by reputation, but one look at you and I can tell that apple fell so far from THAT tree, you can't even see the tree. You clearly can't see ANYTHING walking around looking like... that...

Eric Dane, Jr:

Oh, please! How 'bout you tell me more about how your wife and her boyfriend got their shit kicked in last night by Eminem's heroin detox nightmares while you were super busy dealing with the kind of [finger quotes] "travel issues" that come with flying out to the EWtees office and having those merch goons print you up a brand new shirt for tonight so you you can come out here on Pay-Per-View and what, crow about beating up a mentally challenged derelict?

Uriel Cortez, not generally known to show an abundance of restraint, is absolutely bristling. Junior drives home his point about the t-shirt with another fingerpoke in the chest. Uriel looks like any moment he's going to give birth to a breech baby giraffe. He shoots one look at Jamie Sawyers that tells him he needs to leave the scene of this upcoming crime. The reporter takes the hint and quickly exits stage left.

Eric Dane, Jr:

And speakin' of that *broad* broad of yours, you oughta be THANKING ME for being the absolute GENTLEMAN that I am! Go back and watch UNCUT big homey and you can see for yourself that Mama T was makin' eyes at'cha boy from the minute she set foot in my ring! I coulda slid up in her DMs right there in front of God, the Phillies, and every scurvy lookin' rassel-dork in Philadelphia if I wasn't such a good brother!

Dane Jr. smirks.

Eric Dane, Jr:

So do us both a favor, big guy, get a handle on wifey's business before she comes at me again and I have to handle it for y-

And that's the end of Eric Dane Jr.'s speaking part for the evening. Just as the kid pokes his finger into Uriel's chest for a third time, Uriel CHOPS the hell out of Eric Dane Jr. and sends him to the floor in one shot!

DDK: [V/O]

OH!

Lance: [V/O]

Was he REALLY listening to anything Uriel Cortez just said?!

In a huff, he SNATCHES Dane up off the floor as a pair of backstage crew turn and dart the other way! Papa Tez has Dane high up in the air...

CRASH!

A nearby table EXPLODES into little pieces courtesy of Eric Dane Jr. being lawn darted right through it with a powerbomb! A fuming giant stands over the wreckage with the young wrestling nepo-baby writhing around in agony.

Uriel Cortez:

Now who's a victim?

Cortez picks up his Favoured Saints Championship off the ground and then marches off while the camera closes in the mess that Eric Dane Jr. has gotten himself into.

DDK:

Good LORD at the carnage!

Lance:

You know, I'd say that was uncalled for, but... well, you know.

After this violent scene, the camera goes back to Lance and Darren.

PAT CASSIDY vs. ???

A crane pan of The Faithful, eagerly holding up their signs. The camera very purposefully avoids showing the ring where Bronson Box and Ned Reform are being carried out. We cut to the announce team.

DDK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, we have to move on after what turned out to be an extremely violent affair.

Lance:

Up next, we have Pat Cassidy in singles action! He's thrown out an open challenge to sort of "kick off" what you have to believe is the next phase of the young man's career.

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials were absolute cornerstones of the tag division for years. With the recent news of Brock Newbludd's retirement, Pat is seeking to strike it out on his own. That starts tonight.

Lance:

Remember, Darren... Pat only recently turned twenty-nine. He's already a certified star and multiple time DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champion... you have to imagine barring any serious injuries, he has many, many years ahead of him. There's a lot of potential there.

DDK:

Right you are.

Keebler touches his ear.

DDK:

I'm getting word that although they are still working on fully repairing the ring from the previous match, the show must go on... and so are we!

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The fans are up as white house lights begin to swirl around the arena. From the back appears Pat Cassidy in new ring gear: he's traded in the longbows for a pair of black and blue traditional wrestling trunks with "BOPC" written in white scratch lettering on the back. He wears a new black vest too - "SNS" in white lettering on the front, and the back is the Saturday Night Specials logo but the words "Pat Cassidy" replacing where the tag team name used to be. Behind Cassidy, in ring attire that matches his black and blue color scheme and with the BRAZEN Women's Championship around her waist, is Ophelia Sykes. Cassidy stops at the ramp, grinning at the positive reaction and raising a fist to The Faithful. Sykes puts her arm around him from behind and blows a kiss into the camera.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an OPEN CHALLENGE! Introducing first... from BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS... weighing in at 224 lbs... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT CAAAAAAAAAAASSIDY!!

Cassidy pounds his chest with one of his fists and begins a confident march toward the ring. Sykes follows behind, flashing her million dollar smile and waving to the fans.

DDK:

It's worth noting that Pat Cassidy began his career as a singles... but it's been a long time since he's been on his own. I wonder if there's any nerves at play here.

Lance:

Don't forget it wasn't that long ago that he took our former SOHer Henry Keyes to the limit... I'd say Pat looks ready to

me.

Cassidy is in the ring, and he jumps up to the top rope and raises a single arm to the fans. Sykes gets on the apron next to him, presenting her man as she were Vana White showing off a new car. Pat jumps down and removes his vest. In one corner of the ring, the ring crew has just finished putting the canvas back together. The blood stains, however, remain. Cassidy tosses his jacket to a ringside aid. He turns to the stage and makes a "bring it on" hand motion.

All eyes to the entrance.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Pat Cassidy paces around the ring, waiting for whoever is going to show up to his open challenge...

♪"Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

That brings the pacing to a stop. Cassidy looks up and waits with eyes going wide. Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron that get The Scrapper from Southie's attention:

VAE VICTIS

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

DDK:

WHOA! VAE VICTIS?

Lance:

I mentioned when Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd battled Vae Victis last year for the FIST and Southern Heritage Championship! Could this has something to do with that?

The smoke billows from the stage and the lights start to flash the familiar and eerie hue of red. Slowly, surely...

Butcher Victorious comes out and has his signature microphone, "The Stick" in hand! Walking him to the ring is, of course, the advocate for Vae Victis and its members, Sonny Silver.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious makes his first appearance after he lost the Favoured Saints Championship in an open challenge answered by Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

I've heard a LOT of rumors backstage... the other Vae Victis members aren't happy at all with the fact that Butcher lost the championship. Give him credit, he came so close to making history with the title by getting to four successful defenses, but there's a reason why it's perhaps the most hotly-contested title we have!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent...

Butcher Victorious:

SHUT UP, DARREN, I GOT THIS! BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

The former champion cuts off Quimbey!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK! I HAVE THE SKULL THAT'S THICK! AND I HAVE TH...

He has to stop when he realizes he does not, in fact, have “this” meaning the Favoured Saints Championship. Pat Cassidy watches and Sonny shakes his head behind him.

Butcher Victorious:

AND I STILL AM A MEMBER OF VAE VIC... TIS. I'm gonna take you up on your challenge, Patty-Cake, then I'm gonna show why I'm a member of the greatest stable in DEFIANCE history!

Pat shrugs his shoulders, at least knowing his challenge has been accepted.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious has leveled up in some ways since winning that title. It wouldn't be wise for Pat Cassidy to entirely write off Butch Vic's chances of victory tonight if he's not careful!

Butcher enters the ring with Sonny at ringside and then Butcher yells for the official to call for the bell.

DING DING!

Butch Vic, appearing to be super aggressive, moves to the center of the ring and demands that Cassidy meet him for the lock up. Cassidy looks amused, but nods in a semi show of respect and does so. The two Defiants lock up and jockey for position for a few seconds before Pat wins the exchange, powering Vic into the corner. He holds Butch in place until Rex Knox starts a count, and Cassidy releases the hold and steps back toward the center, grinning at Butch the whole way. Victorious, meanwhile, looks not amused.

Butch Vic:

CHEATING!

Cassidy makes another “bring it” motion. Butch charges... another lockup... and same result. The bigger Cassidy just muscles him into the corner until Knox again forces a break. But this time, when Pat breaks the hold...he parts with a SLAP to Butch Vic's face!

DDK:

Cassidy is no stranger to mind games! He's trying to get Butch riled up!

Lance:

It's working!

Indeed it is. Butch is PISSED and as Sonny shakes his head in disappointment. Butch charges in anger... right into an armdrag! Cassidy sends Butch into the ropes and meets him on the rebound with a stiff back elbow that stumbles the former Favoured Saints Champion into the corner. Pat follows Butch, taking position on the second rope and standing over him. He raises a single fist to The Faithful who know what's coming! Sykes encourages them to count along...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Cassidy stops, and turns his fist into an imaginary beverage with which he “toasts” the fans. Again, they know what to do.

CHEERS!!

And The Scrapper from Southie brings down the final punch.

DDK:

This is not going the way Victorious might have hoped...

Suddenly, a ruckus! Cassidy looks to the outside, where his girlfriend and manager Ophelia Sykes appears to be getting in the face of a ringside fan. A somewhat portly gentleman with a thin beard. The man is screaming at Ophelia,

and she's in his face and giving it right back. Pat rolls out of the ring and comes between the two, telling the guy to back off and moving Ophelia back with his arm. The guy wisely immediately moves out of harms way. Cassidy turns to Ophelia and the camera is close enough that we can hear them off mic.

Pat Cassidy:

What the hell happened?

Ophelia Sykes:

That guy is a [BLEEP]ing CREEP!

Pat Cassidy:

Dude... we're in the middle of a match here! We're seriously doing this!?

Sykes eyes go wide. Her lip snarls.

Ophelia Sykes:

Fine. Enjoy your match!

Sykes turns and marches toward the ramp. Pat seems ready to go after her... but he's hit from behind by a Butch Vic LOW BLOW! Pat crumples and a smiling Butch Vic gets right up to the camera and fills the frame.

Butch Vic:

BUTCH VIC HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE DICK!

Lance:

Uh, we apologize for that.

With Sonny urging him to get his shit together, Victorious rolls Cassidy back into the ring. He plants The Saturday Night Special with a bodyslam and then seems to get a bright idea. He climbs up to the second rope. He stands there for a second, looking down at Cassidy and screaming out...

Butch Vic:

BUTCH VIC IS STILL VAE VIC!!!

And he leaps, looking for his swandive headbutt, better known as Using Your Noggin III... but alas, it's not to be, as Cassidy rolls out of harm's way and Butch Vic's dome meets canvas. On the outside, Sonny throws up his hands in frustration as Cassidy KIPS UP!

DDK:

Bottoms up!

The people are on their feet as Cassidy waits for Butch to stumble to his feet and then puts him back down with an Alabama Slam. With Vic sprawled on the mat, this time it's Black Out's turn to climb to the second rope. He winks at the fans before flying off with a pointed elbow reminiscent of a certain Canadian hero. He finds his target and then immediately covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Butch Vic gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

Vic needs to make something happen here if he wants to impress his stablemates...

Pat tosses Butch in the corner and then he himself takes position in the opposite corner. He fires up the people for a few seconds before running across, leaping into the air, and crashing down the **SPLASH OF JAMESON!** Body meets body and a dazed Butch stumbles out of the corner... right into Pat's snap Reverse STO!

DDK:

IRISH GOODBYE!

Cassidy covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And we begin Pat's singles run with a rather decisive victory over Butch Vic!

Lance:

Make no mistake, Darren. Pat was sending a message to the rest of the roster here.

Cassidy's music fires up as Knox raises his hand in victory. Pat acknowledges the Ballyhooligans who are supporting him for a second before he seems to remember something, lets go of the ref's hand, and falls onto his back before rolling under the bottom rope. As Cassidy reaches the ramp, Sonny Silver stands in his way still shaking his head in disappointment at Butch's poor performance. Instead of going around him, Pat simply **SHOULDER CHECKS** the manager! Sonny stumbles and his eyes go wide as he turns back to say something to Cassidy. The Saturday Night Special stops in his tracks, slowly turns around, and gets in Sonny's face.

DDK:

Oh my... we might not be finished here!

The camera gets in close to the two men - close enough to hear what Pat says.

Pat Cassidy:

Tell your bosses whenever they're ready for Round 2... they know where to find me...

Sonny simply smiles in return. The tension remains for a few more seconds before Cassidy turns and continues to walk back up the ramp.

Lance:

Interesting... well, either way, a dominant performance tonight by young Cassidy!

DDK:

Butch has had a rough few weeks, that's for sure...

LUCHA LIBRE SPECIALE SPECTACULAR: MALAK EL FRÍO vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

Two matches left to go and I'm not quite sure how this one is going to go, Lance. We've got "The Man of a Thousand Flips" Mil Vultas going one-on-one against none other than Malak Garland... or as he wishes to be known for this bout, Malak El Frío.

Lance:

This all started after Malak Garland failed to take the identity of Elise Ares. For weeks, he felt lost and without direction until he found himself enamored with watching the lucha libre stylings of Mil Vultas. The Man of a Thousand Flips had the chance to wrestle for the FIST in Mexico against Dex Joy and though he came up short, he did garner Malak's attention.

DDK:

What followed next was Mil Vultas taking up Malak Garland against his better judgment on a tour of Mexico highlighted by Garland finding this new moniker of Malak El Frío. Right after defending his Paper Championship against Aaron King, he proceeded to badmouth Mil Vultas, lucha libre and run down his heritage.

Lance:

Mil challenged him to this match tonight being dubbed as a Lucha Libre Speciale Spectacular. Malak and Mil have exchanged words and memes all over our DEFCOM social media page but tonight, the time for memeing and talking is over. Tonight, Malak is going to have to put up or shut up against arguably the best high flyer in DEFIANCE today.

DDK:

Here we go... Mil Vultas. Malak El Frío. We take it to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

The opening bell rings to kick off the start of the next match as Darren Quimbey begins his introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a Lucha Libre Speciale Spectacular singles match set for one fall! First, to do the introductions for his client, Mil Vultas... welcome his promoter, **THOMAS KEELING**

The Faithful cheer loudly for Thomas Keeling as the man dressed in a shining silver business suit and tie gets ready to promote his ass off for his client.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, Darren. Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, Other Darren! Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the exception to the laws that we call gravity! There's no jump he can't make and no leap he won't take!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play...

BANG!

Red and green sparks EXPLODE as Mil Vultes ROCKETS out from under the stage! Wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, Mil points to the camera.

Mil Vultas:

MALAK EL FRIO! VAMOS A DERRETIR UN COPO DE NIEVE ESTA NOCHE!

Mil Vuelas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready to do the signature entrance in conjunction with Thomas Keeling's intro.

Thomas Keeling:

One flip for every nickname he's got! Let's go!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! The Dynast of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The Ace of Space! The GIF that Keeps on Giving! The Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... (the Faithful join in) **JUST... LOOK... UP...**

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

The Man of a Thousand Flips raises both hands in the sky and gets a great ovation from The Faithful!

DDK:

Mil Vuelas has definitely showed since breaking out into a singles star, that he has what it takes to hang with the absolute best in DEFIANCE. He defeated Alvaro de Vargas not once, but twice including a BRUTAL Falls Count Anywhere match at Maximum DEFIANCE. He took Dex Joy to the very limit in Mexico. Tonight, he's fighting for the insults that Malak Garland has thrown at his heritage.

Lance:

Indeed. But Malak Garland, like him or hate him, will be a tough test for a lot of stars.

Mil's music comes to a close as he waits for his opponent.

♪ **"Marianela (Que Pasa)" by HUGEL, Merk & Kremont** ♪

A full-on mariachi band assembles at the top of the stage. The little one with the violin vigorously strums away.

DDK:

I hope Malak knows how culturally insensitive he's being right now.

Out walks Malak El Frío, basking in the crowd's jeers.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent, fighting out of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, he wants to be known as the man of one thousand flips! MALAK EL FRIIIIIOOOOOO!

Malak signals perpetually flipping with his hands, obviously just to get a rise out of Mil Vuelas.

DDK:

Copyright infringement truly means nothing to this man.

Malak stashes some pesos into the pocket of the singing mariachi band member before sauntering down to the ring.

Lance:

Hiring a Mexican mariachi band with the sole intention of embarrassing the culture is nuts, Darren.

Malak climbs into the ring and points back to the band as they finish up. He's arrogant enough to make sure Mil sees everything.

Lance:

I have a feeling Mil Vueltas is about to unload on Malak El Frío.

Once Malak El Frío and Mil Vueltas have had time to settle in, referee Mark Shields prepares for the bell... after he gets done checking out some dank memes on his phone.

Mark Shields:

Shit, sorry guys.

DING DING

Right away, Mil Vueltas goes low for a slide, but The Snowflake Superstar is the first to leap over with a roll and then bounce up to his feet, surprising Mil who clearly didn't expect Malak to have learned literally anything in the past few weeks.

DDK:

Wow! What a quick evasion there by Malak... El Frío...

Lance:

I can't say any of us expected that!

When The Keyboard King gets back to his feet, he runs off the ropes just as Mil drops down. The Man of a Thousand Flips shoots up to his feet, then runs at Malak by running in between the ropes, tiger feint-style before snapping him over with a quick and seamless Mexican arm drag! Mil lands on his feet. When Malak El Frío rolls up to his feet, Mil goes low and hits a spinning kick to the gut! Mil whips him across the ring, but the one-time ACE of DEFIANCE sees Mil coming and flips out of the corner up and over Mil's head! He flips forward with a front roll and then pops to his feet, smiling!

Malak El Frío:

Eat that, estúpido!

Mil's retort?

He charges forward at Malak! He panics and tosses him up in the air... then has The Faithful BUZZING when he STANDS on Malak's shoulders quickly! He pivots off and catches El Frío with a forward roll that snaps him across the ring! The crowd applauds Mil as he poses for the crowd. The Keyboard King looks completely shook by Mil shooting him a smile underneath the mask. He bends over and slaps his backside in Malak's direction!

Mil Vueltas:

Besa mi, copo de nieve quejumbroso!

DDK:

Holy HELL, how did he do that?

Lance:

That's a question we ask in every match we see Mil Vueltas wrestle in!

Thomas Keeling is leading the cheers from outside as Malak tries to rush at him, only for Mil to catch him with a single leg takedown. He charges at the ropes and as Malak tries to stand up, Mil tries a headscissors... but Malak shockingly cartwheels through and lands on his feet! He gets jeers from The Faithful as he holds up both hands and cackles!

DDK:

I have to hand it to him... I thought he'd just half-ass his way through this like his Paper Championship defense against Aaron King, but I'm impressed that he's picked up a thing or two!

Thomas Keeling and Mil Vuelas both watch Malak as he poses again. He turns around and when Mil charges, Malak decides to cut him off with sharp kick to the chest. Malak pummels him with a few rights to back Mil into the ropes and then grabs his face and then RUNS it against the top rope.

Malak El Frío:

You can't even lucha, bro!

Despite the fact he's been shown up a time or two in the start of this, he goes forth and then whips Mil into the corner. Mil quickly WHIPS through the middle rope and contorts his way out to land on the ring apron, then dares The Thirst Trapper to come after him. Malak El Frío charges towards the corner, then doubles him over with a big shoulder and then rolls back inside. The Ace of Space charges off the ropes and then quickly whips around the head of Malak...

Not once...

Not twice...

THREE times before he snaps him over and then sends Malak flying out to the floor! Thomas Keeling leads the chance again and then Mil kips up to his feet flawlessly!

DDK:

What an incredible comeback by Vuelas! And he's... uh-oh! He's the only roster member who needs his own FAA clearance before he competes!

On the floor, The Snowflake Superstar is still trying to get his bearings about him when he sees Mil Vuelas coming... with a TWISTING suicide dive flying through the ropes, CRASHING down on Malak quickly and getting the crowd on their feet!

DDK:

Que Demonios! I've never seen anything as innovative as that modified suicide dive! The way he CONTORTS his body through the ropes!

Lance:

I know! That was amazing!

The replay shows Mil Vuelas hitting a FAST twisting dive through the ropes in order to crash into Malak at high speed before he rolls through the move to land on his feet again! The Duke of the Dive finally gets up in real time and walks over to dab fists with a few members of The Faithful and then Thomas Keeling. Both fingers are pointed to the heavens now as he laughs...

Mil Vuelas: [the crowd repeats along]

JUST! LOOK! UP!

Lance:

The Faithful firmly behind him now as Vuelas goes for Malak!

He goes to Mil Vuelas and then pushes him into the ring underneath the bottom rope. Mil heads to the ring apron and then stands on the ring. He leaps up and then lands on his knees on the top rope before he rolls forward and then connects on him with a delayed slingshot senton off the ropes!

DDK:

Another incredible move in that delayed senton! And the first cover of the match by Malak!

Thomas Keeling clears his throat, but Mark Shields has been caught up in all the flippy-doo action. He covers him on the mat with a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Malak El Frío with the shoulder up!

Lance:

But right now, Mil Vueltas controlling the pace here!

The Armchair Expert tries to get away from Mil quickly as the gifted luchador KICKS him sharply in the leg! He fires off again, making Frío wince in pain and then dip into the ropes! He dips his body between them, sitting into the ropes!

Malak El Frío:

Mark! Disqualify him! He's violating my entire safe space and I think that I'm about to get triggered! My anxiety is flaring up!

Thomas Keeling:

You're a hemorrhoid!

Keeling watches as Mil tries to go towards Malak... only for The Snowflake Superstar to grab two of the tassels off Vueltas' mask and then lean back to SNAP him against the top rope! Mil falls to the mat holding his throat now as Malak then laughs!

Lance:

Come on, what is this crap? Some lucha tactics!

DDK:

Malak El Frío being very rudo this evening!

The Snowflake Superstar doesn't climb through the ropes as Mil catches his breath. He SLOWLY grabs the ropes and makes a very exaggerated roll before he stops and poses with his arms out to loud jeers. He gets back up and then laughs as he preens around the ring!

DDK:

And there he is now, making even more of a mockery of lucha libre since this issue started between these men.

Malak stomps away on Mil Vueltas like he's on fire and trying to put it out. Each boot connects until The Thirst Trapper goes low and then locks in a grounded abdominal stretch!

Lance:

And there he goes. Solid strategy right there by Malak El Frío. Trying to play Mil Vueltas' game for too long and was slipping so he had to go what he knows best... being an opportunistic dirtbag.

DDK:

And that is what has made Malak Garland a success in spite of himself. Two time Unified Tag Team Champion, former ACE of DEFIANCE. Key wins over legends like The Flying Frenchie this year.

Malak continues to grind away on Mil Vueltas, but the slippery luchador tries and uses his feet to try and slide towards the ropes. He tries to do so, but Malak drags him away and then uses a quick la majistral pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Malak El Frío almost steals it with the la majistral pin there of all things!

DDK:

Great counter to Mil making the ropes!

Mil slips out, but Malak rolls to his feet as well and kicks the left leg out from under The Ace of Space! He grabs The Sultan of the Shooting Star by the back of the head and then casually tosses him through the ropes! He wipes his hands together and grins aloud to the jeering Faithful. He then goes out to the ring apron and hooks The Duke of the Dive by the neck. He tries to lift him up for a suplex... but Mil wiggles free!

DDK:

A suplex on the apron would be really bad here! Mil fights back!

An angry Malak tries to pick him up again, but this time Vueltas counters with a downward knee to the dome of Garland! He lands on his feet on the apron again and then kicks him low with another quick spin kick to the gut before rolling through the ropes to land inside the ring!

DDK:

Here comes Mil Vueltas gearing up for another huge dive!

The GIF That Keeps On Giving tries to catch Malak... but he moves! Mil tries to wipe out Malak El Frío with a cannonball dive, but he lands through the ropes...

OOOOOHHHHH!

Lance:

Oh my God! Malak moved! Mil was trying to knock him off the apron with that cannonball dive through the ropes, but he went to the well too often!

DDK:

That's the sad part about high-flying. High risk does not always equal high reward!

The Philadelphia Faithful are collectively gasping for the missed dive on the floor! Meanwhile, Malak El Frío has a wide grin on his face as he leaps over the ropes and sees his chance to strike. He rushes across the ring quickly and Thomas Keeling tries to warn his client as Malak takes the dive over the ropes... AND HE WIPES HIM OUT WITH A NO-HANDS SOMERSAULT PLANCHA!

DDK:

MALAK EL FRÍO WITH A SOMERSAULT PLANCHA! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

Lance:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

After the landing wipes out Mil Vueltas, Malak can't believe it himself!

Malak El Frío:

LOOK AT ME! I OUT FLIPPY-DOOED THE FLIPPY-DOO GUY! LUCHA ROYALTY OVER HURR BABYYYYYYYY!

Malak gets up and he high-fives Mark Shields, who completely forgets his ability to remain impartial.

DDK:

Oh, lord, help us... Look I give him credit for doing some homework, but this garbage...

With the move having done its work, Malak slides Mil Vueltas back into the ring and then quickly goes for a cover, demanding Mark count to declare him the king of lucha libre.

ONE!

TWO!

KICK-OUT!

Thomas Keeling balls up his fists and cheers when Mil Vueltas throws a shoulder up!

DDK:

Vueltas with the kickout and Keeling making the most out of those promotional skills!

Lance:

And now what's he doing?

The tassels that hang off of Mil's mask in the back, are now being used against him a second time as Malak grabs a strand and starts to tie it to the bottom rope. The Philly Faithful jeer the hell out of The Snowflake Superstar as he quickly ties them and then starts putting a series of fury punches to Mil while trapped! Mark Shields continues to watch on and he thinks what he's seeing is awesome... but not counting.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Why was Mark Shields not fired a long time ago? This guy once helped give Sonny Silver his first World Title by taking a payoff!

Lance:

I ask this question any time he competes. Who in management went to a donkey show and how did Malak get the photos?

DDK:

...That was scarily specific, so I'm going to change the subject now! Mil Vueltas getting attacked in the ropes!

Malak continues to boot him until Thomas Keeling rushes over and unties Mil's strands! Malak El Frío immediately shouts at Mark Shields.

Malak El Frío:

Mark! Get him out of ringside! You see him actively interfering!

Mark Shields:

The brass is up my ass! If I cut him, I gotta disqualify you too for doing this too long.

Malak El Frío furrows his brow underneath his own monstrosity that he calls his ring gear. He then goes back to attacking Mil and drags him away from the ropes by planting him with a Reverse DDT, then rolling out to the apron. He slingshots over the top rope to land on the apron...

Malak El Frío:

Oil of OLE!

...Then jumps back over with a slingshot leg drop across the throat of Mil!

DDK:

More lucha... flair from Malak and another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Another kick-out by Malak starts to make The Thirst Trapper's anxiety boil up once again! He looks over to Mark Shields, who is doing his best to try and at least look impartial tonight.

DDK:

Malak Garland is in complete control right now! He's doing whatever he can to try and keep The Man of a Thousand Flips grounded again and doing a mostly good job of it.

Lance:

And now he's trying to get Mil back on his feet...

He tries a belly-to-back suplex... but Mil somehow lands on his feet behind Malak! Malak turns, only to get greeted with another kick to the leg! Another! Another! Mil fights his way out and then charges off the ropes, only for Malak to cut him off at the pass with a sling blade on the return! The back of Mil's head gets drilled into the canvas! Thomas Keeling watches and winces on the outside when Malak cuts off his attempt at a comeback.

Lance:

Thomas Keeling trying to do everything that he can to get these fans, but each time that Mil Vueltas has tried something here, he keeps being cut off by anything Malak does.

DDK:

I have to give the snowflake devil his due -- we know that he knows what he's doing in between the ropes and tonight, but during Mil Vueltas' last pay-per-view, he not only stood his ground against Alvaro de Vargas in that sick Falls Count Anywhere match... he WON!

With the talented luchador brought down again, Malak El Frío decides that he's going to go for something big when he drags Vueltas by the leg and takes him near the turnbuckle. He starts to get loud jeers for himself as he climbs through the ropes and then takes a little extra time.

Malak El Frío:

Watch me crush this pissy little flippy-doo with one of my own flippy-doos!

He gets to the top and smugly looks down on Mil Vueltas.

He leaps...

He SPINS 450 degrees...

...

SPLAT.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

No way! Mil moved! He rolled out of the way! That was a VERY well-executed 450 Splash!

Lance:

I remember when he used that once before while teaming with Conor Fuse against the Pop Culture Phenoms, but tonight, he crashed and burned badly!

Thomas Keeling is cheering his heart out at ringside for Malak El Frío's failed 450 Splash! Mil is hunched over in the corner trying to recover while The Snowflake Superstar's antics have cost him! He clutches his chest and tries to catch the breath he just knocked out of himself! Keeling pulls out a red, white and green foam finger from his silver coat pocket, puts it on and then starts rallying The Philly Faithful behind his client!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

The signature catchphrase of one Mil Vultas gets them all fired up, allowing Mil Vultas to feed into it. He punches the mat with each chant and tries his best to fire himself up while Thomas Keeling conducts the DEFIANCE orchestra!

DDK:

Listen to The Faithful! Mil Vultas doing his best to fight back now!

He stands up and goes on the attack as Malak tries to stand, only to get his legs clipped with a few kicks. He reels back...

THWACK!

...and a signature of Titanes Familia members, the double chop to the chest! Malak is holding his chest in pain when Mil fires with another chop! He hits another and another, continuing the forehead chops to the chest!

DDK:

A nod to Titanes Familia! The family that chops together stays together!

With Malak reeling in pain in the corner, The Man of a Thousand Flips tries whipping Malak across the ring, only for it to be reversed. Malak charges at the ropes looking for a big move, but Mil ducks underneath. He handsprings against the ropes quickly with no hands just as Malak comes back, then CRACKS him upside the head with a huge handspring gamengiri kick! The blow echoes loudly and knocks a gob of spit out of Malak El Frío's mouth as he scrambles back into the corner!

Lance:

I could hear that springboard kick all the way up here, Keebs! I don't think anything Malak eats will have taste for a week after that.

The Comments Section leader is kick-drunk in the corner when Mil Vultas points over to the existing corner and then goes full speed ahead! He stands up against Malak Garland on the middle rope and then points out to the rowdy Philly Faithful...

Uno! Dos! Tres! Cuatro! Cinco! Seis! Siete! Ocho! Nueve!

DDK:

Mil Vultas playing to the classics with the ten punch! But... wait. What is he doing now?

With Malak El Frío still dazed from the rapid-fire punches, Mil stands on the top turnbuckle now with Malak just beneath him. He takes a deep breath... then IMPLODES by spinning backwards out of the corner, catches The Snowflake Superstar then SNAPS him out of the corner with what can only be described as an imploding hurricanrana

out of the corner! The Faithful go nuts!

DDK:

What the in hell was that?! Is he doing this all on the fly?

After the amazing move, Mil leaps out to the ring apron, then lands on the second rope. He positions himself carefully...

Then LEAPS outside-in with what has become his signature middle-rope phoenix splash!

DDK:

Middle Rope Phoenix splash from outside in! Where does he come up with this!

Lance:

He must binge a lot of lucha libre on YouTube or something! Cover! Cover by Mil!

Mil Vueltas hooks the leg tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The Faithful are in a state of shock, as is Mil Vueltas! He holds up three fingers, but Mark Shields has kept it mostly clean so far and holds up only two fingers.

Mark Shields:

If it makes you feel better, I thought you had him, too.

DDK:

That was nuts! I thought that was over after that incredibly innovative barrage of moves! This match continues though!

Knowing he's got to keep the pace, Vueltas doesn't hesitate as he goes for his patented satellite tornado DDT but Malak is able to throw Mil off his neck before impact. Malak grabs Mark Shields by the collar.

Malak El Frío:

Mark, you need to do a better job of helping me win. Stop counting pinfalls for that Lucha libre wannabe FREAK and help me ensure victory.

Mark nods along like he's listening even though everyone knows he's not. Malak sees Mil and runs towards him, but gets a shotgun dropkick to the gut followed by a Destroyer for his troubles!

DDK:

Malak's momentum takes him to his feet! Off the ropes and he nails Vueltas with a return destroyer of his own!

El Frío reaches for Mark Shields' pant leg as if pleading for him to help skew the match in the Keyboard King's favor.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Mil comes right back with a destroyer of his own once more! The lunacy of trading destroyers continues a few more times as each time one of the competitors gathers to execute one, the Faithful's cheers rise and fall with the momentum. Finally, Mil goes for one more destroyer but gets caught with a super kick and an Osaka street cutter! Malak hits a pretty standing shooting star press for the cover. Shields slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE SEVEN!

Perturbed, Malak puts his palms to his thighs. He's more angry with Mark Shields than anything. Malak's gaze lowers to Mil. He proceeds to slap the back of his opponent's masked head.

Malak El Frío:

Stay down! I am the superior Lucha libre-artist! Don't forget, I pinned you for the tag team titles many moons ago at this very event!

Trying to continually get under the skin of his opponent, Malak spouts more nonsense until Mil has enough and proceeds to violently push Malak away. El Frío laughs as he's got something DELECTABLE to unpack.

DDK:

Malak is heading over to the turnbuckle!

Malak jumps to the middle rope in an effort to attempt the ROTFLCOPTER Sunrise but Mil ducks at the last second. Malak manages to land on his feet. He turns around and gets dropkicked to the apron!

Lance:

Look out! Incoming flying Mil Vueltas!

Mil LEAPS over the apron and hits a hurricanrana to the outside!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! LEAPING HURRICANRANA OVER THE ROPES AND OUT TO THE FLOOR! THAT WAS INSANE!

The Faithful are going insane, as does Thomas Keeling! It takes Mil more than a few moments to regain his bearings before Keeling points at the ring!

Lance:

Keeling is telling Mil that he has to hurry and get in that ring right now to end this!

The original marked star heads back into the ring and still sees Malak in the distance. He looks out to the sea of rabid DEFIANTS and then a cheeky grin crosses his face under the mask!

Lance:

And what's he going to do?

Once Mil climbs up the ropes, he looks outward and then RUNS the length of the ropes quickly and carefully before FLYING and crashing down upon Malak and hits an incredible rope-running dive to the outside, cussing him out in the process!

DDK:

That's what Mil Vueltas thinks about all the trash talk Malak has been up to! It doesn't matter about the past. Sure, Malak pinned Mil for the tag titles back then but really, not much else has changed on El Frío's end. He's still the same old scumbag prick who rips people off and it's about time he gets put in his place! The mockery he's made of being a Luchador shall not be forgiven and Mil is making him pay!

Mil throws Malak into the ring by the collar of his mask. Vueltas enters the ring in style by jumping up each rope before bouncing off the top one and nailing The Social Media Savant with a stalling Swanton bomb that looks like it defies gravity.

Lance:

How high did Mil get there!? It felt like he was stuck at the apex of his jump FOREVER!

The Faithful count along as Mil hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE NINE!!!

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY! THAT HAD TO HAVE BEEN A SLOW COUNT BY SHIELDS, RIGHT? RIGHT?

Fans jolt back in their seats as they thought it could have been over! Now it's Mil as the one with his palms to his thoughts and Malak dazedly reaching for the sky! The Faithful are collectively going crazy for this match!

DDK:

This match has escalated so much in the past few minutes! These men traded Destroyers, big moves, then Mil with some of the most spectacular dives I've seen out of him yet, but he needs to stay on Malak!

Lance:

And it looks like he's doing just that!

As Malak tries to scramble up, Mil throws a thrust kick to the jaw to knock The Snowflake Superstar back to the canvas! The Man of a Thousand Dives points back up to the top rope and The Faithful respond loudly and proudly with cheers! He quickly goes to the top rope.

DDK:

You can sense the end! One more big move is all it's gonna take!

When the young luchador leaps to the top turnbuckle, he reaches his target, but when he gets there, a scrambling Malak grabs Mark Shields...

Then SHOVES him towards the ropes!

Malak Garland:

PERSONAL SPACE, MARK!

Lance:

WHAT?!

Mark hits the ropes and shakes up Mil on the top rope! The young luchador has to think fast and leaps off the top turnbuckle with a roll as Malak adjusts his mask! Mil lands on his feet, then turns around to go after Malak...

...

THUNK!

...HEADBUTT WITH THE MASK FROM MALAK!

And with that, Mil looks like he's been knocked LOOPY!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL... WHAT DID MALAK DO?!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Thomas Keeling growls outside the ring as Malak adjusts his mask a second time! He turns to Mark Shields, then looks down at a groggy Mil who is looking like he got hit with something worse than headbutt from Malak's luchador mask!

Lance:

Was... was there something in that mask?!

Malak sees his shot as a stunned Mil tries to fight his way up...

...I TRIGGER TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

The Man of a Thousand Flips crashes to the canvas, then QUICKLY rolls over and shoots the half into a pin!

DDK:

COME ON! KICK OUT!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak rolls off of Mil and reaches into his mask to pull something out and put it back into his pocket just in case Mark Shields actually does his job. He stands over Mil Vultas to LOUD jeers from The Faithful as Thomas Keeling looks on with disgust from the outside.

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner... **MALAK GARLAND!**

The Snowflake Superstar saunters over and holds out a hand for Mark to raise.

Malak Garland:

Sorry, sorry, I thought you were Mil trying to get in my personal space again! You can raise my hand now.

Mark Shields:

Gotcha, buddy!

He raises the hand of the arrogant Garland to MASS jeers from The Faithful!

Lance:

Mil Vultas had this match won had it not been for Malak Garland shoving Mark into the ropes to make him lose his balance! Then you can see the replay...

A replay of the end of the match happens with Malak El Frio putting something in his gaudy mask before striking Mil with the loaded mask! The clip of the final I Trigger follows!

DDK:

Vueltas did everything he could tonight! The risks he took. Make no mistake, he's the superior high-flyer in every way no matter what that deluded and deranged Malak says, but tonight, he walks out with the win.

Back to real time! Thomas Keeling is checking on Vueltas on the outside of the ring, clearly frustrated with this result as Malak throws his own luchador mask off and throws it away. He heads up the ramp and holds his hands out wide as he gets to bask in the joy of victory here tonight!

Lance:

A tough loss for Mil Vueltas, but he's been doing everything he can to show that he belongs with the top of DEFIANCE. Meanwhile, I'm scared to think how Malak Garland is going to twist and distort this win.

DDK:

Well, tonight, we have one more match... but it is THE MATCH of ACTS of DEFIANCE! It will be The FIST of DEFIANCE on the line in our MAIN EVENT! The EveryChamp fights for EveryONE! "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy defends the championship against the man that choked him out two weeks ago... "DEFIANCE Himself" Oscar Burns!

Cut to quick ad break.

YOU LOVE TO SEE IT

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, the time has finally arrived. Up next, one of the most anticipated main events in DEFIANCE history when Dex Joy defends the FIST of DEFIANCE against -

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Roland ♪

DDK:

...what is this?

The Faithful stand, confused by the Good Doctor's theme song... his match is over, and if the last time we saw him is any indication, he's in no shape to be out here. But the people begin to boo as that's exactly what happens... Ned Reform, now changed out of his wrestling attire, steps through the curtain.

Lance:

I have to tell you, fans, that this is NOT on my runsheet.

Reform is heavily bandaged and hasn't been able to completely remove the blood stains from his neck. A white towel hangs around his neck signifying he has recently showered. Although he's not dressed to wrestle, he is more casual than we've ever seen him in a white athletic tracksuit. Reform is beaten... he's battered... but he's smiling as he cockily strolls through the curtain, flashing that annoying grin at The Faithful and causing them to turn up the jeers.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, earlier tonight we saw The Honor Society face off against Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box in what could best be described as an absolute war... and to everyone's surprise, including this humble broadcaster, it was Ned Reform ending the night with his hand raised in victory.

Lance:

Getting the pin over DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Bronson Box no less!

And Ned is LETTING THE PEOPLE KNOW IT. Despite how gingerly he moves, he still finds a way to work in some swagger. He stops at the ramp, producing a microphone and waiting for his music to fade out.

Ned Reform:

Well... well... well...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Children...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Children.....

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform (seemingly enjoying the vitriol):

CHILLLLLLDDDDREEEN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

... what happened? What happened? What? Will you not make with that incessant chant? No? Why not? Come on!

What was it? I believe it went something like: "BOX IS GOING TO..." what was it? Kill me? Well...

Reform spins around in a circle. Very slowly, and he winces more than once, but he does it.

Ned Reform:

It appears the reports of my demise have been greatly exaggerated, yes?

DDK:

I can't believe he's standing after what we saw earlier tonight, nevermind out here speaking...

The Faithful let him have it as The Sage on the Stage begins to walk toward the ring. He's still moving quite gingerly, but he's talking the entire length of the ramp. Naturally.

Ned Reform:

I am used to being doubted. This is nothing new. It makes THIS moment all the sweeter: the moment when I can stand proud, having cast the naysayers into the pits of obscurity...

Reform walks up the steps, through the ropes, and into the ring. Once he gets into the ring he begins to march around in a circle as he speaks, growing more animated.

Ned Reform:

I've asked Mr. Cole, Mr. Owens, and Mr. Horrigan to remain backstage at this time. For you see, this is MY moment. The focus of your blank stares is finally where it should be: on my illuminating person. For you see...

Reform stops pacing. For a moment, he stops talking. He lets the hand holding the mic fall to his side. He swirls his tongue around the inside of his mouth. Looks down to the mat. Thinks for a moment. Head snaps back up with his face snarling.

Ned Reform:

I. TOLD. YOU. SO

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Unfortunately, the man is right. We saw just a little bit ago: he scored the winning pinfall over Bronson Box.

Ned Reform:

You can jeer to your little heart's content!! It. Matters. NOT! The time has come. I have looked the original DEFIANT in the eye, and my dear children... I DID NOT BLINK! And what does that mean? For me? For you? For us!? It means, quite simply... that each... and EVERY...

Ned makes a big show of pointing to the ENTIRE arena.

Ned Reform:

...one of you have NO ALTERNATIVE but to be honest with yourselves. You must admit it. I, DOCTOR Ned Reform, am the greatest wrestler in DEFIANCE history. From the day this God forsaken seventh circle of hell opened its opioid-den-esque doors to the last bout contested in this ring... there has NEVER... EVER... been anyone who can measure up to a man of my stature. Do you hear me? No one. AND CHILDREN: if I am lying, if my claim be not anything less than the indisputable truth... well then, may whatever celestial being you believe in STRIKE. ME. DOWN! You hear that!?

Reform throws up his arms as if he's challenging the heavens themselves.

Ned Reform:

STRIKE ME DOWN!

A beat. You don't drop a line like that without some sort of payoff.

Right?

Right...

The lights in the arena go dark. An anticipatory hush falls over the crowd as they wait to see who's coming out next. In the ring we can see an outline of Ned Reform looking angry as he faces the ramp.

Suddenly a voice...

"WE PUT THIS FESTIVAL ON, YOU BASTARDS, WITH A LOT OF LOVE, WE WORKED FOR ONE YEAR FOR YOU PIGS, AND YOU WANNA BREAK OUR WALLS DOWN AND YOU WANNA DESTROY IT? WELL YOU GO TO HELL!"

♪ "F*ckin In The Bushes Remix - Oasis/Kerstell" by Dio ♪

DDK:

I know that music... but it can't be!

Lance:

I'm getting goosebumps!

The DEFIATron lights up and reads two words that send the crowd into chaos:

MIKEY.

MONEY.

Emerging from the curtain with a dramatic spotlight revealing his presence, Mikey Unlikely stands tall, dapper in a sleek suit minus the jacket, a confident smirk on his face, and an air of Hollywood charisma surrounding him. He slowly and deliberately makes his way to the ring, the fans erupting in a mix of cheers and surprise. Some fans are clearly unsure of Mikey's intentions and have a wait and see approach.

As he walks he hypes the crowd up as gold and white spotlights shine all over the arena.

DDK:

It's Mikey Unlikely! We haven't seen him for over two years!

Lance:

But why is he here? Why now!?

The lights come all the way up as Mikey Unlikely climbs through the ropes and over to the nearest turnbuckle. He leans over and slowly brings his arms up and the crowd reacts loudly. A large mix of cheers and boos, but the cheers

have it. He pumps his fists towards the fans and points back at himself. Clearly enjoying the attention he's getting from the Faithful.

He steps down and goes to another corner and does the same. The music still blares across the loudspeakers as the fans cheer Mikey on when he raises his arms and once more points to the fans. Ned Reform marches over and pulls Mikey off the turnbuckle by his belt. The music cuts out, and Mikey looks back over his shoulder with a smirk on his face. The fans instantly boo Ned Reform for stopping the reunion.

Mikey turns around and faces Ned. The former FIST of DEFIANCE motions towards the microphone in Ned's hand. A fuming Ned seems hesitant at first, but with a sneer he does eventually hand it over. Mikey steps around him back towards the center of the ring, so that he's not cornered.

Mikey Unlikely:

DEFIANCE FAITHFUL OF PHILADELPHIAAAAAA!

The fans call back in response in the form of cheering.

Mikey Unlikely:

... and Ned Reform.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Ned shakes his head in disagreement while staring daggers. Unlikely looks directly at Reform.

Lance:

Uh oh...

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I know I didn't just hear you right, so I had to come out here and hear it directly from the horse's mouth. I believe you just said that there is NO MAN who can measure up to Ned Reform...

Ned nods with an eyebrow pitched upward as if it's obvious.

Mikey Unlikely:

That NO MAN has done what you've done. NO MAN has the ability to doubt you moving forward, NO MAN has looked the original DEFIANT in the eye and not blinked and NO MAN can strike you down...

Much more confidently Ned nods and starts pushing a finger into the chest of Mikey Unlikely. The Hollywood superstar looks down at the finger in his chest then back up Reform. He brings the mic back up to his lips.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm going to give you a few seconds to rethink that statement, and rethink touching me the way you are.

DDK:

I can't believe this! This is surreal!

Ned doubles down and steps closer to Mikey now giving him a double arm push to the chest. He yells out towards the former DEFIANCE star.

Ned Reform:

You DARE interrupt me. Yet another HAS BEEN...

Unlikely smiles quickly before speaking into the mic one more time.

Mikey Unlikely:

Buddy, you can't script the kind of beating I'm about to give you... AND YOU LOVE TO SEE IT!

With that he plants the microphone right into the bald forehead of Ned. The crowd hears the instant feedback of the microphone as it makes contact and loses their collective minds. Ned drops and quickly gets back up. Mikey rolls up the sleeves on his dress shirt before Ned runs at him. Mikey slips out of the way at the last second and uses Ned's momentum to send him crashing chest first into the turnbuckle. As Ned stumbles backwards, trying to get his bearings, Unlikely pulls his head back and hooks it under his arm.

DDK:

We know this move!

Mikey lifts his free arm and points out to the fans. They cheer loudly and he brings the arm down on Reform while dropping to a single knee.

Lance:

ROLL CREDITS!

Ned Reform holds his head in his hands and he writhes on the ground. Mikey stands up finally breaking a sweat. He wipes his hand across his brow and then slings the sweat down onto Ned. He moves towards the turnbuckle and stands on the second rope. Pointing down at Reform, Mikey leaps and drops a fist across the head of Ned Reform.

DDK:

Second rope fist drop!

Ned rolls out of the ring quickly after impact. He continues to nurse his head one hand while walking towards the back. As he reaches the ramp, he looks back with an angry expression on his red face. He screams at Mikey but his words can't be heard over the theme song that has picked back up.

*"F*ckin In the Bushes Remix" - Oasis/Kerstell*

Mikey continues to celebrate with the fans as Ned makes his way to the back. Unlikely gets out of the ring and high fives the Faithful sitting ringside. The many in attendance cheer loudly for him and the beating he gave Ned Reform.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely appears to be back, and he's making a statement day one by attacking Ned Reform who was basically begging for it!

DDK:

I'd say so! One of DEFIANCE's biggest stars, one of our longest reigning FIST of DEFIANCE's, One of the most notorious wrestlers in our companies history is back, and possibly for the first time ever, the FAITHFUL love to see it!

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. OSCAR BURNS

Lance:

What a return we just had! MIKEY UNLIKELY IS BACK! And now all we have left is the BIG ONE, Darren! The Main Event!

DDK:

An incredible match just moments ago, stolen by Malak Garland and what we have to guess was some sort of loaded match... but we're finally on to the main event. FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy looks to finally be done with Vae Victis as he takes on the only member of the group with a direct victory over him... two time former FIST of DEFIANCE and Favoured Saints Champion, Oscar Burns.

Lance:

Dex Joy ended the reign of Lindsay Troy and soon after, promised that anyone who wanted the title would get a fair shake at it. This did not sit well with Vae Victis, blaming Dex for injuring Lindsay Troy with the top rope moonsault he used to win the title. Vae Victis, who used to have a policy of fighting their own battles - still via nefarious means - have united as one and tried to take out enemies like Joy and Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious lost the Favoured Saints Championship. Just last night, Henry Keyes' record-setting run as the Southern Heritage Champion came to an end at the hands of Corvo Alpha. Can Oscar Burns steer the ship right as he's claimed to do and end the Era of Everyone? Or will the EveryChamp continue his run as the top dog of our promotion?

Lance:

In their last two pay-per-view showings, Dex Joy walked away with the victory. It was DEFCON 2022 that many say began the ascent of Joy to the top of the promotion when he defeated the man who has claimed to be synonymous with our organization. Later that year, the 2022 Match of the Year - Joy vs. Burns in a Two out of Three Falls match, again won by Dex... but now, Oscar comes in with momentum as the first man in 2023 with a tainted victory over the champion... but a victory nonetheless.

DDK:

Dex promised on our special UNCUT show last week that tonight was not about a repeat of the Match of the Year. Tonight will be a FIGHT to keep Vae Victis away from the top of the promotion after Lindsay Troy's near-300 day run. And I have no reason to doubt the champion when he says he's gonna bring the fight to Oscar Burns.

Lance:

With all that having been said... let's go to ringside as we await the arrival of both challenger and champion...

The opening bell rings to signify the beginning of the main event. The fans wait with baited breath...

♪ "Ultimate Battle (intro)" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

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

Oscar Burns... choking out Dex Joy with FIFTY to win his massive tag team match with Henry Keyes against Joy and Corvo Alpha...

And a few more highlights to add...

And now... showing the DEFIANCE logo.

Then the name "OSCAR BURNS" written in the same familiar red DEFIANCE font.

Then finally...

...

♪ *dun dun dun.*
dun dun dun.
dun dun dun.
dun dun dun.
ahhhhhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhh.
ahhhhhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhh. ♪

♪ *"Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor* ♪

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dread. Dread and red beacons are flooding the arena. Red Dread Redreadmption. And of course, the familiar text across the DEFIAtron:

VAE VICTIS

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a very simple ring gear. A burgundy robe. Underneath? Black pants-length trunks, absent the usual Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE logos. White taped wrists and black wrestling shoes. At his right, Vae Victis own Sonny Silver. At his left, a disheveled and defeated Butcher Victorious. Burns and Sonny both point at Butcher and tell him silently to go to the back. Butcher tries to protest... but gets shooed away.

DDK:

Wow... less than two months ago, Butcher Victorious won the Favoured Saints Championship and was officially been made a full-on member of Vae Victis... but now, he's in the dog house.

Lance:

Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver want nothing left to chance tonight. Tonight represents the last chance for Vae Victis to silence any doubters who say that their time on top of the promotion has drawn to a close.

When Sonny reaches the ring, he stands in front of the steps and bows with his hands out, allowing Oscar Burns the walk to the ring. He climbs up the steps, looks out to the Faithful and then steps in between the ropes into the ring. He quickly sheds his robe and hands it off to Sonny Silver. Burns has an unwavering confidence about him, knowing he's twice laid out Dex Joy and holds a victory leading into tonight's match. "Stranger Fruit" draws to a close as the collective Faithful for a sell-out at the Wells Fargo Center wait for the arrival of the champion...

The lights are dark.

But we don't get the power going out like we normally do for a Dex Joy entrance before Big Dex Energy kicks in.

We get ...

♪ *"Ultimate Battle (intro)" by Fredrieck Habetler* ♪

... again?!?!

Burns and Silver look equally confused by what is happening before them as the intro to Oscar Burns' entrance plays a second time. But when the DEFIA-Tron lights up, what happens is now all too clear.

Dex Joy pinning Oscar Burns at DEFCON 2022!

Dex Joy pinning Oscar Burns at Maximum DEFIANCE 2022!

Dex Joy pinning Henry Keyes during the Acts of DEFIANCE Tournament 2022!

DDK:

Look at Oscar Burns! He's seething! Dex Joy playing his own mind games with the champion!

Dex Joy pinning Kerry Kuroyama at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Finally ... Dex Joy gave Lindsay Troy her first defeat in two years at Maximum DEFIANCE 2023! And Dex is celebrating in the sea of Faithful! After the intro the light in the Wells Fargo Center died out again. Sonny Silver and Oscar Burns are both screaming for people to shut up and turn off the music.

Record scratch.

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

♪ Game time, Set it off

Lace em up

Let em know

Tell them doubters in the stands imma rise

We undefeated

We hold the light

Legends never die

I will never quit

Never back down

Yeah the game gon flip

We bring it straight your body swinging that right hook

Tyson with a left

They been biting since I could write hooks

But I'm way up

And legends never die when their days up

Yeah yeah-♪

The lights flicker back on where on the stage ... Dex Joy is fueled by both determination and of course, unlimited stores of BIG DEX ENERGY!!! Dex turns his attention to the crowd by waving his hands and on the back of his sleeveless lightning-colored body suit with green lightning patterns that glow in the black light in the arena! He spins around to show two words on the back that bring the Philly crowd to their feet that glow in the dark ...

VAE

VICTONITE!!!

Lance:

That's what Dex Joy has called himself! Vae Victis Kryptonite! The only man that has seemingly cracked the code to being successful against their members, but tonight has to fight the one member who has beaten him!

DDK:

And here he comes! "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy! Will this Era of Everyone continue tonight? Will Oscar Burns prove to be what he says he is - the many synonymous with DEFIANCE or will the man who says DEFIANCE is for everyone win tonight?

Lance:

I have no doubt in my mind that Dex Joy will fight with his heart, but with Burns having the recent momentum on his side, that will no doubt play into tonight's matchup.

Dex gets to the ring. He climbs in between the ropes and then holds out the title for all to see! He makes sure that Oscar and Sonny can see it as well before he retreats to the corner. Champion and challenger now come to a stop in the middle of the ring as Dex Joy and Oscar Burns stand across from one another. Darren Quimbey starts the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall and is your main event of Acts of DEFIANCE! Introducing first... the challenger...

Darren knows what's coming so he stops as Sonny Silver stands on the apron to handle the introduction.

Sonny Silver:

Introducing the soon-to-be THREE-TIME FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing The Vae Victonite KRYPTONITE! The man that will be PROVING the Era of Everyone is an abject failure! The man that is going to TAKE BACK what should never have been taken in the first place! From Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... he is not just a proud representative of this organization. He is not its backbone, its lifeblood, its foundation or even its franchise... to put it simply... **HE! IS! DEFIANCE!**

He points to the challenger.

Sonny Silver:

OSCARRRRRRRRRRR BUUUURRRRRRRNNNSSSSS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar does a simple spin around the ring and then raises his fingers in the air, basking in the reaction. He opens his eyes and looks with disdain at the challenger.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at three-hundred and eight pounds! He is a former Favoured Saints champion! A former Southern Heritage Champion! The reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE! The EveryChamp! The Wrecking Crew Foreman! Big Dex Energy ... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEEEEEEEEEEEEX JOYYYYYYY!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Joy holds the title proudly and points to the nameplate on the belt.

It does not read Dex Joy.

It simply reads what he wants to represent: "Everyone."

The title is handed off to referee Benny Doyle and both men look more than ready for what's about to come next. Dex in his corner, eagerly waiting to start the action. Oscar Burns, ready to tackle the situation head on.

Lance:

Look at this! Both men, raring to go! It's DEFIANCE vs. Everyone!

DDK:

As we've covered, Burns and Joy are no strangers to one another at all! Oscar Burns will likely be looking to use his submission game to wear down the champion like he did two weeks ago on DEFtv. Dex Joy is a straight ahead blend

of speed and power. Certainly one of the most athletic champions in the history of the FIST!

Benny Doyle looks to champion and challenger...

DING DING

The Biggest Boy charges right forward into Oscar Burns, but the technically savvy Kiwi jumps up and LATCHES on a guillotine choke at the start!

DDK:

No way! Oscar is already on top of the champion! He's looking for Fifty! That same submission put Dex Joy out of commission on DEFtv, with a little help from a belt shot to the head!

Lance:

Oh, no! Look at Dex, though!

Burns HANGS off of Dex to start, but the champion immediately has a counter in mind... RAMMING Oscar Burns full speed across the ring into the corner! Burns has no choice but to let go, allowing Dex Joy to free himself from the flash submission attempt on the part of the challenger. Burns shoots out of the corner before Dex can recover and lands a STIFF elbow smash to the side of the head!

With Dex reeling, Oscar peppers him with a trifecta of elbows upside the head. The blows land stiffly and catch the champion in the temple. Oscar grabs an arm and then tries to wear down Dexy Baby with another hold, but the champion stops him in his tracks. He holds Burnsie and then whips him violently across the ring! Burns gets shot into the corner... but Dex doesn't expect DEFIANCE Himself to come rushing out of the corner to crack him in the face with another charging elbow!

DDK:

We're typically used to Oscar working at a slower pace, but tonight it seems both men want to come out swinging! They know each other very well and know what they have to do in order to beat the other!

Lance:

And now here comes Dexy Baby! He takes that elbow to the face... but charges back with a big shoulder tackle! Burns down!

The champion stands over the challenger and feeds off the crowd after winning the first exchange! Dex grabs onto Oscar and then picks him up before rattling him with a big European uppercut! The stiff blow rocks The Biggest Boy, then Burnsie hits him again to make sure he stays stunned. The challenger once again tries to lock the head for another attempt at Fifty, but Dex shoves him off the ropes. When he comes back, Dex is a leap frog! He then drops down... but Burns sees it coming and delivers a headlock!

DDK:

Oscar caught him! Dex has used that leap frog and drop down to lead to a big cross body, but Burns clearly saw it coming!

Try as he might, he can't hold down The Biggest Boy for long as he uses his power to get back up. He goes to the ropes and SHOVS Burns to the ropes. When he comes back, he gets run over a second time, courtesy of a flying shoulder tackle!

Lance:

Oscar has been trying to do whatever he can to make this a quick one, but Dex is brimming with confidence tonight. He's fought challengers big and small so far. Seven-foot monster Max Luck in his first defense. One of the most gifted high-flyers, Mil Vueltas in Mexico. A win tonight for Dex really will put him as the WORLD Champion as we head to Germany after Tag Party V for our next tour!

With The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful supporting their champion, Dex grabs onto the head of Burnsie with Sonny watching and worrying for his client. Dex kisses his arm before giving Oscar a taste of his own medicine in the form of a swift heavy elbow upside the head. Burns is teetering, but Joy doesn't let go of his arm!

DDK:

ARE WE GONNA SEE THE DEX DRIVE THIS EARLY IN THE MATCH?!

Much like Oscar Burns did to start the match, Dex goes for one of his favorite moves! He swings Oscar for the Dex Drive ... but Oscar counters by slipping out and landing on his feet behind him! Big Dex Energy turns around. A kick from Joy gets caught and then allows Oscar to take him to the canvas with a short, sharp shock of a single arm DDT!

Lance:

No! Oscar is looking for anything to take down and stop Dex Joy's momentum at this point!

DDK:

And right into a fujiwara armbar! Very similar to how Lindsay Troy worked the leg of Dex over several times leading up to their title match at Maximum DEFIANCE, Oscar using the arm!

He CRANKS back on the hold, but Dexy Baby has played this game before and isn't interested in a replay as he quickly scurries and grabs his free right hand on the ropes to force a break! Burns holds on and milks all four legal seconds of the count that he can before he lets go of the hold! Meanwhile, Dex is starting to favor the arm now.

DDK:

Very smart tactics there by both men! Oscar going for the leg. Dex Joy going for the ropes!

Dex hobbles back to his feet, but Oscar is still all over The Biggest Boy as he tries to grab the same arm! He shifts him over for a cross armbar, but before he can fully lock the hold in, Dex tightly clinches his arms together and then goes for a rollup!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

SMART, SMART play there by Dexy Baby! Oscar goes for the submission, but Dex uses some quick thinking to counter it!

DDK:

He's been learning from past experience in his matches with Oscar. Burns used a lot of submission holds in order to wear down the big man.

Both men meet at their feet, but Oscar is a tad quicker with a big uppercut to the jaw. He gets rocked to the ropes... but Dex comes back with a HUGE shot gun drop kick to the chest! Burns gets bounced out of the ring like he was fired from a cannon and slips out to the floor, allowing The Biggest Boy the chance to get back to his feet. With The Faithful supporting him every step of the way, Dexy Baby points out to the floor.

He smiles.

The Faithful start to cheer. They know what is coming next.

"WHHHOOOOAAAAA-

Burns expects a fast moving Dex Joy to go through the ropes... but he goes OVER ...

WITH A CORKSCREW PLANCHA!!!

DDK:

SON OF A ... HOW DID DEX JOY DO THAT?!

Lance:

THE SAME ANSWER I HAVE FOR YOU EVERY TIME THIS BIG MAN MOVES LIKE THAT ... I HAVE NO EARTHLY IDEA, KEEBS!!!

The replay on the tron shows what looks like Oscar Burns preparing to take Dex head on with an elbow through the ropes, but getting surprised when Dex leaps OVER and wipes him out with an effective corkscrew plancha that wipes BOTH men out on the floor!

Back to real time and it takes a moment for The Biggest Boy to collect himself after breaking out a new maneuver, but he finally gets back to his feet.

Dex Joy:

To Burnsie. With Love ... EVERYBODY!!!

Sonny Silver can do nothing with the referee watching closely so all he can do is scowl when Dex takes Oscar and then pitches the champion back inside the squared circle. Dex takes a moment and then climbs back into the ring.

DDK:

Dex with a scoop slam ... then the falling headbutt to the gut!

He hooks the leg!

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

DDK:

Burns gets a shoulder up! What a shot that was!

But Dex gets back to his feet. He waits as Oscar is trying to get his bearings. Then the big man runs across the ring! He tries to hit the *incredible* running shooting star press that should not be a thing for men that large OSCAR MOVES!!!

Lance:

No way! Oscar moved! And now he's going on the attack!

With Dex down, Oscar jumps over and stands with Dex's head between his legs before he catches him with a *quick* neck twist! The move quickly jars Dex's neck and allows Oscar to score with a big drop kick to the back of the neck!

DDK:

Dex has had neck issues in the past as well! And ooh! There is a running knee strike while was seated! That combination was executed to perfection!

Burns leaps and goes for what will be his first cover of the match!

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

Dex pushes his challenger right off him! A flummoxed Oscar Burns is unsure what to think right now as he leans up against the bottom rope, seated while Dex looks back to him. Big Dex Energy is feeding off the Faithful as he sits up and starts patting his face, daring Oscar Burns to strike him!

DDK:

I don't know if this is really wise on the part of Dex Joy! Dex might have more hitting power, but Oscar is way more precise about WHERE he hits you. He spent years in Japan honing his striking technique, specifically with uppercuts and elbows. He doesn't punch or chop.

Burns gets up and then rises to Dex's challenge by striking him with a big elbow, but the champion fires back! He hits a big right of his own! Burns hits another quick elbow strike, but Dexy Baby PLANTS one between his eyes! Oscar looks to be on dream street for a moment before he comes back off the ropes and BLASTS him with a big uppercut!

Lance:

Both of these proud men are looking to see who's gonna go down first?

Dex's turn to strike. He swings... but Burns baits him and then catches him with a swift jumping enziguri to the side of the head! The blow is enough to stagger Dex and an uppercut follows that makes the champion stagger on the ring apron!

DDK:

Like I said earlier, that may not have been smart on the part of the champion to try and prove his toughness!

Burns and Joy are now on the ring apron. Dex does all he can to fight his way out of the hold... but DEFIANCE Himself fights on through and then kicks the leg out from under The Biggest Boy. With tremendous strength on display, he lifts up Dex...

...

BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX ON THE APRON!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are all wincing on behalf of the man who proudly represents them as the champion! The move has taken its fair share out of Oscar with him holding his own back from suplexing three-hundred plus pounds on the apron, but he managed to land it! Sonny Silver has an actual smile on his face for the first time since coming out with Oscar. The client and the challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE are enjoying the handiwork.

DDK:

NO!!! DEX JOY JUST GOT DROPPED THE HARD WAY ON THAT APRON!!!

Lance:

That was nasty! How is it possible that Dex Joy even gets the chance to fight back from that one?

DDK:

I don't know. That could compromise some of his power moves or even Joy's ability to fly!

Oscar Burns is taking the moment to catch his breath on the floor with Sonny Silver dispensing advice to him. Meanwhile, The Biggest Boy is groaning in pain. Oscar looks up to see Benny Doyle counting and then rolls under the ropes and back outside again in order to reset the count.

Lance:

Uh-oh, Oscar might have bad intentions outside the ring. What's he gonna do?

He picks up Dex by the head and neck slowly before he throws a few elbows. He grabs Dex by the side...

CLANG!

Then rams him into the guardrail back-first! Dex yelps out but before he can even react, Oscar spins him around...

THUD!

He turns to get the small of his back now rammed into the edge of the ring apron!

DDK:

Dex working the back! Now what's he doing?

Dex is in too much pain to fight back when Oscar looks out to the crowd and hooks him by the side. He tries to lift The Biggest Boy, but he fights back with an elbow to the side of the head. Joy tries to free himself and then fights through his back pain to swing for a clothesline...

Caught!

EXPLODER SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

The Faithful collectively yell out as Burnsie's own back is in pain from taking a fall on the floor, but the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE has clearly taken the worst of the punishment!

DDK:

Oh, no! Not just one big move, but two! The back suplex on the apron and now the exploder on the floor!

Lance:

After a back and forth start, then some dominating moments by the champion, Oscar does what he does best and takes control!

With some major effort on his part, he hooks Dex by the side of the head and then elevates him to a standing position to get him back onto the apron, then nudges the big man inside. DEFIANCE Himself follows not far behind and then pushes him away from the ropes.

DDK:

Pinfall on the champion! Are we going to see Oscar Burns become only the second three-time FIST of DEFIANCE?

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICK OUT!

Dex gets the shoulder up in the nick of time!

Lance:

That was a CLOSE one!

DDK:

He might have been able to kick out of that, but Oscar Burns still has a lot of arrows in the quiver in terms of how he can deliver punishment. He stuck with a few different submission attempts until he found the one that worked and it looks like it's the back!

Oscar sits up and he gives Benny Doyle the evil eye, then makes his way back to his feet. He kicks over Dex Joy and then STOMPS on the back!

Oscar Burns:

YOU ALL CAN'T BE DEFIANCE!

He delivers another HARD stomp to the small of Dex's back!

Oscar Burns:

YOU ALL CAN'T BE DEFIANCE BECAUSE *I* AM DEFIANCE!

He delivers another HARD stomp! Dex tries to fight up again, but Oscar delivers a seated senton across the small of the back once again to ground The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

Oscar has just shut down the champion... GROUNDED COBRA TWIST!

He CRANKS on the neck of the champion while working over the midsection and back with the hold by contorting the reigning and defending FIST while he's on the mat! Dex tries to struggle his way out of the hold, but the big suplexes have clearly started to take their toll.

Lance:

We've seen Dex try and overcome a whole lot to get to this title run, but Oscar is firing on all cylinders right now! And that submission looks bad.

Benny Doyle closes in on Dex as he has a free arm raised while the hold is on tightly.

Benny Doyle:

Dex, do you give up?

He's seething in pain, but answers in the Dex Joy way!

Dex Joy:

No way, Bennay!

Lance:

He's not giving up! Dex trying to fight out!

The Biggest Boy is about to stand again, surprising Dex! He tries to crank the hold even tighter, but Big Dex Energy appears to be powering up again and tries to fight! He tries to shake off Oscar by trying a hip toss, but Burns uses a free elbow to jab him in the back several times to make Dex let go!

DDK:

No! Oscar tries to counter his counter! He's going for the leg!

Oscar tries to take down The Biggest Boy by the leg, but Dex fires back and cracks him with an elbow! He turns Oscar around and tries to lift him up for a slam, but his back seizes up and Dex can't hit the move! Burns takes advantage by jumping up...

DDK:

FIFTY! HE'S GOING FOR FIFTY AGAIN! AND WITH THAT BACK, CAN HE STOP OSCAR BURNS?

Unlike at the start of the match when Dex Joy was able to shake Oscar Burns off of him, this time he can't do the same thing as his compromised back is making it harder to do so! He falls to the canvas by a knee with Oscar tightly clenching in the move named after the time he became the first DEFIANCE star to garner fifty wins by defeating his then-rival Conor Fuse!

DDK:

How much does Dex Joy have left? Is he going to be able to fight out of this with that back giving him trouble?

Lance:

Benny Doyle doesn't seem to think so! He's checking Dex!

The submission is locked in tightly, but Dex is STILL fighting out with a free hand by repeatedly jabbing Oscar in the side!

Elbow! Elbow! Elbow! Elbow!

After four shots, he manages to finally free himself with both men collapsing to the canvas! The Faithful are going mad!

DDK:

I don't know how Dex survived all of that! Oscar has thrown a lot of different holds on him working to soften him up, but Dex continues to fight!

Dex is back to his knee and points out to The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Sonny Silver gets annoyed and yells at Oscar to get up, but Dexy Baby looks ready to deliver some hurt to the challenger for his title. He leans forward ... but instead, he gets caught with a drop toe hold instead!

Lance:

Burns was playing possum! He takes Dex down to the mat!

Playing to the crowd costs Johy an arm and a leg quite literally as now Oscar has hold of a leg and arm each while a knee is firmly placed in the back of The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

Another submission hold! Oscar has been going for one hold right after the other right after the other. Fantastic strategy on his part as always! He's gonna try and literally break Dex Joy in half to claim the third FIST and his fourth overall World Championship in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

What does Dex have left? He's got one arm locked up and the other underneath him! Good positioning! What can he do?

WRECK 'EM, DEX!

WRECK 'EM, DEX!

WRECK 'EM, DEX!

The chants ring out loud as Dexy Baby squirms with his good foot...

He almost makes it...

HE TOUCHES THE BOTTOM ROPE!

DDK:

DEX MAKES IT!

Benny Doyle is shouting at Oscar to get back up!

Benny Doyle:

He's on the ropes, let him go, Oscar! Let him go!

Lance:

He's hanging on!

He finally does and then lets go! But Sonny Silver tells Oscar to stay on him and he does so! He goes right after the champion in the corner before he can fully stand with a flurry of elbow strikes in the corner, catching Dex upside the head multiple times! He fires again until Doyle starts another count!

Benny Doyle:

Last warning, Oscar! One! Two! Three! Four!

An enraged Oscar finally backs off, but Dexy Baby is looking worse for wear now as he barely has the energy to stand. Burns looks across the other side of the ring and gears up for a big uppercut. He waits for Dex to pull himself up, then pulls his kneepad down. He looks locked on for the corner knee strike. He charges at the corner...

...

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

The Faithful GASP when Burns goes flying first and comes crashing down hard! Dexy Baby hits the mat and both men are now down!

DDK:

What a counter! What a counter! In these big title matches, that Dexy's Midnight Runner has been a real difference maker for him! We saw it with Max Luck and Mil Vueltas!

Lance:

But here, does The Biggest Boy have anything left? Oscar has beaten him down, worked over that back and used any and every submission he can latch on!

A replay shows Oscar being BLASTED across the ring from several angles, including a slow-motion one where he goes wide-eyed when he can't stop himself as Dex surges forward! Now both men are on the canvas with a thunderous crowd in full support of The EveryChamp!

DDK:

Can Dex Joy fight back now? Can he finally swing the match back in his direction?

The Biggest Boy is back up and takes Oscar up by the arm before he rattles him with a back elbow! He then uses all the strength he can to LOB Oscar with a HUGE hammer throw directly into the corner turnbuckle! Sonny looks worried for the state of his client!

DDK:

Dexy Baby giving Oscar a taste of his own medicine!

Lance:

Did you see how he threw him across the ring?!

With Dex mustering his strength again, he grabs Oscar and then LAUNCHES him to the other side with a second hammer throw against the turnbuckle! Oscar hits the corner with a massive thump and the impact has him fall to a knee! The Faithful are giving Dex the chance to fight back once again! The Biggest Boy grabs Oscar and sends him off the ropes before he comes back into a huge belly to belly overhead suplex!

DDK:

Burns racking up the frequent flier miles now! Dex Joy is about to make his big comeback!

When the challenger lands right into the corner, Dexy Baby is right there to greet him by catching Oscar with a bear hug and then throwing him out of the corner a second time using an even bigger belly to belly overhead suplex!

Lance:

Dexy Baby knows his way around a few suplexes and now he's got Oscar on the ropes! Does he have enough left in the tank to take this match home?

With all the fun of the suplexes, Dex Joy rides the match on sheer adrenaline and tries to close himself off to the pain his back! He cries out to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then grabs Oscar by the back of the neck! The challenger is sent flying into the ropes and when he comes back off the return, Dex throws Oscar high into the air!

DDK:

DEX BOMB!!!

Dex scores with the pop up power bomb and then falls right into a cover!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THR... NO!!!

Lance:

Benny Doyle is saying that was a two-count! That was close to me, it really was!

DDK:

I almost thought we had a three-count there as well! But Dex has shown to be good at this! Don't argue with the official. If he says it's two, you hit something and keep going until you get the three!

Dex calls for the end with a big move up his sleeve! Without any more of a delay from the big man he picks up Oscar and puts the champion up on his shoulders!

DDK:

Sound the tornado alarm because we're about to witness the destruction from a DEX-5!

He spins ...

But Oscar lands behind him! He TIGHTLY applies a sleeper behind him and tries to rob the Biggest Boy of precious oxygen! Dex flails around and tries to stay vertical, but Burnsie jumps onto his back!

Lance:

Incredible! Oscar turned the DEX-5 into a choke! He's got him trapped!

But Dex with some quick thinking jumps back and then crushes Burns against the turnbuckle corner. He stops the sleeper ... but latches back on a second time! Dex is right back where he started, so the Biggest Boy sends him to the corner a second time himself. Burns slumps over in the corner. Dex has a clear shot and then he charges, but Oscar moves ...

THUD!!!

DDK:

No! Dex collides with the post!

Seeing a chance to leap into action, Oscar grabs both arms of the big man and throws him up before dropping all that weight down on his knee with a belly to back lifted back breaker! Oscar is favoring his knee, but he lands his target perfectly!

DDK:

No! That backbreaker variation he's used for so long! He just wrecked the back of the Wrecking Crew Foreman!

Lance:

That might do it! I think we're going to be witnessing history!

Oscar with a clear cover! Sonny Silver is counting at ringside along with him!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THR... NO!!!

Both men are down and Sonny is screaming a lot of choice words that won't be translated here. Just know that they are all bad words.

Lance:

Sonny Silver is having a complete fit at ringside! He thought Oscar had the three count! He's worked that back to complete perfection!

DDK:

You're right, Lance! He's wrestled a practically perfect match but he doesn't have the FIST of DEFIANCE to show for it! It's going to come down to someone making a mistake to wrap this one up!

The New Zealand native is the first to grab Dex by the side of the head as he tries to get back on his knees. He strikes at Dex with a big knee strike to the chest.

Dex fights back and scores with a chop to the chest!

Burns hits a big elbow!

Dex comes back with one of his own!

DDK:

Both men are fighting! Both men are going at it! Both men want to be the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight! Dex gets the advantage with the elbow!

The Biggest Boy is up and then manages to try and hook Burns up for a second power bomb ... but with some quick thinking, Burnsie gives Dexy Baby some grief by slipping between his legs. When Dex turns around, he is greeted upside his dome with a jumping enziguri by the challenger. Dex is spaghetti-legged from the kick when Oscar follows the kick up with an uppercut upside the head.

Lance:

Oscar catches him with those two nasty shots!

DDK:

But can he do it again?

Oscar goes for another cobra twist ... but Dex stops that! Oscar is on the shoulders ... and the place *erupts!!!*

DDK:

HE LANDS IT THIS TIME! LANDS IT! DEX-5! DEX-5 ON OSCAR BURNS!

The man who calls himself DEFIANCE has been planted *firmly* with the DEX-5! He has been laid out cold when Dex

quickly has to crawl over as fast as he can and hooks a leg.

ONE ...

TWO ...

BUT OSCAR'S FOOT RESTS FIRMLY AGAINST THE ROPES!!! SONNY SHOUTS AND POINTS TO THE LEG!

Lance:

No way! No way! Burns saved himself! Burns saved himself from certain defeat right there! That foot was on the bottom rope!

DDK:

What a match! What a match we are seeing! Both of these men are among the very best we have in DEFIANCE Wrestling! And we're still bottom of the eighth! Something has to give here soon!

When he sees what's happened, a look of disappointment washes over the face of the champion. The Biggest Boy starts to look at Benny Doyle when the Vae Victis manager, Sonny Silver, is there to the rescue and he *drags* the limp body of Oscar Burns outside of the ring to keep him from being able to follow up!

DDK:

Damn it! Damn it! Get Sonny out of there!

Lance:

Wait a minute, though ... wait a minute! I think Benny Doyle saw it! Benny saw what Sonny was doing!

Benny points at Sonny ...

Sonny protests that Oscar pulled himself out of the ring! Dex watches then as Oscar gets picked up ...

Benny Doyle:

YOU'RE OUTTA HERE! GET OUT!

"RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!"

The roof of the Wells Fargo Center is now practically flying across the Delaware River now when Sonny shouts and stomps that he wasn't doing anything but Doyle isn't hearing it!

Lance:

I mean this as nice as possible ... but get him the hell out of here! He almost ruined the title match between Lindsay Troy and Dex Joy! Get him out of here before he can do anything more!

DDK:

And Sonny is leaving! Just like he was thrown out of the ring at DEFtv 193 ... wait ... WAIT!!!

Doyle and Dex's focus is on Sonny storming up the ramp and being made to leave ringside ... but neither man's eye is on Oscar Burns with the FIST of DEFIANCE in hand ...

NOW TO THE BACK OF DEX JOY'S HEAD!!!

Lance:

NO! NO! JUST LIKE AT DEFtv! THIS IS HOW OSCAR BURNS STOLE THE VICTORY FROM DEX JOY IN THEIR TAG MATCH!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The booing is *livid* but Oscar Burns has already disposed of the evidence by tossing the championship out of the ring! Dex is hurt and barely stumbling when Oscar discards his elbow pad and then swings... then *cracks* Dexy Baby with a sick looking leaping elbow smash to the back of the head!

DDK:

COME ON! NO! OSCAR HIT HIM WITH THE FIST OF DEFIANCE, THEN JUST SCORED WITH HIS NEW ELBOW STRIKE CALLED THE ELBOW OF DEFIANCE!

Dex is a prone body at this point and Oscar quickly turns his body over with the crowd loud as can be! The booing is emphatic as Oscar hooks not one, but two legs! He licks his chops and has a plan to end this right now!

Lance:

I think Sonny Silver was planning on this so he could use the belt a second time!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! NEW CHAMPION! NEW CHAMPION!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE- KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

NO!!! NO!!! DEX KICKED OUT!!! DEXY BABY STILL IN THIS ONE!!! OSCAR CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT JUST HAPPENED!

Lance:

BUT HE'S NOT ARGUING WITH DOYLE! FIFTY! FIFTY IS LOCKED IN! JUST LIKE THAT TAG MATCH!

Oscar *clinches* in FIFTY and the guillotine choke is properly applied with Dex Joy not moving! Oscar's eyes are bulging and he has lost his mind doing everything he can to secure the FIST of DEFIANCE! He continues to apply the chokehold! Not a person is seated and not a person isn't making sound at this point!

Lance:

HOW IS DEX JOY GETTING OUT OF THIS! LAST TIME THE BELT SHOT AND THE FIFTY DID HIM IN! HE KICKED OUT, BUT HE CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING LEFT!

Oscar is laughing madly as he knows the FIST is moments away from coming back to Vae Victis! He has the hold locked in ...

But Dex fires up to a knee! Burns is still hanging on, but his eyes are bulging out again when Dex shakes him around!

DDK:

WHERE IS HE GETTING THIS?! WHERE?!

DEX *Turns* Oscar upside down ...

DDK:

DEX DRIVE DOS!!! MY GOD, HE SPIKED HIM ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!!!

"RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

Burns is not moving! Out of sheer desperation, Dex falls limp and drapes an arm over the chest of the challenger! The crowd has lost their mind as they count along!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

No one is moving in the ring right now! Dex's arm is still laying across the body of Oscar Burns!

DDK:

DEX JOY HAS DONE IT! DESPERATION MOVE! DESPERATION FINISH, BUT HE WEATHERED THE STORM OF VAE VICTIS AND RETAINS THE FIST!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... and STILLLLLLLLLL your FIST of DEFIANCE ... **"THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY!**

It takes a few moments but finally Dex Joy is finally able to roll off of Oscar Burns. He has enough to roll onto his stomach. Benny Doyle has to bring the title over to Dex Joy and drops it on his chest and raises a limp hand up!

Lance:

You could sense the desperation in both men to find that one kill shot that would have either won or lost the FIST of DEFIANCE! Oscar Burns stooped to outright cheating tonight, but with this win, Dex Joy can finally put Vae Victis behind him for good!

DDK:

No Favoured Saints Championship. No Southern Heritage Championship. And finally, no FIST of DEFIANCE. For the first time in over a year, there is no gold within one of DEFIANCE's most dangerous factions. The Era of Everyone continues with no end in sight!

Burns has to be helped out of the ring and Dex Joy has to be helped up to his feet. One hand is on a sore back that will require much icing, but the other hand is high in the air with the FIST of DEFIANCE proudly hoisted high!

DDK:

The Era of Everyone isn't just a catchy tagline for a man like Dex Joy ... he shows up to work. He's always been the first to arrive. Always been one of the last to leave. He was not chosen to be in this spot but the cream rose to the top! Dex Joy is at the highest level I've ever seen and there doesn't appear to be any slowing him down!

Lance:

What a phenomenal two nights of wrestling that we got to see capped off with Dex Joy continuing to put in the work. His story is remarkable. A man who signed to DEFIANCE Wrestling not in the best of shape but worked to get himself there and now, he's on top of the promotion as a proud representative of everyone who calls themselves a fan!

Dex starts to point to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful who have helped support him.

With that ... this night has come to an end!

THIS ...

IS ...

DEF...

The lights in the arena black out completely save for the soft black glow from the giant screen that takes up most of the stage area. Dex watches the screen along with everyone else.

DDK:

What's this? What's going on?

The bright whites and greens are blinding as the vignette starts up. We're at the end of a long gated road leading up to a very familiar looking old plantation house. As we get closer to the porch the huge double doors open wide and the camera zooms into the entrance way and up the stairs. The furnishings of the well taken care of old home are opulent to say the least. The home screams one thing and one thing only. Wealth.

Through another set of double doors and we're in a huge library office, an old oak desk sits in front of a huge window overlooking a beautiful well manicured garden. Topiaries of lions and bears and other great beasts line the paths that loop around mounds of flowers and giant old trees heavy with hanging moss. On the desk is a smoldering cigar... with just a touch of CGI flavor, the rising smoke from the cigar forms four words...

BY ANY... FUNDS... NECESSARY.

Those in the know react accordingly.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

"Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman, strike up the band, its time.

The combined buzz, shock, murmur and general disbelief is immediately audible from the crowd. Some of the more tenured members of the Faithful are already on their feet screaming at the top of their lungs. It's not everyday the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE returns to the fold. Dex Joy looks as shocked as everyone else by the appearance!

DDK:

Wait... no. It's impossible. It can't be him! It just CAN'T!

Darren Keebler's utter, voice quavering shock is evident immediately as the shrill clarinet forward musical selection triumphantly plays.

Lance:

It... I mean we heard he was out of prison and completely loaded to the gills with cash again somehow, but...

First out from backstage is seven feet of former enforcer for the Tuttoro Crime Family, "Il Giudice" Nicky Corozzo. He

runs his hands back across his head smoothing out his long black hair as the bodyguard takes his place to the left of the entrance curtain. Even after nearly eight years away, the second the long dangerous legs of Jane Katze emerge from backstage the crowd erupts. Hair up in a tight bun, classic pencil skirt, stiletto heels, she mean-mugs the horny neckbeards in the audience as she takes her place at stage right. As the music reaches a crescendo the man himself emerges back into HIS spotlight to greet HIS public for the first time in nearly a decade.

A stage hand is seen handing off some index cards to Darren Quimbey at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... making his triumphant return to the company he helped build... oh for Pete's sake... that he helped build with his own two humble hands. He is the architect of the Wrestleplex! He is a former Southern Heritage Champion! A former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion! And he is the former and first FIST of DEFIANCE! Being escorted by his associates Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze, the man of the people, The Socialite! EDWARD WHITE!

Lance:

Damn son, Ed got prison buff.

Warner is spot on with his observation. Gone is any semblance of dad bod on the figure of Edward White. Eight long years behind bars have done wonders for The Socialite's physique. There might be a few new streaks of gray in his formerly jet black hair and beard, but otherwise the hands of father time have nary laid a finger on Edward White. Sporting a sleek white suit and tie, The Socialite steps out to the top of the ramp and soaks in the unique reception he's getting from the Faithful.

DDK:

A lot of cheers out of sheer shock and surprise, partner. But if my ears don't deceive me, there are still quite a few old school DEFIANCE fans out in the crowd tonight that remember exactly the kind of man Ed White was during his long tenure as a member of the roster.

"Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" continues to play as the trio slowly make their way down the ramp and into the ring. Nicky posts up in the nearest available corner and commences to mean mugging the champ, who by the way is utterly unphased by the fanfare, but has his guard up. Jane slinks into the ring and makes a slow, sensual lap around the ring, eyeballing Dex up and down as she does. As she makes her way back over to Ed's side she slides past Dex and slowly runs a finger across the faceplate of the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Gosh I've missed Jane Katze, haven't you Darren? Just look at the gams, yowza!. She hasn't aged a day

DDK:

DEF HR watches the show you know. You realize she A. thinks you're gross, if memory serves and B. she could quite literally pop your head off with just her thighs.

Lance:

So what you're saying is I have a shot?

Jance stands beside The Socialite with her arms crossed. The microphone is handed to Nicky who hands it over to Ed. The fans in attendance are still a cacophonous mix of boos and cheers both. As he lifts the microphone to begin to speak the noise triples in volume as a chant is added to the already deafening mix. He drops the mic and listens with a satisfied grin.

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

DDK:

I'm speechless, partner! Just listen to this crowd!

Literal minutes of sustained, uninterrupted noise from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

An exhausted Dex Joy has his title back over his shoulder and is supporting himself in the corner watching all this play out. His eyes dart back and forth between the three very capable, very dangerous competitors he's now occupying the ring with. Dex being a student of the game is obviously very much aware of who Nicky, Jane and Ed are. The Everychamp subconsciously tightens his grip on the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt. Regardless of this reaction, the champ takes a few steps out of the corner and steps up to face The Socialite.

Lance:

Talk about the unexpected, Darren! Jesus!

DDK:

The EveryChamp face to face with The Socialite was NOT on my bingo card for tonight, partner!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The chants persist as Ed and Dex continue to mean mug one another. Slowly, every so slowly Edward White once again brings the microphone to his lips, only for...

DDK:

JESUS CHRIST! BIG BOOT FROM NICKY COROZZO, WHAT THE HELL?!

Caught by everything happening at once, Dex is sent sprawling to the mat as a gigantic black dress shoe clobbers him unexpectedly. The seven foot tall behemoth of a bodyguard stands over the champ, still suffering from an absolutely exhausting match previously. Nicky stands over Dex and starts just ruthlessly stomping down across the side of Dex's head over and over and over and over again with the hard sole of his fancy Italian loafers.

DDK:

Dex was certainly caught off guard by the appearance of Edward White! And after that incredible title defense against Oscar Burns, can he even defend himself?

Corozzo only pauses for a moment to allow the FIST to wobbly get to one knee. Ed casually takes a step forward, microphone still in his hand... instead of hearing from White for the first time in eight long years, The Socialite simply DRIVES the butt of the microphone down into Dex's head sending him yet again sprawling down onto the bloodstained canvas.

Lance:

I guess this is Ed's way of reminding everyone what "by any funds necessary" really means.

DDK:

Not shocked, but still just disgusted, partner. I mean OH COME ON NOW!

It's Jane's turn. She hikes her skirt a little as she kicks off her high heels, drops down and locks her thighs around the neck of Dex Joy. The Brazilian jiu jitsu practitioner applies the hold deftly enough to cause Joy immediate worry. He tries to fight her off, but the combined force of Katze and Nicky Corozzo's boot on his chest makes this impossible! As she does this Ed abandons the microphone, reaches into his coat pocket and produces one of his huge Cuban cigars and goes about casually undressing and cutting the stogie.

DDK:

What's... what's Ed doing?

Lance:

Having a smoke, what does it look like he's doing?

As Dex struggles Nicky pulls out his lighter and lights the end of Ed's Cuban without a word. The Socialite takes a few deep satisfying pulls from the cigar, the tip burning bright orange by the time he's done. He takes his time kneeling beside the struggling FIST of DEFIANCE... he leans in and talks only to Dex in hushed tones away from the fallen mic. We can't make out a single word, but the conversation lasts at least a full minute. By the time Ed is done Dex's face is starting to turn several fun shades of blue and purple. He nods at Jane who finally relents and lets Dex free to finally breathe.

Lance:

Well, that wasn't as bad as it could have been. Ed just wanted to send a me...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHGGHHHH!

DDK:

OH MY DEAR GOD!

The agonizing sound that escapes Dex Joy's throat causes everyone in the arena to recoil as Ed White BURIES his lit cigar into the face of the FIST! His face clutched painfully in his hands Dex recoils like he's been shot rolling immediately away from his three assailants. Iris Davine and her crew, already at ringside post-match do their best to pull Dex to the relative safety of ringside to treat his burn.

DDK:

Ed White is SICK, Lance. Why? Just why?!

Lance:

Prison time hardens a man, Darren!

DDK:

HIS PRISON HAD ITS OWN GOLF COURSE! How hard could it have possibly been?!

"Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman strikes up again as Ed clips the smushed, ruined quarter of his cigar and relights the remainder with a huge smile on his face. Nicky Corozzo leans over the ropes and talks endless shit towards the Champ still writhing in pain at ringside. Jane, cool as ice, retrieves her stilettos and slips them back on her feet before taking her place at Ed's side. The crowd rains pure hate and derision down upon Edward White & Associates as they take one last victory lap before vacating the ring and making their way up the ramp without a word spoken...

DDK:

We're almost out of time folks! Hopefully we'll get some answers from The Socialite on DEFTv!

Lance:

He's Downtown Darren Keebler, I've been Lance Warner!

DDK::

Goodnight folks!

The last image of the PPV as Ed and co. disappear behind the curtain is the still lingering image from the end of Ed's earlier vignette. The still "smoking" CGI letters smolder there on the tron as we fade to black.

BY ANY...

FUNDS...

NECESSARY.