

SHOW OPEN

["The Defiant" by Skillet](#)

Salt Lake City, Utah welcomes DEFIANCE as the Delta Center is hyped for DEFtv 224!

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

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**THAT COWARD MALAK GARLAND FELL FACE FIRST INTO THAT BLOOD
HE IS THE MAN IN THE BOX
GET CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS ON THE CASE OF "WHAT HAPPENED TO MALAK"
RYAN & YAMAZAKI = BIG MEATY MEN = \$
GLOAT = GET LONNIE ON A T-SHIRT
M4NTRA RAYS SECTION - GOOD VIBES ONLY
WHAT A MARK (LUCK)
PCP EATS CORN THE NORMAL WAY
TOM MORROW SHOULD EAT DYNAMITE ANY WAY
TAG TEAM WRASSLIN!!!!
IT WAS CONOR FUSE IN THE CONSERVATORY WITH AN 8-BIT JOYSTICK
LONN DART picture of Lonnie Luck being thrown at someone
I'M HERE FOR SHAKING HANDS WITH THE LADS AND TO WATCH LADS THROW HANDS
WHEN IT RAIN CITY RONINS, IT POURS (THIS SIGN WAS MADE LAST MINUTE)
IF MIL VUELTAS IS A HERO, THEN I'M A SOLDIER WHEN I PLAY CALL OF DUTY
LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES EXPLOSER!
TYLER DID NOTHING WRONG, HE WAS WITH ME THE WHOLE TIME
TYLER FUSE, THANKS BIG BRO FOR PAYING MY MORTGAGE WHEN MALAK GOT ATTACKED
DEPLOY SEARCH PARTY CYRUS
I GAVE CONOR A FRESH PEN TO WRITE OUT HIS FEELINGS AND IT RAN OUT OF INK
MAIN EVENT KLEIN; MIDCARD DUNSONS; MURDER MALAK??
CROSSING THE HONOR SOCIETY? THAT'S A-PADDLIN'
I DON'T KNOW IF I MISS THE GOOD DOCTOR, BUT HE WAS DEFINITELY THE BETTER DOCTOR**

We go to ringside and the announe team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

ACE of TAG TEAMS TOURNAMENT: TRIPLE SEVENS vs. MASKED VIOLATORS

DDK:

What a way we are going to be kicking off DEFtv!!! The third opening round match of the Ace of Tag Teams Tournament is up next and it's between two teams that are very much not fan favorites! After their turn at Maximum DEFIANCE, we will be seeing our first look at the full might of the Triple 7s! They will take on The Masked Violators!

Lance:

The Masked Violators caused Corvo Alpha to take his eye off the ball leading to the Party Animals being eliminated from this tournament. Back on DEFtv 221, a much different version of these teams fought when the Masked Violators beat the Lucky Sevens just weeks before Morrow got them back on the same page with help from their brother in law, Mark Luck!

DDK:

Not to mention Lord Nigel and Tom Morrow are two of the most cunning managers we have seen in the history of DEFIANCE! Lord Nigel always has a plan, but The Triple 7s come into this tournament with an advantage. Technically, all three members of the 7s are slated to compete and due to what Tom Morrow is calling the Triple 7s Rule, the Violators won't know which members they'll be facing until that bell rings!

Lance:

Does that even matter?! They're all seven foot giants! That's like picking whether you would like to be run over by a train or a bus! This match will be brutal!

The action starts off ... with thunderous BOOING!!! Tom Morrow walks into the stage with a black leather jacket and jeans that hang off his tall, but unathletic frame.

DDK:

Is ... is that Tom Morrow *dressed* like a member of the Triple 7s?!

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... This is an official announcement from ... ME!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Super Agent that you all know, revere and respect!

That just welcomes even more booing.

Tom Morrow:

The Ace of Tag Teams couldn't have been a better name chosen for this tournament! This tournament is *calling out* to us! This tournament is *begging* for us to win! This tournament was *needing* us inside it! Ace of Tag Teams ... we are *in* you!

A collectively grossed out Delta Center doesn't like this sentiment!

Tom Morrow:

There was a rumor backstage that Lord Nigel Tricklebush wanted this match because he wanted to prove his guys could beat my guys again ... but Nigel, the guys that your guys beat *aren't* those guys anymore! That's why we also *asked* for this match too! The Masked Violators *stole* a win from Max and Mason on DEFtv 221 and they need to pay! Lord Nigel and his stupid creepy voice and his perfect face for DEF Radio led his clients to take from me! So they need to be made an example to everyone else competing in the Ace of Tag Team! You don't *take* from Gods of the Tag Team Division or you will be *SMITED!!!*

Morrow spins around.

Tom Morrow:

Introducing the three-eyed monster of this division and the Gods of the Tom Morrow Division! Max The Jacked! Mark

The Spark! Mase the Headcase! Led by ME!!!

Morrow turns around to show off the name on his biker jacket.

"Tom The" then a picture of a Bomb emoji.

Tom Morrow:

TOM THE BOMB!!! The man that pulls the button ... CLICK ... and DETONATES the bomb that's going to destroy this division!

The Delta Center lights fade completely. Tom Morrow speaks in the darkness.

Tom Morrow:

THE!!! TRIPLE!!! 7S!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The sounds of angry heavy metal pump through the PA! When lights return, there are three giants standing on stage, wearing matching black leather hooded vests and black pants, all kissed with green, red and orange flame designs. All three have their backs turned to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and hold the Winning Hand up.

DDK:

Look at these beasts!

Lance:

And all three are dressed to compete tonight! No guessing who the Violators will get!

Booing rains down for the Triple 7s when they reach the ring. Tom Morrow stands in front of the ring and on the other three sides, Max, Mason and Mark all climb over the ropes easily. Tom The Bomb makes it inside and he poses in front of all three giants. They toss up the Winning Hand as a giant logo lowers from the ceiling behind the ring in the shape of a "7" before it and the arena lights up with red and orange to simulate flames! After all this fancy pomp and circumstance, they leave and wait on the Masked Violators to make their own entrance.

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Lord Nigel is the first to appear, hands steeped at chest-level, his beady eyes sweep the pulsing arena. He turns to dramatically indicate towards the curtain just as the Masked Marvel & Masked Menace stomp onto the stage. MV1 is cold and detached. MV2 is animated and agitated. They stride to the ring with a unified confidence.

Lance:

I imagine Vegas has the Violators slotted in as one of the favorites coming into this tournament and for good reason: this pair has bested the best on their path to earning a place in this series and Lord Nigel Trickelbush is perhaps at the apex of his power and influence.

DDK:

And yet, from what we've seen recently of his dealings with Victor Vacio, Scott Douglas and Los Caidos, it appears Lord Nigel craves even more.

Lance:

Another win here tonight to kick off DEFtv, and Nigel and Company become impossible to ignore.

Mason Luck and Mark Luck are the ones wrestling for the team and Mason in particular wishes to start. Mark is happy to let him begin. Mason looks down to MV2 but the power house shows no retreat. The Violators both look confident when that bell rings.

DING DING

MV2 goes right at the seven foot Mason and goes right for the midsection and tries throwing blows right into the midsection of the giant! For a few moments, he has Mason stumbling and almost gets him off his feet, but the Maim Event Player adjusts his footing and takes hold of MV2's side. MV2 continues throwing punches but Mason is throwing clubbing shots from over head into his back!

Lance:

We knew this was going to be a fight between these two teams with a score to settle but I didn't think it would start so quickly!

Mason finally uses his power and he *chucks* MV2 across the ring using a biel throw into the corner of the Triple 7s! Tom Morrow and Mason Luck both are applauding at ringside with Lord Nigel and MV1 not looking too happy at the moment. Mason grabs MV2 by his neck and shoves him back into the corner. Mark Luck gets the tag and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful boo the newest addition to the Luck family. Mason uses his own brother in law as a launching pad to whip him on MV2 in the corner with jumping back elbow! The agility shocks the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when Mark head-palms MV2 into a big boot from Mason! He goes down and both Mark and Mason celebrate.

Mark Luck:

I've always wanted to do this ...

Both brothers in law look at MV2 before yelling out the signature of the Sevens ...

Mason and Mark:

KA-CHING!!!

Mark then hovers over MV2 and then drops a big knee drop right into his heart! MV2 hunches over and Mark makes the first attempt for a pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!

DDK:

The move called Ka-ching gets a two-count! Not only are the twins unified, but Mark Luck so far is showing how well he works with his in-laws! Married to their younger sister, Kate, for the past four years and met after they started training together!

Mark Luck picks up MV2 by the back of his neck. He has scooped him up but MV2 is on his shoulders when he hits Mark's temple with an elbow and falls back. Mark spins to face him and tries to hit another jumping back elbow at the corner, but MV2 moves first and Mark gets nothing but back pain. MV2 makes the tag to MV1 and then goes low at the leg of Mark Luck. When he is hurt, both MV's show some great team work on their own part and hit a double bulldog on Mark the Spark!

Lance:

No way! Did I just see the Masked Violators work together to take Mark off his feet?!

DDK:

Mark is a genetic freak like the Mason and Max, but he doesn't have the big match experience! 1 and 2 just made the most of that fact!

MV1, being an adept high flyer in addition to a great technician jumps to the middle rope and spins around to hit a spring board leg drop on the back of Mark's neck! Nigel shoots Tom a look of smugness and Max flips the older

veteran the bird. MV1 moves over as quick as he can to get Mark on his back and make the cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Mark pushes MV1 off him with authority!

DDK:

Both teams are showing us something here so far. The 7s came in here with the clear power advantage, but the Masked Violators may have an experience edge over this team of Mason and Mark.

Mason is indeed screaming directions at Mark to not let the Violators work their double-team magic, but MV1 has the advantage. He has the neck of Mark and then twists him around to hit a twisting neck breaker on the canvas. MV2 gets the tag after and then follows up the neck breaker with a flying fist drop!

Lance:

I have to give credit to the teamwork of MV1 and 2! MV2 makes another cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

There's another kick out! One example of Mark's cockiness just gave the Violators an advantage!

MV2 tries to pick up Mark again by wrapping both hands around his neck in a face lock but Mark has power to boot as well! He grabs onto MV2 and pushes him back to the ropes. Mark gets up and runs at MV2, but the masked brawler throws his elbow into his face. MV2 gets onto the second rope when Max Luck starts lurking his way. The referee tells Max to not even think about it. MV2 snarls over at Max outside the ring ... but eats a *huge* Kicker roundhouse from Mark Luck! The brawler is kicked over the ropes and falls on the apron!

DDK:

Mark aimed *high* and landed the Kicker! MV2 might be out cold!

Lance:

Max didn't directly interfere there, but just the mere presence of one of these giants is enough at ringside to keep their opponents on edge!

It's a miracle he's not as he is rolling around the floor but he's in a vulnerable state. Mark tags Mason. Mason gets on the floor and when MV2 is almost stumbling to get up, Mason charges and hits MV2 using a running shoulderblock that knocks MV2 flying into the time keeper's section of ringside!

Lance:

OH, SH ... DANG!!!

DDK:

The Triple 7s have just turned up the intensity here on the Masked Violators! Masked Violator 2 just got checked right into our time keeper area!

Lord Nigel and MV1 both can't believe it. Mason reaches over and pulls MV2 out from the wreckage that he's caused.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe what he's just done but Mason isn't here to wow the crowd. He's there to put his brother and his family back on the tag team map with a win tonight. He gets MV2 back into the ring and after pushing him away from the ropes and pins him!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

HOW DID MV2 KICK OUT OF THAT?!

DDK:

Had to be instinct! He took the Kicker from Mark Luck and got pounced into the time keeper section of our ringside area!

Mason gets MV2 back into the corner and tags Mark. The two brothers in law work over MV2 when Mason hits a chop and Mark follows that with an upper cut! Chops and uppercuts follow until the ref tells Mason he has to go back to the corner. Mark applies an inverted head lock and then swings a leg around to drop it across the neck of MV2!

DDK:

Mark with a move he calls Cutting the Deck! The Sin City puns never end from the Seven Foot Savages, as Tom Morrow calls them!

Morrow tells Mark to go for the pin!

One ...

Two ...

This time, MV1 makes the save using a sliding kick to the side of Mark's face! Lord Nigel roots for MV1 making the save while Mark just got handed some complimentary dental work.

Lance:

You could almost sense that MV1 had to get involved there! MV2 has taken a lot of punishment in these past few minutes!

DDK:

Smart move by MV1!

Mark the Spark sees MV1 in his corner and tries to take the cheap shot while he's on the apron, but MV1 is quicker and he moves out of the way first. Lord Nigel moves over and starts getting into a shouting match between himself, Mark and now the official. When the official is where he's at ... MV2 lands an undetected upper cut between the legs of Mark Luck first!

Lance:

Mark Luck took his eye off the ball when Lord Nigel got his attention! MV2 just made him pay for it with a low blow!

After Mark gets nailed right in the Jackpot, he's hunched over, allowing for MV2 to hit the ropes and land a jumping spear on the bigger Mark!

DDK:

MV2 put everything he had into that spear!

Tom Morrow yells at the referee that Nigel cheated, but Nigel tips his hat in response on the other side of the ring.

DDK:

He got Mark down, but can MV2 make it over to MV1?

MV2 put the last of his strength into the big spear! Mark rolls over and he goes to tag Mason just as MV1 makes the tag! Mason gets into the ring while MV1 is climbing as quick as he can to get to the turnbuckles. Mason tries to stop MV1 first, but Lord Nigel's man is able to beat him to the punch. He flies off with a big missile drop kick that lands square into Mason's chest! The Maim Event Player is sent backwards to his corner with MV1 making it back to his feet. MV1 looks for a running attack to Mason in the corner. Mason tries to stop him by getting the leg up first, but MV1 makes like a surgeon and takes the leg apart with a dragon screw legwhip out of the corner first!

DDK:

Yeouch! MV1 has the perfect counter to chop down the big man!

Mason Luck is in pain but that gets worse when he chops Mason down with a drop kick off the ropes aimed right to the knee! As Mason buckles, MV1 sees that Mark Luck is about to get back to his feet. MV1 cuts him off first by hitting a rope aided enziguri kick to his face that takes him off the apron. After he goes down, his focus is back on Mason Luck when he jumps at him and then takes him down with a leaping DDT! Mason gets planted and goes cross-eyed! Tom Morrow and Max Luck are both shocked and Lord Nigel is now beside himself with glee!

DDK:

MV2 and Lord Nigel's chicanery allowed MV1 to be a house of fire right now! He's got Mason down with that leaping DDT!

MV1 rolls over to his corner and MV2 gets the tag! He goes up to the top rope and then takes flight with a flying splash off the top rope!

Lance:

That might have been the combo that the Masked Violators looked for to win this match!

MV2 covers Mason!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Mason Luck kicks out! Tom Morrow almost falls over but Max catches him before he can truly faint!

Lance:

Mason Luck kicks out! But now MV2 with the tag to MV1!

The two are poised and ready to attack Mason Luck as he's down! Max Luck tries to warn Mark Luck on the floor and Nigel looks happy with what he's seeing.

DDK:

I think they're gonna set up the Moving Violation! The same double spear beat the Sevens's greatest rivals, SNS, recently!

Before they can cue it up ...

An image appears on the DEFIA-tron!

Familiar yellow face paint ... on a familiar face. A familiar face that receives a *large* pop from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Alpha paces, angrily, on screen. Swiping swathes of blue and red across the yellow dripping down into his gnarled beard.

Lance:

Darren! Darren! It's Corvo Alpha!

Nigel and everyone else looks confused as the image disappears, as quickly as it appeared. In the shock of everything, Tom Morrow jumps on the apron to yell at the official but so does Lord Nigel to yell at him! The Violators turn back to Mason ... but MV2 is pulled from the ring when the official's eyes are diverted to Morrow and Trickelbush yelling at each other ...

Lance:

DARREN!!! DARREN!!! IT'S CORVO ALPHA!!! FOR REAL THIS TIME!!!

The arena *surges* when MV2 is pulled out of the ring and *slammed* into the post as hard as he can from the *very real* Corvo Alpha! Nigel backs away in horror as Corvo gives him a hateful stare! Corvo grabs onto MV2 and starts mauling him with wild punches and then sends him over the barrier and into the crowd where Corvo follows! MV1 looks out and decides between helping MV2 or going after Mason. He sees that Mason is still down. He runs for a super kick while he's still down ... but Max grabs a leg and trips him up first while the referee is distracted!

DDK:

MV2 AND CORVO ARE FIGHTING INTO THE CROWD AND MV1 JUST GOT PICKED OFF BY MAX WHO ISN'T EVEN IN THE MATCH!

Mason spins MV1 around and then applies the Winning Hand! He backs up and tags Mark Luck who's back in the corner!

DDK:

MASON AND MARK LUCK HAVE MV1 ... SEVEN STARS!!! SEVEN STARS ALMOST PUT MV1 THROUGH THE RING!!!

The double-team combo of the Winning Hand and choke slam put MV1 down on the canvas! Mark hooks the leg with a cocky grin while Mason looks out with a more sadistic grin!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

Mason and Mark stand over MV1 and revel in the victory. Max Luck and Tom Morrow join them in the ring for the post match celebration!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are the winners ... THE TRIPLE SEVENNNSSSSSSSS!!!

Lord Nigel is beside himself at ringside with Tom Morrow wiping a mock tear from his eye looking at him! In the ring!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha didn't forget that it was the presence of Nigel and the Masked Violators that helped lead to he and Brock

Newbludd losing their match in the Ace of Tag Teams! Corvo just returned the favor in a violent way by going right after MV2!

Mason, Mark and Max all throw the Winning Hand up to the sky and they get booed out of the arena! Tom Morrow leaves with his giants and adjusts his jacket.

Tom Morrow:

TOM THE BOMB!!! BOOM GOES THE TAG TEAM DIVISION!!! AND WELCOME BACK ONCE AGAIN TO THE TOM MORROW DIVISION!!!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha continues his quest for vengeance against MV1 and MV2! And as for this match! Max Luck played the difference maker at ringside and attacked MV1 while he was looking out for his partner!

DDK:

And with this deadly combination of monsters overwhelming the opposition, The Triple 7s could be the odds on favorite to take home the Ace of Tag Teams!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



TIME'S RUNNING OUT

After the commercial break, the entire backstage area is trying to stay clear of the four men currently occupying the space.

Tom Morrow:

OUTTA THE WAY!!! FUTURE ACE OF TAG TEAMS COMING THROUGH!

Towering behind the swaggering Morrow are Mason and Mark Luck each bumping their fists after Mark's successful debut and advancement into the Ace of Tag Teams semi-finals. Mark Luck is behind them in a suit.

Mark Luck:

Could that debut have been any f[censored] better, bros? Your bro-in-law came through in the clutch and the Masked Violators got VI-OH-LAY-TED!!!

Mason Luck throws his arm around Mark Luck's shoulder.

Mason Luck:

Damn right you did, bro. Those Masked Violator pricks stole a win off us a few weeks ago and they just learned thou shalt not steal from the Gods of this tag team division!

Max Luck adds in.

Max Luck:

Check the stats! Two time Unified Tag Team champions! The ones who ended the SNS run! Tag Party! DEFIANTS of the Year! DEFCON main eventers!

Tom Morrow adds.

Tom Morrow:

DEFIANCE Wrestling! You see this collection of talent?! The three-headed monster of the Tom Morrow Division! Max The Jacked! Mark The Spark! Mase The Headcase!

All three of the giants mean mug the camera.

Tom Morrow:

Managed ... by TOM THE BOMB!!!

All four of them start laughing like jack asses and Tom jumps up to slap the seven foot giants each a high five!

Tom Morrow:

Hey, I'm gonna go order the victory drinks! Mase, Mark, let's go. Max, take care of your thing and we'll see you in a few.

Max Luck:

You got it.

Mason Luck:

Tell him we're not waiting for an answer much longer. We need him.

Max Luck:

He'll see it our way, Mase.

Tom Morrow and two of the three Triple 7s members follow him and the camera stays on Max Luck as he heads down to the locker room area nearby.

Max Luck:

LONNIE!!!

Two members of the backstage crew see Max Luck surging down the hall so they turn and go the opposite way. He finally gets to the locker room door.

Max Luck:

LON!!! LON, YOU IN THERE?! COME ON OUT!!!

The locker room door does open and on the other side, DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful give a very positive response to the underdog Favoured Saints champion Lonnie Luck!

Lonnie Luck:

Damn it Max ... what?! I don't have anything to say to Tom Morrow. You got something now?

Max Luck:

Yeah ... Tom wanted to give things a try a couple weeks ago, but said you blew him off. I understand that. You don't know him like Mase and I do.

Lonnie scoffs at one of his giant cousins.

Lonnie Luck:

You mean the same Tom Morrow that oh ... I don't know ... TRIED TO HAVE YOU TWO TAKEN OUT OF DEFIANCE?!?! That Tom Morrow?! Remember #notomorrowfortommorrow?!

Max concedes.

Max Luck:

You're right. You're right about all that. We had a falling out. We tried to end one another. But you of all people ... you, Lon, a fellow wrestler knows what this business is. One day, your best friend can be your worst enemy. The next day, you find common ground and find out you're better together than apart. You know what I mean!

He taps on the title that is currently on his shoulder.

Max Luck:

Jack Harmen's unpredictable. You should be fighting for a Southern Heritage title right now instead of still carrying that thing! And if you want us to help out in any way ...

Lonnie Luck:

I don't want any help from you.

Max Luck:

You sure about that? Come on, man. I know! Mason knows! You got this far all on your own with that title. You don't need us, but knowing you have us still in your corner? Nobody would ever mess with you especially when you got that rematch with Harmen later.

Lonnie Luck:

I'll take my chances. Thanks.

Lonnie slams the door on Max Luck's face. In response, Max taps on the door with a balled-up fist.

Max Luck:

GOOD LUCK OUT THERE!!! MAKE THE FAMILY PROUD!!!

He turns away.

Max Luck:

Time's runnin' out Lon ...

FUNERAL FOR A ~~FRIEND~~ FUCKFACE

Fresh off the commercial break we go to the announce table.

DDK:

Faithful, we have a hell of a lineup to continue with. All three singles championships are on the line tonight. Lance, do you have any favorites for these matches?

However, Lance Warner seems preoccupied.

DDK:

Partner?

Lance:

I think we have company, Keeps.

It appears Lance is right. Tyler Fuse walks down the rampway, although there is no theme music to play him out. Wearing black jeans and his now DEFIANCE trademarked 'GOOD, YOU?' t-shirt, the OG Player rolls under the bottom rope and takes his place in the middle of the ring.

He stands there... mostly in silence from his surroundings. There are a few scattered boos, maybe even a few cheers mixed in, but Tyler remains idle, eyes spaced out, looking ahead.

DDK: *[almost reluctant to ask]*

Have you- have you received any further information on the status of Malak Garland? I didn't want to do this, but it looks like we're being faced directly with the aftermath right now.

Lance:

Limited, Darren. Last I know Malak *was* breathing after the attack from Tyler Fuse two weeks ago. However, the only information I know is that Garland was also in a coma. I don't want to speculate further, things are very tight-lipped at the moment. Let's just say, I don't think the status is good. Anything but.

DDK:

Thank you.

The announcers don't want to discuss things further and yet the man inside the middle of the ring... merely continues doing nothing.

Finally, Tyler's eyes start to shift. He digs into his back pocket and reveals a microphone.

One deep breath as he keeps surveying the arena until his eyes come to a screeching halt at the hard cam.

Tyler Fuse:

Malak Garland.

Pause, accompanied with a few cheers, a few boos, and a lot of indifference.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you when we first interacted, that when this is all said and done, I will have taken everything from you.

Tyler glances down at his hands, the hands that beat Malak to a bloody pulp fourteen days ago.

Tyler Fuse:

I am not a person who doesn't keep their promises. I said I would take everything and Malak Garland, I believe that I have...

DDK:

I'm uneasy about this.

Lance:

Same.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother was wrong, it is far too late for me to "move on". And let's be honest, Malak, it's not even that I want to.

The stone cold face of the elder Fuse, it doesn't even hint at any emotions underneath his exterior.

Tyler Fuse:

I acted with full blown intent. A premeditated attack. Completely conscious as I tore you apart in your own locker room. Your own, whatever you call it? Safe space. I watched these hands... my hands... rip you open and make you lose pints upon pints of blood. To the point where I even believe your heart stopped?

Another pause. Silence within the arena.

Tyler Fuse:

We can only hope.

Tyler stops speaking again. He glances around the stands, face frozen from anger, rage, or the typical emotions he's had on display when interacting with The Snowflake Superstar. Perhaps he is waiting to understand what the consequences are from his actions, at least in relation to The Faithful. Or maybe he's trying to let his words breathe. Sink in. Either way, there isn't much of a specific response from the Salt Lake City crowd...

Tyler Fuse:

The Favored Saints are quiet about your status and yet no one knows the results better than myself. After all, / was there. I was the **operator**. Dissecting you. Picking your flesh apart, piece-by-piece, bone-by-bone. Until your body couldn't take it anymore...

Some will swear they see the tiniest smirk cross Tyler's face. Others will believe he remained expressionless.

Tyler Fuse:

And finally tapped out.

Fuse raises his head, slowly cracking his neck to the left and the right.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother has assured me, he is not coming back for a long time.

The Faithful definitely boo this specific comment.

Tyler Fuse:

So now I am the only voice of reason within The Comments Section. And beyond.

Tyler points to backstage.

Tyler Fuse:

Two weeks ago everyone's life changed.

One more look into the hard camera.

Tyler Fuse:

And I promise you, like I have followed through on my other promises. I promise you... I promise everyone... that our

lives are about to change for the better. This company, DEFIANCE Wrestling, will only be for the strong. Malak Garlands are not welcome anymore, for they will be buried six feet under if they try. A new era; the next level. 100% snowflake free.

Tyler drops the mic. He remains in the middle of the ring as a couple of additional boos roll in. Eventually, Fuse takes a step forward, drops to his knees and rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

Did that- did that answer anything for you?

Lance:

I don't think so? Look, Tyler's right about one thing. He promised Malak he would take everything from him.

Head down, the stoic man marches up the rampway.

Lance:

And I guess, from that standpoint... Tyler is right, he did. Maybe that's the point Tyler wanted to make. He's a man of his word and if the rumors of Malak Garland's status are true... maybe this man and his direction is something we should continue to be afraid of?

With no more said between Warner and Keebler, Tyler Fuse vanishes behind the FIST logo and the scene quickly fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

HEIRS TO THE THRONE vs. DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

We're back and headed to the ring, where we'll see the Dunson Clan taking on the Heirs to the Throne in what will be the first time we've gotten to see The Heirs in action here in DEFIANCE. Needless to say, Kaz Troy and Cecilia Ryan have a heckuva legacy to live up to.

Lance:

No doubt that's the case, but this is a great opportunity for them to come out and make a statement.

♪ *"Turn the Page" by Metallica* ♪

Paul Dunson walks out first, a stern expression on his face. Right behind him, Todd and Richie Dunson step out onto the stage, falling into formation on either side of their father as all three walk down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall!! Introducing first, from Mt. Hope, West Virginia... Todd Dunson!... Richie Dunson!... THE DUUUUUNNNNNN SON CLAAAAAANNNNNNN!!!!!!

DDK:

Todd and Richie are on their way out here, obviously with Paul Dunson leading them out.

Lance:

Paul and his doofus sons. At least he has the good sense to let the kids fight this battle. The last thing we need is for Paul Dunson to break a hip out here.

♪ *"Get What I Came For" by The Phantoms* ♪

As the beat drops, "The Merry Mischief Maker" AMI TROY struts out, shoulders twitching in rhythm as she crouches with each step until stopping center-stage and smiling wide from one side of her face to the other. Behind her, one on each side, "The Heir Apparent" KAZUHIRO TROY and "The Murder Daughter" CECILIA RYAN step out and flank her in the middle of the stage.

Purple and Gold pyro erupts behind them, running from left to right, then back again.

Ami Troy holds a fist out on either side. Her brother and cousin fist-bump her back, and all three start to make their way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... from Tampa, Florida..."THE HEIR APPARENT" KAZUHIRO TROY!!... "THE MURDER DAUGHTER" CECILIA RYAN!!... THE HEEEEIIIIIRRRRSSS TO THE THROOOOOOOONNNNEEEEE!!!!

The three of them reach the bottom of the ramp in short order, with Ami Troy tossing a mocking wink toward the Dunsons. Paul shakes his head in disappointment like a boomer who just found out that Walmart went cashless.

DDK:

Ami Troy is clearly just looking to antagonize the Dunsons.

Lance:

Doing what she does best.

DDK:

These two look super confident tonight though, I will say that.

Kaz and Cecilia climb into the ring and Cecilia gives her cousin a supportive slap on the back as she climbs out to the apron and the bell rings.

DING DING

Richie's in the ring first for the Dunsons, and he immediately starts trying to overpower the younger, more inexperienced Kaz with grappling and dirty tactics; grabs, cheap shots, corner bullying, you name it. But Kaz absorbs it, having a distinct weight advantage over Richie, and fires back with stiff forearms. Then he knocks Richie to the mat with a spinning back kick for good measure.

DDK:

That kick caught Richie flush on the jaw, and he's backing out of there quick.

Paul Dunson yells up at his son, and Richie quickly tags Todd, who storms in looking to reset the pace. Kaz decides to give Cecilia a turn and tags her in, and suddenly the Dunsons find themselves dealing with The Murder Daughter's lightning-quick striking game. Todd eats a sharp dropkick, then a running knee in the corner.

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Cecilia Ryan is quick as lightning! We're used to seeing her dad overwhelm people with his strength, but she's got the Dunsons' heads spinning with her speed.

Richie's quick to reach in and slap-tag his brother, and is able to catch Cecilia off guard with a boot to the gut and a sitout jawbreaker. The Dunsons briefly regain control by isolating Cecilia while Paul Dunson distracts the referee, and his sons put their boots against her throat to choke her.

DDK:

Richie and Todd using their father's diversion to their full advantage here, and Kaz is screaming at Hector Navarro to turn around.

The Dunson sons double-team Cecilia with a sidewalk slam/neckbreaker combo to keep her cornered, and Richie goes for a pin. It takes Hector a moment to see it.

ONE

TW-kickout

DDK:

Almost a two count there for Richie, but as you and I know, Lance, it's going to take more than that pin a Ryan.

Lance:

You got that right, Darren.

Todd taunts Kaz, drawing the referee's attention, while Richie rubs Cecilia's face into the canvas. Kaz and Ami are *livid*, while Paul looks on, smugly. Richie yanks Cecilia off the mat and lifts her into the air for a suplex, but Cecilia kicks her feet and counters the attempt into a tornado DDT!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

An impressive maneuver from Cecilia Ryan!

Lance:

She needs to make the tag, though!

Richie's shaking the cobwebs out, and that gives Cecilia enough time to dive into her corner and make the hot tag!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Kaz explodes into the ring and unloads on Richie with stiff forearm shots. Todd runs in to save his brother and is met with a thunderous clothesline for his trouble. Todd bounces off the mat and Kaz follows that clothesline up with a stiff PK kick. Richie gets his bearings and tries to sneak up on Kaz, but the Heir Apparent senses him coming. He ducks and then hits a thunderous spinebuster!

DDK:

A spinebuster WITH AUTHORITY from Kaz Troy!

Lance:

And he makes the tag to Cecilia!

Todd has managed to get to his feet, but isn't there for long before he eats a superkick from the Murder Daughter, right into Kaz's waiting arms for a devastating Northern Lights bomb. Richie's to a vertical base, and he charges in, but Cecilia cuts him off with a wicked roundhouse kick that drops him flat.

Outside the ring, Ami sneaks around to where Paul Dunson is standing and steals his thermos full of Metamucil. Paul turns, seeing her run away, and yells, "What in tarnation?!" then chases her before falling on his face, which somehow makes him better looking and spontaneously raises his Tinder desirability rating by three points.

Back in the ring, Kaz sends Richie into the ropes, and on the return, he hoists him up in the air while Cecilia jumps, grabs the back of Richie's head, and brings him back down to earth with a double knee facebreaker!

DDK:

Death Knell! Richie's out cold! Kaz with the cover!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match...the Heirs to the Throne!

IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES UNTIL SOMEONE GETS KNEED IN THE FACE

As Paul Dunson slowly walks his boys back up the ramp, Kaz, Cecilia, and Ami hold court in the middle of the ring.

Our favorite Merry Mischief Maker takes a microphone from a crew member at ringside.

Ami Troy:

Alright, I'm not gonna waste everyone's time here with a big recap, song and dance, or whatever. I like to have fun out here, but I know when playtime's over. Kaz and Cecilia showed the Dunsons that they weren't playing around, and it's time they show Archie and Shoo-Fly that the fun and games are over. The Heirs to the Throne cordially invite Les Enfants Terribles to a match and, because we never fight for free, we want them at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

The Faithful cheer for the challenge being issued!

DDK:

It's about time! This all started when LET came out here and demanded more opportunities. Let's see if they'll take it!

A moment passes, and they get no answer. The Heirs look around and almost don't look too surprised. Ami is about to speak again...

Static.

On just the DEFIAtron, thankfully. Your streams are safe.

Lance:

What's going on up there?

???:

About damn time.

The Tron flashes to life with Archer Silver and High Flyer waving at the Heirs from somewhere backstage. Of course, rocking LET's new money-making "I Boo YOU!" t-shirts.

Archer Silver:

You know... we asked for competition. We asked for a fight. And finally, **FINALLY**, **FINALLY**... we get it. Kaz, this issue between you and me dates back a long time, to when we took you into LET in BRAZEN, and you tried to act like you were the leader. You wanted to act like you were the big star of the group. You wanted to act like you were the best thing going, and when you lost the BRAZEN Title, you ran off to Japan.

High Flyer:

Yep! He got booted and scooted right out of BRAZEN!

Lance:

Pretty sure that's not quite what happened. They were equals in BRAZEN together.

Archer Silver:

So now here you are looking tough in front of Dan Ryan's kid while lil sis does most of the talking for you. And now, you're ready to step to us? At Acts of DEFIANCE, was that what I heard?

High Flyer:

Yeah, what I heard, Arch.

Archer Silver:

Cool, cool, cool-cool-cool... Our answer is "go piss up a rope."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What?!

The Heirs, again, don't look shocked by the response but are nonetheless pleased. Silver shrugs.

Archer Silver:

Sorry, you're too late. Management talked to us earlier tonight, and they agreed that Flyer and I being omitted from the Ace of Tag Teams was a bullshit call. PCP had to drop out of next week's Ace of Tag Teams cause they wanted to be good friends and focus on Elise Ares' quest for gold or some shit... since High Flyer and I were racking up some wins before you three even showed up, they granted us their spot against the Atomic Punk Bitches. And since we're gonna be busy slapping them into next year's Dr. Sato Halloween Party and moving on in the tournament, which will already be at Acts of DEFIANCE, your request...

High Flyer imitates a buzzer.

High Flyer:

DE-NIED!

Archer Silver:

But we did want to ask your opinion on something. We've been working on our Doakes impression. Tell us what you think...

Archer Silver and High Flyer look at one another, then back to the screen.

Archer and High Flyer:

SURPRISE, MOTHERF...

The message mercifully ends there. Before Kaz and Cecilia have a chance to react...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kaz turns around, only to get ROCKED with an Arrow In Flight knee strike to the jaw from Silver!

Lance:

HEY! WHAT THE...?

Before Ryan can react, she gets spun around and LEVELED by a yakuza kick better than his father does it (if you ask Flyer, anyway)! LET stand over the Heirs after the cheap shots and proudly bask in the jeers of the Salt Lake City Faithful!

DDK:

SILVER AND FLYER ARE HERE! WE SHOULD HAVE SMELLED A SET-UP!

Lance:

We should have guessed it! I heard rumors that The Heirs to the Throne were going to call out LET at some point tonight! They apparently got wind of it as well and set this up!

Ami Troy backs up but gets ready to defend herself if she has to, but Archer only waves towards her, then to the laid-out Kaz before he and High Flyer leave the ring and dip through the crowd to make their escape!

Ami goes to Kaz and helps him shake the cobwebs and get to his feet as Cecilia pulls herself up with the use of the ropes. They all turn and glare at the retreating LET as we cut to the broadcast booth.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME

BOUND BY HONOR

Cut back from commercial, and the camera is backstage.

Scott Douglas, in a corridor, sits on a rolling production crate. His face, having now been covered by Victor Vacio's tarnished mask long enough, is recognizable by its bleak visage. His shoulders hunched, his head hung low, he stares at the floor between his knees. Silent and unmoving.

Enter Lord Nigel Trickelbush, tamping the lapel of his jacket as he approaches.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Ah-ha! I've found you. Alone at last.

Douglas doesn't respond.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Alone. At last.

Pleased with Douglas' inner torment, Nigel's false smile seems a little less false. He studies Douglas' stoic silence.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I daresay you've been carrying a burden, haven't you? Honor. Loyalty.

The next word comes out with some difficulty.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Principles...

Trickelbush scoffs.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

... shackles, if you ask me.

Douglas shifts, almost lifting his head.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

If only someone had the key? If only someone, like me, might be able to give you all that you desire. If only someone, like me, might be obliged to *set you free*.

Douglas opens his mouth... a word maybe forming for the first time since MAXDEF...

Scott Douglas:

--

... before the sound of boots echoing down the hall cuts him off.

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio storms into frame, Los Caídos looming behind him. The moment is broken. Douglas returns to his nearly catatonic state, staring at the floor. Nigel straightens up, eyeing the approaching shadows with an arched brow.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[smiling faintly]*

Ahhh. I see.

He taps at his orbital bone.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Bound by honor... *[with a chuckle]* ... as it were... Bound by honor to a man who values nothing... Least of which: honor.

Vacio glares at Nigel...

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Hola, señor?

Vacio steps in close, not to Trickelbush but to Douglas. He looms over the seated man as Los Caídos fan out behind him. Douglas doesn't move, doesn't flinch. He just stares at the floor like he has embraced the nothingness Vacio preaches.

Victor Vacio:

Mierda... Tú caminas con nosotros ahora.

[Look... You walk with us now.]

Vacio leans in closer.

Victor Vacio:

The time for these hesitations and insubordinación has long passed. You agreed to mi estipulación... and you lost cabrón. Do you embrace the covenant you sealed... or do you still defy?

Douglas finally lifts his eyes just enough to meet Vacio's but says nothing. His jaw flexes, and his hands ball into fists on his knees. The tension is electric, but he refuses to speak. Instead, he slowly stands up from the rolling production crate and brushes past Vacio without a word.

Vacio's face tells it all ... He is furious at the lack of response. Los Caídos hesitate, unsure whether to follow Douglas or their leader. Nigel, outside of Vacio's view, quickly holds a hand up, signalling for them to stay in place. They do, and Nigel then steps neatly into the space Douglas left, his smile widening. He removes his bowler cap and massages the brim with eager hands.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You've never asked for my counsel, this I know. T'was I who imposed myself upon *you*. But... allow me to offer one crucial observation...

Face darkening, Vacio pivots slightly to turn his back on Nigel. Nigel leans in and murmurs in Vacio's ear.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

... he's slipping through your fingers, good sir.

Vacio turns quickly toward Nigel, eyes wild.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

By jove, the man who finds neither meaning nor purpose in worldly pursuits seems to have found something worth pursuing! *Lovely!*

Vacio seethes at Nigel's words, his chest heaving with angered breath.

Victor Vacio:

... ocúpate de lo tuyo.

[... take care of your own]

Vacio turns sharply to Los Caídos.

Victor Vacio:

¡Vámonos!

Without another word, he storms down the hall. Los Caídos fall in behind him, black masks turning back once toward Nigel before disappearing with their leader. Tricklebush remains in frame, smiling to himself, pleased with the discord he's stirred.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS

Cut back to the arena. The camera sweeps over the roaring Faithful, ready for more DEFIANT action.

Cut to Darren and Lance at the commentation station.

DDK:

I'm not sure what Nigel Tricklebush is up to ... but he obviously has Vacio rattled, whether he wants to admit it or not.

Lance:

Rattled and dangerous, Darren. For the man who cares about nothing to suddenly be confronted with emotion, most of which is anger ... this can't be good. Especially as he is on this continued crusade to get a rematch from Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

Speaking of which ... we're scheduled to see Kerry Kuroyama in action up next against ...

Darren takes a beat before cuffing his mic and addressing Lance. Despite his best efforts, he is heard over the broadcast, albeit muffled.

DDK:

Am I reading this right?

♪ "Moving in Stereo" by The Cars ♪

Lance:

It would appear so!

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first... hailing from your mom's bedroom by way of New Orleans, Louisiana, and weighing in at one-hundred and forty-three pounds... CHRIIIIIIIS
CHIIIIKEEEEENTENNDERRRRRRRRRRSSSS!!!

The Faithful pop with a mix of laughter and cheers as Chris Chickentenders bursts onto the stage, strutting and showboating.

Chris Chickentenders:

Huehuehuehuehuehue WHAT'S UP, Buttmunches, like, the leader of the REZISTANCE is here and I'm like totally pumped and ready to blow your minds in the ring tonight, cuz like I've been waiting for this rematch ever since our last match, and like while Kurry was doing PRIME stuff or whatever, I was studying the blade, or like I mean, the blade if it were wrestling, but like--

He only makes it a handful of steps from the curtain before it parts again...

DDK:

Oh come on!

Gerardo Villalobos mows Chris down with a crushing lariat to the back of the head. Hugo González and Corey Nunez follow close behind, stomping the DEFRadio luminary mercilessly as the Faithful boo.

Lance:

Los Caídos have ambushed Chris Chickentenders here! No doubt to, once again, poke the Kerr--

DDK:

This is hardly the time for awful puns, Lance.

The beating continues on the stage, Chickentenders writhes but can't cover up under the barrage. Vacio steps through the curtain at last, calm in his fury, barking instructions in Spanish. He points toward the ring with a sweeping gesture.

Victor Vacio::

¡Al ring! ¡Ahora!

Los Caídos obey; Villalobos and González each hook an arm, dragging the limp and bleeding Chickentenders down the ramp while Nunez lays in cheap stomps along the way. Vacio trails behind them at a measured pace, chin high and his eyes still full of fire.

Lance:

Vacio swore he'd rob Kerry Kuroyama of any and all fair competition until he got his rematch!

Villalobos and González reach ringside and hoist Chris Chickentenders up and, with no care for his safety, hurl him under the bottom rope. His body bouncing awkwardly across the canvas, causing the Faithful to groan in sympathy as Chickentenders rolls to his side, clutching at his ribs.

DDK:

He is trying to force Kerry's hand here, and we have to wonder how many bodies he will leave in his wake.

Inside the ring already, Corey Nunez stalks over to Darren Quimbey. He jabs a finger toward the ropes, shouting in Spanish, before ripping the microphone from Quimbey's hand. The veteran ring announcer throws his arms up defensively and quickly bails to the floor as Nunez glares at him.

Lance:

...a pile? Or more?

Victor Vacio: ascends the steel steps and enters the ring at a deliberate pace. He extends a hand without looking, and Nunez obediently presses the mic into his palm. "The Lost Cause" stands tall over the broken body of Chris Chickentenders, the cacophony of boos swelling louder by the second.

Victor Vacio::

¡Silencio!

The boos grow louder, but Vacio doesn't flinch. He slowly paces the ring, circling the battered body of Chris Chickentenders like a vulture.

Victor Vacio::

This... this bloated corpse at my feet is what happens when I am denied what ... I AM OWED. When I am denied what Kerry Kuroyama OWES ME! You were warned Kerry... No fair play. No competencia...nada!

He points down at Chickentenders, his voice tightening.

Victor Vacio::

Only this. One after another... until ... ¡dame lo que quiero!

[... give me what I want!]

The Faithful boo louder as Vacio's eyes burn hotter. He gestures wildly toward the stage.

Victor Vacio::

Kerry... tus victorias? Worthless. This compañía? Worthless. Nada importa. Nothing matters until you stand before me again.

[... your victories? Worthless. This company? Worthless. Nothing matters until you stand before me again.]

He crouches low, snarling into a ringside camera.

Victor Vacio::

I demand my rematch! ¡Exijo mi revancha!

[I demand my rematch!]

He springs back to his feet, spitting with fury, pointing toward the stage.

Victor Vacio::

¡Ven ahora, Kuroyama! This is on you...

Vacio motions sharply to Los Caídos. Villalobos and González seize Chickentenders by the arms and drag him upright. His legs buckle beneath him, blood trickling from his forehead.

Victor Vacio::

Su sangre está en tus manos...

[His blood is on your hands...]

Vacio grabs the decimated Chris Chickentenders and wraps his arm around Chris' throat, setting him up for an inverted DDT.

DDK:

I think we need security out here...

In the stands, the Faithful closest to the entryway begin to turn their heads toward the stage. A ripple of anticipation runs through the arena ... then erupts into a thunderous pop as "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama bursts through the curtain, eyes locked on the ring.

Lance:

ASK and you shall receive! Kerry Kuroyama is here!

DDK:

And he doesn't look like he's in the mood to talk!

As Kerry charges down the ramp, Vacio snarls and shoves Chris Chickentenders to the mat, slipping through the ropes to safety. Corey Nunez bails out after him and the pair circle ringside warily, keeping their eyes locked on the ring, waiting for the right moment to retreat.

DDK:

Vacio wants no part of Kerry right now!

Meanwhile, Villalobos and González stay behind, standing their ground in the ring and beckoning The Emerald Apex. Kerry obliges and slides under the bottom rope. He pops up to his feet just as González swings a wild lariat. Kerry ducks it clean, G's momentum carrying him stumbling into the ropes.

Kerry, fresh off the near miss, finds himself face-to-face with Villalobos. He fires a sharp kick to the gut, doubling Villalobos over. Wasting no time, Kerry snatches him by the back of the mask and the waistband of his pants and, as González turns around from the ropes, hurls Villalobos headlong into his own partner!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama just used Villalobos like a battering ram!

Lance:

That's one way to even the odds, Darren!

Villalobos hits the mat, clutching his neck, and rolls toward the apron. Corey Nunez immediately rushes to him and pulls him off the apron to the ringside floor.

Inside the ring, Kerry seizes the stunned González and hooks him up...

DDK:

Emerald FLOWSION!

The Faithful erupt as González is driven to the canvas. Kerry pops up, grabs the top rope, and uses leverage and his boots to shove the oversized body of González under the bottom rope, sending him tumbling to the floor to join the rest of Los Caídos.

Kerry immediately drops to one knee to check on Chris Chickentenders. On the stage, **Victor Vacio:** has seen enough, and with a microphone in hand, he seethes as he paces. DEFmed comes rushing past Victor and Los Caidos and heads down the ramp.

Victor Vacio::

Más! Más sangre! Kerry... you cannot run forever!

Lance:

Kerry to the rescue here tonight for Chris Chickentenders...

DDK:

Yes, DEFmed now in the ring ... seeing to his injuries.

With Chis being looked over, an obviously aggravated Kerry Kuroyama, goes to the corner nearest the time keeper and asks for a mic.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You keep screaming about a rematch... fine!

Vacio's face lights up, eyes widening with wild satisfaction. The Faithful gasp in disbelief before a wave of boos and anxious cheers fills the arena.

DDK:

How could Kerry give in to this... this terrorist!?

Kerry Kuroyama:

You get your rematch...

He takes a beat.

Kerry Kuroyama:

... when I get Douglas!!

The roof nearly blows off. The Faithful explode, chanting as Vacio staggers back in shock.

On the stage, Vacio holds his mic up, ready to respond, but before he can, a hand comes through the curtain and yanks the microphone out of his hand. The man that hand belongs too quickly follows and ...

DDK:

It's Scott Douglas!

The Faithful erupt once again as Douglas steps out from behind the curtain, still donning the mask of his honor-bound situation. Through the leather ... his eyes are locked on Kerry.

Scott Douglas:

DEAL!

DDK:

Holy ...

Lance:

We have heard ... well, word one from Scott Douglas since MAX DEF!

Douglas drops the microphone with a sharp thud and disappears back behind the curtain. Vacio is aghast, frozen in disbelief, as Los Caídos exchange frantic glances behind him. In the ring, Kerry leans on the ropes, eyes locked on the stage, the Faithful still roaring at the promise of Seattle's Best facing off with one another.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

ACADEMIC ANNIHILATION

♪ “Ode to Joy” by Marcin Jakubek ♪

Through the house PA system comes the metal cover of Beethoven’s Ode to--

Headmaster Black:

NO!! NOPE!! TURN THAT OFF!! KILL THAT MUSIC RRRRIGHT NOW!!

Erik Black, in his Headmaster’s cap and gown, tears through the curtain and storms out onto the stage. He’s soon joined by the hulking Professor Arsvinnar and the Academic Amarettos.

Lance:

Oh boy, here we go...

DDK:

Pardon the interruption to the presentation, ladies and gentlemen, but it would appear that Headmaster Black has something to say on behalf of the Honor Society.

The face of “the Sacred Lamb” is creased in anger, and his eyes are wide with rage. He raises the mic clenched in his hand back to his frothing lips.

Headmaster Black:

We are NOT WAITING on THIS any longer than we HAVE to! Because for TWO WEEKS, I’ve had an ICEPACK held against my LOINS, and let me tell you, I have been MORE than EAGER to announce this decision!

Black points down the camera, calling out one man who he knows is watching.

Headmaster Black:

LEVI COLE!! Your UNCOOUTH and UNCULTURED ACTIONS at the last DEFtv are UNFORGIVABLE OFFENSES!! Worst of all, you CONFUSED and MANIPULATED poor Miss Sanders into becoming your CO-CONSPIRATOR!! Now we are OUT of finger sandwiches, AND WE ARE ALL VERY HUNGRY!! THEREFORE, Mister Cole... as of TONIGHT...

YOU!

ARE!

HERE!

BY!

exxxxXXXXXXXXXXPELLLLED FROM THE HONOR SOCIETY!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Black stands on the edge of the stage, nodding insistently despite the negative crowd reaction.

DDK:

I can’t say any of us are surprised by that announcement, but... a substantial one nonetheless, given how instrumental TA Cole has been to the Honor Society.

Lance:

Ned Reform’s Honor Society, you mean.

Black goes back to pointing down the camera.

Headmaster Black:

THAT'S RIGHT, Levi! You are DONE! OUT! DISMISSED, Levi! Now you can just spend the rest of your days SITTING in your TRAILER HOME back in OMAHA, Levi, IMAGINING what your life COULD HAVE BEEN if you had JUST given ME your TRUST, Levi! REFLECT on your poor choices, Levi! Because YOU have NO ONE to BLAME for this, Levi, other than YOURSELF! DO YOU HEAR ME, LEVI?! WHEREVER YOU ARE, I HOPE you're DWELLING ON THIS, Levi! I HOPE you're LIVING in EVERLASTING REGRET, LEVI!! And if YOU were HERE NOW, Levi, then I'd have MORE than just a FEW CHOICE WORDS!!

Levi Cole: (standing right behind him)

Then let's hear 'em.

Headmaster Black:

D'YAAAH--OOHH SHUCKS!!!

The surprised Headmaster Black jumps nearly three feet off the stage and quickly scurries around the other Honor Society professors. Where he was standing, Levi Cole steps into view alongside Delilah Sanders.

The pair are met with a surprisingly favorable pop from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Lance:

I don't think Headmaster Black expected Cole to appear at his own expulsion announcement!

DDK:

Something tells me he couldn't just stand back there and listen to any more of this dunce running him down!

When the initial shock wears off, Black finds the courage to put himself back out in front of the purple and white human wall of protection and angrily shakes his fist at the former original TA.

The OGTA, if you will.

Headmaster Black:

LEEEEEEVIIIIIIII!!! You DARE show your face to me after what you DID!? OR... did you just come to BEG for your place back among us?!

Levi Cole

Listen up, Black... I'm gonna say this once and only once. The Honor Society CEASED to exist the moment we turned our back on its founder... DOCTOR Ned Reform!

A small piece of hell freezes over as that name... actually gets a fairly positive reaction.

Levi Cole:

I want no part of any group foolish enough to have YOU as a leader. In fact, this group no longer deserves the title of "Honor Society." To quote a mentor... this is a farce. You are unworthy to call yourself a leader!

Headmaster Black:

NOT WORTHY?!?

Levi Cole:

Do you think the people behind you respect you? They followed you because they saw a chance at glory. They don't respect your leadership. They don't respect your honor. And they certainly don't respect your intellect!

Headmaster Black:

WHAAAT?! LIES, I tell you! My INTELLECT is HUGE, Levi! The BIGGEST! In fact, EVERYONE compliments me on my GIGANTIC, MASTODON-SIZED INTELLECT!!

Levi Cole

Oh yeah, tough guy? Prove it!

Headmaster Black:

YYYYESS!! In fact, I CAN PROVE IT HERE AND NOW!!

Levi Cole:

Good...

Levi motions to someone behind the curtain. Two stage-hands emerge, carrying two chairs and a small table bearing a chessboard with the pieces already set.

Headmaster Black stands with his mouth hanging open in confusion. Levi pulls up a chair on the light side, and gestures to the board.

Levi Cole:

I'm challenging you, Black! A game of intellect - if you win, you'll prove to me you deserve to lead this Honor Society!

Black looks dubiously down on the chessboard, and chuckles nervously.

Headmaster Black:

Heh heh... you know, Levi... the thing about intellect is... um... it's... well, um... you see INTELLECT isn't so much about MENTAL strength as it is PHYSICAL!

Levi Cole:

Are you saying you don't have the "mental strength" to face me in a simple game of chess?

Erupting in anger, Black KICKS the table over, sending chess pieces scattering across the stage. His finger points accusingly inches away from the former TA's face.

Headmaster Black:

I'M SAYING that a single STUPID game of chess would prove NOTHING! I am the RECOGNIZED LEADER of the HONOR SOCIETY because my MENTAL ACUMEN makes me the GREATEST and SMARTEST WRESTLER that EVER LIVED!! You want to PROVE I'm not worth the title of "HEADMASTER", Levi?! Then you'd have to OVERCOME my INTELLECT... in the RING!

Undeterred and unthreatened, Cole rises up from his seat. The Headmaster appears to shrink slightly.

Levi Cole:

If your so-called "honor" means anything... give me the chance to do just that, Black.

Black quickly backpedals until he's among the throng of professors in matching purple and white academic robes.

Headmaster Black:

HONOR... means... **EH-VUH-REE-THEE-YING** TO ME, Levi! But a HEADMASTER has BETTER THINGS to DO with his TIME and INTELLIGENCE than to EDUCATE every reprobate that comes calling, Levi! You want ME in the RING, LEVI?! You want to QUESTION my LEGITIMACY, LEVI!? Then you have to PROVE to ME that you're the TRUE HEAD of the CLASS, Levi!

He gestures to the hulking Arsvinnar and the mirror image of Amarettos hovering at his shoulders, cracking their knuckles and looking ready to rough someone up.

Headmaster Black:

You have to OUTLAST the REST of the Honor Society, Levi! In a GAUNTLET MATCH!

A stir among the Faithful.

DDK:

That is a TALL order! Those men behind Black have shown us they are dangerous.

Lance:

Most recently when they viciously attacked and deposed their former leader, Ned Reform.

Levi Cole:

Gauntlet Match? You got it. One on condition...whoever is in the match against me at the time faces me one-on-one. Nobody ELSE from your group of cronies can be ringside.

The Headmaster throws his head back and cackles.

Headmaster Black:

HAHAA!! It is absolutely CHARMING that you think you have enough of a chance where that would even be an issue, Levi! FINE! WHATEVER! The POINT, Levi, is that in TWO WEEKS TIME, you will FINALLY PAY for your INSULTS! I HOPE YOU'RE READY, Levi, to face THESE MEN whom you used to call FRIENDS and ALLIES!

Levi Cole:

...uh...I have literally never any sort of association with Olvir Arsvinnar or The Amrettos. I don't couldn't even tell you The Amaretto's first names...

Headmaster Black:

Oh... right... well, IN ANY CASE, Levi, Professors OWENS and HERRIGAN will BE THERE AS WELL! And after your UNPROVOKED ASSAULT two weeks ago, believe me, Levi... they are VERY eager to seek compensation! In fact, they may not even wait until the next DEFTv... if you catch my drift, heh heh heh...

Black chuckles low and ominously. Just then, the curtains behind Cole and Sanders ripples as two figures step out.

DDK:

Wait--LOOK OUT, LEVI!!

Sanders yelps in surprise, which tips Cole off in time to turn and narrowly avoid a wooden PADDLE coming for his head.

Lance:

Heavy Artillery are here!

DDK:

And Professor Owens has that paddle!

Before Owens can recover from the missed swing, Levi tags his side with a stiff forearm. Owens doubles over in pain, dropping the paddle to the stage. His associate Professor Herrigan moves to intervene, only to be met with a single mule kick to his gut.

Headmaster Black:

GET THEM!!

The other professors snap to action, chasing after Cole and Sanders as the pair disappear through the curtain. Weighted Grade soon follow.

Headmaster Black:

AFTER THEM!!! STOP THEM!!! MAKE THEM PAYYYYYY!!!

Alone on the stage, Black scoops up the paddle and points it out into the crowd.

Headmaster Black:

DULLARDS and DIMWITS of DEFIANCE!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Headmaster Black:

As your INTELLECTUAL SUPERIOR... I WELCOME YOU to WITNESS, in two weeks time, exactly WHAT HAPPENS to ANYONE who DARES CROSS the HONOR SOCIETY! More than SUSPENSIONS! More than EXPULSIONS! More than CORPORAL PUNISHMENT! In TWO WEEKS, Levi Cole will be faced with... **ACADEMIC ANNIHILATION!!** HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

Black poses proud and studiously to an ever-jeering crowd.

DDK:

Let's move on from this as soon as we can... we'll see what lies in store for Levi Cole as his conflict with the Honor Society escalates into a full-scale Gauntlet Match at the next DEFtv!

Lance:

Cole is determined to take down the man who supplanted the Good Doctor. But Black may have lured him straight into a trap. How can Cole stand against all FIVE professors of the Honor Society?

DDK:

Whatever the means, he'll have to overcome those odds, should he want the opportunity to face off with Headmaster Black in a one-on-one match!

NO WORDS

As if nothing has changed since he was out there in the middle of the ring, Tyler Fuse walks through the backstage hallway, duffle bag in hand. Stone faced, the OG Player moves past The Comments Section locker room, his eyes only shifty for a mere split second at the door before looking ahead again. No one from The Comments Section has made an appearance tonight and it seems as though Tyler also has no intent to interact as well.

It's clear by now that Fuse is making his way to the talent parking lot.

...But not before coming to a complete stop at the exit door. There is a dark silhouette hanging over Fuse, yet it's out of the broadcast view.

Fuse remains idle, no break on his face. Completely stoic as always while the camera swings around...

And shows Dan Ryan blocking the doorway.

Both men look at one another, neither showing a hint of emotion.

...

...

...

Dan Ryan takes one step forward. He no longer blocks the exit.

Tyler holds his place for a few more seconds, before his eyes divert from Ryan and he walks out the exit doors.

DAN RYAN & HENRY YAMAZAKI vs. MONEY TALKS

"The Entertainer" by turn of the century ragtime pianist Scott Joplin starts tinkling through the arena. The reaction from the crowd in attendance's reaction to his song would probably shock and confuse Mr. Joplin. But to the Faithful? That song means only one thing... violence.

The two time former FIST of DEFIANCE, and the only active Hall of Famer in DEF history, the Bombastic Bronson Box steps out onto the stage to a torrential downpour of boos from the Faithful. The Wargod cracks the tiniest of grins before turning and heading towards the commentary station where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner await their terrifying co-commentator for this match.

Lance:

Ummm... Bronson, uhh... hi?

Bronson Box:

That a question or a statement, Lancey?

Hearing his gravelly voice over commentary just sounds odd.

Like some sort of demon has been summoned between Keebs and Lance.

DDK:

He's been a little tense ever since it was announced you'd be sitting in with us here tonight instead of Angus.

Bronson Box:

Well, kindly unclench yer' asshole Warner. You're bloody safe. Fer' tonight at least.

"C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan kicks in, and Money Talks swagger out with Angus Skaaland front and center, barking at the crowd. Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne radiate cocky menace, gesturing about their payday while Angus struts like he owns the place.

Lance:

Here comes Money Talks, and with Angus Skaaland at ringside tonight, you know we're in for all kinds of shortcuts.

Bronson Box: *[dryly]*

Shortcuts? No, Warner. That's ring IQ. It's called winning.

"Daddy's Home" by JT Music plays next. Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage, a confident smirk on his face, sunglasses over his eyes. He bounces lightly from one foot to the other until the opening music ends, then starts his walk to the ring as the rap verse begins.

DDK:

The Ego Buster himself, Dan Ryan... Boxer, I can see you already grinding your teeth.

Bronson Box:

Ancient history, Darren. I'm satisfied with the pounds of flesh I've carved from that man's hide over the years... It's him, stifled in irrelevance as he is, that's barkin' at MY door. Remember that when he's spinnin' yarns and tellin' his little *jokes*.

Ryan makes his way all the way down the aisle to the ring, then walks halfway around almost all the way around to the announce table, but stops, gives Bronson Box a smile, then turns and hops up onto the apron and climbs into the ring.

Bronson Box:

Bloody obnoxious.

Ryan climbs the nearest turnbuckle, then throws his arms to the sky to a loud ovation from the Faithful, then turns, hops down and leans back against the turnbuckle.

Finally, “Requiem” by The Back Horn rumbles over the PA, and Henry Yamazaki marches out. No mask, no Mushigahara—just Henry. His jaw is tight, his eyes locked on the ring.

Bronson Box: *[snide]*

Still sportin’ quite a bandage on his head there. My, what a bloody disappointment this one is.

DING DING

DDK:

Henry Yamazaki looks to be starting things here with Felton Bigsby as we get things underway. Obviously, he has a score to settle with both of these guys after what happened at the last show.

Lance:

Obviously, he’s eager to get things going but...

Just then, as Henry bounces back and forth with his back to his own corner, Dan Ryan slaps him on the back and climbs into the ring. Henry stares at him, eyes wide, and Dan ignores him completely. Moving to the middle of the ring, without another word, he drives forward into a lock-up with Bigsby at the center of the ring.

Lance:

...well, I guess Dan Ryan has other plans.

Bronson Box:

These two can’t bloody get along. No way in hell.

Ryan gets the upper hand, pushing Bigsby back and, with some effort, shoving him hard backward into his own corner. Felton Bigsby hits the turnbuckle hard and gives his partner a side-eye glance, acknowledging the strength of their opponent.

DDK:

Felton Bigsby isn’t used to locking up with someone as strong as the former FIST of DEFIANCE. He might have to come up with a better strategy than trying to match Dan Ryan in strength.

Dan Ryan waits, head cocked forward just slightly, motioning for Bigsby to meet him once more in the middle of the ring. Bigsby frowns and slowly walks out toward him, and they lock up once more.

They both struggle to take advantage, circling, muscles tensing, but Dan Ryan gets the upper hand again as he backs Felton Bigsby back into the ropes. The referee steps in to break it up, and Dan Ryan slowly releases his grip, takes a step back, then slaps Bigsby’s chest **HARD** with a two-handed slap. Bigsby winces in pain as Dan Ryan holds his hands up innocently in response to the referee’s admonition.

Bronson Box:

Ah, yes, the vaunted Dan Ryan game plan. Hit a man waiting on a clean break.

Ryan backs away with a smile, then turns to look at Henry Yamazaki on the apron, still glaring at his partner. Ryan sighs, mutters what seems to be “ok, fine” and tags Henry in. Ryan climbs through the ropes to the apron, and Henry climbs in, but before he can even take one step, Ryan slaps him on the back and tags himself back in. Again, Dan ignores Henry’s angry protestation and simply charges at Felton Bigsby.

Bigsby tries to block the charge, but Ryan overwhelms him with rights and lefts that back him into a corner. Ryan lays the boots to Bigsby’s midsection and upper thigh, dropping him to a knee. Stepping back, Ryan finishes the sequence by driving his knee right into the side of Felton Bigsby’s head, slumping him face-forward onto the mat.

Ryan turns to the crowd, soaking in the reaction, only giving his partner, Henry Yamazaki, the slightest of glances.

DDK:

Dan Ryan just can't help himself!

Bronson Box:

Why let the second fiddle play the tune, Darren? Yamazaki could have ended my career, throwing me off that bloody balcony. He didn't, though. He walked away. Coward.

Henry grows more and more frustrated on the apron, the camera catching his scowl after each of these self-tags.

Bigsby slowly pulls himself up to his feet as Dan Ryan mugs for the crowd. Ryan makes his way over and twists Bigsby into a side headlock, dragging him toward the middle of the ring and down to one knee.

DDK:

Again, that's raw power right there.

Lance:

And precision. Ryan's not just strong - he knows exactly how to use it.

Bronson Box:

Bloody hell. No chance of Dan Ryan's bollocks getting dry with you lot around.

Bigsby's face scrunches up as Dan Ryan squeezes, but he's able to shove Ryan off with a burst of effort, sending him into the ropes. Ryan rebounds, Bigsby drops down, Ryan leaps over, hits the opposite ropes, and walks into a hard Felto Bigsby clothesline!

Bronson Box:

There you go, lad!

Ryan is rocked, but not down. He stumbles back, and Bigsby charges, only to get caught mid-run and *planted* with a spinebuster that rattles the canvas.

Lance:

Good Lord! It felt like the whole arena shook on just then!

Ryan stands over Bigsby, breathing heavy, eyes locked on Henry Yamazaki in the corner. Without breaking eye contact, he walks toward his corner as if to make a tag, but at the last second, spins around and rushes at Felton Bigsby, clotheslining him almost out of his shoes.

Bigsby crawls away, trying to catch a breather. Dan Ryan is already over him, though, stalking. Ryan reaches down to pull him up to his feet, and with a desperate rush, Felton Bigsby tugs at Dan Ryan's waistband, pulling him forward and into the ropes, where Adrian Payne throws a knee that catches Dan Ryan square in the kidney. Ryan yelps in pain, clutching at his back as he goes down on both knees.

Felton takes the opening to tag in Adrian Payne, who immediately begins clubbing away at Dan Ryan until Ryan is face down on the mat, at which point Adrian stomps away at the back of his head until Ryan manages to cover up.

Ryan rolls to his side, one arm draped across his ribs. Adrian Payne circles like a shark, eyes locked on Ryan's every move. He grabs Ryan by the wrist and yanks him to his feet, only to whip him hard into the turnbuckles. Ryan hits chest-first with a sickening thud and staggers backward - right into a brutal full nelson slam that folds him in half.

Bronson Box:

Bloody beautiful, this.

Money Talks start carving Ryan up with clubbing offense: spinebusters, slams, and a slow pace that leans on raw size.

Angus is in full form... shouting at the ref, sliding distractions, letting Payne choke Ryan across the rope while Felton mugs him in the corner.

Lance:

What a snake!

Bronson Box:

That's how you USE the rules, Warner! They're tools, lads, and Money Talks are becoming craftsmen!

Ryan eats punishment, but still manages to keep Henry at arm's length... cutting off tags to hog the ring whenever he claws his way up.

At last, Ryan staggers into the corner... Henry's hand out, crowd roaring, and Ryan drags himself up... [reluctantly] TAG! Yamazaki is a house of fire, waylaying Bigsby. But juuust as Yamazaki is building some momentum, he gets a little too close to his corner and... TAG! Ryan steps through the ropes, getting nose to nose with Henry.

The few moments Ryan takes to jaw at Yamazaki, Bigsby and Payne utilize it to snag back the upper hand and brutalize Ryan a little more. Dan makes a big comeback, muscling the two big men around with a showing of unbelievable strength.

Lance:

Dan Ryan is on a ROLL! Unbelievable!

But Henry's had enough. Ryan grins at Henry just out of tagging distance, SPITTING down at Henry's boots... and Henry just snaps. He roars, steps through the ropes, grabs Ryan and THROWS him back into their corner. Yamazaki steps back through the ropes and SMACKS Ryan across the chest HARD, tagging himself in.

DDK:

A tag with authority, there, gentlemen!

The Faithful ROAR at the display of strength and dominance.

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

As Ryan stands back up and starts to get in Henry's face about it, Henry rears back and SHOVES Ryan with both hands, sending the Ego Buster flying through the ropes to the floor!

The crowd *explodes*.

DDK:

Henry Yamazaki just LAUNCHED Dan Ryan!

Bronson Box: *[chuckling]*

Finally showing a little spine, eh, Henry? Shame you wasted it on your bloody partner.

Ryan sits up on the floor, wide-eyed, pointing back at Henry like, "What the shit just happened?"

Money Talks see the chaos and crank up the cheating...double-teams, Angus sliding a hand in for leverage. Adrian and Felton look poised to steal it, but Henry powers through, fists of fire, clobbering Felton with a massive headbutt to clear him out.

He hoists Adrian Payne high, plants him with a brutal slam, and covers...

1...

2...

NO! KICKOUT!

Henry stands, planting a few more boots across the broad expanse of Payne's chest.

Yamazaki looks down at Ryan, eyes blazing in fury, only to get nailed in the blindspot by BOTH Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne! Payne still clearly hurting, the duo take turns bringing a rainstorm of hammering blows to the neck and back, before whipping him into the ropes and swinging for a double clothesline on the rebound...

Bronson Box:

Not looking good for...

DDK:

Don't speak so soon, Bronson!

...but Henry ducks, and manages to lay both men out with a shoulder tackle from each side! Felton is the first man to get up, but he walks right into a THUNDEROUS headbutt from Henry Yamazaki that sends him flopping between the ropes and to the floor! Payne manages to get back up, but Henry greets him with an iron claw hold, and lets out a furious roar!

Henry Yamazaki:

GrrrrrrrAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGH!!!!

Those eyes burning with rage once more, Henry releases the claw just long enough to spin his body and flatten Payne with the TETSU-1 discus lariat!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

He did it!

DING DING DING

Henry gets the pinfall victory.

DDK:

Henry Yamazaki wins it for his team!

Bronson Box: *[furious]*

No. No, no, no. That just won't do. Too bloody easy.

Ryan glares from the floor, still fuming, while Henry gets his arm raised.

Before Henry can breathe, Bronson Box rips off his headset and storms towards the ring. Money Talks recovers quickly, and with Angus directing traffic, the three-on-one beatdown begins. Henry is stomped, choked, and battered against the buckles.

Ryan climbs onto the apron...crowd buzzing... like he might dive in to help. He glares at Box, at Henry, at the chaos... then shakes his head, climbs back down, and backs up the ramp. The boos from the Faithful rain down.

Dan Ryan clearly doesn't give a damn.

Lance:

Ryan's leaving him! Henry's being destroyed, and Dan Ryan's walking away!

Blood Diamond's representation of Box, Felton, and Payne continues the mugging until DEF Security finally storms in. Referees Buffalo Brian Slater and Carla Ferrari lead the charge, pulling bodies apart and forcing Box and company from the ring and towards the backstage area.

Henry is left kneeling, battered, bloodied, and absolutely seething as medics check him over. His fire-filled eyes follow Bronson and company up the ramp.

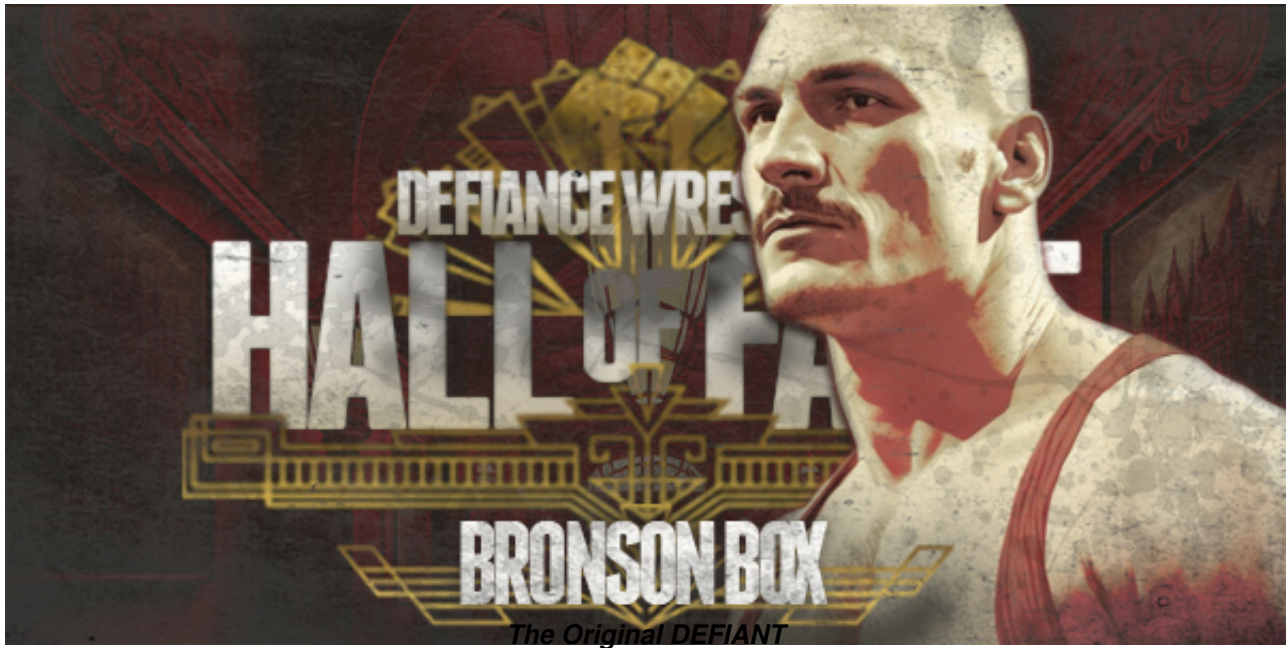
DDK:

Henry Yamazaki survives the match, but he's been left a broken man by the Blood Diamonds YET AGAIN... and this time, abandoned by his own partner.

The segment ends with the camera focused on Henry Yamazaki, on all fours, looking up at the Blood Diamonds as DEFmed tends to his wounds. He is bleeding.

Bruised.

And goddamn *FURIOUS*.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX

PEOPLE LIE, NUMBERS DON'T

Jamie Sawyers is on the interview stage of the arena.

Jamie Sawyers:

DEFIANTs, we are three matches into the Ace of Tag Teams tournament and to say that the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have been impressed is an understatement! At the start of the show we saw the Triple 7s defeat the Masked Violators to punch their ticket to Acts of DEFIANCE in the semi-finals! On DEFtv 223, it was Kill or be Killed who defeated Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha to advance! The first tournament match was won by the team I have with me ...

Jamie moves to the side.

Jamie Sawyers:

"DEC4L" Declan Alexander. "251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance" Nathan Eye. "Good Vibes Only" Makalya Namaste! M4NTRA!!!

M A N T R A

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste's new theme, sampling "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick, Astley! White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses. Behind her Declan and Natty Eyce come out M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. Eye has his special metal-plated copy of 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance in hand ... and the response is crazy as they all M4NTRA Ray Dance on the stage with the people doing the same!

Lance:

Listen to this response, Keebs! The Delta Center just became Good Vibes Only!

Instead of heading right back to the stage right away to meet with Jamie Sawyers, M4NTRA head down the ramp and then start heading out into the crowd! An entire arena of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have their arms out, flailing around spastically thus participating in the M4NTRA Ray Dance!

DDK:

An utterly amazing response! Over the past year, this silly dance of theirs turned into something *huge*!

Makalya Namaste, Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander hit three different sides of the Delta Center in the audience with the house lights flickering a shade of blue! The lights start swaying and some fans in the audience shine their phones out and start flashing lights of gold! Nathan, DEC4L and Makayla all pull out a new set of lights and put them on their fingers to start shining to the sky which gets the crowd to start shining their cell phones in the blue light of the arena!

DDK:

They call these Vibe Detectors! Now on sale at defiancewrestling.com! As I was told to read by Nathan Eye and I quote: "When life has you down and the vibes are low, use your Vibe Detectors to find negative auras killing your vibes! They light up when the vibes are right and turn off when someone's low key salty and killing the mood. Use your Vibe Detector to improve your vibe in everyday life! They may also find missing car keys under your couch!"

Lance:

In that case give me three. Those fall out of my jacket pocket all the time.

DDK:

Or you could just put them in your regular pocket!

The Good Vibes Party returns to the stage with all three M4NTRA members throwing up the Positive Lights. When they get to the stage the blue lights return to normal lights.

Jamie Sawyers:

M4NTRA making an entrance!

Nathan and DEC4L each take a bow.

Jamie Sawyers:

It's been a crazy few weeks for the three of you to say the least and we haven't had a chance to hear from you over the fact that you were betrayed by Tom Morrow when he restarted his prior partnership to form the Triple 7s ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Makalya Namaste:

Yeah. We always knew, Jamie. It was no secret that Tom Morrow was sus. He's managed a lot of tag teams to championships and he's even managed them to the main event of DEFCON ... but deadass ... he ain't it. He showed his true colors after he spent months acting like he had anything to do with M4NTRA becoming Unified Tag Team champions!

Jamie Sawyers:

Some leopards just never change their spots. Despite that loss you guys did manage to rebound in a huge way! You beat Money Talks in the first Ace of Tag Teams opening round match in Nathan's home state of California and you've managed to really turn your reaction around from the people in the process. How are you doing this?

Nathan Eye:

I blame Tom Morrow. You guys?

DEC4L:

We've always loved the M4NTRA Rays. No Cap. But Tom Morrow got into our heads and told us that they were going to bring us down, so we made a bad choice. I hope you all understand low-key this is a tough business and to make a big change like the three of us did, it can be scary. At the end of the day, we were successful, but it just wasn't passing the vibe check. He tried to take away our good vibes and then he simped his way back to those giant walking Ls. Big BETA behavior.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Makayla Namaste:

Totes. 100%. He gagged every time I sprayed the BETA Blocker. Should have been my first clue.

Nathan Eye:

Yeah, we're gonna go with Tom Morrow, Jamie. We were totally innocent, young and hungry super athletes until Morrow came in, laid brain worms in our ears about what we could be working with him. We should have seen the writing on the wall the second that we lost those titles to Rain City Ronin at DEFCON. He tried to split us up. Tried to make us go our separate ways. But what Declan, Makalya and I have built with M4NTRA? This isn't something that just happened overnight. We put in the work, we worked hard to get where we were and we did it the whole time Tom Morrow was licking his wounds after the Lucky Sevens kicked his ass at last year's DEFCON show! He held us back from being what we are now, Jamie! A *positive* light in the Tom Mor ... no. A *positive* light in the greatest tag team division in wrestling today!

DEC4L:

Now that we've dropped the dead weight, it's time for the glow up. We finna show Tom Morrow and the whole world who the main characters are of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Division. DEC4L and Natty Eyce are the CEOs of TAGs. Picking up dubs and collecting bands, that's what M4NTRA does.

Nathan Eye:

Tom Morrow went back to his exes and that's cool. I mean, we're too humble and enlightened to be doing something that sloppy. When we heard Tom Morrow and the Triple 7s wanted in this tournament, we wanted in, too. That's why

we put our name in. I'm hoping they make it to the finals because if they do, we want to be the one to take that Ace of Tag Teams, take that \$250,000 prize money and rub it in their faces!

DEC4L:

Get that guap, my guy! We could even make a new book about it! *250,000 Ways For Tom Morrow to Catch These Hands!* no wait... I think I have a better one. How about *250,000 Ways for Tom Morrow to Suck This D-*

Makayla Namaste:

Declan! This isn't a Call of Duty lobby! You can't just talk like that here!

Nathan Eye:

Actually Makayla, it's a little crass for a book title but I like the way you think, DEC4L! You ...

"You... are making a mistake, boys."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sans music, Siofra steps onto the stage. She gestures right behind her with a wag of the finger...

And she's backed by MONSTERS.

DDK:

Ooooooh, no.

To her left, the Familia's Attack Dog, Kilgore. Wearing red face paint. To her right, the even larger "Good Son" of the Familia, Killjoy in a black and red mask matching Kilgore's facepaint. The masked 6'10" and 350-pound Native American giant lurks behind Siofra and follows her towards the stage.

Lance:

And here are their opponents in the semi-finals. Kill or Be Killed have been completely unstoppable since becoming a team under Titanes Familia!

M4NTRA get ready to defend themselves at a moment's notice, but Siofra only laughs and holds a hand up to keep the monsters at bay.

Siofra:

It's all right. Tonight, you're in luck. If we were here to hurt you, you'd already be beaten and bloody. But what I'm taking real offense to... is the fact that you guys think that you're gonna meet the Triple 7s as if it's a foregone conclusion. And if I've learned anything from my big sis, Titaness, and Uriel Cortez, is that the Familia doesn't take disrespect. And if you think I'm going to let you run your mouths about how you're looking past Kill or Be Killed when it's us paired in the semi-finals of the Ace of Tag Teams... you're not NEARLY as enlightened as you say, Nate.

She says with a sinister smile.

Siofra:

We're UNDEFEATED as a team. Kilgore here behind me? Undeclared in ANY match, singles or tag!

The Fury of the Familia points up to Killjoy.

Siofra:

And this one? He's beaten so many big names in DEFIANCE already. He won the Familia Feud Rules match at DEFCON for our Familia. He beat Kendrix of the Hollywood Bruvs. Kill or Be Killed beat Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha! And if the Triple 7s were still here, we'd tell them the same thing. There's NEW monsters to be afraid of. The Familia knows a thing or two about humbling twins with one working brain cell between them. You call yourselves positive lights, but the only thing positive about this is that you two will get HURT at Acts of DEFIANCE if you aren't

focused on US.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nathan Eye gives the monsters a look and then Siofra. He points at the people.

Nathan Eye:

Miss Pat Cassidy's Little Sister ... I'm not calling you by that other cheugy Viking name!

Some how ...

"CHEUGY!!! CHEUGY!!! CHEUGY!!! CHEUGY!!! CHEUGY!!!"

Siofra looks puzzled by the chant more than anything. Declan is laughing next to Makayla and Jamie Sawyers is just trying not to be in the way.

Makayla Namaste:

The M4NTRA Rays have spoken! And sis, that outfit? Ew.

Nathan Eye:

They did! Now back to us ... you and the big, scary masked men straight out of 80's wrestling can come out here to talk up how tough they are and they are *tough*! You can insult my books! You can even try to tell us what you think M4NTRA's chances are ... but don't ever and I mean *EVER!!!* Question how enlightened I am! Declan and I have a huge headstart on your Killers! Tom Morrow or no Tom Morrow, Declan, Makayla and I have made ourselves the greatest home grown tag team in DEFIANCE Wrestling history while you were still holding Malak Garland's purse strings!

OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!

DEC4L:

Hey, hey, hey bro. Fam. Listen. You just gave me a great idea for some fresh merch. How about this for a tag line: "Live Like There Is No Tom Morrow." Does that slap or what?

"I KNOW THAT SOMEBODY DIDN'T MENTION OUR NAMES!!!"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Now all eyes turn to the stage. With some celebratory hooch in hand after their victory earlier in the night, The Triple 7s walk back out to the stage. Walking in between them comes Tom Morrow. Right away, Mason and Mark Luck match up with Killjoy and Kilgore and get a big reaction from the Faithful! Max Luck stands next to Tom Morrow.

DDK:

That stage is getting really full!

Tom Morrow:

Look, look, look ... rest assured after my guys already competed earlier tonight and won, consider this a night off for the rest of you! And Nathan, you and I can agree on one thing! I won't take people showing disrespect. Just a second ago, Siofra said she'd tell us to our faces that her monsters could beat my monsters! I'm *sick and tired* of the Familia no matter what they all look like or how many wrestlers they adopt ... but we thought we'd grace you with our presence just one more time tonight just as a friendly reminder. Unlike you guys, we plan on getting to the finals and the name on the other side doesn't make a difference! Spoiler alert ... you're looking at *the Ace of Tag Teams*.

Siofra speaks up to Tom Morrow. Kilgore and Killjoy size up to the Triple Sevens.

Siofra:

I hope we do see the Sevens in the finals, Tom. Uriel and Titaness gave us all the secrets we need to beat 'em. Two, three, six giants... doesn't matter. Your monsters aren't as impressive as MY monsters.

Nathan Eye:

That's great that you think that your math checks out, but last *we* checked ... there's over *ten thousand* M4NTRA Rays dancing in our name! That, plus the three greatest numbers in DEFIANCE Wrestling: 2-5-1! That much of Pure Perseverance *plus* those people cheering on DEC4L and Natty Eyce?!

DEC4L:

People lie! Numbers don't! That's Eyenstein's Theory of Dubability.

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

The music hits one more time. All three teams stare at one another. Killjoy and Kilgore want to fight and M4NTRA are prepared to join in, but Max, Mason and Mark Luck wave all the teams goodbye with Tom Morrow waving at M4NTRA! They stare down Kill or Be Killed to end things.

DDK:

Three of the four tag teams in the Ace of Tag Teams are set and we have one more to go in two weeks! It will be the Atomic Punks taking on The D and Klein of the Pop Culture Phenoms! That team will go on to face the Triple 7s at Acts of DEFIANCE in the semifinals!

WHAT DO WE DO WITH OUR HANDS?

Lance:

When an explosive confrontation between monsters and M4NTRA! Three of the four teams are now known for the Ace of Tag Teams with just one more to go!

DDK:

Indeed! And switching gears in the tag team division, let's talk about the Unified Tag Team Champions and their recent challenges! Two weeks ago, we saw an EPIC Unified Tag Team Title match between the defending champions, Rain City Ronin and their challengers, The Lads! The match got PHYSICAL with both teams pulling out the stops against one another, only to end in a double disqualification after not one, but two officials were accidentally struck in the heat of battle!

Stills flash between both teams talking about the big-time match that ended DEFtv 223 two weeks ago! Stills show Punch Drunk Purcell and Dex Joy hitting The Buddy System (lariat/spinebuster) combo on Leo Burnett, but no referee being there to make the cover.

Lance:

Arguably, The Lads had the match won right there, but a scuffle between Dex Joy and Zack Daymon led to our referee getting knocked out!

DDK:

And things got worse when a second referee got involved! A superkick from Daymon nailed Dex and sent him into the second official! Rain City Ronin then went on the attack, but instead of counting the pinfall, both teams were disqualified after that for repeated offenses against the officials!

Lance:

That's why we're gonna take it over to Christie Zane for a quick sitdown with both teams earlier today. She sat with the champions, Rain City Ronin, and the challengers, The Lads, about that match! And when we're done, we'll tell you about the result!

EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON

In a studio setting, Christie Zane sits with both teams staring across from one another in a very "Maggie Simpson and the Unibrow Baby" kind of way.

To the left, the reigning Tag Champs, the Rain City Ronin.

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett, still deep in "victory celebration mode" following their triumph in the Milo Flynn Invitational, and dressed in loud and opulent clothing. And yet, the almost clownish looking regalia does nothing to soften their burning, laser-focused intensity. Their title belts are proudly worn on their shoulders, and the Milo Flynn Cup sits directly in front of them.

To the right, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell in matching "Shake Hands or Throw hands" shirts and jeans with Dex also having an additional blue and yellow "Big Dex Energy" hoodie. Dex Joy leans forward in his seat matching the gaze of his partner.

Christie Zane:

Now, gentlemen, before we begin I want to make it clear that after the way that the title match ended two weeks ago, we've been informed there's to be no physical contact between the four of you during this interview. That clear?

Purcell turns to Christie.

Dex Joy:

I'm so civil, you can call Dexy Baby Civil Shepherd. ... wait no. Come back to me. I'll have a better one hopefully by the end of this interview, but me and Punchtofer here are on our best behavior.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Yeah we're good but y'all gotta ask THEM that question. The first ref that shoulda counted our fall got knocked over by one-a THEM. I think Dexy and I can keep things civil enough.

The Ronin "answer" in the form of cold stares and reticent silence. They sit like a pair of guns akimbo, locked, loaded, and ready to fire at the pull of a trigger.

Christie Zane takes notice of the hostility between the two competitive teams and she moves the interview on.

Christie Zane:

As we all know, the previous title match between the two of you ended in controversy when two different officials were knocked down. A judgment call was made by the second official who entered the match after physical contact was made resulting in the disqualification. Now both of you have agreed to this time so what do you have to say? Lads, you're first.

Dex Joy:

Well, that's simple, Christie. Since Your Biggest Boi over here doesn't have a history of assaulting referees and the Rain City Ronin have also been fine, upstanding young men, I think that we can both agree that both of us got heated. Right Punchy?

Punchy hems and haws.

Dex Joy:

I said *right*, *Punchy*?

Punch only grunts but that's good enough for Dex.

Dex Joy:

And you, you lovely lyrical assassins ...

Leo and Zack look at each other confused by the obviously sarcastic comment.

Dex Joy:

I think that we can all agree things got out of hand but it's every team for themselves, yeah?

Daymon's eyes narrow into slits as he cranes his head to the side and stares inquisitively back at the Lads. Burnett shuts his own eyes and meditates.

Eventually, the latter looks down at the Unified Tag Team Titles around his waist. His partner notices, follows his cue. Then the Ronin look to one another, silently remember their duties as champions representing DEFIANCE.

Their power in status and prestige is only as great as the legitimacy of those who carry them. What kind of champions would they be to leave the matter unresolved? What sort of example would that set for the team that prides itself on putting actions over words?

The matter needs no discussion. Looking back to the Lads, Zack and Leo nod in agreement.

Dex Joy:

Then its settled. Punchy could've asked nicer on the defcom, but that heart of his was in the right place. We Lads, owe it to our fellow Faithful to watch us shake hands before we stand up and throw hands again. So I say let's run this back one more time. RCR. The Lads. Acts of DEFIANCE! And this time ... there *must* be a winner!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Agreed. Let's give them boys hell and give them Faithful another go.

Christie Zane:

Rain City Ronin... the ball is in your court. How do you respond to this challenge?

Both men stand up from their seats, DEFIANTly shouldering the straps and answering with singular nods and thumbs up. Punchy and Dex both stand up to meet the champions face to face.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

In Lads fashion, before the four of us get in there and throw hands... Let's shake hands.

Dex and Punch put their hands out for a handshake.

The Ronin look curiously at the open hands, then to each other, and instead hold out their fists to bump knuckles.

Not quite a full-on shake, but still showing the would-be challengers a modicum of respect.

Punchy looks at Dex confused by the gesture.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Uhh... hey... where do y'all stand on bumping hands as Lads? That allowed?

Dex Joy:

We're in uncharted territory, Punch. I'm stumped.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Imma tell Butcher and Janna we gotta add "bumping hands" to the t-shirt.

Punchy shrugs and then bumps fists with both Zack and Leo. Dexy Baby does the same.

Dex Joy:

Tonight we bump hands ... but at Acts of DEFIANCE, you're gonna here "And newwwwwwww champs" ... The Lads!!!

One more cross set of looks between champion and challenger take the segment home.

Christie Zane:

Thank you for keeping things civil, gentlemen.

Dex Joy:

Oh!!! I'm so civil, I'm Henry Civill! Got eem!!!

With business concluded, the Ronin turn and leave the set.

After the footage concludes, we return to The Commentation Station.

DDK:

There you have it! At Acts of DEFIANCE, we're going to get a rematch of this brutal bout between both teams, but this time, there MUST be a winner!

The graphic appears on the screen for Acts of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

They've had the YEAR of their careers! All the teams they've knocked down! BRAZEN Tag Team Champions! Unified Tag Team Champions! Milo Flynn Cup Winners! But The Rain City Ronin take on one of their biggest challenges ever in the literal sense when they defend against The Lads and there **MUST** be a winner!

DDK:

Dex Joy is just one title away from completing the Grand Slam! DEFIANCE's Rookie of the Year 2024 is looking for his first major title on the main roster! Can they achieve both of these goals against Rain City Ronin at Acts of DEFIANCE?!

FAVORED SAINTS: LONNIE LUCK (C) vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

We have a rematch for the Favoured Saints championship in store for all of you! Two weeks ago, Lonnie Luck and Jack Harmen put on an incredible match that ended in controversial fashion!

Lance:

Late into the match, Lonnie Luck hit a variation of his Pocket Ace finisher, a running cutter off the turnbuckles. He hit that move off the ring apron onto both he and Harmen! Both men took a bad fall and neither were able to make it back into the ring before the count of ten, resulting in a count-out!

DDK:

Both men agreed here that they were not going to let this title match end in controversy. Harmen has competed for this title multiple times this year and while he hasn't won, he has not been directly involved in the losing fall even at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Lance:

And, Lonnie Luck has been on the cusp of looking for his fourth successful defense to earn a Southern Heritage championship match, but has told DEFIANCE Wrestling's match making team that he will not accept the prize unless he can beat Harmen decisively. Let's introduce the challenger and champion for this big title match!

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

As a light fog rises near the entrance way mimicking that of rising steam, Jack Harmen bursts out from the curtain. He has his traditional white snow-like fabric, long trunks and red jacket. But under his jacket is an Ozzy Osbourne t-shirt. Jack points one finger up to the sky, and then makes his slow methodical way down to ringside.

DDK:

It was Jack Harmen coming out second last week, but tonight the challenger has his game face on as he arrives first!

Lance:

Still a very stunning statistic when you consider the very accomplished veteran Jack Harmen is! The Favoured Saints championship has been the most regularly defended title in the company and both men want this title badly!

Jack Harmen makes his way to the ring and he waits on the champion.

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

Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring with a white coat on. With a laser focused look on his face Lonnie hastily sprints to the ring 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 by taking his coat and popping it open to reveal the Favoured Saints title wrapped around his waist! He looks over at Jack Harmen and he is more than ready for this fight to begin!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck is more than determined to keep this title! This is his fifth title defense since winning the belt at DEFCON and he's gone strong with maintaining this schedule and taking big risks.

Lance:

And between this and his issues with the rest of the Triple 7s and this recruitment drive they have been on to bring him to the fold, can he keep this up?

Lonnie is ready and gives up the title to the match's referee. Darren Quimbey reads the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is set for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit and it is for the Favoured Saints Championship!

Introducing first the challenger ... he hails from Los Angeles, California! He weighs in at two-hundred twenty-four pounds! He is your friendly neighborhood Lunatic, the "WILDCARD" JAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKK
HARRRRRRMMMEEEENNN!!!

With determination burning brightly in his eyes, Jack Harmen's eyes aren't even locked on Lonnie Luck so much as the title.

Darren Quimbey:

The opponent is your FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION ... he hails from Sin City and weighs in at one-hundred and seventy-five pounds ... "THE SON OF SIN CITY" LONNNIEEEEEEEEEEE LUC ...

He never gets to finish his sentence because Lonnie Luck jumps right into action to knock Harmen into the corner with a quick shotgun drop kick square to the chest! He jumps up and then goes right to work on Harmen by climbing up the buckle as the referee calls for the bell to ring since the action is already started!

DING DING

The Son of Sin City brings down punches into the forehead of Harmen while standing in the corner! The fans try to do a traditional ten-count, but Lonnie Luck does not waste any time trying to play to them!

DDK:

It was Harmen who tried to strike first with the Locomotive kick at the start of the match and now, Lonnie has taken the initiative!

Lance:

He's not even stopping to let the crowd count with him on those punches!

When the referee warns him about being in the corner too long, Lonnie jumps out of the corner. He grabs Harmen by his neck in a cutter set up and hits the corner! He runs up ...

DDK:

No! Harmen counters the Pocket Ace!

Harmen pushes Lonnie away. He is able to land on his feet, but Harmen tries to score with the Locomotive kick! Lonnie is able to move away at the last second and roll under the bottom rope to escape the kick! Harmen has a look that says "this close!" as he puts his fingers together close to show that!

Lance:

Lonnie jumped the gun on Jack Harmen and he almost got his head kicked off by that Locomotive!

DDK:

Keeping score from now when we got to DEFCON and now ... this is the fifth match that these two have been involved in together! By now, they've both learned each other's key moves!

Lonnie turns around but Harmen catches him with a kick off a different kind: a baseball slide kick through the ropes! The Son of Sin City hits the floor but Jack Harmen is not done. The Wildcard gets some momentum by hitting the ropes and then coming back off of them to hit a tope suicida through the ropes onto Lonnie Luck!

DDK:

This is quite a turnaround! Lonnie Luck started off things hot but the veteran Harmen has quickly put things back in his favor off that sliding kick and the tope suicida!

Harmen grabs onto the back of Lonnie's head. He picks up the young champ to get him back into the ring. Once he's there, Jack Harmen goes up quickly to the top rope. He is firmly on the ropes and then dives to hit the big Five-And-A-Half-Star frog splash!

Lance:

Facing off so many times is telling! They're going for the big swings from the beginning!

DDK:

Five-And-A-Half-Star frog splash right on the money!

Harmen with the cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lonnie Luck slips a shoulder out from under Harmen! Harmen looks annoyed with that, but he quickly takes Luck off the mat. The Favoured Saints champ is thrown at the opposite corner and the Wildcard follows with an attack. Lonnie tries to counter that by getting a leg up, but Harmen's veteran instincts kick in and he's able to block by grabbing the kick. He holds the leg, but Li'l Lon gets the other leg up and kicks the side of the head with an enziguri! Lonnie turns around in the corner and goes up top ...

DDK:

Lonnie comes right back with the Super Satellite moonsault! He hits it on the standing Jack Harmen!

Lonnie hooks the legs in the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

This time, disappointment is a feeling Lonnie gets to experience after he only gets two. It's also Jack Harmen's turn to escape to the floor!

DDK:

Both men are just pulling out all the stops here tonight! We're looking at two cars playing chicken to see who's gonna back down first!

Lonnie follows Harmen to the outside of the ring. He goes to grab Harmen, but Harmen turns around and then hits him with multiple chops across his chest! He throws another chop to the chest and starts turning Lonnie's chest beet-red. The fight gets perilously close to Darren Quimbey sitting in a chair near ringside and he moves! Lonnie is rocked against the chair.

Lance:

What another move from Harmen! He's got Lonnie. Is he going for another Locomotive?!

The Wildcard tries to take the clear shot! He runs at Lonnie Luck ...

But gets a drop toehold into the steel chair at ringside first!

DDK:

OUCH!!! Harmen's bell might have been rung and he's right on top of the time keeper's area where MV2 got pounced into in the first match of the night!

Free to take a breath, but choosing smartly not to do it, Lonnie gets up and then he pushes Harmen into the chair so

he's seated and then hits some punches to make sure he stays put. Lonnie Luck then goes to the ring apron. The Favoured Saints champion points over to Harmen ...

MISSILE DROP KICK OFF THE APRON TO HARMEN ON THE CHAIR!!!

Lance:

High risk and even higher reward for the Favoured Saints champion!

DDK:

It most certainly was! How much did that take out of Lonnie Luck?! That was not a safe landing!

Harmen says something under his breath that sounds like "my everything hurts" while Lonnie Luck is smarting from his own leap. When he's sure that everything of his still works. Lonnie gets up again and then he pushes Jack Harmen back into the ring. Harmen has taken the worst of the big move and Lonnie goes up top. He measures up Harmen and jumps off the top turnbuckle just as the Wildcard stands, to hit a flying double stomp right into the back of Jack! Jack is feeling the pain!

Lance:

Some extra innovative offense from Lonnie Luck with that flying stomp aimed at Harmen's back!

Lonnie covers the challenger and hopes to see a Southern Heritage title match on the other side!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Harmen's hand grabs the bottom rope. So Lonnie drags him away from the corner into another pin.

One...

Two...

Harmen barely gets a shoulder up.

DDK:

Harmen with that wily veteran nature, able to use his positioning to fall from the blow in such a way that allowed him to grab the bottom rope and keep this match going.

Lance:

Lonnie better not get frustrated, because I think he and Harmen both know, he had Jack beat just there.

Lonnie leans over and grabs Harmen by his hair, only to get rolled into a small package!

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Both men up, and Lonnie goes for a wild clothesline. Harmen ducks behind into a crucifix pin.

One...

Two...

Luck slips out of it.

Harmen grabs Lonnie's arm, spins it around his leg and pins Luck with a Mahistral Cradle!

One...

Two...

Th-Kickout!

Luck barely powers out. Harmen stands from the momentum, and waits Lonnie. Luck, dazed, lifts himself up by the ropes. Jack charges, and Lonnie takes a powder just as Harmen stops, leg about to lift for yet another Locomotive attempt.

DDK:

Harmen was able to put the pressure on with multiple pin attempts. You can see where Jack's mindset is here Lance. Get the job done, doesn't need to be flashy. Just do whatever you can to win.

Lance:

And he's going again!

Harmen runs off the far ropes toward Lonnie on the outside. Lonnie gets stunned, but Harmen just fakes him out with a tiger feint, which Luck bites. As he braces, Harmen grabs the top rope, and flies to the outside!

DDK:

Springboard Shooting star press from the 48 year old! Dear God.

Lance:

Like dust in the wind...

HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!!

The Utah Faithful have lost it!

Lance:

Jack Harmen is truly ageless! That springboard shooting star press was incredible!

Harmen doesn't let up, grabbing Luck and tossing him in under the bottom rope. Harmen climbs onto the apron and sizes him. As Lonnie stands and spins, Harmen springboards off the top rope and lands with a Lou Thesz press, throwing rights after lefts until the official steps in at a four count. Harmen hops off, rallying the crowd behind him, as he heads to a neutral corner. He starts stomping his foot. Once, Twice, then quickens the pace, as the Faithful respond in kind by slamming their boots and hands against their chairs.

Luck stands and turns, and rushes toward the oncoming Locomotive. Lonnie slides underneath the blow, and then grabs Harmen for a schoolboy on the other side!

One...

Two...

Harmen kicks out of it and puts Luck on his back in a jackknife pin.

One...

Two...

Luck powers out. Harmen looks at the official and raises his hands three, to which he gets the typical two response.

DDK:

Now frustration might be mounting with Jack. He's done everything but run Lonnie over with a train at this point, and Luck has that move too well scouted.

Lance:

He might have to try something new, or old as is the case! Hypothermia! That double underhook brainbuster in the center of the ring.

Harmen scoffs, looking down at the unconscious Luck, He places his elbow across his chest.

One...

Two-!? Luck kicks out at two to drive the point home. Harmen's eyes go wide. Even if he put the pressure on his pin attempt, Lonnie would have easily kicked out, even with everything Jack has laid out.

Frustrated, Jack slides out of the ring and tosses in a steel chair. Benny Doyle is quick to kick it out, so Jack goes to a neutral corner and starts undoing the top turnbuckle pad. Doyle is quick to stop him again, and Jack just stomps his foot in a bit of a pout. He goes back to Lonnie and grabs him by his head, tossing him into that compromised corner. With every shove of Lonnie's head into the corner buckle, Harmen grasps and pulls at the pad trying to accidentally remove it. Eventually, Harmen just sighs in frustration at being foiled by boy scouts, before Luck grabs Harmen's trunks and pulls him down, face first into the same turnbuckle pad.

DDK:

No! Lonnie Luck countered! He's been mostly on the straight and narrow path since winning the title but at the end of the day, he fights like a Luck!

Lonnie buys himself a little time and then jumps into the second rope. He grabs Harmen by the neck and swings him around for a tornado DDT ...

But Harmen swings him back the other way around and puts him back on the second rope and lays into Luck's chest again with another chop!

Lance:

Harmen foiled that tornado DDT attempt!

He knows by now Lonnie Luck has a lot of fight left in him and knows that one chop isn't enough. He goes for another chop which Lonnie blocks by grabbing his arm and then *biting* in signature fashion to cheers!

DDK:

That's *one* way to counter a chop!

Screaming about now needing a tetanus shot, Harmen is not thrilled with being bitten, nor is he thrilled when Lonnie jumps off the middle rope and then hits the swinging tornado DDT he was looking for earlier!

DDK:

The second time works out for the DDT! Harmen is scrambling!

Harmen is seeing stars and then it gets worse for him when Lonnie Luck jumps over his shoulder and flips himself forward to hit a deep standing diamond dust that jacks the neck of the DEFIANCE Wrestling veteran!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck follows that tornado DDT with a move he calls the Bluff Catcher! And he just caught Harmen sleeping with it too!

Lance:

Incredible counter! Is Lonnie Luck finally going to get the fourth and final defense he's looking for?

Lonnie hooks both of Harmen's legs!

One ...

Two ...

THR- NO!!!

The count is so close that Lonnie Luck is almost in shambles!

DDK:

What's it going to take for Lonnie Luck?! This is a man who has been called The Iron Man Multi-Man in the past year with DEFIANCE Wrestling! Three straight wins on big DEFIANCE pay per view shows against multiple competitors, but Jack Harmen is showing the will of ten men!

Lance:

I don't know! Any chance he's had to try and hit that Locomotive has been completely foiled by Lonnie! The same can be said each time Lonnie has tried to come out of that corner with the Pocket Ace!

That appears to be what's next for Lonnie Luck! He starts hitting the canvas and gets the people to clap for him. Thundering applause reverbs as Lonnie tries one more time. When Harmen is grabbing for his own neck after suffering the tornado DDT and the Bluff Catcher, Lonnie runs at the turnbuckle ...

But Harmen is able to push him away in the corner ...

RRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

HE GOT IT!!! HE GOT IT!!! LOCOMOTIVE RIGHT IN THE CORNER!!! HE HIT THAT MOVE FLUSH IN THE FACE OF LONNIE LUCK!!!

Harmen falls backwards and can't follow up with the cover right away!

Lance:

No!!! No!!! That might take precious seconds Harmen needs to win the title!!!

With the strength left in him, the Wildcard goes for the pin and hooks the leg ...

DING DING DING

Harmen looks around at the ring around him. He looks at the referee who was about to begin counting! He looks over at Darren Quimbey next ...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen ... the fifteen minute time limit on this match has expired! The result of this match ... is a draw!!! Therefore, still Favoured Saints champion ... LONNIE LUCK!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

The reaction from these people says it all Darren! They wanted to see a finish to this match and for the second straight time, we don't get it with Lonnie Luck and Jack Harmen for the Favoured Saints championship!

Jack Harmen looks like he is about to lose it! He tells the referee that he was about to get the pinfall on Lonnie Luck, but the referee breaks the bad news to Harmen when he gets the Favoured Saints title and then returns it to the champion, Lonnie Luck.

DDK:

It's very rare in DEFIANCE for us to have a time limit draw like this ...

Lonnie holds his jaw and can barely open it wide enough to make sure that his jaw and teeth are still intact. A frustrated Jack Harmen pulls his hair out as he slides out of the ring, leaving ringside quickly! Lonnie Luck watches the veteran walk away and looks equally as frustrated with the result of the match as well.

Lance:

We hope there's going to be some kind of resolution to this result. These people want a winner from these men!

Lonnie Luck is offered help by the referee as he starts to leave the ring, but is slow to take the title and leave the ring under his own power.

Backstage ... Max Luck is watching the result of the match on a monitor.

Max Luck:

Damn it, Lonnie ...

Also not pleased with what he's watched, the giant leaves.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE SPOTLIGHT

FAMILIA TELL-ALL

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... coming up next, we've got what has been promised to be a... the words I'm seeing on my rundown sheet are "Familia Tell-All" featuring Titaness, Pat Cassidy, and Pat's sister and fellow Familia member, Siofra!

Lance:

What even is the meaning of this? We've seen Titaness already taunt Pat Cassidy as this... uh... "character" called "Crash Out" Pat Cassidy and taking his attention off the Ace of Tag Teams match where Kill or Be Killed defeated Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha! Last week, she dressed up on UNCUT to defeat Antonio Prince.

DDK:

All in the name of Titaness and Uriel Cortez still claiming to be friends wi...

*♪ 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 ♪

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg... and a SNS ballcap that she tips to the camera with a wink.

To her left, "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera in white pants and tank top in a black leather sleeveless coat.

Next to her, "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra in a dark black and and gold dress.

DDK:

Oh, boy... looks like the "tell-all" is about to begin.

The Titan Gals head to the ring one by one. Siofra and Titaness both have microphones while Brooklynn Rivera remains positioned in the corner.

Titaness:

Hello, Smalls!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Siofra gets angry at the response from the SLC Faithful and looks shocked.

Siofra:

HOW DARE YOU! YOU BOO THIS WONDERFUL, CARING, **TALL** HUMAN BEING?! THIS IS MY FAMILY. THE ONLY FAMILY WHO HAS EVER GIVEN A DAMNI...

Titaness puts a hand on her shoulder and taps her side.

Titaness:

Hey, hey, hey. It's okay. All good. Let them boo.

As if the people needed any reason to jeer, they continue the booing! Titaness just shrugs her shoulders.

Titaness:

People don't understand what Uriel and I have been doing for Brock and Pat in the past few weeks and it's okay. They'll get it. Brock and Pat will get it. This... this is all tough love. This is difficult. You think I like running around with this SNS ballcap on my head these past few weeks, calling myself "Crash Out" cause that's what Pat has been doing this past year?

She tips the cap.

Titaness: *[VERY bad New England accent]*

I COULDN'T BEAT MALAK GAAAAAAHH-LAND FOR THE FIST! I LET MY SISTA DOWN AND CRIED ALL ALONE IN MY CAAAAAAHHH! I DROWNED MY SORROWS AT THE BAAAAHHHHHHH IN ENDLESS BEEEEEEEEEE-AH!

In the corner, La Angelita tries to fight back a smile.

Titaness:

No! This kills me. This kills me doing this to two people who Uriel and I called friends! Two people who helped Uriel and I get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow so we could beat the brakes off his scrawny ass at DEFCON 2021! It took four years later, but Mi Familia is finally in a position where we're trusted parental figures in this company. But it's the only way to get through to Pat and show him that his actions have consequences for both the family he has now...

The Familia's matriarch looks at Siofra.

Titaness:

...And the family he once had.

She turns to face the entrance ramp.

Titaness:

Pat, if you can hear me... you're a new father. And I'm a tenured mother! That's why I'm perfectly qualified to help you!

More booing!

Titaness:

You've haven't been doing this very long and already, you're afraid of failure. And I mean... let's be honest. You've had a recent history of it. Your life is spiraling all around you. You couldn't fully avenge your sister against Malak Garland by taking the FIST and reinjured yourself in the process. You haven't been able to win the Southern Heritage Title from your good buddy after you had three tries. You're drunk driving and getting arrested after shows. DEFIANCE didn't trust you to tag with Brock Newbludd in the Ace of Tag Teams after that embarrassment, you took your eyes off things and Brock lost...

She points at Siofra.

Titaness:

You lost HER. Tell him how you feel, Siofra.

Siofra

You guys wanna boo, yeah? You wanna maybe hear a little story? It's about a twenty-one year old girl who is brought into a SCUMMY and EVIL business full of PREDATORS but the brother who claims to love her. It's about his best friend who broke her heart, a predator who destroyed her soul, and a family that didn't give a DAMN.

DDK:

We've seen Pat Cassidy almost literally put his life on the line for his little sister. Her name is SIOBHAN, by the way.

Siofra

So, I'm sorry - nah. I'm not. Flesh and blood is just an excuse for people to walk all over you. Flesh and blood is random. Family is chosen. I've found my family. I'm home.

Titaness pats her on the shoulder.

Titaness:

You hear those words, Pat? That's a sister that HURTS? Uriel and I had to step in and help her FIND a family, but she has it now. She might not feel like she has a brother... but she GAINED a sister in me! She gained a lovely young nice like Brooklynn...

She nods to Brooklynn, who nods and gives her a half-hearted wave.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Love you, Auntie S.

Siofra nods back and makes a heart shape with her hands towards Brooklynn.

Titanness:

And she'll stay with us until you... and sorry to be crass with my words... get your shit together!

DDK:

...Are you buying ANY of this?

Titanness shakes her head in disbelief at the negative response.

Titanness:

Now, Pat, if you'll join us in this ring... we can hash this all out right now. Friend to friend... no... family to Familia!

Titanness and her crew all look to the entrance way. When Cassidy appears, it's not with theme music for energy or ballyhoo - he simply walks through the curtain. The pop is respectable, but it's an unsure positive response as if the Faithful aren't exactly sure how they should respond. Cassidy looks tired - the bags under his eyes are noticeable and his beard is even less trimmed than normal. He is expressionless as he walks to the ring.

DDK:

It's been well documented over the last few weeks what a bad place Pat is in mentally right now. His sister's words can't be helping.

Cassidy enters the ring. Titanness goes to speak - and Cassidy SNATCHES the mic out of her hands! That wakes the crowd up.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah, ohhhh, so mad. So angry. Don't worry, Xena, we'll get to you. But first...

Cassidy points a finger right at his sister.

Pat Cassidy:

Shut the fuck up yah dumb little bitch.

Lance:

Woah!

Pat Cassidy:

Ohhhh no, I went and did it now, didn't I? Don't summon some zombies on me or some shit. This ain't even the first time in yah life you've went through a shitty emo phase, so get the fuck over yourself.

Siofra, enraged, goes to get in his face but Titanness holds her back. "Not yet."

Pat Cassidy:

oH nO, yah been fuckin' around in yah twenties. Having a good ol' time with Newbludd, Gahland, and whatever the fuck lurches' name is. Guess what, princess? We were all in our twenties once. We all slept around. We all got screwed ovah. Hearts get broken, that's part of growing up, little girl. Most of us don't make it otha people's problems.

Meanwhile...look at me!

Cassidy's eyes become full of rage. He begins to grow more aggressively animated.

Pat Cassidy:

I got really FUCKING responsibilities now, Siobhan. You can run around and be spooky and whatever bullshit but some of us got a four-ah month old at home. Fuck off and cry some more.

Cassidy turns his attention to Brooklynn Rivera.

Pat Cassidy:

As fah you... I don't even know who the fuck you ah.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

But Titaness... big muscle mommy.

Titaness smirks and adjusts her SNS cap.

Pat Cassidy:

A long time ago, Newbludd and I put it all on the line for you. Hell, I remembah when Cortez was shittin' his pants in Ballyhoo wondering if you were gonna text him back. I always thought you guys were pretty cool. But now you're all running around with this bullshit "family" thing. Taking wrestlahs as your "kids"? Gathering mentally unstable people like my sistah like they're Pokemon? Fuckin' weird.

Siofra is about to explode, but Titaness maintains her composure.

Pat Cassidy:

But fuck you and your fake kids and whatevah other fairytale bullshit you're gonna pull out of yah ass. I don't care. You know what I do care about? Dan FUCKING Leo James getting MY shot at the SOHER tonight. And then yah overgrown dipshit of a husband getting my shot at ACTS. That belt is MINE, bitch. And if I have to go through yah enti-ah family to get it... well, just line 'em up.

Lance:

Cassidy has been obsessed with the Southern Heritage Championship for months now.

DDK:

Well, La Familia DID crash and ruin his last opportunity, so there's at least some truth to this.

Titaness looks disgusted in that Homelander meme sort of way. She turns to address the Faithful directly when Brooklynn procures another title.

Titaness:

You HEAR this? You HEAR the way he's talking to his own flesh and blood right now? And THIS is the guy we shouldn't be trying to help?! He's pissed. He's lashing out at everyone now. You question Dan Leo James getting a title shot... he's WON matches and been a singles champion in this company. You question my HUSBAND having a title shot? Uri EARNED that, beating some of the biggest names in DEFIANCE this year! Dex Joy! Oscar Burns! Scott Douglas! Know what he didn't do? Ask his enabler bestie over and over again for repeated title shots.

The comment makes Pat twinge a little bit, but Titaness speaks up.

Titaness:

You think that just cause we've been long time friends that I'm going to let you talk about Siofra this wat? Talk about my husband, Mi Familia that way? Since fists is the only language you speak, then let's talk that way. You want to go

through Familia? Then how about you try going through ME? You and me. Acts of DEFIANCE.

That gets some "OOOOOHS" from The Faithful. The old Cassidy might have been intrigued at this proposition. Now, his weary face simply drops some more.

Pat Cassidy:

Unless you got any gold around those shapely hips, I got zero interest in fightin' you. Fuck off.

Cassidy tosses the mic aside carelessly and turns to leave the ring. Titaness turns to Siofra and Brooklynn and points a thumb in Cassidy's direction.

Titaness:

See that, ladies? That's a shame. We tell people they can grow up to be anything they want to be, Pat... not you, though. You're failing EVERYWHERE and you know it cause you aren't letting anyone help you. You're failing right now as a wrestler, even. We know you couldn't cut it as a lawyer. To do that, you'd actually have to PASS a bar.

Cassidy pauses in his tracks.

Titaness:

There's still hope for your daughter, though.

Lance:

Hey, careful now.

Titaness:

It's a good thing she has a loving mom like Ophelia. But she sure must be exhausted...

DDK:

Uh-oh.

His fists are balling up as Titaness looks at Brooklynn and Siofra before pointing back back out to Pat.

Titaness:

...She's exhausting having to be mom AND dad because her real dad's out here being a STUPID, USELESS DRUNK.

That...might have done it. Cassidy turns, and for a brief second, the beaten-down sleepless father is gone and the old warrior returns. But then it gets taken to an extreme. There may be literal murder in his eyes.

CASSIDY CHARGES THE RING! He rolls inside and Titaness and Brooklynn immediately are on him, kicking away to keep him down to the mat. Cassidy, however, ever tenacious, manages to get into the corner. He blocks the onslaught as he pulls himself up and begins to fire back with right hands!!

DDK:

Cassidy unloading!! That's the anger of a girl's father right there!!

Shot for Titaness! Rivera! Titaness! Rivera! Titaness! Rivera! Titaness! Titaness! Titaness! Rivera! Rivera! Rivera! And then...

BOOOOOOOO!

Siofra with a shot from behind on her brother. This doesn't really affect Cassidy all that much, but he does slowly turn to stare with blood-shot and rage-filled eyes at his little sister. He marches on her as she backtracks and maybe begins to regret her actions.

DDK

In all my time in DEFIANCE, I never thought I'd be calling Pat Cassidy about to hit his little sister...

Cassidy rears his fist back... and then gets rocked from behind by Titaness! Cassidy goes down and Titaness begins to play into him mercilessly! This time, she's got the advantage of position and she unleashes her power. All he can do is cover up. Siofra scatters to the outside, but Brooklynn joins in on the beatdown!

After a few more shots, Brooklynn Rivera attacks the leg of Cassidy as Titaness grabs the microphone.

Titaness:

WE'RE TRYING TO HELP YOU, SO LET'S TRY SOME IMMERSION THERAPY! IF YOU MEET REAL HEROES UP CLOSE, THEN MAYBE YOU'LL TRY AND BE A REAL HERO!

She yells out.

Titaness:

INTRODUCING MY FELLOW FAMILIA OG'S! AND THE TWO HEROES WHO RAN DEFIANCE'S MOST EVIL MAN, OSCAR BURNS, OUT OF DEFIANCE! "DEFIANCE'S BIGGEST HERO" MIL VUELTAS! BROOKLYNN RIVERA'S FELLOW GOLDEN CHILD AND UTAH'S OWN DAN... LEO... JAMES!

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Jasey Scott ♪

Titaness resumes the beatdown on Cassidy with Brooklynn and Siofra. All the while, Mil Vuelas and Dan Leo James pose in the crowd! Dressed in ring gear, Dan Leo James is ready for his match in a little bit while Mil Vuelas poses behind him in the crowd, getting BOOED!

DDK:

Of course this was a trap!

Mil and DLJ speed towards the ring! Brooklynn tries to get Pat up along with Titaness! DLJ and Mil start taking their sweet time posing before Titaness gestures for them to hurry up!

DLJ:

BUT I WAS GONNA HUG A BABY!

Mil Vuelas:

GAS, GAS! GO, GO!

They both head over the railing to help in the beatdown and start joining in! Mil and DLJ stomp away with Titaness and Brooklynn...

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! BROCK NEWBLUDD'S HERE!

DLJ stops the beatdown because he thinks the cheers are for him... but Titaness spins him around to see Brock coming! With ring gear on, the Southern Heritage title around his waist and a chair in hand, he heads towards the ring, forcing the members of Titanes Familia to flee the ring! Brock starts swinging from all directions as the Utah crowd goes crazy! Brock grabs one of the microphones left behind by the Titan Gals and the Familia, then points right at DLJ as Pat is up and also has a chair in hand if the Familia tries anything.

Brock Newbludd:

You. You wanna be a man in front of your hometown, Danny? You wanna be a man in front of your mommy, Titaness? Then take your shot cause I ain't waiting! This SOHER match is happening right now!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Titaness nods to Brooklynn to get Siofra out of there and she nods before the two head up the ramp, leaving Titaness and Mil Vueltas at ringside with DLJ! Mil points at the ring and towards Brock.

Mil Vueltas:

Go do it! Bring the Southern Heritage Title home!

Titaness:

Get 'em, Danny! Make us proud!

Danny looks up!

DLJ:

You're RIGHT! I WILL be a man tonight in front of my hometown AND my mommy at ringside!

Titaness whaps him upside the head, Jethro Gibbs-style! Dan winces as Titaness points at the ring DLJ heads in the ring by climbing up the steps. Pat Cassidy nods to Brock and stays at ringside. Rex Knox comes running down the aisle and heads right into the ring to kick off the match for the Southern Heritage Championship!

DDK:

Good thing Brock Newbludd came out here when he did! What a HUGE opportunity for Dan Leo James! And what happens if HE is the one to bring this title to the Familia before Uriel Cortez gets the chance to do so?!

Lance:

I don't know, but we'll find out here shortly cause this title match is right now!

SOHER: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. DLJ

Rex Knox raises the SOHER belt above his head, and The Faithful respond with a loud cheer.

DDK:

That's what it's all about, folks. Not only is this a massive opportunity for DLJ, it's also a massive test for Newbludd. The former Favoured Saints champion is young, strong, and hungry.

Lance:

Brock's gotta bring his A-game if he wants to move on to facing Cortez at ACTS of DEFIANCE, no doubt about it, partner.

Lowering the belt, Knox hands it off to Quimbey, and the ring announcer quickly vacates the ring to sit next to the timekeeper. Giving a glance to the champion and then the challenger, Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Milwaukee's Beast and the Golden Child exit their respective corners and begin to circle each other. Smirking, the confident youngster beckons for Newbludd to tie up with him, and the champion obliges him by lunging forward. The eager DLJ raises his arms for the lock up, but finds nothing but air as Brock does a quick go-behind. Wrapping his arms around his towering opponent, Newbludd lets out an audible grunt and takes him down to the mat with an amateur-style takedown.

DDK:

Newbludd is taking advantage of DLJ's eagerness right off the bat as he drops him to the mat!

Grimacing in frustration, DLJ immediately begins to push himself up, but only makes it about halfway before he is sent hurtling forward courtesy of a boot to the rear from Newbludd. Slamming a fist on the mat, Chico de Oro attempts to rise up a second time as Brock charges towards him. Grabbing his opponent by the back of the head and tights, The Diehard DEFIANT utilizes his forward momentum to toss DLJ through the ropes! The Golden Child crashes to the floor right in front of the rest of Titanes Familia!

Lance:

Look out! Newbludd just tossed DLJ like a sack of potatoes!

The Faithful lets out a cheer as the fired-up Brock leans over the top rope and laughs at the sight of Mil Vueltas and Titaness helping their flustered familia member back up to his feet. Mil Vueltas berates Brock in his native language and takes a step forward, but the recovered DLJ puts a hand on his chest to stop him. As they continue taking...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...Out comes "The Man of The House" himself in a black suit with gold pinstripes, his red ojo bracelet and gold-tinted sunglasses.

DDK:

And here comes Uriel Cortez himself, out to watch the proceedings!

Cortez approaches Titaness, Mil and finally DLJ and pats him on the shoulder, instructing him to get back into the ring. Backing away to the center of the ring, Brock motions for his opponent to do the same. The cocky grin replaced with a look of determination, the Golden Child slides under the ropes and charges forward.

DDK:

The challenger is all business now!

Colliding in the middle of the ring for a stiff collar and elbow tie-up, Newbludd and James jockey for position. Lowering his base, Brock pumps his legs and begins to push DLJ towards the nearest corner. Not wanting to get trapped in the

turnbuckles, the Golden Child slips an arm out of the lockup and hammers Brock across the neck and shoulders with a smacking forearm that stops Brock in his tracks, causing him to drop down to a knee. Grabbing an arm, DLJ fires Brock into the corner with an Irish whip. Unable to get turned around in time, Newbludd hits the turnbuckles' chest first with a loud BANG.

Lance:

Oof! The challenger put some stank on that Irish whip! I wouldn't be surprised if that knocked all of the wind out of Brock's lungs.

The arrogant smirk returns to DLJ's face as he grabs Brock from behind and plants him into the mat with a beauty of a belly to back suplex.

DDK:

If the turnbuckles didn't, that big suplex surely did! The champion finds himself at an early disadvantage here, and DLJ looks to maintain control as he hits the ropes.

Racing in at full speed, DLJ flashes some of his natural athleticism by leaping high in the air and dropping one of his massive legs across the chest of Newbludd. Staying seated with Brock underneath his leg, DLJ cups a hand around his ear and looks out to the crowd. The Faithful respond with a showering of boos.

DLJ:

HEY! I'M ONE OF YOU! RUDE!

Lance:

Some hometown reception! The Ballyhooligans' letting DLJ know what they think of one of their own, and it ain't good, partner.

Rolling his eyes and dismissing the people with a wave of his hand, DLJ grabs a handful of Brock's hair to bring him back to his feet. Things suddenly go sideways for the challenger as Newbludd fires an elbow into DLJ's ribs. Gritting his teeth, DLJ attempts to hammer Brock with another forearm but a second elbow stops him. Still bent over, Brock shoots one of DLJ's legs and latches onto it. One sudden twist later and DLJ is sent down to the mat courtesy of a dragon screw!

DDK:

Newbludd put some torque on that dragon screw and now DLJ suddenly finds himself on the defensive!

The Golden Child is quick to get back to his feet, wincing slightly as he puts weight on his leg. Before he can react, Newbludd's all over him, hammering him with a flurry of punches that sends DLJ reeling into the ropes. Grabbing an arm, Brock yanks DLJ back in and doubles him over with a knee to the midsection.

Lance:

The DieHard Defiant applies a front facelock and he's got the big man up!

Hooking DLJ's aching leg as he lifts him up, Newbludd sends him up and over with a fisherman suplex! Knox is there for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

DLJ fires a shoulder up!

DDK:

Brock showing off some power of his own with that fisherman but it only earns him two. Did you notice how he hooked the same leg he just dragon screwed?

Lance:

Sure did, DDK. That's Newbludd's veteran know-how coming into play. And it looks like he's going to keep working that leg with a figure-four!

Having kept his grip on DLJ's leg through the kick out, Newbludd transitions to his feet and steps through to apply the submission. His opponent is onto him, though, and the instant Brock spins around to complete the figure four, DLJ kicks him squarely in the ass. The size fourteen boot sends Brock flying forward, but he keeps his feet under him and uses the extra momentum to hit the ropes.

DDK:

DLJ escaped the figure four attempt, but Brock's coming back in like a freight train!

Brock races back in as DLJ begins to scramble to his feet. Newbludd leaps into the air with his knee aimed at the side of the Golden Child's head...

FACE-MELTER...NO! DLJ catches him in mid-air and PLANTS Newbludd with a SNAPPING powerslam!

Lance:

What a reversal! A ring-shaking powerslam by DLJ! Incredible impact!

Leaving Brock laid out on the mat, DLJ rises and takes a moment to work the kinks out of his knee while Titanes Familia shower him with praise on the outside. On the opposite side of the ring, Cassidy slams his hand on the mat to try to revive Newbludd. Flashing a smirk at Cassidy, the Golden Child scrapes the bottom of his boot across Brock's face, earning himself a showering of jeers from The Faithful.

DDK:

And just like that, the cockiness returns to DLJ. As impressive of a powerslam as it was, he needs to keep his eyes on the prize.

Bringing the woozy Newbludd upright, DLJ fires Brock into the corner and comes crashing in right after him with a clothesline that sends Newbludd's feet flying into the air. Unleashing a cracking chop to Brock's chest, Chico de Oro plays to the crowd again and receives the same negative response as earlier. Ignoring them, he drops low and hammers the SOHER with a series of shoulders to the midsection. On the final shoulder thrust, the young powerhouse wraps his arms around his dazed opponent and lifts him up to sit on the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

DLJ looking to hit something big here!

Climbing up to stand on the second rope, DLJ rifles a couple of punches to Newbludd's face before locking in a front facelock.

DDK:

And that something is a superplex!

DLJ raises a finger to the fans and begins to power Brock up, but at the last second, Newbludd fires a punch into his ribs. The challenger absorbs the blow and tries again to muscle but Brock's head slips free from the front facelock. Grabbing DLJ by the sides of his head, Brock nails him with a headbutt. The impact dazes DLJ, giving Newbludd the opening he needed and Brock quickly capitalizes by hitting a second headbutt. The blow causes the Golden Child to fall off the turnbuckles and crash down to the mat!

Lance:

Brock avoids certain doom and now he has an opportunity to turn the tide!

With DLJ down on the mat in front of him, Brock shakes his head and rises up to stand on the top rope. A second later, he simply falls forward and spreads his arms to hit DLJ with a diving headbutt!

DDK:

The headbutt off the top rope connects! Brock may have saved himself there, but he also paid the price, it looks like!

Both men lay on the mat and stare up at the lights for a few seconds before Brock rolls over onto his stomach. Blinking his eyes rapidly, the SOHER fights through the aftereffects of delivering the diving headbutt and pushes himself to his feet. Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, Brock grabs both of DLJ's legs and leans back, sending him flying into the corner with a catapult!

Lance:

The challenger eats the turnbuckle, and he finds himself on dream street!

Stumbling backwards on jelly legs right into the waiting Newbludd's arms, DLJ is sent for the ride courtesy of a German suplex!

With a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!!

The Golden Child kicks out!

DDK:

DLJ gets a shoulder up! I tell you what, underneath all that arrogance and bravado is some real grit, Lance.

Lance:

We do question his obliviousness sometimes, but you can't take away the fact that he's a blue chipper AND a former Favoured Saints Champion already in his career!

Brock takes a second to confirm Knox remembered how to count. The referee wiggles two fingers in front of the SOHER's face, and Newbludd shakes his head in disbelief as he brings DLJ back to a vertical base.

Lance:

Absolutely, DDK. I don't think anyone's questioning his heart. It's more his actions and the words that come out of his mouth.

Latching onto one of the groggy DLJ, the SOHER puts some stank on a short-arm clothesline that sends his opponent back down to the mat. Not letting go of the wrist, Brock yanks DLJ back up and immediately fires him into the nearest corner. As the Golden Child crashes into the turnbuckles, Newbludd bounces off the ropes and veers towards the corner, nailing DLJ with a corner clothesline.

DDK:

Brock crushes the challenger with the big lariat, and now he hops up to the second rope, hammering DLJ with a flurry of hard shots!

The Faithful roar in approval as Brock literally hammers Chico de Oro down to the mat. With the dazed DLJ sitting down in the corner, the pumped-up Newbludd hops off the second rope and races to the center of the ring. He lines up with his target and slaps his knee, drawing out another cheer.

Lance:

He's calling for the Face Melter! If Brock connects, it could be lights out for Dan Leo James!

Newbludd leans back and cups his hands over his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAALLLYY!!!

He charges ahead as The Faithful provide the soundtrack...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

The SOHER leaps forward with his knee aimed directly at DLJ's face.

DDK:

Face Melter!!

DLJ's glazed eyes suddenly widen, and he lunges to one side!

Lance:

Misses! DLJ got out of the way!

Flying into the corner, Newbludd's knee smashes hard into the turnbuckles, producing an audible BANG on impact!

DDK:

A big mistake from the champion opens the door for DLJ! Can he capitalize!?

The answer is an emphatic YES when DLJ comes flying off the ropes and BULLDOZES Brock with a massive flying crossbody! Titaness and Mil cheer while Cassidy slaps the ring apron and shouts at his best friend to kick out! Noticeably, Uriel's face seems shocked as DLJ goes for the cover!

DDK:

GOLD RUSH BY DAN LEO JAMES! WE COULD SEE A NEW CHAMPION!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Brock gets the shoulder up in the nick of time, but it's clear he got the wind knocked out of him as he holds his chest! The Familia OGs at ringside all read Rex Knox the Riot Act for a slow count while Pat yells over in their direction to shut up!

Lance:

We almost had a new Southern Heritage Champion! Dan Leo James is giving the champion a run for his money tonight coming off that dominant win over FLEX two weeks ago!

DDK:

But he's gotta stay on him, though!

Titaness tells him the same as Danny nods and hits the ropes before landing all his weight across the chest of Brock with a huge running senton!

DDK:

GOODNESS! The air he got on that running senton! Danny with another hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

After another kickout, Danny is shocked! He looks out to his hometown crowd, begging for cheers but only gets met with LOUD booing. He shrugs them off and then scoops Brock onto his shoulders! He salutes the rest of the Familia and runs out of the corner with a running powerslam in mind... but Brock slips free! DLJ then gets spun around before eating a kick to the gut and a Snap DDT! Both men go down in a heap! Cassidy yells in support of his best friend while the Familia OGs yell at Danny to get up!

DDK:

Brock is down! He's still smarting from that Gold Rush and that running senton from this big athlete!

Favoring his chest, Brock hears the people! Cassidy starts leading the chorus of Ballyhooligans for his best friend while both men try to get back to their feet! Danny holds onto the back of his neck as he gets back to his feet, only to get rocked by a flurry of right hands that back him up into the ropes. He tries a whip on Dan, but somehow the former Favoured Saints Champion reverses it! He tries to swing for a big clothesline, but Brock ducks and hits the ropes before he comes flying at DLJ with a big flying clothesline off the return! He gets back to a knee and yells out to The Faithful who yell out in return!

DDK:

BIG Ballyhoo country tonight, Lance! Brock's got one of the Familia's Golden Children on the back foot!

Mil Vueltas and Titaness watch Brock hook DLJ by the side of his body. It takes him some effort! DLJ tries to fight it, but Brock slugs him in the back a few more times before unleashing a HUGE gutwrench powerbomb!

Lance:

No way! DLJ is 275 and he just got picked up by that gutwrench powerbomb!

Brock leans back and hooks a leg after scoring with the powerbomb!

ONE!

TWO!

...But Titaness walks away just after putting Danny's foot on the bottom rope! All Rex looks up to see

Lance:

Come on, Rex! She was right there!

That's more than enough for Pat to go after Titaness at ringside! The Faithful are LOUD for Black Out and The Pretty Powerful now coming to blows at ringside before Pat sends her into the crowd with a clothesline!

DDK:

PAT'S HAD HIS FILL OF TITANES FAMILIA SHENANIGANS TONIGHT!

As the two fight into the crowd, The Faithful ROAR! Uriel looks at Mil and tells him to look after ringside and nods before he climbs over the barricade to follow the pair! Brock looks out to the Faithful, but realizes he's got a job to do in the ring still!

Lance:

URIEL, TITANESS, PAT! ALL GONE! IT'S JUST MIL AT RINGSIDE NOW!

Ready to end things, Brock runs a thumb across his neck and tries to hook both hands behind the neck of Danny, but the second the Familia's Golden Child senses it coming, he catches Brock with an elbow! He backs up a step, then comes running at DLJ, only to get the shock of his life when Danny LEAPFROGS over Brock! Brock comes back off the ropes and gets ROCKED by a huge big boot that has the crowd in shock! Newbludd is out on his feet!

DDK:

What agility by Dan Leo James! He leapfrogged over Brock and stunned him with that big boot... NOW WHAT?!

With the Southern Heritage Champion staggered, he doubles Brock over with a kick and PLANTS him with a huge ring-shaking falling powerbomb!

DDK:

Danny with a powerbomb of his own! He calls the Chip off the Old Bomb! A Tribute to Uriel Cortez's own 218 finisher! Cover by Danny!

He stacks the legs for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

NO WAY! Brock is STILL in this! How did he kick out of that?!

DLJ sinks his shoulders and looks out to Mil Vueltas at ringside, who looks around like he has an idea! He speeds over to the timekeeper's table and steals the Southern Heritage Title from ringside and then pockets something else before heading to the ring! He throws the SOHER to DLJ to use!

Lance:

WHAT IS HE DOING?! WE STILL HAVE A MATCH GOING?!

The Golden Child looks at the belt, but Rex Knox picks it up and yells at both men before taking it away from him! As he gets rid of the title, Mil has a bell hammer in his hand and grins! He goes to throw it to DLJ in the ring...

BUT A PAIR OF HANDS WRAPS AROUND HIS THROAT, MAKING HIM DROP THE HAMMER! FROM THE CROWD....

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

OSCAR BURNS!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD, LANCE, HE'S BACK! OSCAR BURNS! OSCAR BURNS IS HER AND HE'S CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF MIL VUELTAS!

Sure enough, the All-Caps Grappler jumps out from the crowd dressed in dark green hoodie and jeans, choking the luchador that betrayed him and the GC Universe!

Lance:

AND THIS CROWD IS LOSING IT! THERE'S NO OTHER FAMILIA MEMBERS AT RINGSIDE TO HELP MIL OUT!

As Mil flails around in his grip trying to escape, DLJ panics! He sees Oscar and goes to help him, but as he turns... he gets his face kicked almost clean off with a Face Melter from Brock Newbludd!

DDK:

FACE-MELTER BY BROCK NEWBLUDD! THIRD TIME'S A CHARM!

Brock stumbles over to the corner and can't help but grin at OSCAR BURNS trying to choke Mil so hard, his mask

turns blue. But he has a job to do! He climbs through the ropes quickly while DLJ is down and then poses once he reaches the top rope then drops a HUGE heart-stopping flying elbow drop off the top rope into the heart of DLJ!

DDK:

BIG ELBOWSKI!! BIG ELBOWSKI!! COVER BY BROCK!

He hooks the leg tightly as The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Quiet Riot ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and STILL the Southern Heritage Champion... **BROCK NEWBLUDD!**

Out of desperation, Mil STOMPS on the boot of OSCAR until he lets go and then flees from ringside as best as he can while trying to catch his breath! The hate-filled Kiwi follows after him.

OSCAR BURNS:

I'M GOING TO END YOU, YOU BLOODY TURNCOAT!

As the leave, Brock is handed the championship by Rex Knox and celebrates quickly before he leaves the ring to follow after his best friend, making sure he's okay!

Lance:

What a home stretch that was! Things broke down into total chaos at ringside! Pat Cassidy evened the odds for his best friend dealing with Titaness and Uriel Cortez, while OSCAR BURNS of all people, made his return tonight and nearly choked the life force out of Mil Vueltras in the process!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez and Titaness have made things incredibly personal with Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy! We'll find out if Pat Cassidy and Titaness gets added to Acts of DEFIANCE, but we've still go one more match to go tonight! The FIST of DEFIANCE is on the line when “The Kraken” Henry Keyes defends against Klein of the Pop Culture Phenoms!



COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

FIST of DEFIANCE: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. KLEIN

DDK:

Coming up next, folks, it's tonight's main event - The FIST of DEFIANCE, Henry Keyes, puts his championship on the line as he faces Klein of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Lance:

And because Henry Keyes can't do anything normal, this one has some interesting stipulations attached. If Keyes wins and retains the FIST, he and Lindsay Troy have promised some sort of new humiliating box that Klein will have to wear - but if Klein wins, it's actually his close friend Elise Ares that will be named FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

It's very Trial By Combat, in a way - and Klein is the only member of PCP who hasn't faced Keyes one-on-one, so it will be interesting to see how their similar styles collide tonight. Klein's got tremendous raw power, and you know what they say - sometimes, all it takes is one big shot. If he hits it tonight, we may be looking at the end of Vae Victis's latest reign of terror.

Lance:

One can only hope!

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is our main event and it is for the FIST OFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF DEFIANCE!

The Salt Lake City Faithful wait for a few seconds with baited breath. The silence makes it feel like the seconds stretch into eternity before the drum beat hits and Delta Center erupts into a thunderous ovation.

↪ "Man In The Box" by Alice In Chains ↪

The grunge anthem by Alice In Chains heralds the arrival of your child's favorite wrestler, finally getting his flowers, with a light display of gold and white. The Faithful somehow cheer even louder as the silhouette of a man with a box for a head appears on the entrance way, flanked by two smaller wrestlers. The spotlight hits the entrance to reveal Klein, baby oiled in all of his muscular glory. Gone is the normally endearing goofy sidekick energy. The Klein that has arrived in Utah is loved but menacing. He's focused. He's locked in. And he's strong as shit.

LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
LA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

The D looks around the Delta Center, mouth agape at the response Klein has received. Elise Ares does her best to stay in "boss bitch" character mode, but can't help but be moved by the response to her most loyal friend. She walks up and pats Klein on the back who begins his march to the ring. Meanwhile, DEFIANCE ring announcer Darren Quimbey does his best to announce over the cheers of the Faithful.

HEEEEEEEEEEEEE'S THE MAAAAAAAAAAAAAN IN THE BOX!
BURRRRRRRRRRIED IN HIS SHIT!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger! From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 270 pounds. Representing the POP. CULTURE. PHENOMS. KLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEIN!

The freak athlete Klein leaps from the floor up onto the ring apron like it's child's play before wiping his feet and stepping between the ropes with The D and Elise Ares tailing behind. Never being one much for the spotlight, Klein doesn't play into the fans. He simply paces in a circle around the ring while his PCP brethren are on opposite turnbuckles conducting the crowd.

FEEEEEEEEEEEEEED ME EYEEEEEEEEES!
JEEEEEEEEEEEEESUS CHRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIST!

HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE WHO TRIIIIIIIIIIIIES!
OH FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE MY EYEEEEEEES
CAN YOU SO THEM SHUT!!!!

The Faithful roar in approval as the commentators have stayed noticeably silent, soaking in this memorable moment as Klein takes his shot at the Kraken.

DDK:

What a moment for Klein and the Pop Culture Phenoms here in Utah. If Klein pulls off the upset tonight, Elise Ares will finally be able to write her name down on the list of FISTs of DEFIANCE. I can't think of a more fitting way for the Pop Culture Phenoms to join DEFIANCE's most prestigious club.

Lance:

They certainly have a reputation for unique championship victories. Twice they pinned each other to become DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions. Elise became a Tag Team Champion on her own by splitting the Tag Titles like a wishbone with Skidd Row.

DDK:

Good God, that's a trip down memory lane, Lance.

Lance:

Elise was once the longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history. It was Henry Keyes and Vae Victis who took that record away from her. Since then she's struggled to find the momentum she once had as a singles star, retreating back into tag team programs.

DDK:

Until the past year, Lance. She's gone on a tear. She's defeated every single member of Vae Victis in DEFIANCE except for Henry Keyes himself. Oscar Burns. Kerry Kuroyama. Lindsay Troy. Now just a few months away from the end of her DEFIANCE contract, she finds herself on a collision course with the Kraken for the FIST of DEFIANCE, a title that she herself said if she can't win before that contract expires, she is going to leave DEFIANCE. A place she has called home for the past almost nine years.

Lance:

Over the years we've seen a lot of growth from Elise, but no one has been by her side more than Klein. Even when The D stabbed her in the back and brought Ophelia Sykes, then known as O-FACE into DEFIANCE to replace her, Klein was still by her side through thick and thin. Tonight, Klein may have Elise Ares' DEFIANCE career resting on his broad shoulders.

"Man In The Box" has stopped playing over the Delta Center, but the Faithful keep it going.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE ME EYEEEEEEES!
JEEEEEEEEEEEEESUS CHRIIIIIIIIIIIIST!
HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE WHO TRIIIIIIIIIIIIES!
OH FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE MY EYEEEEEEES
CAN YOU SO THEM SHUT!!!!

It's time to crash a party.

It only takes a couple of beats before the Salt Lake City Faithful make their feelings known.

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lance:

Good LORD!

DDK:

Henry Keyes may just be the most hated man in DEFIANCE, not just today, but in a long long time!

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

The Kraken, Henry Keyes, and the Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy, step out onto the stage. The Besties sport matching pink and blue long leather admiral-style coats with gold epaulets. Troy wears a PRIME-blue jumpsuit with pink and black heels, while Henry wears gear that's somewhat similar to his DEFCON gear, though the pinks and blues are inverted - white pants with black and blue tiger stripes and pink boots with golden laces. Troy wields the formidable Old Skool Mic~ featuring a powerful number of pink and blue Swarovski crystals.

Lindsay Troy:

Salt Lake City!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lindsay Troy:

Behold, the man to my left - not only is he the Kraken, not only is he your reigning AND DEFENDING FIST of DEFIANCE, not only is he my Bestie - tonight, he gets to add three more titles to his resumé: JUDGE, JURY, AND EXECUTIONER!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy:

The Pop Culture Phenoms are in possession of stolen property, because around this particular wrestling company, people like Elise Ares are under the impression that shortcuts should be rewarded! That all it takes to make it to the very top of the professional wrestling world is to hijack a limousine and drive away!

The Faithful shower the Co-Consuls of Vae Victis with so many boos.

DDK:

A friendly reminder to the viewers at home that the manner in which Henry Keyes won the FIST in the first place? It may have been the ultimate "shortcut".

Lance:

Vae Victis may argue differently - [buy the replay](#) and you can judge for yourself!

The Queen of the Ring gives one of her trademark snarky smirks.

Lindsay Troy:

It may be too late for most of you here tonight, but if there's one person out here who's going to learn a lesson tonight, it's going to be Elise Ares. Elise, you selfish little diva, you get to have a front row seat while my Bestie absolutely RUINS your "bestie"-all-lowercase in the ring. And so BUCKLE UP, UTAH, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SIT WITH HIM! HE IS FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA! HE WEIGHS IN AT 249 CARDBOARD-CRUSHING POUNDS OF PURE MUSCLE! And tonight, he's going to take Elise Ares's last desperate grasp for glory and FLATTEN IT UNDER HIS BOOT! He is the KrrrrRRRRRAKENNNN! HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Keyes power-struts to the ring, glaring at Klein, glaring at The D, glaring at Elise - it's just a lot of work his eyes are doing.

DDK:

One has to wonder if Henry Keyes is in the right mindset tonight - this match was actually his idea. He technically never "needed" to offer any member of the Pop Culture Phenoms this level of match, he's already the FIST!

Lance:

True, but Keyes holds a grudge like nobody I've ever seen. He waited three years to unleash his ultimate middle finger to Conor Fuse, and that was over practically NOTHING...stealing his "Big Blue", and with some of the sharp lines Ares dropped on him last DEFtv, there was never a chance Keyes would just let these things fly.

DDK:

PCP may have literally caught a tiger by the tail here...Elise Ares may end the night as our new FIST of DEFIANCE, but to do so, Klein has to wrestle the match of his absolute LIFE, right now!

Mark Shields holds up Big Blue. It's magnificent, if that's a color you're into. It's an absolute slap in the face to the history of this place if you're not.

He's barely held it up for a second before Keyes comes charging across the ring! He BLASTS Klein with a clubbing lariat! Shields frantically signals the timekeeper!

DING DING**Lance:**

We're off in a hurry!

Klein stands his ground and throws a big right hook that connects! Keyes with a forearm to Klein's chest! A slugging right from Klein!

BOO! YEAH! BOO! YEAH! BOO! YEAH!

The two trade hammering shots, two rams crashing into each other again and again. Keyes starts to sport a few welts, Klein's chest is becoming pink.

Keyes comes in with a huge haymaker - Klein blocks! He starts throwing uncontested punches! The crowd chants along as he backs the Kraken into the corner!

1! 2! 3! 4! 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10!

The crowd fades out in volume because they're used to a classic ten count - but Klein is still punching! The crowd picks up the count!

11! 12! 13! 14! 15! 16!

Keyes is starting to slump down in the corner! He's hanging onto the middle ropes and trying to block the onslaught as best he can, with minimal success! Mark Shields starts a five count, but Klein is still punching!

17! 18! 19! 20!

Keyes is all the way to the ground! Shields gets Klein out of the corner. The D is absolutely pumping up the crowd in the front row as Klein holds out his arms, soaking in some major cheers.

Suddenly, we see Elise Ares on the apron! She's holding the FIST!

Lance:

Hang on a second, what's Ares thinking here?

DDK:

I'm not sure, but it looks like she's got an idea of a plan going...

The D has turned around and is arguing with Ares; Elise, for her part, is trying to convince The D that all she has to do is hit Klein with the belt, and they'll win by DQ. The D reminds her that even though they have BIG BLU (no E as far as they're concerned), Keyes is actually the champion and the champ would retain on a disqualification. Ares isn't sure about it, and the back and forth continues for a moment.

Shields hears this and makes his way over to Ares, instructing her to get down. Klein is ready to charge into the fallen Keyes's corner - he attempts a cannonball splash!

...Keyes rolls out of the way! Klein crashes into the bottom turnbuckle! Keyes gets to his feet as quickly as possible and reaches for Klein - he hoists him up - and LAUNCHES him across the ring with a Biel Throw! Klein shakes the canvas as he crashes into the middle of the ring!

Keyes goes for the quick cover!

ONE!

Klein gets both shoulders up with authority, practically tossing Keyes off of him! Both men scramble to their feet, but this time Klein is quicker - he gets in a quick jab, and then wraps his arm around the back of Keyes's neck! Klein grabs Keyes by the waistline and hoists him up!

Keyes's feet point to the lights!

...

...

They're still up there!

DDK:

Klein Kong is one of the strongest men in all of DEFIANCE, look at this control!

Lance:

The Kraken's face is turning crimson! All that blood is rushing down! This isn't just a delayed suplex - this is delayyyyyyyed!

As Klein maintains the hold, the fans start to clap, clap, clap, clap, applauding the sheer strength and balance on display in front of them. After what feels like an eternity, Klein slowly slowly tilts backwards...

CRASHHHH

...and PLANTS Keyes to the mat with a vertical suplex! He hooks the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

...Kickout by Keyes!

The Kraken is already gasping for air and a bit bug-eyed, his face completely flush from having been held upside down for a year and a half like it was nothing.

Klein takes a moment to catch his breath as well. Soon, he's back on his feet, positioning himself behind Keyes and waiting for the champion to get up.

Keyes rises, and Klein pounces - he locks Keyes into German Suplex position. Keyes throws a sharp pointed elbow back into the side of Klein's box, which - while it does offer some possible level of protection - is still a discombobulating event. Another elbow from Keyes and Klein is forced to break his hold. Keyes turns.

SPLACK

DDK:

Ooooh, Propellor Edge Chop!

SPLACK

Keyes then bends down and LIFTS~, this time showing off his own tremendous strength and control, positioning Klein in a Fireman's Carry.

And then he spins...

...

And spins some more...

...

Keyes's hands go on his hips! It's the Airship Spin!

...

Even the most angry haters in the crowd go wide-eyed at this point.

CRASHHH

Klein is tossed from Keyes's shoulders! As Klein splats, Keyes struggles to regain his balance - he stumbles and almost collides head-on with Mark Shields! Eventually, he's able to steer his body into position to land squarely on Klein's chest!

ONE!

TWO!

KLEIN KICKS OUT!!

Ares and The D breathe sighs of relief after that one. Lindsay Troy cheers on her Bestie, but is obviously a little nervous about how back-and-forth this contest has been so far.

Both men are slow to get to their feet, but they do, and they measure each other out. Ares and The D continue to pump up the Faithful, Troy shouts words of encouragement to Henry and Henry alone. As they circle each other, Klein puts his hands up as if to possibly engage in a grapple - at this, Keyes stops. He steps forward towards Klein. And he points squarely into his own chest.

Henry Keyes:

SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT, BOX MAAAAAAN!

Keyes sticks his chest out some more, and even pounds it once or twice, practically begging for a strike.

He gets his wish.

SMACK

Knife edge chop from Klein!

DDK:

Geez, his hand is like a cast iron skillet!

SPLACK

Propellor from Keyes!

Lance:

And Keyes threw his whole forearm into that one!

SMACK

SPLACK

SMACK

SPLACK

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

SPLACK SPLACK

SMACK

SPLACK

SMACK

SPLACK

Both men's chests are slowly, gradually, disgustingly, turning into 80/20 lean ground beef.

SMACK

SPLACK

SMACK

SPLACK

Klein has a massive bruise forming. Keyes's pec is actually bleeding.

SMACK

SPLACK SPLACK SPLACK

SMACK SMACK

SPLACK

DDK:

GOOD LORD! Look at the damage these men are taking!

Lance:

Neither man is giving an INCH!

Keyes, being the bastard of the two, is the first to break "protocol" and throw something other than a chop - it's a European Uppercut, right into the box. This staggers Klein, but he fires back with another chop - Keyes ducks it! European Uppercut! He has Klein dazed!

CRRRRRACK~~

Lance:

BELLLLLLLLL CLAP!~~~

The box has been rocked by the swinging palms of Henry Keyes, dropping Klein to a knee. Keyes goes for the gutwrench! He has it!

Keyes takes a step or two towards the center of the ring, Klein off the ground in a gutwrench hold. Keyes stares down the barrel of the hard camera and winks with his formerly-messed-up left eye, before bending at the knees and lifting up. He lifts, spins, rotates, tilts, whirls, and -

BOOOOOOOM!

Tilt-a-whirl Backbreaker to Klein! He crumples in a heap! Keyes hooks both legs!

ONE-KLEIN KICKS OUT!!!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

DID WE JUST SEE THAT?

Lance:

Klein ate about a million Propellor Edge Chops, a BELL CLAP~, and an absolutely crushing Tilt-a-whirl Backbreaker, and he just kicked out at ONE, Keebs!

DDK:

Okay, so we DID just see that!

Keyes is in absolute disbelief, and he scrambles away from Klein towards the ropes. Klein, for his part, kips up.

Yes. He kips up to his feet.

His chest is black and blue, his box has some dents in it that weren't there before, he's pouring sweat - but Klein is fucking *here* and the Faithful absolutely love it.

HEEEEEEE IS THE MAAAAAAN IN THE BOX

BUUUUUURIED IIIIIIIIN HIS SHIT

The D and Ares look out to the crowd and start screaming along to the lyrics.

WOOOOON'T YOOUUU COOOOME AAAAAAAND

SAVE ME?

WOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Klein staggers just ever so slightly after the kip up, and he reaches for his chest for a moment. This is the kind of opportunity, the kind of moment, that you dream about when you decide to become a professional wrestler, and the Man In The Box is going to leave everything he has on the canvas.

Klein stalks over to Keyes, and before the Kraken can react, Klein has him hoisted up in a Gorilla Press!

He's stalling once again, his arms fully extended, Keyes wide-eyed and aloft - a position he almost NEVER finds himself in.

...

But before Klein finishes the slam, Keyes reaches down and wrenches at the box around Klein's head. He would reach for a nose or an eye or something if it was available to him, one imagines - in lieu of that, he's completely jostling this box hither and yon, causing Klein to lose his balance and forcing him to release Keyes. Keyes lands on his feet and completely spins the box around Klein's head so that the eye holes are in the back. Klein throws strikes at air. Keyes bounces off the far ropes, rebounds...

CRRRRACK~~

Bell Clap number two connects, and Klein crumples. Keyes goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NOOOO! KLEIN KICKS OUT AT THE LAST SECOND!

Keyes slams his palms into the mat and quickly gets in Mark Shields's face. Lindsay Troy barks at him as well, claiming that it was a slow count. Ares and The D call out to Klein and start shouting some mix of encouragement and instructions. We see the box nod up and down as Klein fixes its alignment while he's sprawled on the mat.

Keyes doesn't let Shields off until he feels like he's yelled at him enough - and these days, that takes a while. But, after a few moments, Keyes observes that his opponent still appears to be completely out of it on the mat. He stalks over and reaches down, preparing for his next assault - KLEIN SPRINGS INTO ACTION! FLASH ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KEYES GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Lindsay Troy is LIVID because she's SURE Shields isn't counting them evenly at this point. She's up on the apron absolutely SCREAMING at Shields, splitting his attention!

Both men scramble to their feet. Keyes throws a Propellor Edge Chop - Klein ducks it and hits the ropes! He rebounds, lariat thrown by Keyes! Klein ducks again! He rebounds, and Keyes is in a blender - Klein LAUNCHES Keyes across the ring with a thunderous shoulder tackle! He looks to follow up on his advantage and lifts Keyes to his shoulders!

...and it's his turn to spin!

DDK:

We may be seeing it! Klein may be going for it!

Lance:

He's going for Think Outside!

Keyes desperately reaches down with some clubbing elbows, which disrupts the spinning just enough to bring them closer to the ropes - Keyes reaches out and grabs the top rope, halting the spin! He's trying to use the ropes to break free! The D pulls them away, and Keyes's fingers slip free!

Troy sees this and is about halfway into the ring to do something about this, when Shields interferes to stop her!

DDK:

Hang on a minute!

Lance:

Elise just slipped the FIST under the bottom rope!

The huge golden plates of Big Blue face the sky!

Elise Ares:

NOW!

THONKKKKK

DDK:

What in the world! Think Outside onto the FIST! The referee didn't see it!

Lance:

If he can just get the cover, we're going to have a new champion!

Elise quickly reaches into the ring and yanks the FIST outside. Keyes, somehow, has his eyes open and is moving ever so slightly towards the ropes - so Klein decides it's now or never.

He sees the top rope. Not the most familiar friend to him, but if not now...when?

He climbs up. He measures the Kraken.

He leaps...

Flips...

...

BOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

And flattens Keyes like so many pancakes with his Ult. A picture-perfect Shooting Star Press from a very very big boy.

DDK:

WE RECYCLE! WE RECYCLE!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Lance:

COVER HIM, KLEIN! COVER HIM!

Lindsay Troy almost prevents Shields from darting across the ring with her screams and objections, but Shields knows he has a job to do - and he sees that Klein has a near leg hooked near the PCP corner. He rockets across the ring and goes for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ares and The D are losing their minds on the outside, and Klein pops off Keyes looking as overjoyed as you could ever imagine! Lindsay Troy's hands are wrenched in her hair!

Vince Howard:

LADIES AAAAAAAND-

A commotion.

Mark Shields frantically waves his arms in the air towards the ring announcer to stop his call.

Come to think of it, there was no bell.

Mark didn't signal for it.

And now we see why.

Mark Shields points to the bottom rope - where we see Henry Keyes's boot resting. As the news slowly dawns on the assembled Faithful, the boos grow in intensity.

boooooooooOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Oh, I can't BELIEVE it! Henry Keyes survives by the absolute skin of his teeth!

Lance:

Elise Ares and The D look absolutely heartbroken.

DDK:

You're right, but - hang on, Klein looks like he's confused.

Keyes rolls to his elbows and knees on the mat. Klein looks from side to side and doesn't seem to understand why his arm hasn't been raised in victory yet. Shields makes his way over to explain the last-second rope break, and his whole torso drops in disappointment.

Then suddenly, his whole body drops, as Keyes crashes into the back of his legs with a chop block. Klein howls out at this unexpected assault.

Keyes looks like most of his body is one big bloody at this point, but there's wildfire in his eyes. He grabs both of Klein's wrists and yanks them towards his incoming right knee.

WHAM

WHAM

Two Coins for the ferryman. Klein's shoulders hit the mat.

Keyes is absolutely gassed and can't go for an elaborate cover - instead, throwing both of his arms across Klein's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

...

...THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOO!!

"Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship once again blasts throughout the arena. Lindsay Troy, who had been frothing at the mouth at Mark Shields for a while, sics her venom onto The D and Elise Ares now for the belt shot/belt thievery/really just a lot of built up anger and frustration; Ares, for her part, gives as good as she takes in the verbal exchange. Shields steps outside to try to cool things down and to retrieve the FIST, which he intends to deliver to Keyes.

They're all so focused on their own commotion and anger and Big Feelings, that none of them are tracking what's happening in the ring.

Keyes is back up. Klein's wrists are back in his hands.

WHAM

WHAM

WHAM

DDK:

Somebody needs to get their HEAD out of their ASS and help this man, he's getting Coin after Coin after Coin in there!

The box is starting to crumble, holes and tears and rips forming with each brutal knee strike.

WHAM

WHAM

WHAM

Ares and The D finally see what's going on and make a break for the ring.

WHAM

The box no longer has the structural integrity to remain on Klein's head. We see a lot of reds and purples and blacks on the face that we only see for half a second - Keyes has released his prey, and Klein falls face-first onto the canvas. Keyes rolls under the bottom rope and outside the ring opposite PCP, making his way to his Bestie and to Big Blue, which finally returns to his possession.

Lindsay Troy:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER! AAAAND STILLLLLLLLLLL-

BOOOOOOOO!

Troy absolutely cackles at this.

Lindsay Troy:

FIST! OF! DEFIANCE! THE KRAKENNNNNN! HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEYES! Hey dipshits! Yeah! You in the ring! We've got a replacement for that shitty little box Henry just broke! Can't wait to show you in Albuquerque! Haaaaaahahaha...

Henry has his arm around Troy's shoulders, partly because Besties, partly because he's exhausted and could use a little help staying vertical. Big Blue is back around his waist. Klein is out cold in the ring, likely concussed, if not worse.

If looks could kill, Elise Ares would be booked for a double homicide.

DDK:

Thank you for joining us tonight for DEFtv. We will see you in two weeks live from Albuquerque, New Mexico. Good night, everyone.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.