

SHOW OPEN

The scene switches to inside the Lakefront Arena, fireworks exploding from the DEFCON rampway. Six letters, D E F C O N stretch across the stage, as The Faithful are **H.O.T.** The pay-per-view theme blares on the PA as cameras catch as many signs as possible.

NO ONE LIKES MIKEY

EVERYONE LOVES DOUGLAS

SUNDAY NIGHT SPECIALS, MONDAY NIGHT SPECIALS, TUESDAY NIGHT SPECIALS, WEDNESDAY NIGHT SPECIALS, NO SPECIALS ON THURSDAY THOUGH, FIRDAY NIGHT SPECIALS

QUEEN OVER SQUID

PAT CASSIDY AND THE BALLYHOO KID

DIE SQUIDBOY DIE

EUGENE DEWEY > MICHAEL UNLIKEABLE

LINDSAY TROY INTIMIDATES ME

STALKER FOR PARKS AND REC COMMISSIONER

CLIMB LACROIX CLIMB

DID SOMEBODY SAY FIVE MINUTES?

JUST QUIT IF TOM MORROW TUK YUR JURB!

DIE ARTHUR DIE

#ANDSTILLFAVOURED SAINTS

I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME AND I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING BUT THE BEST WRESTLER IN DEFIANCE IS--

ARTHUR NEEDS A TAN

DEX JOY IS MY DAD

WHAT A STRANGE FAMILY YOU HAVE

MIKEY UNLIKEABLE

BALLY-HOW YOU GONNA LET MORROW OWN BALLYHOO BREW!

KICK THE TITANS' ASS, NOT-TITANS!

MIKEY, BYE!

GIVE PLEASANT AN UNPLEASANT ASS-WHOOPING!

SONNY SILVER IS THE NEW ANGUS, MAKE IT HAPPEN FAVOURED SAINTS

REUNITE SILVER AND GOLD~!

DEX JOY IS MY DAD

**SCROW IS MY LITTLE BROTHER
MUSHI IS MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR
BRONSON BOX IS MY ANGRY UNCLE
NED REFORM IS MY TEACHER
PERFECTION IS THAT COUSIN MY FAMILY NEVER TALKS ABOUT
ARTHUR SUCKS EGGS
BE A STAR! WITH TOM'S HELP!
LEGAL STREAMS ONLY, KIDS!
LACROIX's MY BOY
I BELIEVE
WELCOME TO THE DARKNESS
THIS IS OUR WORLD
DEFCON BABY
LADDER MATCHES
I ALWAYS BELIEVE
BE THE CHANGE, BE THE BETTER FUTURE
SKY HIGH TITANS VS SKY HIGH TITANS
CHRIS RICHARDS IS IN WITNESS PROTECTION
I COULD GO FOR A LACROIX
THIS IS MY 2ND DEFCON
I BELIEVE... TICKETS WERE @\$^&@! EXPENSIVE TO BE HERE BOTH NIGHTS!
LINDSAY WILL U BE MY PROM DATE?
HI, I'M BOB, AND I AM A DEF-AHOLIC
NO TIME TO BACK OUT, MORROW BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS BLACK OUT
WHAT'S THE WIFI PASSWORD?
"MIKEY UNLIKELY IS A GODDAMNED DISGRACE!" --CHUCK
I JUST CAME FOR THE INTERMENT
TOM, HOW YOU GONNA LET TWO TEAMS BEAT YOUR GUYS ON BACK-TO-BACK NIGHTS?
KLEIN AND MUSHI ARE GONNA PUMP.....clap:YOU UP!
FEE FI FO FUM, CHRIS RICHARDS HAD BETTER RUN
THE TITANIC'S FINNA HIT AN ICEBERG
LT IS LiT
RICK IS DICK**

The match graphics roll through.

NIGHT TWO CARD

MAIN EVENT

FIST of DEFIANCE, LOSER LEAVES

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

LADDER MATCH

Matt LaCroix © vs. Arthur Pleasant

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Casket Match

Stalker vs. Codename: Guardian

8 Man Tag

SNS, Cortez & Minute vs. Lucky Sevens & Stevens Dynasty

*If SNS, Cortez and Minute win, they get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow and Sky High Titans name back. If Lucky Sevens and Stevens Dynasty win, Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens get the deed to Ballyhoo Brew

Empty Arena

Rick Dickulous vs. Chris Richards

Klein & Mushigihara vs. Jestal & Jack Mace

And to the announce team.

DDK:

Ready to go!?

Lance:

I'm ready for Night Two!!

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, LADDER MATCH: MATT LACROIX Â© vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

DDK:

Night Two of the BIGGEST event in professional wrestling, in my humble opinion, starts right now, Lance. What an incredible lineup we have for you all tonight... culminating in Mikey Unlikely facing off against Scott Douglas in a Loser Leaves DEFIANCE match for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

We're going bell to bell tonight, Darren. We're starting and ending the show with championship opportunities. Arthur Pleasant has gone out of his way to make Matt LaCroix feel as uncomfortable as possible in his second bid for running the Favoured Saints gambit.

DDK:

It's a second chance LaCroix was given because of Arthur Pleasant in the first place. In hindsight, do you think Arthur was picking his victim?

Lance:

Now that's a thought, The Provocateur certainly could have been picking what he may have felt was the easier target. To be honest, I couldn't tell you how it's working out for him. He had a hand in every single one of Matt LaCroix's Favoured Saints defenses. Ending with a brutal attack on him in the middle of the ring in his last defense against Mushigahara.

DDK:

It was a return attack for LaCroix's involvement earlier in the night against him. Again, tying Trashcan Tim back into this feud. Tim and Matt's relationship is certainly... rocky, now, thanks to Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Well one of two things are going to happen tonight, Darren. Matt LaCroix is going to finally get his hands on Arthur Pleasant and make things right... or Arthur's plans are going to finally come to fruition with championship gold. Let's get down to Darren Quimbey at ringside.

The camera then focuses it on DEFIANCE's long tenured ring announcer standing in the middle of the ring, surrounded by a particularly rowdy group of DEFIANCE's Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a LADDER MATCH for the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

The Faithful immediately break into a chant...

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

DDK:

Don't the Faithful know we can't start the show with F-Bombs?

Lance:

In this case I think it might be justified.

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saëns ♪

The horrific screeching of violins cut through the Lakefront Arena like a rusty, dull knife through flesh as "Danse Macabre", the classic orchestral piece written and composed by Camille Saint-Saëns and condensed into a much more frightening version for entrance theme's sake, plays throughout the arena. Soon thereafter enters Arthur

Pleasant, The Provocateur himself, from the Guerilla position. Standing with his arms out and a sick smile plastered on his pale, evil face, Arthur Pleasant sniffs the air with his eyes closed.

DDK:

Hey, where's those creepy cloaked dudes at?

Lance:

Hell if I know, Darren. I suspect Arthur's got something up his sleeve, though.

Taking in the derogatory chants from the Faithful, Arthur simply begins skipping down the ramp in utter delight. Arthur enters the ring by sliding underneath the bottom rope and promptly runs the ropes a few times, making a mockery out of colleagues who like to warm up before a match.

Retreating to the corner furthest from the ramp way, Arthur hunkers down with his arms holding onto the top ropes at his sides and sitting on the middle turnbuckle. A lustful look bearing the need for violence and mayhem, Arthur grins as widely as his jaw and skin will allow him to while he waits for the Champion to make his presence known.

DDK:

I sincerely hope that LaCroix wipes the floor with Arthur.

Lance:

Yeah, you and the rest of the wrestling community.

Lights Out.

A gasp of anticipation grows from the Faithful as smoke begins to rise from the entrance. A normally stable red light begins to flicker in and out as a silhouette can be seen in a kneeling position in the smoke. The figure of a man rises to his feet in the poorly lit smoke, flickering in and out of view as suddenly the light goes back out.

It begins with them, but it ends... with me

♪ **"The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria** ♪

With a "HEY!" vocal red lights now flood the DEFplex.

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

The Faithful chant along to the music and pump their fists into the air in unison as the figure steps out from the smoke and into clear view. The man wears a black gas mask with bright red x hand painted across the front of it. Atop the mask are six hash marks, representing the successful Favoured Saints Championship defenses as he raises the Favoured Saints Championship high into the air with his right arm.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds... he is the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION. "The Louisiana Bloodletter" MAAAAAAAATT LAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIX!

With his usual ragged black denim vest with hood up now over top what appears to be a well-worn black leather jacket, Southern Strong Style marches down to the ring with the Favoured Saints Championship on his shoulder.

DDK:

Isn't that a nickname that Arthur Pleasant himself gave Matt LaCroix trying to hype him up as the newest member of The Scourge?

Lance:

I'm pretty sure you're right, Darren... and I'm sure that's no accident. The champion is coming down to the ring with plans on letting The Provocateur know just how right he really was giving him that previously unrelated nickname.

Arthur Pleasant claps excitedly in the ring as Matt LaCroix enters and pushes his way right past him to get to the opposite corner where he holds up the Favoured Saints Championship for the Faithful. He puts the championship back on his shoulder and throws his hood back and peels the gas mask off of his head, letting it drop to the ringside floor. Looking across the Faithful, you can see Matt LaCroix has the same red X painted across his face with a look of fierce intensity across his face, snarling. He turns his head to look at his opp...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Arthur Pleasant shoves past Carla Ferrari, rushing up to the champion from behind and launching him off the top rope to the outside of the ring! Matt LaCroix crashes through a ladder set up at ringside before both go crashing to the concrete floor.

Lance:

This match hasn't even started and Matt LaCroix has already been in what looks like a car crash!

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Championship is just laying on the concrete out here on the floor next to Matt LaCroix tangled in this steel ladder. Right next to his gas mask. Matt hasn't even taken off his jacket.

Arthur Pleasant is already outside of the ring where he grabs the Favoured Saints Championship up off the floor and quickly tosses it over the top rope and into the ring. The Faithful jeer as The Provocateur grabs a different ladder and shoves it into the ring under the bottom rope, almost striking Carla Ferrari who is at the ropes demanding he get into the ring. He does so and picks up the Favoured Saints Championship as he slides across the canvas. Shoving it into the chest of DEFIANCE's notable female official, he begins to point towards the brass-ring shaped hanging structure above their heads. Screaming.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant wants this title hung before Matt LaCroix gets back up to his feet here.

Lance:

Carla Ferrari is sticking to her guns, Darren. She's letting Arthur know that the bell hasn't rang. The match hasn't even begun. And... of course, Arthur sets the ladder up for her. Such a gentleman.

DDK:

DEFmed have made it out here to ringside and have Matt LaCroix pulled out of the ladder. He's currently going through some kind of protocol here. They might be clearing him to compete.

Inside the ring, Arthur Pleasant has ripped the Favoured Saints Championship away from Carla Ferrari and has begun ascending the ladder. Now at the top, Arthur makes a big gesture in front of the jeering Faithful about fastening the Favoured Saints Championship to the hanging device before taking it back off and raising the championship above his head. Inside the ring Carla Ferrari is screaming over the boos about how the match hasn't started. Arthur begins screaming back demanding to be named Favoured Saints Champion whether she likes it or not.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant has now proclaimed himself Favoured Saints Champion... but we still haven't heard a bell. As a matter of face, we still don't know if Matt LaCroix is even going to be cleared to compete.

DDK:

So if you were a little late to the program tonight, folks, Matt LaCroix was launched off the top rope through a ladder from behind by Arthur Pleasant before the bell rang. Then The Provocateur grabbed the Favoured Saints Championship and ascended...

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

The Faithful roar as Matt LaCroix slides into the ring and immediately rams the ladder with Arthur Pleasant standing on the top, sending him sailing from atop the ladder and landing face first onto the barricade outside of the ring. The Favoured Saints Championship lands next to Carla Ferrari inside of the ring, who picks it up off the mat and looks at Matt LaCroix, then to DEFmed at ringside, then calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Red X on Matt LaCroix's face is now mixed with a little blood as he tries to pull his leather and denim jacket off of his shoulders. He gets one, but can't be bothered with the second shoulder as he follows up on Arthur who is already pulling himself back up to his feet outside of the ring. The newly christened Louisiana Bloodletter grabs Pleasant from behind by the shoulder and runs him into the corner of the barricade.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix is out here running on adrenaline alone! He has his jacket half off and blood running down his face as he backs up for another offensive attack.

Lance:

DESTRUCTION IN SPADES! We're starting EARLY folks!

DDK:

We don't play around at DEFCON, Lance. We have too much to do! THIS. IS. DEFIANCE!

After hitting his signature shining wizard on Arthur Pleasant against the barricade, Matt LaCroix rips Pleasant up off the concrete and begins to guide him towards the opposite barricade before tossing him head first into that one, then backing up before blitzing forward and hitting Arthur Pleasant with another D-I-S! The Faithful are going bananas as Matt LaCroix doesn't give the Provocateur even a second to recover, peeling him off the concrete again and moving towards the next barricade.

*FUCK HIM UP LA-CROIX, FUCK HIM UP! Stompstomp**FUCK HIM UP LA-CROIX, FUCK HIM UP! Stompstomp***Lance:**

This is just a relentless assault by Matt LaCroix, who is trying to use whatever fumes he has left through anger and adrenaline alone before the pain of what started this match catches back up to him and he comes crashing down.

DDK:

He's going for Destruction In Spades number three!

Lance:

No! He's going into the Faithful!

Just as he goes to throw Pleasant into the barricade for the third time, Arthur counters by reversing and throwing Matt LaCroix over the barricade and into the front row of the Faithful. DEFIANCE's biggest (and highest paying) fans scatter as LaCroix lands onto a symphony of shattered steel for the second time tonight. He lets out a scream as Pleasant jumps off the barricade and lands with both knees on top of the champion, who is still laying across steel chairs on concrete. Pleasant then begins chasing fans off and taking steel chairs and throwing them onto Matt LaCroix who is doing his best just to try and cover up as the assault continues.

DDK:

If I were one of the Faithful there, I wouldn't think twice about heading for the hills! This guy's a damn lunatic!

Lance:

You could say that again!

Satisfied with the amount of chairs he has thrown at LaCroix, Pleasant charges towards LaCroix who is rising to his feet. With a foot extended... and NAILS him with a snapping single-leg dropkick!

DDK:

PROVOCATION!

Lance:

LaCroix just got wasted like a GTA kill out amongst the Faithful!

Realizing LaCroix could be unconscious from the Provocation, Pleasant smiles sickeningly towards the crowd. Hopping over the guardrail, Pleasant starts heading towards the ring... and more specifically, the ladder that is inside of it.

DDK:

Oh my God. Arthur could end this thing right here!!

Lance:

And here I thought this guy didn't care about titles and wins. He's about to knock off the damn Favoured Saints Champion!

Sliding underneath the bottom rope like a snail poised to uncoil and strike, Pleasant looks at Carla Ferrari and licks his lips. Then, looking at the ladder, Pleasant goes to start climbing when he notices something out the corner of his eye. Matt LaCroix... is getting to his feet!

Clearly not happy that LaCroix wasn't unconscious, Pleasant baseball slides his way to the outside.

Arthur Pleasant:

Alright, kiddo. You wanna play?! LET'S. FUCKING. PLAY.

LaCroix leans over the guard rail, motioning for Pleasant to come at him. Obliging him, Pleasant races towards him with a lunging clothesline. LaCroix ducks and Pleasant goes soaring over him, spilling harshly onto the concrete in the money seats of the Lakefront Arena!

DDK:

The Louisiana Bloodletter is not done by a longshot! He just took one of Arthur Pleasant's most devastating moves and is back in this thing!

Lance:

And now Arthur is sucking on cement. Haha. Beautiful.

Turning back towards Pleasant, LaCroix guides him back to his feet. Giving him a couple of shots to daze him, LaCroix begins backtracking towards the guardrail, measuring him up in position for a suplex. With zero hesitation, LaCroix lifts Pleasant into the air and CRUSHES his cranium with a nasty brainbuster across the guardrail!

DDK:

OH MY GOD. That was disgusting!

Lance:

Holy f- that was disturbing! Pleasant's crown could be split wide open!

Sure enough, crimson begins flowing down the top of Pleasant's head into the shaved part of his right temple as he lays ringside. Holding the top of his head in clear agony, Pleasant's foot beats the ringside matting as he clutches the wound.

With The Faithful solidly behind their hero, they continue making noise for LaCroix as he follows Pleasant back into the ringside area. With The Faithful solidly behind their hero, they continue making noise for LaCroix as he follows Pleasant back into the ringside area. LaCroix wastes no motion as he sends kicks down onto Pleasant, who can only cover up from the kicks as both of his hands are holding the busted open section of the crown of his head. After about seven or eight stiff kicks, LaCroix stops his onslaught and looks toward the ladder.

DDK:

Now's your chance, Matt!

Lance:

He looks torn. Does he try to win it here or does he continue to take out his lingering frustrations on Arthur Pleasant?

Knowing in his heart of hearts that Pleasant isn't out of this match, he guides him to his feet. Setting him up in a full-nelson, LaCroix measures him up so that he is within a throw's distance to the ring post. Moments later, he suplexes Pleasant back into the ring post, causing him to awkwardly smash the back of his head against the unforgiving steel!

DDK:

AHHHH! GOD!

Lance:

Jesus Mary Mother of GOD!! High Tide right into the friggin' ring post!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Pleasant is LAUGHING as he holds the back of his head.

DDK:

What the HELL?!

Lance:

Arthur is not human. Any normal human being would be either unconscious or crying out in agony. But Pleasant finds this FUNNY?! Man..

LaCroix looks at the blood spot on the post where Pleasant's head made an impact and then down at the Provocateur himself. Upon seeing him laughing a trigger goes off in LaCroix's brain. He begins sifting underneath the ring apron for something, and moments later he finds it: a nice, shiny, brand new, delicious looking table.

DDK:

Oh God. Don't lower yourself to his level, Matt! You have this thing won!

Lance:

I have to wonder if you are right about that, Deebs. I hope LaCroix doesn't regret this!

Setting it up, LaCroix slaps both of his hands on it to test its durability. Satisfied that the table remains standing, LaCroix turns to pick Pleasant up... but he doesn't have to as the Denizen of Decay is already there, IN HIS FACE, looking at him with blood oozing down his temple and a smile as wide as the night is black. LaCroix nearly goes pale with surprise and astonishment as Pleasant suddenly grabs the Favoured Saints Champion by the back of his head and SLAMS him face first into the table!

Pleasant picks LaCroix up and rolls him into the ring. Looking at the table, Pleasant cackles maniacally before screaming towards his opponent.

Arthur Pleasant:

I see your table... AND RAISE YA ONE!!

Pleasant goes underneath the ring much like LaCroix previously did and withdraws a table of his own. Setting it up, Pleasant places it carefully on top of LaCroix's table, creating a stacked pair! Happy with his construction, Pleasant rolls into the ring. Helping LaCroix the rest of the way to his feet, he tosses him into the ropes. Pleasant looks for a back body drop, but LaCroix counters by clutching Pleasant in a front chancery. Shrugging, he plants the challenger directly on his dome.

DDK:

What a phenomenal DDT!

Lance:

He truly spiked Pleasant on his noggin' there. If he wasn't damaged in the head before... he is now!

Taking a moment to catch his breath after expending a monumental amount of energy fighting on the outside, LaCroix gets to his feet. Looking up at his title dangling from the heavens above, LaCroix backs up to the corner turnbuckle as Pleasant remains on the mat. Pointing his fingers towards the ladder like a gun, he clicks and shoots before charging towards it. In one fluid motion, LaCroix hops to the fourth rung, and moonsaults backwards onto Pleasant.

DDK:

What a picture perfect ladder assisted moonsault by DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint!!

Lance:

If pinfalls counted in this match, that one might've been a three!

Getting up right after he hits the move, LaCroix forces Pleasant up to his feet. Nailing some knife-edge chops, LaCroix adds some color to Pleasant's pale chest. Boot to the midsection and Pleasant is doubled over. Facing the turnbuckles, LaCroix looks out at the crowd as he positions Pleasant for either a powerbomb or piledriver.

DDK:

He could be looking for the Bourbon Street Bomb here.

The crowd reacts positively as LaCroix lifts Pleasant up for a powerbomb, but instead of slamming him down to the mat, LaCroix charges to the turnbuckles and throws Pleasant so that his spine crashes against them! Before Pleasant can fall to his feet, LaCroix sets him up for another one. This time, however, he faces the ladder. Lifting Pleasant up, he charges towards the ladder and throws Pleasant with reckless abandon into the steel ladder!

Lance:

BACK TO BACK BOURBON STREET BOMBS!!!

DDK:

From the turnbuckles to the ladder, too! Pleasant is in a seriously bad w- wait a minute. Is he laughing AGAIN?!

Pleasant laughs sadistically, almost enjoying the pain surging through his back and head. LaCroix looks bewildered.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Matt LaCroix:

What in the actual FUCK are you?!

Looking up at the title, LaCroix notices the ladder is still upright and ready to be climbed.

He climbs one rung.

Then another.

And then another.

And yet another. The crowd begins to come unglued again as he ascends a fifth rung!

Lance:

With ten rungs, he's halfway to the tippy top! Which means he really only needs a few more to reach up and grab the championship!

DDK:

Arthur is up again.

Lance:

What?!

DDK:

Arthur.... is up... AGAIN.

Pleasant stands up in between the legs of the ladder and looks slightly upwards at LaCroix. Baiting him, Pleasant goes to grab a foot between the rungs, but LaCroix reaches for Arthur's head in return. That's when Arthur grabs his arm and YANKS LaCroix forward, smashing his face down directly onto the top of the ladder.

Lance:

Ooof! Pleasant baited him and Matt fell for it, hook, line, and sinker.

DDK:

That could be the turning point in this match!

LaCroix goes limp against the ladder as Pleasant climbs the opposite side until his head is directly across from his opponent's. Climbing further, nearly at the title itself, Pleasant measures LaCroix up and flips forward in a sunset flip motion, nailing a flip destroyer piledriver off the top of the ladder to the canvas below!

DDK:

DESTROYER OFF THE TOP OF THE FRIGGIN' LADDER!!!! WHAT THE HELL!!!!

Lance:

Oh my GOD these two are putting it all on the line at DEFCON!!! Universal hatred for Arthur Pleasant aside... THIS is what DEFCON is all about!!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

The chant transitions into:

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

To no one's surprise, Pleasant is standing on his feet first while LaCroix is seemingly out on his back. Looking down at

the damage done, Pleasant beams with joyous abandon. Grabbing at LaCroix's head, Pleasant sits him up. The Provocateur speeds into the ropes, and on the rebound launches himself off with a nasty looking shining wizard. Sitting LaCroix up again, Pleasant launches himself into the opposite ropes and does the same type of launching shining wizard, but this time to the back of the champion's head.

DDK:

Arthur with the Friends 2 The End, but I don't even know if that was necessary. Matt seems to be unconscious.

Lance:

Yeah, this is academic at this point.

Pleasant is up and climbs to the middle turnbuckle, blowing kisses out at the fans.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

DDK:

Of course Arthur's going to waste time here. Why should I be surprised?

Lance:

Yeah, you know, it's not like it's DEFCON or any- oh wait.

Focusing back on LaCroix, Pleasant motions for him to get up.

Arthur Pleasant:

WE'RE NOT DONE, MATTHEW. WAKY, WAKY, EAT SOME CAKEY!!

As if summoned from the dead, LaCroix sits up, snarling at Pleasant... which actually catches him off guard!

DDK:

Whoa! I think LaCroix just tapped into something DEEP!

Lance:

Even Pleasant looks flustered!

Throwing caution to the wind, LaCroix charges at Pleasant and football tackles him into the ropes, causing both of the competitors to spill to the apron. Both competitors are up, and trading blows! Finally, a boot to the gut doubles over Pleasant and LaCroix ties his arm up in a hammerlock. Then, grabbing him in a front chancery, LaCroix drops beside the apron and SPIKES Pleasant on his head!

DDK:

Widowmaker to the damn APRON!!!!

Lance:

Pleasant is OUT! Go get it, Matt! GO. GET. IT.

With the Faithful willing him on as well, LaCroix slides back into the ring. Arthur clutches the top of his head which seems to have been reopened by the apron assisted Widowmaker. LaCroix is to his feet, but he is hurting. The champion slowly makes his way to the ladder, clutching at his neck and ribs (and if he could his toes), LaCroix makes it to the ladder.

He climbs one rung.

Then a second.

And a third.

Pleasant begins stirring and sits up on the apron, holding his bleeding crown.

LaCroix climbs a fourth rung, but stops.

He looks up and with the Faithful absolutely soaked in the drama they scream for LaCroix to continue to make the climb.

Pleasant rolls himself into the ring.

LaCroix climbs a fifth rung, returning to where his head was bashed into the top of the ladder.

DDK:

From what I can see, two more rungs and he's well within reach of that belt!

Pleasant is up and stumbles towards the ladder. He begins climbing.

Lance:

Climb... CLIMB you bastard!!! Do not let Arthur win this damn match!!

LaCroix climbs to the sixth rung and looks up. He reaches and his hand barely touched the goldm causing it to sway.

Pleasant is at the third rung.

LaCroix climbs to the seventh rung.

The fans SCREAM for LaCroix to reach up and unhook the title.

Pleasant is at the fourth rung.

LaCroix looks up.

Pleasant is at the fifth rung.

LaCroix reaches up to grab the title, but accidentally hits it while fumbling for it.

Pleasant makes it to the sixth rung.

The Favoured Saints Championship sways in Pleasant's direction.

Pleasant reaches up.

Lance:

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Pleasant grabs it- NO! LaCroix nails Pleasant in the face with a right fist. The title sways back in LaCroix's direction... but Pleasant returns with a left!

Rights and lefts from LaCroix and Pleasant until they both stagger and nearly fall off the ladder.

DDK:

I can't take it anymore. The drama at the top of the ladder is giving me stomach pains!!

Both men hold onto their respective positions and reach up.

Both men have a hand on one side of the leather strap, but the gold buttons needed to be unstrapped are connected

on Arthur's side.

Pleasant lets go.

Lance:

YES!!!! MATT DID-

LaCroix goes to unhook the strap but Pleasant absolutely ROCKS him with a left forearm shot.

DDK:

NO!!!

LaCroix falls to the mat.

The Faithful cry out in desperation.

DDK:

No. Please.

Lance:

Ugh.

Pleasant goes to reach up... but stumbles and falls back! His legs are hooked on the sixth rung as he dangles upside down on his side of the ladder.

The crowd erupts as LaCroix gets up.

DDK:

Do it!!

Lance:

NOW!!!

Pleasant goes to sit up, but LaCroix reaches up and grabs him in position for an inverted suplex. LaCroix peels Pleasant off of the ladder like an insect off of a juicy piece of fruit. LaCroix snaps down to the mat with an inverted brainbuster!

DDK:

Coup D'etat! Oh my GOD!

Lance:

Jesus, he just MurderDeathKilled The Provocateur!

Both men are down on the mat as LaCroix begins to feel the wear and tear of this match.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

The chant morphs into:

"THIS IS DEFCON!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

"THIS IS DEFCON!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

LaCroix slowly gets up to his own two feet. Looking out at the Faithful, LaCroix nods his head. Then, looking at the title, he starts heading for the ladder again.

DDK:

He has it. Arthur is not moving a muscle.

LaCroix begins his ascent again.

He hops up to the third fourth rung, showing great agility and popping the crowd hard. He climbs a fifth, six, and a seventh.

He reaches up...

...

...

...

...

...

WHAAAAAAAAAACK!!

Lance:

NO!! AARON KING!!! WHERE THE HELL DID HE COME FROM!!

The crowd showers King in boos as he smashes the steel chair across LaCroix's back a second time. Still, LaCroix's anger shines through and he tries to reach up. But a third and final chair shot to the back sends him falling back down to the mat in absolute agony.

The air from the crowd has been let out worse than a flat tire as the reality of the situation comes to the forefront of everyone's minds.

DDK:

Son of a BITCH. Why did I think Arthur wouldn't have the Scourge help him win this?!

Lance:

I dunno, but I think we all forgot about Aaron King low key joining the Scourge a few episodes of UNCUT ago. Which, to be perfectly honest, was probably the intent of that all along.

King throws the chair away and the half-charred looking former Gulf Coast Connection member makes his way towards Pleasant. Smacking Pleasant in the face a few times, he seemingly brings The Provocateur back to the realm of the living, sort of speak. Helping him up, King motions towards the championship that's hanging above them both. Pleasant shakes his head, though.

Then he looks towards the stacked tables.

Arthur Pleasant:

Time to go ALL IN. Hahaha.

Aaron King removes himself from the ring and begins sorting through whatever is underneath the ring

DDK:

Oh sweet Jesus, what are they doing?!

Lance:

I don't know but... this is bad. REAL bad.

Pleasant smiles at King... who pulls out a red canister with yellow tubing at the top.

DDK:

NO!!

Lance:

NOT THIS GARBAGE!!

Aaron King hops up onto the apron and then onto the mid steel cabling between the post and the turnbuckle and just begins dumping gasoline across the top of the stack. Pleasant meanwhile, grabs the steel chair that Aaron King used on LaCroix and starts bashing it across LaCroix's arms, ribs, shoulders, and legs.

The fans utterly lose their collective shit on Arthur Pleasant.

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

DDK:

Yeah, I feel the same ladies and gents. Believe me.

Lance:

Oh NOW what is he doing?!

As soon as King empties the rest of the gas container he tosses it away. He then reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a cheap lighter you could buy at the counter of a gas station. With the flick of his thumb, the flame emerges. Locking it into place, King throws it onto the tables, watching the fire whoosh from the top all the way to the bottom. Then, looking back at LaCroix, King nods his head.

Pleasant tosses away the steel chair and tries to bring LaCroix to his feet, but the The Reaper of the Pontchartrain falls somewhat lifelessly to the mat. Pleasant laughs hysterically at this as the fans in attendance continue to let him have it. Some are even throwing trash.

"THIS IS GAR-BAGE!"

Clap Clap Clapclapclap

"THIS IS GAR-BAGE!"

Clap Clap Clapclapclap

Pleasant brings LaCroix more forcefully to his feet and slaps him across the face with malicious disregard. He does this again. And again. And again. Pleasant then spits in LaCroix's face before bringing him over to the corner turnbuckles closest to the wooden inferno. King climbs to the top rope, ready for LaCroix.

But as Pleasant goes to slap him again, LaCroix catches his arm.

LaCroix's face is full of fucking rage.

DDK:

YES!!!

Lance:

YES!!

LaCroix headbutts Pleasant so hard that, along with Pleasant going down to the canvas, he busts himself open just above his eyebrow. Turning around, LaCroix sees Aaron King perched on the top rope like a deer caught in the headlights. Bleeding, LaCroix smirks at King, who looks absolutely terrified. Then, hopping up to the second turnbuckle, LaCroix positions himself underneath King for a suplex.

Lifting him upwards, LaCroix **THROWS** Aaron King with a throwing release vertical suplex into the fiery inferno that's blazing from the stacked tables!!

*"HOLY SHIT!"**"HOLY SHIT!"**"HOLY SHIT!"**"HOLY SHIT!"*

The wreckage is a sight to behold as DEFmed frantically sprint from the back to put out whatever flames were still lit after Aaron King's entire body was thrown into the veritable pit of hell. Smoke rises from the wood as Aaron King yells out in absolute agony. LaCroix looks awestruck at his own actions as he witnesses the destruction of Aaron King and the DEFmed team do their best to help Aaron King with possible skin trauma after such a horrific landing.

DDK:

I think Aaron King's a piece of garbage for helping Pleasant, an even **BIGGER** piece of garbage... but that did not need to happen. Aaron King might be even more burned than he was after Pleasant lit him on fire. He might have only himself to blame but... man... I don't even-

Lance:

TURN AROUND, MATT!!

Pleasant, through all of the chaos on the outside, has begun ascending the ladder once again.

He climbs to the third rung.

Then the fourth.

Then the fifth.

DDK:

No, no, no, no, NO!!!!

Lance:

Not like this!!!!

But LaCroix is not having it as he instinctively turns around, picks up the steel chair, and **WHACKS** Pleasant across the back with it, stopping him from climbing completely.

The fans **ERUPT** as LaCroix smashes and smashes Pleasant across his back until the Composer of Chaos is down on the mat. Hovering over Pleasant, LaCroix bends down and spits in Pleasant's face.

Matt LaCroix:

You wanna surprise, Arthah? I gotchu one!

Dropping the steel chair, LaCroix rolls to the outside furthest from the wreckage and DEFmed team and scours underneath the ring apron like Pleasant and Aaron King previously did.

DDK:

Is that-

Lance:

-a straight jacket?!

The Faithful once again erupt into a prolonged frenzy as they realize that it is indeed a straight jacket.

Sliding into the ring, LaCroix unhooks the white straps of the straight jacket and slides Pleasant's arms into it.

DDK:

Damn! It looks like he's been practicing at that!

Finally getting Arthur into it, LaCroix hooks the straps tight behind him, locking him into place. LaCroix wipes the blood that has been pouring out from the accidentally self-inflicted wound from the head-butt and looks up at the championship. Pleasant looks up at it too and begins laughing. LaCroix motions "*After you.*" to Pleasant, knowing full-well that he can't do anything at this point. Pleasant gets to his feet and races helplessly over to the ladder.

DDK:

This... this is great.

Lance:

How about that? A natural fit.

LaCroix makes his way over to the ladder as well and begins climbing. Pleasant ascends as well, cackling like a fucking madman the entire time. LaCroix shakes his head at Pleasant as he ascends all the way to the seventh rung.

Reaching up, LaCroix looks at Pleasant.

Still laughing.

LaCroix places his hands on the Favoured Saints Championship as Pleasant struggles helplessly in the straight jacket atop the ladder.

LaCroix flips off Pleasant with his free hand while pulling down the championship.

The crowd goes batshit as the bell finally sounds.

*DING DING DING***Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match...

*"AND STILLLLLLLLLLL"***Darren Quimbey:**

... and STILL DEFIANCE Wrestling's Favoured Saints Champion... MAAAAAAAAAATT LACROOOIIIIIX

Lance:

I cannot believe what we just witnessed. That was pretty much beyond anything I thought it would be. And, is it me, or is that a first for a ladder match where the ladder remained standing almost the ENTIRE time?! Unbelievable!

DDK:

That's for sure. I mean, we all knew the ladder match would play into Arthur's game of violence, but never did I imagine we'd see half of the stuff we just saw in that match. And for the love of GOD, is Aaron King still alive?!

Before Lance can respond, DEFmed have hoisted King up on a gurney and begun wheeling him out of the arena. Meanwhile, LaCroix continues to stand atop the ladder with the Favoured Saints Championship draped proudly over his shoulder... as he stares into the evil eyes of the straight jacket adorned Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant just might be the sickest man I have ever seen. He may have lost the “match”, but... this guy isn’t going away anytime soon, I fear.

DDK:

More importantly, Matt LaCroix just earned himself a shot at DEFIANCE Wrestling’s coveted Southern Heritage Championship! Though he may not have wanted to get here the way he did with his previous title defences, it’s important to remember the trials and tribulations that Arthur put him through.

Lance:

Absolutely, Keebs. NOBODY can deny the sheer grit and fortitude it took for Matt LaCroix to not only SURVIVE Arthur’s games... but to WIN in the endgame at DEFCON as well.

The final shot from this scene is Matt LaCroix descending from the ladder with his championship gold, and Arthur Pleasant remaining on top in his straight jacket, empty handed.

THE D'S DEATH DEFYING DARE

DDK:

Folks, as they pick up the scattered pieces of human flesh and torn debris, I'm being told we have someone at the Side Interview stage.

The camera cuts to the interview stage, where Christie Zane stands, holding a microphone. Over her shoulder, stands the D, wearing a trusty three piece suit. On his right hand, fist clenched is an LED brass knuckles to read PENI\$\$\$.

Christie Zane:

Faithful, please welcome to DEFCon... the D!

The D throws his right fist up. There's a relatively small HOLOGRAM that appears above his head that also reads PENI\$\$\$ > Mikey\$. This elicits cheers from the faithful.

Christie Zane:

D, last night, Elise Ares was able to conquer literal Perfection. Tonight, your best friend Klein is in a tag match with Mushi against Jestal and Jack Mace... and yet, you're not on DEFCon. What gives?

The D:

What do you mean? I'm on DEFCon. Right now. See?

The D points to the cameras.

The D:

See?

Christie Zane:

But-

The D:

I know what you mean. The Faithful know what you mean. I guess I wasn't important enough to be booked huh?

Christie Zane:

Don't say that.

The D:

It's true. I went from Main Eventing Night 1 against 24K, to this. I thought about challenging Jack Hunter, but even I don't want to invite that stupidity.

Christie Zane:

So, D, why are you here then?

The D:

Cause I remember a time when I didn't need permission to do something. So, here I am, asking for forgiveness.

Christie Zane:

For?

The D:

For adjusting the run sheet.

The D pulls off his tie with one hand while requesting the wireless mic from Christie with the other. She looks confused, but reluctantly gives it. The D tosses his tie into the crowd and climbs off the side interview stage.

The D:

My name is the D!

He walks down past the ramp as cameras follow, just as he removes one his suit jacket, tossing it away.

The D:

I am one half of the GREATEST tag team champions in DEFIANCE history!

Tech crews are removing the ladder and the wreckage behind the D as he makes his way to ringside. Still wearing his loose fit suit pants, the D leaps onto the barricade and stands at the edge of the Faithful.

The D:

Elise Ares is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, but the D needs satisfaction. He demands the opportunity, to rise to the occasion, to give you all, a performance worthy of KINGS. Tonight? At DEFCON?

The D climbs the turnbuckle and looks to the entrance ramp.

The D:

I WANT TO BE A STAR!

tap tap tap tap

Fingers on an unseen microphone. Moments later a voice, seemingly from all around the arena joins the D's one sided conversation.

Unseen Voice:

"Did someone say they wanted to be a fookin' STAR?"

Lance:

Oh, D, buddy, just run...

No music necessary, the pop from the Faithful is deafening even without the musical dog whistle. The Bombastic Bronson Box steps out from behind the curtain dressed for combat in his classic brown and grey vertical pinstripe singlet. His trademark mustache freshly waxed. He licks his lips as he brings the microphone again to his mouth.

Bronson Box:

Well you've got infront of you an honest to god STARMAKER, as it happens. And in case you aint been hearin' me yakkin' for the better part of a decade around this place... I fookin' love a good fight. About as much as I love seein' members of this roster actually standin' up achin' fer' one. If it's a fookin' star makin' match yer' lookin' for, boy'o? Look no further than right here.

The Wargod holds out his hands palms up as if to confidently ask "well?"

DDK:

Is... is D going to accept?

The D's boisterous bravado clearly squelched a wee tad by the appearance of the two time FIST of DEFIANCE but to his credit we can see him psyching himself up to the idea. That's all the confirmation The Original DEFIANT needs to invite himself down the ramp and into the ring. It's only once they're face to face The D reaches down and nervously snatches the microphone from Bronson's hand we get D's actual answer to the challenge... and with more seriousness than we've EVER heard come from The D's oft sarcastic lips.

The D:

Okay. I can do this. This is your plan. Bronson, prepare to take the D! ... uh... ON! Right. Right.

Lance:

Not just a D, this A Lister's got big ol' BALLS, Darren!

The D, nerves a rattling, tosses the microphone. While nervous, his resolve is clear. Tonight, he becomes a star, or Bronson Box kills him trying.

[The D vs. Bronson Box](#)

Like a flash referee Buffalo Brian Slater is in the ring urging each competitor back into their respective corner. Darren Quimbey makes the whole ordeal official with some announcements.

Quimbey:

In the corner to my left. Froooooom Culver City, California. Weighing in tonight at 176 pounds. One half of one of the greatest tag teams of all time the Pop Culture Phenoooooooooms... The D!

The D shakes his head and pounds on his chest in an obvious attempt to psych himself up as the Faithful cheer him on.

Quimbey:

Aaaaaaaaand in the corner to my right hailing from the dreary shores on Banff, Scotlaaaaaand. Weighing in tonight at seventeen and a half stooooone. A former two tiiiiime FIST of DEFIANCE... BRNSOOOOON BOX!

The Faithful cheer on the Wargod as well.

Lance:

Are they cheering the D, cheering Boxer, or cheering the idea of Boxer hurting the D?

DDK:

Well... Yes?

Lance:

God I love this place... HERE WE GO!

DING DING!

Referee Slater, satisfied both men are weapon free and ready to fight, signals for the bell. The D takes a few tentative steps toward Box, stretching his fingers before engaging in a collar and elbow tie up.

Box shoves the D clear across the ring.

The D rolls onto his knees, as Box raises one hand and edges the D to try again. The D shakes his right arm and meets Box, this time raising his hand for a test of strength. The ACE of DEF chuckles a moment.

DDK:

D, this may not be a smart idea.

Lance:

Bronson is one of the strongest athletes that not only DEFIANCE has ever seen, but the world. Hell, if he was competing in the Mushi/Klein strength contest, it wouldn't even have been a competition!

Indeed, Box quickly makes the D regret his life choices by squeezing his hand so hard he falls to a knee. The D raises his free hand, wanting to poke Box in the eye but thinks better of it. Instead, the D grabs Box's wrist and turns it into a standing arm wringer, into a go behind hammerlock. It doesn't last long, as Box reaches over his shoulder, hooks the D and snap mares him out of the hold.

The D rolls back to his knees, and this time slaps the mat once before returning to his feet. D raises his index finger,

and then motions for them to go again. Another collar and elbow, but as Box tries to shove him back like he did the first time, the D slips between Box's legs into a go-behind. Box nods, reaching behind him to grab D as he did just a moment ago for a snapmare, but the D is able to pull out. Box rushes toward the ropes, hooking the top as he reaches, attempting to whiplash D off of him. The D holds onto the rear waist lock and doesn't budge.

The D tries to lift Bronson for a German, but Box swats his fingers, breaking the D's grapple and spinning around himself. Box tosses the D over his head with ease for his own German, but the D lands on his feet to cheers. Box turns around, and smiles as the D hops from foot to foot. The two begin to circle one another once more, Box occasionally reaching in with quick swipes as the D uses his agility to continue pacing around the Original DEFIANT.

DDK:

This is the first time these two DEFIANTS have shared a ring together. You have to imagine that there's going to be a bit of a feeling out period in the opening moments.

Lance:

Truly. I've heard from wrestlers in the past. You don't truly know what you're getting into when you step into the ring across from Bronson Box until you're there, in the moment, with every inch of their body, and every joint aching and throbbing in pain.

Box and D meet in a third collar and elbow tie up, and Box transitions into a side headlock. The D pulls Box to the ropes and tries to shove him off, but Box falls to his knees and puts additional pressure. D tries to lift Box for a back suplex, but Box stands his ground, leaning forward to maintain positioning. This allows D to slip out, and then hook Box from behind in a chin lock, before transitioning into a sleeper. The D then hops onto Box's back, as Box does a half circle around the ring before sandwiching the D in the corner with his back. A quick back elbow from Box breaks the hold in full, before Box turns and unloads on the D with a European uppercut.

A second one almost sends the D flying out of the ring.

As the D lands back on his feet, Box unloads with a headbutt, before following up with a cacophony of strikes, multiple loud slaps across the face. Finally, Box lets loose with a skin slapping knife edge chop to the chest, that sends the D coughing, gasping out of the corner. He stumbles to his knees, mouths the words "My Beautiful Face" before falling face down onto the canvas. Box smiles and kicks him onto his back, covering him without hooking the leg.

One.

Two.

The D gets a shoulder up.

Box grabs The D's arm and starts to focus on the right hand, specifically the joint muscles in the fingers. While stretching the elbow, and standing on the back of the arm, Box is slowly stretching and ripping the cartilage between his fingers, tearing and snapping as the D hollers in pain.

DDK:

Bronson Box definitely has the advantage here. I must say, the D seemed to be able to hold up with Box's technical ability, but once the knuckles came out, let's just say the D is clearly outmatched in a brawl.

Lance:

That's why Box is so dangerous. The original DEFIANT can be so deadly in so many different ways. If, you somehow did have an advantage over Box's technical ability, he still has those heavy fists to brawl you with, he can still dissect and dismantle you

Box leans in and locks in a clawhold to the shoulder. Every time Box tries to adjust to grab the ribs or the pec, The D rolls in a way that makes it just too awkward, so Box continues to put pressure on the shoulder. The D fights to his feet, lands a few elbows to break the hold and goes rushing off the ropes.

DDK:

With everything! Box staggers but doesn't go down!

The D sees this, and quickly rushes off the far side. He returns off the ropes and Box eats the flying crescent kick to the face, taking him down. Both men are quick to their feet, with Box the aggressor, catching a shocked D in the gut with a kitchen sink. With his wind knocked out, the D coughs and sputters as Box grabs him.

DDK:

Inside cradle!

One.

Box easily gets a shoulder up. As Box gets to his feet, the D charges toward, spins and tilt-a-whirls into an Octopus stretch!

DDK:

Based on his expression, I don't think Box was expecting that!

Lance:

The move Oscar Burns taught Elise Ares, derivatively taught to the other half of the PCP. May not be as effec-- NOPE not effective at all!

As Box powers the D completely onto his shoulders. With a few hops, the D's back is stretched, before Box tosses the D in front and drops him in an argentine backbreaker. The D cries out and stretches out like a curled pringle before Box dives on top for another count.

One.

The D kicks out. Box is surprised, not at the kickout, but at the D kicking out at one. He quickly locks in a headlock, plotting his neck move, looking around the ring and re-gaining a sense of presence. The D again, fights and powers to his feet, elbow to the gut, another, breaks the hold. The D again goes rushing toward the ropes, but Box follows him this time. As the D hits the ropes and turns, Box clobbers him with a european uppercut. The D almost topples over, but Box swats at his legs, forcing him to remain standing in the ring. From there, Box hooks him for a belly to belly.

And the D again lands on his feet.

Only this time to slide out of the ring, clutching his jaw and resetting the pace.

DDK:

The D was in a dangerous position there Lance, but he was able to get out of it.

Lance:

His jaw paid the price, but the D lives to fight another day. Now, he's going to have to figure out a way to get Box off his feet, and keep him there. Box can't toss you around like a ragdoll if he's on the ground.

DDK:

Don't challenge the Ace, Lance. I'm pretty sure I've seen Box toss a couple idiots around while sleeping!

The D climbs onto the apron, and Box makes a few steps toward, so the D hops off. In the ring, Slaters up to three. The D tells him to keep Box away, and as Slater turns to talk to Box, the D slips in under the bottom rope. He's quick to his feet, but Box is quicker, raining down elbows and forearms to the D's back before Box whips him off the ropes. BIG back body drop, but the D lands on his feet a THIRD time. He stumbles a bit, but turns around with a wild discuss to Box.

SLAP.

And it was on.

DDK:

Box wasn't expecting that!

Indeed, Box takes a moment to feel the damage, check for blood, none. He smiles, and closes the gap. The D covers up and throws a few elbows but Box just boxes him into the corner, and slaps the every living HELL out of the D's chest in the corner.

Box then sets the D's arms up so his arm pits straddle the top rope, and exposes his chest. He takes a hawk and spits into the palm of his hand, as the FAITHFUL chant along.

BIG slap #1!

#2!

#3!

#4!

At this point, the cadence slows ever so slightly, just enough for the D to shout between blows.

The D:

OW!

#5

The D:

Stop!

Box takes a moment to look the D in the eye. The D's eyes widen, as he realizes there's not much he could use to bargain with.

#6!

Into 7, 8, 9, and a final TENTH exclamation point! The D's chest is BEAT red, almost maroon, as he wobble-legs out of the corner and falls to his knees. Box hooks him, cobra clutch, into a backbreaker! Box hooks the inside leg.

One.

Two.

DDK:

And Box has done ee-eh! Foot on the ropes! Slater sees it! The outside foot barely reached the bottom rope, and he's pointing it out to Box.

Lance:

Oh man. If I were the D, I'd probably just lose this match, give up. Who knows what sort of beating's in store now.

Box shakes his head as he leans down and

DDK:

Inside cradle! The D has the tights!

One.

Two.

Box powers out. Both men recover to their feet. The D ducks underneath a clothesline from Box and bounces off the far side...

DDK:

Box just grabbed him with that clawhold!

Lance:

God's Fiery Right Hand!

The D:

Not the face!

Lance:

-NO! The D splits... DA-DICK-PUNCH-AH! D just caught Box below the belt!

Indeed, the D split once Box latched him with the clawhold, and Johnny Cage style low blowed the Ace of DEFIANCE. Box winces in pain, just long enough for the D to hook him.

DDK:

Contractual Obligation! That front leg sweep face plants Box, center of the ring! Could this be?

One.

Two.

Th-NO! Box kicks out with authority.

Lance:

While that move may have felled lesser men, Bronson Box is not lesser men.

The D complains to Slater, clapping three times before Slater claps twice back at him. The D lifts Box but Box charges, shoulder to the gut and classic wrestling takedown to the mat. Box latches on, clawhold to the face once more. God's fiery right hand is locked on as the D scrambles, reaching out for the bottom rope that's just an inch or two away. With one last gasp, the D reaches out.

Box however, takes till four, because of course, he has until five.

The D rolls out onto the apron, clutching his money maker. Box is unrelenting, reaching over the top and grabbing the D to his feet. The D blocks a european uppercut, and fires back with a right of his own. And then a second, staggering Box just enough for the D to springboard dropkick Box off of his feet! Once there, The D keeps the momentum, leaping to the top rope and FLYING.

DDK:

B Movie! Frog splash to the center of the ring! The D just landed right on top of Box!

One.

Two.

No! Box powers out, once again. The D runs his hands through his hair, frustration setting in. At this point, he looks up and wishes he was 500 pounds. Then quickly decides it's better that he's not.

DDK:

Now, what will it take for the D to come out of this victorious. What do you think Lance? What's it going to take?

Lance:

I think at least... DESTIN-NO! BOX CAUGHT HIM! ONE-ARMED SIDE SLAM! Oh man! The D just BOUNCED off the mat!

Indeed, Box was able to catch the charging D mid-Destino into his one-armed side slam, completely reversing momentum. Before the D can even react to being splattered on the canvas, Box stands on his back, hooking the D under the chin.

DDK:

Oh God! There it is! The Boston Massacre!

Lance:

That camel clutch that has ended a plethora of DEFIANCE classics. The D looks to be it's next victim. Have you ever had your back twisted and pulled in such a way that would make a rubber band snap?

DDK:

And Box has the hold completely synched in. I don't see an escape for the D, do you?

Lance:

Neither does Slater, who's checking on the D and asking if he gives.

The D, however, refuses. Wincing and screaming in pain, his face is shown prominently to the camera as Box continues to wrench the hold. The D's arms flail, looking for a rope or something to grab, but there's nothing nearby. The closest rope? Behind the both.

So, the D starts to inch worm his way there. First it's an inch, then a half an inch, and then Box, annoyed, lets go and just JUMPS onto the D's exposed back. Sandwiched back to the ring, Box leans down, hooks in the camel clutch, and takes a seat, before locking the D's flailing arms in a full nelson.

DDK:

Oh, there it is! The punctuation to one of the most vicious submission moves DEFIANCE has ever seen.

Lance:

Updated Boston Massacre. The D should tap now to avoid permanent harm.

Indeed, Brian Slater is there, asking if the D quits. But the D, in pure DEFIANCE, shakes his head and shouts NO! Box smiles, and yanks harder, eliciting a squeal of pain as the D almost begins to cry in the hold. Again, Slater asks if he submits.

The D spits in his face.

DDK:

I don't think that was called for. Brian Slater was just doing his job.

Lance:

Perhaps one too many times for the liking of the D.

DDK:

Careful. The D spits.

Box even gets a chuckle out of that. Slater warns the D about a disqualification, as Box just "yeah yeahs" telling him to get on with it.

DDK:

I still don't see anywhere for the D to go.

Lance:

Neither do I. I think he's stuck. Doesn't matter how DEFIANT he is. Physics and the human body have natural limits, and Box will push a person's body to their breaking point.

Indeed, after a few more moments, the D's cries of pain and refusal to give in subside, and Slater has no choice.

He raises the D's arm.

It falls.

DDK:

It's academic here.

He raises the hand again.

It falls.

Lance:

Nice try Edwards.

Slater raises the D's hand for the third time.

Lance:

Better luck next tim--

This time, with a surge of energy, the D is able to keep his hand elevated. Slater backs off, allowing the match to continue. Even Box seems a bit impressed at it.

The D shakes, trying to fight to an upright pose. Box focuses on ensuring the full nelson remains locked in, allowing the D just enough room to allow the extremely flexible D to wiggle his legs to a kneel, fighting out of the camel clutch position.

It's here where Box decides.

"Fuck it."

Box releases the camel clutch and grabs the D by his tights. Before the D can even fight back or realize, Box has lifted him onto his shoulder, and charges toward the corner turnbuckle.

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB! INTO THE CORNER!

Lance:

And the D flips completely out of the ring! Dear God that was a vicious bounce he took!

Camera crews quickly rush to the D's side on the outside. He looks like the victim of a car accident after the buckle bomb. With the D, unconscious in the foreground, we see Box dust his hands clean of the D.

DDK:

Referee Brian Slater has the unenviable position of counting the D out here Lance.

Lance:

The D put up one hell of a fight Darren, but I don't think the most stalwart of DEFIANT could overcome the BOMBASTO.

Indeed, The D is still motionless as Slater reaches a count of four. Meanwhile, The Wargod takes a quick sojourn up one of the turnbuckles and sits himself down for a little break. He runs his thumb and index finger across his top lip smoothing out his trademark mustache, adjusts his wrist tape. Generally not giving the herculean struggle out on the floor from the D any mind whatsoever.

DDK:

And as Slater reaches nine, kudos Ed, you did your best--

Darren is cut off in shock as the Faithful pop. The D BARELY slides into the ring just as Slater is about to count ten. Slater waves off the count, shouting to Box (still perched atop his turnbuckle pad) that the match continues. Instead of anger or frustration Bronson looks almost impressed as the D struggles valiantly to stand. Crawling up the ropes, inch by inch. It looks as though the former tag team champion might just might... oh, nope, no sir...

DDK:

Yep, here we go.

Lance:

Box smells blood in the water, and I think the D may be sporting a concussion after that buckle bomb...

Boxer is standing over him like a specter, his lunchbox sized left mid entangled in D's hair pulling him violently the rest of the way to his feet. Before pouncing on the poor bastard like a wild grizzly, The Wargod takes a moment to look the D in the eye and give what must pass as an ataboy in The Original DEFIANT's dojo before he wrenches D around and...

Lance:

BOSTON MASSACRE! BOSTON MASSACRE! BOXER LOCKS ON THE CAMEL CLUTCH!

The D struggles longer than most in Boxer's vice-like trademark submission maneuver, scalped from one The STARMAKER's first major conquests in DEFIANCE. The D struggles, struggles some more... but finally, too far from the ropes... too tired to fight back... inevitably...

TAP TAP TAP.

DING DING DING

Quimbey:

AAAAAAND YOUR WINNER... by submission, THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOX!

DDK:

The Wargod wins the war... but what an unexpected battle from The D, partner! WOW.

Lance:

He lost nothing but the match, Darren. D just put on one of the best singles performances of his career here at DEFCON. And what a return to form from The Original DEFIANT.

DDK:

When D walked out here earlier with Christie this was NOT what I expected to bear witness to, but what a treat from two of DEFIANCE's most tenured grapplers.

As Box has his hand raised, our cameras linger on the D. The D rolls onto his back, blinking wildly, the arena lights no doubt blinding him. He rolls to the nearest corner, and it takes him a second roll to actually reach the ropes. Once he does, he slowly pulls himself up to the middle rope, and it looks like he fights back throwing up, catching it in his throat.

His eyes gloss over, as he just hangs hung up on the middle rope like a queasy, pale noodle.

Already a few paces up the ramp Boxer pauses, looks back over his shoulder... with a small nod. The fans go absolutely ballistic for the show of respect from the usually surly Original DEFIANT. The gesture is received and seemingly wills the D to his feet, a little color returning to his cheeks as he basks in the adoration... and RESPECT... of the DEFIANCE Faithful.

The Wargod disappears behind the black curtain without another word spoken.

CASKET MATCH: STALKER vs. CODENAME: GUARDIAN

Lance:

What an amazing second night so far here at DEFCON! Up next we have one match that has been developing in such an odd way over the past month. Let's take a quick look back at what has brought us here for this upcoming Casket match between the leader of The Kabal - Stalker versus the white ranger nemesis named Codename: Guardian.

On the DEFiatron, a series of clips starts to play. Firstly, Deacon and his family outside of DEFplex at DEFtv 149. Stalker's appearance on screen causes The Faithful to let out a roaring jeer as the perplexing scene unfolds. Deacon's disappearance is replayed and this time the crowd sees a closer zoomed in look as the ambulance sped backwards behind the outer walls of DEFplex. The light hits and once again the cameras move to the back of the ambulance only to find Deacon missing.

Lance:

The following DEFtv 150 - Stalker proclaimed that he 'ended' Deacon. Following that up with a challenge to Scott Douglas. Which was accepted and once again Stalker's ultimate plan was interrupted by a light showcase. This time however, it was also accompanied with what could only be described as a GI Joe type intrusion.

Codename: Guardian's tremendous athleticism is put on display for all of Lakefronts packed house to see. The DEFiatron replays the wild scene as The Kabal are dismantled on screen, the crowd's cheers grow louder. Clips of the following events continue to play as Lance Warner covers the rest of the journey that brought us here.

Lance:

The following weeks saw the situation between this 'mystery' hero and Stalker's Kabal increase in intensity and at DEFtv 152 the challenge was made official. Codename: Guardian wants Stalker in a Casket match. With the loser supposedly going to meet Deacon. And Keebs i'm not sure about you but that Casket at ringside has been giving me the creeps ever since it was rolled out here.

DDK:

I have to agree with you Lance. After all the chaos Stalker and his Kabal clown army has caused, I really hope we see Stalker get that lid closed on him tonight.

Cameras switch to the casket at ringside, a decent looking large black casket, pushed snugly against the southside of the ring with it's casket lid open. Once again the crowd gets a closer view of the casket as well as the scene plays dual screen on the DEFiatron and DEFonDEMAND's streaming app.

Lance:

Quick rundown of the rules as I understand them.... No disqualifications, no counts outs, no submissions or pinfalls. The only way to lose the match is to be stuffed into that very coffin and have it completely shut on you and then secured with those metal latches on the side.

DDK:

That gives me the shivers just thinking about it, Lance.

Lance:

I'm not a fan of closed spaces. Not like Chris Trutt or Scotty Flash apparently.

We switch to Darren Quimbey who stands ready in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is... It is a special stipulation match...a *Casket* match that follows Stalker's Rules.... Introducing first....

♪ "This Link Is Dead" by Deftones ♪

Darren Quimbey:

DDK:

Knee shot from Stalker to the gut of Guardian. Following up now with a series of punches to the Reaper lookalike's mask.

Lance:

The coincidence can't go unnoticed on how closely Guardian's costume mirrors that of those used by not only Stalker's Kabal now but the previous Reapers that have roamed and plagued DEFIANCE for years!

Attempting to take early control of the match, Stalker follows that up with an attempted Irish whip that is countered by Guardian as they slide themselves outside of the ring on Stalker's release. Stalker looks on frustrated at The Guardian's retreat but he isn't given much time to think!

DDK:

WOW! Guardian pulled themselves up to the apron, leaped onto the top ropes and just grinded Stalker's head into the ground with a nasty looking Bulldog! Let's take a quick look at that again!

On cue a replay window shows the action in a slower motion in the bottom right hand corner with the words 'DEFCON' printed neatly around the border of the action. While in the ring Codename: Guardian is up on their feet picking up a drowsy Stalker along with them.

Lance:

Driving headbutt into the top turnbuckle closest to the Casket lid opening! Guardian points it out to Stalker as his head just WHIPLASHED against that buckle!

DDK:

It's clear that Guardian's intentions are for Stalker to end up in that match ending casket and it's possible he or she may just do that right now!

Guardian: [voice modified]

It ends tonight for you, Stalker. All the darkness you've created in your world will be shone to the LIGHT!

Roughly tossing Stalker's body face first through the middle ropes, Jason manages to tumble down to one knee resting against the casket and grabbing for The Guardian's Kendo stick!

THWACK!

Lance:

Stalker cleanly clocked Guardian, with that kendo stick, as he attempted to follow up on tossing the veteran out of the ring!

Stalker immediately follows up the stick attack by inflicting two additional and repeated strikes against the wrestler's back as The Guardian slinks to the mat outside on the floor. Playing to the crowd, Stalker grabs the kendo stick and breaks it across his knee before tossing it into the crowd.

Stalker:

You've got a lot to learn about My World! False HERO!

DDK:

WILD... KICK! To the front of Guardian's face as they attempted to get back up man! That was... nasty!

Guardian's head hits the side of the ring apron on impact! Haunting over top of the hero, the villain stares down at his captured prey. Stalker snarls at the badly beaten Guardian and follows it up with another kick to the back of the masked hero's head!

Lance:

Stalker lifting Guardian up now, FRONT FACE RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP into the side of the ring! My god!

The thud of the hit was somewhat disheartening to the fans on the outside of the ring, as Stalker quickly used this opportunity in an attempt to win the match. Grabbing the white ranger up with force, he yanks them towards the casket.

Stalker:

IN YOU GO!

Blocked! Codename: Guardian gets their leg up, pressing back against the casket opening and elbowing Stalker in his face.

DDK:

Guardian stumbling forward here to catch a breath, the series of kicks to the head followed by the - WHOA!

Darren could not finish his thought, instead he is caught off guard when the laser quick Guardian pulls themselves up onto the closed part of the casket. Spinning around, they dive off into a FLYING CROSS BODY!

Lance:

What a collision!

CROWD POP!

The Faithful give signs of life as Guardian takes over the wheels to the match, bracing themselves up to their feet, pulling Stalker along with them. Guardian pulls The Kabal leader up to his feet, knee to Jason's GUT! With a show of aggression the white masked crusader tosses Stalker like a ragdoll into the Lakefront Arena's barricades!

DDK:

OHH!! Stalker's back just slammed into the only thing protecting him from a whole lot of people expressing their dislike for The Kabal's leader right now!

Jason Reeves gets an earful as he lays crumbled at the barricade next to the front rows of packed and excited fans; it's DEFCON baby!! Codename: Guardian walks with purpose to pick up the knocked out Stalker, but before they do, they inflict a bit of pain, inflicting a series of elbows to Stalker's upper back as he attempts to push himself up only to be stopped mid progress.

DDK:

Codename: Guardian has a vendetta out for Stalker. I can not really say or know if we should classify them as a hero or not. It's obvious they are angry with Jason Reeves, perhaps... vengeful. I wonder who it could be - behind the mask?

Lance:

Whoever it is, they are quick!

Following up with a thunderous running knee to the face, Stalker is laid out in a heap next to the open and taunting Casket lid. Guardian stands like a clothed protector next to the black casket. Hand on it's closed lower portion, the masked hero lifts it open with ease and now the casket is wide open and easier to lay the opponent into!

DDK:

I think it's about to get serious now!

Clapping on the outside, the Faithful let it be known they are pleased with seeing Stalker under such pressure. Codename rips Stalker up to his feet, kicking him in the gut, hooking his head... FRONT FACE SUPLEX into the CASKET!

Lance:

Stalker just hit the inside of that casket with a loud thud and is immediately trying to claw his way from outside of it, wrenching his arms out, he's blocking Guardian from closing it as the two struggle!

Almost out of a horror movie, the hero trying to seal away the villain but all for naught as Stalker CLAWS at Guardian's mask!

DDK:

Jason's obsessed with knowing who's behind that mask and is making himself vulnerable here but... looks like Stalker is getting leverage!

Closed fist punch to Guardian's mask! They stumble backwards as Stalker grunts and launches himself out of the casket in the best way he can with an awkward looking clothesline and both competitors collapse to the mat!

Lance:

The Faithful are getting up on their feet now as Stalker has managed to get a bit of leverage in this match again. They are letting it be known that they want more than just Guardian out here!

'I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE!'

DDK:

The chant is getting louder but Stalker doesn't even seem to care!

With a surge of energy, Stalker follows up the desperation "flying out of the casket" clothesline, with a series of boots to the fallen hero's back! Howling in rage, he lifts the white costumed hero up, yanks them into an arm grip, IRISH WHIP INTO THE CASKET!

SLAM! SLAM!!

Lance:

OH MY!! Guardian just crashed back first into the casket and caused both lids to slam shut!

DDK:

Yes, and Stalker is like a shark in the water, he sees blood and he's looking to end this... he's already struggling to get the casket lid back open while Guardian seems knocked out cold!

'I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE!'

The chants become louder and louder as the latches seem to be stuck on the outside of the casket causing Stalker to struggle when.

Lights out

Lance:

Are we on sti.. We are on, our mics are hot - Keebs! The I Believe chants were drowning out Stalker's attempt to properly open the casket!

DDK:

I can't see a damn thing out there right now, and I just know Stalker is about to win this - this better not be some game of his!

On the DEFiatron a burst of static appears - the words 'I BELIEVE' appear in black and suddenly a bright white cone of light hits the casket on the outside, the shining spotlight is large enough to capture Stalker's figure in the light as well. He looks at the casket in anger and seems confused as to what's going on. Guardian is nowhere on camera, but Stalker's luck on opening the casket seems for naught!

Lance:

Not sure what's going on but the bright spotlight seems focused directly on that casket and Stalker can not open it... uh oh what's he doing?

DDK:

He's had enough of it and he's climbing on top of the closed portion of the casket!

Stalker:

YOU BELIEVE HUH!? YOU BELIEVE WHAT!?!?

Stalker screams at the fans as he stands on the casket his arms spread wide out in a villainous pose.

Stalker:

DEACON'S DEAD! I AM THE PUPPET MASTER! I am the ONLY THING THAT FUCKING MATTERS! THIS IS MY WORLD! DEFIANCE IS STALKER'S WORLD!!!!!!

DDK:

He's a bit full of himself... isn't he?

Positioning himself on the lower part of the casket, Stalker leans down once more to struggle with the casket lid, the bright spotlight making him the 'showcase' while his opponent Codename: Guardian works in the shadows.

Lance:

The Faithful are really letting Stalker have it now as the chants have turned to even louder boos!

With a show of force, Stalker yanks the lid, but to no avail. He screams in anger and frustration before yanking again! The second, more powerful pull used both hands wrapped around the side casket lid handle.

DDK:

HE'S GOT IT OPEN! And... nothing is there but the light.. What does the bright light mean then?

A sinister smile paints his face as Stalker points down at the empty casket, then out to the fans again. He moves to the ring apron using the rope for leverage and yanks the other end of the casket open, fully revealing the emptiness of the black coffin.

Stalker:

YOU SEE!? I told you all! He's NEVER CO...

Lights on!

Lance:

Codename: Guardian is on the TOP TURNBUCKLE!

DDK:

MOONSAULT!!

Cameras popping and flashing, as suddenly, when the house lights come on, it reveals Codename: Guardian waiting! Guardian launches backwards in a Moonsault Flip that catches Stalker's neck for a Reverse DDT and BOTH WRESTLER CRASH INTO THE CASKET!!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

Did.. DID you see that?! What th..

Replays show Guardian executing the moonsault to perfection, landing deftly behind Stalker on the ring apron, then in a downward motion, yanking him into a Reverse DDT that sends both wrestlers into the casket on impact, the top panel closing with the impact.

The casket sits still, the panel closed, and the crowd starts to murmur & then go silent. Brian Slater looks at the casket, at the timekeeper, then back at the casket.

Lance:

I... uh-hmm.

DDK:

Slater knows the only way to declare a winner in this match is for one wrestler to place the other in the Casket and latch the latches on the outside. Which are not locked shut right now.

Brian Slater slides under the bottom rope and edges closer to the casket. The crowd continues to buzz. After a moment, he pushes it at first to see if 'anyone' would spring out.

Lance:

I'd be scared to open that thing too, he could get hurt!

Moving in for a closer view over Brian's shoulder the cameras wait as the referee fumbles with the casket lid before using both hands to press it open with force.

DDK:

Come on Slater! I know you are stronger than that!

The camera crew gets a clue and leans in to help, much to the crowd's approval the casket finally opens! Brian Slater's face tells the story before the camera gets the angle.

Lance:

IT's... It's... How can that be!?!?!?

DDK:

... It's Empty? What did they do? Get beamed into the light?

Falling silent, the crowd peers on a few boos of disappointment reigning from the rafters. Before the DEFiatron springs to life with a static filled screen and the words 'I BELIEVE' appear on it.

CROWD POP!

Then the 'I believe' goes away.

Murmured confusion.

Lance:

Folks, i'm not entirely sure what's happening but both Stalker and Codename: Guardian are gone! Referee Brian Slater is checking under the ring now but it appears they have just vanished.

DDK:

This is lunacy...

Lance:

I... can't disagree with you Keebs. But we all have to be wondering: does this mean that Stalker is going to see Deacon? What just happened?

Brian Slater checks around the ring for nearly half a minute before deciding to consult with the timekeeper the bell rings.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The casket match has been ruled a.... NO CONTEST!!!

BOOS!

DDK:

Stalker ended this match in a casket. As did Codename: Guardian.. And then they both disappeared out of thin air like a magic trick.

Lance:

Perhaps this has been Codename: Guardian's plans all along? All I know is the chant of 'I Believe' sure as heck seemed to awaken something tonight! We'll be right back folks as we clean up!

KLEIN & MUSHIGIHARA vs. JESTAL & JACK MACE

Tom Morrow walks onto the stage, taking all the jeers. Later tonight, he has a huge match but for right now his focus is on one of the newest additions to the Better Future Talent Agency. Morrow takes out his prized earpiece, fastens it, then switches it on.

Tom Morrow:

Scott Stevens... Oscar Burns... the two of you got LUCKY! So congratu-fucking-lations on your stupid little victory last night and congrats that it took two TWO FORMER CHAMPIONS to beat Alvaro de Vargas! Better Future Talent Agency never wanted you two anyway. We're about pushing NEW talent and not a couple of has-beens who are more washed-up than sea kelp. Before later tonight when Cary Stevens and I OWN the Ballyhoo Brew, we're going to focus on our name! BETTER FUTURE! Not people like Oscar Burns, not Scott Stevens, not the PCP C-Teamer and not a has-been like Mushigihara. We're gonna be SPOTLIGHTING the future of DEFIANCE! Please welcome first! Standing at six-four and two-hundred seventy-eight pounds! He is A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler! He is the Jack of All Holds! He is YOUR BETTER! And the man that's going to wax that canvas with the sorry asses of his ex-partner Mushi and Klein...

He points to the stage.

Tom Morrow:

He is A DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER... the man who BEAT two-time FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns by choking the life out of him... **JACK! MACE!**

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

The music plays and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads, wrestling boots... And a black overcoat with a hood over his face. Morrow looks at the hooded man and they bump fists, then Mace throws the hood off. Though he's worse for wear and sports a bruise or two on his arms from the vicious tornado tag match the night prior, he looks well enough to compete tonight. As his music cuts, Tom Morrow continues.

Tom Morrow:

And now, introducing the NEWEST member of Better Future Talent Agency! This badass is NO. LAUGHING. MATTER. He is DEFIANCE's Jester! He is THE MAD PRINCE... **JESTAL!**

♪ Return of the Mad Prince - {Kefka Symphonic Metal Version - Falkkone} ♪

A noticeable jeering from the Faithful, just hearing Jestal's name. The jester steps out from behind the curtain. He has black boots, baggy pants with mouth expressions painted all over it, his magenta pants have two suspenders, with a button on each suspender with an evil smile. He has a lime green wife beater, and finally, his face paint is different, in a jigsaw puzzle look, half of his face is painted in the shape of a puzzle piece. With the side of his face in face paint, he has a red half-smile, with red face paint around his eyes. The bottom of his nose is painted red. His blue and light green mohawk pulls back behind his head. He stretches his arms to the sour Faithful while he smacks on his gum.

DDK:

Tom adding Jestal to Better Future just adds yet another ring general to his growing group of pure wrestlers. Although Jestal is a bit unorthodox and unpredictable at times. The jester knows how to wrestle.

Lance:

Mace though is coming off a battle with Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens from last night. Morrow has him pulling double duty here. In a sense, though Morrow planned for such a contingency. With Klein being checked out by medical after the brutal assault by Jestal after the show of strength contest between him and Mushigihara. We are not even sure if Klein is in any way capable of competing here tonight.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The familiar Terminator-esque salvo of industrial drums and shattering glass fills the hallowed WrestlePlex as the DEFIANCE Faithful erupt in cheers for their one and only God-Beast. The arena entrance glows in golden light and smog as the familiar figures of Eddie Dante and Mushigihara materialize into view.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Their opponents accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds, he is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Dante leads the God-Beast, Dante is not in a very happy mood. Mushigihara slowly makes his way down the aisle and raises his arms and bellows out a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!"

The Faithful respond to their hero, leading the big man to nod and smile back as Dante reaches the ring and climbs onto the apron before opening the ropes. Mushi follows suit, stepping between the ropes, and raises his arms one last time before going into his corner and assuming the traditional sumo crouch. Eddie pulls a microphone out of his back pocket.

DDK:

It appears Eddie has something to say here.

Eddie Dante:

Tonight The God Beast is going to go up against Better Future alone! I would knock that smile off your face clown. Because Mushigihara is not in a pleasant mood right now after what you did to his friend Klein!

DDK:

Klein must be really hurt for him to not show up here tonight.

Mushi slides in the ring and both Mace and Jestal jump him before the bell even rings. They lay the boots into the big man. Morrow shouting to keep him down. Mushi tries his best to get to his feet. Eventually, he starts to get to a knee, while Jack and Jestal continue to toss lefts and rights into the God-Beast.

DDK:

Mushigihara is up!

Lance:

Mushi just tossed Jestal and Mace off of him like if you were thrown around inside a pool!

Jestal gets up and Mushi damn near takes Jestal's head off. Jack hits the ropes and tries a crossbody. Only to be caught by Mushi and driven down in a high-angle falling powerslam! Mace rolls out of the ring.

DING DING

Jestal slides in, only for The God-Beast to turn around and Jestal quickly backs off. Until he is trapped in the corner. Jestal gets on his knees and begs Mushi. Mushi looks out into the crowd for a moment now Jestal is offering his hand. Mushi takes it. Jestal has a big smile on his face.

DDK:

The God-Beast is giving Jestal a break here....

Jestal's eyes bulge out of his head, as he tries to pry the grip of Mushi.

Lance:

You mean a break as in break every bone in Jestal's hand!

Jestal screams at Mushi to let go, as he tries desperately to free his hand. Mushi shoves him back and Irish whips him across the ring and quickly follows smashing Jestal in the corner! Mushi wastes no time and lifts Jestal up like he was nothing more than a bag of laundry. He runs across the ring in a **POWERSLAM!**

DDK:

The cover!

One

Two

Mace breaks the count.

Jestal rolls to his stomach, while The God-Beast gives an evil eye toward Jack. Jestal crawls to the ropes. Morrow tries to slide him in something. Mushi turns around.

Eddie:

He has a weapon!

Mushi stomps on Jestal's hand. The jester shouts in pain dropping what looks like knuckles. He picks up the jester and lifts him up in a choke. Morrow hops on the apron now distracting the ref!

Lance:

Jack has a chair!

WHACK!

Jestal is quickly dropped, Mushi turns around not even phased by the chair. Mace shocked tries to hit him again with the chair only to get a size 14 across the skull!. Mushi kicks the chair out of the ring. Mace rolls out of the ring. Jestal gets to his feet, and quickly chop blocks the knee of Mushigihara!

DDK:

Jestal trying to get Mushi off a vertical base.

Jestal pulls Mushi's knee backward, he steps in and trips the free leg. Mushi drops to the mat. Jestal quickly raises the knee up and slams it into the mat. The jester wastes no time and locks in a one leg boston crab. Mushi pushes himself up like he was doing a pushup and with a bit of adrenaline overpowers Jestal's hold and the momentum throws Jestal through the second ropes and to the floor.

DDK:

The God-Beast showing his power there, overpowering Jestal's submission.

Mushigihara gets to his feet, hobbling a bit. Mace runs in and tries to take advantage of Mushi while he is shaking off the effects of the submission. After a few blows, Mushi grabs Jack by the throat and lifts him up into a chokeslam. Jestal slides into the ring and chop blocks the same leg. Mushi drops again, Jestal grabs The God-Beast foot and lifts up, and slams his knee into the mat. He grabs the leg and falls to his side forcing Mushi's leg horizontal. Mushi grabs his leg in pain, Jestal tags Jack in. Jack quickly goes right back to the injured leg.

DDK:

Morrow, looking quite pleased here, Jestal and Jack have taken the big man down and are keeping him off a vertical base. Jack with a knee drop into the side of Mushi's knee!

Lance:

Jack quickly into a figure four!

Mushi sits up quickly then drops to the mat with his hands on his forehead, trying to fight the pain. Jack positions himself next to his corner. The ref checks to see if Mushi gives.

DDK:

Behind you Slater! Jestal is giving Jack more leverage!

Brian quickly notices Mushi screaming in agony suddenly, not to mention Eddie also yelling at Slater. He looks up and Jestal whistles as he walks the apron. Jack continues to shout at Mushi. Brian returns to ask Mushi.

Lance:

They are doing it again, look up Brian!

Again Slater looks up and Jestal is checking his face paint. Mushi tries to turn over, Jestal quickly takes a tag from Jack. As Mushi is able to reverse the figure four, Jestal gets on top of him.

DDK:

Jestal is looking for Smile Time here!

Mushi is too caught with Jack trying to free himself from the figure four, he is quickly put into a camel clutch dragon sleeper combo known as Smile Time from Jestal!

Lance:

Mushi is in major trouble here, Better Future has kept the God Beast grounded. Mushi is desperately trying to reach for a rope, anything to break the submission.

Finally, Mushi finds a rope and Brian forces Jestal to break the hold. Jestal refuses to break.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

DDK:

Jestal abusing the five-count there. Mushigihara is in big trouble here. Jestal with another tag.

They both pick up a struggling Mushi trying to keep his balance on his bad wheel; they irish whip him! Jack and Jestal kick Mushi in the gut and look for a double suplex. Mushi blocks it, they try again. Mushi again blocks it.

Lance:

Double Suplex by Mushigihara!

Morrow can't believe his eyes. Mushi slams his hand on the mat getting The Faithful behind him. He gets to his feet. Jestal runs at him first and a big sledge-like blow across the back of Jestal drops the clown, followed by a back elbow to Jack, quickly followed into a jackhammer!

DDK:

Mushi has a second wind here and there goes Jestal over the top rope. A body slam for Jack, Mushi off the ropes, and a big splash!

The God Beast tries for a cover and Brian is telling him Jack is not the legal man. Jestal walks up the ramp.

Lance:

Better Future is shouting at Jestal, is he leaving Jack alone?

The crowd erupts as the silhouette of a box-headed figure falls onto Jestal's backside.

DDK:

KLEIN! KLEIN IS HERE!

Lance:

Jestal doesn't see him. Now he does!

Jestal turns but doesn't have a moment to react before Klein rushes toward him. There's a bit of sluggishness to him, but Klein's able to close the distance with a running forearm. He clutches at his bruised ribs that have been wrapped like a bullseye, as Jestal rolls back toward the ring. Klein gives the clown no quarter, grabbing Jestal and tossing him. Mushigihara waits as Jestal looks down at Klein. He turns around and Mushigihara lifts him up.

DDK:

ATLAS CUTTER!

Lance:

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR! Turn around Brian!

Unfortunately, he can't as Tom Morrow has distracted him. Brian finally turns around and counts!

One

Two

Mace in for the save!

Slater gets Mace to head back to his corner as Klein finally takes his side. Klein extends his hand toward Mushi for the tag, wincing just ever so slightly as he stretches out. Mushigihara quickly gets up, still with a bit of a hobble, but gains just enough momentum to clothesline Jack over the top rope! The Faithful want Klein in as the countless chants of Klein echo through The Lakefront Arena! Mushigihara is reluctant to tag Klein in, but nods, shouting "OSU!" as he tags Klein.

Klein rushes into the recovering Jestal and football tackles him onto his shoulders. Klein then does a half-circle around the ring before driving Jestal onto his back, and then moving into side control with rights and lefts, unloading on him like a man literally out of his box!

DDK:

Klein getting some revenge for that cowardly act by Jestal on night one of DEFCON! The Faithful are loving every moment of it.

Klein picks up Jestal and throws him to the ropes, but Jestal stops himself and quickly slides out of the ring. While all this is happening, Jack Mace has knocked out Eddie Dante in Klein and Mushigihara's corner. Enraging the God Beast, as the two brawl. On the other side of the ring, Klein sticks his head through the second and bottom rope. He is reaching for Jestal... but behind the ref's back, Morrow hands...

Lance:

Morrow just gave Jestal Clucky! No...no!

Jestal turns around...

WHACK!

Klein stutters backward, one step, two-step, and seems to hang there for a moment, before crumpling to the mat like a punctured sandbag. Jestal drops Clucky and slides in the ring. Brian notices from the corner of his eye, Jestal has Klein covered not seeing a handful of tights as well!

DDK:

No! Not like this!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbley:**

The winners of the match Jestal and Jack Mace...BETTER FUTURE!

♪ Return of the Mad Prince - {Kefka Symphonic Metal Version - Falkkone} ♪

Jestal rolls out of the ring quickly as Mushigihara who notices what just happened in the ring slides in quickly. Jack and Tom meet with Jestal, who has Clucky. Tom raises both his boy's hands in victory!

DDK:

I am sure Jestal has not seen the last of Klein. This was a highway robbery here. I am sure Jestal and Klein's paths will cross again.

Mushigihara and Eddie try to help Klein out who is holding his head in a lot of pain.

EMPTY ARENA: RICK DICKULOUS vs. CHRIS RICHARDS

DDK:

I've just got word that Rick Dickulous has arrived at the WrestlePlex, Lance. Let's get that footage up on the DEFIATron and cut to our cameraman on scene.

A black Dodge Charger comes to a stop at the curb, the camera jostling a bit as the cameraman walks forward. As Rick Dickulous steps out of the vehicle and closes the door the car takes off with a growl and a honk of the horn. Rick waves and shakes his head, rambling to himself, as he rubs his stomach and turns around, showing the effects of an obviously early celebration.

Rick Dickulous:

I don't know...I mean...nah, it couldn't have been. Stalker? Driving an Uber? At last he stopped so I could empty the tank.

Lance:

I knew it! I know that car!

As the cameraman follows, Rick makes his way up the walkway towards the front of the building and pauses in front of the glass doors covered in vinyl graphic stickers promoting DEFCON. He places his hand on the handle of the door and takes a deep breath befo--

CRASH!!

The door swings open violently, the glass panels spider webbing as the door smashes squarely into Rick's face, Chris Richards follows the door with a vicious left cross which sends the lumbergiant staggering as he emerges through the threshold. With a steeled look on his face, Richards immediately launches into a series of stiff body blows taking control of the clearly hungover Canadian, as Benny Doyle steps outside and begins giving harsh instructions to Richards to move the fight inside. Richards begins leading Rick towards the doors with ease, Rick barely resisting right up until Richards reaches for the door handle.

DDK:

Chris Richards has come out swinging here, Lance. But Rick Dickulous must've been hitting the sauce hard last night.

Lance:

He definitely looks out of sorts, Keebs. But it looks like he might start mounting a little offense here.

Rick springs back to life, shoving Richards forwards into the door, his face bouncing off of the spiderwebbed glass which causes shards and chunks of glass to crash to the ground from the upper windows around the two men. As they wrestle back and forth for position, Richards manages to catch Rick with a stiff knee to the stomach, causing him to double over with a cough as a small bit of vomit escapes his mouth which allows Richards to reopen the door and pull Rick partially inside before slamming the door and causing large chunks of glass to scatter across the floor from the lower vinyl covered windows.

DDK:

Richards being smart here and using the environment to his advantage.

Lance:

That's the beauty of an empty arena match, just about anything is legal.

As Rick pushes the door open and stumbles into the front foyer, Doyle and the cameraman rush in to catch up. Richards, still in control, sends Rick crashing into a wall lined with posters from previous DEFIANCE events. Richards stalks towards Rick on a mission, the camera following close behind as he closes on the still staggered Rick.

Just as Richards reaches out to continue his assault, Rick suddenly springs to life with a roar and batting Richards' hand away. Surprised by Rick's sudden recovery, Richards is caught off guard as Rick's massive fist delivers a sharp

right jab that connects with his left cheek followed by a left hook to the side of Richards' head sending him reeling across the hallway, crashing into a display case containing replicas of the various championship belts in DEFIANCE.

With a growl, Rick now becomes the hunter and begins to stalk a staggered Richards. As Rick reaches Richards he grabs his arm and twists it behind his back as he lifts him to his feet before shoving him forwards, sending Richards crashing into the display case and the replica belts crashing to the ground around him.

DDK:

Richards taking some punishment now as momentum swings the other way.

Lance:

Chris Richards needs to find a way to recover and put some distance between himself and Rick Dickulous. Wear the big man out.

As Richards slowly crawls out of the display case, multiple lacerations begin to drip lightly on the floor. As Richards crawls across the shattered glass, Rick delivers a stiff kick that makes him flip and fall on his back with a crunch and Richards writhing in pain. Rick stomps Richards' chest before pinning him with his boot. Doyle hesitates to dive into glass momentarily as Rick yells at him to do his job. Benny quickly moves forward and sweeps his feet, clearing a path before dropping for the count.

ONE..

T--NOOOO!

DDK:

Pin attempt fails as Richards kicks out.

Richards pushes Rick's foot off of his chest and scrambles to his feet, backing away from the giant, and clearly now angry Canadian towards the main entrance of the auditorium. As Richards scrambles down the hallway and off to the right, disappearing around the corner as Rick, Doyle, and the cameraman give chase. Just as Rick rounds the corner...

CRRACK!

Rick's head rockets backwards and his feet keep going as his face is met with what appears to be a baking sheet. As Rick attempts to recover, Richards begins laying into him with kicks and stomps before retreating further down another hallway and again around a corner, a hanging sign overhead reads "CONCESSION & MERCH AREA." A lone cart with a few kitchen implements sits against the wall in the hallway, obviously left or forgotten about by the concession booth staff.

DDK:

Whoever didn't put that stuff away may have just given Chris Richards the luck he needed at that moment.

Lance:

Absolutely!

Rick gets back to his feet and upends the cart with a growl and a crash as he stalks down the hallway, this time approaching carefully. Rick waits at the corner as Benny catches up. Rick motions for Doyle to go first, but Benny Doyle refuses which further frustrates the Canadian who steps around the corner protecting his head...

SMACK!!

Rick doubles over with a groan as a fry basket slams into his midsection as Richards takes advantage of the ability to use another surprise attack. Benny Doyle circles around behind the two men as the cameraman steps into a large food court area filled with tables and chairs in the middle, a merchandise store lines the back wall, and various food

booths around the outside. Richards slams the fry basket over Rick's back with a sickening slap multiple times, sending him to his knees.

Tossing the mangled basket aside, Richard continues on the attack, grabbing Rick's head and slamming his knee into Rick's forehead with a meaty thud. Rick tries to protect his head, but Richards delivers a second stiff knee to Rick's forehead that sends him sprawling to the floor and knocking the wind out of his sails temporarily.

Not wanting to waste the opportunity, Richards quickly takes advantage and grabs one of Rick's massive legs, hooking it while laying on top of him, again sending Benny Doyle to the floor for the count.

ONE..

TW-NOOO!

Rick kicks out in big-man fashion, shoving Richards off of him and sending him toppling over a table and to the floor with a crash. Again Rick rises to his feet as Richards scrambles through the middle of the tables, randomly pulling chairs out behind him in an attempt to slow Rick down. Rick watches Richards scrambling away like a hawk, as a scowl spreads across his face and he begins to give chase...running directly at Richards and through the tables and chairs in his way as he throws them aside, the cameraman struggling to keep close behind the charging bull.

CRASH!! BANG!! SCREECH!!

As Richards breaks free of the tables he comes face to face with the multiple floor to ceiling windows of the merch shop just as Rick makes it to him and launches his 425 pound frame into a diving tackle.

SMASH!! tinkletinkletinkle

DDK:

How much glass are these two gonna break? This is ridiculous!

Lance:

Don't you mean Rick Dickulous?

DDK:

I said what I said, Lance.

Doyle and the cameraman enter through the smashed window as the two men lay on their backs on the floor, Rick now bleeding from multiple small cuts as well. He begins the standard ten count as the two men continue to lay there.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Both men down, Benny Doyle administering a 10 count.

THREE

FOUR

Both men begin to stir, rolling to their sides almost in unison.

FIVE

Rick pushes himself up onto his feet, kneeling still to keep his balance.

SIX

SEVEN

Rick is up and on his feet, giving a nod to Doyle as he reaches down and grabs Richards by the scruff of the neck before launching him towards shelves full of knick knacks and smaller souvenirs with a crash.

As Richards scrambles to get up Rick walks forward slowly and with purpose. Getting to the counter Richards quickly pulls himself up as Rick charges forward. Thinking quickly, Richards grabs the nearest thing to him: the cash register. With an audible heave he brings it down and connects with Rick's face, sending him reeling backwards from the impact.

DDK:

Chris Richards slamming some cents into Rick Dickulous...

Lance:

D-did you just? Really? I'm ashamed right now, Keebs.

Richards drops the register on the floor with a clatter, coins jingling as they exit the now opened drawer. As Rick begins to recover and look around the room, Richards ducks behind some racks of clothing and disappears without being seen. As Rick begins angrily searching he shoves over shelves full of merchandise and racks of clothes as Richards stealthily sneaks around the outside of the room. As Richards makes a run for the smashed window and exits to the right, running in front of the multiple floor to ceiling windows, Rick manages to see him out of the corner of his eye and gives chase. Glass crunches under Rick's feet as he steps through the window frame, Doyle and the cameraman following.

DDK:

Not that I want to see it happen, but I'm honestly a little afraid of what Rick Dickulous is going to do when he finally catches up to Chris Richards for real.

A door can be seen closing, the sign above reading "VIP SKYBOX 3&4." With a more frustrated growl Rick gives chase, throwing the door open hard with a crash tearing the pneumatic door closer right off its bracket and the door nearly off its hinges. Richards can be seen running towards the doors at the far end of the hallway and body checking the crash bar as he hurriedly makes his escape and this time runs to the left. Rick runs after Richards at full tilt, leaving Doyle and the cameraman to play catchup as he crashes through the doors at the end of the hallway and also disappears to the left. A few seconds later the sounds of a scuffle can be heard as Benny Doyle pushes the door open and steps through, the cameraman following and quickly turning to the left to show Rick Dickulous and Chris Richards trading blows back and forth down one of the stairways between the arena seating inside the main auditorium, the interview stage a little to their right, the ring behind and to the left.

As the two fight down the stairway, Rick manages to gain the upper hand, delivering a suplex and releasing Richards high, sending him crashing into the wooden arena seats in front of the interview stage. Picking Richards up again, Rick launches him over the corner of the interview stage by the throat and into the folding steel chairs that line the rampway, sending them scattering with a loud crash.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous showing his strength here, and from what I've read about his recent testing at the training center, Darren, we very well may be looking at someone who is near inhuman.

DDK:

We already knew he was inhuman, Lance. Just look at how he's sizing Chris Richards up like a piece of meat.

Rick stalks after his prey, again sprawled on the floor in a pile of steel chairs; the usually perfectly aligned seats now

looking like something straight out of OCD hell, scattered about like a bomb went off in their midst. Benny Doyle scrambles towards the two as Richards begins crawling away towards the barricade, pulling himself up to his feet as Rick picks up an open chair. Snapping it shut and holding it in both hands, he continues towards his target, the cameraman slowly and carefully moving closer to the fracas. As Rick closes the distance and swings the chair at Richards, who ducks lower than the barricade at the last second as the steel chair bends from the force of the strike as Rick cries out in pain.

Lance:

Richards has got to be counting his lucky stars! Great bit of athleticism after being on the receiving end of things for the last little bit.

DDK

Rick Dickulous will be feeling that one for awhile. Chris Richards almost ended up as a fly on a windshield!

Richards clammers over the barricade swiftly, Rick tossing the bent chair away and giving chase by stepping over the barricade. Richards makes it to the bottom of the ramp as the cameraman and Doyle hop the fence, one quickly, one carefully. Rick catches up and spins Richards around, holding onto his arm and pulling him into a headbutt before Rick drops to his knees on the floor with a jawbreaker that sends Richards stumbling up the rampway. As Rick quickly gets back to his feet and pursues, Richards manages to recompose himself in just enough time to catch Rick with a drop toe hold that sends the big man face first into the hard metal grating, the cameraman able to make it to the bottom of the rampway.

Richards drives his boot into the small of Rick's back, the lumberjack letting out a cry of pain, before he retreats up to the top of the ramp. Rick pushes himself back up to his feet with a slight grimace before making his way up to the top of the ramp, Chris Richards calling him on to keep coming as he moves to the side of the stage that leads over towards the announce booth as the cameraman scrambles shakily towards the top of the rampway and up onto the stage, giving the Faithful a once in a lifetime view.

Rick and Richards lock up on the stage, wrestling back and forth for position before Richards manages to get the upper hand and slowly guides Rick closer to the edge before swinging him around and quickly releasing, leaving Rick trying to catch his balance at the edge of the stage. Hastily taking advantage of the position, Richards takes a couple of steps back as his large opponent flails his arms to keep balance at the edge. Richards launches himself forward and delivers a solid kick to Rick's chest which launches him backwards into the commentary booth.

BANG!! CRAAASH!!**Lance:**

NO! Not the booth!

DDK:

That's it! Now I kinda hope Rick wins this contest Lance.

Lance:

That seems like a strong reaction, Keeps...

DDK:

You'd have that reaction too if you had a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue Label stashed in the desk from your first night with Angus, Lance.

As the cameraman ventures towards the edge of the stage, Rick can be seen a few feet below laying in a pile of detritus; what used to be the announcers' booth nothing more than a pile of splintered wood and strewn about monitors, Rick struggling to regain composure as Richards climbs down from the stage.

The picture cuts to a second camera on the floor as Chris Richards picks up a piece of shattered two-by-four and waits, Rick begins to stir. As Rick sits up, Richards rears back and takes a swing.

SLAP!!

DDK:

Richards making use of what remains of the booth...which I'm hoping will be replaced from his salary.

Lance:

Let it go, Keebs. Let it go.

Richards takes another gratuitous swing before throwing the chunk of wood on a now prone Rick. Taking a quick look around, Richards makes a run for it towards another door reading "VIP SKYBOX 1&2," pulls it open, and hightails it through the door. Rick sits up and rubs his chest, a large welt beginning to form, turning his head quickly to just catch Chris Richards disappearing. With a growl Rick hauls himself to his feet and heads for the doorway, throwing the door open with a slam as it smashes into the cinderblock wall, Doyle and the cameraman also giving chase.

Lance:

Again, Chris Richards not hesitating to put distance between himself and Rick, much to Rick's dismay.

DDK:

Chris Richards needs to keep doing what he's doing here. It's easy to see Rick's getting tired out. He's more of a stand and fight guy, from what we've seen.

At the end of the hallway, Chris Richards crashes through the steel doors and disappears, Rick, Doyle, and the cameraman giving chase, Rick crashing through the doors and back out into the destroyed foyer. To his right, a door can be heard clicking closed, above it a sign reading: "ADMINISTRATION OFFICES, STAFF ONLY."

DDK:

Chris Richards is leading Rick Dickulous on a straight up wild goose chase throughout the WrestlePlex, Lance.

Lance:

It does kinda remind me of that old game...Keystone Cops?

Rick pulls the door open and steps through, Doyle holding the door for the cameraman as Rick bounds up the concrete stairwell three steps at a time. As the cameraman makes it to the first landing, Rick hits the second, only to be met with a dropkick from Richards that sends him tumbling back down the hard stone steps head over heels and in a pile at the cameraman's feet. Richards looks at the after effects only briefly before sprinting further up the stairwell, the sound of a crash door being flung open echoes on the cold, bare walls. The noise causes Rick to start moving slowly, pulling himself up again with what can only be described as a growling groan, slowly ascending the rest of the steps unhindered to a metal door that he flings open and retreats from quickly.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous has taken way more punishment in this match than I thought, heck, if you look at the polls online, this is more than anyone thought.

Lance:

Chris Richards had a gameplan from the start, Keebs, and clearly it's paying off now. Rick's scared to step through that door, and he should be!

Rick kicks the door open on the rebound and steps through, taking a few steps forward into a beautifully decorated hallway clearly reserved for executives and the like. A door knob rattles further down the hallway which opens into a lavishly furnished seating area, Richards trying to open a door labeled "EXECUTIVE SKYBOX" to no avail as he turns to face Rick. Again, with a steeled look, Richards calls Rick on.

DDK:

Looks like Rick finally caught up to Chris Richards, Lance.

Lance:

Richards is clearly trying to make the big man see red again, Darren. Rick loses all control when he gets angry, and that's been Chris Richards' plan all along.

Rick obliges, closing the distance and locking up with Richards, quickly taking control of the matchup and driving a boot into Richards' midsection. Maintaining control of Richards' left arm as he pulls Richards back to his feet.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous setting Chris Richards up for the Misery Whip! This match might be over!

Lance:

I think Richards may have pushed Rick Dickulous too far...

Rick pulls Richards towards him with a hard jerk, arm poised to remove Richards' head from its shoulders; Richards used the momentum of Rick's pull and a sudden drop to the floor to slide right between the big man's legs. Rick threw his momentum into nothing but air, crashing hard into the executive skybox door. Quickly up to his feet, Chris Richards ran towards Rick's exposed back and nailed another perfectly executed dropkick. The door, which was already buckled from Rick's impact, crashed inwards and to the floor.

Benny Doyle scurries into the skybox, quickly checking on Rick as Richards gets back to his feet and walks towards the doorway. Rick begins crawling deeper into the luxury suite with a groan, as Chris Richards follows him in.

DDK:

Chris Richards needs to be careful here.

Lance:

He needs to put the big man down! Rick's looking close to gassed...

Richards takes ahold of Rick's head, trying to pull him up but instead ends up getting suckered! Rick powers himself to a standing position quickly, fighting off Richards' attempts at offense. Once standing, Rick shoves Richards back only to close the distance again, hoisting Richards up on his shoulders as the big man looks around the room. Immediately Richards begins fighting for all he's worth, trying to get out of danger, but his attempts are in vain, the strikes to the side of Rick's head from knees and elbows seemingly go unnoticed as Rick slams Richards into the door on the floor with a death valley driver.

As Richards writhes in pain, Rick gets back to his feet and walks towards the balcony, peeking over the edge as Richards slowly begins to get back up. Not willing to allow the momentum to shift back, Rick stalks back into the skybox, grabbing Richards by the back of the head and leading him back towards the balcony.

DDK:

I don't like the looks of this, Lance...

As the two approach the balcony Richards comes to life, again fighting the giant for all he's worth. With a growl Rick Irish whips Richards towards the balcony railing, his body skidding to the floor and crashing through the drywall with a crack and a small puff of white sheetrock dust.

Lance:

Chris Richards got lucky there, Darren. It looked to me like he was headed right over that railing...it's easily a twenty foot drop from the balcony to the seats below.

DDK:

Chris Richards keeps getting up, but I don't know whether he'd be able to survive that drop!

Rick moves closer to Richards and again hauls him up to his feet by the scruff of the neck and into a European uppercut. Rick again takes control of Richards' left arm, pulling him in close and wrapping his massive hand around

Richards' throat. Rick lifts Richards up off the ground and spins towards the open balcony, Richards managing to land a hard knee to the Canadian's chest which causes him to lose his grip. Richards safely lands back on the balcony floor and is immediately assaulted by a double axe handle from Rick, who again takes control of Richards' left arm and pulls him in with a jerk, this time his arm connects with Richards' chest, knocking him back and over the railing!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!! CHRIS RICHARDS JUST FELL FROM THE SKYBOX BALCONY!!

As the cameraman walks towards the edge of the balcony and looks over, Chris Richards' body is sprawled awkwardly between rows of stadium seats below. Rick cautiously climbs over the railing and lowers himself carefully over the edge and uses structural supports to make his way down to the floor. The camera cuts from high above back down to floor level, Chris Richards still laying motionless as Rick walks the rest of the way down the aisle. Richards suddenly begins to stir, the camera catching a shocked and bewildered look on Rick's face. Rick reaches Richards as he gets to his knees, hauling Richards to his feet and looks intently at the ring before leading Richards through the seats to the outside of the ring before stuffing him unceremoniously under the bottom rope. Benny Doyle slides into the ring as Rick reaches for the top rope and steps up to the apron from the floor, then right over the top rope.

DDK:

That has to be it. This match is over, and we need to get paramedics out to that ring!

Lance:

I don't think Rick Dickulous is done, Keebs.

Rick again lifts Richards up to his feet and into the crucifix position before tossing Richards over his head with a jerk of his shoulders and wrapping his arms around Richards' waist into a sitting powerbomb as Benny Doyle slides to the mat for the count.

DDK:

Log Driver's Waltz, Lance...it's all over but the count.

ONE..

TWO..

THREE!!

DDK:

Mother of GOD! Get that brute out of the ring, Benny! We need room for those paramedics!

Benny Doyle raises Rick's hand before instructing him to leave the ring as a team of paramedics wheel a stretcher up the aisle. As Rick slowly walks up the aisle past the stretcher he stops, turning around with his hands on his hips as the camera pans in on an extreme closeup of Rick's scowl.

DDK:

After watching a man fall virtually to his death, Lance, I don't know what else we can take tonight.

SNS, CORTEZ & MINUTE vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS & THE STEVENS DYNASTY

DDK:

We've got another HUGE match coming up and this has been a LONG, LONG time coming for Uriel Cortez and Minute. Time after time ever since Junior Keeling revealed his true colors to his ex-clients The Sky High Titans, Uriel Cortez and Minute have tried to get payback on Tom Morrow, only to be cheated out of the chance against Alvaro de Vargas and later on, The Lucky Sevens.

Lance:

And don't forget, Tom Morrow has been entwined with Brock Newbludd since he set foot into DEFIANCE. Brock would eventually form the Saturday Night Specials with "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and become one of the top teams in the division right away. But since then, they've both run afoul of Morrow when he tried to pay off the Stevens Dynasty to finish them off.

DDK:

And that brings us to the last few weeks... Uriel Cortez and Minute lost the rights to be called the Sky High Titans at DEF Road, but tonight they have the chance to honor Thomas Keeling's final wish and win the name back to retire it. They'll join forces with Brock and Pat against the Lucky Sevens and The Stevens Dynasty and the stakes couldn't be any higher than they are now.

Lance:

That's right. If the SNS, Uriel and Minute win, they'll get the rights to the Sky High Titans name back as well as ALL FOUR men getting five minutes alone with Tom Morrow. But if they lose, they can no longer be involved in matches involving Morrow's group and worse... they'll forfeit the deed to the Ballyhoo Brew to Morrow and Cary Stevens.

DDK:

That's right. So much at stake in this one. And as revealed on UNCUT, the new trio of Uriel, Minute and their new associate Titaness, will have a brand new name they'll debut tonight! Let's go to it and...

The lights suddenly go out - plunging the arena into total darkness.

DDK:

Wha...?

The crowd gets about five seconds of sitting in the dark to build a murmur of anticipation before...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

A pop rises up from the crowd as they recognize the theme of The Saturday Night Specials!

"Piracy's a crime and crime doesn't pay!
We go home poor at the end of the day.
But I'd rather live my life in rags,
then be taped to a desk with a wife that's a hag!"

A single spotlight suddenly flashes to life, pointing up into the stands near one of the arena entrances in the middle row. The fan's cheers grow in volume as they recognize the man illuminated by the light: it's "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd! Newbludd is primed for battle. In his hand, he holds a single large can of Ballyhoo Brew's original flavor, "Brocky Mountain High." Looking around to the cheering fans, he pops the top off, and as the suds go everywhere, he raises the can in a "cheers" motion toward... something?

*"We live each day like there's nothing to lose,
but a man has needs and the need is booze.
They say all the best things in life are free,*

So give all your beer and your rum to me!"

Suddenly, a second spotlight turns on, this one pointed at the opposite side of the arena from Brock. There, standing amongst the Faithful, is "Black Out" Pat Cassidy! Cassidy is wearing a shit-eating grin as he stands among the biggest crowd he's ever wrestled in front of. Cassidy swiftly pops the top off his own can - Ballyhoo Brew's "Can O'Whoop Cass" - and raises it back toward his partner on the opposite side of the arena. At the same time, the two men begin to down the beers as the fans go bananas for the fun loving tag team!

*"We are here! To drink your beer!
And steal your rum at a point of a gun!
Your alcohol, to us will fall
Cause we are here to drink your beer!"*

In tandem in a little split screen action, both men toss their empty cans aside before marching down the arena steps toward the ring. Both competitors slap the many outstretched hands as they walk.

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials have risen the ranks to become one of the most popular tag teams in all of DEFIANCE, and a win on the big stage that is DEFCON would propel both their careers to new heights!

Lance:

And a loss would be absolutely devastating... all that Brock and Pat have done to build up Ballyhoo Brew... only for it to end up in the hands of Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens?

DDK:

It truly is do or die for The Saturday Night Specials tonight. But they seem to have their game faces on!

*"Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink!
Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink!"*

Brock leaps over his barricade first and Cassidy quickly does the same. Both men hop up to different turnbuckles in the ring, raising their hands high into the air for the cheering legions of The Faithful! After soaking in the scope of the arena, The Saturday Night Specials hop down from the top and finally meet in the center of the ring, colliding with a forceful double fist bump to the roar of the crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an eight-man tag team match and is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first...

Quimby is cut off as Cassidy snatches the mic from the DEFIANCE announcer. Cassidy puts one hand on Darren's shoulder as the Saturday Night Special theme fades out.

Pat Cassidy:

Sorry, Quimbey, but I've got it from here.

Darren shrugs and quickly moves to exit the ring.

Pat Cassidy:

NEW ORLEANS!

POP!

Cassidy hops up to the top of a turnbuckle looking out into the people.

Pat Cassidy:

THIS! IS! DEFFFFFFFFCON!

ANOTHER POP!

Cassidy returns to the center of the ring.

Pat Cassidy:

Are you ready to hear what's on tap for tonight?

They are!

Pat Cassidy:

Tonight's specials...

Cassidy holds up a finger everytime he lists off another "special."

Pat Cassidy:

Two identical giant muscle heads with half a brain between them... a young upstart Texan who peaked in high school... a Stevens who is seven feet tall and has a seven word vocabulary... a loudmouthed manager who cut his teeth in the business managing Attila the Hun... a supposed genius businessman who's only idea for a gimmick name was the world's WORST pun... the most talented luchador in the world... one suave-as-hell giant looking for some good old fashioned payback as well as their super strong lady friend... and of course, as always...

Cassidy raises the mic for the big finish.

Pat Cassidy:

"BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY! "THE INNOVATOR" BROCK NEWBLUDD! YOOOOOOOOOOOUURRRRR....

Cassidy raises the mic into the air, letting the crowd do the rest.

The Faithful:

SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPECCCCCCCCIALS!

Grinning, Cassidy tosses the mic to Brock. Brock looks around, taking in the moment for a second, before growing a grin of his own...

Brock Newbludd:

If you wanna see The Saturday Night Titans give Hillbilly Deluxe and Tommy's Kid's what they got comin' to em'...lemme here ya Ballyhoo!

The Faithful:

Ballyhoo!

Brock Newbludd:

And if ya wanna see me and the boys give Tommy Morrow the worst five minutes of his miserable life gimme another!

The Faithful:

BALLYHOO!!

Newbludd smiles wide and bites his lip.

Brock Newbludd:

I like you guys, drinks are on us tonight, and so is the ass whoopin! C'mon now, ya'll know what to do!

Brock takes a deep breath and bows slightly.

Brock Newbludd:

NEW ORLEANS!!! BAAAAAALLLYHOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful:

DAT!!!!!!

Brock Newbludd:

That's what I'm talkin' about, baby! Saturday night starts right NOW!

As Brock wraps up the ever-popular intro of his duo, the lights fade to black again and the DEFtron flickers to life.

♪ *"RISE" by Mako, Glitch Mob and The Word Alive* ♪

RIP SKY HIGH TITANS

And soon, "RIP SKY HIGH" disappears from the tron. And as this happens, the name Titans changes slightly...

TITANES...

The name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that...

Darren Quimbey:

And their partners, being accompanied to the ring by Titaness... they are the team of "Diamante Gigante" Uriel Cortez and "Titan de los Cielos" Minute...

Slowly, one set of gold and silver spotlights shine on the stage! Standing in a three-point formation, Titaness stands on the left, arms on her hips wearing a white sleeveless coat adorned in gold and diamond patterns! Minute to the right, wearing a long-sleeved white trenchcoat, a brand new white singlet and pants with gold and silver colors and new mask. And in the center, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks. For once, Uriel's jacked physique isn't hidden by a suit! All three point up at the DEFTron above them to the screen as Darren Quimbey announces the name...

LOS

TRES

TITANES!

Darren Quimbey:

LOS TRES TITANES!

The crowd ROARS with approval as they walk to the ring with gold and silver pyro exploding down the ramp on the way to the ring! As they head to the ring, they stop and the crowd pops as the camera catches a familiar face...

DDK:

Los Tres Titanes! New name tonight here at DEFCON to signify the fresh start Uriel promised on UNCUT! And look! In the front row, that's Thomas Keeling!

Lance:

The former manager of Cortez and Minute -- and yes, Tom Morrow's father and ex-business partner in the Family Keeling Talent Agency. He was injured at the hands of Tom Morrow's goons, The Lucky Sevens at DEF ROAD. He's been rehabbing his back, but he's here tonight in support of Cortez and Minute!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez told me earlier tonight with the inclusion of Titaness into the group, they wanted to start anew since Thomas Keeling is no longer with them. He also told me in order to move forward with their careers, they need to win

the Sky High Titans name back for Thomas and put Tom Morrow behind them for good.

After Uriel, Minute and Titaness all say hello to Thomas Keeling in the front row, they get to business. Now at the ring, Titaness gets hoisted onto the apron by Uriel. Once there, she flexes on the apron before Uriel joins her by stepping up. Minute runs up the steps and throws off his coat, then leaps from one corner rope to the other, then BACKFLIPS into the ring to a huge pop! Uriel steps over the ropes last and the three stand tall in the ring again to cheers from the crowd before their music fades and their opposition is ready to arrive.

Before the Lucky Sevens come out Tom Morrow walks out onto the entryway and gazes at the massive crowd. He does not have Ken Ellis at his side so he has to hold his own microphone and he doesn't look happy.

Tom Morrow:

Last night ... I am not going to talk about last night. I am going to live in the now! Cary Stevens and I are going to be co-owners of Ballyhoo Brew when this match is done and the first thing we're going to do is fire those lousy drunks down there at the stroke of midnight tonight! When we win the Ballyhoo Brew say goodbye to your jobs, Brock and Pat! And when we win, there won't be any more matches with you! I will win and the four of you will lose and any more chances for revenge will be done! And I see you get a front row seat, Dad... hi. How's your back, by the way?

The Faithful jeer that jab as Thomas Keeling is shown scowling at his son from the front row. A collection of middle fingers get thrown up by the SNS as well as Minute and Cortez. Titaness even gets one in. That makes the fans laugh but it makes Morrow frown.

Tom Morrow:

It's behaviour like that which is the reason you won't have jobs in *our* fancy new establishment! The second change we will be making at Ballyhoo Brew is changing up the drinks! Your new drink of choice isn't going to be any of your stupid watered-down urine with a spunky wrestling themed name like the Power Bomb Diggity! The new drink of choice will be a new brand of elegant, smooth whiskey I've gone in on with The Lucky Sevens to put some extra money in our pocket! BIG MONEY MAX! BIG MONEY MASON! MASON AND MAX LUCK... THE LUCKY SEVENS! SPONSORED BY LUCKY SEVENS AND BALLYHOO BREW'S NEW FUTURE 777 WHISKEY! WHEN YOU WANT TO GET LUCKY ... DRINK 777 WHISKEY!!!

He points up and the solid green 7 7 7 appears on the DEFIA-Tron that now become golden dollar signs.

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The lights come back on and the fans now show the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! Now both twins have goatees to show that they have indeed turned to the dark side and the weight belts both men wear have green dollar signs. The "Winning Hand" gesture comes out again and the twins look ready to hurt someone. Their gear is also covered in labels for the 777 Whiskey! Max and Mason Luck walk to the ring with Thomas behind them. They storm toward the ringside area until they get there. Both twins scan the jeering crowd and then each take a shot of their own. They are now just waiting for their business partners.

A single spotlight appears as the crowd boos as the sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

♪ "When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock and Bigg Vinny Mack ♪

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, along with Cary and the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty continuing to prove that they will do anything for a buck and partnering with Tom Morrow showed just that.

Lance:

Sometimes you do business with people; people who fit your needs, Keebs...

Cary looking spiffy in a shiny, golden jacket as he leads the charge while his son and nephew follow behind him as they appear on stage.

Lance:

Cary hamming it up tonight.

Cary blows kisses towards the crowd as Bo and George throw free beer coupons to the Ballyhoo Brew to the Filth as a golden waterfall of pyro falls down behind them.

DDK:

Looks like Cary thinks the victory is in the bag with him throwing out free Ballyhoo Brew drink coupons.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 702 pounds...THEY ARE WORLD'S GREATEST TAG TEAM! BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEEEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYY!"

Bo and George reach the end of the stage and make their way up the ring steps and once inside Bo and George go towards the center of the ring and raise their arms high in the air as fireworks explode from the turnbuckles while Cary is hyping up his boys. The music dies down and with Wrestle-Plex buzzing in anticipation, Hector Navarro makes his way to the middle of the ring and gives one final check to each corner.

DDK:

Looks like it'll be Bo Stevens and Brock Newbludd starting this big eight man tag out.

Lance:

You feel that, Darren? This arena is absolutely electric right now. The Faithful came to see big fights during the biggest card of the year and it doesn't get much bigger than this!

Bo yells something out that catches Brock's attention and causes his eyes to narrow in anger. Newbludd then begins to head towards the center of the ring as his opponent's share a laugh together at his expense. Seeing the wild look in Brock's eye, Hector calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

And we're off! Whatever Bo yelled across the ring at Brock did not sit well with The Innovator.

Lance:

Yeah, I don't think Brock's going to waste time feeling things out to start here.

Matching Brock's intensity with some of his own, Bo explodes out of his corner and crashes into Newbludd in the middle of the ring to initiate a collar and elbow tie up. Brock is forced back a couple steps by the hard-charging Stevens but quickly finds his vertical base and starts to gain leverage on his smaller opponent. Needing to regain advantage, Bo drives the heel of his boot directly into the top of one Brock's feet.

DDK:

Nasty looking stomp there from Bo. That looks like something Cary would've taught him.

Still tied up, Newbludd holds his aching foot off the ground and tries to break the tie up. Before he can, Stevens stomps hard on his other foot.

Lance:

Nasty but effective, partner. And legal, technically.

Seizing on the small window of opportunity he created with the dirty stomps, Bo hits Brock with a forearm and applies a standing side headlock. Firmly in control, Bo unloads a series of quick jabs to the side of Brock's that is followed up with a blatant rake of the eyes. Boos rain down onto Bo and he responds with a second eye gouge.

DDK:

And that rake of the eyes was anything BUT legal. Referee Navarro is going to have his hands full in this one, Lance.

Needing to create some space, Brock wraps his arms around Bo and attempts to suplex his way out of the headlock. Sensing what is coming, Bo manages to block the suplex with a well placed punch to Brock's head. Undeterred, Newbludd tries again. Feeling his feet leave the mat, Bo begins to frantically punch his opponent but Brock powers through and manages to drop Bo to the mat with a Back Suplex!

Lance:

Brock manages to power his way out of that headlock and now both men are quick to their feet.

Eyes red and watering from Bo jamming his fingers into them, Newbludd manages to grab ahold of Bo's wrist. Rearing back, Brock sends Bo into the ropes with an Irish Whip. Bo is quick to rebound back towards Brock, who lashes out with a wild clothesline that Stevens easily ducks.

DDK:

Newbludd way off the mark with that clothesline! He's feeling the after effects of Bo gouging his eyes!

Bouncing off the opposite set of ropes, Bo attempts to hit Brock with a clothesline of his own, only to be taken down to the mat with a drop toe hold!

Lance:

Brock showing off some great veteran awareness with that drop toe hold but Bo's already rising back up.

Managing to beat Brock back up to his feet by a half a second, Bo goes for the home run swing and violently turns his body like a corkscrew...

DDK:

Bo's going for that signature discus punch that he calls the BO-Dazzled!

Bo completes his spin and sends his speeding fist directly towards the side of Brock's head. Sensing danger, Newbludd instinctively ducks his head and Stevens whiffs badly on the discus punch, his momentum causing him to keep spinning around. Reaching up behind Bo, Brock hooks both of his disoriented opponent's arms...

Lance:

Look at this, Darren!

Popping his hips violently, Brock sends the wide-eyed Bo up and over to plant him in the mat with a Bridging Tiger Suplex! The Wrestle-Plex pops in approval at the perfectly executed suplex!

DDK:

Tiger Suplex! Where did that come from!? Newbludd's got the bridge and Navarro's there for the count!

On the outside of the ring, Tom Morrow lets out an audible shriek. The three big men in Bo's corner all scramble to get in the ring but are slow to react from the suddenness of the bridging pin.

ONE!

TWO!!

Bo kicks out!

Lance:

That was close, DDK. Too close and now here comes the calvary!

Seeing the three giants not where they're supposed to be, Navarro cuts them off and orders them back to their corner. Dragging the jelly-legged Stevens to his feet, Brock immediately plants him back down to the mat with a Snap DDT. Grabbing an arm, Newbludd drags Bo towards The Saturday Night Titans corner and tags in Pat Cassidy. The crowd pops as the two men get Bo against the ropes and shoving him across the ring, then knocking him over with a big double shoulder tackle!

DDK:

Great action here by The Saturday Night Specials!

The Scrapper from Southie is all fired up and the crowd along with him as he pulls Bo up again. Uriel, Minute and Titaness enjoy the sight of him whipping Bo off the ropes and hitting him with a big kitchen sink knee, sending him spilling over! Bo is up on his back when the former Tag and Trios champion gets rocked by a big kick to the back by Cassidy! Bo gets back to his feet, but turns into a series of right hands by Cassidy: one. Two. Three. With Bo dazed, Cassidy leans back and simulates drinking a cold one with his hand to a cheer from the crowd. He then DROPS Bo with a fierce snap headbutt right to the nose! He goes for a cover on Bo, making sure to shoot a smile right at Morrow!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Morrow breathes a sigh of relief, but he's clearly sweating right now. Thomas Keeling is in the front row with cane in hand and is standing up, watching his son with a smile.

DDK:

Morrow out here panicking. That was close!

Bo tries to get away but Cassidy leaps forward and then grabs Bo in a front facelock to keep him from getting away. Another tag by Brock Newbludd and both men are now all over Bo Stevens against the ropes. They both wave at Morrow and Cary Stevens now as the dual managers watch Bo get worked over with a big double slingshot suplex!

Lance:

Great tag team wrestling by The Saturday Night Specials, keeping Bo away from any of the giants! And what do you call that move?

DDK:

I dunno... Bourbon Sling? I'd just settle for calling it effective! And now Brock is back up... And Minute gets the tag!

The crowd gives a big cheer to DEFIANCE's mightiest luchador as Brock drags Bo to the corner, allowing Minute to hit a slingshot, knees-first on the top rope then rolling over into a slingshot senton on Bo! The cover follows and Tom Morrow's heart is about to stop!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Morrow grabs Cary's shoulder and feels his chest palpate again while Cary just shakes his head and tells him to compose himself. The Lucky Sevens and George Stevens all want in, but Bo hasn't been close enough for a tag. Minute goes hog wild with a series of round kicks to the chest and rocks Bo. When he tries to go for another kick, Bo

grabs his leg and throws Minute up... but he backflips and lands on his feet and has the crowd cheering! But before he can celebrate, Bo puts a knee in the stomach of Minute. He goes for a back suplex, but Minute once again, slips backwards. Bo turns around and swings, but he blocks and grabs the hand. The TJ Tornado runs up the ropes, smirks at Morrow while standing on the ropes and sends Bo across the ring with an arm drag!

Lance:

Bo can't get anything going so far! And Minute's athleticism is so unreal!

DDK:

It truly is! And now... oh, gimme a break!

Morrow stands on the ropes and tries to get Minute to take a free shot, but the luchador doesn't take the bait. He yells out "cinco minutos!" and then goes to Bo... but just that little bit allows Cary to drag Bo so the tag goes to George Stevens! The crowd jeers as Bo finally gets out... but then cheers when Uriel throws the new Los Tres Titanes neck towel off his neck and wants the tag. Minute gives it to him and the man now known as Diamante Gigante climbs into the ring.

DDK:

Here we go, as my old broadcast colleague Angus used to say... HOSSFITES! The Big Crawdaddy and the former Titan of Industry... now Diamante Gigante!

Lance:

I think that might be the only thing of Angus' we've ever been able to repeat without a cease & desist letter.

Uriel looks down to the much wider George Stevens, but he doesn't back up. Uriel fires the first shot with a big open-palmed chop. George reels back for a second, then comes back with a chop of his own. Uriel grits his teeth, then looks over at Tom Morrow and sees red... then FIRES an even harder chop! George fires back, then Uriel and soon, the two big men are hitting each other like there's no tomorrow!

DDK:

Cortez and Stevens going at it! But... no!

Uriel has his hands up and then SLAMS them right into George's chest with the Chop of Ages! He doubles George over and the crowd cheers the big man. He goes for a whip on The Big Crawdaddy... but George reverses! A feeling not entirely known to Uriel! He goes at the ropes but George STOPS him cold with a catch and then body slams Uriel! Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens both cheer on the outside as the SNS and Minute are shocked! Thomas Keeling watches from his front row seat and Morrow is sure to go over and antagonize his dad.

Tom Morrow:

You should have talked some sense into them, Dad! You don't mess with Tom Morrow or Better Future!

DDK:

Morrow is human excrement, plain and simple. He's the reason his dad is using that cane and now he's talking trash to him.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens and Bo... all cheering George for manhandling Uriel like that!

With Uriel down, George comes off the ropes and tries a splash... but Uriel moves! Diamante Gigante starts to roll back to his feet and then goes after George as he tries to get up. He slams a series of chops and forearms into the chest of George and back to the ropes. He sends him flying again... but this time Uriel comes back with an EXPLOSIVE flying shoulder tackle! The crowd goes nuts and even Titaness cracks a smile as Uriel covers.

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY MASON LUCK!

DDK:

Mason saves in the nick of time!

Uriel is back up to his feet, threatening Mason who sneers at him but backtracks back into his corner. The big George Stevens gets to his feet and stumbles back into a neutral corner. Uriel reaches over and tags in Pat Cassidy. Uriel takes position on all fours at the feet of the big Stevens, and Cassidy gets a running start and leaps OFF Uriel's back and collides into George with a big...

DDK:

Splash of Jameson!

George doesn't go down... instead he stumbles out of the corner, punch drunk. Cassidy takes the opportunity to rope-a-dope around the big man, throwing some fake Ali-esque jabs and floating like a butterfly to the amusement of the crowd. Cassidy nails George with a quick right and ducks George's slower attempt at a counterattack. Cassidy again with a quick right and again avoids the bigger man's clubbing blow. Keeping up the advantage of his quickness, Cassidy runs off the ropes and catches George with a clothesline... but the big Stevens doesn't go down!

Lance:

Cassidy off the ropes again... second clothesline... George Stevens is still on his feet!

Cassidy rotates his shoulder, signaling to the crowd that this is going to be the big one. He springs off the ropes, flying at George with an attempt at a flying clothesline... but is caught and pressed up and OVER the top rope to the outside!!

DDK:

The crowd is stunned as Cassidy takes a NASTY collision with the ringside floor.

With Cassidy barely able to get a hand up on the ringside barricade, George Stevens takes this opportunity to raise his arms high to taunt the crowd. He also turns to taunt the rest of the Saturday Night Titans... and that draws in the fiery Newbludd flanked by both Minute and Cortez! Now Bo and The Sevens follow suit, and Hector Nevarro just barely manages to keep the teams from breaking out into a full-on brawl. But with the referee distracted...

Lance:

Look! Tom Morrow taking advantage of the distraction by kicking Cassidy square in the ribs on the outside!

DDK:

But wait! Titaness is not going to let this stand!

The crowd pops as Morrow scurries away and Titaness moves in to stand over Cassidy who is still on all fours and clutching his ribs. In the ring, Nevarro has finally gotten everyone to return to their corners after a tension-filled staredown. Cassidy gets to his knees and then finally uses the ring apron to pull himself to his feet. The camera moves in close to his face and it's clear that while the lights are on, nobody is home.

DDK:

This is not good for Cortez, Minute, and SNS. The legal man in the ring, with so much on the line, may have been concussed with that throw out of the ring. And now he's in there at the mercy of George Stevens.

Keeling continues to watch from his seat while Morrow shoots his father and the former manager of the Sky High Titans another dirty look. Cassidy, on instinct alone, manages to pull himself up on the ring apron - but he's immediately pulled up into a body press by George Stevens. The monster holds him in place for a minute, taunting the Saturday Night Titans corner before dropping him to the mat in a heap. George grabs Cassidy by the neck and roughly

forces him up into a sitting position. He begins to rain absolutely devastating blows down onto Black Out's exposed head. On the apron, Brock Newbludd paces while Minute shouts words of encouragement.

George releases Cassidy who simply crumbles into a heap. Hector Nevarro moves in to check on him while George stares stupidly off into the distance. From the outside, Cary Stevens shouts some words of advice.

Cary Stevens:

Don't just stand there!! Finish his ass!!

George blinks and grins an evil grin. He shoves Hector out of the way and again lifts Cassidy up. He places Cassidy's head between his legs in the set up for the powerbomb position.

DDK:

This is it. The end of The Sky High Titans and the end of Ballyhoo Brew.

George lifts The Scrapper from Southie up to complete the match-ending powerbomb... but somehow, Cassidy is able to slip around the big man's back and lock in a SLEEPER! The crowd pops as Cortez, Minute, and Uriel all throw their hands in the air in celebration!

Lance:

THERE'S STILL LIFE IN PAT CASSIDY!

George tries desperately to buck Black Out off, twisting roughly from side to side. Cassidy rides the big Texan (ironically) as one would ride a bull - hanging on for dear life. Cassidy appears to have only one thought running through his mind: clamp down on this sleeper and do not let go. As his oxygen is cut off, George begins to slightly sway... and he tumbles close to Cassidy's team mate's corner! Pat breaks the sleeper to reach out for the tag - but that allows George to snap back into it and he suddenly thrusts backwards, crashing Pat into a neutral turnbuckle. Cassidy crumbles into the corner as George stumbles forward and tags in Max Luck!

DDK:

Lots of anxious faces in the Saturday Night Titan's corner. If The Sevens and Stevens can keep Cassidy isolated, this match is over.

Lance:

There's so much on the line here... you've got to believe Pat is going to fight until his last breath to make sure that doesn't happen.

Max enters the ring with bad intentions on his mind, crashing right into Cassidy in the corner with a stiff clothesline. Max whips Pat into the opposite corner just to follow up with a second corner clothesline. Max chokes Cassidy with his giant boot, prompting a five count from Nevarro. Max breaks the choke at four. Max lifts Cassidy up and drives multiple elbows into the Boston native's head in rapid session. Max then grabs Cassidy and brings him over into enemy territory, driving his head into his brother Mason's outstretched foot. With Cassidy down, the brothers Luck make the tag. Before Max exits the ring, The Lucky Sevens drop Cassidy with a double suplex, ALMOST drawing an irate Brock Newbludd into the ring.

Lance:

You can feel the explosiveness in Brock, Minute, and Uriel's corner... if Cassidy can't make the tag this thing might break down into a pier six brawl.

DDK:

Nobody can take the chance of being disqualified, Lance. There is way too much on the line.

Mason flips Brock the finger as the crowd boos and The Stevens break into uncontrollable laughter. On the outside, Tom Morrow smacks his hands together as if this is a done deal. Mason lifts Cassidy to his feet and with absolutely no resistance from Pat, hooks and drops him with a pumphandle backbreaker! Mason covers

DDK:

This is it!!

*ONE....**TWO...**NO! CORTEZ BREAKS IT UP WITH A KICK TO MASON'S HEAD!*

Mason is up looking pissed off, but instead of taking the bait and following Uriel back to his corner, he just looks down at the crumpled form of Pat Cassidy and signals to the crowd that "it's over." He again lifts The Saturday Night Special up and hooks him in a torture rack set up.

Lance:

We know this move! This is Mason's Rack City!!

With Cassidy up in the Torture Rack and flailing, Mason takes just a second to make direct eye contact with the camera before preparing to drop his opponent down into a spinning sitdown powerbomb...

...but before he can hit the powerbomb part, Cassidy manages to reach over and **RAKE THE EYES!!** Mason cries out in pain and releases the prone Black Out...

...who manages to **CATCH MASON WITH THE IRISH GOODBYE ON HIS WAY DOWN!!!** THE CROWD EXPLODES!!

DDK:Unbelievable! A desperation Irish Goodbye **OUTTANOWHERE!**

Mason's head is driven into the mat... and he's out! Cassidy also lays prone with just the faintest sign of life in his arm reaching toward the lights. On the apron, Minute begins to stomp on the mat and he's quickly joined by Uriel, Brock... and the entire arena!! Morrow is pounding on the mat demanding that Mason get up as the entire match is drowned in a sea of foot stomps to try and will Pat Cassidy to make the tag!

DDK:

This is it! This is their chance, Lance!

Lance:

BOTH men are starting to stir...

Mason is up to his knees, shaking away the cobwebs while Cassidy has managed to roll once and is now sitting on his stomach with his face looking toward his partner's outstretched arms. Cassidy begins to army crawl toward his corner as Mason gets back to his feet.

DDK:

Wait! Cary Stevens on the apron!

Cary Stevens jumps up in the ref's line of sight! Nevarro runs over to Cary, demanding that he get down. As he does... **CASSIDY GETS THE TAG TO HIS FELLOW SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL BROCK NEWBLUDD!!!**

THE ARENA EXPLODES!!

Brock leaps over the top rope, ready for action... but he's immediately stopped in place by Hector Nevarro. The fans begin to drown the ring in boos as they realize that Cary's distraction meant the referee did not see Cassidy make the tag. Brock tries desperately to protest, even turning to Uriel and Minute to try to back him up, but Nevarro insists that he didn't see it. Meanwhile, while the discussion with the ref is going on, Max Luck has snuck in the ring and manages

to drop Pat Cassidy with a devastating spinebuster! Mason follows up with a leg drop! Mason makes the cover and calls for Nevarro's attention. Hector spins around to see the cover and drops down...

ONE...

TWO....

DDK:

NOT THIS WAY!

THREE... NO!!!! CASSIDY GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

OH MY GOD! That was almost all the marbles - the Titan's name, the ownership of Ballyhoo... and somehow The Saturday Night Titans are still in this!

Mason Luck can not fucking believe that just happened. He runs his hands through his hair in disbelief. Slowly, he gets to his feet... only to be tagged on the back out of nowhere by Bo Stevens! Mason throws up a "what the hell?" motion as Bo bounds into the ring, laying the boots into the prone Pat Cassidy. As he kicks at Black Out, Bo runs his mouth.

Bo Stevens:

You wanna embarrass us?? Huh?? You wanna do a stupid swordfight now?? Huh???

DDK:

Bo seems to hold a grudge from his street fight with SNS at DEFIANCE Road.

Bo points and laughs at the crumpled form of Black Out, looking to the crowd and mocking the "drink" motion that Cassidy performed earlier. The crowd lets Bo have it, but he doesn't care. Bo shoots Tom Morrow a thumbs up and Morrow responds by pointing at his watch. Bo nods, getting the message. Bo lifts Cassidy to his feet, drilling Pat with a sharp slap to the face before sending him into the ropes... but somehow, Cassidy reverses! Bo hits the ropes and Pat tries to score with a desperate clothesline on the rebound, but Bo ducks! On his way back, Bo leaps at Cassidy to hit a big move... but we'll never know what he was going for, cause Cassidy catches him in mid-air, flips him over his back by Bo's ankles, and drills him to the mat with an Alabama Slam!! Bo is down... Cassidy is standing on wobbly legs... Cassidy looks toward his corner with glossy eyes... the fans are on their feet and Tom Morrow has turned red with rage, kicking the ring steps in frustration...

... as Cassidy leaps forward TO MAKE THE TAG TO BROCK NEWBLUDD FOR REAL THIS TIME!!!!

Tom Morrow:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

YES! BROCK IS IN! BROCK IS IN!

The Faithful are FIRED THE HELL UP! Brock runs right through Bo with a massive clothesline! He then rushes at the corner and then NAILS George Stevens in the face with a massive superkick, sending the big man flying off the ring apron! He waits for Bo and then grabs him by the arm to knock him down with a big short-arm clothesline this time, but then hangs on. He grabs him up and then NAILS another one a second time! The youngest member of The Stevens Dynasty finds himself laid out as Brock feeds off the crowd!

DDK:

He's feeling it! This crowd is HOT right now!

Tom and Cary watch with baited breath as he gets ready and then waits for Bo out of the corner. The second that he gets up...

SMACK!

DDK:

Face Melter by Newbludd! That's gotta be it! They're gonna get the Sky High Titans name back and five minutes alone with Morrow!

Lance:

Brock just gave Bo a one-way ticket to dream street with that shining wizard, partner! No way he's getting up from that!

Barking at Navarro to count, Brock hooks both legs of Bo!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVED BY MASON WITH THE WINNING HAND!

Lance:

Hey! No! Come on, Hector!

Big Money Mason akes the most of the five seconds and PLANTS Brock with the Winning Hand Slam! Mason has seen enough and tries to return to his corner, but someone else on the other side has had enough...

URIEL CORTEZ WITH A MASSIVE SHOULDER TACKLE, KNOCKING MASON DOWN!

DDK:

Now Mason is down! Thanks for coming!

Lance:

With so much bad blood these last few months between all these teams, it was only gonna be a matter of time before all of this broke down like this!

Uriel turns around and then tries to get back to his corner... but turns to see Max Luck FLYING at him with the Check-Raise flying clothesline! He levels Uriel and knocks the big seven-foot one (AND A HALF!) star off his feet!

DDK:

You're right, Lance! It's getting bad! Morrow, Cary Stevens... everyone!

Max is on his feet, talking all of the trash to the downed Uriel Cortez when he sees a hurt, but able, Pat Cassidy back on the ring apron daring the big man to take his best shot. Max Luck charges at him, only for Cassidy to pull the ropes down! With Brock and Bo still down after their respective moves on the ground, Minute gestures at Pat. He leaps into the ring and runs full speed as The TJ Tornado nods at Cassidy. He pulls the ropes down as Minute pulls off a Flying Space Tiger Drop over the ropes and onto Max Luck on the outside! The crowd is on their feet now!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! THAT WAS INSANE! MINUTE WITH HELP FROM CASSIDY PULLS OFF THAT INCREDIBLE MOVE!

With bodies everywhere and fights breaking down, Morrow and Cary both yell at Bo! Brock is still down from the Winning Hand Slam and they hurriedly get Bo over to crawl with a hand over Brock!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Bo Stevens almost STEALS the match, but Brock kicks out! This match means everything to these men and they aren't going to lose everything they've built to Morrow without a fight!

The head of Better Future Talent Agency starts freaking out and kicking the ring apron in frustration. Cary Stevens shouts at Bo to finish the match right away, but he can't get up right away after all the punishment he's taken. He starts to get up slowly and then puts Brock down with a body slam, then limps out of the ring. The cocky former Trios and Tag Champion starts to head to the top rope looking for something big to end it. He goes up top and then starts to get him just as fights break out around ringside. Mason Luck is still duking it out with Uriel Cortez while George Stevens is trying to go after Pat Cassidy. Cassidy dodges a right and then goes for the leg!

DDK:

Bo trying for... NO! BROCK IS UP!

Brock goes for broke and sprints to the corner. Leaping onto the second turnbuckle, Brock lunges upwards and cracks the surprised Bo in the jaw with a headbutt! Newbludd shakes his head and climbs to join Stevens up top. Below them, the other competitors continue their wild brawl on the floor. Newbludd nails Bo with a second headbutt and secures a front facelock.

Lance:

Oh, no... what the hell could he be thinking?

DDK:

Is he gonna...?

Brock looks out to the fighting bodies below him and then smiles. Yes, he is, gonna, Darren. Yes he is!

...

SUPERPLEX TO THE OUTSIDE!

BOTH MEN CRASH ON URIEL, GEORGE, MASON AND PAT ON THE OUTSIDE! THE FAITHFUL ARE GOING APESHIT!

"HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

THAT WAS INSANE! BODIES EVERYWHERE AGAIN AT RINGSIDE!

Lance:

THIS IS NUTS, DARREN! NUTS! ALL THIS TO SAVE THEIR BUSINESS AND TO STICK IT TO TOM MORROW ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Numerous bodies are stacked at ringside now as the replays flash repeatedly for all to see from different angles, including an aerial view of the six men going down! And the crowd is STILL on their feet roaring!

DDK:

That was AMAZING! This is how good DEFIANCE's Tag Team Division is!

Lance:

But both legal men need to get back in!

It's true out of the whole pile that both men are down, but Morrow stands on the ring apron and starts yelling at Hector Navarro to do his job and get them back in! As this happens, Cary is behind the referee's back and **THROWS** Bo back inside the ring!

DDK:

GET OUT OF HERE! CARY TRYING TO SAVE THE MATCH... AND TITANESS HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

Cary laughs... but not for long when Titaness runs full speed and **SPEARS** the former wrestler down to the ground! She stands up to a big reaction from the crowd!

Lance:

I think Titaness is done just watching! She takes down Cary Stevens!

But then the crowd **JEERS** when Max Luck towers over her and grabs her by the hair!

DDK:

NO! SHE'S NOT IN THIS MATCH!

Max Luck sets her up what looks like an over the shoulder powerbomb, but the crowd cheers when Minute comes to her rescue! Max turns around then **KICKS** Minute with a huge big boot for interfering!

Lance:

Cheap shot by Max!

Max waves to Minute and then tries to move back to the ring to help Bo... then gets the surprise of his life...

A **SPEAR** THROUGH THE BARRICADE BY URIEL CORTEZ!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! URIEL COMING TO THE AID OF HIS BEST FRIEND AND GIRLFRIEND! MAX IS DONE!

Lance:

URIEL HAS SAID THOSE TWO ARE FAMILY TO HIM! YOU DON'T MESS WITH FAMILY!

Both of the massive men collapse through the barricade! The replays come from several different angles after that with Max Luck being taken out! After a few moments of the replays being over, Uriel is the first to get up, favoring his rib cage just as the camera goes back to the inside where Brock and Bo are exchanging right hands! The two continue for a few moments when Brock takes over. He runs at the ropes...

DDK:

No! George back up!

The massive George tries to grab him but Pat Cassidy comes to the aid of his partner by running the length of the ring apron and then clobbering George with a huge diving axe handle! The move stuns him, but Bo rolls Brock up and hooks the tights! Morrow has hope in his eyes as he counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

DDK:

No! Bo tried the steal again, but Brock kicks out!

Brock finally gets back up to his feet, but Bo kicks him in the gut and hooks the neck for the Game Changer - what he beat Minute with back on 152! But when he tries to spin, Brock breaks free. Bo shoves him back to the corner where Pat Cassidy gets the blind tag! Bo charges in...

DDK:

NO! SUPERKICK BY BROCK!

Lance:

And Pat is the legal man!

Pat goes up top as Tom Morrow FREAKS OUT. He screams bloody murder as Brock and Pat start a "CHUG!" chant. Brock raises Bo's limp form up in the piledriver position and Cassidy leaps off!

DDK:

KEG STAND! KEG STAND ON BO STEVENS! THIS ONE IS OVER!

Pat crumbles on top of the body of Bo as Brock sees Mason Luck frantically crawling up the ring apron. Throwing caution to the wind, Newbludd races over and hurls himself over the top rope to hit Luck with a crossbody that sends both men down to the floor!

Lance:

Newbludd with the crossbody and Cassidy's got the cover!

Referee Navarro hits the mat and Cassidy hooks Bo's leg with both arms. Cheering at a fever pitch, the Faithful chant along with the count...

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

THE SATURDAY NIGHT TITANS HAVE DONE IT! THEY'VE BEATEN THE SEVENS DYNASTY!

Lance:

Tom Morrow can't believe it! Look at his face, partner!

Jaw hanging in disbelief, Morrow staggers backwards away from the ring as the reality of what comes next for him begins to sink in. In almost visible shock, he falls to his knees.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **THE SATURDAY NIGHT TITANS!**

Uriel Cortez helps Minute to his feet and the two hug and when Titaness gets in, Uriel grabs them BOTH off the ground and hugs them tightly! Brock and Pat celebrate and bro-hug in the ring while Cary Stevens buries his face in his hands.

DDK:

That's it! The Saturday Night Titans win this MASSIVE match! They save the Ballyhoo Brew, get the Sky High Titans name and merchandise rights back... and they get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow!

Lance:

He knows he's about to meet his maker! Look at him!

Tom Morrow is still stunned... and things are not going to be good for him. At all.

PANTERA

Tom Morrow's face goes practically white like a ghost as the crowd EXPLODES at the fact that after all this time of screwing people over left and right...

DDK:

THAT'S IT! FIVE MINUTES ALONE! THE LUCKY SEVENS AND THE STEVENS DYNASTY ARE ALL BARRED FROM RINGSIDE FOR THIS DURATION!

Lance:

That's right! And look! We've got DEFSec out here to make sure they don't try any funny business!

Mason limps over and is helping Max out of the wreckage of the fallen barricade. Both brothers both protest with the official, but Hector Navarro orders them to the back! Morrow looks out to the seven-foot twins when a bevy of DEFSEC and officials come out to escort them to the back. One of them puts their hands on Mason but he pulls his arm away! Head DEFSec member Wyatt Bronson lays down the law for the giants.

Wyatt Bronson:

YOU EITHER GET BACK THERE NOW OR DEFIANCE MANAGEMENT'S GONNA SUSPEND YOU! LEAVE! NOW!

Mason and Max both look at Morrow and throw their arms up in frustration as they have to leave ringside while the crowd starts a chant.

"NAH NAH NAH NAH!
NAH NAH NAH NAH!
HEY, HEY, HEY! GOODBYE!

The chants repeated as a defeated Cary Stevens starts to head to the back when Morrow grabs him by the arm!

Tom Morrow:

Come on! Come on, you gotta help me!

The Stevens patriarch pulls his arm away and stomps off.

Cary Stevens:

The match said five minutes alone with YOU. Didn't say shit about me...

Stevens leaves him high and dry as he waves at his guys to follow him out of sight. Bo leans on George Stevens for help to leave ringside and as the opposition leaves, Uriel Cortez, Minute, Brock and Pat all look giddy as hell right now. Even Titaness can't help but hide a smile right now.

DDK:

THIS IS IT! EXACTLY WHAT THESE MEN HAVE WANTED ALL THIS TIME, TO DEAL WITH MORROW DIRECTLY! HE COULDN'T BUY BROCK NEWBLUDD OR PAT CASSIDY OFF! HE COULDN'T MAKE THE TITANS GO AWAY! THEY HAVE THE SKY HIGH TITANS NAME BACK TO RETIRE FOR GOOD IN HONOR OF THOMAS KEELING!

Lance:

NOWHERE TO RUN, TOM MORROW! WE'RE BEING TOLD THE FIVE MINUTE PERIOD WILL START SHORTLY!

As Morrow sits in the ring now all alone, Uriel has a microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

Tom Morrow... good news for you... before this match we talked about what we'd do if we got our five minutes with you. And we decided that it wouldn't be fair if all four of us got in that ring and gave you the shit-kicking you rightfully deserve... We consulted a rulebook...

Pat taps him on the shoulder and asks for the mic.

Pat Cassidy:

You mean that bottle of tequila we polished off last night?

Uriel Cortez:

The very same.

The crowd laughs as Morrow looks on.

Uriel Cortez:

And as much as Brock and Pat want to kick your asses... Mateo and I are the ones that have the most history with your backstabbing ass. So they're gonna sit back, enjoy the show... and Minute and I will be playing the part of your executioners!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Brock and Pat already have something for the occasion as Pat digs underneath the ring... with a cooler and some loungers! Brock cracks one open for himself and one for Pat... and when they notice Thomas Keeling in the way, Pat cracks open a cold one for Morrow's own father and ex-partner!

DDK:

Even Thomas Keeling wants to see his son get what he deserves!

Brock and Pat set up their chairs in front of the ring to have a literal front row seat while Uriel and Minute take the ring. Morrow looks like he's about to drop a literal brick from his bowels as Hector Navarro calls for the five minute period to begin...

DING DING!

DDK:

I think that we're about to witness the longest five minutes of Tom Morrow's life!

Lance:

Agreed!

Tom Morrow now is on his knees, begging for forgiveness... then tries to run! The crowd boos as he clears the ring and tries to get through Brock and Pat... but they both stand and knock Tom Morrow on his ass! The Faithful go nuts as Morrow then gets picked up by Titaness off the floor... and OVER HER SHOULDER! She then tosses Morrow back inside the ring!

DDK:

Good Lord, Titaness just manhandled Morrow!

Lance:

And I think it's about to get worse from here.

Morrow looks up and Uriel waves at him...

Uriel Cortez:

Hi.

Then he ROCKS Morrow with a massive knee strike, bringing Morrow down to his knees! He's left coughing for air, but it gets worse when Minute measures him up, then CRACKS him in the chest repeatedly with kicks as the crowd goes crazy! And if things weren't bad before, Uriel picks up Morrow and with one arm, RIPS the shirt off his back! Morrow is left shirtless when Uriel brings up both hands...

Tom Morrow:

No, no, I'm sor...

THWACK!

DDK:

CHOP OF AGES! MORROW IS DONE!

Lance:

BUT LOS TRES TITANES AREN'T!

Morrow's chest now has two big red marks where his chest is red while on the outside, Brock, Pat and Thomas Keeling are all enjoying the show! Brock even offers Titaness another beer from the cooler. She shrugs and takes the can then all four tip their cans together in cheers!

Back inside, Uriel then puts his hands up again while Minute pins a panicked Morrow to the corner...

THWACK!

And again, he gets doubled over! That's when Uriel carries him over his shoulder and starts to... leave the ring?

DDK:

Where are Uriel and Minute going with him!?

Lance:

Oooooohhhh, boy!

Morrow might be on the verge of wetting himself as he walks over to where the rest of the group are hanging out. He holds Morrow out with his arms behind his back in front of Brock, Pat, Titaness and Thomas Keeling.

Uriel Cortez:

One free shot for everyone here.

Tom Morrow:

NO! NO! NO! I'LL PAY YOU ALL DOUBLE TO LET ME GO RIGHT NOW!

The foursome look at one another and consider it...

Then Pat CRACKS Morrow with a huge chop!

DDK:

One free shot for each of them!

Morrow winces in pain and his chest is red as hell... but Brock pulls him up by the chin... then lands a HUGE chop of his own!

Lance:

They're taking Tom Morrow apart! Hope turning on your family and friends was worth it!

Now the crowd cheers Titaness and she waves her hands, garnering an even louder reaction. She leads the crowd in

a building chant of "OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!" then DOUBLE CHOPS Morrow!

DDK:

And that's two for Titaness!

Morrow falls to his knees while Uriel, Minute and Titaness all high-five and then Thomas Keeling points a finger up, telling Uriel and Minute to pull him up. Uriel obliges and then Thomas licks his hand and then teases throwing the chop... but then KICKS HIS OWN SON IN THE BALLS!

DDK:

I guess Thomas doesn't want a third generation of Keelings!

Lance:

He's doing the world a favor by making sure Morrow can never breed!

Morrow sinks to his knees while holding his jewels! Thomas Keeling gets a loud cheer from the fans! Uriel then picks him up and throws him into the ring again. The crowd loves all of this when Uriel steps over the ropes and then heads inside, along with Minute standing by. Uriel grabs him by the side of the body and then HOISTS him high overhead. Uriel holds him there as a beaten and battered Morrow tries to shake his head frantically and escape... instead, all he gets is SPIKED into the mat with the Industry Standard!

DDK:

INDUSTRY STANDARD BY URIEL! I THINK HE'S DONE!

Lance:

And what's Minute got planned?

Minute stands on the ring apron and then twirls his fingers to tell the crowd what's next... then takes flight with a HUGE springboard 450 splash!

DDK:

And there's the Minute Detail! NOW Morrow is done!

Minute gets up... then points at the buckle one more time as the crowd does indeed chant "ONE MORE TIME!" Minute nods along with Uriel and the two men get to bust out a little ditty they haven't used in a bit. Uriel drags Morrow's lifeless body near the turnbuckle and then stands as Minute starts to climb. The crowd then cheers as Minute then stands on his shoulders... then LEAPS and takes flight with a huge THIRTY STORY SPLASH! And after the impact, Minute stands on him as Uriel kneels down to count a ONE! TWO! THREE! Just to milk the dramatic effect of the end of the five minute period!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

FIVE MINUTES ARE UP AND EVERYONE HERE --- EVEN THOMAS KEELING --- GOT TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

Lance:

THIS WON'T ERASE EVERYTHING HE PUT THESE PEOPLE THROUGH, BUT MORROW FINALLY GETS WHAT HE DESERVES AND LOS TRES TITANES CAN NOW RETIRE THE SKY HIGH TITANS NAME!

After getting his beatdown, Uriel and Minute leave the ring to join Brock, Pat, Titaness and Thomas Keeling on the top of the ramp. Once everyone is there, Brock gives each man a beer and leads a toast on stage for Uriel and Minute to join! They smash the cans together and each start shotgunning the new cans!

DDK:

HUGE MOMENT FOR THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS AND LOS TRES TITANES! A HUGE WIN IN EIGHT-MAN TAG ACTION AT DEFCON AND PUTTING TOM MORROW IN THEIR REARVIEW AT LAST!

Uriel finishes his can... then SMASHES the can against his giant head, crushing it! Brock and Pat both high-five the big man, then Titaness, Minute and Thomas as the show goes to a quick advert for BRAZEN before proceeding to the next match!

MAUSOLEUM MATCH

The arena lights go out, the jumbotron being the arena's only lightsource, and it only showing Lance and Keebler sitting at their desk illuminated by a couple of small lamp lights over their notes. Crowd responds as they do in these situations - they get loud!

Lance:

What's happening?

DDK:

Hell if I know.

DEFeed and the Tron cuts to a single white dot, and then nothing. The cheers get garbled, as if being pulled into the speakers, ran through a guitarists wah-wah pedal, and then spat back out; similar but not the same. In a moment, the crowd notices and then quietens, at least until the dot multiplies, growing exponentially, spreading across the screen to reveal an old-styled "snowy" television-type screen. After a few more moments, the snow on the screen starts to clear, revealing a black and white image of the face of Jason "Stalker" Reeves, lying unconscious on a rough hewn concrete floor. Stalker groans, grimaces then squeezes his eyes harder as if trying to blot out the light that surrounds him. He moves, first his head slightly, and then his whole body uncoils from the fetal position to lay on his back, the blinding light forcing him to cover his eyes with his arm.

"Wh..." Stalker tries to speak but the words won't come. He swallows hard, grimaces, then licks his lips.

"Your deeds have been measured," a voice booms in Jason's ears, "and found wanting."

Blinking, Stalker's vision clears to full color. Surrounding the light, surrounding him, he finds Codename: Guardian. And another Codename: Guardian. And another. And another. And another.

"What the--," Stalker's eyes widen and he rolls to his knees, staggering to his feet and straight into a Guardian, easily heavier than the one who joined Stalker in the casket. "You're not--"

Stalker staggers away and into another, bouncing into the mountainous one, much bigger and taller than Jason Reeves. Wide-eyes, Stalker's eyes search from one to another, settling on the big one he just stumbled into. Wild-eyes, he lunges, ripping the mask from the Guardian's face to reveal--

"The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan, impassively stares down Jason Reeves. Jason's mind races, his facial expressions changing with the varied thoughts until Dan breaks the confusion with one quote-

"Your fight's not with me," Dan says, then with a Sparta-styled kick to the chest, sends Jason tumbling into another mountainous mass dressed as a Guardian. That mass removes first the Guardian mask, revealing a half mask covering the lower half of its face, and the glaring eyes of the Deacon.

"Oh shit," Stalker says, his mind going from confusion to realization. Quickly, his mind searches for a way out. "Wait! I didn't sign this match!"

Still glaring, the Deacon removes the mask covering his mouth to say, "I know. T'is not a match."

The Guardians that had surrounded Jason disappear, leaving the Stalker and the Deacon standing in the midst of a column-filled mausoleum. The Deacon takes a step forward, bumping Stalker with the Mute Freak's chest before adding, "T'is a burial."

♪ "Game On" by Disciple ♪

♪ When the lights go up & the game is on - ♪

♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you? ♪

♪ When the the bell rings out & the fight is on - ♪
♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you? ♪

Deacon's fist connects with Stalker's jaw, the impact sending Jason tumbling into a raised, concrete slab. A bronze marker notes the person within the tomb, the dates of their life etched into the metal. Jason doesn't have time to read it. The Deacon smashes Stalker's face off the bronze before cinching Reeves' head and sending Reeves flying with a suplex... throw... thing.

♪ Take a look & see who's standing now ♪
♪ It's time for us to start throwing down ♪
♪ Look & see who's standing now ♪
♪ Didn't even know that you & I were cross until a sneak attack from the weak side ♪
♪ Unaware that we were in a fight, I guess that's part of the problem, but guess what? ♪

Jason doesn't get up under his own power, but Deacon grabs the hardcore veteran using his arm to help him. With an old school hard irish whip, Deacon sends Stalker across the room into a marble column. Stalker hits then ricochets, dropping to one knee then tumbling the rest of the way to the ground. His forehead wet, Jason touches it tenderly, feeling the swelling grow. He blinks, trying to see how much blood, but his vision still spins from the last few blows. With a shake of his head, Reeves gets some of his vision back just before the giant Mute Freak collapses on top of him with an elbow nearly caving in Stalker's chest.

♪ When the lights go up & the game is on - ♪
♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you? ♪
♪ When the the bell rings out & the fight is on - ♪
♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you? ♪

Deacon could feel Stalker's chest cave, feel the harsh breath rasp out of the elder Reeves. Deacon had waited so long, so many hours and days and weeks to get his hands on the man who had tortured, not just him, or even his wife, but his son for nearly a year.

The Deacon gets to one knee then uses Stalker's battered chest to push up to a second knee, Reeves giving a harsh exhale in response. By Stalker's torn and battered wife beater shirt, Deacon lifts Reeves up, the stunned Stalker's legs rubber beneath him.

♪ It's time for us to start throwing down. ♪
♪ Take a look & see who's standing now. ♪
♪ It's time for us to start throwing down. ♪
♪ Take a look & see who's standing now. ♪
♪ Look & see who's standing now. ♪

"I went to Stalker's world," Deacon growls, his accent thick. "T'at was not problem. T'e problem where you went. You came... my world. You came... my family. You put t'em t'rough hell."

Deacon pulls Stalker so their faces almost touch. "And I send you back t'ere."

Stalker lunges forward like a rabid dog, mouth open then closing on Deacon's cheek. Pain shots through Deacon, the Mute Freak reflexively pushing Stalker away before the Deacon grabs his cheek and feels his blood pour around his fingers.

He bit me, Deacon thinks. He actually bit me. I'm gonna put this animal down!

The Deacon turns to find that animal, but he finds a shovel against his head instead. The Deacon hits the cold concrete and then everything goes black.

♪ Say what you wanna say about me ♪

*♪ Throw up what you wanna throw up at me~♪
 ♪ But when you mess with those that are around me~♪
 ♪ That's when you & I will have a problem ♪*

They thought they had me, Stalker thinks, they actually thought they could get one over on Jason Reeves. He laughs, and it hurts, so he laughs some more as he tightens and loosens the grip on the shovel still in his hands.

"I'd bury you, with all of our secrets and lies. But... what really happened.. they'll never know about Riley..." Stalker says incoherently, "and this... this is New Orleans. No one gets buried around here, except under water."

Stalker swings the shovel down again, the dull thud of metal on flesh drawing another smile. "You should've stayed dead, Deacon, but I guess you types have a tendency to bounce back." With another snicker, Stalker adds, "Well, if at first you don't succeed..."

Stalker doesn't finish the cliché; the clang of the shovel against Deacon's back and the exhilarating groan sounds better anyway.

*♪ When the lights go up & the game is on - ♪
 ♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?~♪
 ♪ When the the bell rings out & the fight is on - ♪
 ♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?~♪*

Stalker grabs Deacon and pulls him to his feet before hooking the Mute Freak. With a heave, Stalker sends Deacon back to the concrete with a russian leg sweep, but he's not through. Keeping the hook, Stalker rotates his body around, spending 'PAINFUL' seconds picking up the big man for a second russian leg sweep, the smack & pain feeling good to Stalker knowing that Deacon's back would be on fire. Stalker rotates his hips again, and draws Deacon back up for one more. Again, it hits, and again, Stalker knows exactly what Deacon must feel like, and it brings Reeves joy. The Deacon doesn't move, not even a twitch, as Stalker's head lies next to the Mute Freak's. Dreamlike, Stalker stares at the ceiling, the two combatants' heads positioned almost like they're children sharing a pillow, chatting about all they're gonna accomplish when they grow up.

"So tell me, Mute Freak," Stalker says. "Are you going to tell me who your little White Masked friend is or... should I just leave you for the carcass you are?"

The Deacon stirs slightly. A groan escapes the Mute Freak's lips.

*♪ It's time for us to start throwing down. ♪
 ♪ Take a look & see who's standing now.~♪
 ♪ It's time for us to start throwing down. ♪
 ♪ Take a look & see who's standing now.~♪
 ♪ Look & see who's standing now.~♪*

The Deacon couldn't clear his head. The shovel. The drops. The leg sweeps. All of it scrambles any hope of a coherent thought. He squeezes his eyes shut, forcing thoughts forward. With bloody lips, Deacon tries to say his wife's name, but the words aren't there. He focuses on her face, or tries to, but it's so dark.

A thought breaks through - she's watching, followed quickly by another - he's watching.

"Jack," Deacon croaks out.

♪ I'm not afraid of loving my enemies ♪

"What's that, Deacon?" Stalker says, wondering if he just made the purported mute freak an actual mute. "Don't worry. Gonna call this fight over in a moment."

♪ Turning the other cheek.♪

Stalker hooks Deacon's head in the front facelock like so many others before.

♪Blessing those that would curse me ♪

"It'll all be over soon," Stalker says then lifts Deacon up for the patented Evenflow High Impact DDT. Reeves lifts Deacon's body up.

♪ I honestly want peace with you♪

"Night, night!" Stalker screams as he drops with the angle.

♪ But when you come against my country ♪

The Deacon rotates enough, using his 7 foot frame to make the angle so his feet hit the concrete first, stopping the momentum cold.

♪ When you come against my family.♪

Stalker, still holding on to Deacon's head, realizes the DDT didn't go as planned & releases the hold.

♪ You try to destroy my people ♪

But the Deacon doesn't release anything, still holding to Stalker's midsection.

♪ I can't just stand by ♪

The Deacon grips Stalker tighter.

♪ There's no way I can stand by.♪

Stalker squirms and throws a heavy blow to Deacon's back.

♪ This time I will not stand by ♪

Deacon heaves up, sending Stalker from New Orleans straight into the Northern Lights of Suplex-land!

♪ I am coming♪

Stalker keeps going until he finds another marble column to crash into.

♪ I am coming, and if I come, the pain is coming with meeeeeeeee!!!!♪

Stalker blinks, and looks up to find lights. Lots of light, but not the Guardian variety, just the stars that circle his vision until it clears enough to reveal a bloody, glaring, seven foot Mute Freak looking down at him.

♪ When the the bell rings out & the fight is on - ♪

The Deacon heaves Stalker up, sticking Jason's head between Deacon's knees before lifting him up and putting the Stalker in the Crucifix position for the Altar Call. Deacon pauses for a moment, then shakes his head, emphasizing his decision with a simple, "no." He releases Stalker, the stunned Reeves dropping to one knee.

♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?!♪

"What the--" Stalker says then feels the Deacon's arms wrap around his throat.

♪ It's time for us to start throwing down ♪
♪ Take a look who's standing now ♪
♪ It's time for us to start throwing down ♪
♪ Take a look who's standing now ♪

Cinching in the Cobra Clutch, Deacon pulls Reeves up by the head. Shards of pain shoot through the Mute Freak's back. Stalker reaches, squirms, kicks, and drops all his weight. Deacon cinches in tighter, holding the weight, and then with a roar that starts in Deacon's belly and extends, filling the mausoleum, the Deacon stands to his full 7 foot height.

♪ Look and see who's standing now ♪

The Stalker fights, claws at Deacon's face.

♪ Take a look who's standing now ♪

The Deacon screams and grabs Stalker's grimy hands between his teeth.

♪ Take a look who's standing now ♪

Until the blood stops flowing to Stalker's brain and he goes limp.

♪ Take a look who's standing now ♪

The Deacon drops the Stalker to the ground and turns toward the exit. The battle is over. The war has ended. And when he exits the mausoleum and steps beneath the starlit sky, the Deacon knows that one way or another, Jack is smiling.

"It is finished." Deacon says as he limps his way across the graveyard. "Time to go home."

The light on the Tron starts to break apart, diffusing into a multitude of dots that get smaller and smaller until they disappear, replaced by the DEFIANCE fist logo.

DDK:

That was...

Lance:

Not something we've ever seen before.

DDK:

And we've seen a lot with this feud.

Lance:

Do you think he's right?

DDK:

Pronouns, pal.

Lance:

Deacon. Do you think he's right?

DDK:

About what?

Lance:

If it's finished.

DDK:

If Stalker's smart, it is.

Lance:

For now.

DDK:

For now.

CAYLE MURRAY vs. LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for a certified dream match as two of the most decorated and accomplished wrestlers in DEFIANCE history meet in a big-time singles match for the first time on pay-per-view.

Lance:

And let's be honest, you can probably get rid of your "on pay-per-view" qualifier there, Keebs, because the last time Cayle Murray and Lindsay Troy went one on one was a total farce. Murray faced LT at DEFtv 74. This was back in November 2016, when Troy was the FIST, and while The Faithful were understandably excited about the prospect of them facing off, Curtis Penn ruined the match by attacking Cayle.

DDK:

I was there calling the action that night, Lance, and while that clash was a competitive but fair affair, that's not what we're going to get tonight.

Lance:

Cayle Murray is a completely different professional wrestler and, indeed, human being in 2021, and the level of animosity between these two hit a new level two weeks ago, when LT launched Cayle from the stage...

DDK:

... as revenge for Murray beating her up in the parking lot earlier in the evening, hoping to put her out of action tonight. Well, Cayle couldn't get the job done! Lindsay Troy is here, in the building, and she's got mauling on her mind.

Lance:

I wonder what kind of match we're going to get here, Keebs? It doesn't have a particularly violent stipulation attached but I can't imagine either is going to want to hold back. On top of this, stylistically, you could say that LT and Cayle used to know each other very well. Troy was close with the Murray brothers for a long, long time, but Cayle is a completely different wrestler nowadays. His style has completely flipped.

DDK:

It has, but Troy is one of the smartest and most adaptable wrestlers the sport has ever seen. If anyone's going to be able to adjust, it's her, but we won't know until the bell rings. When it does, Cayle won't be able to rely on the avoidance tactics he has been applying for the past couple of months...

Lance:

Let's kick it to Quimbey!

The shot switches to DQ, who stands in the middle of the ring, ready to roll. Benny Doyle paces around behind him.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall...

♪ "I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis ♪

The most obnoxious entrance theme in DEFIANCE history starts blaring around the arena with otherworldly synths and horrendous "rapping" violating the audience's earlobes. The Faithful immediately erupt in jeers, not even waiting for Cayle Murray to arrive on the stage. Puffs of gold confetti shoot up from the edge of the stage as a wall of perfect white sparks falls from the tron.

Out comes Cayle Murray, decked out in his standard colour-vomit ring attire and 24K track jacket. He looks out to the crowd, smiling, and holds his hands to his chest, asking "for me?!" in response to their reaction, before laughing it off. Jack Hunter accompanies him on his ring-walk.

DDK:

Perhaps unsurprisingly, given his general unwillingness to engage Troy face-to-face, Cayle Murray is bringing the

cavalry.

Lance:

I'm not sure Jack Hunter qualifies as "cavalry," Keebs, but he might be able to use him as a projectile or something.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Making his way to the ring from the Geo City, he weighs in at 220lbs, this is the self-proclaimed 'MOST DEFIANT'... CAAAAAAAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYY!

As usual, Cayle talks shit with a few audience members en route before finally hitting the bottom of the ramp and sliding him in the ring. He doesn't bother with any fancy poses and instead takes his corner. Hunter joins him and the two converse, but not loudly enough for the microphones to pick it up.

DDK:

Let's not forget that Cayle is coming into this on the back of a win over Jay Harvey, albeit through less-than-honest means. No matter what us or The Faithful may think of him, he remains one of the best in the world.

Lance:

But he might be up against *THE* best in the world tonight!

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Lakefront Arena's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful turn their attention to the entranceway with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage, hyping the Faithful up amidst the pyro blasts. After a few moments, she marches down the ramp, switching to "all business" mode and glaring daggers through the two 24K shitheads in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 195 pounds, she is a former Trios Champion and FIST of DEFIANCE ... **"THE QUEEN OF THE RING"** and your **"High Queen DEFIANT" LINDSAY TROY!**

Lance:

If looks could kill, Darren...

DDK:

Cayle Murray has ducked and dodged Lindsay Troy for two months, after many more of running his mouth unchecked. Sooner or later, it was going to catch up to him.

Lance:

And what better time than now?

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and she climbs the stairs and slips between the middle and top rope, foregoing her usual hop-onto-the-apron, flip-herself-over-the-top-cable routine. She then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and turning to face Cayle.

Once everything has settled down from LT's ring entrance, Benny Doyle takes the middle of the ring, putting a wall between the competitors. Fortunately for him, it doesn't look like they're about to leap into each other just yet. Troy is focused and stoic, glaring at Murray from beneath a furrowed brow, and while Cayle is more animated, he's giving instructions to Hunter while keeping his other eye on the opposition.

DDK:

Do you think Jack Hunter is capable of taking instructions, Lance?

Lance:

I have no idea what that man is or isn't capable of, Keebs. None at all. It's interesting that these two aren't just leaping into each other, though. An acknowledgment of each other's pedigree, perhaps?

DDK:

That's entirely possible. Troy and Murray can both be hot-blooded, but each has a head for the game as well. It can pay to be cautious in situations like this.

The building is full of loud, roaring chants for Lindsay Troy. Doyle turns around to call for the bell but notices Hunter is still in the ring.

FUCK HIM UP L-T, FUCK HIM UP!

FUCK HIM UP L-T, FUCK HIM UP!

FUCK HIM UP L-T, FUCK HIM UP!

Surprisingly, Jack heads out of the ring as soon as Benny tells him to, with Murray putting his hands up and backing into his corner. Doyle finally signals to the timekeepers' table...

DING DING**DDK:**

And we're off!

... only for Murray to immediately hit the deck and roll out of the ring.

Lance:

Oh no we aren't!

DDK:

If you had under one second for Cayle Murray's first powder, folks, take a drink...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Murray tells the audience to pipe down as soon as his feet hit the floor. He goes back across to Hunter, saying something in his ear. LT, meanwhile, stays perfectly still in her adopted corner.

DDK:

Benny Doyle's not going to have any choice but to start a count here...

And he does.

ONE

TWO

THREE

As the count progresses, Murray looks up at Troy and opens his body up a little.

FOUR

He calls for her to come outside.

FIVE

SIX

And again, beckoning her to the outside.

SEVEN

DDK:

Uh, I don't think that's going to work...

EIGHT

But Troy doesn't bite. Cayle cautiously hops onto the apron...

NINE

Then gets back inside.

Lance:

Looks like those head games aren't going to have much of an effect here.

DDK:

Let's see how things progress. What doesn't work in the first minute might do later on...

Murray is still coming through the ropes when LT closes the distance and forces him into a collar-and-elbow tie-up before he can get his bearings. She's able to force Murray towards the middle of the ring thanks to his early advantage, but Cayle gets his footing, pushing Troy back in the opposite direction.

Lance:

A tight, heated lock-up here, Keebs! They're really jostling for position!

DDK:

For now, it looks like this one is going to be a wrestling match between two people who really hate each other rather than a fight. Let's see who breaks parity!

The grappling goes back and forth, with both wrestlers finding spells of control, before LT is able to back Cayle decisively against the ropes. Benny Doyle makes his count, gets to four, and Troy breaks, holding her hands up before gently tapping Cayle's chest, letting him know she's in control.

Lance:

Troy with some head games of her own!

Cayle Murray:

Alright, alright. Very cute...

The Most DEFIANT smiles, watching as Troy takes the center of the ring. He comes forward slowly at first before exploding, feinting a lock-up attempt before throwing a looping kick that Troy ducks. Down low, she sweeps the legs then runs to the ropes...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

... only for Jack Hunter to grab her ankle as she attempts to rebound.

DDK:

And that's why Cayle brought the, uh, Superbest to the ring.

Lance:

I know, Keebs. Feels like you lose brain cells whenever you say that name, right?

DDK:

Right.

Jack lets go as Benny Doyle looks over at him. Meanwhile, Cayle clobbers Troy from behind, knocking her to the mat with a cheap shot to the back of the head.

Lance:

Oh come on!

Benny has his head in the game tonight. He forces Cayle away from Troy, backs him into a corner, and issues a swift admonishment, before pointing to Hunter...

DDK:

Uh oh!

... and throwing him out! The Faithful pop huge as Doyle throws his arms to the backstage area. When Hunter protests, his instructions only get louder.

Lance:

That's how you level the playing field!

DDK:

A no-nonsense approach from Doyle here, throwing Hunter out at the very first sign of shenanigans. Given the shortcut-taker Cayle has become over the past year or so, that's a wise piece of officiating!

Murray joins the protest, attempting to plead with Benny, but Doyle is having none of it. The Scot eventually hops outside the ring and joins Hunter at the end of the ramp, telling himself...

Lance:

Here comes LT!

Bursting into life, Troy baseball slides out of the ring, barges Hunter to the ground, then throws forearm after forearm in Murray's face! She puts a knee to his gut and rolls him back inside as the crowd explodes.

DDK:

LT is fired up now!

Murray dashes across the ring to hit the ropes as Troy puts him inside. Lindsay leapfrogs him as he comes back so Cayle hits the ropes again, this time attempting a charging low dropkick which LT side steps. The Queen of the Ring hits the ropes herself and comes back with a John Woo dropkick to Cayle's gut, sending him against the ropes. Murray hooks his arms over the top rope to prevent a rebound.

Lance:

Troy gets the better of the first big exchange, but out goes Cayle!

Sure enough, Murray is straight out of the ring, looking to regroup, but Troy is right out after him! Hot on his tail, Troy's baseball slide knocks Murray into the barricade before she climbs out, throws Cayle back inside, and tries to ground him this time, immediately applying a headlock. Murray battles to his feet and throws fists into LT's ribcage, slackening her grip enough to weasel out and wrap his hands around her waist for a German Suplex... but Troy lands on her feet! The crowd pops for the athleticism as The Queen lands a stiff high kick to the back of the head, knocking Cayle down.

DDK:

There's your first true knockdown of the match - and it's advantage LT! Great poise to counter out of the German too.

Lance:

It looks like Cayle is trying to lay traps for Troy to walk into but Lindsay is coping with them well for now! She's gotta keep the pressure applied, though...

Troy pulls Cayle to his feet by his hair and stifles him with a couple of forearms to the face. With Murray staggered, LT hits two body kicks with her right foot, a leg kick with her left, and a spinning back kick to the gut. A couple of chops redden Cayle's chest up as he backs into a corner.

DDK:

A clear striking advantage for LT here early on!

Cayle gets stomped in the gut then hit with another couple chops, before Troy monkey flips him out of the corner. She darts across the ring, hits the ropes, and puts him flat on his back with a sliding lariat!

Lance:

Look at the pace LT is setting here! How do you stifle a stifler? By kicking his ass all over the ring!

DDK:

That's exactly what she's doing too. Cayle looks like a drunk trying to leave the bar at 5AM in there...

Troy lets Murray get up but he's all over the place. Wobbly on his feet, he staggers back and forth, unsure of where he is, instinctively swinging a wild punch as Troy comes close. LT dodges this easily, then another, before she grabs a third, wrenches the arm behind his back in a hammerlock, then clubs him in the head. Seeing the opportunity, LT hits the ropes with a springboard and comes flying at Cayle with a back elbow!

DDK:

And down goes Cayle again! This is all Lindsay Troy at the moment and it stemmed from Jack Hunter getting banished from ringside!

Lance:

I wonder if that goofball managed to make it back to 24K's Sweet Suite or if he got lost along the way?

DDK:

Huge Poochie vibes from that guy, admittedly.

Not letting the pressure drop for a second, LT assumes full mount and rains forearm after forearm down on the Scot below. She breaks on four then gets up to her feet, taking a breather for a second.

DDK:

A hot start from Troy for sure but she's got to be conscious of burning through too much gas here. She's a supreme athlete, no doubt, but Cayle Murray is a survivor. Remember his wars with Eric Dane and Bronson Box?

Lance:

She's smart enough to control her levels of exertion, for sure. It's a fine balance because while everybody needs to catch their breath at times, Troy won't want to let Cayle back into it.

Let Cayle back into it, she does not. Troy pulls Murray up, puts him in the corner, and chops his chest a couple more times. His pectorals are now bright red. She grabs a free arm and tries to whip Murray across...

DDK:

Cayle with the counter!

The Scot hammer-throws with the whip, so LT hits the deck upon connecting with the turnbuckles. Murray charges for the basement dropkick!

Lance:

NO!

But Lindsay Troy rolls out! Cayle's boots hit the bottom 'buckle, jarring his knees painfully!

DDK:

Great escape from Troy there! Her clear strategising is paying off huge!

LT gets back inside, pulls Cayle up, puts him in the front facelock and hits a standard edition suplex, releasing a little early so that he lands in the center of the ring! Not relenting for a second, Troy takes Cayle up to his feet, applying a clinch.

Lance:

Lindsay could really do some damage here. We've already seen how pronounced her striking advantage appears to be.

Troy lands some punishing Muay Thai style knees to Cayle's body in the clinch. He's in trouble, and he knows it, so he pulls his and Troy's bodies back as one, reaching the ropes. Lindsay breaks as Doyle begins his call but Murray slides his torso through the top and middle ropes, shaking the grogginess away.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Cayle needs this breather! This match has been little more than a blitzing from Troy so far. While The Faithful might not like it, this is actually smart.

Lance:

Smart or cowardly, take your pick. We've seen this kind of behaviour from him before.

DDK:

And we will continue to see it until the day he retires.

Cayle Murray:

Piss off a second, would you?

The Scot attempts to *shoo* LT away.

Cayle Murray:

Ref! Ref! Get her to piss off, please.

Doyle just shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Alright, fine!

The Most DEFIANT attempts to slide out of the ring but Troy is wise to it! She pulls him back through the ropes and throws a kick... but Cayle catches it! A Dragon Screw leg whip twists LT's knee ligaments and brings her down onto the canvas. Finally in the ascendancy, Murray waits for Troy to get up, adopts a striking stance... then rolls out of the ring again.

DDK:

Finally, one of Cayle Murray's traps pays off.

Lance:

And when it does, he bails! At least the crowd is letting him have it.

FUCK YOU CAYLE!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

FUCK YOU CAYLE!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

FUCK YOU CAYLE!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Troy is far from downed. In fact, she's on her feet, rushing across the opposite set of ropes, cartwheeling...

DDK:

OH NO!

... and eating a faceful of mat before she can execute her diving suicide corkscrew senton! Murray swipes her feet, makes her hit the deck, pulls her a few inches closer, then slams her right knee down on the edge of the ring!

Lance:

Troy just hit the mat hard! And now Cayle is going after the knee!

Indeed, Murray has taken Lindsay over to the post. He wrenches the knee around it tightly for a few seconds, waiting until Doyle counts to three before slamming it violently against the steel, drawing vitriol from everyone in the building. He walks away from the official, cursing him.

DDK:

And this is the dangerous thing about *this* version of Cayle Murray. He is very, very adept at suckering people in, even somebody as skilled as LT.

Lance:

Those traps didn't come off for him early in the match and he has likely had to switch his gameplan since Hunter got thrown out, but he's doing it.

DDK:

In his own dastardly way, yes he is.

Rather than getting inside the ring, Cayle pulls Lindsay Troy to join him on the outside. He slaps her hard across the face and she tries to swing back, but the pain in her knee makes her stumble. Murray comes forward with a couple of forearms then slaps her in a tight headlock, using that to pull her across and smash her face into the edge of the ring. Doyle starts counting...

ONE

TWO

CRASH!

That's the sound of The Queen of the Ring going into the barricade!

THREE

FOUR

While Lindsay Troy struggles on the outside, Cayle just sits himself on the edge of the ring, tapping an invisible wristwatch.

FIVE

Lance:

I feel like we say this every week, but Cayle Murray sure is a piece of work, isn't he?

SIX

DDK:

He is, but he can't win the match from there... as happy as he'd be to take a count-out.

SEVEN

Cayle finally rises to his feet and gets back inside. He walks away and holds his hands to his sides, expecting to be called the winner...

EIGHT

NINE

But Troy gets back in just at the last second!

DDK:

Phew! That was a little too close for comfort!

Murray doesn't see Troy coming back in but knows it has happened from the crowd noise. Already feeling it in her knee, LT isn't quick enough to react when Murray comes at her with a low dropkick while she's still kneeling, dropping her to the mat again. Seconds later, Cayle has put her out of the ring again.

Lance:

He's dragging her back over to the barricades!

That he is. Once there, Cayle slips Troy's leg through the steel bars and pulls back tightly, stretching the knee again. Doyle hops out of the ring and administers the count. Murray breaks his hold just before the five, removes LT from the barricade, lifts her leg, and starts stomping down on the targeted joint.

DDK:

Classic, textbook limb work from Murray here. A strategy as old as the sport itself, even if he has carved this opening by playing loose and fast with the rules...

Lance:

Troy needs to get out of this situation! We saw against Pop Culture Phenoms how effective Murray's grinding, targeted assault can be. Elise Ares walked into that match hurt, admittedly, but Cayle can be surgical!

LT lands a couple of forearms as Cayle brings her to her feet but she gets stung by a kick to the knee, making her buckle. Murray lifts her boot up and smashes the knee into the deck. Finally, he rolls her back inside, joining her in the ring.

DDK:

Jeesh, look at this guy...

In firm control now, Cayle flexes both of his biceps and drops to one knee, basking in the vitriol.

Lance:

He's loving this - but will it be his undoing?

Murray paces around the ring, recovering some of his lost stamina, letting the lactic acid build-up leave his muscles before stepping back towards Troy, who tries to hit him with an upkick using her good leg.

DDK:

Oof! That was close!

Cayle skips behind Troy and pulls her to her feet. She battles back with some elbows to the ribcage but again, a shot to the knee stifles her. Murray applies a full nelson then lifts LT overhead, putting her into the mat with a Dragon Suplex! He follows up by immediately hitting the deck, putting Lindsay in a knee lock.

Lance:

And now comes the blanket-like grappling, which is surely a product of training alongside James 'Perfection' Witherhold.

DDK:

We know how effective this strategy can be for a guy like Perfection and with LT's knee already hurting, Cayle is in a good spot here.

Lance:

The building is baying for an LT comeback, though! They'll will her to her feet!

Troy has enough about her to work closer to the ropes. Suddenly, Cayle twists the knee violently, then hits his feet. He grabs a handful of Troy's hair and mouths off before slowly pulling her up. He takes too long, though! Troy fies back with a few shots to the gut and explodes to her feet!

DDK:

Here she comes!

But no! A swift eye gouge breaks the flurry. Cayle quickly throws her head under his arm and launches her into the corner with a standing suplex before Doyle can admonish him for the eye gouge. Popping back up, he parades around the ring with his arms outstretched before going over to Troy, who is slouched in the corner. Murray palms her face with mockingly soft slaps, telling her to get up...

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Lance:

Man, Cayle's really poking the hornet's nest here...

DDK:

I'm not sure this is the wisest idea myself.

Spoiler: it was not the wisest idea.

The building comes unglued as Lindsay Troy fights through the pain, bursting to her feet to take Cayle by surprise. Murray eats some *HARD* forearm shots!

DDK:

Here comes the comeback!

The adrenaline helps Lindsay battle through the pain as she runs to the ropes, leaps...

Lance:

Oh my god!

... but gets caught as she attempts the leaping Hurricanrana! Cayle grabs her legs as she jumps almost like a modified flapjack, driving her knee down into the mat!

DDK:

Man that was a *TOUGH* landing for Troy!

Lance:

Right on the knee as well. Did you see the way Cayle bent the joint midair to ensure Lindsay's knee would take the full brunt of the impact?

DDK:

The technique is impeccable, but you know, I think those forearms may have taken a bit out of Cayle...

Murray backs off before continuing the assault, holding his jaw. Troy shuffles back towards the corner as she is composing himself and slowly pulls herself to her feet. When she's up, Cayle charges... and eats a mouthful of boot!

DDK:

Troy got her good leg up!

Lance:

And now she has bought herself a breather! That landed right on his jaw!

Cayle goes to one knee but Troy needs the recovery time herself. A few seconds later she shakes the pain from her knee, comes forward, sidesteps a kick aimed at the knee, skips behind, and puts him down with a reverse DDT!

DDK:

This should be the opening Lindsay needs!

As quickly as she possibly can, Troy moves across the mat and through the ropes. She pulls herself to her feet on the outside...

Lance:

Really? On one leg?!

When Cayle gets to his feet, The Queen of the Ring hops up, flies forward, and springboards in with her flying front-flip neckbreaker!

DDK:

She got it!

She did, but the move takes a toll. The impact of crashing back into the ring sends barbs of hot pain pulsing from her targeted knee.

Lance:

That obviously did more damage to Cayle than Lindsay, but she's going to have to deal with that pain all match long.

Both wrestlers are on the deck. Cayle is clawing his way across the rough canvas while Troy is clutching at her knee, then trying to stretch it out.

DDK:

Who'll be first to their feet here!

Murray, dazed, uses the ropes to pull himself up. The Queen of the Ring doesn't but hops on her good leg before planting the other one down. It's a pain she has fought through hundreds of times before. She's used to it.

But it still hurts.

The Most DEFIANT comes back across the ring, looking to lock things up, but he gets clocked by Lindsay and her superior reach. A jarring straight palm strike lands flush on Cayle's jaw and sends him tumbling to the deck! Towering over his downed body, Troy battles through the pain to hit a standing Moonsault!

DDK:

Such fight from Troy here - and beautiful Moonsault to boot!

Lance:

She's rolling, now. Finding her groove!

The support of the audience helps Lindsay back to her feet one more time. She moves across to a corner for a moment's respite then turns back around, ready to continue, but Cayle's body flies up from the canvas and launches into her knee before she can properly turn!

DDK:

Chop block! Cayle with the chop block!

Lance:

To the side of Troy's knee as well! That could snap a ligament!

DDK:

Murray came here to take shortcuts. We always knew that was going to be the case, but will Troy be forced to do the same with the punishment he is inflicting on that knee?

Having found his wind again, Cayle gets up, takes Troy with him, and immediately drills her with a standing DDT. The Queen gets set up in the corner and eats a running Yakuza Kick! Murray stops her from falling, sets her back up in the corner, props the bad leg up on the ropes and kicks upwards to choruses of jeers! He takes her out of the corner, clutches the wrist, and pulls her into a short-arm elbow strike!

DDK:

SUPERNOVA ELBOW!

Lance:

That could be it!

ONE!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Whoa!

Lance:

LT kicking out at one! It's going to take a lot more than that to put her down tonight!

Murray vocalises his frustration and slaps the mat before getting back into it. He stalks his opponent for a few seconds then charges with another attempted chop block.

Troy jumps over him!

And comes crashing down onto the small of his back with a double stomp!

DDK:
WOW!

Lance:
What a counter!

The crowd comes alive. Troy falls down immediately, the move hurting her own knee, but Cayle is in agony.

DDK:
Incredible, but that's what happens when you're facing somebody with the ring IQ of Lindsay Troy! Just like that, the tide could be turned!

Back on her feet, The Queen pulls Cayle to his feet and applies a lock-up, attempting to maintain control while also giving herself a breather. This goes well for her as she works into a side headlock until Cayle swings a boot backwards, catching the bad knee. Another shot to it and LT is forced to break. A leg-hook STO stands Troy face-first into the mat, but both wrestlers are down now.

DDK:
On the balance of it, you'd have to say this is a pretty even match so far, though Cayle likely has the advantage as a result of his targeted knee work.

Lance:
I can't argue with that at all. The crowd haven't relented in their support of Troy, who'll need to act fast to escape another period of control from Murray.

The Most DEFIANT is the first to his feet. He has a new idea for Troy, now, as he takes her across the ring and sits her up on the top turnbuckle. Cayle climbs onto the second, rattles her jaw with a couple of forearms, sending her reeling. Now, he puts her head under his arm...

DDK:
Cayle's looking for a superplex!

Lance:
But Lindsay's fighting it!

Troy smacks him hard in the side a couple of times, forcing Cayle to break. He clutches his side, hurting, but swings with his other hand. LT's body slumps backwards almost to the point of falling off...

Lance:
WHOAAAA!

... but the crowd gasps as she lunges forward, blasting Murray again!

DDK:
Troy almost got toppled!

Murray suddenly leans forward, thumbing the eyes for a cheap advantage, before applying the front facelock, adjusting his balance, and driving LT down into the mat!

DDK:
And there's the superplex!

Lance:

He had to fight for it, but that'll drive the wind out of anybody's lungs.

DDK:

Think of the pain shockwaving its way down through Troy's body as well, all the way to that knee...

The move appears to have taken something out of Cayle, who sits up, holding his back. Benny Doyle says something to him but the only words we pick up are "eyes," "again," and disqualification."

Lance:

What a benefit it is, having a guy like Doyle officiating this match. He takes his craft very, very seriously and while wrestlers like Cayle Murray will always find ways to bend the rules, Doyle isn't allowing him to outright break them.

DDK:

And make no mistake, Cayle doesn't want to be disqualified here. He wants to *BEAT* Lindsay Troy. He'd likely take a countout if it meant his name being read at the end of the night, but he's here to win, despite spending much of the past two months trying everything to actively avoid LT.

The Scot is back on his feet, now. A smile stretches across his face as he kneels down towards the struggling Troy, openly mocking her. He takes a step back and calls her to her feet.

Troy obliges.

DDK:

Careful now...

LT suddenly comes to life and lays into him with an explosive flurry of strikes, including a couple of kicks with her good leg, the last of which is so hard it forces her bad knee to briefly collapse between her. Sensing danger, a dazed Murray bails to the outside...

Lance:

And out he goes again!

DDK:

HOLD ON THOUGH...

Running on adrenaline, ignoring the pain, LT hits the ropes, cartwheels, and flies over the top with the suicide corkscrew senton!

Lance:

SHE HIT IT!

DDK:

HUGE MOVE FROM LT! LISTEN TO THIS AUDIENCE!

Everyone in the building is on their feet as LT rolls off Cayle on the outside.

Lance:

A huge one, no question, but at what cost?! Look at Troy...

Indeed, LT's face is a mask of agony. She clutches her bad knee as she rolls another metre or so away from the Scot.

DDK:

That's what happens in the heat of battle - you reach deep into your bag of tricks and pull out things that might end up hurting you as much as the opposition. You only get so many of them, though...

Lance:

It looks like Troy's gonna be able to get back inside the ring at least!

ONE

TWO

THREE

LT is back under the bottom rope, now. She's still hurting and opts to stay seated on the mat, gritting down on her teeth as she tries to straighten the knee out. Meanwhile, Murray stirs...

FOUR

FIVE

DDK:

Looks like Cayle's going to be fine here as well...

SIX

"Fine" might be a stretch, but Cayle gets back inside before he's in any real danger. Adrenaline takes over for Troy who charges at the seated Murray, hitting a diving shoulder tackle that knocks him back down to the mat. Pain is etched across her every feature as she clambers up, takes Cayle with her, and knees him in the gut. With Murray doubled over, Troy hooks the arms...

DDK:**FINAL JUDGMENT!**

The front face plant sends Murray into the mat. Groggily, LT rolls him onto his back.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Dammit, Cayle's foot is under the bottom rope!

DDK:

He might have kicked out anyway, but that saves him the exertion of having to kick out.

Lance:

I'll tell you what, Keebs, this has been one hell of a strategic battle so far. The explosions have come in short bursts only, with both wrestlers' strategies telling the story of the fight.

DDK:

Indeed. Cayle is crafty and loose of morals, using those traits to open doors that wouldn't have existed for him a few years ago. Troy, meanwhile, has clearly done her homework and is doing a good job of utilising her physical advantages, even if she is up against it, injury-wise...

Hobbling and staggering to her feet, Troy grabs Murray's head and tries to pull him up.

DDK:

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! TROY KICKS OUT!

Lance:

Cayle almost had it!

Both wrestlers get to a knelt position. Cayle is breathing heavily, looking a little messed up from the head shots he has taken, while LT is ready to throw. She launches the first knelt forearm...

YEAH!

The crowd likes that one.

When Cayle responds with a forearm of his own?

BOOO!

Not so much.

YEAH!

BOOO!

YEAH!

BOOO!

YEAH!

BOOO!

Lance:

They're slugging it out!

The two rivals battle to their feet, throwing bombs back and forth.

YEAH!

BOOO!

When they're all the way up, Lindsay throws the full force of her upper body at Cayle, immediately dropping him to the mat with a short lariat!

DDK:

What a stiff shot from Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

Shades of Jason Natas in that one! A man very, very familiar to both of these former friends!

Troy decides it's time for her, too, to get nasty. She kneels down, pulling Cayle up by under his chin, hitting him with a

few slaps of her own.

DDK:

A taste of his own medicine for the Starbreaker!

Another slap.

Another.

Before Cayle desperately *PUNCHES* her straight in the knee! Murray shakes away the immediate jolt of pain and looks to work the advantage, stomping down on Troy a few times before pulling her up from behind, locking up, and driving her into the mat with a German Suplex - one that actually lands!

Lance:

Cayle's back up!

Murray stumbles a little, not quite in full flow, but goes over to LT nonetheless. He slowly hauls her up to her feet, putting her hand under his arm.

DDK:

Another suplex, perhaps? A Brainbuster?

Whatever it is, it doesn't come.

Cayle struggles to get Lindsay up in the air but Troy is able to slide right out of the attempted move!

Lance:

Excellent counter!

LT applies a half-nelson and hooks the neck but gets backed into the corner before she can hit whatever she's attempting! She shoves Cayle away and comes forward. An enzuigiri misses, Cayle ducks! The upkick catches Murray's chest, sending him backwards, and up goes Troy...

Head kick?

Ducked!

Leg sweep?

Cayle leaps over it!

LT then jumps, trying to apply a flying cross armbreaker, but Cayle prevents her from straightening his arm out and straight *LIFTS* her off the mat!

DDK:

Look at this strength! He's going for a one-armed powerbomb!

No! Sharp 12-to-6 elbows come crashing down on Cayle's skull! Troy lands on her feet and checks herself as Murray charges... but she counters with a monkey flip into the corner!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

Cayle landed right on his head! You wouldn't typically call a move like a monkey flip dangerous, but when you smack

your back against the turnbuckles and fall straight down? Awful.

DDK:

And at the end of such a frantic exchange of counters too! These two still know each other very, very well!

The flurry of activity comes at a cost to LT, whose knee is hurting more than ever. She is forced to tend to it before unleashing further punishment.

Lance:

But this is where the accumulated damage comes into it! Yes, Troy is on top at the moment, but she hasn't been able to hurt Cayle like he has her.

DDK:

This goes without saying, but she's really going to need to avoid further damage to that knee from here on out. She's as tough as they come but every human body has its limitations!

Murray clambers up slowly. He leans his entire body weight over the top rope and catches his breath, noticing that the entire side of the arena is mocking him.

Why?

Because LT is right behind him!

Cayle turns around and throws wild shots, but he's woozy. Troy dodges them with ease and hits a teep kick to push him back against the ropes. Lighting Cayle's chest up with a couple of shots, LT looks to the corner, getting an idea. Slowly, carefully, she puts the Scot on her shoulders and starts walking across on one good leg.

DDK:

Is she...?

Lance:

She's going to put him in the corner! Lawn dart!

No!

Murray *SQUIRMS* out the back before Troy can throw him head-first into the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Cayle's loose!

He elbows the back of her skull, grabs her head and waistband, and violently throws Troy through the top and middle ropes, her shoulder crashing into the post before she falls all the way down! Murray uses so much force that he falls to the mat himself.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Keebs, that was brutal! LT might have a separated shoulder! Did you hear the *CLANG*?!

DDK:

How could I miss it?! It looked like her bad knee wasn't playing with her there as she attempted the lawn dart, and Cayle is feasting now!

Lance:

This could be the turnaround!

Wiping the smile from his face, Cayle amplifies his own intensity, rolling out of the ring and stomping down hard on LT, using the top of the barricade for extra elevation. He targets the knee with the last one, bringing his full body weight down on it.

DDK:

More punishment! I think that limb might fall off by the end of this...

Working quickly and with increased urgency, Murray ragdolls LT towards the steps then pulls the top step up...

Lance:

Uh, Keebs?

DDK:

Yes?

Lance:

What on earth is he doing?

DDK:

I dread to even think...

... before sandwiching LT's bad leg between them. The people in the front few rows gasp as he gets back inside.

Lance:

No...

Cayle climbs to the top rope.

DDK:

No, no, no...

Leaps from the top.

DDK:

AHHHHH!

And hits a double stomp onto the top part of the stairs, with LT's knee taking the full impact!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

A STOMP! A STOMP FROM THE TOP ROPE WITH LINDSAY TROY'S KNEE *SANDWICHED* IN THERE!

DDK:

How is she going to be able to continue?!

Benny Doyle is anxious to get the wrestlers back inside, knowing he can't disqualify Cayle for something that technically isn't illegal. He watches as Murray slides under the bottom rope then begins his latest count...

ONE

TWO

DDK:

My god, will this be a tall order...

THREE

FOUR

Lance:

Maybe she should stay down... for her own good?

FIVE

LT is conscious, at least, but rolling on the floor, agonised. She won't let go of her knee.

SIX

DDK:

Staying down isn't in her vocabulary, Lance!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Cayle Murray's eyes widen.

NINE!

Benny gets ready to call for the bell...

TE-- NOOOOOO

DDK:

SHE'S IN! TROY BROKE THE COUNT!

A surge of hope pulses through the building as Lindsay drags her broken body back inside.

It is extinguished in *milliseconds*.

Lance:

KNEEBAR! KNEEBAR BY CAYLE MURRAY!

Murray seizes the hold like a lion catching its prey. He wrenches back with everything he's got.

DDK:

Look how tight it is!

Cayle keeps wrenching.

And twisting.

And pulling.

Lance:

I don't think there's any way out of this!

Murray's face is rapidly turning purple as he roars at Troy to tap out! She balls her fists and smashes them into the

mat.

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

DDK:

Listen to these people! If anything's going to get Lindsay Troy through this, it's them!

Gritting her teeth, Lindsay digs her elbows into the cold, unforgiving mat.

Lance:

SHE'S MOVING!

And lurches backwards, bringing her about a foot closer to the ropes.

DDK:

INCREDIBLE!

Another almighty heave takes her closer still.

DON'T TAP OUT!

DON'T TAP OUT!

DON'T TAP OUT!

Cayle has roared himself hoarse at this point. Balls of spittle fly from his mouth as he wills Troy to tap...

Lance:

ANOTHER ONE! ONE LAST PUSH!

Desperate, Murray lets go with one hand and tries to use it to pull himself backwards...

DDK:

SHE GOT IT!

But this momentary lapse in pressure allows Troy to *FINALLY* reach the ropes, falling backwards and grabbing the bottom one with both hands.

Lance:

Incredible! An unbelievable display of resilience from Lindsay Troy!

DDK:

That's why she's one of the best in the world!

Lance:

And Cayle is furious!

So angry is Murray that he doesn't even keep the move locked in for the full four count. Instead, he pops to his feet and gets right in Doyle's face, yelling with whatever's left of his voice.

DDK:

Oh no, Cayle might get himself disqualified here!

Lance:

What is he doing?!

DDK:

He's frustrated! I think he really thought Troy was going to tap to the kneebar!

The arena becomes a cauldron of noise as Doyle *BITES BACK*, asserting his authority with a finger to the chest and a little shove that sends Cayle back a step or two.

DDK:

GET 'IM BENNY!

Lance:

CAYLE CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Murray's eyes are wider than perhaps they've ever been. The entire building is on its feet now, united in its hatred of the conniving Scot.

And hey, just when you thought it couldn't get louder.

DDK:

SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

There it is!

Troy flies in at Murray, who lands in the corner.

Lance:

LT OUT OF NOWHERE!

DDK:

And now she's moving across the ring, *DRAGGING* that leg behind her!

In the opposite corner, Troy gets ready for something that she knows is going to hurt like hell, but might be the next step in putting Cayle Murray away.

She runs as fast as the bad knee will carry her.

Leaps.

Flies.

DDK:

A SINGLE QUEEN'S GAMBIT IN THE CORNER!

LT's one good knee strikes Cayle right in the face. The adrenaline helps her forget the immense pain she's in for just a second as she grabs the top two ropes in the corner, pivots up, then swings all the way back down, crashing her good, left knee into Cayle's face again.

Lance:

WOWWWWWW!

DDK:

LINDSAY TROY IS ON FIRE!

Lance:

SHE'S GONNA DO IT!

As quickly as she can, Lindsay pulls Cayle up, grabs one of his legs...

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME!

Lance:

HERE IT CO--

No.

Murray slips out.

Hits the deck, rolls to the outside.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A few bits of trash get thrown at the Scot, who collapses in a pile of pain and sweat.

Lance:

How many times?!

DDK:

An ungodly amount, Lance, but Cayle Murray just saved his own skin! LT was about to put him away!

This time, there will be no waiting around from Lindsay Troy, who heads straight out after him, practically lands on top of Murray, and starts blitzing the downed man with ground and pound!

DDK:

LOOK AT TROY GO!

She gets up and, without taking a step, tosses Cayle into the barricades. Pivoting around on her good leg she throws him into the side of the ring, next, then throws his corpse back inside.

Lance:

PURE, UNBRIDLED FIRE FROM TROY!

She stumbles on her way up, but Troy gets there and puts Cayle in the corner, peeling off a couple of stinging chops. Her control is complete.

DDK:

That leg's gotta be on fire, but never doubt the grit of Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

She's entered a different zone here, Keebs! She's got murder on her mind...

Perhaps wanting to make an example out of Murray, Troy lays off for a second, pacing back into the middle of the ring. Stone-faced, she extends her arm, calling for him to come forward.

DDK:

Huh...

Which he does.

Troy taps her own chin. She wants Cayle to throw.

She wants to embarrass the prick.

Cayle throws.

TROY throws.

And catches him a split second before his own strike lands, knocking him down! The crowd pops huge for the sheer badassery on display.

DDK:
WOWWWWW!

Lance:
The confidence on display there, Keeps! Unbelievable!

DDK:
Lindsay Troy rules the DEFIANCE ring!

LT lets Cayle writhe on the mat for a second or two. She might be enjoying this, but you'd never know from her face.

DDK:
The end is nigh, Lance. Troy will have her day.

Troy goes to pick Murray up. It's a struggle at first, but she gets there, then takes a position behind him and applies the inverted underhooks, driving him down with a reverse DDT. She sits upright and throws her sweat-sodden hair back instead of covering immediately.

Lance:
The knee damage has robbed Troy of much of her offense, and I'm sure the physicality she has enacted has taken a huge toll as well, but that one's still good!

DDK:
And it looks like she's about to finish it off!

She is.

Tired and sore, Lindsay Troy gets up.

She takes Cayle Murray with her.

Or at least *tries* to.

Because just as Troy grabs his hair, Cayle lunges himself forward with what might be his last surge of energy.

LT goes back-first into the turnbuckles!

Lance:
HE LIVES!

Murray bursts to life, charging at Troy with a low dropkick to the knee! He gets right up, grabs that boot, and Dragon Screws LT into the middle of the ring.

Then hits the turnbuckles!

DDK:

MURRAY'S GOING UP TOP!

Lance:

BUT LOOK HOW LONG IT'S TAKING! HE'S HURT TOO!

It takes Cayle a lot longer than he'd have hoped to struggle to the top. LT is stirring by the time he rises.

But he shakes the grog away.

Flies.

DDK:

MOONSAUL--

Lance:

NO!

LT rolls out of the way!

But Cayle adjusts.

Lands on his feet.

And then.

Karma.

His own knee buckles and collapses beneath him.

An *UNGODLY* sound comes out of Cayle Murray's mouth. It resembles a dying animal.

DDK:

Oh... oh no...

Lance:

This doesn't look good.

DDK:

At all.

Murray is thrashing around on the mat. He screams and yells, his face turning purple once more. A man in complete and utter agony.

Lance:

I've never seen Cayle in such pain, Keebs. Nobody in this building likes the guy, but he could be seriously hurt.

DDK:

Is he going to be able to continue? What's going on?!

Lance:

Looks like Benny's about to check him over...

DDK:

God, what an awful way for this to end...

LT has come-to. She's back on her feet, wiping the sweat from her brow. Momentarily, her better nature takes hold.

Lance:

Doyle's checking him over, seeing if he's good to continue.

But no, fuck this.

Troy's compassion disappears. That little shit doesn't deserve a single second of it.

She hobbles forward, goes right for the wounded animal.

DDK:

Troy's moving in!

And then.

In a split-second.

Far, far too quickly for Lindsay Troy to react.

ONE!

Her shoulders are being pinned to the mat.

TWO!

With a handful of tights, unknown to Benny Doyle.

THREE!

DDK:

What the?!

Lance:

WHAT?!

DING DING DING

The bell rings. Cayle Murray springs off of Lindsay Troy and immediately gets the hell out of the ring, sliding under the bottom rope and collapsing on his backside.

DDK:

It was a *FAKE!* Cayle was never injured! He suckered Troy and Doyle in for long enough to pull the trigger, and he pinned her with the tights.

Lance:

That piece of--... UGH!

A mile-wide grin stretches across Murray's face. In the ring, an exhausted Lindsay Troy can only collapse backwards, a medical team rushing down the ramp to tend to her brutalised knee.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... CAYYYLEEE MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Have you ever seen anything like that in your career, Lance?

Lance:

Cayle knew he was in the deepest of trouble - Troy had the match won - so he set the greatest trap of all. He missed the Moonsault and yes, it looked like he hurt himself, but he clearly didn't.

DDK:

The Faithful are letting him have it, and rightly so! What a robbery!

Outside, Cayle springs to his feet, leaping in the air like he has just won his second FIST.

Lance:

You know, it says a lot about Cayle Murray that he's willing to celebrate *THAT!* A pathetic display, truly.

DDK:

And yet his name is being read as the winner. Pro wrestling isn't fair, Lance, but I can't imagine Lindsay Troy is going to take this one lying down either.

FIST OF DEFIANCE, LOSER LEAVES: MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS

Cut to a video package.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

The DEFCon graphic hits the screen, followed by the addition of Main Event.

Voice Over:

Tonight ...

Cut to a clip of Scott Douglas' hand being raised in victory by Benny Doyle.

VO:

The long-standing rivalry ...

Cut to a clip of Mikey Unlikely, in victory, proudly holding his FIST of DEFIANCE in its explicable protective case.

VO:

... draws to a final conclusion.

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Cut to Scott Douglas' victory over Mikey Unlikely in the 2018 ACTS of DEFIANCE ladder match, holding both the Southern Heritage and Hollywood Heritage titles.

VO:

Two men enter ...

Cut to quick-paced clips of the pair trading blows and highlights from many matches over many years.

VO:

One man ...

Cut to more action between the rivaling pair.

VO:

LEAVES!

"Leaves" echo off as the music fades suddenly under a large bass swell.

Cut to a side by side of The Champion and his challenger.

The graphic fades and we focus on the commentary table where our two lead announcers tell the tale.

DDK:

Coming up next is the match everyone's been waiting for, but no one wants to actually see happen! Two of DEFIANCE's biggest stars over the last decade will meet in one final epic clash to determine who leaves DEF once and for all! On one side of the ring you have Seattle's own "SubPop" Scott Douglas. Former record-holding Southern Heritage champion, and one of DEF's true heroes.

Lance:

And on the other side of the ring, is the longest-reigning FIST in years. DEFIANCE's first grand slam champion and the man Scott Douglas defeated to win his SOHER. For over 400 days Mikey Unlikely has been carrying DEFIANCE on

his back as the flag bearer. For over 400 days the Faithful have waited for someone to take down a man whose smarts have prevailed over and over again.

DDK:

It's for the FIST of DEFIANCE and it's for both men's careers! The stakes couldn't be higher as someone's going home without a job!

Off-camera, a familiar voice is heard.

Voice:

I can't wait to see McFuckass sent packing!

DDK's eyes light up with surprise, Lance looks confused.

DDK: *[turning around]*

It can't be...

It is. It's "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland! He approaches the table and gestures for Lance to slide over.

DDK:

I'll be ...

Angus:

DAMNED! Yes you will, Keebs. How the hell are you?

DDK:

I'm doing just fine, Angus! Ladies and gentlemen, what a surprise here for this MAIN EVENT at DEFCON 2021! We apparently ... are being joined by long-time DEFIANCE commentator Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

I wouldn't miss this for the world, Keebs! The lead singer of the failed band, the Russian Leg Sweeps is here to banish McFuckass from DEFIANCE once more!

Angus glances toward Lance and turns back to Keebler.

Angus:

What's with the kid?

DDK:

Angus, you know Lance Warner.

Angus:

Nice to meet you, kid. I'll show you how it's done.

DDK:

You worked with Lance, literally for years ...

Lance pays Angus' antics no mind as we head back to ringside.

Lance:

This feud has been an off again on again war for years now. Two men who clearly can't stand one another. It's safe to say, the day Mikey Unlikely won the FIST he's desperately been trying to hold onto it. The one-man he wasn't eager to face... has finally gotten his shot. The one man who took Mikey's last championship gets a shot at his current one. The stakes have been raised. This just goes to show you what being the BEST in DEFIANCE will do to a person's psyche.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen ... at this time ...

Darren pulls the microphone away for a moment, sighing heavily before continuing to be the consummate professional we know and love.

Darren Quimbey:

... I'm told, it is my *pleasure* to introduce your special guest ring announcer for the **MAIN EVENT** of **DEFCON** ...

♪ "Generic DEF Radio Theme" ♪

DDK:

Quimbey deserves better.

Darren Quimbey:

He is one of the most controversial SHOCK JOCKS in the history of broadcast radio... Without a doubt one of the loudest and most abrasive voices in media today... he is the HOST of DEF Radio and the Self-Proclaimed MASTER of the MICROPHONE... ladies and gentlemen... SCOTTY... FLASH!!!!!!

He steps through the curtain to a mixed reaction. Arms wide and open, he strides with confidence, dressed like the devil in a black and red 3-piece suit.

Lance:

Scotty Flash, of course, the host of DEFIANCE Radio, which has certainly got some people talking!

Angus:

I think this guy has pissed off more people in less time than even I could imagine!

Dressed to the nine-point nines, Scotty Flash steps out taking an overly obvious sip from a can of MikeyMoney Energy before handing it to an event attendant. Hair slicked back, he tips his black sunglasses towards the camera and gives the crowd a wave before starting an excited, brisk trot down the aisle. He tags some fans outstretched hands along the way, selectively ignoring others... the lights dim, and the crowd murmurs in anticipation...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Big pop for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son as soon as the music hits. Scott emerges from the curtain; the same jeans shorts, the same sleeveless black t-shirt, donning the Sub Pop Records logo. Douglas has never been much for the over-the-top fanfare but he has always appreciated the Faithful. With a quick gesture, he acknowledges the outpour of love before heading down to the ring ...

DDK:

Scott Douglas ... with his DEFIANCE career on ... the ... line ... makes his way to the ring!

Lance:

Potentially, for the last time.

Angus:

You watch your mouth! If Mikey wins, we riot!

The Official, Benny Doyle ushers Scott Douglas into his corner.

"Be quiet a second would ya!?"

"Never underestimate your opponents"

"Expect the unexpected!"

"I don't understand you people..."

♪ *"Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls* ♪

The lights in the arena cut out to pitch black. Finally, with a loud bang, a single spotlight hits the curtain where wrestlers emerge. The FIST Display case comes out first attached to the wrist of the champion. Mikey Unlikely slides through the curtain where new ring gear that's black and white. He stops in the spotlight and looks out over the crowd, the majority of which boo back in his direction. He smirks and removes his sunglasses.

DDK:

Down the ramp comes the FIST Of DEFIANCE he looks poised and ready but the question remains...

Lance:

Where's the rest of 24K!?

DDK:

Remember Lance they cannot interfere in the match tonight. This is between Mikey and Scott and the winner is going to earn this one. If Mikey wants to do what he claims to always do and outsmart his opponent he's going to have to do it alone.

Lance:

A terrifying thought in its own right.

Angus:

24 what? You know what, I don't even care... Let's get on with it!

Wiping his feet on the ring apron the champion steps inside. He makes sure Scott Douglas is backed into his corner before fully entering. He moves to the middle of the ring where Scotty Flash and Mikey Unlikely share an embrace. Scotty Flash eyes Douglas across the ring over his sunglasses.

Lance:

Should the champion be hugging the Ring Announcer?

DDK:

Is Scotty Flash the newest member of 24K!? After all the love he's been giving Mikey on the airwaves I wouldn't be surprised!

Angus:

Alright, alright ... I'll bite, what is a 24K?

DDK:

Well --

Angus:

I DON'T CARE!

Mikey holds the FIST case up with both hands high above his head as the camera flashes go off around the building. He points at Scott Douglas and shakes his head. Scott takes a few steps towards the champion but Benny Doyle holds him off. Unlikely laughs and steps to Douglas, which causes Doyle to turn and back Mikey into his own corner while checking him for foreign objects.

The pair stare each other down briefly before Mikey opens his mouth as usual.

Mikey Unlikely:

ONE ON ONE... THEN YOU'RE OUTTA HERE!

He points to the exit doors. Douglas shakes his head as the music stops. He gets warmed up in his corner.

The performers bask in the moment, flashbulbs pulsing, the roar rising all around them like an angry sea. Doyle gestures Scotty Flash forward and with a smiling nod, the radio host steps up, slots his black sunglasses in his jacket coat pocket, and with a well-practiced smile, eyes the rabid crowd. He raises the mic to his lips...

Scotty Flash:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...

The crowd says it along with him and the words echo, booming around the Lake Front Arena.

Scotty Flash:

...with a ONE-HOUR TIME LIMIT and is for the FIST ... of DEFIANCE!!

As the crowd greets that news with a generous pop, the camera cuts to a close-up of the FIST case, flashbulbs reflecting off of its surface. Scotty Flash's eyes sweep the crowd, loving the moment.

Scotty Flash:

In addition, the LOSER of this match must LEAVE DEFIANCE WRESTLING... FOREVER!!!

Another ridiculous pop. The air is full of doubt and tension. We are treated to an intense close-up of an equally intense Scott Douglas followed by a shot of a confident Mikey Unlikely, smiling wide.

Scotty Flash:

Introducing first... he is the challenger...

A raucous chorus of applause lights through the arena. Douglas looks over his shoulder for just a moment, acknowledging the crowd. Appreciating them. The cheers grow louder. Scotty Flash clears his throat, only just off-mic. He has an all-business look about him.

Scotty Flash:

He hails from Seattle, Washington... and weighs in tonight at 223 pounds... he is DEFIANCE's FAVORITE SON... He is "SUB-POP"... SCOTT... DOUGLAS!!!

Douglas steps forward in time with the crowd's eruption, raising a fist (of DEFIANCE) all his own high above his head. For a moment, all is still. The camera catches the silhouette of his raised fist against the blazing light of the DEFiatron. The flashbulbs rain down, a torrent. Scotty Flash steps backward artfully to avoid Douglas in the ring. Douglas eyes the radio host for a heartbeat before turning his attention back to his opponent... he backs back into his corner and crouches in waiting. Scotty Flash steps forward as the smile returns to his face, stretching broadly.

Scotty Flash:

And His Opponent...

The crowd lets loose how it feels as Mikey Unlikely doesn't wait for his name to step forward, arms akimbo. Scotty Flash strains his trademark pipes to be heard over the cacophony of hate being tossed Unlikely's way.

Scotty Flash:

He calls the fabled Hills of Hollywood, California his home... and finds us tonight at a svelte and shapely 221 pounds... for over an unprecedented FOUR HUNDRED days he has stood tall not just as your CHAMPION but as your personal and essential ROLE MODEL... the longest-reigning FIST in the HISTORY of DEFIANCE... he is THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER... Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you -- asking precious little in return -- your FIST of DEFIANCE... none other than MIIIIIIKKKKKKKEEEEEEEEEEEYYYY.....

UUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNLIIIIIIIIIIKKKKKEEELLYYYYYYY!

You didn't think the boo's could get louder and yet... here they are. Scotty Flash takes a moment to dig the sound of his own voice bouncing around the arena and marvel at Unlikely's showmanship in the ring, then nearly stumbles into a waiting Douglas in his corner. With that, Flash dips out of the ring as quick and as nimbly as he is physically able, anxiously tucking the mic inside his suit jacket.

Inside the ring, Benny Doyle makes sure both the Champion and the challenger are ready. He signals for the bell as the fans get loud and excited once again.

Angus:

The final McFucking chapter! I'm so excited, Keebs.

The two circle for a bit. Mikey looking for a hole in the defense of Scott Douglas, The challenger looking for an opportunity to capitalize on the champion.

Mikey sticks a hand out for a lockup but it's quickly swatted away by Douglas who isn't here for a "wrestling match". Unlikely looks to the crowd quickly as they react positively to Douglas. That's when Scott makes his lunge.

He gets right on top of Mikey and starts throwing hands. Left than a right then a left in quick succession. Unlikely is reeling, looking for the ropes or some kind of support. He stumbles over finally and Doyle gets in between the two to separate them.

Mikey Unlikely:

What the hell was that, ref!?

Mikey is ducked between the second and third rope, out of the reach of Scott Douglas who's now back in the center of the ring bouncing up and down. He's ready for war.

DDK:

Douglas peppering Mikey with those shots to the face.

Lance:

The Mikey Money Maker as he calls it.

Angus:

Will you just shut it, Lonnie?

As the champion moves away from the ropes he keeps his eye on Douglas. Scott once again moves in quickly to strike, but Mikey catches him in a reversal of roles this time. Headlock takeover takes down Douglas, Unlikely sits on it, and sinches the hold tight. Douglas rocks back and forth trying to use his weight as momentum, finally, it works and he's able to power Mikey back up to his feet, the champion meanwhile refuses to let go of the hold.

DDK:

Unlikely has that headlock firmly but Douglas finding his way to a vertical base.

Douglas pushes Mikey back until he finds the ropes, then he uses them to try to shoot Mikey off the other side with an Irish whip. Unlikely holds onto the hold instead and drags Scott Douglas right back down to the mat face first.

Lance:

The Champion holding on with all he's got. He's slowly wearing down Scott Douglas with this hold. Cutting off circulation and otherwise trying to gain control of the matchup.

Once more the same thing happens where Scott Douglas is able to eventually (with the help of the crowd) get back to his feet. Unlikely switches from the head to a standing hammerlock. Scott swings backward a couple times trying to

land an elbow to break the hold. As Benny Doyle walks around and his view is obscured for a second, Unlikely takes the opportunity to grab Douglas by the hair and pull him down to the mat backward. As Douglas lands, he immediately kips back up and stands in Mikey's face.

DDK:

Woah...

Mikey Unlikely backs up with both hands in the air pleading for Douglas to cut him some slack.

No such luck.

Scott Douglas throws an elbow that cracks against the side of the face of the Champion. The crowd roars to life with Scott Douglas as he continuously hits Mikey shot after shot.

Lance:

It's quite obvious that Scott Douglas is here for war. He's here for a fight. He's here to end the rivalry that started many years ago. On the other hand Mikey is trying to throw off Scott Douglas with a wrestling match. Trying to keep Douglas off his game by using moves maybe Douglas didn't prepare for?

Angus:

Monopoly Mikey is an idiot.

Scott Douglas shoots Mikey off the ropes, but when he comes back Mikey slides between the feet of Douglas. Unlikely gets right back up and grabs Douglas by the arm and sends him running as he turns around. Douglas is able to land the shoulder tackle onto Mikey sending him careening into the mat once more. Mikey quickly scoots to the ring apron before Douglas can follow up.

DDK:

Unlikely making a move to the outside.

Angus:

Not so fast Keebs.

Scott Douglas makes chase, and grabs Unlikely over the top rope and pulls him to his feet. With the ring ropes separating the pair of wrestlers, Douglas goes for a suplex attempt back into the ring. Unlikely wraps his legs around the bottom rope and resists being lifted. When Douglas puts him back down, Unlikely grabs him by the head and jumps to the floor sending Douglas's neck first into the top rope, before he falls back into the ring holding his throat.

Lance:

Smart move by the champion, he's able to create some space.

Angus:

McFuckass has never made a smart move in his life, Landow. Don't mislead these people.

Outside the ring Mikey has his hands on his hips, trying to get his breathing under control. He looks at Douglas before turning around and jaw-jacking with the fans in the front row who are yelling at him.

He slowly reenters the ring as Scott Douglas is trying to find his feet. Mikey wastes no time, he runs up behind Douglas and slams a knee into his back, sending him vaulting forward into the turnbuckle chest first. Douglas stumbles backward where Mikey is waiting to roll him up for the match's first pin attempt.

Benny Doyle slides into position.

ONE ...

DDK:

Remember ladies and gentlemen, the loser goes home, leaving DEF!

Kickout!

DDK:

And it's not over yet.

Angus: *[to DDK]*

Someone is packing up this Rodeo Drive Douchebag's shit, right?

Flustered, the Champion slaps the mat and gets right into the official's face. Asking him why he's counting so slow.

Mikey Unlikely:

IS THIS SOME KIND OF CONSPIRACY AGAINST ME!

Unlikely helps Douglas to his feet with a pull of the hair and moves him into the turnbuckle. Mikey climbs up to the second rope and starts throwing punches down on Scott Douglas. Benny Doyle begins his five-count but just before he reaches it Douglas reaches up with both hands and pushes Mikey off, sending him crashing to the mat below. Mikey rolls through and ends up on his knees as Scott Douglas comes walking out of his corner. Mikey puts both hands up in a pleading motion, but Douglas ignores it. Unlikely crawls backward finding a turnbuckle of his own. With his hands on the ropes, he ducks under the second rope, Benny Doyle is forced once again to get in between the two and break them up.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely using every single bit of the rules to his advantage. Constantly ducking Scott Douglas.

Angus:

Story of his fucking life!

Mikey gets up smiling, knowing he's got some sort of protection, he even now eggs Scott Douglas to bring it to him. The Champion now asks for a lockup again, this time Douglas is happy to oblige, the two lock horns in the center of the ring as the Faithful in the Lakefront Arena get loud.

Unlikely ducks under Douglas's arm and pops him in the abdomen with a knee that catches him off guard. Then he lands another one. He smiles as he walks away from the doubled-over Douglas, but when he turns back around there's a lariat coming his way that finds the mark. Mikey goes down.

He gets back up.

A forearm shiver to the face sends him back down.

He gets back up.

Scott Douglas lands a dropkick flush into his chest.

He gets back up.

Scott Douglas kicks Mikey in the gut, grabs him around his neck and arm, and lifts him up and over his head and down to the mat with great impact.

Angus:

YUS! Break his Hollywood neck!

DDK:

Head and arm suplex there by Scott Douglas that's the biggest move of the match thus far! Unlikely is down!

Lance:

Douglas makes the quick cover but not even one!

DDK:

Obviously, Lance - Mikey Unlikely hasn't made it over four hundred days by giving in that quickly.

Douglas, off the failed pin attempt, pulls the FIST of DEFIANCE back to his feet.

Angus:

My bet, he made it over four hundred days being a cheating, weaseling and in general being a fuck ass.

Douglas presses the dazed Unlikely against the ropes and shoots him to the other side but Mikey, clever as always isn't as dazed he let on. The Champion hooks the top rope and brings himself to an abrupt stop.

DDK:

Some of your favorite attributes, Angus.

Douglas charges forward but Mikey drops to the canvas and rolls under the bottom rope.

Angus:

NOT WHEN HE DOES IT!

Down on the floor, the FIST smugly points to his head, letting Douglas know that he is always outthinking the challenger.

DDK:

What is this now?'

On the far side of the ring, Scotty Flash is now up on the apron and shouting at Scott Douglas.

Angus: *[laughing]*

Did ... did he just say he smells like balls?

DDK:

Long story.

Angus:

Lost interest.

Douglas turns to the screaming Scotty Flash as Doyle insists the DEFRadio host get off the apron or be tossed out of the ringside area. While Scott's attention is temporarily taken off of Mikey, the FIST reaches under the bottom rope and pulls Douglas' feet out from under him. Douglas smacks the mat face first before Unlikely begins to drag him to the outside. "Sub Pop" manages to free one ankle and turn himself over but still finds himself on the ringside floor. As Scott's momentum coming off the apron stands him up, he leans into a big right hand from Mikey Unlikely.

DDK:

This is more like the Mikey Unlikely we all know and...

Angus:

...despise in every essence of our being!

Mikey follows up and grabs a reeling Scott Douglas and runs him headlong into the guardrail.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely, clearly, entered into this match with a game plan but it seems as if now he may be diverting back into old habits. This could favor Scott Douglas, who is extremely familiar with Mikey Unlikely and his tactics.

Angus: *[to DDK]*

Really though ... who's the kid?

Darren ignores Angus' bit as the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE slides into the ring just enough to break official Benny Doyle's count. He returns to Scott Douglas, who is attempting to pull himself back to his feet. Unlikely "helps" him up only to lay in a right hand sending Douglas back against the guard rail. Instinctively, Douglas recoils from the pain and walks into yet another. Doyle's count rises as Mikey returns to the ring to break the count once again.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely is acutely aware of the count and is keeping things both, in his favor on the outside of the ring as well as making sure not to be disqualified. Very smart.

DDK:

I'll tell you what isn't smart, Lance. Scott Douglas had this match guaranteed! Why accept Mikey Unlikely's stipulation to begin with!?

Angus:

The kid I get ... but you aren't *that gorram* dense are you, Keebs?

DDK:

...

Angus:

The title doesn't change hands on a count out or DQ.

DDK:

Your point?

Angus:

If McFuckass can't beat Douglas clean - the title won't change hands, but Mikey is still out!

Lance:

That is a fair point, Angus. Douglas guaranteed himself a clean match! If Unlikely costs himself the match on account of a DQ he's gone forever. For a long time that's been an option for him, and out if you will... not tonight! Not when his career is on the line!

Angus:

Don't talk to me, Lewis.

Outside the ring the Champion moves Douglas to the ring apron and sends him rolling back in. Unlikely moves to the ring apron, then uses the top rope to slingshot himself over the rope and down across Scott Douglas's throat with a leg drop. He moves to make a quick cover, and Benny Doyle slides into position.

ONE...

Mikey puts his feet on the second rope for extra leverage.

TWO...

The Faithful boo loudly.

Before he can bring his hand down for the third time Doyle sees the feet on the ropes and stops counting. He gets in the face of Mikey who drops his legs.

Benny Doyle:

CUT THAT OUT! IT'S NOT GOING TO BE TOLERATED!

Slapping the mat more in frustration of being caught, Mikey moves Douglas to a more advantageous position and then he heads up to the second rope. As he sizes up Scott Douglas he mocks to the crowd and they boo back loudly at him again. He makes a crying motion before jumping off.

DDK:

Mikey trying for his patented diving FIST drop...

Lance:

Pun Intended?

DDK:

What Pu....oh....

Angus:

Shut up, Lawrence.

Mikey dives but as he does Douglas is able to move out of the way just in time. With his fist hitting the mat, Mikey gets right back up holding his wrist. Douglas gets up and grabs Mikey by the side.

Angus:

The lead singer of the Russian Leg Sweeps with his own rendition!

Russian leg sweep from Douglas to Mikey leaves his wrist and his head in pain. Scott Douglas, not wanting to give Unlikely a remote chance of coming back, quickly moves to an armbar on the champion. Mikey stands up through the Armbar and backs Douglas once again into the corner.

Angus:

Scott Douglas spending more time on the corner than a New Orleans Ho!

DDK:

ANGUS!

Angus:

I'm back home baby!

Mikey chops at Douglas overhand and finds his chest, after a second one Douglas lets go of the armbar but spins Mikey into the corner instead. Now, Douglas lands two or three strikes to the head and chest of the Champion. Mikey turns him around again and now he's back on the attack. A couple of right hands to the face, and Benny Doyle now warning Mikey of DQ with the closed fists. It's enough to gain the advantage.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely snapmares Scott Douglas out of the corner. He hits the ropes, and comes back with an elbow drop that finds its mark! Now he makes the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Scott Douglas kicks out with authority, pushing Mikey all the way off his body. A surprised Mikey gets back in Benny Doyle's face once more talking about slow counting. Benny reminds him he counts the same speed for every count, and asks Mikey if he'd like him to speed up while HE'S pinned instead?

Unlikely turns around and Scott Douglas is up and ready for him. A few big right hands, the third one takes Mikey off his feet and onto his back. Douglas is getting fired up in the middle of the ring. Unlikely gets up but Douglas immediately back on the offensive. He hooks Mikey for a suplex and snaps him down to the mat. Douglas isn't done there, he holds onto the hold and lifts Mikey to his feet once more, this time he picks him up in the air and holds him there. The crowd starts counting out loud, by the time Scott reaches 7 seconds, he drops Mikey down with a devastating brainbuster that leaves the crowd "Oooooohhhhhh'ing"

Douglas breathes heavily on the mat before turning over and pushing himself to his feet. Unlikely in the middle of the ring cradles his head and kicks his feet in pain and frustration. Shaking a few webs loose he's able to slowly make his way back up to a vertical base.

DDK:

Looks like Douglas is up first and he grabs Mikey again and shoots him off the ropes. Unlikely coming back and takes a hard dropkick! Scott Douglas put a lot of pop on that one! What velocity. He's not done yet, folks.

Douglas grabs Mikey by the hair. A move that elicits a frown from The Champions face. Pulling him up he goes to slingshot him into the ropes once more but this time he guides him to the turnbuckle instead. Douglas follows him in almost immediately and jumps.

Lance:

What a running leg lariat by Scott Douglas! It finds its mark as Unlikely stumbles out of the corner and onto his face!

For the first time in the match, Scott Douglas motions to the crowd, and they respond in kind with cheers.

Angus:

Don't leave any openings! Get on McFuckBoi now!

Scott Douglas does just that, with a quick sprint he drops and is able to nail a baseball slide into the ribs of the Heavyweight Champion. Unlikely painfully rolls to the outside to get away from Douglas. He stumbles a bit on the outside and is hunched over. Scott Douglas moves over to that side of the ring and climbs onto the apron. Douglas (now behind Mikey on the apron) sizes him up as he stands all the way back up. He takes off.

Angus:

THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT!

DDK:

WHAT A DEVASTATING MOVE!

Lance:

SCOTT DOUGLAS JUST CAME OFF THE APRON, CAUGHT MIKEY'S HEAD, AND DROVE HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE LAKEFRONT ARENA FLOOR WITH THAT DIVING BULLDOG! HOW CAN THE FIST RECOVER IN TIME!?

Both men lay crashed out on the floor as Benny Doyle begins the ten count.

DDK:

I don't know if a count-out is the way Scott Douglas wants to win this one. He's said many times he wants to put a definitive end to this feud.

Angus:

Who *GORRAM* cares how he wins it! We have one goal. No more Hollywood wannabe! No more bullshit!

Benny Doyle reaches six before Scott Douglas is back to his feet. As he stands up so does the entire Lakefront Faithful. Douglas breaks the count and rolls back out. He grabs Mikey and lifts him up, rolls him back into the ring near the corner.

Scott Douglas then moves to the top rope.

DDK:

I think he's going for it!

Lance:

This is one way to put the Champion away!

Douglas measures the distance in his mind before making the daring leap.

The only problem is Mikey is able to roll out of the way...

Lance:

Scott Douglas just missed that moonsault! That could have been all she wrote! This one is not over yet ladies and gentlemen.

Angus:

No shit, Lanyard.

Mikey Unlikely army crawls his way to the corner and uses the turnbuckle pads to pull himself to his feet. He's dripping sweat and clearly in a lot of pain. He looks over at Scott Douglas laying on the mat and smiles a bit. As the camera catches this the Faithful booing loudly.

The Champion saunters over to Douglas confidently.

Mikey Unlikely:

What's wrong Douglas, can't hit the big move? Can't get out of your own way? You thought this was all over, didn't you!?

Douglas gets to his hands and knees, Mikey meanwhile swats him on the back of the head mockingly.

Mikey Unlikely:

C'Mon Scott! The Faithfuls champion right? The man who's finally going to end my reign? PUH-LEASE! Get up you worthless sack of shit!

That's all Scott Douglas needed to hear. Like a bat out of hell, he stands up and just starts throwing forearms at the champion. Much to Mikey's surprise, he's unable to get out of the way in time. The arena comes alive once more for Scott.

Douglas kicks Mikey in the stomach, which once again sends him through the second and third rope, and falling to the outside of the ring. When Scott Douglas jumps off the apron this time, Unlikely takes off running.

Lance:

Mikey runs around the ring, watch out though because Scott Douglas is right behind him!

Angus:

Riveting play by play, Lewis.

The champion tries to beat Douglas around the corner and dives into the ring but Douglas is able to grab a foot just before he gets away. Mikey's eyes go wide as he realizes he's caught. He shakes his head quickly but it had no effect on Douglas' mindset. With one pull Douglas is able to pull Mikey all the way to the floor onto his stomach. This also

restarts the referee's count.

Douglas grabs Mikey's head, lifts and slams it back down on the floor. He then mounts the champion and continues to throw strikes. The officials count gets to seven before Douglas hops back in and back out again. Now he digs under the ring for something. Benny Doyle hops out of the ring just as Scott Douglas comes out from under the apron with a steel chair.

Angus:

SMASH HIS FACE IN!

DDK:

NO! He will lose this match by DQ if he does anything to circumvent the rules here. Doyle doesn't mess around.

Benny Doyle relays the same message to Scott Douglas who tosses down the chair in frustration. He doesn't want to be DQ'd either and needs to make sure his emotions don't get the better of him. He moves back over to the champion and pulls him back up. Scott Douglas puts Mikey on the ring apron and climbs up himself. After hooking The Fist, he lifts him up and drops him headfirst onto the Apron.

DDK:

DDT onto the hardest part of the ring!

Angus:

How does everyone know that? Have you ever been slammed there?

Mikey falls back outside onto the floor and as he does one of his flailing arms hits Benny Doyle right in the face.

Lance:

Oh! Wrong place, wrong time for Doyle!

Doyle covers his eyes as it seems he was poked there.

Angus:

DQ! DQ! That's definitely a DQ!

DDK:

That was hardly purposeful, Angus.

Lance:

Wait, what is Scotty Flash doing!? He's supposed to be the guest ring announcer!

Scotty Flash has left his ringside seat and now is taunting Scott Douglas. Calling him names and otherwise creating a distraction.

Angus:

Now, who's that guy!? Leon?

Scott Douglas moves towards Scotty Flash, ready to teach him a lesson.

DDK:

Now keep in mind, Scotty Flash is a Mikey Unlikely apologist. He's clearly a fan of the Champion here and is invested in seeing him retain.

Lance:

I believe it was Mikey Unlikely himself who got clearance for Scotty Flash to be here tonight.

Angus:

Woah Woah Woah, back up. McFuckass has fans!? I leave you guys for a few short months... and the whole place goes to shit!

Mikey Unlikely is slow to get up but he's doing his best. Flash sees this and pulls out the microphone he stuffed in his jacket pocket earlier. With a smile and a wink to Scott Douglas, Flash tosses it high trying to make it over the challenger so that the Champion could catch it.

No such luck.

DDK:

WAIT! Scott Douglas caught the mic! He didn't throw it high enough!

Douglas spins the Mic in his hand, turns hard and plants it right into the face of Mikey Unlikely who sprawls out on the ground after. The fans in the Lakefront eat it up. Douglas then turns around and runs after Scotty Flash who tries to getaway.

Angus:

GET HIS ASS!

Douglas does just that.

The challenger is able to grab the Special Guest Ring Announcer by the neck of his sports coat. Pure panic crosses the face of Scotty Flash. Scott Douglas holds the mic up high into the air.

Scotty Flash :

WAIT NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO! I WAS TRYING TO HELP *YOU* ALL ALONG!

BOOOM**DDK:**

Scotty Flash is down! What a shot from Scott Douglas! He brought that microphone right across the nose of DEFRadios newest host!

With Scott Flash down Douglas now checks on Benny Doyle who's somewhat recovered from his eye injury. Meanwhile, DEFMED staff are on their way down the ramp to check on Scotty Flash.

Lance:

Are they bringing a gurney!?

Angus:

What has this place become?

Douglas is able to grab Unlikely and toss him back into the ring with authority this time.

Mikey rolls up and gets to his feet just as Douglas makes it back through the ropes. Mikey makes an ax handle motion and goes to bring it down on Sub Pop's back, Scott's a little too quick and brings a foot up and into the gut first. When Mikey doubles over Scott puts Mikey into position before delivering a piledriver in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Consistent neck and head work by Scott Douglas. I guess the strategy is "Mikey can't outsmart anyone if he's got a concussion!"

Scott Douglas goes for the pin attempt, he smartly wraps Mikey's legs up as well. Benny Doyle moves to where he has a great line of sight on the shoulders.

ONE....

TWO....

Unlikely uses his entire body to kick out of the attempt. The crowd lets out a collective sigh of disappointment. Sub Pop wastes no time as he gets a better grip and tries again to pin him.

ONE...

KICKOUT!

Angus:

You can't do it back to back! He's ready for it the second time! C'mon!

Douglas puts Mikey in a side headlock and uses it to yank him up by his neck to his feet. He transitions into a front face lock and has him set up.

Lance:

Looks like he's going for the DDT he used earlier...

Mikey Unlikely grabs the top rope and uses it to hold himself upright as Douglas tries to deliver the move. It gives him a moment to catch his breath but it isn't long before he's throwing stomps the way of Scott Douglas. He reaches down and sits Douglas up. He places one arm under his chin. Scott's eyes go wide and quickly he moves out of Mikey's clutches before he can lock in his Sleeper Hold.

DDK:

Unlikely attempting to finish this right now with his patented Sleeper! Douglas wise to get out of there. That's the same move he beat Elise Ares with at Ascension!

The Champion follows him across the ring but Douglas is able to reach out and throw another kick at Mikey slowing his progress. After a couple of steps back, the champion refocuses and comes in again. He hits a quick uppercut on Douglas. Scott fires right back with a quick elbow to the mouth of Unlikely. Unlikely fires right back with another fist. Douglas shoots a forearm.

Each shot gets faster and faster. Both men come alive and battle it out in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Back and forth, champion and challenger! They're both giving it all they've got! This is it for one of these men, the end of a DEFIANT journey and now is the time to reach down deep inside and pull out everything you have in the name of survival!

Angus:

PUNCH HIM IN THE FACE DOUG E DOUG!

After a few back and forth rounds Unlikely is unable to muster a strike and Douglas smells blood and attacks. Four more consecutive shots have Mikey on spaghetti legs.

"Sub Pop" grabs Unlikely around the midsection and launches him.

DDK:

Belly to belly suplex! What power from Scott Douglas tossing the FIST across the ring!

Lance:

COVER!

ONE!

TW -- NO!

DDK:

I hate to say it but after *over* four hundred day as the FIST of DEFIANCE ... it is going to take more than that to knock Mikey Unlikely off that pedestal!

Angus:

He is both a pedo ... and stool. Confirmed.

Douglas, frustrated but vigilant, stays on the long-reigning champion. Scott pulls Unlikely up to his feet, wobbly as they may be, and grabs a front face lock.

Angus:

For *gorram* sake ... not this failed DDT again!

Lance:

I don't think so, Angus!

Angus:

Shut up, Larry!

Douglas grabs Mikey Unlikely's left wrist and pulls the champ's arm up over his neck.

DDK:

This looks like ...

Scott reaches down for the left knee ...

DDK:

THE SUB POP ...

The long-reigning champ didn't get here by accident, he snatches the leg back and shoots in a gut-punch with his free right.

Lance:

Maybe not ...

Douglas didn't get here giving up quite that easy either, he takes the blow and returns an alternate knee in return.

DDK:

SU ...

Douglas again grabs for the knee. This time he has it. With a brief up and down motion, almost a one, two ... THREE! Douglas lifts, turns the FIST of DEFIANCE upside down, cradled in the Fisherman's Suplex and ...

DDK:

PLEX!! SUB POP SUPLEX!!!

He drops the FIST on his head in a brainbuster.

Angus:

Cover him! *GORRAM* COVVVVVEEEEERRRR HIM!!

Douglas recoils from the impact, flipping over on top of Unlikely, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--

NO!!

Angus:
MOTHERFUCKER!!!!

DDK:
ANGUS!

Angus:
SUCK IT KEEBS! SOMEONE HAS TO PUT THIS ASS CLOWN ... *DOWN!*

After the kickout Unlikely is holding his head. Trying to recover. Douglas can't believe that didn't do it.

Lance:
I don't know how many people have kicked out of the Sub Pop Suplex, Darren, but it's not many!

Angus:
You aren't the stats guy, Lowel? ... the *GORRAM* hell are you here for then!?

Douglas shakes off the shock Mikey's kick out and snaps back to his feet. He ushers up a recovering Mikey as well. Again, front face lock ...

DDK:
Back to the well! If ONE can't do it ...

Angus:
The hell makes you think two will?

Lance:
Well, logically if the first full weight drop on the head didn't cause a concussion ... then a second is likely to do so.

Angus:
NOW YOUR TALKING, LESLIE! DROP HIM ON HIS HEAD!

As Douglas goes to lift The FIST, Unlikely comes to and lifts Douglas over Mikey's shoulders, Douglas sails over the top rope and tumbles to the floor on the outside. Benny Doyle begins his count as Unlikely tries to figure out what's next.

DDK:
Mikey refusing to be dropped --

Angus:
SUB POPPED! .. what does that even mean?

DDK:

... dropped ... a second time, and instead drops Douglas out of the ring. Now it appears he's heading out as well... and just as Sub Pop is getting back up from that hellacious fall.

Mikey looks at the guardrail and attempts to Irish whip Scott Douglas into it. Douglas reverses it and instead sends Mikey in the opposite direction.

SMACK!

Unlikely hits the barrier back first and crashes to the floor. On his way down he tries to grab anything he can to stop his fall and drags down a member of DEFSEC with him.

Lance:

That member of security is of course at ringside to keep an eye out for fans who foolishly decide to try and take matters into their own hands.

The camera catches Mikey Unlikely pulling something off of the Security Guards belt and putting it into his tights but it's hard to make out what the object was.

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?

Scott Douglas is back on the attack and grabs Mikey off of the ground and tosses him directly across a set of ring steps back first. The crowd elicits a loud "Holy Shit" chant as Mikey skips across the steps like a flat stone on water.

DDK:

That's got to hurt! There's no other way to call this, it's a fight at this point ladies and gentlemen. These two men have to give it everything! Are we going to be without Mikey Unlikely or Scott Douglas when the bell tolls!

Angus:

Dramatic much.

Lance:

My nerves are shot!

Angus:

Nancy.

Mikey lands near the ring attendant who holds items for the Wrestlers during the match.

Lance:

That doesn't even jive with your bit.

The FIST of DEFIANCE case is sitting on the table.

Angus:

Lancy.

Lance:

Closest you've gotten all night. I'll take it!

Angus:

I bet you will ...

As Douglas takes a quick few seconds to break Benny Doyle's count before 10, Unlikely begins to get up and sees the

championship case.

DDK:

Here comes Scott Douglas again... No! Mikey with a quick European uppercut. Now he rolls Scott Douglas into the ring. Wait what is he...

Lance:

He's got the FIST case! Unlikely is getting back in the ring. Benny Doyle sees him and is on him before he's even between the ropes!

Angus:

WHY THE HELL IS THE FIST IN A DISPLAY CASE!?

DDK:

Long story, Gus!

Angus:

NOT A THING!

DDK:

What is important here; is that Doyle has halted Mikey Unlikely's attempt!

Doyle grabs the case on one end, Mikey has the other and now the two are pulling back and forth. Mikey pulls hard, and when Benny Doyle goes to pull just as hard -- Unlikely let's go.

Both the official and the FIST case go flying across the ring. It doesn't knock out the official but it leaves him trying to recover and push the FIST out of the ring at the same time.

Behind Doyle's back...

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely is...

Angus:

NO! *GORRAM* NO!!

DDK:

Unlikely's got that ... well, item ... he took off of the DEFSec guard!

Lance:

But Scott Douglas is just about to his feet. Whatever that object is may not be a --

Unlikely lifts what we can now see is a small tactical type flashlight high above his head and brings it down HARD across the back of the head of Scott Douglas. The challenger falls back down face first. Unlikely stuffs the flashlight right back in his tights. The crowd explodes in boos.

Angus:

May not be a what *MOTHERFUCKER*!!!!???

Quickly the Champion has Douglas back up and tucked under his arm.

Angus:

Problem? Issue? Factor? You stupid little *FUCKASS*! You.. you ...

Darren jumps in cutting off, what obviously would be another purposefully wrong name for Lance Warner.

DDK:

Simply put ... that is a cheapshot folks, but don't look now... He's going to go for it! We haven't seen this move in quite some time ...

Lance:

Douglas's legs are kicking, he's trying to get free!

Mikey swings his arm around his body and spins. Bringing up the knee into the back of Scott Douglas.

DDK:

ROLL CREDITS!

They both fall to the mat together.

Mikey hooks both legs.

Benny Doyle slides in.

Angus:

NO!

ONE...

TWO...

Everyone in LakeFront Arena holds their breath.

THREE!

Fans in the arena explode into a cacophony of boos. Many with their hands on their heads, wretched in disbelief. Benny Doyle looks up to the timekeeper, nearly in slow motion, and signals the saddest hand motion seen in DEFIANCE ...

DING

DING

DING

The bell rings making it official... Mikey Unlikely has won.

Jaws are on the floor in every corner of the building...

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of this match ... and *still* FIST of DEFIANCE MIKEY UNNNNNLIKELYYY!!!

Unlikely rolls off and breathes deeply trying to regain his balance. Using the ropes the retaining and still reigning champion drags himself to nearly upright as Benny Doyle approaches.

DDK:

I ... I ... don't know what to say.

Angus:

I do! Fuck this shit! I'm out! It's all yours, Lance!

As Unlikely shrugs off Doyle's attempt to raise his hand, the sound of a live headset crashing against the desk is heard.

DDK:

Well, it appears we will lose more than just --

Mikey gets his feet under him, as solidly as can be expected and poses in the middle of the ring, his feet straddling the prone body of a beaten and likely unconscious Scott Douglas.

Lance:

Darren, with all due respect ... the two shouldn't even be in the same sentence. Scott Douglas is ... I suppose was, the heart and soul of ...

Suddenly, Unlikely turns his head ... his eyes bulge in excitement. He has an idea ... He walks away from Douglas, left laying on the mat, and bails out of the ring.

DDK:

Hold on, what is this now!?

Now outside, the FIST of DEFIANCE flips up the apron skirt and roots around for a moment.

DDK:

COME ON! This is just an insult to injury! What in the world could be down there that he would need AT THIS POINT!?! YOU'VE ALREADY WON! LET THE MAN BE!!

Mikey finds something and that something is a ladder. He pulls it from underneath the ring. He slides it in and climbs back in the ring, as well. He hops to his feet with the help of the ring ropes and grabs the ladder before setting up the A-frame, straddling over Scott Douglas' body.

Benny Doyle admonishes the champion and warns him off of his actions but with one foot on the ladder, Mikey raises a fist and Doyle backs off ... handing over the title of the same name in its case. With the case, and title, in hand ... Mikey begins his ascent.

The commentary team, now sans Angus ... continue, although deflated.

Lance:

This is a day that will live in DEFIANCE infamy ...

When Mikey reaches the top of the ladder; he lifts the FIST case high above his head and smiles wide.

Lance:

This is a day that ... The Faithful will remember for years to come.

Unlikely's chest bounces up and down as he switches to a full on laugh.

DDK:

Sportsman is not a word anyone would use ... in the same universe as Mikey Unlikely.

The current and reigning FIST of DEFIANCE takes a seat on the top of the ladder with the FIST and it's case in hand.

DDK:

That said; I apologize for what you're seeing here right now.

Confetti begins to rain from the ceiling. Gold, gold, and more gold confetti fall all over the Lakefront Arena. He clings to his title and its protective casing as the Savage Soul's penned theme draws close to an end and begins again.

Lance:

This will live long in the annals of DEFIANCE as a dark period ...

With his theme now over and the confetti now complete ... Mikey slowly descends his perch, taking one last... long ... look at Scott Douglas before exiting the ring with his Championship once more.

Lance:

The question is no longer who ...

Unlikely makes it up the ramp and holds the championship up high into the air.

Lance:

... but *how* will DEFIANCE fare beyond this night! Can Anyone *DETHRONE* Mikey Unlikely!?

The FIST of DEFIANCE, still at the top of the rampway, looks onto the ring; filled with gold confetti, plastic cups, and a barely writhing "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas.

Mikey's face paints a picture of so badly wanting to say "I told you so!" before he turns away and disappears through the curtain. Seconds later the music fades and the camera refocuses on the ring.

A stirring Scott Douglas begins to get his wits about him and dust off the excessive gold confetti.

The Faithful know what it is yet ... they still rally behind DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

PLEASE DON'T GO

PLEASE DON'T GO

PLEASE DON'T GO

Lance:

This is truly a benchmark moment in modern DEFIANCE!

Scott makes it to a knee before Benny Doyle rushes to his side and helps him aloft.

DDK:

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;

Scott looks out to the Faithful, for the last time in a DEFIANCE ring.

DDK:

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,

The chants continue and the normally solemn Douglas struggles to hold back the emotion as the Faithful stand and in waves abandon their chant and clap for the fallen hero.

DDK:

But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out ...

Lance:

You will be missed, Scott Douglas!

Douglas, still limping, pulls away from Benny Doyle only to face the man that has officiated the mass majority of his matches in DEFIANCE. Douglas holds out a hand and Benny Doyle takes it, shakes it, and comes in for an embrace.

Lance:

Folks, we will stay with this as long as the feed allows and out of respect for the moment and for the man ... For Darren Keebler, Angus Skaaland and myself --

DDK:

Is that ... Kerry Kuroyama!?

It is. "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" makes his way to the ring.

Lance:

It is! The former tag team partners and one-time friends did not leave on a good note the last time we saw the pairing together!

Kerry's surprise appearance has caught Scott Douglas' eye as he backs away from Doyle with a thankful nod. Doyle turns around and instantly knows what's going on, removing himself from the potential danger.

The Faithful don't know what to think, the buzz in the arena is electric.

DDK:

I can only hope this isn't going to be an insult to injury, Lance!

Kerry rounds the corner and takes to the ring steps and ascends. The estranged half of Seattle's Best pauses at the top ring step as the tension continues to build.

Lance:

If anyone can sympathize, you would think it would be Kerry Kuroyama! But as I mentioned, the pair did NOT part on good terms!

Kerry steps off the ring steps to the apron and ducks between the ropes. Douglas steadies himself, as much as possible after the match he just had.

DDK:

To be fair, Kerry Kuroyama was quite resentful over Scott Douglas' success ... and went as far as to say he wouldn't be rooting for his former friend, former tag partner to win here tonight!

"The Pacific Blitzkrieg" steps to Scott...

Scott steps closer to Kerry.

Face to face.

The tension builds as the stare down intensifies.

DDK:

I don't know if this --

Suddenly and without warning the pair, open arms, and embrace. The Faithful ignite as Seattle's Best reunite and seemingly reconcile.

DDK:

If there can be any silver lining to this ... well, devastating night -- this is it!

Kerry and Scott release and share a somber smile as the Faithful quiets down only to begin applauding. Douglas' face shows nothing but appreciation and admiration for the love outpouring from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Douglas holds his right hand up to subtly wave to the Faithful.

Lance:

One hundred percent, Keebs!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.