

SHOW OPEN

This week, Milwaukee, Wisconsin welcomes DEFIANCE as the Alliant Energy Center is hyped for DEFtv 215!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from. The camera pans to the ominous steel cage hanging above the ring!

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

WELCOME TO CHEESE COUNTRY

IT'S WEDNESDAY YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS

I WOULD HAVE MADE A SIGN BUT I'M ON LOAD MANAGEMENT

HEY MALAK CAN YOU TAKE M4NTRA AWAY WITH YOU?

SORRY I'M LATE, I CORVO'D MY ALPHA

DEFCON 2025 - KEEP THE FIST, LEAVE THE MALAK

DEF-TUESDAY IS ALL JUST A CRUEL, PAINFUL MEMORY NOW

MALAK VS EVERYONE @ DEFCON

DEF-WEDNESDAY IS A LIE

LACTOSE INTOLERANCE ISN'T TOLERATED IN DAIRY-LAND

CALL ME CRAZY, BUT I GET WEIRD VIBES OFF THAT TRICKLEBUSH FELLOW

DOUGLAS 4 FIST

ELISE 4 FIST

DAN RYAN FOR FIST (AGAIN)

BROCK WINS OR WE RIOT

NED FEARS THE BADGER DEN

MALAK IS A BRAT AND IS ALSO THE WURST

CORVO 4 PRESIDENT

THERE IS NO HONOR IN SOBRIETY TA BLACK

MIL IS SHORT FOR "HE'S ONLY ONE MILLIMETER TALL"

MIL IS SHORT. END OF SIGN.

LONNIE'S LUCKY NIGHT!

NEEDS MORE LAD

IF BROCK WINS, WE RIOT BUT LIKE NICER AND MORE DRUNK

**MALAK'S MOM IS ALSO NICKNAMED LOAD MANAGEMENT
THE FAMILIA SCARES ME
M4NTRA ARE PUNKS WHO SHOULD GET BEATEN SEVEN TIMES IN RAIN CITY.**

We go to the announce table with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and along with me as always, my broadcast partner in crime, Lance Warner! Lance, what version of you is gonna show up tonight?

Lance:

I haven't decided yet, partner. Still too early to tell, but I'm sure I'll have some opinions on things!

DDK:

Very well! We have a special SUPER-SIZED DEFtv tonight! Nine matches on tap! And we're about to get to our opening match!

THE ODDS ARE AGAINST ME

DDK:

Without hyperbole, Lance, I can honestly say that tonight's episode of DEFtv, top to bottom, is STACKED!

Lance:

Indeed, partner! Tonight in our main event, there is NOWHERE to run or hide for Southern Heritage Champion Ned Reform! After he was cheated out of the Southern Heritage Championship at DEFIANCE Road, Milwaukee's own Brock Newbludd has a shot at redemption tonight against the champion, this time in the confines of a steel cage high above the ring!

DDK:

A four corners tag team match with a shot at the Unified Tag Team Titles at DEFCON guaranteed for the winners! Rain City Ronin! Atomic Punks! The Lucky Sevens! Titanes Familia! We've also got OSCAR BURNS in singles action against the only man that has ever made him tap out in a DEFIANCE ring, Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

Seattle's Best collide! "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas takes on "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama! Titanes Familia's beast Killjoy takes on "The Microphone Fiend" Butcher Victorious! And so much more!

DDK:

But we're kicking things off tonight! The man who stole the Favoured Saints Championship two weeks ago from The D -- "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas defends the title against Lonnie Luck, who is on an incredible hotstreak since DEF Road! We've got these words from both of our competitors, then when we come back, we'll get right to the action!

Earlier Today Alliant Energy Center

Front and center, all three of the Lucky Sevens have arrived at the arena all in their signature tailored suits and sunglasses (All red for Max, all green for Mason and all silver for Lonnie). Right away with a camera filming their entry the twin terrors of DEFIANCE and their young cousin, Lonnie, appear to have things to say.

Max Luck:

Tonight's the night, boys! Tonight, Pretty Face Mase and Dashing Max are cementing our ticket against three other teams and getting our rightful rematch at DEFCON against Tom Morrow's latest meal tickets, M4NTRA.

Mason Luck:

These two chuckle f[censored] call the tag team division the Tom Morrow Division and at one point, it was the Tom Morrow Memorial Division. Tonight, Max and I are gonna beat RCR, Titanes Familia and the Atomic Punks, we're going to DEFCON and we're gonna repeat exactly what we did last year. We're gonna massacre M4NTRA, any other BFTA idiots you have on the payroll, then ...

Max and Mason Luck:

#Notomorrowfortomorrow!

Lonnie Luck speaks.

Lonnie Luck:

Me beating one of the Most Precious Gems at DEFIANCE Road? That was luck. Me beating two of the Most Precious Gems at DEFIANCE Road? That was chance. Clean sweeping all of them including JJ Dixon? That's just proof that even when the odds are against me, like my cousins, I will stand tall tonight!

Max and Mason both reach out and they high five Li'l Lon!

Lonnie Luck:

Mil Vueltas, you're right! You did what I couldn't do last year and you beat The D to win the Favoured Saints title and

proved what kind of man you are – and this is coming from all five-foot six of me – you’re the most insecure little bitch in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Max Luck:

Tell em’ cuz!

Lonnie Luck:

And after I won at DEFIANCE Road and on Uncut last week, I proved I’m ready for this match. Now that I’ve got experience kicking multiple asses on the same night, I’m gonna do it again if your supposed “hermano” DLJ or your new lackey, Aaron King, wants some of me. Tonight, the Pocket Ace has a winning hand up his sleeve and tonight, the Son of Sin City is gonna show the world that in this game of poker, I’m gonna be the one holding the Nuts!

Mason and Max look at each other.

Mason Luck:

That ... that’s the sign-off line you’re gonna go with?

Lonnie Luck:

Psshhh this coming from "Luck Around and Find Out?"

Max Luck:

Shut up. That’s gold and it’s money. Them shirts sell!

The triad leave and then cuts over to words from the champion!

EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON

One by one, the members of El Escuadrón arrive via silver SUV limo just pulling into the reserved parking of the arena. The chauffeur gets out and the doors are about to swing open, but he gets stopped by the newest member of El Escuadrón first...

Aaron King:

Nah, I got it.

Dressed in a light grey sportcoat and dress jean with the new “Everything’s Coming Up Mil Vueltas!” t-shirt under the coat, “The Pensacola Playboy” Aaron King opens the door.

Aaron King:

Lucha ladies.

Bonita en Rosa I:

Gracias!

Bonita en Rosa II:

Appreciate it!

Bonita en Rosa I y II, the twin luchadoras wearing red and pink masks and long sun dresses, exit the limo first. They both nod at King. Behind them, “Giga” Dan Leo James wearing a dark red variation of what has become his signature floral suits. The large Utah native looks at King.

DLJ:

Thanks uh... new-huevo hermano!

Aaron King:

All good uh... contemporary hermano?

Finally, exiting the limo, The Favoured Saints Champion himself.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Booing rings out in the background for the new Favoured Saints Champion, Mil Vueltas. The GLOAT wears a black fur coat with a red inner lining, a red and pink rhinestone-covered mask and a red suit of his own, all with the white-strapped Favoured Saints Title around his waist. El Intocable exits the limo and jumps up to high-five King, jumps higher to high-five DLJ who lowers his tall-ass arm to do so, then he puts an arm around his girlfriend, Bonita en Rosa I before lip-locking...

Uncomfortably long.

King, DLJ and Bonita en Rosa II look away. Once the PDA is over, Mil grins and looks to the camera that's on them right now.

Mil Vueltas:

Hola, bitcholas! Before I begin tonight, I'd like to introduce to you the NEWEST member of El Escuadrón... here to help me and OG Hermano, Dan Leo James! Mi nuevo hermano! Aaron King!

King looks up.

Aaron King:

That's right! I got the power now! This place has slept on me and slept on my talent for too damn long! FINALLY... a place I can call home. Learning from the greatest luchador of all time! The GLOAT himself! AND finally a brother-slash-hermano that I'd actually like to visit... you, Giga-Dan!

He jumps over and places an awkward bro-arm around the waist of Danny.

DLJ:

Oh... uh... thank you!

Aaron King:

Finally, a place where AK ALL DAY BAY-BAY can be the man he was TRULY meant to be! And studying under the man who is... as OSCAR BURNS all caps calls him... he is LUCHA LIBRE.

Mil Vueltas:

All caps.

Aaron King:

ALL CAPS! And I'll be learning the fine art of lucha libre, too! Lucha LIT-Bre!

DLJ rolls his eyes in the background, but Mil looks proud.

Mil Vueltas:

AK All Day and all that stuff! But right now, we talk about THIS...

He taps the front plate of the Favoured Saints Title.

Mil Vueltas:

Lonnie Luck... cabron, when I was in the tag team division, I used to smack around tus primos gigantes... your giant cousins, around! I beat Max Luck in singles match! Look it up! And tonight, I humble you, enano.

DLJ:

Yeah! Do you even mew, bro?

DLJ starting flexing his jawline.

Aaron King:

I bet he don't even tan, guy!

The two share a laugh while Mil and his Squad finish their walk into the arena.

Mil Vuelas:

You might be on the roll of your career heading into this match, little boy, but tonight, like I told you on the defcom... the only thing you're gonna be is "Mil's successful defense numero uno!" You will not take this title from me... you will not take this title... from **US!**

The camera then cuts to ringside as Darren Quimbey gets ready to start the introductions for champion and challenger!

FAVORED SAINTS: MIL VUELTAS (C) vs. LONNIE LUCK

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your opening contest of DEFTV! It is scheduled for one fall and it is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

The graphic appears on screen as the champion and challenger get ready to make the entrances.

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!

...AND NEXT FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!!!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

The words flash across the DEFIA-tron and Lonnie Luck jumps out from the stage and for the first time in his career ... he gets some pyro of his own! Silver sparkling pyro blasts three times on both side of the stage! Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring and then runs towards it like his life depends on it! He slides right on inside the squared circle and when he gets up to his feet, he greets the crowd!

Lance:

This will be Lonnie Luck's second opportunity to earn a shot at the Favoured Saints title, Lance! He had his chance at Acts of DEFIANCE last year but came up short against then-champion The D. Do you think he learned from that experience at all, Darren!

DDK:

I do. And he knows he has to approach this differently. He and The D did not like each other, but he did earn The D's respect. It's clear that Mil Vueltas has no respect for anybody that isn't himself or El Escuadron.

Lonnie Luck jumps up and leans on the middle rope waiting for his chance to fight for the title.

♪ "Get Money" by Akon feat. Anuel AA ♪

The curtains part in the packed arena as a throne on wheels bursts through the stage .Being pushed through the ramp by DLJ and Aaron King! Sitting on top of said throne... an arrogant and cocky Mil Vueltas, wearing a black fur coat with red inner lining, red and pink rhinestone-covered pants, armbands and mask, along with what look like lipstick kiss patterns painted on his abs and chest! Lastly, the Favoured Saints Title is around his waist!

DLJ and King walkaround to high-five Mil, then pushes the throne back through the curtain. Mil holds out his arms for Bonita en Rosa I y II to each take an arm and walk together towards the ring. Once they reach it, Mil leaps up to the ring apron, touches his fist to his forehead and leaps over the ropes. He holds up the title with Lonnie Luck watching him. Mil remains laying in the corner across the top rope with all of El Escuadron at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger! Representing The Lucky Sevens... from Henderson, Nevada, weighing in at 170 pounds... **"THE POCKET ACE" LONNIE LUCK!**

Lonnie Luck only looks ahead of him. No posturing or cocky antics on his side of things.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing the GC Universe and El Escuadron... accompanied to the ring by "Giga" Dan Leo James and Bonita en Rosa I y II... residing in Rancho Santa Margarita, California, by way of Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 179 pounds... he is the reigning and defending FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! He is El Intocable!

He is the OSCAR BURNS of LUCHA LIBRE! He is **THE GLOAT... MIL VUELTAS!**

Mil holds up the championship and gazes at his reflection, liking what's looking back at him. He hands the title over to referee Jonny Fastcountini. Jonny holds the title up for the rabid Milwaukee Faithful and then calls for the bell.

DING DING

The champ and the challenger square up and the two men are picking up where they left off on the Defcom by talking more trash, this time outside DEFIANCE's social media. Mil shoves Lonnie back, but the Son of Sin City fires back and shoves the cocky luchador. Both men lock it up and Mil has Lonnie in a head lock. Lonnie jumps back into the ropes to get free. Mil hits the ropes but nobody runs the ropes like the GLOAT. He runs circles around Lonnie twice by bouncing off the ropes and changing direction prior to hitting a jumping head scissors! Lonnie ends up on the canvas and Mil springs into action by running at the ropes then stopping right behind the seated Lonnie to slap the back of his head!

Lance:

The disrespect continues by the champion! That speed has been absolutely trouble for everyone that has faced off with Mil Vueltas.

DDK:

Lonnie is quick himself, but he's going to need to think of something to slow him down.

Lonnie double legs Mil to the mat while is laughing! He starts going right for the brawling game and punches Mil until he gets to the ropes. Boing rains down on the Favoured Saints champ hiding in the ropes. Lonnie turns to the ref but the ref makes him back up so Mil can catch a break. Lonnie finally has enough and reaches for Mil, but he gets hit with a jumping kick to the face from the apron. The GLOAT of DEFIANCE Wrestling jumps up and hits a springboard ... eye poke!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas isn't taking this match as seriously as he should! Lonnie Luck didn't just defeat a former Favoured Saints champion in JJ Dixon! He's coming into this match on his biggest win streak yet!

DDK:

He is. Mil shoots him off to the ropes. Rolling wheel kick!

Mil hits the rolling wheel kick then gets up and hits a running shooting star for the win.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Lonnie kicks out! But Mil is in control.

Mil takes Lonnie and tries to throw him outside the ring towards the direction of his El Escuadron mates outside. While Mil tries to distract the ref with unnecessary life advice, Aaron King tries reaching for Lonnie's leg. Lonnie sees him and jumps up before he brings a double foot stomp down on his hands first!

DDK:

Nice try!

The Favoured Saints champion does not see Lonnie Luck already on the top rope as he's thinking Aaron King did his job. Instead he gets greeted by Lonnie hitting a flying back senton off the top! Lonnie rolls off Mil and then goes to the

second rope. He jumps off and a flying head scissors takes the luchador to the outside. Lonnie gets cheered on by the all the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when he takes to the skies by hitting a cannon ball tope suicida through the middle rope and hit Mil on the outside!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck comes up big with the Bank Roll! He's got Mil back into the ring! Can Lonnie win the Favoured Saints title?!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Not that time! But that'll teach Mil Vueltas to take this more seriously.

Lonnie makes for the ropes again and when Mil sits up, Lonnie locks and loads for a basement drop kick but Mil slides out of his way. Lonnie hits the ropes and Mil brings up a kick, but Lonnie blocks it and hits him with a punch. He throws a kick that Mil catches. Mil throws him up into the air and he tries to backflip, but his feet catch on the top rope and he lands hard on his head on the mat! Nobody in the Faithful can believe it! DLJ, Aaron King and the Bonitas are stunned! Mil is even shocked!

Lance:

Oh my GOD!!! Lonnie might have a concussion! He tried to backflip and he caught himself on that top rope!

DDK:

The referee has to step in! He might have some kind damage to that neck!

Lonnie looks lost in the eyes for a moment. The referee tries to separate he and Mil. Mil wants to strike, but the referee won't let him. He checks on Lonnie and asks if he wants to continue. He nods to the referee and he steps out of the way,, but Mil makes him regret it with a corner running dropkick right on the nose!

DDK:

God! Lonnie Luck could be out of it! But Mil's not done, either! OOH! There's another dropkick, this time to the back of Lonnie's head!

Mil followed up with another snapmare followed by another nasty dropkick aimed at the back! Luck is thrashing around the mat in agony as Mil stands over him. He puts an L up to his forehead and starts dancing over his body to LOUD booing before he hits the ropes. He comes back with a move he debuted against The D last week when he hits a handspring, followed by a full backflip into a HUGE corkscrew elbow to the heart!

DDK:

Ugh... another Mil Vueltas innovation, the Take The L-Bow! And Lonnie Luck could be "taking this L" as Mil hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The Milwaukee Faithful cheer on the resilience of young Lonnie Luck as he kicks out, but his neck is clearly still a bother to him as he tries to protect it. Both King and DLJ protest outside the ring that Mil had a three.

Lance:

I really don't know how much more Lonnie Luck can take! The second Lonnie gave Jonny Fastcountini the green light to continue, Mil smelled blood and attacked the neck. And he's doing it again!

Mil tries to pull Lonnie up, but Li'l Lon has a lotta fight and follows up with right hands! Mil gets gut punched several times, but when Lonnie tries to hit the ropes, Mil grabs his hair and whiplashes him down to the mat by his neck! He follows through with another big soccer kick to the back of the neck! Luck follows to the mat as Mil leaps over the ropes nearby and right back in with a delayed slingshot senton across the body of Lonnie! Moving quickly, he bounces off the ropes and comes back with another HUGE sliding dropkick to the head!

DDK:

Mil's offense is just too explosive for Lonnie to overcome! This might do it! Mil with another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...NO!

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHH!

The entire El Escuadron at ringside protest with the referee, but Mil looks at them and signals that he's got this. He sits Lonnie up again and another soccer kick lands to the back of the head! Lonnie grabs his neck and The GLOAT calls to the top rope. He goes up top...

DDK:

Vueltas could be looking for GLOATED! The move that brought him the Favoured Saints Title in the first place!

He goes up to the top rope in one jump and then backflips... LONNIE MOVES! Mil rolls through the impact after landing on his feet. When he gets up, Mil comes running, but Lonnie grabs his arm and twists through to hit a twisting neck breaker on the way down! Luck hurts himself on the fall, but Mil takes damage along with him!

Lance:

That was great! One way to bring Mil down, but Lonnie Luck could have hurt himself on that one as well!

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Title is on the line here in our opener between two great young talent on, quite frankly, one of our most loaded cards in some time!

Lonnie Luck starts to get up and is ready to fight back. Thriving off a very energetic Milwaukee crowd to kick off tonight's show, Lonnie looks up at the steel cage reserved for tonight's main event before he turns back to Mil and peppers him with a number of jabs! Mil tries a right, but gets blocked and Lonnie nails him. He STOMPS down on the foot of Mil and then does some signature Luck offense aka BITING him on the arm!

DDK:

Lonnie may not be able to out-quick Mil, but he CAN outfight him!

The Bonitas watch on with panic while DLJ and King both protest to Fastcountini for the biting! Mil holds his arm in pain and walks right into a boot to the gut. Luck favors his neck before he hits Mil with an enzuigiri that knocks The GLOAT into the corner. Lonnie scans the entirety of the people in the Alliant Energy Arena cheering him on before he runs at the corner and lands a running dropkick as a receipt from earlier! Mil is stumbled in the corner as Lonnie slowly gets up. Like the Lon Dart he is nicknamed after, he hits a second running dropkick! Vueltas is rocked and before he knows it, a THIRD one connects! Mil gets thrown out of the corner as Lonnie screams to the people!

DDK:

He calls that combo of corner dropkicks The Triple Barrel! What's he going for now?!

Lonnie goes up to the top rope with Mil down. He looks out to The Faithful as El Escuadron at ringside have a panic attack when Lonnie flies back with a high-angle moonsault off the top, crashing down right on Mil Vueltas!

DDK:

Super Satellite! Does Lonnie Luck have the winning hand to become Favoured Saints Champion! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Mil gets the shoulder up in the nick of time and Lonnie can't believe it! DLJ reassures Bonita I y II things will be all right while Aaron King yells on the apron.

Lance:

No way! I thought that was it! Lonnie Luck just threw everything he could at Mil!

Lonnie wastes no time in picking Mil up by the neck and pointing at the corner. He runs right at the corner with intent to hit the running cutter out of the corner, but Mil shoves him into the corner instead. When Lonnie comes back, he gets SMACKED with a flying boot as Mil sails over the ropes and lands on the apron! He kicks the leg out from Lonnie so he's in a seated position, then hits a rapid-fire slingshot dropkick back into the ring! Mil rolls out of the corner and then follows up with a running double knee strike in the corner!

DDK:

Tres Patadas by Mil! He follows with the double knees in the corner!

Mil hurriedly drags the underdog out of the corner and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

The GLOAT isn't feeling so great right now and jolts when he sees Lonnie's left shoulder off the canvas! His other arm is still protecting the neck!

Lance:

Lonnie Luck isn't giving up! Possibly back neck and all!

Mil sees what he has to do and then forces Lonnie up. He kicks him in the gut and then has Lonnie across his shoulders. He goes running for his signature cartwheel DVD... but Lonnie kicks the leg and hangs onto Mil's neck before springing forward and hitting the diamond dust!

DDK:

No way! Lonnie counters the death valley driver attempt into the Bluff Catcher! Both men are down!

Lonnie favors the neck while Mil is down! Neither man can follow up! As both men are down, King jumps on the ring apron to try and get Jonny Fastcountini's attention!

DDK:

No! Come on! El Escuadron trying to get involved again! King is the reason that Mil Vueltas became champion in the

first place!

But before he's able to get fully involved, a pair of hands DRAG him off the ring apron... THE D! The Faithful POP as The D POPS Aaron King upside the head with right hands! DLJ is stunned and before he realizes what's happening, he's attacked by Klein!

Lance:

The D and Klein are out here to even the odds! The D was the man Mil Vuelas stole the Favoured Saints Title from two weeks ago!

As Luck and Mil are still both down, fights break out all over as The D and Aaron King fight into one side of the arena while Klein and DLJ take their fight elsewhere, leaving only The Bonitas at ringside now! As the two sets of fights go two different directions, Mil starts to get to a knee, holding his neck. On the other side, Lonnie Luck looks across to him favoring his neck. The two men look towards each other, ready to fight...

Lance:

The Pop Culture Phenoms and El Escuadron... we don't know where they are! We'll try and get a word... WAIT! DARREN, LOOK!

In the ring, Mil and Lonnie both look up...

DDK

WHAT THE HELL?! JJ DIXON IS HERE!

The Fatal Attraction looks at Lonnie, the man who defeated him at DEFIANCE Road... then turns and LEVELS Mil Vuelas with a thrust kick in full view of Jonny Fastcountini! When Lonnie Luck realizes what he's done, he looks up at the official, who calls for the bell!

DING DING DING DING DING DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lonnie's jaw drops in shock as Darren Quimbey makes the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a disqualification... and STILL Favoured Saints Champion! **MIL VUELTAS!**

DDK:

No way! JJ Dixon just COST Lonnie Luck a shot at the Favoured Saints Title! And remember... since Mil Vuelas didn't get himself disqualified, this counts as a successful title defense towards earning a Southern Heritage Title shot!

Dixon then unleashes an attack on Lonnie Luck with a barrage of elbow smashes! Madame Melton rolls out to the top of the entrance ramp in a wheelchair with her right foot in a silver jewel encrusted walking boot courtesy of the broken toe she received by kicking the ring steps barefoot after Lonnie's win against the Gems. She cackles and wildly swings her hands like she's conducting an orchestra as The Fatal Attraction continues his assault of the challenger as he pulls him up and SLAMS him into the canvas with Sunset Boulevard! Dixon stands over him, getting JEERS from The Faithful for his attack on the underdog!

Lance:

This is revenge for the loss at DEFIANCE Road, plain and simple! Lonnie Luck beat the Most Precious Gems!

Outside the ring, Mil Vuelas clutches his jaw after the superkick and snatches his title at ringside in a daze. Bonita en Rosa I and II both help carry him away from ringside. Dixon stands over Luck, ranting and raving as Mil Vuelas leave with the title. While he doesn't much look like a winner... Mil holds the title up and laughs for his "successful" defense... before realizing his jaw really does goddamn hurt. Dixon looks up at Mil and signals for the title as well! Mil sees this

and points to the back, wanting to get as far away from ringside as possible!

DDK:

This is NOT the way we wanted this match to go! Mil Vuelas retains the title with help with a very unlikely assist from JJ Dixon! It looks like Dixon wants that Favoured Saints Title back as well!

Lance:

So many developments here! We've got Mil Vuelas with El Escudron! The D no doubt wants the title back! DLJ was a recent champion! Lonnie Luck wants it... now... JJ Dixon has staked a claim?!

DDK:

We'll try and get things sorted out regarding the Favoured Saints Title, but we've still got an amazing show on tap and we'll be back after this commercial break!

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2025

LIVE on pay-per-view!

MANAGING THE LOAD

The scene opens on a wide shot of the Arena at the Alliant Energy Center in Madison, Wisconsin. The thousand strong just witnessed Lonnie Luck take on The Heartbreak Nino for the Favoured Saints Championship followed by our first commercial break of the evening.

DDK:

Welcome back, Faithful. We're still live here in Madison, Wisconsin and we have a jam-packed night for you still here tonight.

Lance:

OSCAR BURNS, Corvo Alpha, Bronson Box, Scott Douglas, Kerry Kuroyama, and Gage Blackwood are just a few of the names we are slated to see tonight-

SHHHHHHHKKKKKKKKKKKT!

The lights go out and spotlights shine down on the entrance way to a thunderous ovation from the Faithful. A platinum throne begins to rise from the ground as the bass synth echoes around the arena. In the throne sits the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, leaning to her right side with her chin resting on her fist propped on the arm of the throne. Her white and chrome wrestling attire with white crop top leather jacket matches the attire she wore at DEFROAD, but now is accented with hot pink slashes and splashes. Presumably the stylized blood of OSCAR BURNS. Her LED sunglasses read "BOW" "DOWN" as the throne comes to a halt.

♪ "you should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)" by Billie Eilish ♪

As the chorus kicks in, so do the white lights with red accents as Elise rises to her feet and drops her leather jacket into the throne, already accented with a platinum tiara and a battered and beaten platinum shovel "scepter." The Queen then begins her swagger down towards the ring.

DDK:

I don't think this is on our call sheet, Lance, but I suppose as per usual Elise Ares has ample items to speak about.

Lance:

DEFROAD, I'm still impressed by her victory over OSCAR BURNS. We were musing before that match if Elise's career may be over and not only was it not, she came out with a MASSIVE victory.

DDK:

A massive victory for me and you, yes... but not in the eyes of Malak Garland.

Lance:

Yeah, Malak called Elise to see him not to reward her with a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE she has been very vocally pursuing, but instead to demand she turn over her throne. When this was questioned Malak of course told her she hadn't earned it.

DDK:

I believe his exact phrase may have been "go stack up some big wins."

Lance:

Whatever it was, it sent Elise into a frenzy. She tried to steal the FIST of DEFIANCE from Malak Garland and was dragged away by Cyrus Bates kicking and screaming and.. Well, we haven't heard from her since.

As the throne retreats back into the ground far behind her, Elise Ares enters the ring as suggestively as possible. She takes a quick lap around the ring, acknowledging all of her Aresites before going up to the top rope and launching her sunglasses into the Wisconsin Faithful. Descending the turnbuckle, Elise signals for a microphone. It is presented, the house lights come back on, and the music fades into silence.

TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.

The FACE of DEFIANCE puts her lips up to the microphone to speak, but the Faithful interrupt her with a chant.

EL-ISE AR-ES! **Clap Clap ClapClapClap**

EL-ISE AR-ES! **Clap Clap ClapClapClap**

EL-ISE AR-ES! **Clap Clap ClapClapClap**

Elise Ares:

Hey BBYs.

The Wisconsin Faithful cheer as Ares leans against the ropes and looks out into the crowd on the hard camera side of the arena.

Elise Ares:

So it turns out that I have a teeny weeny little bit farther to go before I've "earned" a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE... so starting with oscar burns, all lower case, I've decided to go on the greatest run in the history of DEFIANCE. I'm totes gonna start "stacking up those wins" so the Favoured Saints will have to bring Malak Garland back from his little "load management" hidey hole and force him to defend the FIST against me.

The Faithful clap and cheer in appreciation.

Elise Ares:

But I know what you all are thinking. You're thinking, it's DEFCON season BBY, there is totes a lot of stuff going on... where are people going to find the time to face little ole Elise? Don't you worry my little Aresites, momma has got you covered. You see, I don't do ANYTHING small... and I mean ANYTHING, so why would I settle for calling out Gage Blackwood or Bronson Box or caving Oscar's face in again when I've been there, done that, made a ton of headlines for it? Let's think BIG. Let's start at the top.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE gets on her tip toes and motions way above her head.

Elise Ares:

I don't want flash-in-the-pans like Malak Garland cluttering up my win stacking. That's why tonight, here in... Wisconsin?

The crowd roars and Elise seems just as surprised as everyone else that she correctly remembered where she was.

Elise Ares:

We're going to start out with a DEFIANCE Hall of Famer. Arguably the greatest FIST of DEFIANCE of all time. So Eugene Dewey...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Elise Ares:

If you got the balls BBY, I got the time. Why don't we show Wyoming's Favorite Snowflake what a champion really looks li-

ELISE ARES vs. "EUGENE DEWEY???"

♪ "Halo 2 Theme (Mjolnir Mix)" Feat. Steve Vai ♪

AKA

[Datheavenlychoir.jpg]

The lights in the arena drop, before one spotlight shines upon a ginger afroed figure in the middle of the stage. The FIST of DEFIANCE strapped around Eugene Dewey's waist doesn't sparkle as he raises his hands out to his side and roars to the crowd.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Are you KIDDING me?!

Lance:

I'll be honest, it's been a long time since I've seen Eugene Dewey... but did he get BIGGER?

Eugene Dewey lifts his head up and looks down the aisle right at a pacing Elise Ares ready for action, but the Faithful immediately draw back their applause when they see the heavy eyeliner and streaks of Blue Hair™ (formatting removed by staff) poking out from beneath the bright red circus clown style afro.

DDK:

That's not Eugene Dewey at all, that's JUSTIN SANE!

Lance:

Have we seen Justin Sane since his infamous Southern Heritage Championship match against Henry Reyes?

DDK:

Honestly Lance, I wouldn't remember if we did ever since they nerfed his blue.

Wearing the world's largest Captain America T-Shirt and a pair of DXL black sweatpants, Justin Sane pats the cardboard FIST of DEFIANCE around his waist before pointing to Ares in the ring with authority. Elise motions around her waist that she's going to take that paper championship (but not THE Paper Championship) from him as she backs away to give him space to enter the ring. Sane rolls into the ring Eugene Dewey style, managing his fake gut before awkwardly reaching his feet and immediately eating a dropkick for his effort.

DING DING!

Lance:

She knocked the Dewey right out of Eugene!

Stuffing from Sane's shirt goes flying everywhere as he stumbles back and falls over the top ropes and out onto the concrete floor, his wig tumbling another few feet away once he makes impact revealing his Blue Hair™ for all the Madison Faithful to see. Inside the ring, Ares pumps up the crowd by throwing her arms in the air and stomping her foot on the ground, getting them to stomp along. In frustration outside the ring, Justin Sane launches his big red afro into the cheat seats before turning around and eating a plancha from one of DEFIANCE's most skilled fliers.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey or Justin Sane, it doesn't matter because that was a thing of beauty from Elise Ares.

Lance:

Sometimes you look at the frame of Ares and you wonder how she succeeds, Darren, and your first thought is she cuts a LOT of corners... and she does, but then you see a move like that one and you get it.

Ares pops right back up to her feet, her landing absorbed by the massive seven foot frame of Sane, before pounding in a relentless series of stomps. Carla Ferrari stops her count at three to encourage Elise to bring the action back into the ring. Instead Elise whips Sane into the steel steps, sending the top one flying, before following up with a front dropkick directly into the chest of "The Former FIST." At the count of six, Elise grabs the back collar of Justin's Marvel themed tee and assists him getting back into the ring. Much easier now that the stuffing underneath is scattered across the canvas like a bus just hit a teddy bear.

DDK:

I don't think I understood the logistics of what I just saw, Lance. Did a barely five foot tall, barely 100 pound woman just toss a 7' 1" 335 pound monster into the ring?

Lance:

I don't know if it was "tossing" as much as it was "running away."

DDK:

Well if Justin is running, he's not running fast enough.

Ares is right on his heels sliding into the ring behind him. Waiting for the big man to find his footing, Elise strikes as soon as he reaches his feet, running and grabbing him by the head from behind and dropping him neck first across the second rope with her trademark Cuban Necktie. Big Blue Hair™ grabs his throat and rolls around on the mat as Ares lands in a pose on the apron. She calls the camera over, smiles, and blows a kiss to the fans before pulling herself up to her feet and shaking her ass a little. Still holding his neck, Sane staggers up to his feet and turns around just in time to eat...

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!

Lance:

Well, this one seems to be going a lot quicker than I would have expected a Eugene Dewey vs Elise Ares match to go.

Carla Ferrari is visibly bored of this mockery of a "match" while Elise somersaults through her superman punch and positions herself in the corner. Poised and ready to strike, the crowd cheers at Elise's behest while Justin Sane crawls across the canvas. Pushing himself up with his arms, Sane attempts to get a foot under him until the full body weight of Ares comes crashing down behind her foot on the back of his skull.

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER.

Lance:

I think that'll do it.

It would've, but Elise had a point to make. Just like she did to Oscar Burns, Ares grabs the arms of Sane and uses them as a mechanism to raise him back up off the ground as she stomps his face into the canvas again. And again. And again. And again. Carla then jumps in and demands Elise Ares makes the cover before she calls the match. Reluctantly, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style rolls her eyes and rolls over Sane, not even bothering to hook the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING!

♪ "you should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)" by Billie Eilish ♪

Ares immediately pushes herself up to her knees, brushes her hands off, and then demands Carla Ferrari raise her arm in victory. She does so, begrudgingly.

DDK:

Well that one didn't take long, Lance. I can't say I'm shocked but the thought of Elise Ares taking on Eugene Dewey was exciting for the few seconds we had it.

Lance:

This was a match booked out of frustration, as Elise would say, "obvs." She wants a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE, heck she deserves a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE but Malak Garland has other plans... which seem to be nothing at all.

DDK:

She certainly made her point. Stacked another "win" for whatever that's worth.

Carla Ferrari and DEFmed attend to Justin Sane in the ring as Elise Ares rolls under the bottom rope and begins to make her way backstage. As she does, she grabs the camera and pulls it over to her face. She then screams into the camera...

Elise Ares:

Malak Garland, FIGHT ME YOU BITCH.

Before turning around and walking away, leaving DEFIANCE to take another commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

COMMENTS SECTION SUMMIT

DEFtv goes backstage and into The Comments Section locker room as Alex Pietrangelo, Martin Evans-Everett VI, Thurston Hunter, The Game Boy and Percy Collins find their collective spots across the locker room benches, spreading out on three sides of the room. Not a word is mentioned between the five parties, and all of them, (except The Game Boy because his face is under a luchador mask), seem rather worried.

The locker room door opens and Conor Fuse enters, cheerful as usual. The bleachers inside the arena pop for The Ultimate Gamer. Conor sports an "I Already Played Switch 2" t-shirt and faded grey cargo pants while carrying a Legend of Zelda duffle bag. He goes down the line, first greeting ALEX, then MEE6, Game Boy and the rest. He finds a spot next to ALEX and punches him on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Hey man, I've been missing you out there.

Conor looks around the room.

Conor Fuse:

Kinda been missing all of you!

His eyes eventually land on Percy Collins.

Conor Fuse:

Well, four of you. LOL.

His eyes fall on Hunter.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay, three.

The gamer glances over to The Game Boy with a nod. The hulking henchman, however, sits quietly.

While Conor begins to unpack his belongings, ALEX looks at MEE6 and MEE6 looks at ALEX. They both express body language like they want to say something but, at first, do not. Meanwhile, Conor speaks openly to break the overall silence once again.

Conor Fuse:

Got me a good ol' fashioned match tonight against Gage Blackwood. Big time battle! Oh boy, this is gonna be tough! But I'm starting to feel it again, eh. You guys have inspired me. I hope the crowd goes all !RANK chants tonight. Let's OG this bad boy!

Of course, hearing the segment from the DEFI-A-TRON, The Faithful are already !RANKING away.

Inside the locker room, ALEX eventually nudges Conor on the shoulder.

ALEX:

Hey, Conor. To your point, we'd be around more but Malak says he doesn't need us.

Since ALEX had the confidence to speak first, it looks like MEE6 is feeding off it.

MEE6:

Times have changed over the past year, Conor. With Malak holding the FIST, he feels like he's at an all-time high and wants the spotlight to himself.

ALEX nods.

ALEX:

Yeah, kinda the opposite when we were with you. We really felt like you needed us the more you gained traction!

Conor nods along, while continuing to unload his stuff. He's not looking at ALEX or MEE6. Perhaps, if he was, he'd see the sadness on their faces, reminiscing of nostalgia.

Conor Fuse:

Haha, yeah that was me alright. I was so annoying back then. I required a statistician and a personal BOT. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'd take you guys back in a second... but I am not so needy anymore.

Completely unpacked, Conor swings his feet freely as he aimlessly stares around the room.

Conor Fuse:

Boys, I say don't worry about it. Apparently he needs ya here tonight. He needs all of us here tonight!

Conor grins and shrugs at the same time.

Conor Fuse:

I guess Malak liked that Blood Diamond Summit idea from two weeks ago... he's straight up copying it, calling us all together!

Fuse still hasn't looked at ALEX or MEE6 since they first conversed. This is likely not on purpose, as The Power-Up King remains oblivious to their concerning looks.

Conor Fuse:

I wouldn't worry. At. All.

Almost on cue-

BANG!

Needless to say, it doesn't matter because the locker room door shoots open and Tyler Fuse stoically walks into the frame.

The atmosphere inside the locker room is put on high alert. MEE6 and ALEX tense up. Maybe even Game Boy flinched, just a little. Hunter's totally shook and Percy Collins tries to sink within his blubber.

The only one who isn't phased is Conor.

Tyler walks over to the far corner of the room and hurls his bag against the wall before sitting down. He immediately stares at MEE6, nearly giving the dude a heart attack in the process-

SWOOSH!

The door shoots open again! This time, it's the FIST of DEFIANCE himself, Malak Fuse. Unlike Tyler, who's laser focused, Malak's face is flush and worried. The champion enters the middle of the room, nestled in his baby blue winter jacket, he hasn't taken it off yet.

Although the FIST is resting across his right shoulder.

Malak Fuse:

Attention, minions!

Malak has everyone's attention except Tyler Fuse.

Malak Fuse:

I called everyone here because the Favored Saints have me shook!

Malak glances around the room, his eyes can't sit still long enough to remain on one person, he's got mega anxiety.

Malak Fuse:

The Favored Saints told me I can't go on LOAD MANAGEMENT for the biggest show of the year, or else I will be stripped of the FIST of DEFIANCE Championship! They did give me the benefit of one doubt, though. They told me I can make a hand crafted opponent selection for DEFCON.

The room is hush but now Malak is able to make eye contact in the direction of ALEX and MEE6, as if expressing they need to respond with outrage.

Which they do.

Hunter and Collins reply as well. Hunter rambles on about how "bitch tits" the Favored Saints are acting, while Collins wants to spring to action and give Malak a shoulder rub.

Malak, however, tells him to sit back down.

Malak Fuse:

I am fretting, I am fretting so hard. There are so many people after me. Elise Ares, for one. She just opens her yap and thinks she's owed a title match. Could you imagine if everyone backstage realizes they could do that with only a few recent wins in their pocket? I'm doomed!

The Snowflake Superstar closes his eyes. His body starts shaking.

Malak Fuse:

Dan Ryan is after me! He thinks he's owed another title opportunity! What a fool! Why? Because he's a legend? I'm a legend!

The "unofficial" Fuse glances around the room.

Malak Fuse:

I need ideas, people! Ideas! I don't want a hard opponent. This was supposed to be my load management cycle!

Tyler stands up. He walks over to Malak and gets right in his face.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you this was going to be too much for you now. I said the pressure would build to a point you'd have a complete mental breakdown. So do yourself a favor... do the Favored Saints a favor...

Tyler smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

You and me, one-on-one. Then I'll do you a favor. I'll beat you so bad, you'll never be seen again.

Tyler pokes Malak in the side of the cheek.

Tyler Fuse:

It's the ultimate cure for anxiety. You'll never feel a thing.

Tyler hasn't removed his finger from Malak's cheek, it's dug in there. Clearly, Malak doesn't know what to do.

Malak Fuse:

I- I-

Garland's eyes go around the room again. He takes a step back from Tyler and fumbles into the locker room entrance door. He closes his eyes once again, grabs the handle and throws open the door.

...Dan Ryan is standing there.

Malak screams. It looks like he might have pissed himself. He races past Ryan and runs down the hallway, completely out of sight.

The locker room door swings close, leaving The Comments Section inside.

Tyler eyes the entire room. Nobody dares say anything to him.

Until his eyes land on Conor, who shakes his head lightly.

Conor Fuse:

Bro.

Tyler walks back to his spot in the locker room.

Tyler Fuse:

He has it coming. The end of Malak's reign is ticking away... real fast.

Tyler takes a seat back on the bench.

Tyler Fuse:

And he knows it, too.

FAIR PLAY AND CHICKEN TENDIES

We cut to video from the backstage area in catering, earlier in the day.

The immediately recognizable mushroom-shaped-haired Douglas “Lil’ Dougie” Doubleday is putting a few chicken tendies onto a plate humming quietly to himself. The diminutive Doubleday is all on his lonesome, not his big brother and client Dabney nor any other member of the newly christened “Wrestle House” faction is in sight.

Douglas Doubleday: (singing to himself)

♪ Baby, why don't you come over? Red wine supernova, falling into me... ♪

A shadow falls over Dougie as he drops a third tendie onto his plate. The former mob enforcer, Edward White's bodyguard, the enormous seven footer Nicky Corozzo steps up behind Douglas. He places one of his huge hands on Dougie's shoulder and forcefully spins him around, Douglas tragically losing a tendie from his plate in the process.

Douglas finds himself face to face with not only the submission siren herself, Ed's right hand the leggy pencil skirted Jane Katze but the man himself. The Sophisticate. The Socialite. The wealthiest man in all of professional wrestling, the enigma that is Edward White. Douglas breathes a long, sort of bothered sigh. Not showing an ounce of fear as he's forced into a conversation with one of the icons of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

A man that Dougie and Dabs and their friends have gone out of their way to embarrass several times now since arriving on the scene in DEF.

Edward White:

Hello young Douglas! Fortuitous to run into you here, I've been wantin' to have a quick GAB session with you, man to man. See if we can't come to some sort of *understanding*. Hum?

The littlest Doubleday can't help but audibly scoff.

Douglas Doubleday:

Yeah, you *really* seem like the catering sort Ed. What the hell is your angle this time, grandpa? Just spit it out, I have places to be. Or are you going to have the least successful tag team in DEFIANCE history here kick the shit out of me? If that's the case, lets go ahead and get this over with.

Nicky slaps the plate of food out of Douglas' hand at the shot at he and Jane's long running tag team. Tendies go flying this way and that.

Douglas Doubleday:

Jesus, did I get transported back to high school? You dicks think cafeteria bullying is going to faze me? Look at me, for Christ sake. Mt tiny ass has walked through the fires of schoolyard bully hell, so do your worst you...

Edward White steps forward with enough presence to shut Douglas' reply down. The Socialite's eyes glower down at the diminutive Doubleday for a few silent, tense moments before he finally opens his mouth.

Edward White:

Do my *worst*? Son, do you really want to test that statement? With me and my friends? Our worst is a sight more vicious than the boys and I'm assuming also *girls*, who pushed you around in your school days. In fact, that's exactly why I'm here seekin' you out, forcin' myself to smell this revoltin' slop you plebeians scarf down like pigs at the trough. I'd like to lay out a little challenge for UNCUT, that is if that ridiculous white-hat wearin' brother of yours is feeling froggy.

Douglas Doubleday:

Cute shot there "and also girls"... yeah, one of my worst bullies was a girl. Correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't a woman beat YOU, ending your first and only reign with the FIST, Ed? Now hit me moneybags, I speak for Dabs in all matters. We're of one voice, feel me? He's game for *whatever* you throw at him.

The little unprompted history lesson clearly lands sourly on Ed's palette.

Edward White:

Fine then. Hows about Mr. "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday steps into the ring with my personal "Problem Solver" and one half of the BRAZEN tag team champions, Adrian Payne? One on one, live to tape there on UNCUT, what do you say? Hum?

Edward claps Douglas on the shoulder a little harder than necessary.

Edward White:

What do you say, boy.

Dougie smiles as he smoothes out the lapels of his hideous brown corduroy suit jacket.

Douglas Doubleday:

Handing us another chance to embarrass you fools on a silver platter? I'd be nuts to say no. Dabs isn't scared of your angry mound of muscle, White. That's what you don't get, we welcome the challenge. Even Walter, Fish and CAGE. Even in loss to your "right and left hands" here last week, they made lemonade out of the lemons these two fools served them. And that's what Dabney will do on UNCUT. Only difference is, *he's* going to be the one getting his hand raised.

The Sophisticate sneers at Douglas, his two toadies follow suit.

Edward White:

I guess we'll all see about that, now won't we... *Douglas.*

The diminutive Doubleday smiles back *sincerely* with a little waggle of his eyebrows.

Douglas Doubleday:

Thanks for the rub here, *Edward.* I'd even risk smelling like whatever deer-piss cologne your enforcer here is wearing to get a few minutes on DEFtv...

Douglas turns directly to the camera with a big toothy grin.

Douglas Doubleday:

Tune into the upcoming edition of UNCUT and watch as my big brother takes Adrian Payne to the friggin' cleaners! TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS, BABY!

As Douglas deftly ducks under Nicky's huge arm he reaches over and plucks a fresh chicken tendie out of the silver warming dish at the same time.

Douglas Doubleday:

Peace! Lil' Dougie *OUT!*

Edward, Nicky and Jane all watch Douglas walk away, gnawing on his lunch.

Jane Katze:

I cannot wait to *erase* these idiots from existence, Edward. My already limited patience wears *thin.*

Nicky slams his fist into his palm.

Nicky Corozzo:

Especially the one in the mask with that guy from National Treasure on the front. I can't *stand* that freak.

The Sophisticate looks at Nicky quizzically for a moment but just shakes his head and turns back just in time to watch

Douglas disappear through the double doors at the other end of the room.

Edward White:

Precious moments, moments of value take time to orchestrate, my friends. You two know that better than most. The Doubleday's and their *misfit* friends will get their day against the wall. Mark my words. They'll get their day.

Through gritted teeth, Nicky finishes Edward's classic line. Slamming his huge fist again into his open palm.

Nicky Corozzo:

By any funds necessary, boss.

Edward White:

Indeed, my boy, indeed.

With that camera cuts back to the commentation station.

Lance:

You have to hand it to Dougie Doubleday. He's a foot shorter than everyone around him, he looks... well the way he looks. But he didn't flinch.

DDK:

You said it, partner. Edward White is one of the most dangerous, devious men to ever tread canvas here in DEFIANCE, and that little fella held his own right there.

Lance:

I'm still not optimistic about the Doubleday's chances here, mixing it up with Ed White and company. I don't want to say out classed, but... well. We'll have to wait and see.

SPEAK!

Static. Light.

Long shadows stalk and pace against a harsh, crumbling brick wall. The rough sound of boots grinding gravel. Back and forth. Once - maybe twice - something agitated steps between the camera and the wall. And again. To and fro, back and forth.

Voice:

We aren't strangers.

The haggard, croaking speaker is making a statement, not asking a question. The words spill out almost unevenly and unmeasured.

Voice:

I remember you, Burns. I know who you are.

The thick silhouette passes across our screen once more, legs lumbering.

Voice:

You... think you're DEFIANCE. You think you're everything.

The yellow, red and blue paint on his hairy face and chest gleams under the minimal, dim light.

When the realization of the speaker's identity hits, it strikes the entire arena at once.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Corvo Alpha:

You aren't everything. You are NOTHING. And you are in my way.

Pausing just long enough to cast a threatening glare towards the viewer, Alpha continues to pace.

Corvo Alpha:

You have been put in my way... and that's a bad place to be.

Scuffing his boots loudly against the gravel underfoot, Alpha spins back to the camera, spraying several droplets of bright paint in the motion.

Corvo Alpha:

So I'll do what I do. I'll come find you in that ring. I'll find you and I'll remind you who you are: Nothing. And when I'm finished with you...

Stepping in tight, the lens struggles to maintain focus, catching blurry half glimpses of Alpha's twisted facial features beneath a fresh coat of primary pigments.

Corvo Alpha:

When I'm done with you, I'll settle up... with Nigel. And with Number 1. You two want to "fix things"?

A thick hand on either side of the camera, he pulls it in close to his brutal face. When next he speaks, it's a breathless, dooming whisper.

Corvo Alpha:

I'll fix YOU.

Static. Black.

OSCAR BURNS vs. CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

What a match we have next! A match that could main event any DEFtv show! That's how stacked tonight's DEFtv Super Card is! Two men who have had a VERY intense history. A monster that is becoming synonymous with DEFIANCE against a man who thinks he's as big, if not BIGGER, than our very promotion. The monster called Corvo Alpha takes on a long time rival, OSCAR BURNS!

Lance:

After several instances of OSCAR BURNS and his GC Universe cronies trying to hijack our shows, first at DEFIANCE Road and then two weeks ago on DEFtv, OSCAR BURNS was ordered to compete tonight and he drew the short straw when Corvo Alpha was set as his opponent! As you said, Darren, their history runs deep.

DDK:

It was OSCAR BURNS way back on the 100th episode of Uncut that handed Corvo Alpha his first-ever defeat... however, fast forward roughly some time later to Maximum DEFIANCE 2023 as Corvo Alpha remains the ONLY wrestler in the history of the company to hold a submission win over arguably the best technician today.

Lance:

OSCAR BURNS has been in the middle of issues with Kerry Kuroyama, but tonight, that needs to be put to the side. Anything less than 100% tonight against Corvo Alpha will spell certain defeat for anyone. Let's go to Darren Quimbey...

Sonny Silver:

Shut your word holsters IMMEDIATELY, Darren and Lance! NOW!

Sonny Silver, out in a dark charcoal suit and burgundy tie, makes his way out to the entrance ramp. Next to him, "The Strongest Man In The GC Universe" FLEX, wearing orange sunglasses and a sleeveless open dress coat with no shirt (gotta let the muscles breathe, brother). Sonny points towards the ring right at Darren Quimbey.

Sonny Silver:

You, too, Quimbey. You may be a DEFIANCE Hall of Famer for ring announcing, but I'm a WRESTLING Hall of Famer! PLUS the GC Universe official Spokesperson. I outrank you, stupid! Now...

To the stage.

Sonny Silver:

From Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 251 of the most important pounds DEFIANCE has ever known! He IS DEFIANCE! He IS FAVOURED SAINTS! HE IS PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING...

He points to the stage. Behind him, a big silhouette appears on stage and the entire arena becomes washed over in green lighting!

Sonny Silver:

OSCARRRRRRRRRRRR... BURRRRRRRRRNNNNNS!

OSCAR BURNS.

ALL CAPS.

ALL GRAPS.

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The symphonic rock starts to play and the entirety of the group part ways. Raising up from a platform just off to the stage, a familiar form descends from above! Wearing a green cape draping behind his back, brand new green and white tights with green boots and white wrist tape, surrounded on either side of him by golden pyro. He also has on a customized protective mask in the colors of the New Zealand flag!

DDK:

Even in the middle of the packed show, he gets this entrance?

Lance:

I was told it was in his contract. And... that face guard?

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS was cleared to compete, but is still having to wear that protective face mask after suffering multiple Extreme Makeover double stomps from Elise Ares en route to her victory at DEFIANCE Road!

OSCAR BURNS steps off the platform and then heads towards the ring. Flanked by the rest of his group, he heads towards the ring with intent to face the only man who has a submission win over him! Once he reaches the ring, OSCAR climbs up the steps slowly. He surveys the jeering masses, wipes his feet on the ring apron and climbs inside. He holds out his left arm, then his right, then falls to his knees. A BIG explosion is heard and in the rafters behind him, a giant GC Universe banner unravels in the background!

DDK:

I can't believe how one man can be so vain.

OSCAR stands up and sheds his cape as the GC Universe banner ascends back into the rafters behind the ring. He holds onto his cape Sonny Silver and tries to keep his composure in the face of an opponent he knows is dangerous.

Lights dim slowly and the tension rises with it. Somewhere high up the rhythmic clapping, slow and plodding, begins to take hold and creeps across the arena until everyone is swept up in it.

Lance:

Are you clapping along, Keebs?

DDK: [clapping]

I am.

As the galloping claps increase in tempo, BURNS whirls around the ring, every cell in his body screaming pure annoyance. Over his shoulder, in the distance, a thickset figure can be seen lumbering down the concrete arena steps amongst the crowd. The Faithful surge around him.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Parts Untold... weighing in tonight at two-hundred and sixty seven pounds... You can **CALL HIM... CORVO! ALPHA!**

At the announcement of his name, Alpha pauses two thirds of the way to the ring, soaking in the fan response. Nodding to each clap and still dripping in fresh yellow, red, and blue paint, the savage Alpha SPRINTS the rest of the way down the steps and LEAPS over the barricade.

Crouched just at ringside, his wide, white, wild eyes stay trained on OSCAR BURNS in the ring.

DDK:

We heard from Corvo Alpha earlier on tonight-

Lance:

A newer phenomenon to be sure!

DDK:

-he made it clear that he is as ready as he has ever been for this contest and that, once he is done here, he's aiming to squash the issue between him, MP1, and Lord Nigel Trickelbush, once and for all!

Sliding under the bottom rope, Alpha backs BURNS into a corner. BURNS protests, forcing the referee to move Alpha to his own corner. As fans slowly take their seats...

DING DING

Just as soon as the DINGs are in order, OSCAR throws the cape he kept right at Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

OSCAR up to his old tricks, I see! He takes the first cheap shot on Corvo!

The monster takes a moment to swat it out of the way, but that second allows the opportunistic BURNS to clock the monster with a running European uppercut! After the first blow knocks Corvo into a corner, OSCAR hits the ring and lands another running European uppercut! Two shots aren't enough and OSCAR hits the ropes to fire off a third one on Corvo! The former Favoured Saints and Southern Heritage Champion is rocked when OSCAR grabs him by his arm and twists (and turns) him up into a release belly to belly suplex out of the corner! Corvo hit the canvas while OSCAR takes a knee to collect himself.

DDK:

Both men have only locked up twice in the history of DEFIANCE, but both times as we covered in the lead-in into this match -- they know how dangerous the other one is!

While Corvo is down on the canvas, OSCAR BURNS does his best Creed impression and with arms wide open, allows The OSCAR BURNS Faithful to cheer him...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

His face sours when they jeer him, so he turns his attention back on Corvo. He pulls Corvo up and smacks him with a hefty elbow smash... but Corvo takes it in stride. OSCAR looks at him wide-eyed and throws another, but Corvo immediately returns fire and fires wild and venom-filled right hands towards OSCAR that backs him into the ropes!

DDK:

I don't think Corvo likes OSCAR's protective mask.

Lance:

I don't think he likes masks much, period, given his history.

Corvo charges at OSCAR and hits a lariat that knocks the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE over the ropes and out of the ring! Corvo roars to the masses and the Milwaukee Faithful reciprocate with loud cheers of their own!

Lance:

Listen to this ovation for Corvo! They want to see him give OSCAR BURNS what he deserves!

DDK:

OSCAR thought he got the better of Corvo at the jump, but the monster is already back in this! And he's on the apron!

The monster roars and then runs off the ring apron, taking BURNS nearly out of his boots with a reckless, but highly effective flying shoulder tackle off the apron! The Center of the GC Universe goes ass over tea kettle and flops over onto his back while Corvo picks himself up off the floor. He gazes towards Sonny Silver and FLEX. Sonny carefully inches away from the monster as he goes to pick up OSCAR. OSCAR crawls away from Corvo, but he gives chase to his old rival!

DDK:

OSCAR doing what he can to create space from Corvo! He doesn't want to be in a direct firefight with him.

OSCAR slides into the ring and goes right towards Rex Knox. Corvo goes in to follow him under the bottom rope, but

just out of Knox's sight line, FLEX slips right into action and grabs Corvo's leg before PULLING him to the floor with a loud thud! FLEX backs off and heads toward Sonny trying to feign innocence.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh, come on, Rex! FLEX was right there!

Lance:

Imagine that. OSCAR's now trying to pick the bones!

OSCAR bows towards Knox and then heads to the floor before he grabs Corvo and throws him back inside while the wind has been knocked out of him. OSCAR whips Corvo into the ropes and as he slingshots back, he lands an extra-nasty running dropkick that clears the monster off his feet!

DDK:

OSCAR pressing the advantage! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Corvo gets his right shoulder up, upsetting OSCAR in the process. He looks at Knox and sighs heavily.

OSCAR BURNS:

You're no Benny Doyle, GC! Learn your numbers!

Not wanting to give the brooding beast a chance to recover, he grabs Corvo and leads him to a corner before smacking his face against the top turnbuckle. Corvo is left disoriented when OSCAR tees off on him and lands a forceful uppercut across the jaw. He throws two more big shots to the side of Corvo's head and then sits on the top rope. Both legs wrap around Corvo's head before OSCAR leans back, choking in in the ropes with a figure four choke around his neck!

DDK:

Brutal submission in the ropes by OSCAR with the figure four neck lock, but he can only hold it for five seconds!

Rex is counting and OSCAR does relinquish his grip at the count of four before carefully sliding from the apron to the floor. The former SOHER and Favoured Saints champion is left gasping for air on a knee when OSCAR leans back into the ring. He grabs Corvo and then leads him to another corner. With the monster stunned, The Center of the GC Universe hits Corvo in the center of his chest with a HUGE jumping knee in the corner! He pulls Corvo out of the corner and fires off a big gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

OSCAR with the corner running knee followed by the gutwrench suplex! We know he likes to fire these off in threes, but can he do it to Corvo Alpha?!

Taking a brief pause, OSCAR rolls through to his feet, but has some difficulty taking Corvo to his feet. He throws a succession of knees into the head of Corvo and then dumps him up and over with a second! He decides two may be enough and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

OSCAR tried two in a row, but only a two-count. We've seen Corvo Alpha absorb HUGE punishment over the years and just come back from the impossible!

OSCAR goes right away for the legs of the monster, who tries to fight him off! Corvo throws big rights to the head of OSCAR, but he returns by kicking Corvo in the spine and turns him over into a standing boston crab!

Lance:

Smart to work the back of Corvo! A lot of his offense can be cut down if OSCAR can work him over!

BURNS pulls back on the classic, but perfectly executed crab hold! He pulls back, but The Faithful urge Corvo to fight!

CORVO!

CORVO!

CORVO!

Corvo Alpha is not focused on any of the chants, but rather focused only on the task ahead of getting to the ropes! He inches his way forward... and makes the ropes! OSCAR grits his teeth and holds on for a few extra seconds before he has to let go!

Lance:

BURNS is trying everything he can to end this as quickly as possible, but we know Corvo. We know his resilience. He WILL NOT stop when you are in his crosshairs!

DDK:

Is OSCAR looking for another choke?

OSCAR grabs Corvo again and heads for the corner looking for another figure four neck lock in the ropes to take more air away from the monster. He does indeed try... but to his shock, Corvo snaps back! He fights OSCAR with rights and turns around to smack the masked Kiwi in the chest with a headbutt! The wind is knocked right out of his lungs before Corvo grabs him by the legs! A dazed OSCAR shakes before Corvo turns around and DRILLS him into the canvas with a massive powerbomb that almost shakes the ring!

Lance:

No! Corvo counters on raw strength alone!

DDK:

What a powerbomb! OSCAR had the advantage, but Corvo is back in this!

Corvo falls back into the corner and looks dead ahead at his target with intent to maim! At ringside, Sonny Silver and FLEX both watch as OSCAR tries to stand after the powerbomb, only to stumble right into a nasty spinning forearm shot by Corvo! The monster almost seems to revel in the noise around him as he's fixated on punishing OSCAR!

DDK:

He just dropped OSCAR with that roaring forearm! Now where's he going?!

Corvo goes mad and hits the ropes. OSCAR is dazed, but to the shock of everyone Corvo runs right past him and hits a huge running dive right into FLEX outside the ring! Sonny Silver flees as FLEX gets torn into by Corvo with sledgehammer-like shots! He's in a frenzy as the Milwaukee Faithful roar with approval!

DDK:

Corvo's gone mad! He hasn't forgotten about what FLEX did earlier in the match!

Lance:

That's right, but he's gotta take it back in the ring while OSCAR is still down!

DDK:

HOLD ON A SECOND!

Cutting to the massive FIST at the apex of the ramp, Lord Nigel Trickelbush is greeted with a resounding chorus of boos and other assorted signs of displeasure by the fans in attendance. The old man's sly grin says he is unbothered by their reception.

Lance:

Lord Nigel has no place out here! What is the meaning of this!?

The shifting air of the arena jerks Alpha's attention away from removing FLEX from the equation and instead fixes it on the old man atop the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Nigel's in Corvo's sights!

For a long moment, Alpha has forgotten where he is and what he came out here to do. He takes six steps up the aisle before his circumstances reassert themselves in his racing mind. He casts one longing, malignant glance towards his aging ex-caretaker before turning his attention back to the ring and the living legend slowly coming-to within it.

DDK:

Give Alpha credit! He is staying on task! We know how bad he wants to get his hands on Trickelbush!

Sliding back into the ring, Alpha crouches, eyeing BURNS as the cagey veteran uses the ropes to pull himself back upright. Glancing a worried look first towards Trickelbush as he slowly meanders down the aisle towards the ring, then towards FLEX who remains unmoving at ringside, Alpha turns back to his opponent and charges across the ring.

DDK:

CORVO CUTTER! CORVO CUTTER! Center of the ring!

Halfway down the aisle, Nigel holds that same icy smile. Alpha crawls and hooks BURNS far leg, eyes trained solely on the creeping Nigel.

DDK:

Is this IT?!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR-KICKOUT!!!

Lance:

OSCAR BURNS shoots that right shoulder up!

DDK:

Alpha is showing some frustration, now!

After slapping the canvas in anger, Alpha rises and wipes some sweat (and flecking bright yellow paint) from his eyes. He turns, slapping the top turnbuckle – still glaring at Trickelbush!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is incensed

Another slap of the turnbuckle, Alpha turns – then POPS BURNS across the jaw with a right hook!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

OSCAR staggers back into a corner, dazed, confused and slumped. His protective mask sits askew on his head and face. FLEX appears, the worse for wear, on the apron and helps BURNS adjust it, soliciting a warning from Rex Knox who forces BURNS' second off the apron.

DDK:

Alpha CHARGES and MISSES with a big boot, getting hung up in the corner! BURNS ducked out of it!

As both men recover, Trickelbush prowls ringside. The same plastic smile plastered on his ugly wrinkled mug, the old man sweeps the fedora off his head to reveal his white tousled, thinning hair.

Lance:

Get Trickelbush outta here!

Alpha agrees with the sentiment. Attention clearly divided between his opponent-of-the-moment and his foe-of-forever, the instinctual, animal conflict is on full display. Torn between finishing BURNS and vanquishing Trickelbush, Alpha is frozen in place. His harsh gaze locks and narrows on Trickelbush. Alpha hesitates.

Just long enough for OSCAR BURNS to be himself and do what he does.

DDK:

RUNNING DROPKICK TO THE BACK OF ALPHA'S HEAD! BURNS HAS CAPITALIZED!

Lance:

BACKDROP SUPLEX! BURNS just DUMPED Alpha! SQUARE on his head and neck!

BURNS scrambles and wrenches Alpha up from behind once more!

DDK:

It's GC UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM! A second deadlift backdrop suplex! My GOD!

Mercifully, BURNS goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this contest, as a result of a pinfall, **OSCAR BURNS!**

Silver and FLEX are in the ring helping BURNS to his feet and shrouding him in his cape. They raise both of his arms (shedding the aforementioned cape) in dramatic fashion before the shameful, yet victorious, trio abscond.

DDK:

That man just STOLE one from Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

Alpha should have never taken his eyes off of Burns. That's a hard learned lesson right there.

As BURNS walks down one set of steel ringsteps, across the ring, Lord Nigel ascends another. The two men's eyes meet for but a moment. They exchange what might be a polite nod. All around them, the Faithful grouse and grumble. "Booing" as the parlance parleys.

The music fades (but the boos persist) as Trickelbush gingerly steps through the ropes. He circles Alpha's limp, unmoving body twice before kneeling at his head.

Nigel leans down. He speaks only to Alpha but his words are just picked up by the nearby ring microphones.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: [barely audible]

Oh, my boy. Look at the spectacle you've made of yourself.

Nigel faux-frets.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: [barely audible]

But you never quite measured up, have you? From the very start, it was clear. Even still. I'd say... I'd say it's time that I came clean. Wouldn't you agree? Isn't it time that MP1 knew the truth? About you? About all of it?

Nigel nods, as if he'd heard an answer to that question. then clumsily powers himself back to his feet. Alpha is motionless.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: [barely audible]

Yes. Yes, as do I. That settles it.

To an ocean of boos, Nigel doffs the beaten brown fedora back onto his head and exits the ring. Starting up the aisle, the plastic smile returns to his thin gray lips and he regards the Faithful with amusement.

DDK:

A win for OSCAR BURNS that might benefit from an asterisk: it's clear to all that Trickelbush's presence was a factor in the result of this match. Regardless, this never-ending, ever-growing issue between Trickelbush, MP1 & Corvo Alpha is coming to a head and it's only a matter of time before it explodes.

Lance:

This feels like a DEFCON showdown in the making. A bizarro, funhouse mirror image to their DEFCON 2023 match, perhaps.

DDK:

Perhaps.

Lance:

We'll be right back.

COMMERCIAL: OSCAR BURNS (pre-ALL CAPS) on DEFonDEMAND!



THE CLIMB

We jump backstage.

Our friendly and familiar interviewer is introduced with a black-and-red chyron that properly identifies him as “JAMIE SAWYERS

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, with me at this time... “the Emerald Apex” , Kerry Kuroyama!

The camera pans out a bit, and the crowd pops LOUD as Kuroyama enters the frame. He’s standing at the ready by the curtain leading to the ring, dressed for battle, giving his pads and gear last minute adjustments, eyes brimming with fire and determination.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, here in just a few moments, you’re set to face off against your longtime friend from Seattle and former tag team partner, Scott Douglas. Give me an idea on what your mindset is as you walk into this match.

Kerry takes a beat to collect his thoughts and

Kerry Kuroyama:

Right now, Jamie, I’d describe my mindset as open. Expecting anything. As former partners, I want to believe that Scott and I know each other inside and out. There was a time where that was very much the case. But...

The Pacific Blitzkrieg’s eyes grow briefly distant..

Kerry Kuroyama:

...that’s all in the past. Right now, I’m not sure I can confidently say I know who he is as a competitor. Especially after the time he was away from DEFIANCE. Likewise, there’s no way of me knowing if he recognizes all the ways I’ve changed in that time. Either way, it’s strange to know I’m about to face off with someone I know very well... but I’m also walking into an unknown. But I don’t fear that unknown... because I’m confident that my experience and adaptability are enough to find a pathway to victory.

Sawyers nods.

Jamie Sawyers:

Understandable. But, while we’re on the subject of former allies, allow me to bring up recent comments made by one of your ex-associates from Vae Victis... OSCAR BURNS.

The crowd JEERS at the mention of the GC Universe founder. Kuroyama’s face immediately grows tense.

Jamie Sawyers:

As we all remember, BURNS had some very pointed words for you at the last DEFtv. Namely, he seemed to set you off with the implication that you were the “weak link” in Vae Victis, so to speak. Is there anything you’d like to say tonight in regards to those statements?

Kuroyama’s face immediately grows tense.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...I won’t lie, Jamie. It hurt me, to hear those words from someone I once fought alongside many times. Someone I respected, and even go as far as to say I once looked up to. For him to say I didn’t pull my weight... considering all that I gave for Vae Victis... for this company as a whole...

With a shake of his head, the brewing storm in the eyes of the Emerald Apex find those of the seasoned backstage reporter.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You know, Jamie, I arrived here in DEFIANCE way back in 2015. Feels like ancient times. I came here, wanting to stand with the greatest ever produced by this industry. Wanting to climb that mountain to the top. And it's been a climb. Gallons of my blood and pounds of my flesh, all in the name of the red and black. And yet, despite it all, that summit still feels beyond reach...

Kerry shakes his head, a volcanic rage generated by years of repression beginning to surface.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I was taught in this sport to work hard, pay my dues, and respect the ring. And believe me, Jamie, I still live by that code today. I've lived by it for years under the impression that the fruits would be worth the labor. That everything would somehow, someday pay off. So where did it get me?

Kuroyama looks into the palms of his gloves.

Kerry Kuroyama:

The common consensus is that Kerry Kuroyama is... "GREAT". He is, as they like to say, "pound for pound, one of the best pure wrestlers in the industry". And yet, curious enough, Jamie, not once in all those years of grinding and giving for this company have I EVER given a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

The Faithful POP at the mention of the greatest prize in the sport!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Instead, for years, I sat back and watched one contender after the next pass me by. Look at everyone who's held that title in the past ten years... how many of them were here before me? I bet you couldn't even count the number on one hand. Do I feel overlooked? You're damn right I do! But never ONCE did I complain.

He stares down the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I kept chopping wood. I kept giving. I kept **HOPING** the day would come that one of those old rich men up in the Favoured Saints boardroom would look down into that ring and think to himself, "Gee whiz, maybe this guy all the fans are calling 'the best wrestler on the planet' deserves a chance to prove himself as the best wrestler in this company!" But that day never came...

He stares into the hearts and minds of millions watching at home.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So when Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes approached me with the offer to join Vae Victis, I willingly accepted. Because I truly believed the two of them saw that my potential was being wasted. I believed that they saw more in me than management was willing to see, and I still believe that to this day. And while I accept that the Faithful may never acknowledge or appreciate what it was we stood for, I will forever be proud of what we accomplished here in DEFIANCE.

He stares straight into your SOUL.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I gave everything I had to Vae Victis. I put myself in the line of fire for my comrades. I did it all in the hopes that when the time came, I'd be the one to carry the torch. But instead? The world saw me as "the crony". The gatekeeper. The stepping stone. The guy for the Conor Fuses and Dex Joys to beat on their way to the "real" threats. The very person OSCAR BURNS wants to make me out to be!

His glare could slice the whole fucking universe in half.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well, OSCAR... I think I'm through with giving. I think I've had my fill of false hope, and living under the delusion that working hard and waiting for "my time". Maybe I'll just take a page out of your book, and just TAKE the distinction I'm owed. And what better way to do it other than putting a two-time FIST's skull into that mat! GC!

Kuroyama pivots around and disappears through the curtain, awaiting his cue. Jamie Sawyers turns to the camera to address the fans at home.

Jamie Sawyers:

You heard it here, folks! Seattle's Best COLLIDE, coming up next!

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... From Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds! He is DEFIANCE's Favorite Son! He is "SUB POP"... SCOTT... DOUUUUUUGLAAAAAAS!!!

The Faithful pop as the distorted whine of Green River's anthem bleeds through the PA speakers. When the beat kicks in, Scott Douglas marches through the curtain, eyes locked on the ring, his jaw tight. He rolls his shoulders, flexing his taped-up fists, and heads to the ring.

The Faithful reach out, and Douglas tags hands as he moves, but his eyes stay fixed on the ring in front of him. Sliding under the bottom rope, Douglas pushes to a knee, hands planted against the mat, head bowed for a beat. He exhales as he rises to his feet, shaking out his arms. He paces toward the ropes, gripping the top rope, pulling and stretching.

Lance:

Scott Douglas told us last week ... the work begins! Tonight on DEFtv, it looks like it continues!

Darren Quimbey:

...and his opponent!

♪ "Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

The lights cut as the music bumps through the PA. Green and white lights fill up the stage. A robed figure emerges through a haze billowing like storm clouds. Once the lyrics hit, silver fountain pyros rise up from the sides of the stage as KERRY KUROYAMA dramatically peers up from beneath the hood of the robe, eyes fixated solely on the ring. After a beat, he starts down the ramp at a full-on powerwalk.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... he is "The Emerald Apex" KERRY KUROYAMA!!

Kerry wastes absolutely no time making his way to the ring, breezing by the fans holding their hands out over the barricade without a second thought and promptly ascending the ring steps. Once he steps through the ropes, he unbelts the robe and throws it out in a flourish before going to his corner and loosening himself up. His intense gaze never leaves his opponent.

Lance:

There's history here, Darren. These two aren't just opponents tonight ... they're former tag partners. They've fought side by side, but tonight? They're here to test each other.

DDK:

No shortcuts, no tricks—just a battle of skill and will.

The pair share a subtle nod before locking up.

DDK:

Collar and elbow, to start things off.

Scott and Kerry both struggle for the advantage, neither giving an inch. Kuroyama, using the twenty-five pounds he has on Douglas, to drive him back a step. Knowing he's outmatched in sheer power, Scott Douglas adjusts his stance, pivots, and slips behind Kerry into a waistlock. Kuroyama counters instantly, reaching down to pry Douglas' grip apart,

but Scott shifts into a side headlock, wrenching tight. The Pacific Blitzkrieg lifts Douglas off the mat, looking for a back suplex but Douglas abandons the side headlock and flips over his former partner's shoulder, landing on his feet.

Lance:

These two know each other *too* well!

Douglas swings at Kerry with big clothesline but even with his back turned Kerry Kuroyama ducks the impending blow and as Douglas steps passed him grabs the former SoHer in a waistlock.

Lance:

Either Kerry's got eyes in the back of his head or he knows what Douglas is going to do before he does it!

Kerry tightens his grip, looking to lift Scott for a German suplex but Sub Pop widens his base, dropping his weight to block. Kerry adjusts, giving up the waist lock only to grab a side headlock. Douglas takes the opportunity to drag the pair back into the ropes and shoot the Pacific Blitzkrieg off.

Kerry hits the ropes and comes running back toward Scott Douglas, but he leapfrogs, and Kuryoama hits the opposite ropes.

Douglas drops down. Kerry hurdles over!

Douglas pops up. Kerry charges with a lariat. Douglas ducks and hits the ropes, and Kuroyama follows through and does the same. The pair return on a collision course.

DDK:

DUELING DROPKICKS!

Both men miss and hit the mat at the same time, popping right back up into defensive stances.

The Faithful explode in applause!

DDK:

That right there is years of familiarity!

Lance:

You can't wrestle together as long as these two have without knowing each other's game inside and out!

Douglas and Kuroyama stare each other down, chests rising and falling, a smirk curling at the corners of both their lips. They reset, briefly, before nodding to each other before stepping forward again.

The moment of mutual acknowledgment lasts only for a beat. Then, without hesitation, they step forward, locking up once more.

DDK:

Neither man wasting any time... right back to the action!

Kuroyama, leveraging his strength, pushes Douglas into a tight side headlock. Scott Douglas grits his teeth, adjusts, and works his way out, twisting the wrist into a standing wristlock. Kerry winces, trying to roll through. Scott stays latched on.

Kuroyama drops to a knee, then suddenly rolls forward, flipping onto his feet, twisting through, and reversing into a wristlock of his own. Sub Pop nods, impressed, but immediately counters, flipping through, breaking free, and snapping off a lightning-quick arm drag.

Kerry Kuroyama hits the mat but pops up instantly, charging back at Scott.

DDK:

Scott Douglas leapfrogging The Pacific Blitzkrieg!

Kuroyama hits the ropes,

Lance:

Speed will be Scott's friend in this match-up! Kerry has the slight advantage in strength that could make all the difference.

Douglas turns ...

Kuroyama feints low but instead catches Douglas with a STIFF palm strike to the chest!

CRACK!

Douglas staggers back, wide-eyed, clutching his chest.

Lance:

Nothing fancy about that!

DDK:

But it gets the job done.

Kerry grabs the stunned Scott Douglas and hooks him up.

DDK:

Side Russian Leg Sweep! Expertly executed!

Kerry presses his forearm across Douglas' jaw, using his weight to keep him grounded.

DDK:

Kuroyama makes the cover!

ONE!

KICK OUT!

Lance:

I think Kerry knew full well that wasn't enough to put away Douglas, but you've got to do your due diligence.

Kerry grabs a handful of Douglas' hair and yanks him up off the mat.

DDK:

Kuroyama stays on top of Douglas, not letting him breathe.

Kuroyama pulls Douglas in, hooks his arm, and delivers a swift, snapping vertical suplex. Douglas lands hard, arching his back in pain, instinctively rolling toward the ropes to create space.

Kuroyama rises smoothly, adjusting his wrist tape as he stalks forward, giving Douglas just enough breathing room to get to a knee, but no more. With precision, Kuroyama grabs Douglas by his hair, pulling him up and right into a stiff European uppercut!

Douglas stumbles but manages to stay on his feet.

DDK:

Another uppercut from Kerry Kuroyama!

This one sends Douglas down to a knee. Kerry stays on him and grabs Sub Pop Scott by the back of the shirt and yanking him to his feet.

DDK:

SNAP SAITO SUPLEX!

Douglas flips through the air and lands on his left shoulder and neck, rolling onto his stomach. He grits his teeth and shakes his head, struggling to get himself back up to a knee. Kuroyama nods to himself, not in arrogance, but in approval, as he beckons his former Seattle's Best partner to his feet.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Come on, Scotty!

Scott struggles to his feet but remains slumped over and gripping the top rope for balance.

Kuroyama stays patient, measuring him. Then, as Douglas lifts his head ...

DDK:

YAKUZA KICK!

... but Douglas ducks at the last second!

Lance:

NO!

Kuroyama turns, Douglas swings, Kuroyama ducks, and hooks Douglas ...

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Douglas bounces off the mat, clutching his neck. Kuroyama sits up, exhaling sharply, adjusting his tights. He doesn't gloat, doesn't waste time, just rises to his feet and moves in, staying on his former partner-turned-opponent. Douglas pushes up to his knees, shaking out the whiplash from the German Suplex, but Kuroyama is already there.

DDK:

BIG STOMP TO THE BACK!

Douglas flattens out, wincing as Kuroyama quickly yanks him back up.

Lance::

Kerry Kuroyama isn't slowing down. This is what makes him dangerous there is no wasted time or motion!

Kuroyama hooks Douglas and lifts --

DDK:

GORD BUSTER!

Douglas clutches at his ribs, trying to roll away, but Kuroyama keeps control. He grabs Douglas by the wrist and snatches him up with raw power, pulling him into a fireman's carry.

Lance:

What's Kerry looking for here?!

DDK:

FIREMAN'S CARRY GUTBUSTER!

Douglas' mid-section collides with Kuroyama's knee; he ricochets off and rolls to his side, coughing and struggling to catch his breath.

Kuroyama quickly covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Douglas throws a shoulder up, but his breathing is heavy. Kuroyama pushes to his feet and glances down at Douglas, nodding again. He respects the resilience, but he's not letting up.

Douglas tries to rise, but Kuroyama steps in and drives a knee into his ribs, keeping him hunched over.

He grabs Douglas by the waist, deadlifting him off the mat—

DDK:

HIGH-ANGLE BACK SUPLEX!

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama is in full control here! I think he is ready to answer the question: Who is the *best* of Seattle's Best!?

Douglas hits HARD, his back arching as he rolls toward the ropes, but Kerry stops him and makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH—KICKOUT!

The Faithful come alive, rallying behind Douglas as he barely survives Kerry's latest barage. Kuroyama doesn't argue or question Benny Doyle's count: he simply sits up, rubs his jaw, and exhales.

Douglas rolls onto his stomach, trying to push himself up, but his movements are slow. Kuroyama glances at him, then shakes his head - not out of disrespect, but because he knows Douglas won't stay down.

Kuroyama stands, motioning for Douglas to rise.

Douglas breathes deep, pushing to his knees...

Kuroyama then steps up, prepared to strike ...

A murmur rolls through the Faithful, turning into an uproar as OSCAR BURNS appears on the stage and makes his way to ringside, his eyes locked on Kuroyama.

DDK::

Oh, come on! What is HE doing here?!

Kuroyama spots Burns. He doesn't lose track of Douglas, but his eyes narrow as he registers BURNS' intrusion.

Burns leans under the ropes, shouting something inaudible—but the look on his face says it all. He's here for payback.

Lance:

Oscar Burns is still fuming after Kuroyama interrupted him on DEFtv 214! But he said he was leaving earlier after barely surviving Corvo Alpha!

DDK:

I guess not! ...

Kuroyama shakes his head, visibly annoyed. Douglas suddenly --

DDK

... ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

I don't know that Scott Douglas has even noticed Oscar Burns at ringside!

Kuroyama kicks out with force and pops up quickly, but Douglas is ready for him. He grabs Kerry from behind...

DDK:

COBRA CLUTCH ... **BULLDOG!**

Lance:

COVER!

Douglas hooks the leg deep.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner is ...

Douglas rolls off, breathing heavily, barely believing the outcome himself.

Lance:

Oscar Burns just cost Kerry Kuroyama this match!

When Douglas gets back to his feet, he turns around right into a STIFF jumping knee to the temple! The DEFIANCE legend falls to the canvas. Booming rains down upon DEFIANCE Himself as he kneels and talk some trash towards Scott Douglas!

OSCAR BURNS:

This doesn't concern you!

BURNS (twists and) turns towards his real target: Kerry Kuroyama, just now coming around after the cobra clutch bulldog!

DDK:

No! OSCAR is out here! That all-caps menace is back and potentially just cost Kerry Kuroyama this big match-up!

OSCAR doesn't wait for Kerry to stand. Still wearing his protective mask, he SMACKS Kerry while on a knee with a massive mask-assisted headbutt! Kerry is glassy-eyed when OSCAR snatches him by the arm; not to keep him upright, but to pull him right into a deadlift backdrop driver! Kerry bounces off the canvas and OSCAR sits up, gritting his teeth.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

OSCAR BURNS:

Who's putting WHO'S head through the mat... GC?!

Looking out to The Faithful, OSCAR scowls towards his former Vae Victis ally.

Lance:

All payback from Kerry laying him out when OSCAR tried to hijack our show two weeks ago!

OSCAR looks down at Kerry and then looks up to see Douglas back upright with a chair in hand! Making a beat, OSCAR decides discretion is the better part of valor and slinks through the ropes just before Douglas can bring the chair down! Sub Pop throws the chair out towards the Center of the GC Universe, narrowly missing him as he flees back up the ramp!

DDK:

It's a good thing Douglas was there before OSCAR could do worse to Kerry. It must really burn OSCAR knowing what Kerry said earlier about him and Kerry laying him out with a discus lariat!

Douglas wisely keeps one eye on Kerry as he checks on him while OSCAR is up on the ramp, signaling with two fingers that he was "this close" to ending Kerry for good. Kerry sits up and is holding the back of his head, and if looks could kill, OSCAR would be in a coffin right now.

Lance:

Things have really intensified between the former Vae Victis stablemates! No way that either man takes this lying down!

Scott Douglas checks on a pissed-off Kerry, who nods at his former tag team partner and helps him to his feet as the scene heads to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



NO SHORTCUTS

Cut back from commercial. Backstage at the Petersen Events Center, you can hear the hum of the Faithful buzzing through the cinder block walls. The familiar DEFIANCE logo backdrop basking in studio lights set the stage for what is obviously a backstage interview.

Standing center frame is Christie Zane, microphone in hand. Beside her, still catching his breath and visibly frustrated, Scott Douglas.

Christie Zane:

Scott, you picked up the win tonight against Kerry Kuroyama, but... judging by the look on your face, this doesn't seem like a victory you're celebrating.

Douglas exhales sharply, wiping his mouth with the back of his taped fist before turning his eyes toward the camera. His jaw clenches. His tone... controlled, but the frustration is undeniable.

Scott Douglas:

No... No, I'm not celebrating, Christie. Because that wasn't the win I wanted.

Douglas shakes his head before running his hand through his still-dripping wet hair.

Scott Douglas:

Kerry Kuroyama is one of the best wrestlers in this company ... hell, any company. I have nothing but respect for him and I wanted to beat him clean. Fair and square...

Scott takes a beat, exhales deeply and draws in another lung full in attempts to fully catch his breath.

Scott Douglas:

... I wanted to earn that win, not have it handed to me because Oscar Burns decided to make it about him.

He exhales sharply, looking away for a second before turning back to Christie.

Christie Zane:

Do you feel like OSCAR BUNS' showing up at ringside during your match tonight effected the outcome and cheapened your victory?

Douglas doesn't answer immediately. Instead, his hands go to his hips again, his biceps twitching and flexing. He looks down briefly, gathering his thoughts before speaking.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah... Yeah, It did. How could it not...

Douglas looks up to the camera now, his voice sharp and unwavering.

Scott Douglas:

Tonight was supposed to be about competition. About respect. About proving who the better man is ... the very things DEFIANCE was built on.

He scoffs, looking away for a moment before locking eyes with the camera again.

Scott Douglas:

But ... "DEFIANCE Himself" ... is only concerned with himself ...

Douglas steps forward, his voice firm.

Scott Douglas:

And Oscar? I've got a problem with that!

He clenches his jaw, breathing steady but heavy.

Scott Douglas:

If everything's got to be about Burns ... than so be it!

Douglas lets that hang for a moment before stepping even closer to the camera.

Scott Douglas:

OSCAR BURNS... I demand satisfaction. I want you in that ring. And I want to remind you what DEFIANCE truly is!

Douglas turns to Christie, nodding once.

Scott Douglas:

No shortcuts. No distractions. Just me and you.

Douglas steps out of the frame, leaving Christie Zane to watch after him as the shot fades to black.

Christie Zane:

There you have it. Scott Douglas ... laying down the challenge to Oscar Burns! Will DEFIANCE Himself accept? And if he does, what will that mean for Scott Douglas' path forward? Darren, Lance... back to you.

Cut back to the arena.

MAKING AMENDS

We cut backstage to one of the many labyrinthine hallways of the arena. Our initial view is slightly shaky as the camera crew approaches the hallway intersection, stopping just shy of turning the corner. We catch a conversation in progress between long-time BRAZEN journeyman, the big barefoot German Gunther Adler and the one and only Motormouth of Malcontent Angus Skaaland. The former sounding particularly heated, even deigning to thrust a finger into the chest of Skaaland.

Gunther Adler:

Look what the psychotic bastard did to my damned face! And for what? For being friendly with Gage Blackwood? He carved up my face to prove some *vague* fucking point?! You're damned right I'll face him again! Name the time and place and I'll be there with...

Angus Skaaland:

How does later tonight tickle your berries, big dumb and bare-of-foot? Here a couple segments from now, in fact. I already have Box versus fill-in-the-blank on tap for this show, cleared and ready to go... so what do ya' say? Feelin' froggy? Second times the charm, or whatever.

Gunther narrows his eyes as we hear the crowd roar at the idea out in the arena. The idea of seeing Bronson Box compete live and in person, even though a reviled figure, sends a bolt of electricity through the attending Faithful.

Gunther Adler:

I'll be there. Lets see if your man can go two minutes without pulling out some ridiculous blasted weapon! Lets see if he's still the WRESTLER he's always said he is, eh?

The huge German powerhouse shoulders past Angus without waiting for a response from the former DEFtv color-man.

Skaaland just smiles and runs his hand back over his slicked platinum blond hair.

Angus Skaaland:

You're sure about this? There's a million other schmucks back here that'd jump at the chance. Ones that could make for a bigger, better match-up than this third-string day-player.

A nearby door that was sitting cracked swings open and out walks none other than the Bombastic Bronson Box, already dressed in full gear. Classic brown and gray pinstriped singlet. He approaches his manager as he finishes wrapping his wrists in white athletic tape. Biting off the end and rubbing the tape smooth.

Bronson Box:

He'll do. For what I got in store, anyway. Big grizzled bastard but dumb as a back of hammers, that one. Lacks the fire. Knew that from the instant he walked into my gym years ago. Shame, really. Waste of a hearty physique.

Skaaland sighs and looks over at his troublesome client.

Angus Skaaland:

Gonna be a wild night in Wisconsin...

Bronson Box:

You have no bloody idea.

The camera backs away unnoticed by the two DEFIANCE Hall of Famers.

We cut back to the commentary booth.

DDK:

Sounds like poor Gunther Adler is in store for yet another uncomfortable night here on DEFtv, folks.

Lance:

What exactly did Box mean “what he has in store”... sounds ominous.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. CONOR FUSE

We go to ringside and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for... seven falls!

The crowd is like WHAT???

Darren Quimbey:

Just kidding! This match is for... ONE FALL!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

There we go!

Lance:

This seems to be a thing sweeping across the nation, ring announcers who go randomly into business for themselves every few matches.

DDK:

Ah, leave him alone. He's having fun. Heaven forbid.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪

Conor Fuse pops out to a massive ovation as the crowd sings along with his song. He hops and skips down the rampway, ensuring he slaps hands with as many fans from both sides of the rampway as he can.

DDK:

Our cameras caught up with Conor earlier tonight for a quick interview.

The scene goes pic-in-pic as Conor's with Jamie Sawyers.

Conor Fuse:

Gamers! Tonight, it's all business for The Video Game Kid! A loss in the RUMINATION CHAMBER... a loss to High Flyer IV at his invitational... ugh. It hasn't been a good few months for me. But tonight, Imma change course! It's a fresh start! OG Conor Fuse is here and on the up and up we go! Gage Blackwood, this is our first ever wrestling match against each other! I respect ya, man. But let me tell you... I ain't no Bronson Box. I'm faster, smarter and have the ability to wrestle a ton of different styles! I'm also in my prime. I should start showing it!

Conor nods along, gaining confidence in his words.

Conor Fuse:

And Gage, if it comes down to it, I got a new move to throw out there. You better hope it doesn't come to it. BOOM!

The second pic fades and by now Fuse leaps onto the apron and then over the top ropes, into the ring.

His theme comes to a close.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Edinburgh, Scotland... weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is The Noble Raider... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

Blackwood emerges wearing his typical kilt-inspired tights. He marches down the ramp to a solid ovation. The former FIST ensures he slaps a few hands on his way to ringside, although not as many as Conor, before rolling underneath the ring ropes and waiting for the bell.

Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the match to start.

DING DING

DDK:

We are off!

Blackwood and Fuse circle, with Conor hopping up and down as he does. Blackwood eventually takes a step forward as Fuse asks him if he wants to grapple. Blackwood only smirks, so Conor figures this means a yes.

They lock up.

Blackwood is quick to take advantage, working Fuse's right arm behind his body and holding arm control. Conor tries to wiggle his way out... but can't. Next, Conor tries to drop on the canvas and roll his way through, but also can't. Blackwood has strong control... so Conor tries to fire off a back elbow with his free hand.

Unsuccessful.

Fuse finally decides to give in. He falls backwards, pushing off the mat and sending Blackwood stumbling into the ropes.

No.

Blackwood keeps the hold maintained!

Lance:

Conor said in his interview he can wrestle many styles, but he can't get out of this simple hold at the moment.

DDK:

Let's give Gage some credit here, he's the real technician.

As soon as Keebler finishes that sentence, Conor drops his base and throws Blackwood over his back and onto the canvas below. The hold has been broken and Conor dusts off his hands to a light round of applause for eventually breaking free.

Blackwood rolls to a knee. He looks up at Fuse as if to say he's somewhat impressed.

...Even if it took five different tries.

Fuse bounces off the ropes and looks for a spinning heel kick but Blackwood ducks. Conor is up on his feet quickly, however, and hits off the next set of ropes.

Blackwood tries for a hip toss... but Conor lands on his feet!

Fuse aims for a superkick... but Blackwood bends back ALL the way like The Matrix and Conor misses him!

This time it's Gage Blackwood who gets a round of applause from the fans as he straightens upright and stares directly at his opponent.

Conor mumbles how impressed he is at Gage's flexibility, never seeing it before. Then the two lock into another grapple.

Headlock takeover by Blackwood. He holds onto Fuse's neck as Blackwood cranks his arms in tightly. Conor tries waving his hands around, hoping to get the crowd going.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

DDK:

Like Conor mentioned backstage, he wanted to hear these chants again and he's got them!

Fuse walks Blackwood into the ropes and breaks free from the headlock. Conor flees and runs into the ropes on the far end. He comes FLYING across the ring with a crossbody-

When Blackwood catches him and uses Conor's own momentum into a powerslam!

DDK:

PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Conor and Gage both roll to their knees at the same time. Fuse leaps up and throws a superkick at Blackwood...

No, this time The Noble Raider side steps it.

Gage takes hold of Conor and nails an olympic slam!

DDK:

Another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd is roaring for both men as Blackwood peels Conor off the mat and Irish whips him into a corner. Conor goes chest-first but the sheer impact flips Fuse sitting onto the top buckle. In one fluid motion, Conor flips down off the buckle and stumbles, backtracking into the center of the ring.

Blackwood hits an inside out clothesline.

Conor flips TWICE, 360, before landing on the mat in a heap.

Blackwood looks down and gives his head a shake, wondering if that's all Conor has.

A stunned Noble Raider learns it's not, because Conor kips to his feet, shakes his hands into little balls of fire and screams into the rafters for MOAR.

Lance:

Conor has the crowd FIRED UP!

Blackwood runs in but he's stunned with a superkick! Another superkick! Another! Finally... one final blow sends Gage on his knees!

Fuse screams into the crowd once again and smacks Gage Blackwood across the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

!RANK cheers are in full force as Conor sprints into the ropes and comes charging back-

Another olympic slam by Gage Blackwood!

The crowd cheers again, but this time it's for Gage as he hooks the leg and Ferrari makes a count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fuse rolls to his chest, slamming his hands down on the mat like NO, NO, NO... it's not over yet.

Meanwhile, Blackwood looks at Ferreri, then back at Conor Fuse. He latches onto Conor's waist and pulls him up...

German suplex with a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fuse kips up faster than Blackwood is on his feet. Conor leaps in the air and stuns the former FIST with a hard punch. Fuse proceeds to tuck his head under Gage's chest and delivers his own olympic slam!

There is no cover. Instead, Conor shoots to his feet with an intensity crossing his face. He marches towards a corner of the ring and hammers the top buckle padding.

The crowd screams *!RANK*

Conor hits it again.

!RANK

Conor is profusely hitting the buckle now and working the fans into a frenzy.

Lance:

This is all well and good, but it IS giving Gage time to recover!

Blackwood is on his feet.

Conor takes charge.

BOOM!

DDK:

OH MY GOD, BLACKWOOD HITS THE GAELIC STORM!

While Gage Blackwood was NOT able to get a running start, he definitely took two steps forward and knocked Conor in the head with the move, just as it seemed Fuse was coming in for some type of spear.

Blackwood rolls Fuse over.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The typically emotionless Blackwood looks up at Ferrari with wide eyes. He can't believe what's happened. Meanwhile, The Faithful continue to rally!

DDK:

Conor Fuse kicked out of Gage's finisher!!

Lance:

Yes he did, partner. However, it was clear that Gage could not get his typical running start.

DDK:

I agree with you there. But still, a kickout is a kickout!

Blackwood peels Fuse off the mat and looks for a hammer throw-

When Conor lands on his feet!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Blackwood snarls. He takes charge at Fuse but the gamer is ready. Conor leaps in the air, catches Blackwood's head and lands a Resolution DDT, in the form of a King DeDeDeT!

The Ultimate Gamer quickly rolls Blackwood over.

DDK:

Conor has a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

This time it's Gage Blackwood who refuses to die. However, Conor is already on his feet and HAPPY STOMPING the former champion to death as the crowd *!RANKS* with each stomp.

Lance:

These aren't the HAPPIEST of STOMPS in the world. It looks rather intense and serious to me!

DDK:

We went from one to one-hundred in this match SO fast!

Fuse works Blackwood into a corner but the cagey Scot reaches up for the top ropes, grabs them and pulls himself upright, knocking his head into Conor's with a deliberate hard-out headbutt in one fluent motion!

Fuse stumbles into the middle of the ring, while Gage loads up and goes for it.

Gaelic Storm!

NO!

Fuse sidesteps and Blackwood hits nothing! Conor quickly sprints over towards the ropes and with Blackwood on the canvas, Fuse lands a lionsault!

Conor takes hold of Blackwood's head and whips them both upright. He SLAMS Blackwood in the center of the ring and sprints to the top rope.

DDK:

Conor moves so quickly! TOO quickly!

Moonsault!

LANDS!

Conor hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

We saw Conor Fuse was resilient in the early stages of this match. Now Blackwood has replied with a couple of kickouts!

Fuse connects with a hammer throw!

DDK:

You don't see a move like that from Conor too often, if ever. Pure power, and he was able to do it!

Lance:

Impression for a skinny, wiry guy.

Blackwood rises slowly. He charges at Conor when Conor ducks a clothesline, kicks Blackwood in the stomach and hoists him in the air.

Brainbuster!

DDK:

Conor Fuse connects with a wicked looking brainbuster! Again, I am surprised at Fuse's strength!

Lance:

Not to mention that's a move in Blackwood's arsenal - The Midlothian Hangover!

Blackwood doesn't move. For a split second there, it looks like Conor doesn't know what to do. The crowd continues to cheer in a frenzy, as Fuse finally decides he's going back to the top rope.

It doesn't take The Power-Up King long. He already has Gage measured.

Dark Phoenix Splash.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

WHAM!

Gage Blackwood rolls out of the way!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

But Conor Fuse landed on his feet!

Lance:

WHAT A MID-AIR ADJUSTMENT! My god, I don't think anyone would've had the skills to do that!

Blackwood stands, not knowing where Conor is at first. The Noble Raider sees Fuse and charges. Blackwood ducks a superkick and hits the set of ropes on the far end. It looks like he may go for the double knee shot-

But The Armlock Aristocrat leaps overtop of him.

With Blackwood's back towards Conor, Conor kicks his opponent in the back of the knees and snatches Blackwood's head, throwing him under his left arm.

Conor froths at the mouth as he screams 'ANIMAL CROSSING'.

And proceeds to hit a twisting reverse cutter (Cross Rhodes).

Blackwood folds like an accordion upon impact.

DDK:

WOW! Unbelievable!

The crowd is shocked as Conor hooks a leg and Ferrari makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... CONOR FUSE!

♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪

DDK:

Conor with a MASSIVE victory!

Conor Fuse rolls onto his knees and stares into the crowd, hearing *!RANK* chants galore. Soon after, Carla Ferrari raises his left hand... while Gage Blackwood comes to.

Blackwood rolls onto his knees, looking over at Conor. The two exchange a look of respect, as The Noble Raider ultimately exits the ring and walks to the back.

LEVELLING UP

DDK:

Faithful, it looks like we're not done yet. Jamie Sawyers is in the ring and we're going to get another interview with Conor Fuse!

Lance:

Post-match, great!

Conor's theme dies down as Jamie grabs the gamer's attention.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, that was one HELL of a victory tonight!

The crowd cheers as Fuse smiles and rests his arms on Sawyers' shoulders.

Jamie Sawyers:

What do you have to say for yourself?

Conor nods along, until he realizes he's being asked directly.

Conor Fuse:

Right, right. Listen, cheers to Gage Blackwood, he's a hell of a wrestler and I think this might've been a different story if he still wasn't feeling the effects of Bronson Box.

The cameras catch Gage at the top of the rampway lightly saluting Conor before vanishing behind the FIST logo.

Conor Fuse:

He'll never say it but I know that match and the past couple of years in particular, have taken a lot out of the guy. You know me, Jamie, I love rematches. Rematches all the time! LOL. Whenever Blackwood wants another battle, all he's gotta do is give me a shout.

Jamie smiles back.

Jamie Sawyers:

So what's next for you?

Conor stops leaning on Sawyers and stands upright.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah dude, I dunno. I really don't. We've got my "brother" Malak running around scared for his life for the seven-hundredth time. Everyone's going after him. Hell, *I'd* love to go after him again, but the reality is I gotta get my wins up. I've been feeling down for too long and seemingly becoming a side player. Naaa man, naaaa. My dream... my dream has always been wrestling. Beyond video games and comic books and all that stuff, since the day I was born, all I've ever wanted to do is this thing right here.

Fuse looks into the crowd. He hears the !RANK chants once again.

Conor Fuse:

Full disclosure, for the past year I've been a little down and out. I wrestled somewhere else too, and it broke my heart to leave. BUT I F'N HAD TO!

Loud cheers. Perhaps the loudest for Conor yet.

Conor Fuse:

It was running me. This doesn't have to be a bad thing, though. It means I can go 100% DEFIANCE for 100%

completion of DEFIANCE!

Conor smacks Jamie on the back. Sawyers almost falls over, he wasn't expecting it.

Conor Fuse:

So what Imma do is this. I dunno where the next levels will take me but I want to wrestle consistently, on as many DEFtvs and pay-per-views as possible. Unlike "brother" Malak, I'm No Quit Fuse. I'm feeling the fire flower in my chest once MOAR and I am gonna roll together the victories. Where does that takes me? I guess we'll see.

Conor pats Jamie on the back again. This time, Sawyers was a little more ready to absorb the blow.

Conor Fuse:

When I was a kid, all I dreamed of was wrestling and having JUST. ONE. FAN.

Conor looks into the crowd. More chants come his way.

Conor Fuse:

Look at 'em. I think I got at least one!

Jamie agrees.

Conor Fuse:

So, next DEFtv, we are in my hometown of Toronto and I'm gonna put out an open challenge-

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

The crowd is immediately stunned and ramped up all at once, as Tyler Fuse marches down to ringside. He rolls under the ropes... and stands directly across from his brother.

The Faithful chant for both of them.

Tyler leans into Jamie's mic.

Tyler Fuse:

You're on.

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Jamie is shocked! Conor is pretty shocked, too.

The crowd eats it up.

Tyler Fuse:

Wanna know why? Because last time we wrestled, I beat you for the ACE.

The Faithful decide this is BOO-worthy. Conor, however, can't hate his brother. He's nodding along with an honest grin on his face. After all, Tyler is being honest.

Tyler Fuse:

Even more importantly though, beating YOU shot me into... as you like to say... The Next Level.

Tyler points to the back.

Tyler Fuse:

A lot of people want to put Malak Garland in the ground.

Tyler smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

No one deserves the opportunity more than me.

It seems like Conor agrees.

Tyler Fuse:

You said you like rematches? Bro, I think this would be one of the ultimates.

/RANK

/RANK

/RANK

Tyler Fuse:

And if I have to go through my own brother again to take Malak down...

Tyler walks over to Conor and sarcastically tussles his hair.

Tyler Fuse:

So be it.

Tyler marches away and exits the ring... leaving Conor Fuse standing there in the center of the canvas, taking it all in.

DDK:

I don't believe this!

Lance:

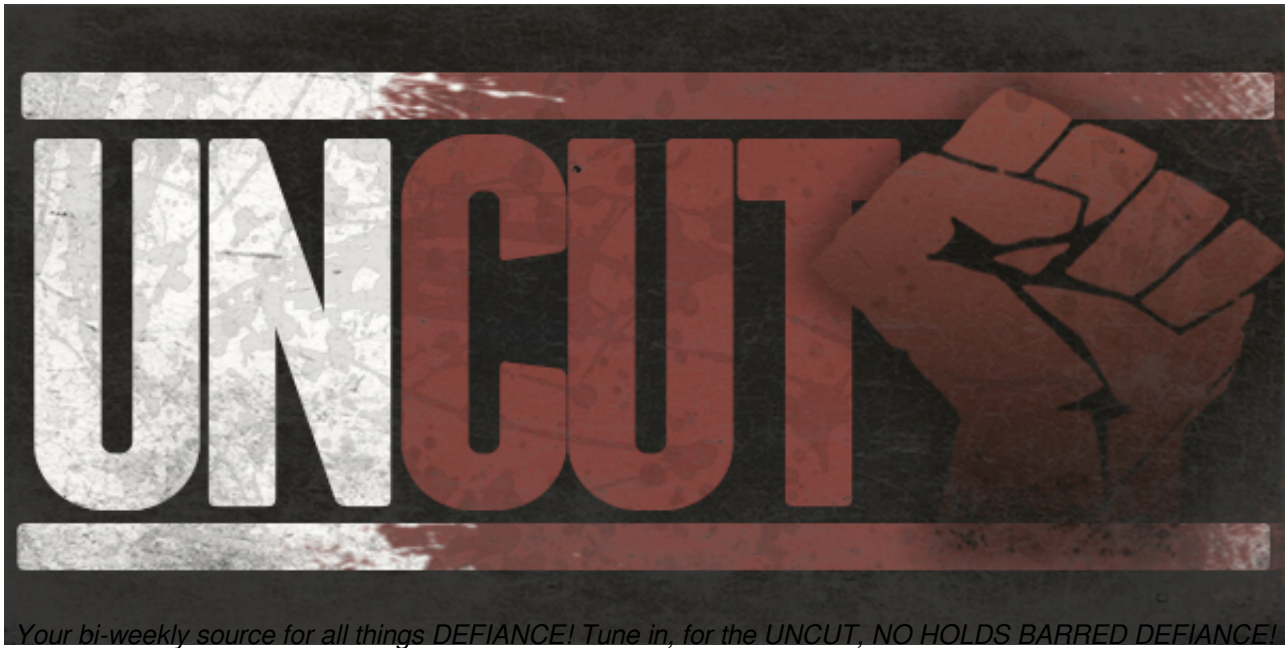
Tyler vs. Conor II in TORONTO! Their hometown!

The cameras catch Tyler walking up the rampway, where he tells the camera mic he's going to show the Favored Saints how serious he is.

The elder Fuse eventually vanishes behind the FIST logo as his theme song plays and Conor remains in the middle of the ring, conversing with Jamie Sawyers about the awesomeness and shock of this all.

Also, deep within the pits of the backstage entrance, Dan Ryan is looming large.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

FOOT FETISH

In front of the dressing room door for The Most Precious Gems. Madame Melton sits in her wheelchair, her right foot propped up in a boot, a scowl on her face and her cigarette holder in her left hand. "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon stands behind her dutifully.

Madame Melton:

Lonnie Luck, you may think we intervened tonight in revenge for your duplicitous actions that led to your miraculous fluke victory over My Gems — MY MOST PRECIOUS GEMS — in our recent battle! You would only be partially correct. You see, your deceitful ways broke the rules and was overlooked by Carla Ferrari! This is just the latest in the one-sided officiating we constantly face. I had no choice but to protest in the moment and did so by kicking the ring steps with such force that I fractured a toe in my right foot -- a fracture so severe that the finest orthopedic podiatrists in Hollywood said I MAY NEVER WALK AGAIN!

She scoffs at the indignity.

Madame Melton:

But I'm not just looking for vengeance for what you did to my foot, Mr. Luck! NO! You have deprived the millions of men around the world who download pictures of my gorgeous, perfectly-arched feet as the only way they can achieve erectile arousal is by by imagining themselves sucking my pedicured toes while I insult them like the garbage pigs they are -- and that includes every single one of these servile cucks here tonight! But despite their lickpittle status, those men still have a voice, and WE will fight on behalf of my vast collection of submissive human footstools! They have spoken, Lonnie Luck... and I can ensure that you will never procure the Favoured Saints title under MY dominion!

Dixon practically hurdles over the wheelchair and gets in his kneeling hellhound position at her feet.

JJ Dixon:

Mil Vueltas, for years people what would happen if you and I were in the ring together. You, hailed as the greatest high flyer professional wrestling has ever seen. Me, the top 1 percent of 1 percent athletes, and now the most feared wrestler alive due to his enjoyment of hurting himself in the pursuit of destroying others! You have a title that I recently held, and I currently rank as the greatest Favoured Saints champion! Four successful title defenses in a combined total of 11 minutes and 36 seconds of action! Well, my gloating amigo... I'm coming to take back the title I PUT ON THE MAP! Now, these fans haven't taken too kindly to your recent attitude change, Mil! That leaves a vacuum for these fans to take corrective actions in their behavior towards me. I SHOULD BE THEIR HERO! I SHOULD BE THEIR CHAMPION! When our match ends... the two Bonitas will be weeping tears not of joy but of heartache as they say a prayer over your fallen and broken body! And when I hold that title over my head... they will CHANT MY NAME! THEY WILL SING MY PRAISES! They will learn to love me as much as I love them... BECAUSE THERE WILL BE NO ONE LEFT FOR THEM TO LOVE!

He holds his arms out wide and looks upwards and back at Melton, who is finishing a drag from her cigarette holder and laughs as she emits her smoke.

Madame Melton:

And once again the entire world will see why Madame Melton... Is Ready... For Her Closeup!

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. KILLJOY

DDK:

The warpath that Titanes Familia has been on in the past few months may continue tonight. "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez has wiped out The Lads - Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell. Killjoy has injured several stars including Purcell himself, Joy's BRAZEN protege Tate Newell and most recently, Crescent City Kid!

Lance:

And if The Familia have their way, Butcher Victorious could be next! Butcher had been assisting The Lads in the past few months dealing with mutual enemies back when Butcher Victorious' microphone, The Stick, was stolen by Titaness! Though he defeated Titaness at DEFIANCE Road, tonight he faces Killjoy!

DDK:

I don't like Butcher's chances one bit, but we know Butch Vic... and no matter the odds, he won't quit! Let's get to Darren Quimbey with the introductions for our next match!

The camera does just that as Quimbey begins the intros!

Darren Quimbey:

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

The DEFIATron goes black... then a cartoon silhouette of Butcher appears on the screen. He holds out one empty hand, and like Mjolnir to his Thor, The Stick flies into his hand! The cartoon silhouette holds out his right hand and like the Stormbringer to his Thor, The AMP megaphone flies into his grip...

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

A HUGE pop for Butcher Victorious, standing on the entrance ramp with both The Stick and The AMP in each of his hands! Wearing a sparkling purple and pink vest, purple trunks and pink kickpads, he points towards the ring and takes in the reception from The Faithful! He gestures to the Mic Dropz Energy holster belt around his waist!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing The Butch Vic Clique... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 223 pounds... sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy, he is **"THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher starts heading down the ring and his music drops.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating]

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... AND THE AMP!

He taps his head with The Stick.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating]

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points towards the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

AND TONIGHT... THAT UGLY BABY BOY, KILLJOY... HE'S GETTING HIS ASS **WHIPPED!**

Butcher climbs into the ring! He quickly hands off The Stick and The AMP, then unfastens his belt before setting his things in the corner. The crafty Texan is ready for a fight! The music shifts to the latest tune of the Familia as the lights shift to black... then an eerie gold hue shines brightly over the stage.

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Tonight, one golden spotlight shines brightly on the stage to reveal the titanic form of the masked monster. The Future of the Familia steps forward, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened and showing no facial features whatsoever. One more spotlight shines right behind Killer... the even TALLER figure of Uriel Cortez himself!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... being accompanied by "The Baddest Dad" Uriel Cortez... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in a THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN POUNDS... THE GOOD SON OF TITANES FAMILIA... **KILLJOY!**

Uriel gives Killjoy his marching orders and points towards Butcher Victorious in the ring before making a "break him in half" motion with his hands. Killer nods, then the two giants head towards the ring. Killjoy crosses his hands in front of him, then snarls towards the jeering masses! He climbs into the ring... AND BUTCHER JUMPS ON HIS BACK WITH A SLEEPER HOLD! Hector Navarro calls for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

Butcher Victorious starting off with the element of surprise here on Killjoy!

The Future of the Familia struggles to loud cheers from the Milwaukee Faithful as Butch Vic is on his back with a cousin to his preferred headlock - the sleeper hold! Uriel Cortez growls at ringside and screams for Killjoy to shake him off! He continues to hold the choke on him until Killjoy thinks quickly and charges backwards towards a corner. Butcher STILL hangs on once, so Killjoy backs into the corner a second time to finally shake the fighting Texan off of him!

DDK:

Good strategy by Butcher here, but Killjoy is just too strong. The only two-time BRAZEN Champion in history is looking to crush him in the corner now!

Charging at full speed, Killer goes for a body avalanche, but Butcher moves out of the way! Killjoy lets out a grunt as he turns around, only to eat a running European uppercut to the jaw. The first shot stuns Killjoy as Butcher hits the adjacent ropes. He comes back with another big running uppercut. Butcher hits the opposite corner a third time and flies in with a third uppercut that rocks the big man!

Lance:

Sticking and moving! We know there's no quit in Butcher, but tonight Killjoy has a task to end Butcher Victorious for good!

Butcher hits an akanbe in Uriel's direction and he growls before he throws a series of left handed jabs to the jaw of Killjoy before swinging around to deliver a discus punch! The shot rocks the big man! Seeing him stunned, Butcher goes for a headlock on Killjoy and runs out of the corner looking for his signature bulldog, but the half-Native American is too strong and SHOVES Butcher to the ropes. He swings for a clothesline, but Butcher ducks. He leaps from the middle rope with a crossbody... only for Killjoy to catch him! The crowd collectively winces when Butcher gets DROPPED across the knee with a swinging side slam backbreaker from The Future of the Familia!

DDK:

Oooh! That swinging backbreaker was vile! And look at Uriel outside!

Uriel looks down at Butcher and gestures again to Killjoy to work the back. Butcher rolls over onto his stomach, but he leaves himself wide open for Killjoy to put a boot on his back and WALK right over him! Butcher yells out in pain and kicks his legs frantically while The Good Son looks out to Uriel who watches with approval from behind his gold-tinted sunglasses.

Lance:

We've been seeing Killjoy snap the wrists of others, but tonight, he's zeroing in on that back of Butcher!

DDK:

He is and that's incredibly chilling. Titanes Familia really are monsters.

The Baddest Dad watches The Good Son continue to impose his will on Butcher by picking him up and then throwing him violently at the corner. Killjoy backs up and then charges at the corner, this time being able to smash right into The Microphone Fiend with a charging body avalanche in the corner! Butcher gasps again and falls to his knees in the corner, but Killer isn't done. He picks Butcher up again and with all the strength he can muster, he HURLS Butcher into the opposite corner with a hammer throw and sends Butcher crashing back-first into the corner before falling to the canvas. Butcher is in agony now thrashing his arms with his back in pain. Killer stands with his arms folded as The Faithful let him have it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh, no and he's at it again!

Killjoy garners even more jeers from The Faithful as he puts a boot on Butcher's back and pins him there! He then moves and puts a boot down on Butcher's mohawked head! Butcher yells out until the official finally has to step in and keep the giant from crushing his skull!

Lance:

This is like a lion playing with his foot before he has his meal. Killjoy has just found a new level of intensity since he and Uriel Cortez defeated The Lads at DEFIANCE Road and put them out of action!

DDK:

Very true. Butcher Victorious has been so tenacious since breaking away from under the thumb of Oscar Burns and Vae Victis, but it may only be a matter of time before Killjoy ends this unless Butcher finds an opening!

Killjoy grabs Butcher and then holds him up before dropping him like a sack of wet cement, courtesy of a release vertical suplex! Uriel looks pleased with himself as he watches The Good Son continue to pick Butcher Victorious apart systematically.

DDK:

That suplex was brutal! Now he's got Butcher up... right into this nasty bearhug!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

BUTCH VIC!

The Milwaukee Faithful are loud for The Microphone Fiend hoping to make a comeback, but Killjoy is shaking the Texan violently while he's in the grip of the deadly submission hold. Butcher hears the people cheering him on and this gives him the inspiration to fight back. He belts Killjoy right in his masked face multiple times with elbow smash after elbow smash. Killjoy is able to take a few, but Butcher continues swinging!

Lance:

He's almost out!

After enough shots, he elbows himself free! Butcher favors his back with Killjoy stunned and then tries to hit the ropes... but The Good Son stops him and STUNS him with a massive elbow to the small of the back! Butcher reels and the shot has enough force to send him through the ropes!

DDK:

I think the wind just got knocked out of Butcher!

Lance:

Uh-oh.

The brutal forearm to the back has Butcher on the ground outside the ring. Uriel Cortez doesn't budge from his spot with arms folded; The Baddest Dad merely nods to Killjoy to go outside and finish the job. Killer follows instructions from the Titanes Familia patriarch and steps over the ropes. He goes to follow Butcher, but when he picks him up, he gets stunned by a slap to the face! The first blow stuns him, then Butcher leaps with a jumping headbutt that catches Killjoy on the temple!

DDK:

Oooh! Butch Vic uses the skull that's thick! Even someone as beastly as Killjoy can feel that shot!

The Milwaukee Faithful cheer Butcher on as he holds onto the top of his head and then speeds back into the ring. Uriel angrily yells at Killjoy to get into the ring, forcing The Good Son to head back inside. He steps over the ropes, but the second that he gets the leg over, Butcher grabs the leg and hits a dragon screw! Killjoy is reeling to the delight of The Faithful!

DDK:

What a dragon screw! Right out of the playbook of his former mentor, OSCAR BURNS! But effective nonetheless!

Papa Tez is in shock outside the ring as Butcher hobbles and goes to the middle rope as Killjoy stumbles around. The Native American monster takes a missile dropkick off the middle rope, aimed right at the same left knee Butcher hit with the dragon screw moments before!

Lance:

Butcher has him down to one knee! And he's going up top... is that wise, though?

After the damage sustained to his back, Butcher has to gut it out but he does make it to the top rope. He takes flight and then takes Killjoy down with a second missile dropkick that FINALLY gets the giant on his back! The roof nearly comes off the arena as Butcher has Killjoy down! Butcher takes a moment to get back to his feet and hobbles back to the corner. Just as the giant tries to sit up, Victorious hits the ropes and hits a flying european uppercut that puts Killjoy flat on his back!

DDK:

He's got Killjoy down! Butcher for the cover!

ONE!

TW... KICKOUT!

Just before the count of two, Butcher gets SHOVED off Killjoy! Butcher tries hard to keep his footing and looks on in shock, but doesn't let the moment derail the momentum he's built!

Lance:

I don't believe it! Not even a two-count after all that!

Butcher goes right on the attack and nails Killjoy with a forearm! He goes for a second forearm, but Killjoy pushes Butcher into the ropes. He stands up and catches Butcher on his shoulders. The Good Son turns towards the corner and looks for a snake eyes...

DDK:

NO! Butcher slips free! He's in the corner!

Killjoy runs towards Butcher, but he hangs onto the corner and gets both knees up, stunning Killjoy. Butcher then pulls himself up onto the middle rope and when Killjoy turns, he grabs him by his neck and ROCKS him with the Hard Out Headbutt while standing on the second turnbuckle!

DDK:

No way! No way! Hard Out Headbutt by Butcher!

Uriel can't believe what he's seeing when Butcher grabs Killjoy by the neck and drives him out of the corner with a HUGE tornado DDT! The roof nearly comes off the building!

Lance:

I don't believe this! Butcher was on the brink of defeat moments ago and now he's chopped down the big man!

Butcher runs to the corner and stands on the middle rope again. Gutting out the pain in his back, he takes a deep breath before making the leap from the middle to the top rope before taking flight with a diving elbow drop to the heart of the monster!

DDK:

MIC DROPZ DROP! I THINK URIEL CORTEZ IS ABOUT TO BLOW A GASKET AT RINGSIDE!

Papa Tez looks enraged as Butch Vic hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Lance:

How did Killjoy kick out of that?!

DDK:

I don't know! Butcher put away Archer Silver with the Mic Dropz Drop two weeks ago!

Butcher runs both hands through his mohawk and frantically shakes his head. He turns to Killjoy and then signals with a headlock. He runs forward just as Killjoy is up to a knee. He hooks him by the neck for Butch Vic's Greatest Hit... but Killjoy is able to fight his way out! He pulls Butcher up, but Butcher slips out and lands behind him. He runs under a swing from Killjoy... then hits a HUGE suicide dive through the ropes on an unsuspecting Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

Butcher's had enough of Cortez at ringside! He's heard enough of his trash talk through this match!

Cortez isn't off his feet, but does get knocked into the corner. Butcher sees Killjoy getting back into the ring and then heads to the apron. Killjoy grab Butcher, but some quick thinking allows Butch Vic to grab the neck of The Good Son and drop his neck across the top rope in stunner-like fashion!

Lance:

He's got Killjoy stunned!

The official is fixed on Killjoy as Butcher is on the ring apron. He jumps...

THWACK!

...but Uriel Cortez SLAMS an ultra-vicious chop into the chest of Butcher that knocks him FLAT on the apron! One loud joint groan from The Faithful can be heard as Uriel nudges Butcher back into the ring.

Lance:

I don't know how the official didn't HEAR that! That was INSANE!

DDK:

Butcher took the fight to Uriel but he might have just paid for it!

Killjoy stands to his full height and then grabs Butcher by his neck while he's still reeling from the effects of the Chop of Ages from Papa Tez! He grabs the neck of Butcher and then PULLS him up from off the mat all the way into a powerbomb position...

DDK:

FREEFALL! THANKS TO URIEL CORTEZ, KILLJOY IS ON HIS WAY TO VICTORY!

Killjoy gets JEERED as he puts both hands on the chest of Butcher for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **KILLJOY!**

Lance:

Butcher might have had this match won had it not been for Cortez! Butcher had enough of his trash talk outside the ring... oh, no...

Killjoy chases Uriel pulls himself up onto the ring apron and then enters the ring. He chases Hector Navarro right on out of the ring!

Uriel Cortez:

YOU DON'T PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME! I DO THE DISCIPLINING AROUND HERE UNDER **MY** ROOF! KILLER...

Papa Tez points to the steel steps that he has been using as of late.

Uriel Cortez:

BREAK HIS HANDS! BOTH OF THEM! BUTCH VIC WON'T BE HOLDING SHIT!

Killjoy nods. Butcher tries to weakly fight against the monster, but Killjoy drags him towards the steel steps...

DDK:

No. Come on, not again! Where the hell is our DEFSec at?

Lance:

Not again! Killjoy is about to add another notch on his injured list!

Uriel gets ready to see The Good Son victimize somebody else...

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

...but both he and Killjoy stop when they hear the crowd's reaction. They see a VERY familiar face standing in the aisleway on a crutch and an air cast on his left foot.

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY! DEX JOY! DEX JOY IS HERE! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUT ON THE INJURED LIST!

DDK:

BUT... BUT HE'S ON A CRUTCH! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO?!

Indeed, The Biggest Boy is alive and in color! Joy shouts at both the Titanes Familia giants!

Dex Joy:

Come up here and pick on somebody your own size! I'll smack every one of them daddy kinks right out of you!

Surprised and infuriated, Uriel grabs his sunglasses and throws them to the ground. He points to Killjoy to go deal with Dex on the ramp instead of Butcher. Killjoy nods and then climbs out of the ring. The Faithful watch Killjoy run up the aisle...

THEN GETS WHACKED WITH THE CRUTCH! AGAIN! AND AGAIN! AND AGAIN! HE BREAKS THE CRUTCH OVER KILLJOY'S BACK ON THE STAGE!

DDK:

WAIT! WAIT... DEX... IS DEX HEALED UP?!

Dex Joy then takes off the air cast and SMASHES Killjoy upside the head with it, bringing the monster down to his knees! He then points to the ring with a big old grin on his face and hops around in place to show he is indeed healthy! Uriel is in shock as Dex Joy then makes a beeline towards the ring!

Lance:

DEX JOY IS HERE! HE'S HEALED UP AND HE'S HERE TO COME TO THE AID OF BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

Dex slides into the ring where Uriel jumps on him to ROARS from The Faithful! They jeer as Uriel gets the better of Dex for a moment and swings for a Chop of Ages... Dex ducks! He turns and SLUGS Cortez with right hands, leading to Butcher coming back in and hitting a low blow on Cortez! The Faithful EXPLODE when Uriel is doubled over, allowing Dex a free shot to hit Dexy's Midnight Runner, sending Papa Tez STUMBLING through the ropes and out to the floor!

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

THIS PLACE HAS COME UNGLUED! DEX JOY IS BACK AND CLEARED THE RING WITH HELP FROM BUTCH VIC!

Dex Joy reaches over and holds a hand out to Butcher Victorious. He helps The Microphone Fiend up to his feet! Uriel stumbles up the ramp holding his chest, motioning to Killjoy to get away from the ring! As this goes on, Dex Joy has a microphone in hand and the grin on his face could be seen from outer space.

Dex Joy:

Ladies! Gentle-pallies! The rumors of my injury might have been a wee bit exaggerated... broken toe is a real thing ... but your eyesight is good and your TVs are *not* fritzing! Yesterday, Ya Biggest Boy just got cleared to compete again and DEXY! BABY! IS! BACK!!!

Pop!

Dex Joy:

And that ... brings me to you, Butch Vic!

He turns to Butcher.

Dex Joy:

Butcher ... You've stood on your own two feet ever since you kicked Burnsie to the curbsie. And you've been a big help to me and Punchy for a little while now against Pop-Pop, his bish wife, their gimpy son and deranged daughter. And on behalf of Punchy, we can't thank you enough ... but you and I know the Familia ain't done with us. Uriel and his Familia won't stop going after us. Punchy has just a little bit to go until he's cleared to compete ... but I have Punchy's blessing to ask you *two* questions.

DDK:

What?

Lance:

He's not asking what I think he's asking, is he?!

The Faithful start buzzing as they think they know where this might be going. Butch Vic is barely able to stand after his match with Killjoy, but he does so while Dex puts a hand out.

Dex Joy:

Mister Victorious with the Sticktorious! Do *you* ... wanna shake hands?

The buzzing is louder!

Dex Joy:

And do *you* ... want to become Lads?!

Butcher doesn't hesitate.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC ... SAYS LET'S DO IT!

"RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

He reaches out and just as he and Punch Drunk Purcell do, Dex Joy and Butch Vic lock hands and shake, Predator handshake style before embracing in a manly hug! Dex then grabs Butcher's hand and holds it high to welcome the newest member of The Lads to the fold officially!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! DEX JOY IS BACK IN THE GAME **AND** BUTCHER VICTORIOUS IS NOW ONE OF THE LADS! TITANES FAMILIA HAVE HAD THE NUMBERS AND THE LADS ARE SICK OF IT!

Dexy Baby helps Butcher out of the ring and the two leave the ring and talk business as the show moves to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

BRONSON BOX vs. GUNTHER ADLER

Back to ringside with Downtown Darren Keebler and Lance Warner. Already standing in the ring is the enormous barefoot German suplex machine, Gunther Adler. The huge man is furiously warming up, yanking on the ropes and glowering up towards the stage. As the camera zooms in on his face we get a clearer look at the long gnarled, healed-over scar that now runs down his cheek.

Lance:

The last time, ladies and gentleman, that we saw Mr. Adler here on DEFtv he was getting Bronson Box's rusty spike dragged across his face to gruesome effect.

DDK:

Something tells me Angus Skaaland didn't approach Gunther with this chance at retribution out of the goodness of his heart, partner.

♪ "The Entertainer" by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Bombastic Bronson Box isn't wasting a huge firework-laden entrance on this one.

The man himself stomps out from behind the entrance curtain looking as wide and furious as ever. He wastes a few scant moments at the top of the ramp looking out over the furious Faithful.

DDK:

They hate him, yet they're *thrilled* to witness the spectacle of the man live in living color.

Lance:

That color? *Blood red.*

As Bronson finishes his slow, deliberate trek down the ramp and approaches the foot of said ramp he's clobbered by nearly 300 pounds of flying German pro wrestler.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Before Bronson's entrance music could even conclude, Adler took a rare flying leap and left his bare feet performing a picture perfect tope through the top and second rope leveling the DEFIANCE Hall of Famer and two time FIST.

DDK:

Gunther Adler is game here tonight, folks!

The two huge men go tumbling back up the ramp. Before we can even blink their both back on their feet throwing hands. Up in the ring the assigned referee Carla Ferarri leans between the ropes and admonishes the cacophonous scene, ordering everyone into the ring. Orders promptly ignored by Adler and Box.

Lance:

They're battlin' Carla, I don't think they're listening!

WHAM!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

One nasty thudding headbutt later, Gunther Adler is on spaghetti legs.

Even with a clear contusion on his forehead and blood trickling down his forehead Bronson marches around unphased by the sickening maneuver.

DDK:

Folks, that man's head might be made of adamantium.

Lance:

I sure hope he's donating his brain for CTE research.

DDK:

God, that's grim Lance.

After roaring and screaming into the faces of a few of the front row Faithful Bronson returns his attention to the stumbling Adler.

DDK:

Big Irish Whip into the ringsteps, oh my God!

The Wargod puts every ounce of haggis-fueled strength behind the Irish whip that absolutely launches the big German shoulder and neck first into the steel ringsteps. Gunther crumples with a pained expression on his gnarled face.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

With his "opponent" now writhing in pain and the referees continued, hollered orders completely ignored the ringbell starts ringing ad nauseum.

DING DING DING DING DING DING

The Wargod looks suddenly towards the ringside camera, positioned close enough for us to hear his deep, gravelly voice.

Bronson Box:

Pay attention, Blackwood. This is all for you, you know... *now watch.*

Boxer kneels down and starts fishing under the ring for something. After a few moments what he pulls back causes the whole audience to recoil at once.

Lance:

Would you look at the size of that wrench! Good LORD!

Held above The Wargod's head, clutched in his giant scarred fist is a MASSIVE wrench.

DDK:

I believe that's one of the items the ring crew uses to tighten the ring ropes, if I'm not mistaken, partner! The Original DEFIANT clearly never had any intention of wrestling a match here tonight!

Bronson snarls something akin to a smile as he spies Adler slowly, desperately clawing his way back to his feet.

CRACK!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Lance:

JESUS! MARY AND JOSEPH!

Boxer rears back and cracks the wrench *full-force* across Gunther's right knee. The camera picks up every inch of the gruesome way the German grapplers kneecap bends and shifts sideways. Adler crumples to the floor clutching his knee.

Referee Carla Ferrari continues her admonishment, clearly signaling for some help from the back.

Bronson reaches down and wrenches the huge German to his feet, doubling him over and...

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB BACK FIRST ACROSS THE RINGSTEPS, GODS!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Adler hits at an awkward, unavoidable sideways angle and slumps back down to the floor, his hands still blindly reaching for his injured knee despite the "trip" across the steps.

Lance:

Here comes the calvary, thank God.

From backstage head of security Wyatt Bronson leads a small battalion of his DEFsec goons out from the wings and down to ringside. As the gaggle of black polo-shirted goons fill ringside Bronson rolls under the bottom rope and back into the ring before they can get their hands on him. The huge man scales the nearest available turnbuckle with the deftness of a man half his age. Once up there he looks down at the handheld camera and crooks a finger for the camera man to come closer.

Not even breaking a sweat, Boxer leans down almost casually.

Like he didn't presumably end a man's career just moments prior.

Bronson Box:

I know this feels like a *repeat*, but I felt like this *image* sort of draws us full circle a bit here as we approach that time of year, Gage.

Boxer motions for the camera man to turn around and get a downward look at Gunther Adler down on the floor now being tended to by Iris Davine and her medical team. Wyatt and his DEFsec apes stand stunned at the viciousness of the Wargod's attack.

DDK:

Even after all these years of calling Bronson's... I mean, my goodness me. That truly is awful.

Adler is clearly barely conscious, his knee is a crumpled mess and belt ever so slightly to one side, and his back seems to be bleeding from several deep, gnarly contusions from his landing across the ringsteps via BOMBASTO Bomb. The camera swings dizzily back over to Bronson's snarling face.

The Wargod gets louder and more animated the longer he talks.

Bronson Box:

It started as a fookin' rouse, you and me. You were just a pawn in a larger, longer plan. A pawn that managed to find some plunk and some vigour and pulled himself off a couple of bloody miracles! You hearin' me, boy'o?! I know you're hearin' me! GAGE! WE NEED TO FINISH THIS, GAGE!

DEFsec start scaling the ring apron and inching cautiously towards Bronson.

DDK:

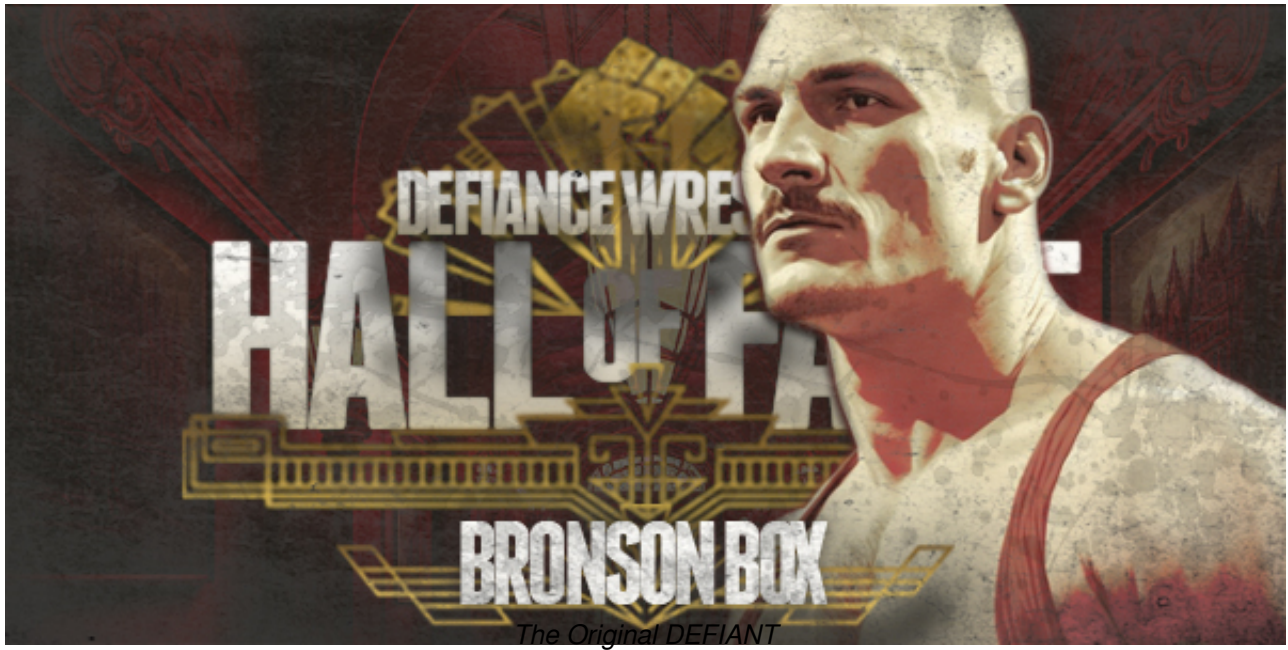
Folks, I'm being told we might need to cut here to allow for... yeah, ok. Yep.

Even as many pairs of arms start to reach in and restrain him, Boxer carries on.

Bronson Box:

WE NEED TO FINISH THIS, GAGE! *GET YOUR FOOKIN' HANDS OFF ME!*

The ringside feed cuts RIGHT when Bronson's forehead makes full, brutal contact with one nameless, unfortunate DEFsec footsoldier.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

WINNER GETS UNIFIED TAG TITLE SHOT AT DEFCON: RAIN CITY RONIN vs. THE ATOMIC PUNKS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. TITANES FAMILIA

DDK:

Next up, ladies and gentlemen, a tag team fatal fourway among a collection of the hottest contenders to the Unified Tag Team Titles! Without further adieu, let's jump right into it!

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

The fans erupt as the tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett step out onto the stage washed out in interchanging red and blue lights. They scan the crowd for a beat, bump fists, and head down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is a Tag Team Fatal Fourway event to determine the number one contenders to the Unified Tag Team Championships of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty pounds... ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT... the RAAIIN CIITYY ROOONIIIIIN!!

DDK:

Coming off a hot win over the Hollywood Bruvs at DEFIANCE Road, the upstart team of Burnett and Daymon have been on a rise and are wanting the world to know it!

Lance:

Solely through actions and no spoken words, the Rain City Ronin have made their message clear to all of DEFIANCE: they are hungry for success, they are willing to stand tall against anyone who stands in their way, and they refuse to be ignored!

Zack and Leo hit the ring and find their corner after some brief posturing and crowd-gazing.

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Two gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg. On the right, a woman with her hair tied up in gold bands into two very long braids. Wearing black MMA gloves with "Familia" written in gold, a black tank top with a Puerto Rico flag patch sewn in, black and gold pants, Brooklynn Rivera nods to Titaness.

Darren Quimbey:

Next, representing Titanes Familia... they are the team of "**LA ANGELITA**" **BROOKLYNN RIVERA**! And her partner... you may refer to her as The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Baroness of Big Boots... Bringer of Bombs... She is "**THE PRETTY POWERFUL**"... **TITANESS**!

The Titan Gals hit the ring and immediately stare down Rain City Ronin. Brooklynn wants to jump in and fight immediately, but Titaness holds an arm back as they take a corner. Their music fades out for the next participants.

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!"

Almost on cue, a blaring siren fills the air, the DEFtron suddenly staticking into a still of the one and only Dr. Sato's grinning visage.

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

The crowd goes wild, as the familiar glowing clouds appear around the entrance, and the familiar silhouettes of

Fission, Gigaton, and Dr. Sato form in the mist.

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring, accompanied by Dr. Ayumi Sato... from Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania, at a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-five pounds... FISSION! GIGATON! THE! ATOMIIIIIIIIIC... PUNKS!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks have as valid a claim to the next championship opportunity as anyone, coming a hair's breadth away from winning the belts themselves at DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

As Dr. Sato herself said on DEFtv 214, if it weren't for the unexpected return of Tom Morrow, M4NTRA would have fell to Fission and Gigaton, and the Unified Tag Team Championship rankings would look dramatically different! But all that matters now is who wins the opportunity to face M4NTRA at DEFCON in Chicago!

The mad science trio stalks their way to the ring, taking their time to tag hands from the Faithful, while Dr. Sato takes some time to cackle in front of the camera. The Punks roll into the ring, rushing to opposite corners, and roaring in defiant challenge! The good doctor saunters in herself, tilting her head to the sky and cackling with glee as she looks around at her irradiated monsters' opponents!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Standing side by side, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE hold the Winning Hand symbol in the air and the many in attendance do the same! Back to back, Max and Mason pose on the ramp and then head towards the ring while staring all three other teams down.

DDK:

One of the most decorated tag teams in the history of the company! One of only two teams to main event DEFCON for the Unified Tag Team titles look for title reign number three, but they have to win tonight to get there!

Lance:

They teamed with Rain City Ronin last year to defeat M4NTRA, Tom Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas at DEFCON, but this time only one team will go to the biggest show of the year!

Max and Mason both stand on both sides of the ring and then walk over the ropes. The Winning Hands go up again and they pick their corner.

DDK:

Somewhere, Tom Morrow and M4NTRA are no doubt watching this match! Four very dangerous teams compete, but only one will earn this match!

Just before the four teams get settled, the camera cuts backstage. Tom Morrow in a bright white suit and blue tie is watching with the Unified Tag Team champions watching intently ... kind of. Morrow is doing the scouting. DEC4L is in the middle of what looks like a livestream from his phone of him about to watch the match and he's got Archer Silver and High Flyer both watching on his phone as well. Nathan Eye is scanning 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance and Makayla Namaste is spraying BETA BLOCKERS towards the television placed backstage. That stuff can be broadcast through the airwaves.

Lance:

There are the Unified Tag Team champions doing uh ... I guess their version of scouting the potential opposition!

DING DING

DDK:

We're kicking this off this fatal fourway with MAX LUCK and GIGATON!

Lance:

And right away, they are holding nothing back!

The crowd roars as both three-hundred pounders begin trading heavy chops, loud enough to be heard across the entire arena. Neither man backs down, until Max takes hold of Gigaton by the back of his head and shoves him into the corner. The younger Luck twin lays into the mad science minion's face with repeated heavy forearms... until Gigaton snaps to life, swaps places with Max, and repays his receipts with forearms of his own!

DDK:

We've got some serious MEAT MAULING going on here, as arguably the HOSSiest competitors in this match are going to town on each other in the opening moments!

Lance:

Max has the size and reach advantage in this match-up, but Gigaton is a scrapper at heart, and knows how to hold his own.

Luck finally counters Gigaton's assault with a knee strike to the abdomen, leaving him doubled over and backpedaling in pain. Max comes charging out of the corner... only to run into a drop toe hold executed at the last second! Gigaton pops back up and hits the ropes...

DDK:

Gigaton going for the ATOMIC SPLASH? NO!

It would not be the case, as before Gigaton throws himself into the air, Max rolls out of the impact zone and onto his knees a safe distance away. The two spend a moment staring each other down... and after a moment, Max tags out to his brother.

Lance:

Luck in, Luck out! Here comes Money Makin' Mase!

Gigaton charges forward with a rolling koppu kick, but Mason backs out of range at the last second, instead taking the Punk by the ankle as soon as he lands and punishing his miscalculation with a deadlift powerbomb!

DDK:

Max Luck with the cover off of that powerbomb!

One!

Two!

NO! Broken up by Brooklynn Rivera!

Mason glares at Rivera as she quickly returns to her corner, where both she and Titaness further taunt him. Meanwhile, Gigaton rolls to the ropes to recover, only to be tagged by someone waiting on the apron.

Lance:

And Zack Daymon tags himself into this match!

DDK:

And he comes in with a SPRINGBOARD FOREARM STRIKE off the ropes, catching Mason Luck between the eyes!

Mason hits the mat, but doesn't stay down long. Daymon wisely doesn't want to wait around to find out what will happen when he's back up, which is why he makes a tag to an unsuspecting Titaness as he rolls himself out of the ring.

DDK:

Daymon tags out to Titaness! Mason charges to the ropes... NO! Runs straight into a high roundhouse!

While Mason staggers, Titaness slips through the ropes and TAGS back out to Brooklynn. Picking up what she's putting down, Rivera climbs to the top rope while the ex-powerlifter hoists the three-hundred pound Luck over his shoulder.

Lance:

Double team maneuver incoming for Titanes la Familia!

DDK:

Brooklynn Rivera OFF THE TOP with a DIVING TORNADO DDT off the assist from Titaness! All three-hundred pounds of Mason Luck went down on top of his head! And now she makes the cover!

One!

Two!

BROKEN UP, as LEO BURNETT hits the ring on behalf of the Rain City Ronin!

Brooklynn quickly rises up and spins Burnett around on his way back to the corner and punishes him for interrupting by way of a hard elbow to the side of the head! While she's preoccupied, Mason rolls to the safety of the ropes and gets to his feet. While he watches and waits to make his move, he doesn't seem to notice Fission slapping him on the back!

DDK:

Tag made by Fission for the Atomic Punks, but I don't think Mason noticed!

Lance:

He's too focused on Brooklynn Rivera, waiting for her to turn around

DDK:

And a YAKUZA KICK on behalf of Mason Luck puts her down the minute she does! Luck hooks the leg for the cover... but now Hector Navarro informs him he's not the legal man!

Mason reacts with confusion, and then anger, but the official nevertheless ushers him out of the ring. While he glares down Fission, the lightweight Atomic Punk patiently waits on the apron from Rivera to recover.

DDK:

Brooklynn Rivera rising back up, and Fission has her in his sights... here comes a springboard CROSS-BODY--DUCKED by Brooklynn!

Lance:

And she immediately TAGS IN Titaness!

Fission takes a bounce off the mat, but quickly rallies back to his feet as the Show of Force steps through the ropes and charges. An attempted running axehandle smash whiffs when Fission ducks, and quickly hits the opposite ropes.

DDK:

Fission into motion... and Titaness is waiting, pulling him up into a POP-UP POWER--NO!! HURRICANRANA REVERSAL, and Fission HOOKS THE LEGS!

One!

TWO!

She kicks out!

Fission pops to his feet and again runs into the ropes for a head full of steam. He NARROWLY avoids Max swiping for his head on the rebound. Titaness sits up on the mat, but sets herself right into position for a flipping neckbreaker!

DDK:

Lightning fast neckbreaker to follow up the pin attempt, and now Fission tags Gigaton back into the action!

Lance:

Atomic Punks are looking to take control of things!

Fission takes hold of Titaness by the legs, pinning her in place as Gigaton takes a bounce off the ropes and throws himself into the air.

DDK:

ATOMIC SPLASH! Gigaton hooks the legs, looking for an Atomic Punks victory!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Max Luck runs in and breaks it up with a heavy BOOT to the back of Gigaton's head! Backstage Tom Morrow is happy the Punks potential rematch is stopped. DEC4L continues hosting his Watchalong on his phone and Nathan Eye seems amused by something in his Autobiography.

Lance:

Fission didn't like that one bit, getting right into Max's face, despite being a good fifteen inches shorter!

Max swipes his arm and knocks Fission aside as though he were a flea. Then the heavier Gigaton gets in his face, and tensions finally boil over as the two begin trading rights and lefts. In the confusion, then Navarro spies Titaness rolling to the ropes and slapping the first outstretched hand she sees.

DDK:

Titaness TAGS OUT of the action, and IN comes Leo Burnett!

Lance:

But Gigaton hasn't noticed yet!

Gigaton, preoccupied with antagonizing the Luck brothers, gets spun around and receives two stiff standing lariats by the powerhouse Burnett to leave him staggered. Leo smoothly slips behind and hooks him around the waist, earning an amazed "OOOH!" from the audience as he lifts the three-hundred pounder off his feet!

DDK:

Look at THAT! Massive BACK SUPLEX by Leo Burnett shakes the entire ring! Now he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

But MAX LUCK runs in and STOMPS HIM to break it up!

Lance:

With so many involved in this match, how is anyone here supposed to get a clean pin?

Ignoring the protests of Navarrior, Max continues to bludgeon Burnett with more overhead clubbing strikes. Daymon runs in to break it up, but Max greets him with a STIFF shoulder block that catches him in the kisser and leaves his head smacking the mat on the way down. Pulling Burnett off the mat, Max leads him over to the Lucky Sevens corner, steps out onto the apron, and tags himself back in.

Lance:

Well... that's ONE way to make a tag!

DDK:

Max Luck has decided he's done waiting to get back into this match, tagging himself back and going right after Gigaton!

Max approaches Gigaton, but the mad science minion fights back with shots to the midsection, followed by a JAWBREAKER that leaves Max staggering! Gigaton spies Fission into his corner and rolls over to make the tag...

DDK:

Gigaton with the counter, now looking to tag out to--NO!!

At the last second, Fission DISAPPEARS when Brooklynn Rivera strips him off the apron! Jumping in his place is Titaness, who happily accepts the TAG from the stunned Gigaton!

Lance:

Talking about pulling the rug out from under the Atomic Punks! Gigaton looked to bring his partner into action, but Titaness and Rivera had a scheme in the works!

Titaness HEADBUTTS Gigaton over the ropes before stepping into the ring and tossing him to the outside. She meets Max Luck, who blocks a punch and tags her with one of his own! Titaness reels, clutching her jaw... then grins, and pays Max back with a haymaker! Within moments, they are trading shots back and forth in a test of fortitude!

DDK:

Max Luck and Titaness are going at it, and neither one of them is backing down!

Finally, Titaness DUCKS a hook, and attempts to catch Max off guard with a back suplex... only for the younger Luck brother to stick an impressive-for-a-big-man landing on his feet! A swinging backhanded strike as he spins around just BARELY misses the tip of Titaness' nose, as she jumps back out of range and stumbles into her own corner.

DDK:

Titaness tags out to Brooklynn Rivera, who meets a charging Max Luck with a SHOULDER BLOCK through the ropes... followed by a LEG-DROP BULLDOG by Titaness!

Lance:

Since taking her under her wing, Titaness has really brought a lot out of the up-and-comer, Rivera!

DDK:

More teamwork on display now as Brooklynn comes over the ropes right into a MILITARY press by Titaness... who DROPS HER right onto the chest of Max Luck! Rivera makes the cover while Titaness stands guard!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Again, back to Tom Morrow who is relieved he may not be staring down the barrel of Titanes Familia like other DEFCONs past! M4NTRA remain focused on their own individual exploits as the match progresses!

Titaness supportively claps Brooklynn on the shoulder as she begins to step out onto the apron. Meanwhile, Rivera begins to bring Max back up, when--

DDK:

Oh my, Max Luck snaps to life! And he's got Rivera by the ARM!

With one powerful swing, Brooklynn is whipped into the ropes of her own corner, knocking an unsuspecting Titaness off the apron! With another swing, he pulls her straight into a clawhold over the face!

DDK:

WINNING HAND SLAM by Max Luck! Now the cover...

ONE!

TWO!!

...NO!! Fission with a running dropkick out of nowhere! Backstage, Morrow almost has a heart attack! Nathan has to stop looking at his book and looks to Tom to make sure he's okay. Remember what happened to Morrow at the last DEFCON at the hands of the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

And here comes Mason to his brother's aid, but Gigaton is right there to meet him!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens and the Atomic Punks are throwing themselves into an ALL-OUT BRAWL right now!

Fission grabs the groggy Max by the head and attempts to send him outside, but he gets hung up in the ropes. Instead, he joins his partner as the two combine forces on Mason, eventually forcing him to tumble over the ropes. Amidst the chaos, Zack Daymon reaches over and slaps the tangled Max on the shoulder.

DDK:

Zack Daymon just TAGGED HIMSELF IN! Now the Punks turn their attention on Max... DOUBLE LARIAT sends ALL THREE over the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

Now Zack is climbing to the top rope! Brooklynn River is completely laid out and defenseless!

Daymon dives...

DDK:

FIVE STAR FROGSPLASH!!

Titaness recovers in time to see what is happening, but is cut off by a tackle from Leo Burnett!

DDK:

HOOKING THE LEGS, FOR THE WIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!! The RAIN CITY RONIN just PUNCHED THEIR TICKET for DEFCON!

DING DING DING

♪ “Nobody Speak” by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

Zack rolls off Rivera and pops back to his feet, roaring and pounding his chest in triumph. He meets up with Leo, and the two hug it out, knowing what they’ve just earned for themselves. Navarro would raise their arms in victory, but he’s too busy dealing with the emerging situation between the Sevens and the Punks at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... the RAAAIINN CIIIIYYYYY ROOOONIIIIINN!!

DDK:

What a massive win for Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett tonight! With that victory, they’ve become number one contenders to the Tag Team Championships!

Lance:

Which means the Ronin will meet their old rivals in M4NTRA at DEFCON, with the straps on the line!

DDK:

All four teams brought it in this match! The former champs, the Lucky Sevens, were true to form, and the Atomic Punks and this new generation of Titanes Familia continue to show promise! But through all the hectic twists and turns of this contest, the Rain City Ronin kept their focus and found their window of opportunity to pick up the win!

Now all eyes are backstage as the watchalong is over. Nathan Eye, DEC4L, Makayla Namaste and Tom Morrow all watch the television. They cradle their titles close. The cut is back to the ring where Daymon and Burnett continue to celebrate in the ring while Titaness and Rivera rendezvous at ringside and express their mutual disappointment. Meanwhile, Gigaton and Max Luck are punching and throttling each other while Fission clings to the back of Mason and peppers his head with repeated punches to his temple.

As DEFSec pour out of the entryway, the live feed cuts to backstage...

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2025 REPLAY

CATCH THE REPLAY ON DEFonDEMAND!

OH, NO, WE'RE GOING

Following the commercial, the camera catches a glimpse of a defeated Titaness helping Brooklynn Rivera through the halls. Rivera is in the middle of throwing a fit.

Brooklynn Rivera:

DAMN IT! THAT SHOULD BE **US** GOING TO DEFCON!

Titaness:

Hey, hey... not your fault. It just took a pair of seven footers and some mute guys jumping in to beat you. You'll get 'em next time.

The words do little to chill Rivera, but not far down the hall.

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Uriel Cortez:

THAT FAT BASTARD! THAT MOHAWKED MORON! BOTH OF THEM ARE GOING IN THE GODDAMN GROUND WHEN I GET MY HANDS AROUND THEIR NECKS! AAAAHHHHH!

Titaness catches a glimpse of Uriel Cortez throwing a complete shitfit, throwing production equipment around backstage. Killjoy isn't far from him, but manages to keep himself a little more composed. Brooklynn nods her way to say it's okay to go check on the patriarch of the Familia. Titaness approaches Uriel putting a hand over his mouth as he looks ready to explode on the spot.

Titaness:

Uri... I'm sorry about what happened with Dex and Butcher. We should have been there. We would've DROPPED em.

He stops and looks at his wife.

Titaness:

The Sevens got us... we lost... Brook and I aren't going to DEFCON.

Uriel looks at her, then at Brooklynn, and finally at Killjoy. One can see the gears starting to move.

Uriel Cortez:

Oh, no... no, no, no, no.

He spins a finger around the four of them.

Uriel Cortez:

We're still going to DEFCON. You. Me. Killer. Brooklynn. We're ALL going. We're all going and we're stacking bodies when we get there.

Titaness:

Hmmm?

Brooklynn Rivera:

What you mean?

He turns and points towards the camera on them right now.

Uriel Cortez:

YOU. Get your ass over here.

The person behind the camera pauses.

Uriel Cortez:

NOW.

The poor cameraperson moves closer. Uriel grabs the front of the camera and looks directly into it.

Uriel Cortez:

DEX JOY! BUTCHER! You... you wanna sHaKe HaNdS? bEcOmE lAdS?! Butcher, all you did by shaking Dex Joy's hand was agree to DIE along with him! Mi Familia and I ARE going to DEFCON. We're going and we're gonna end this once and for all when we do...

Almost frothing at the mouth, The Man of the House's face is trembling with rage.

Uriel Cortez:

Mi Familia... all of us against The Lads... You, Dex. You, Butcher. You, Punchy, if your widdle hand is healed up by then... and anyone else you know with a fucking death wish. Don't bring anyone you care about, Dex. Cause if you accept this challenge... None of you are coming back. NONE OF YOU.

He turns to his Familia.

Uriel Cortez:

Let's go.

The cameraperson is shoved to the ground! The tilted camera shows the departing footsteps of the Familia as the show goes ringside for the main event!

SOHER, STEEL CAGE MATCH: NED REFORM (C) vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

DEFTv returns from its final commercial break of the evening to a shot of a group of fans seated in a row on one of the Alliant Energy Center's upper levels. Each one wears a Saturday Night Special t-shirt and holds a sign above their head. Zooming out and panning, the camera reveals that there is more than one section holding up matching signs; it's one entire side of the arena. The picture pulls back even further and we see a giant "BALLYHOOOOOOOOOOO" above the steel cage enclosed ring.

Lance:

Here we are, DDK. It's main event time and do we have a doozy of a match on tap.

DDK:

You can say that again, Lance. With a hometown crowd behind him, "Milwaukee's Beast" takes one last shot at Ned Reform and his Southern Heritage Championship. The only way for Reform to escape the confines of the cage with the title is by beating Newbludd cleanly on the mat.

Lance:

That's right, partner. Ned will need to rely on his savvy and exceptional technical prowess if he wants to survive. And if he gets in trouble, the champion will have to dig deep and use his high IQ to figure out a way out. Help from the rest of The Honor Society won't be coming tonight!

DDK:

We say that like it's a guarantee but maybe even a cage won't be enough to keep things mano a mano in this match. You gotta believe Reform and his followers have some sort of plan to help tip the scales in the champion's favor.

Lance:

It wouldn't surprise me, Darren. We'll find out soon enough as we send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

Standing in the middle of the ring next to Referee Rex Knox is veteran ring announcer Darren Quimbey. The lights suddenly dim and The Faithful begin to buzz.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the MAIN EVENT of the evening...and it will be a "No Escape" Cage Match for the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAAAAMPIONSHIIIIIP!!

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ *"Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot* ♪

Quiet Riot disappears from the arena's speakers, giving The Faithful a chance to shine. They don't disappoint.

HOO!!!

Pyro shoots up from the front of the stage and the music kicks back in as Brock Newbludd makes his way out with a single fist raised above his head. Sporting white trunks with "Milwaukee's Beast" stitched in red on the back of them and matching white boots with red tassels, Brock stops at the top of the ramp to look out to the cheering masses.

DDK:

Tremendous ovation for the challenger! This is probably the biggest moment in Brock's DEFIANCE career and he looks ready for it.

Lance:

A hometown crowd is a double-edged sword, DDK. It adds a ton of extra pressure to an already high-stakes situation

for Brock.

The Diehard DEFIANT raises his fist again to the masses and keeps it raised as he heads down the ramp. Sticking his other arm out to slap hands with fans as he goes, the focused challenger reaches the bottom of the ramp and immediately begins to crawl up the cage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! The challenger! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-nine pounds... "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Neeeeeeewbluuuudd!

Newbludd throws a leg over to straddle the top of the cage and beats his chest a few times before throwing one last fist up to the people. Throwing his other leg over, the challenger drops down to the top rope and bounces into the ring. He quickly makes his way to a neutral corner and looks to the stage with narrowed eyes.

♪ **"Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland** ♪

The house lights dim as the spotlights that surround the stage area turn purple. The champion's music blares throughout the arena as through the curtain, championship belt slung proudly over his shoulder and wearing his usual ring attire of purple singlet, appears the Southern Heritage Champion: Ned Reform. By he's not alone, as trailing quickly behind him is the scheming TA Black, a determined looking TA Cole, and Weighted Grade who are giving off a distinct used car salesman vibe. Finally, applauding her champion, is Reform's personal assistant Miss Sweet Sanders.

DDK:

Interesting, Lance... Reform had made it a recent tradition to come out solo for these big championship matches, but as we just heard he is being accompanied by the ENTIRE Honor Society tonight!

Lance:

It probably has a lot to do with Brock's actions last week... if I'd faced down someone as intense as an angry Brock Newbludd, I'd probably bring some backup too!

DDK:

Still... the whole purpose of the cage is to make sure neither man can get any help!

Like a well oiled machine with the Sage on the Stage leading the way, the Honor Society slowly saunters down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 234 lbs... he is the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... NED! REEEEEEEFORM!!

Reform pauses in front of the cage, reaching up and shaking the metal as if to test that they're really there. Ned eyes an eager Brock Newbludd and it would appear that the champion is in NO rush to get into the cage. TA Black comes up behind Ned to rub his shoulders and offer some words of encouragement... but he is quickly shoved aside by TA Cole who begins to do the same thing... before Ned snaps and shoves them both away. He turns to his Honor Society, giving them the nod one might give before they march to certain doom, and he hands his championship belt off to... TA Black, drawing a scowl from Levi Cole. Ned walks up the ring steps and with more hesitation, steps through the door and into the cage. He winces as referee Rex Knox secures the door and Ned's music fades out.

DDK:

This is it ladies and gentlemen... it's a PPV-like feel in tonight's main event!

The crowd begins to roar and stomp as Brock's eyes go wide and he and Ned begin to circle each other like two predators about to face off.

DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go, ladies and gentlemen! Our steel cage main event is officially underway, and you can feel the electricity in the air!

Lance:

You can say that again, partner! This hometown crowd is all in on Newbludd tonight as he seeks the coveted Southern Heritage Championship.

The Alliant Energy Center roars at the sound of the bell as Reform tries to keep space between himself and the challenger, circling the ring as he formulates a plan of attack.

DDK:

The Good Doctor isn't looking too comfortable inside that cage, Lance. Without The Honor Society able to lend a hand, everything rests on the champion's shoulders tonight!

Lance:

It's time for Ned Reform to put his money where his mouth is, plain and simple. Matches like this are what separate champions from challengers, Darren.

The champion's evasive tactics quickly draw the ire of The Faithful, and they begin to rain down boos at Reform. The Wisconsinites' jeering gets underneath The Sage on the Stage's skin, and he takes his eyes off Newbludd briefly to glare at them. The momentary lapse gives Brock an opening and he doesn't waste a second on capitalizing on it by quickly closing the gap. Realizing his mistake, Reform snaps his attention back to Brock and steps forward to meet him head-on. The two enemies collide together in a STIFF collar and elbow tie-up.

DDK:

Collar and elbow have them jockeying for position, but it looks like Brock has the leverage here as he drives forward, putting Ned on his heels.

Bent low, Milwaukee's Beast pumps his legs and begins to push Ned toward the nearest corner. Not wanting to find himself trapped against the turnbuckles, The Good Doctor flashes his technical skills by slipping free of the lock-up and doing a smooth go-behind on The Diehard Defiant. He immediately throws a smacking forearm into Newbludd's lower back before setting him up for a back suplex.

Lance:

Reform with a nicely done reversal there, and now he's looking to bring the challenger down to the mat with a suplex here in this opening exchange.

Popping his hips, Reform begins to lift Brock off the mat, but his suplex is thwarted by a well-placed punch to the nose by Newbludd. Reform is forced to bring his opponent back down, and the instant that Brock's feet touch the mat, he latches onto Ned's wrist with both hands. The challenger does his own go-behind and brings Reform's arm with him to cinch in a tight hammerlock. Reform immediately howls from the pain, and Brock responds by wrenching the arm even more.

DDK:

Brock's no slouch when it comes to amateur wrestling either, Lance. He's got that hammerlock applied fully after doing a nice reversal of his own!

Reform yells out again in pain from the hold and reaches toward the ropes with his free hand. Brock continues to apply pressure, and the champion grits his teeth from the pain as he desperately reaches for the ropes. A grin suddenly appears on Brock's face, and he relaxes the hold slightly, giving Reform enough slack to latch on to the top rope.

Lance:

Ned made it to the ropes, but I don't think he's going to like what Rex has to say about it!

Newbludd tightens back down, and Reform lets out a pained holler for Rex Knox to break the hold as the referee rushes over.

Rex Knox:

Whaddya say, Ned!? Do you give up!?

Ned's eyes go wide and he violently shakes his head at the ref.

DDK:

Sorry, Dr. Reform, there are no rope breaks inside the cage!

Anger fills the champion's eyes as the realization of his mistake hits him, and he uses it to his advantage by stomping his heel down hard onto the top of Brock's foot. The sudden pain shooting through his foot causes Newbludd to release the hammerlock, and he hops back from Reform. Biting his lip, Milwaukee's Beast shakes his foot for a quick second before setting it back down to the mat and charging back in!

Lance:

Reform escaped the submission, but he's not yet free from Brock!

With his back still facing the ring, Reform angrily shoves Knox away from him with his good arm, and the referee stumbles back a couple of steps. Holding his recently twisted arm, the scowling Reform turns back to the ring just in time to receive a huge running knee to the gut from Newbludd! The blow doubles the champion over, and Brock quickly wraps his arms around the keeled-over Reform. Dragging his stunned opponent away from the ropes, Milwaukee's Beast lets out a roar and gut wrenches Reform all the way up!

DDK:

Brock's got him in the launch position!

Lance:

But Reform's fighting back! He's hammering away at Brock's exposed face!

Sitting on Newbludd's shoulders, the panicking champion rains down with hard shots that cause Brock to stagger back a step. Ned smiles wide and switches tactics, driving a thumb into the challenger's eye! Milwaukee's Beast cries out in pain and drops down to a knee!

DDK:

Thumb to the eye! Ned Reform has gone for Brock's eyes almost every time they've locked up in the ring except this time it's perfectly legal.

The Good Doctor's smile is suddenly wiped from his face as Newbludd suddenly powers back up and surges forward. With a roar, Milwaukee's Beast smashes Reform backfirst into the cage!

Lance:

Milwaukee's Beast is DONE with that crap, DDK!

Using the momentum of Ned's spine bouncing off the cage in his favor, The Last Action Hero turns back towards the ring and DRIVES Reform into the mat with a sit-out powerbomb!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Big time powerbomb from the challenger leaves the champion splattered on the mat and the people are eating it up!

Lance:

I'm gonna go out on a limb and say there are ALOT of people ready to see Ned Reform get what he deserves in the cage tonight, partner!

Shoving Reform's limp legs aside, Newbludd rolls away and pops back up to his feet. He keeps an eye on Ned as he heads to the nearest corner and immediately backpedals up to the second rope. Zeroing in on his target, Newbludd raises a hand up and takes an imaginary swig of beer before simply falling forward...

DDK:

What's this now!?

With his spread wide, Milwaukee's Beast crashes down and delivers a solid flying headbutt to Reform's exposed midsection! The champion grabs his stomach and stomps the mat in pain while Newbludd pushes himself up to all fours. Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, he reaches out and grabs one of Ned's arms as he begins to rise.

Lance:

The flying headbutt is a dangerous move for everyone involved, especially off the top rope. But, Newbludd came from the second, and it paid off for him!

DDK:

Newbludd is fully in control in these opening minutes and he plans on keeping the pressure on as he brings the groggy champion back up to his feet!

Holding Ned by the back of the head, Newbludd takes a second to grin at the bamboozled Reform before hitting him with another headbutt. Ned nearly collapses to the mat, but Newbludd yanks him back in and scoops him up onto his shoulder. He keeps Reform secured on his shoulder and charges towards the cage!

Lance:

Newbludd uses Reform like a battering ram as he spikes him face-first into the unforgiving steel cage! The champion still has a little fight in him, though!

Groggy from tasting the cold steel, Reform fires back with a wild elbow that catches Brock in the forehead. The sudden blow stuns Newbludd, and he instinctively tosses The Good Doctor off his shoulder. Unable to react to being dropped so suddenly, the woozy Reform lands throat-first across the top rope!

DDK:

Luck is not on Reform's side as he escapes Newbludd only to nearly decapitate himself with the top rope!

Blinking his eyes and refocusing from the elbow to the dome, Newbludd snaps out of it in time to see the gagging Ned stumbling toward him and scoops him up. Holding the coughing champion horizontal across his chest, Milwaukee's Beast turns his back to the cage wall and pops his hips. The Faithful let out a roar as The Good Doctor is LAUNCHED by a powerful fallaway slam!

Reform's flight clears the top rope, and he CRASHES hard into the steel cage!

Lance:

The challenger just chunked the champion into the cage wall with authority! Reform hit with tremendous impact!

The Sage on the Stage lands hard on his side on the ring apron, between the ropes and the cage. Lying on his side with his back to the ring, the champion winces in pain as he stares out to the riled up crowd with glassy eyes.

DDK:

The Good Doctor is taking a stroll down dream street right now, but he better snap out of it because here comes the challenger!

Having flipped onto his stomach after hitting the mat, Brock spots Reform and the focused challenger scrambles over to him on all fours. He dives in towards Ned and nails him square in the back of the head with a forearm, smashing the champion's face against the cage.

Lance:

OOF! That was a clean shot right to the back of Reform's head by Newbludd. The challenger's relentless right now!

With his face up against the cage, Reform tries to pull away from it but Newbludd hits him with a second forearm that keeps him there. Brock follows up the blow by popping up to a knee and grabbing his opponent's head with both hands. He lets out a roar of pure adrenaline and tightens his grip. The hometown crowd quickly gives one of their own when Brock begins to RAKE Reform's face back and forth across the cage!

DDK:

We knew this could turn ugly at some point and that time has arrived!

The Faithful's cheering spurs Milwaukee's Beast on and he continues to roughly grind Reform's face into the cold steel. Blood suddenly starts to appear on the champion's face and their cheers turn into a deafening roar!

Lance:

Ned Reform has been busted open!

Cheers suddenly turn to boos as TA Cole suddenly starts scaling the side of the cage directly behind Newbludd and Reform!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

DDK:

And here comes TA Cole! He can't take the sight of his mentor's blood being spilled!

The crowd's reaction tips Cole off to Brock. Still holding Reform's face against the cage, Brock stops to look around. He catches a glimpse of Cole climbing the cage and he throws Reform's head down. Spinning on a heel, Milwaukee's Beast dashes across the ring and uses the ropes to catch up to Cole. The two lock eyes through the chain link for a brief second before they both race to the top.

Lance:

Both men are trying to reach the top, but it looks like Newbludd will beat out Cole!

Reaching the top of the cage seconds before Cole, Milwaukee's Beast rears back and hits him with a forearm to the face. Cole loses his grip with one hand and sways away from the cage briefly before pulling himself back in. He immediately receives a second forearm and loses his grip completely. TA Cole falls from the cage and lands on the outside padding with a SMACK!

DDK:

Down goes Cole but now Owens and Horrigan are up to something on the opposite end of the cage!

As Reform lies bleeding on the apron, Weighted Grade attempts to interject themselves into the match. The super heavyweights take the two-man approach to scaling the cage with Bobby pushing Roosevelt from underneath to help him. It's slow going for the big man and Brock races over to the other side of the ring.

Lance:

I appreciate the effort by the big man but he's built for tearing down fences, not climbing them!

The struggling Owens snarls through the chain link at the man he put on the shelf for over a year and Milwaukee's Beast snarls right back at him as he climbs to the second rope. Steadying himself, Newbludd lines up with Owens and jabs a finger through the cage to poke the monster right in the eye. He quickly follows up with another poke to the

opposite eye and Owens loses his grip, falling from the cage to crash on Horrigan! Weighted Grade falls in a heap to the ground!

Lance:

Newbludd managed to fend off Weighted Grade but that bought time for TA Black to make it all the way up to the top of the cage!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

The Faithful help give warning to the challenger again, and Newbludd spins around to see Black beginning to throw a leg over the top of the cage. Frustration boiling over, Brock sprints back across the ring and grabs onto the cage. With a roar, he starts to violently shake the cage wall and Black's eyes go wide in surprise as he loses his balance up top. The shaking continues and The Sacred Lamb can't keep hanging on, falling from the top to land on the just recovered TA Cole!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Milwaukee's Beast fends off The Honor Society! He's not going to let them ruin another match!

Lance:

They still took Brock's eyes off the prize long enough for the champion to recover slightly as Reform's back on his feet!

Breathing heavily from defending the cage, Newbludd doesn't notice Reform approaching him from behind. His face a crimson mask, the champion drops to his knees and fires an uppercut between Brock's legs to NAIL him with a low blow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The Good Doctor hits the great equalizer and Newbludd collapses to the mat!

Rising up, The Sage on the Stage doubles down by grabbing both of Brock's legs and smashing his heel into the challenger's groin. Milwaukee's Beast cries out in pain and Reform smiles at the sight before turning his attention to the nearest corner. Still shaking the cobwebs out of his head and clearing the blood from his eyes, The Good Doctor stumble-sprints to it and begins untying the protective padding on the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

Reform can cause some real damage with that exposed turnbuckle. We've seen him do it before!

Reform rips the protective off the turnbuckle and tosses it over his shoulder. Turning around, the champion notices Brock beginning to push himself off the mat and quickly closes the gap. He grabs the groggy Newbludd by the head and twists him around, hitting Brock with a picture perfect hangman's neckbreaker!

DDK:

Perfectly executed neckbreaker keeps the challenger down and Reform has firmly taken control.

Back pedaling into the closest set of ropes, Reform bounces off them and follows the neckbreaker up with a fist drop that hits Newbludd square between the eyes. Getting back to his feet, Ned hooks Brock legs in the catapult position. As the Honor Society applaud on the outside, The Good Doctor falls backwards and sends Brock Newbludd...

DDK:

RIGHT INTO THE EXPOSED TURNBUCKLE!

Brock's head snaps back and he crumbles to the mat... and now it's the challenger's turn to be wearing the crimson

mask. Ned pulls himself into a seated position and looks over to notice Brock's forehead gushing blood. Reform smiles widely and begins to applaud for himself. Outside, the Honor Society quickly join him but the Madison Faithful let him know exactly how they feel.

DDK:

Under different rules, this might be a prime opportunity for Ned to escape the cage... but that would only cost him the contest!

Lance:

Still, Brock had Ned cowering for his life inside that very cage two weeks ago... I believe payback might be on The Good Doctor's mind.

Reform stands up and walks in a circle, mouthing off and taunting Brock's increasingly angry hometown crowd. Ned sees a bloody Brock attempting to stumble to his feet and he grins. When Brock manages to pull himself up in the corner, Reform charges and catches him right in the head with a flying forearm! Brock stumbles out toward the center of the ring like a drunk man, and as he does Ned hits the ropes, gets a head of steam, and catches him right between the eyes with a flying headbutt!

DDK:

The Equivocator! The champ looks to retain!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Brock kicks out!!

Ned... doesn't take kindly to that. With squinted eyes, he shakes his bald head in disbelief. He stands up, looking down at the defiant challenger. His eyes travel from Brock's down formed... upwards... upwards... upwards...

DDK:

Why is... why is Ned looking at the top of the cage?

Lance:

Does he remember that he can't escape?

As the crowd begins to buzz, Ned does in fact do the unexpected and he begins to climb the side of the cage! The Faithful are on their feet as Ned slowly climbs the structure before getting to the top! The Mad Gaddy lives up to his name as he uses a connecting cable to steady himself at the very top, facing forward toward the canvas. His eyes bug out as he realizes just how high up he really is!

DDK:

Ned is looking down... toward Brock Newbludd... and he appears to be steadying himself!!

Lance:

Ned Reform is NOT known for high risk stuff... to say this is out of character would be an understatement!

With every soul in the Alliant Energy Center on their feet, The Good Doctor takes a deep brief. Time stands still for a moment... and if it weren't for the blasted newfangled cell phones, the arena would be awash in flashbulbs as NED REFORM LEAPS FROM THE TOP OF THE CAGE!!!

DDK:

OH MY!! HE EXTENDS THE ELBOW, LOOKING FOR THE BIG ELBOW DROP!!

And the SOHER's elbow targets Brock Newbludd's beating heart like a missile..

...but the challenger ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!!! REFORM'S ELBOW MEETS CANVAS!!!

The crowd lets out a collective groan as Reform jumps into the air once, holding his elbow and crying before flopping back down to the mat and kicking his legs in pure agony!

DDK:

BIG miscalculation by the champion!! This match is Brock's to win!!

Brock Newbludd wills himself to his feet to see a down and out champion. He looks around to his hometown as a chant begins to rise...

LET'S GO NEWBLUDD!! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

LET'S GO NEWBLUDD!! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

LET'S GO NEWBLUDD!! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

The chant appears to light a fire under the Saturday Night Special... with a feral roar... BROCK ALSO BEGINS TO SCALE THE CAGE!!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd might have the same idea!!

Brock climbs much quicker than Ned did... but there is only one problem. Ned still has some help on the outside... and TA Cole begins to climb from the outside, matching Brock's pace! Both men get to the top of the cage at the same time and begin to throw haymakers at each other to see who will be forced to release their grip first!

DDK:

This is dangerous... both men putting themselves in precarious position here...

Lance:

Wait... look at Rezin! I mean... TA Black!

With everyone's attention drawn to the brawl between Cole and Newbludd, Black takes the opportunity to get his hands on a steel chair and toss it up and over the cage! It falls into the ring with a BANG... and Ned Reform gets to his feet and wraps his educated hands around it!

Lance:

That chair is legal! No DQ in a cage match!

At the top of the cage, Brock finally gets the better of the exchange as he begins to land more shots. He grabs Levi Cole's head and bangs it against the top of the cage! Cole loses his grip but doesn't fall all the way, just tumbling about halfway down. That distraction proves enough, however, as Ned Reform SLAMS the unforgiving steel chair against Brock's leg hanging from the top of the cage!! Newbludd howls out in pain and falls backwards into the ring! He tries to get to his feet to defend himself, but he is met with a vicious chair shot across the face!!!

DDK:

MY GOD!!

The crowd is fucking LIVID as Reform stands over Brock's broken body. Smiling, Reform tosses the chair behind him and aggressively points to his big brain. He does the big "well that's THAT" hand motion before falling down and

hooking the leg on the challenger...

DDK:

Not this way! Not in front of his hometown!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

...NOOOO!!!! BROCK GETS A SHOULDER UP!!!

THE ROOF COMES OFF THE ARENA!!

Lance:

BROCK NEWBLUDD REFUSES TO DIE!!!

In the ring, Reform rolls off Newbludd and scurries back with his eyes bugging out of his head. With pure shock on his face, he looks up to Rex Knox to confirm that yes... Brock Newbludd did in fact kick out. On the outside, the Honor Society are losing their minds. TA Black attempts to rally them, calling them together for a group huddle...

And as they do, a roar of unknown origin comes up from the Faithful. Somewhat subdued at first... but it grows louder... louder... louder...

DDK:

Wait... LOOK LANCE! Through the crowd!

Lance:

IT'S PAT CASSIDY!!

The arena erupts as the prodigal Cassidy returns! He leaps the barricade wearing jeans, an SNS shirt, a Red Sox hat... and a baseball bat in hand!

Lance:

We haven't seen Pat Cassidy since the End of the Year Award show when Ned ruined his baby's gender reveal!

DDK:

I think he's got payback on his mind!

Indeed he does. Brock's fellow Saturday Night Special rushes the huddled Honor Society head on! Although TA Black quickly scurries away, Cassidy's bat meets the big gut of Rosie Owens!! Horrigan goes for a clubbing blow but Pat interrupts it with a baseball bat to his stomach! Horrigan bends over in pain and Cassidy brings the slugger down across his back! TA Cole gets his hands on the bat and attempts to wrestle it away from him. Cassidy holds on and the two engage in a brief tug of war until Cassidy lets go and Cole stumbles backwards! Cassidy meets him with a spear to the gut and takes him down, unloading a flurry of right hands onto Ned Reform's first member of the Honor Society!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is back and he is evening the score!!

Lance:

But he didn't account for the entire Honor Society, Darren!

While Cassidy mopped the floor with the other goons, TA Black took the opportunity to begin scaling the cage. He climbs frantically as he swings one leg over. Inside the ring, Ned Reform's entire attention has been distracted as he watched Cassidy's surprise appearance... so distracted that as the champion turns his back, he is caught off guard by a Brock Newbludd running lariat!! Ned falls, but after that last ditch burst of energy, so does Brock!

DDK:

Both men are down!

Lance:

And TA Black is in the ring!!

Black, eyes crazed, paces like an animal as both Ned and Brock lay sprawled in front of him. On the outside, The Faithful have called Cassidy's attention to the situation inside the ring. Pat's eyes widen as he gets off TA Cole and grabs the bat. Rushing over the door, he kicks the lock violently, attempting to break it!

TA Black sees Cassidy trying to bust in and realizes he's on the clock. He stalks Brock Newbludd who has begun to get back to a vertical base. As Cassidy begins to kick, Black readies himself...

TA Black:

NYEEEEWWBLUDD!!!!

And he leaps forward looking for the Cloven Hoof Kick!! But... maybe yelling Brock's name in advance wasn't the brightest idea, as Brock dodges out of the way at the last second! Black can't halt his momentum, however, as he carries forward....

...right into NED REFORM!!!!

DDK:

Black hit Ned! Black hit Ned! Black hit Ned!!

Lance:

...was that an accident!?

Reform goes down as Black's hands go right to his head!! He can't believe what he's done!! He's shocked, he doesn't have the wherewithal to realize that Cassidy HAS broken the lock and entered the cage. Black is caught off guard by a baseball shot to the skull!! Cassidy grabs Black by the fake hair and for good measure, tosses him face first into the cage!

DDK:

This is wild!

Lance:

And Cassidy standing over the man who targeted his family...

Reform, still woozy, reaches up to try to pull himself back to his feet... and realizes he's grabbing someone's legs. His face goes up... he realizes who he's looking at... The Good Doctor's eyes nearly bug out of his skull... and he has just enough time to beg off before Cassidy grabs him, brings him up, and drops him face-first into the mat with a snap Reverse STO!!

DDK:

THE IRISH GOODBYE!!

Lance:

That was for Ophelia!! That was for Pat's future daughter!!!

Cassidy drops down to yell in Reform's unconscious face before turning to Newbludd. Brock, still wearing the crimson mask, blinks a few times to make sure it is in fact his old friend standing in front of him. Then his smile grows wide. Still "in the zone," Cassidy roughly slaps him on the shoulder... and then points up!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

We might just see some high risk offense before this is all said and done!

Brock smells what Cassidy is cooking and uses the ropes to begin to scale the cage. Cassidy patrols in the ring, walking in circles around Reform and making sure that none of his cronies get any funny ideas. Finally, Brock reaches the top of the structure! He steadies himself before looking out in the sea of cheering hometown fans.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYY-H000000000000000!!!

And he leaps!

Time stands still for a moment before...

DDK:

THE BIG ELBOWSKI CONNECTS! BROCK NEWBLUDD SOARS OFF THE CAGE AND DRIVES HIS ELBOW DEEP INTO THE BLACK HEART OF THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!!!

Reform spasms. The fall clearly took something out of Brock, but with gritted teeth he manages to roll over and drape a single arm on top of Ned Reform's chest...

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!

Keebler's next call is difficult to hear with the level of reaction to the title change.

DDK:

He did it!!! He had to fight through the Honor Society and reunite with his old friend... but Brock Newbludd has proved what we've all known... he deserves the Southern Heritage Championship!!!

Lance:

And lest us forget... it was an errant kick by TA Black that began Ned Reform's downfall! How is THAT going to play out!?

The new champion's music hits the arena's speakers and The Faithful continue their deafening roar as Newbludd rolls off of Reform to stare at the lights. An excited Cassidy rushes over to his best friend and sticks a hand out. Taking it,

the bloodied and dazed Milwaukee's Beast is pulled off the mat and is presented the Southern Heritage Championship by Rex Knox.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen...the winner of this contest and NEEEEEEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...
 "MILWAUKEE'S BEAST" BROOOOOOCK NEEEEEWBLUUUUUDD!!

Another explosion of cheers from the hometown crowd. Taking the belt from Knox, the newly crowned champion stares at it for a long moment before raising it high above his head. He lowers it and turns to face Cassidy. A quick exchange of words ends with the reunited Saturday Night Specials embracing in a massive bro hug.

DDK:

What a night! What a main event! Ned Reform's reign of terror as the Southern Heritage Champion is over! Let the reign of the beast begin!

Tossing the belt onto one of his shoulders, Newbludd scales up the cage wall one final time to raise the title up to the roaring masses. The picture cuts to show Reform finally coming to from the massive elbow drop, a look of pure disbelief on his face.

Lance:

Reform can't believe it! His whole world just came crashing down tonight inside of the steel cage!

Climbing back down, Newbludd rejoins Cassidy and the two stand triumphantly over the shocked Reform. The new champion raises the belt up to The Good Doctor and cups one hand around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLYYY!!!

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.