

SHOW OPEN



[🎵 "Cruel Summer" by Kari Kimmel 🎵](#)

He's done it again.

Thugs 4 Hire
Gulf Coast Connection
Sky High Titans
Lucky Sevens
ToyBox
Fuse Bros.

None of these teams were the same after **Malak Garland** went through them. Some split, others drastically changed their approach.

SNS, join the list.

The Keyboard King and his sidekick have rolled through the DEFIANCE tag division, leaving The Faithful to question who are the undisputed greatest tag team of all time.

Now, with **Pat Cassidy** missing in action, **Brock Newbludd** is tasked to challenge for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships...

By himself?

Crossing into family may have cost Brock more than just a partnership. It may very well cost him his DEFIANCE career.

Ballyhoo Brew, good to the last drop? Or is one more round coming?

... ..

Hope of a Better Future, as **Tom Morrow**'s vision works without their leader. Looking to grow their *lranks*, **Alvaro de**

Vargas and co. plucked a disgruntled manager from the **Pop Culture Phenoms** and gutted the faction by taking out its muscle.

Like sharks in water, the Talent Agency circled a lost **Gamer**, attempting to lure him down a mischievous campaign. When an **Airship Pirate** intervened, violence ensued in the form of a fireball.

Now, sides have been chosen and battle lines drawn. Will Morrow's plan of a Better Future happen for all? Or will this fractured Ultimate Alliance deem to be stronger together?

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

THIS... IS **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.**

The scene jumps to inside the DEFIPlex as fireworks explode from the rampway. A massive DEFITron sits above the entrance, twice the size of the screen typically used for DEFtv. LCD lettering M-A-X-I-M-U-M stretches across the rampway, with the "I" being used for the entrance from Gorilla and is shaped in the form of a palm tree. Two palm trees flank the edge of the staging, with a number of beach balls and towels scattered around them. An LCD rampway projects nothing but sand from the top of the stage to the edge of the ring apron. The ring ropes are light yellow; the canvas is clean and light blue as always.

There are SIGNS are everywhere!

ADV IS AN NPC
WRESTLE-PLEX TOURS W/ BRONSON BOX
WHEN DO WE GET FML: ULTRA RARE FOIL EDITION?
YES HI, ID LIKE TO KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF J.STATS
GENERIC NED REFORM SIGN
CORVO ALPHA IS AT THE TOP OF MY LIST
MARRY ME, TITANESS
UNPACKABLE SIGN
I LOVE SIOBHAN TOO
GIANT PHOTOSHOP OF RICK DICKULOUS AS A LIL' BABY
I DONT UNDERSTAND WHY SIOBHAN IS SPELLED/PRONOUNCED THE WAY IT IS BUT I'M HERE FOR IT
I PUT ON PANTS TO WATCH DEFIANCE
GIVE US A SHOW (OF FORCE), TITANESS!
WARGOD VS MOMGOD
I'M HERE FOR NATHAN :eye:
JOY VS LACROIX VS TROY! BOOK IT!
IF PAT CASSIDY HAS A SISTER, THEN DOES RICK ALSO HAVE ONE NAMED THICC DICKULUOUS?
HEY, SCROW JOY, TROY, JOY, TROY, JOY!
USAIN BOLT THANKS MINUTE EVERY FOUR YEARS FOR THE MEDAL WINNING TIPS
BROCK, BRO, WRECK THAT SH*T
BRONSON BOX'S MOM HAS BEEN INSIDE RICK
THIS MAY SOUND WEIRD, BUT I KINDA WANT TITANESS TO PUT ME IN A HEADLOCK
STOP ANNOYING KEYES OR HE'LL MURDER OF CROWS YOU
BRONSON BOX OFFICE
I UNFOLLOWED MALAK'S TWITTER
ACCORDING TO COUGAR BAIT THERE'S 2,500 MILFS IN THIS ARENA THAT WANNA BANG
MAXDEF HAS ME MAXHYPED

KERRY IS EXTRAORDINARY
BE NICE TO MALAK GARLAND, GUYS
CALL HIM CORVO ALPHA
SIOBHAN GOT HER WORLD BROCKED
I'M THIRSTING FOR SOME NATTY EYE-CE
I REMEMBER WHEN I ONLY SAW 8 SIGNS.
SNS HAVE FACES FOR DEFRADIO
MALAK GARLAND DESERVES A PARTICIPATION TROPHY
picture of Malak Garland on a bottle of No More Tears baby shampoo
a cardboard box that says BRONSON on all sides
THICK MEATY BOY WRESTLING
I JUST PUT IT TOGETHER THAT PCP IS ALSO A DRUG #DARE
BELL CLAP COUNTER a stack of removable cards currently at 0
MAXDEF IS 7 STARS! MAYBE 8!
PAT CASSIDY, I PUNCHED MY SISTERS BOYFRIEND TOO
AS SEEN ON TV
DEFPLEX, I AM INSIDE YOU

The broadcast feed rolls through the graphic images of the NIGHT 1 MAXIMUM DEFIANCE card.

Troy Matthews vs. George Stevens

Nate Eye vs. Dr. Ned Reform

Falls Count Anywhere

Bronson Box vs. Rick Dickulous

10-Man Tag

FML (Conor Fuse, Elise Ares, The D, Klein & Henry Keyes) vs. BFTA (ADV, Jack Mace, The Lucky Sevens & Jestal)

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

Minute © vs. Rezin

MAIN EVENT

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Comments Section © vs. Brock Newbludd & ???

The scene switches to the announce team, at their booth off to the left-side of the entrance stage. Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sit inside a palm tree sanctuary.

DDK:

WELCOME EVERYONE TO MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Lance:

MAXDEF is here! Coming off DEFCON, I can only imagine what's going to happen across two nights!

DDK:

The UNIFIED Tag Team Championships will be decided tonight, one way or another! The odds look like they're on Malak's side. A MASSIVE ten man tag, pay-per-view debuts, Rick N a Box, falls count anywhere. We've got a lot tonight!

Lance:

And we're gonna start with a bang!

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MINUTE Â© vs. REZIN

DDK:

Folks, welcome to the opening match of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Coming up first, we've got one that you won't want to blink at or you might miss something special! Minute is one defense away from making it to four successful defenses of the Favoured Saints Championship, but in order to do that, he'll have to go through Rezin!

Lance:

Since Minute won the title by upsetting Jack Mace, we have seen his stock rise greatly! He became the first man to defend the title in the main event of DEFtv and put himself on the map in singles action, but he attracted the attention of The Kabal's Rezin in the process.

DDK:

At first, it became a game of trying to top one another, but Minute managed to shine any time he put his aerial skills on display, but things became personal when Rezin and Victor Vacio not only attacked the hand of Uriel Cortez, but also attacked Minute and Titaness after his defense over High Flyer IV on DEFtv 156. Which brings us to now!

Lance:

Rezin promised to bring Minute down to his level and the man calling himself DEFIANCE's Favourite Sinner proclaimed he would win the title tonight. Will Minute make the fourth defense and follow in the footsteps of Matt LaCroix or will Rezin stop him and finally win the title? Who's going to win this match in the battle of DEFIANCE's Favourite Sinner against The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World? We find out... NOW!

The lights in the arena SLOWLY dim, while gradually fading in on the massive Pay Per View Edition DEFIatron is a black and white view of a ring of islets in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. A plain subtitle appears on the bottom of the screen:

BIKINI ATOLL - 1954

The stage suddenly EXPLODES in piercing bright light as the screen flashes to white and fog lights lining the stage instantly pop on in unison. The Faithful cannot help but shield their eyes from the flash.

♪ "Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima" by Krzysztof Penderecki ♪

The light slowly resolves into an image of the Castle Bravo MUSHROOM CLOUD as sanity-strangling music blares atonally from the PA system, filling the arena with a sense of overwhelming dread. A wall of SMOKE blasts out from the entry-way and sides of the stage, simulating a "blast wave" rocking the building.

DDK:

If the music sounds like a pit orchestra being thrown down a flight of stairs, then it can only mean one thing...

A blurred shadow appears standing before the billowing mushroom cloud on the DEFIatron, growing larger as something approaches the camera. Meanwhile, the screeching violins fade into screeching feedback...

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

The shadow comes into focus revealing REZIN, "surfing" off the wake of the nuclear explosion in an obviously terrible green-screen effect. The Goat Bastard looks slathered head to toe in sludge per his usual Pay Per View appearances, and for the occasion wears giant sunglasses and a black flower shirt printed in cannabis leaves, pentagrams, and circle A's.

Emerging from the smoke covering the entry-way, Rezin "surfs" out onto the stage and hops off his board to stand with his head reared back and his arms outstretched to the sides as a line of mushroom cloud pyros explode behind him. Cackling wildly, he's about to make his way down the ramp when a beach ball from the crowd bounces to his feet. Scoffing, he punts it right back.

He takes two steps down the ramp when...

BONK!

The beach ball comes back with a vengeance, smacking him in the back of the head and sending him careening down the ramp. He rolls twice, somehow gets back to his feet, stumbles, falls on his ass, and rolls another three times before coming the rest of the way to the ringside floor and landing face-up, giving the camera a great view of his outraged and bewildered face.

DDK:

Is this dastardly bum ever going to have a Pay Per View entrance where he doesn't end up botching his way to the ring?!

Lance:

It's become something of a tradition at this point. But regardless, few can deny the energy that permeates the room when the Escape Artist comes into the arena.

DDK:

Rezin's coming to DEFIANCE coincided with the creation of the Favoured Saints Championship. Is tonight the night the Favoured Sinner finally takes that title for himself?

Once Rezin is in the ring, the lights fade out. The entire arena goes dark with a bad knock-off of a certain Mexican beer campaign that is not a sponsor of DEFIANCE starting to play. With them, random factoids appear on the screen... none of which impress Rezin.

BEFORE HE HITS DEATH-DEFYING FEATS LIKE 630 SPLASHES AND CORKSCREW SHOOTING STAR PRESSES... HE HOLDS HIS OWN BEER!

TO HIM, WARP SPEED NINE IS NOTHING MORE THAN A BRISK JOG!

USAIN BOLT CALLS HIM PERSONALLY ONCE EVERY FOUR YEARS TO THANK HIM FOR THE MEDAL-WINNING TIPS... HE'S WAITING FOR YOU NEXT ONE, USAIN...

HE IS THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD

HE...

IS...

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

Finally, a spotlight shines on the stage and a lone figure in a dapper-looking suit gets LAUNCHED from a platform beneath the stage, sending an explosion of pyro on stage! There stands a man with the Favoured Saints Championship as well as a mask in the shape of the new Tres Equis... also, get Tres Equis now at Ballyhoo Brew.

DDK:

THERE HE IS! THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD!

Lance:

Big entrances to kick off MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Let's do this thing!

DDK:

...No, Lance. No.

Minute takes off the branded Tres Equis mask, and then tears away the suit to reveal a silver version of his normal

attire as well as a silver mask with the Los Tres Titanes logo.

Minute runs up the ropes and then starts to climb the ropes while Rezin looks up from the ringside area, ready to take his head off the first chance he gets. Minute raises the title for all to see and then hands over the Favoured Saints Championship. He hands the title over to Rex Knox and then looks out to the crowd before doing a front handspring into the ring, then a series of front kip-ups in a circle around the ring to a HUGE pop from the crowd! Rezin enters the ring and now stares down the young luchador.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion! Introducing first, the challenger, REAP-representing the Kabal... hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two hundred and five pounds... the self-proclaimed FAVOURED SINNER of DEFIANCE... **"THE ESCAPE ARTIST" REZIN!**

The Faithful jeer loudly as Rezin walks out to the center of the ring and pirouettes with his arms outstretched, roaring hate right back at them.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Los Tres Titanes... from Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 161 pounds, he is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion... And The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World... he also wants you to try the new Tres Equis, Sky High IPA, and the new Mirame cerveza now at Ballyhoo Brew... **"TITAN DE LOS CIELOS" MINUTE!**

A massive pop fills the arena as Minute pumps his arms into the air and holds up the title, before handing it over to the official Rex Knox. Knox holds the belt up to all four sides of the arena before handing it over to the time-keeper. Both men look ready to go at each other as Knox cues for the bell.

DDK:

Here we go. This should be a good one.

DING DING

Right at the bell, Rezin attacks first and goes right at Minute with a kick to the gut before whipping him across the ring. When the luchador comes back, he fakes out Rezin and suddenly veers to his right, catching Rezin off-guard! The TJ Tornado comes back and The Escape Artist prepares to strike him when Minute suddenly shifts direction a second time to the left! He comes back and when Rezin tries a kick, Minute slides between his legs and then lands on his feet behind him.

Minute catches him in the chest with a low sole kick, then tries a whip of his own, but the sludge-covered Rezin turns that around and sends him to the ropes. Minute can't shift direction this time because Rezin manages to knock him down with a shoulder block! The Faithful boo when he paces around the ring that he showed up the young high flyer...

But Minute kips up to his feet!

Lance:

Rezin scores the first knockdown of the match, but Minute already back up. He wants to beat Rezin tonight and earn that Southern Heritage Title shot!

Rezin growls and then strikes Minute with another kick, but Minute reverses the whip this time around. He tries a dropkick off the ropes, but the slippery Escape Artist hangs onto the ropes and Minute hits the mat with a crash!

DDK:

What a fast-paced opening there, but Rezin catches himself on the ropes.

Lance:

Rezin did outsmart him there. His personality is way out there, but how much of it is an act? We know how good he is in between those ropes when he shows it!

Rezin grins and then puts another boot to Minute before sending him back into the ropes again. He leaps up and then ducks down for Minute to cross. He leapfrogs over on the second passthrough, but Minute leaps over with a lucha roll and comes back on his feet. The TJ Tornado leaps at him, but Rezin catches him and then tries a belly to back suplex. Minute flips through and stands behind him. He tries a jumping spin kick, but Rezin ducks and nails a front kip-up of his own! When he turns, Minute falls back at a clothesline attempt, then kicks up again. Minute tries a kick, but Rezin catches the leg, but Minute backflips and lands on his feet! The rapid-fire exchanges get the Faithful on their feet.

DDK:

Oh, my Lord, look at them go!

Lance:

That was amazing action by both! We... ugh!

The Faithful go APE for the action for a second... until Rezin jabs him in the throat with a double chop! Rezin laughs and then bats Minute in the back of the head!

Lance:

Spoke too soon.

Rezin:

I TOLD YOU YOU'RE COMING DOWN TO MY LEVEL!

Rezin goes for another big move off the ropes again, but Minute does a front roll forward and then CRACKS Rezin in the chest with a shotgun dropkick, sending Rezin spilling through the ropes and out to the floor in front of the ring!

DDK:

Minute was doing a little too much hot-dogging at the start, but Rezin gave Minute the chance to strike back.

Lance:

And Minute hasn't forgotten the attack by Rezin and Victor Vacio after his third defense of the Favoured Saints Title!

Rezin stumbles to the floor and tries to pick himself up, but the second that he starts, he gets BLASTED by The TJ Tornado flying through the ropes like a rage-fueled rocket with one of the fastest suicide dives done through the bottom and middle ropes! Both men crash to the mat viciously, but Minute is the first one to his feet and shouts out, getting thousands more from the Faithful in return!

DDK:

That suicide dive through the ropes was amazing! Great precision... but I don't think Minute is done!

Sure enough, he's not. Rezin is just now coming around and trying to get the name of that luchador that hit him. But if he missed the first chance, he gets a second when Minute comes OVER the ropes this time with a no-hands tornillo over the top rope, wiping out Rezin a second time... with Minute landing on his feet out of the dive!

Lance:

The battle between these two -- at least until recently -- was over who owned the skies. I'd like to think right now, that's Minute! That was amazing!

DDK:

Rezin got under his skin with that cheap shot and that slap! Now he's paying for it!

The Littlest Flippy-Doo springs back to his feet and then he goes for broke a third time. Minute runs off the ropes and Rezin starts to stand again, spaghetti-legged AF. But when he looks up, Minute not only leaps to the second rope, he

leaps with a spin to get on the top rope facing the other way, and then takes flight with an INCREDIBLE top rope asai moonsault, crashing down on Rezin with the third big dive in a row!

DDK:

OH, MY LORD! HOW DID HE DO THAT?!?!

Lance:

THE FAITHFUL HAVE LOST IT! THAT WAS AMAZING!

"MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!"

The action catches the replay from several big angles! Minute leaping from one rope to the next to hit the top rope springboard asai moonsault to the outside! And once more in slow motion as both champion and challenger are both still crashed out on the floor, both men trying to catch their breath!

Back to the action in the moment with some of the sludge Rezin covered in, rubbing off on Minute but he doesn't look any less determined to make his fourth defense and shut The Goat Bastard up for good. When Rezin starts to crawl to the ring, he throws him back under the ropes! The Escape Artist remains floored on the mat and things get even worse when Minute takes flight again, crashing down with a huge springboard frog splash!

DDK:

All those dives capped off with a big springboard frog splash! Is that it?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The kickout by Rezin deflates the crowd!

DDK:

Big, big series of moves by Minute, but not enough to keep Rezin down.

Lance:

He isn't called The Escape Artist for nothing!

When Rezin tries to sit up, Minute lays into him with a stiff set of shoot-style kicks; one to his back, then another to his chest to knock him back to the canvas, then pulls him by the leg closer to the turnbuckles. The Littlest Flippy-Doo starts to head to the ropes again. He looks out to the crowd...

DDK:

MINUTE DETAIL... NO!

Lance:

Rezin moves out of the way... but Minute rolls through the landing!

The Goat Bastard rolls through the rope, but when Minute knows he won't stick the landing, he rolls through the move to get on his feet. Rezin then rushes over to Minute to try and catch him, but The Favoured Saints Champion leaps and clips him on top of the head with a big pele kick!

DDK:

Counter by Minute! What a big move and now Rezin is stunned again!

Lance:

He's just one or two big moves away from ending this!

Minute then runs to the nearby ropes to try and set up something else... but when he gets there, Rezin leaps to the corner and then hits a HUGE leaping hook kick that knocks Minute over the top rope, sending him crashing to the apron and then the floor!

DDK:

Minute goes down! He goes to the well once too often and Rezin just made him pay for it!

Lance:

He's hurt now! No way he's not after that well-placed kick sent him to the floor.

Rezin leans over the ropes, trying to catch both his breath and his bearings while Minute has spilled out to the floor and not in the way he had previously with the cool dives. The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World now finds himself grounded in the worst possible way. Finally coming to, Rezin moves through the ropes to the apron as Minute is pushing himself off the floor.

DDK:

Rezin going into motion, throws himself into a diving senton into the rising Minute! The Favoured Saints Champion was just pancaked back into the ringside floor!

Lance:

Rezin has the opportunity to turn this match to his favor now.

As he gets back to his feet, the rejuvenated Escape Artist cackles in the faces of the jeering ringside Faithful, getting them even more worked up. He pulls Minute back to his feet and rolls everything from the neck down back into the ring, then climbs up and takes a bounce off the second rope to land a guillotine leg drop across the exposed head!!

DDK:

Rezin with the guillotine, nearly taking Minute's head off!

Lance:

His high flying methods may not be as flashy, but it can be just as effective!

Minute crawls away from the ropes as Rezin climbs back to the apron. Grinning like a sludge-soaked devil, the Goat Bastards takes a firm grip of the top rope and flips over to come back into the ring, twisting into an elbow drop across the small of the TJ Tornado's back.

DDK:

Flipping elbow drop back into the ring, and Rezin hooks the leg for the championship!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

The Faithful pop as Minute keeps his hopes for a SOHER Title shot alive. On the contrary, Rezin is irate. He takes Minute again by the arm and wrenches it at the shoulder. Minute tries to get to his feet, but a set of boots to his thigh keeps him down.

Rezin:

NO... NO!! You're staying DOWN THERE!!

Rezin tucks Minute's arm under his own to cinch in the lock and begins whispering disparagingly into his ear. The crowd gets into it again, building up volume to show support to Minute until the Favoured Saints Champion courageously pushes himself back up to his feet, much to Rezin's shock.

DDK:

Rezin, trying to keep the Most Interesting High Flyer in the World grounded, is losing this battle as the Faithful throw their support behind Minute!

Lance:

He's finding out first-hand that keeping the Littlest Flippy-Doo grounded is easier said than done!

Rezin switches to a wristlock, again trying to kick out the legs, but Minute keeps his distance. Then he flips over a sweep attempt to reverse the hold, giving Rezin's arm a twist back so hard it flips the Goat Bastard to the mat. Minute quickly runs off the ropes as Rezin sits up.

DDK:

Minute with an opportunity off the reversal, comes off the ropes with a low running dropkick--NO!! Rezin rolls to the side!

Lance:

That slippery devil...

Minute baseball slides harmlessly to the mat as Rezin scrambles to his feet. Minute gets up his arms to defend himself, but can't do anything against all of Rezin's weight pressing down into his chest after a double stomp from the Escape Artist! While he writhes on the mat gasping for air, Rezin hurries in from the side.

DDK:

WOW! Rezin with a STANDING SHOOTING STAR PRESS right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

Rezin groans loudly as Minute twists to his side and pops up the shoulder, galvanizing the fans yet again. The Goat Bastard then pulls the Favoured Saints Champion back to his feet and dumps him into a corner, where he proceeds to kick and stomp him relentlessly. The Faithful boo loudly as Rezin gets carried away with the kicks to the point where he's holding the top rope to dance a number on Minute's chest and face until the ref finally pulls him off and gets in his ear.

DDK:

Rezin is now mud-stomping Minute like a man absolutely unhinged, and these fans are absolutely livid!

Lance:

It looks as though Rezin is losing patience with Minute's resolve to stay alive in this match.

Running across the ring to the other corner for distance, Rezin waits for Minute to slowly pull himself to his feet before sprinting back and getting CRAZY air for a big splash, but hits nothing but turnbuckle pads as Minute slips through the ropes to the apron. As Rezin reels, Minute pops to the top rope, and the fans cheer in wild anticipation.

DDK:

Minute to the top rope after Rezin misses on the corner splash... diving off with the DRAGONRANA--NO!! REVERSED into a sit-out POWERBOMB by Rezin! Shoulders down!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--MINUTE KICKS OUT!!

Rezin gets back to his feet and rolls into a jackknife pin!

DDK:

Rezin rolls through into another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

ANOTHER KICKOUT!

Rezin groans loudly as Minute sits up. The Goat Bastard quickly snatches him from behind with a leg-scissor around the upper torso and twists him over to put his shoulders to the mat yet again.

DDK:

Rezin going for it again with the GEDO CLUTCH!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Almost had him, but Minute pushed out of it!

With the Faithful cheering louder than ever, Rezin angrily pounds his fists into the canvas like a child throwing a tantrum. He pops back to his feet and paces the ring, snarling into the crowd like a caged animal before redirecting his murderous gaze on Minute, who is still trying to catch his breath.

DDK:

Rezin just can't keep the fighting spirit of the Favoured Saints Champion down! But the more unhinged he gets, the more dangerous he becomes.

Lance:

He's like a vulture circling a wounded animal right now. One can only wonder what he's scheming next?

Rezin scans the ring plotting his next move, until a grin forms on his face as an idea comes to him. As Minute recovers with his back to him, Rezin drops from the ring and gets low, hiding from sight beneath the edge of the mat. Minute gets to his feet and finds himself alone in the ring, as the Escape Artist stealthily circles around to the other side.

DDK:

The Escape Artist is luring the champ into a game of hide and seek, and now Minute finds himself looking everywhere! Where and when will Rezin strike!

Lance:

Rezin promised he would come at Minute like a shot out of the dark, completely unseen. And now Minute is showing the anxiety of not knowing just where and when it will come. This is exactly the kind of mind games that give the Escape Artist a psychological advantage.

DDK:

Be as it may, Minute looks ready for anything!

The referee has lost track of Rezin as well, but audibly continues the count. Rezin takes a few peeks from one corner as the count gets ever closer to ten. Minute's fists are balled up as he circles around in the center of the ring, ready for whatever may come. Finally, once the referee reaches the count of nine, Rezin picks his spot and scales the top rope in two unbelievably fast bounces.

DDK:

Rezin on the TOP ROPE--SPOTTED by Minute! And Minute runs in with a HIGH ROUNDHOUSE to the head of Rezin!

Lance:

Gotcha!

The Faithful POP HARD as Rezin's eyes roll back and he doubles over the top rope stunned. Minute sees his opening as he runs out the apron and scales up the turnbuckle to join Rezin. The arena begins to buzz as Minute hops up and leg-scissors Rezin around the head to send him flipping off the top rope.

DDK:

Minute to the top, going for the TOP ROPE HURRICANRANA on Rezin -- and Rezin LANDS ON HIS FEET!!

The crowd is hushed as Rezin smoothly flips through and lands safely on his feet. He laughs triumphantly in the wake of this feat and points to his head, but only realizes after he casually turns around that Minute is already back on the top rope, and diving off again. The Faithful EXPLODE!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

MINUTE WITH A TOP ROPE PHOENIXRANA!! MY GOD, THAT WAS AMAZING!! Rezin got thrown through the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

That was an unbelievable maneuver from the Most Interesting High Flyer in the World! Rezin thought he had once again escaped his clutches, but this time, it was Minute's turn to come down on him out of the blue!

The Faithful have gone nutso for the amazing counter with both men down. Minute in the ring, Rezin on the floor. When neither champion nor challenger are immediately back on their feet, Carla starts to count them both down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

DDK:

That move was incredible, but took so much out of Minute after all the punishment by Rezin.

Lance:

Where do they go from here?

SIX!

Rezin is the first to start to stand, but Minute is not far behind him.

SEVEN!

The Goat Bastard uses the ring apron to pull himself up just as Minute is starting to rise.

EIGHT.

When the angry Escape Artist tries to get back to his feet, he sees Minute coming at him and then nails him through the ropes with a wrecking ball dropkick! Minute hangs onto the ropes after knocking Rezin over. He looks out to the floor and then starts to really hear the fans go crazy for whatever The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World will do next?

DDK:

What... what the hell is he doing?

Lance:

Minute measuring him up on the ring apron, but with his back turned. A moonsault?

Not a moonsault... but Minute waits until he can do so... then leaps to the ropes and then flies BACKWARDS with an INSANE imploding 450 plancha to the outside, crashing down onto Rezin and wiping both men out!

DDK:

WHAT DID MINUTE JUST DO?!?! SOME SORT OF... I DUNNO, IMPLODING 450 PLANCHA! THAT'S INSANE!

Lance:

THE CROWD HAS GONE CRAZY! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE, LANCE!

The replays are rapid-fire once again showing the incredible dive by Minute, wiping out both he and Rezin once again but in possibly his most unbelievable maneuver yet. Minute takes a few moments to himself, but he gets up and The Faithful have lost their minds, the fans completely behind the gutsy luchador as he goes to throw Rezin back into the ring.

After Rezin gets back inside, Minute looks out across the DEF-Plex on all sides and then waits. When Rezin starts to finally come back around, Minute leaps off and drives him down into the canvas with the Interceptor! Rezin gets DRIVEN into the canvas with his body full vertical before he slumps over after the incredible move!

DDK:

Interceptor! The springboard tornado DDT plants Rezin into the mat!

Lance:

He looked like a human exclamation point right there! That's it!

Minute covers again and hooks a leg, using a free hand to count with the Faithful.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-- NO!

DDK:

What the... HOW DID HE KICK OUT! HOW?!

Lance:

Rezin fought tooth and nail in the original match to go for this title before he was disqualified and he has fought to get back here whether we like him or not!

Minute can't believe it, but he sits up and wonders what exactly he has to do next in order to put The Escape Artist down for the three. The Kabal member doesn't look like he knows where he is, but Minute stands up and opts to kick him in the chest again to keep him down.

DDK:

He's doing what he can! He does well with those kicks, picked them up in Japan!

The Littlest Flippy Doo goes for broke again by running across the ring to hit something big, but out of nowhere, Rezin manages to leap over Minute in the corner... then counters against the smaller wrestler...

Lance:

INVERTED CROSS DRIVER! HE'S GOT MINUTE PINNED!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-- NO!

At the count of 2.99999, Minute BARELY kicks out and slumps over! The Faithful have gone crazy while Rezin does the same on the official, but for very different reasons!

DDK:

What is it going to take to keep Minute down for good? Fighting tooth and nail for the Favoured Saints Championship!

Rezin is about to come out of his skin, but looks up at the corner and one can see the gears turning in the head of the Kabal member. Rezin grabs Minute by his mask and leads the dizzied luchador to the corner. Minute is lost in a daze seated on the top rope. Rezin moves to the outside and climbs up to position himself between the champion and the post. Tension begins to rise as the Goat Bastard traps Minute's head into a three-quarter facelock and slowly stands him up.

DDK:

I get the feeling we're about to see something BIG, Lance!

Lance:

You said it, Keeps! Rezin is pulling out all of the stops here tonight with the Favoured Saints Championship on the line.

DDK:

If he does the Asai DDT from all the way up there, then I don't think there will be any coming back for Minute!

The Escape Artist is grinning ear to ear and nodding maniacally as he looks out into the audience, with Minute's head held over his shoulder. He moves to jump off... but Minute steps on his feet to block him! Rezin's face melts into panic as he desperately pushes Minute's feet off and jumps again, flipping backwards for the INTO THE VOID...

DDK:

Rezin with the **INTO THE VOID--**

Lance:

But Minute didn't go with him!

The Faithful POP as Minute drops and hooks his legs to the top rope as Rezin dives off without him and crashes head-

first into the canvas! Rezin remains in a headstand position for a few seconds looking like a slimy, twisted, dead tree growing out of the canvas before collapsing into a completely open position. Minute sits up back to the top rope and sets his positioning.

DDK:

Yes... Minute is alone on the top rope, and Rezin is in the PERFECT POSITION!

Lance:

Minute sees his chance before him! This is his moment! This is his shot at the Southern Heritage Championship on the line!

*"MINUTE!
MINUTE!
MINUTE!
MINUTE!
MINUTE!"*

Minute stands up perfectly straight and pumps his hands into the air, getting a huge pop from the fans. Below him, Rezin squirms around listlessly like a bug on its back, begging to be stomped on. With the arena exploding in flash photography, Minute jumps off and flips through the air SIX-HUNDRED AND THIRTY DEGREES...

DDK:

Here it comes... Minute with the amazing **MINUTIAE!!**

...and Rezin gets the knees up.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, NO!! MINUTE DROPPED RIGHT ACROSS THE KNEES!!

Lance:

I thought Rezin was out!

Minute howls in agony as he is bent the wrong way across the bridge formed by Rezin's knees. The Escape Artist quickly wraps his legs around his body and pulls Minute into a Cobra Clutch.

DDK:

And the Goat Bastard pulls him into the **CABRO CLUTCH!!** He's got the body scissor locked in! They're right in the middle of the ring! There's nowhere for Minute to go!

Lance:

This doesn't look good for the Favoured Saints Champion!

Minute reaches out with the free arm, but the ropes are nowhere near close, and he has neither the height or the stamina to fight against the bodyscissor. Rezin's eyes are bulging with Nick Cage levels of intensity as he cinches the hold in even tighter. Minute is beginning to fade, and eventually the arm drops.

DDK:

Could that be IT?!

Rex Knox raises Minute's arm and releases... it drops to the mat.

Rezin:

C'MAAAAWWNNN...

Knox checks the arm again... it hits the mat again.

Lance:

I don't know if he can hang on, Keeps!

*"MINUTE!
MINUTE!
MINUTE!
MINUTE!
MINUTE!"*

Rezin:

STAY DOWN... STAY DOWN!!

For the third time, the official takes Minute's limp arm by the wrist. There's fluttering in the tips of his fingers. Rezin's eyes look like they may burst free from his skull as he watches in livid anticipation. Then Knox releases...

...and the arm hits the mat.

DING DING DING

The arena ERUPTS in jeers! Rezin releases the hold and rolls to his knees just as Minute snaps back to life, a second too late. The Escape Artist slowly and shakily gets to his feet before throwing his head and hands back and crows in triumph with a laugh so bombastic and maniacal it would make one think he burned through the last shreds of his sanity to pull off that win.

Rezin:

HA HA HA HA HA-HA-HA-HAHAHAHAHAHA!!

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... and **NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION OF DEFIANCE...**

RRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZZZZZZIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNN!!!!

BOOOOOOO!!!

The hate rains down on Rezin as Knox raises his arm in victory. A moment later, Rezin falls face-first into the mat, landing in a lifeless splat. Knox rolls his eyes before going to check on Minute.

DDK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, it appears as though whether we like it or not, we are all about to witness the reign of the Favoured Sinner in the coming weeks as Rezin picks up the hard-fought victory here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE over Minute, claiming the Favoured Saints Championship for his own!

Lance:

We always expected it would come down to one big spectacular high flying maneuver to blow the roof off the entire arena, but in the end, the Escape Artist Rezin, proving that he always offers us what is UN-expected, changed course and won this match on the ground rather than in the sky!

DDK:

It looked as though he had no choice! Regardless of the outcome, nobody can say that Minute didn't leave us dazzled and amazed with his technique here tonight! Even Rezin's vaunted aerial prowess couldn't hold a candle to it! Going for the submission was a last ditch effort on the part of the Goat Bastard, and somehow it paid off!

Lance:

Minute may still be the most Interesting High Flyer in the World, and DEFIANCE's own Titan of the Skies, but the Favoured Saints Champion tonight goes to the Goat Bastard that would be the one to drag him down.

In the ring, Rezin eventually comes back to as the official presents him with the Favoured Saints Championship. The sinister grin reappears on his half-dazed expression as he holds the belt up into the air, naturally upside-down. In the far corner, Minute recovers to himself, shaking his head as he grapples with the defeat.

A LIT SEGMENT

The crane cam zooms in on Darren and Lance as spotlights pan the filled arena.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, folks and what an awesome start to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE we've seen!

Lance goes to speak but Darren puts a hand to his ear and a finger up to his partner.

DDK:

Sorry Lance, I am just getting word that we have to cut backstage for some BREAKING NEWS! Apparently something has just happened involving Malak Garland!

The broadcast immediately cuts to the backstage area where a camera crew rushes to keep pace with Davey LaRue who looks irate. Soon enough, Chris Trutt stumbles into the scene, almost knocking the both of them over.

Chris Trutt:

Oh whoops, sorry! Look at me. Two left thumbs for feet. That's the saying, right?

Davey LaRue:

Outta de way, bon ami! I've gotta get ta Ballyhoo Brew!

Chris Trutt:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Before you go anywhere, you gotta tell us what's going on! There's been a buzz backstage that something has happened! Is it true? What's going on with Ballyhoo?

LaRue clutches his phone closely as it continues to light up with notifications like a Christmas tree.

Davey LaRue:

DIS.

LaRue holds his phone up which shows at least one hundred direct and derogatory messages from Malak Garland. There's a few kitten videos in there from Malak, too.

Davey LaRue:

Dat ain't all, brudda...

A few swipes later and the phone shows video footage of Ballyhoo Brew roasting like a chestnut over an open fire. The mammoth flames engulf the entirety of the brewhouse as people run away in terror for their lives.

Chris Trutt:

Holy ass balls. Oh shit, my mic is hot. I can't say that.

Theoretical flames begin to ironically burn in LaRue's eyes.

Davey LaRue:

Dat assclown Malak Garland jus' sent deez. Apparently he's lit all of Ballyhoo on fire! I've gotta get dere as fast as I can in order ta help! People are scared for dere lives for cryin' out loud! ALL OF DIS OVER A WRASSLIN' MATCH!? PATHETIC!

LaRue rushes off as Trutt continues to hold his mic out like he's expecting Davey to come back and continue commenting or something.

Chris Trutt:

Sh-shit. Ballyhoo is on fire but LaRue said he was going to partner with Brock Newbludd tonight. I guess LaRue won't be able to fight so it's back to being a handicapped match!?

While Trutt hashes the plot out for himself, the ever dangerous internet troll, Malak Garland and his trusty sidekick, Cyrus Bates edge into view, chuckling while carrying a green screen. They don't notice they're caught on camera.

Malak Garland:

Did you see the look on that nimrod's face? Bahahaha. Green screen magic, baby. I'm not dumb enough to commit blatant arson and hurt people but I'm glad Davey took the bait. What we have planted there should keep him busy for just long enough. If all else fails, those kitten videos kept me entertained and calm for hours so here's to hoping it does the same for him.

Cyrus Bates:

Classic.

Trutt finally sees the champions and confronts them.

Chris Trutt:

Malak! Cyrus! Hi! What the hell is going on? You two set Ballyhoo on fire?

Like being caught red handed, Malak and Cyrus exchange glances.

Malak Garland:

Uhhhhhhhh. Yeahhhhhhh. It's totally on fire right now.

Cyrus Bates:

Classic.

Trutt cannot believe it even though it's clear he's being told a lie.

Chris Trutt:

Wow, you guys are total assholes!

The Source of Envy and Bellicose Brawler are in disbelief Trutt didn't see through the lie so they continue carrying their green screen away and talking between themselves.

Malak Garland:

Those were great computer graphics you put into that video, Cyrus. Really well done. What was that? Daz studio? Poser elite?

Cyrus Bates:

Classic.

TROY MATTHEWS vs. GEORGE STEVENS

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, and Scott along with Cary and the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

DDK:

Cary has made it known that he is sick of his guys being on the sideline.

Lance:

I don't blame him Keeps. The Stevens Dynasty dominated the tag scene since their inception in DEFIANCE and now they are just trying to be relevant. Many have said they have slipped in between the cracks.

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.

DDK:

Cary leading the charge as usual.

Cary blows kisses towards the crowd as Bo and George hold up their arms in the air as a golden waterfall of pyro falls down behind them.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, the following contest is set for one fall! Making his way to the ring, accompanied by Cary and Bo Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 702 pounds... **GEORGE!**

STEEEEEEVEEEEEENS!!!

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 hold their arms high in the air as fireworks explode from the turnbuckles while Cary is hyping up his boys.

DDK:

Fans, this match was arranged after the events of DEFtv156, in which Troy Matthews responded to the Stevens Dynasty's attack on him when he returned to DEFIANCE just a few short weeks ago. Cary Stevens stated that he was tired of his boys being ignored for returning alumni like

Matthews, and that their attack was a statement. Matthews challenged the Dynasty to a match tonight, and Cary offered up the gargantuan George Stevens here tonight at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Lance:

And in between George being his opponent, and the rest of the Stevens Dynasty at ringside, the odds are certainly against the long-time DEFIANT Troy Matthews, but as anyone who has watched him fight in a DEFIANCE ring will tell you, it's not the first time he's prevailed against such odds, and I don't think it will be the last, either.

"I'm talkin' about the DEATH of rock n' roll..."

That interruption from the speakers doesn't come from a live voice, but an introduction to a ripping guitar and intensifying distortion, as the arena entrance is awash in a sea of light.

♪ONE!♪

♪TWO!♪

♪**THREE!**♪♪**FOUR!**♪

♪ "Kiss of Death" by Alec Empire♪

As the roaring mix of electronica and punk rock blares into the arena, a familiar face darts onto the stage like a bullet, a look of intensity and excitement etched on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT, fighting out of Blackwood, New Jersey, weighing in tonight at one hundred ninety-seven pounds! This is...TROY! MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATTHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWS!!!

Making his return to DEFIANCE pay-per-view, the Slayer of Giants is full of pep, tagging hands and beelining his way to the ring. He hops onto the ring apron, waving a pointer finger at the Faithful, before stepping between the ropes, never breaking his gaze on all three members of the Stevens Dynasty.

DDK:

Troy Matthews looking as determined as ever as he faced a tag team that hasn't been eager to welcome back to DEFIANCE. Let's see how he does against their combined forces tonight.

Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

The burly big brother of the Stevens Dynasty lurches towards the center of the ring, while Matthews charges in and goes right to work, launching a series of kicks onto the legs of the titanic Texan. George Stevens is already feeling the effects of those kicks, as he grimaces a little with each step, but he is still standing, even as Troy bounces off the ropes and hits a drop kick to his face.

DDK:

Troy Matthews has that kickboxing background, as well as a reputation for besting opponents who outweigh him by a considerable amount, but that doesn't mean it's an easy task, as George Stevens is showing with his refusal to go down!

Troy bounces off the ropes again, presumably for another dropkick, but before he can rebound he immediately faceplants on the mat as the crowd boos!

Lance:

Bo Stevens just tripped the Slayer of Giants!

Indeed, Cary and Bo Stevens are playing dumb to Benny Doyle, who is clearly not pleased with them, but George Stevens takes advantage of the distraction and whips Troy HARD into the corner! He tries to follow up by rushing towards his would-be prey, but Matthews manages to swing between the ropes and onto the apron just in the nick of time, leading George to hit nothing but turnbuckle! Troy quickly climbs up the turnbuckles, and lines up his shot, before landing a PRECISION missile dropkick that doesn't knock the big man down, but hits him hard enough to back up into the opposite corner, getting Benny Doyle's attention as Troy gets up and lumbers towards his massive opponent!

BOOM!

DDK:

Troy gets FLATTENED by a massive George Stevens clothesline, and the Crowdaddy goes in for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Matthews kicks out, but he is definitely a bit worse for wear as he starts to rise to his feet, surrounded by the taunts of the Stevens family patriarch!

Lance:

You don't take Troy Matthews down that easy, not now, after everything he's faced in his career!

George gets to his feet, his legs a bit wobbly from those blistering kicks in the beginning on the bout, and he has his sights lined up on Troy, who is struggling to rise, but keeps a gaze on Cary Stevens, at who he swats at between the ropes, before getting a harsh stomp onto the back from the 450-plus pound behemoth! George Stevens drops another massive boot to the Slayer of Giants' spine, causing Matthews to roar in pain as Cary Stevens laughs it off and turns to his nephew to gloat, to a jeering crowd.

Matthews writhes as he slowly bounds to his feet, but George Stevens is ready, as he hoists the much-lighter Matthews up and across his shoulders with a brutal tortue rack backbreaker that has the DEFIANCE veteran yelling in pain! The crowd is starting to encourage the underdog on with an old chant...

*JER-SEY DE-VIL! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*JER-SEY DE-VIL! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*JER-SEY DE-VIL! *clap clap clapclapclap**

DDK:

The Faithful calling out to Troy, referencing his old moniker of the Jersey Devil, trying to get his spirits up, but will it make the difference? George Stevens has been putting pressure on Matthews' back, could that be the difference maker? Could Troy tap out?

Lance:

Troy's tough, but the fact is, his body's accrued a LOT of miles, especially in that back, and it might not take much for him to decide he can't take the pain, but... what's this?

Matthews manages to free an arm, and unload a few elbows into George's head, forcing him to let go and lower Matthews to the mat! Drawing from the crowd's cheers, Matthews bounces to the nearby ropes where the rest of the Dynasty ISN'T, and on the rebound does a spin and strikes the big man in the throat! George Stevens is hacking and wheezing, and falls to a knee, which is one of the most dangerous places to be in a match with Troy Matthews... as he rushes over and steps onto the bent knee, and raises his free leg up before dropping it square on the back of George Stevens' head!

DDK:

ROUGH DIVIDE! That climbing axe kick lands flush on George Stevens, but is it enough?!

Reeling from the pain he's faced all match, the Slayer of Giants crawls over for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Benny Doyle waves the pin off, pointing out to Troy that his opponent's foot is on the bottom rope... but what Benny doesn't know is, it was placed there by Bo Stevens! Matthews stares in frustration at the other half of the Stevens Dynasty, before trudging back up and bouncing off the ropes, before launching him down the aisle with a baseball slide to the chest! The crowd goes wild as Troy taunts the technician of the duo, before pushing himself back into the ring, but... he can't get back in!

DDK:

Oh, come on! Cary Stevens is holding onto to Matthews' leg and keeping him from getting back in!

Referee Benny Doyle sees this and goes to tell Cary off, but the patriarch of the Stevens clan lets go right away, just in time for his recovered son to drop a mammoth leg on the back of Matthews' head!

WHAM!

George rises, while Troy Matthews is reeling from having 400+ pounds drop on his head, leaving him wide open to be scooped up off the mat, and lifted across the Crawdaddy's chest...

THUD!!!

TEXAS SIZED SLAM! Matthews has been pressed flat like a pancake, and George goes for the pin!

ONE

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... GEORGE! STEVENS!

The rest of the Stevens Dynasty rolls into the ring to celebrate, hugging shoulder-to-shoulder over the crumpled body of the would-be Slayer of Giants!

DDK:

The big man of the Stevens clan reigns victorious, but you have to think that the sheer numbers had a lot to do with the outcome here, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed, Keebs; Matthews has thrived against this kind of opponent before, but unfortunately the sheer numbers at ringside were just too much for him to overcome.

By now, the Dynasty has left the ring, gloating into the camera as we cut out.

BRONSON BOX vs. RICK DICKULOUS

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman coming up next we have the violent culmination of weeks and weeks of masculine posturing from two of the most aggressive DEFIANTS on the roster. A raw boned strength competition of their own design... a showdown that ended with Rick Dickulous victorious, now "officially" the strongest DEFIANT.

Lance:

Yeeeeeeeah, but paraphrasing what the man he beat said on DEFtv... this is a WRESTLING company. Not a strongman league.

DDK:

The Bombastic Bronson Box seems pretty intent on giving Rick a "special tour" of the arena Bronson helped make famous.

Lance Warner pops on an army helmet he had tucked under the commentation station.

Lance:

I'm ready, Keeps!

DDK:

That will NOT help you if they make their way over here. Just run, trust me. We invested in wireless headsets ages ago for this exact reason, partner.

We hear Darren Quimbey's voice through the PA. The tiny announcer having worked here long enough to know Bronson Box in a falls count anywhere match means "stay low and pray."

Speaking of prayer...

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his waaaaay to the ring... from the boggy shores of Banff, Scotlaaaaaand. He's the Original DEFIANT, the ACE, The WAAAAARgod, The STAAAAARMAKER, and... FOREVER... THE SCOTISH STRRRRRONGMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN...

The Faithful erupt in an uproarious cheer at that obvious intentional dig at Dickulous that seems to shake the building. They all continue stomping along with the man in black as The Wargod finally cometh.

Darren Quimbey:

THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOON... BOOOOOOOOOOX!

There's not much pretence with the Original DEFIANT these days. He's out and making big strides across the stage from left to right. In the past he was never known as one to acknowledge the fans in anything less than an aggressive way. The look however that he has on his face as he takes in the wild PPV crowd is one of... lets say "aggressive contentment."

DDK:

What a night partner! Bronson Box LIVE on pay per view! Think of all the wild stuff we've seen the ACE perpetrate on big shows over the years.

Lance:

The bedrock of the company, Keeps. When you look back through the history books of DEFIANCE Wres... HOLY HELL!

Lance Warner's exposition is cut way short as a GIANT someone who's quietly clambered up the side of the stage

suddenly barrels through The Wargod shoulder first, sending him flying and stumbling across the stage. The Scotsman comes within inches of the edge and a sheer drop onto unforgiving, career shortening concrete. With a microphone clutched white knuckle tight in his giant paw, Rick Dickulous struts up and puts a big boot right through Boxer's jaw.

Rick Dickulous:

AAAAAAND CURRENTLY WHOOPIN' OL' HOLLIS' WRINKLED LITTLE ASS... STANDING SIX FEET NINE INCHES TAAAAAALL, AND WEIGHING IN A FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE POOOOOUNDS... DEFIANCE'S STRONGEST MAN...RIIIIIICK FUCKIN' DICKULOUS! YOU SAWED-OFF RUNT PRICK!

As the lumbergiant does his own ring announcing this evening, referee Bufalo Brian Slater sees no better opportunity to just go ahead and get this insurance nightmare of a match started. He calls for the bell and bails from the ring, eyes on the lumbergiant still laying heavy boots across The Wargod's sheared dome.

DING DING

Rick lifts Box to his feet and kicks him in the midsection, doubling the veteran over. In a swift motion, the giant Canadian lifts Box high in a pump handle slam which sends the Wargod crashing into the steel ramp, quickly hopping back up in celebration.

Box is quickly back to his feet and the two lock up, this time the ACE gaining the upper hand as he quickly sweeps behind the lumbergiant and with a heave he lifts the lumbergiant off his feet - a place Rick isn't used to, and it shows on his face - and lands a perfectly executed release German Suplex that sends Dickulous sprawling back towards the middle of the stage as the capacity crowd cheers!

"OOOOOHHHHH!!!"

DDK:

Bronson Box said it himself, Lance, he IS the better wrestler.

Lance:

We'll have to see if he can maintain the momentum.

Bronson Box closes as Rick clutches the back of his head. He reaches down and lifts Rick to his feet before...

SLAP!!

DDK:

That chop sure looks like maintaining momentum to me, partner!

Lance:

It echoed inside the WrestlePlex, Keeps!

SLAP!! SLAP!! SLAP!!

Each chop pushes Rick back further and further, all the way to the edge of the stage nearest the announce booth. As the giant teeters back and forth Box deftly grabs his hand and pulls Rick close, driving his shoulders into Rick's gut. With another roar, Box lifts the giant onto his shoulders and off the ground. The Wargod struggles briefly, but manages to deliver a modified over the shoulder back to belly piledriver!

CRASH!!

"AAAAAHHHHHH!! WOooooooooo!!!"

DDK:

Where did that come from, Lance? What is that move even called? Holy sweet sh--

Lance:

As he pointed out, Keeps, The Wargod IS the better wrestler!

Box again plays to the crowd as Rick holds his back with a painful expression, slowly getting back to his feet. Again Box steps in for a lock up but Rick quickly rakes The ACE's face. A few seconds later, Box clutching his eyes, Rick delivers a stiff European uppercut that sends Box stumbling back towards centre stage. With a bellow, Rick takes two massive steps forward and plants his gigantic boot square into the sternum of Box which sends him reeling backwards, sliding across the stage in a heap just shy of the edge of the raised stage.

"OOOOOOHHHH!!!"

Rick stalks forward and pushes Bronson Box over onto his back before delivering a few quick stomps to his chest which cause The Bombastic One to flail about in pain. Rick points at Brian Slater before planting his foot squarely into the centre of Box's chest.

ONE!

Box quickly shoves Rick's boot off his chest and rolls away.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous is the first one to attempt a cover, but he had to know that wasn't gonna work.

DDK:

He's playing chess, Lance...and he just got the advantage.

Again Rick raises his foot and brings it crashing down, but at the last second Bronson Box rolls away! The Lumbergiant clutches his knee in pain as Box regains his footing before closing in on his opponent. The two men come face to chest before pushing away from each other, both trash talking each other off mic. Rick shakes his head, clearly mouthing "no you won't" as he reaches out a hand.

DDK:

You can't be serious...

Lance:

Rick is challenging Bronson Box to...yet ANOTHER test of strength!

Box squares up and reaches out, clasping hands with Rick as the Lumbergiant slowly reaches out his other hand. As soon as their hands interlock, the two begin straining. Each pushes the other back, Box managing to gain the upper hand by sweeping their locked hands underneath, only to be met with a headbutt from Rick that sends Box to a knee as Rick regains control and leans his body weight in while roughly repositioning his hands upright (and by proxy, Bronson Box's).

Lance:

COME ON!

DDK:

Rick will use any advantage he can, even if he has to create one.

Lance:

I'm hoping Bronson Box can overcome here, it's looking grim right now.

Box pushes back, only to be subdued by Rick with a cocky laugh as he leans a little harder on Box which causes The Wargod to struggle before steeling himself for another push. Rick, angered, forces his full body weight into holding

Box down, the strain on his face showing through the guttural roar.

As the crowd begins cheering Bronson Box on, the two men's intertwined hands begin to shake, Rick continuing to strain as Bronson Box attempts a third push. As Rick's strained face changes to one of surprise, The Wargod pushes himself up to his feet while the crowd erupts.

The two men push back and forth before Rick quickly drives a knee into Bronson Box's gut and takes advantage by irish whipping him into the decorative scaffolding on the left hand side of the entrance curtain.

As Bronson Box ricochets back towards Rick, the Lumbergiant grabs him by the arm and the back of the neck and throws him through the curtain before following through after him. We cut to a camera already right behind the curtain in the gorilla position. Box is RIGHT there waiting for Rick with a TV monitor right across the side of the head. The thick glass shatters on Dickulous' temple sending the huge man staggering forward out of the curtained off space right beyond out into the open hallway.

Bronson Box takes a few running steps through the curtains after Rick, the cameraman barely keeping up and slipping through the curtain to capture The Wargod executing a perfect bulldog, smashing Rick's face into the faux-marble tiling with a sickening thud as the crowd cheers from inside the arena.

DDK:

Thank god Jerry, our cameraman caught that, Lance!

Lance:

Absolutely! I think he drew the short straw this week among the cameramen though, I mean, Jerry can't be WILLINGLY putting himself in danger.

DDK:

Danger pay, Lance...it's all about the Benjamins!

Box takes a moment to recover after a hard bump, but still manages to get to his feet long before Rick, breathing heavily but barely moving on the floor. Box takes the opportunity and pushes the big man over onto his back for a pin as Brian Slater slides in for a count.

ONE

T-NOOO!!

Rick rolls to the side while pushing Box away, managing to get back to his feet at the same time as his opponent. The two lock eyes and pause for just a brief second before again locking up, this time with a force that shakes both men. They push and pull, maneuvering each other a few steps one way, only to be countered by a few more the other way.

DDK:

Bronson Box is dishing out just as much as he's taking. I'm not quite sure what's happening here. It looks like...are they heading for?

Lance:

I think Bronson Box is dragging Rick Dickulous towards...the elevator?

DING!

As if on cue, the swooshing sound of a heavy door can be heard opening. Bronson Box maneuvers Rick in front of the door before quickly disengaging and catching Rick with a quick left jab to the chin that clearly catches him off guard. Taking full advantage, The Wargod delivers a standing dropkick that sends the large Canuck staggering backwards trying to catch his balance, but slams into the back wall with a crash. Box jumps back to his feet and as the door begins to close he darts through the opening after the Lumbergiant. Brian Slater sighs as he begins walking up the

stairs as the shot cuts back to Lance and DDK at the commentation station.

Lance:

This is incredible!

DDK:

These two men have been itching to get at one another for weeks, Lance, and I can't believe this so far. I've got word Jerry got lucky and Chad, his junior apprentice is upstairs to cover the action.

Lance:

Buffalo Brian Slater had better get up those stairs then...let's catch up with Chad's feed.

A quick cut reveals Brian Slater just topping the stairs, crashing and slamming can be heard from inside the elevator as it stops at the second floor.

DING!

The chime barely fades as the door swooshes open, Rick Dickulous spills halfway out and to the floor in a heap. Bronson Box steps out and over top of the big man, delivering a few quick stomps to his chest before stepping past and into the small lobby. As Rick lays there, the door slowly begins to swoosh closed, bumping against his chest before slowly opening again. Rick manages to get slowly to his feet, Bronson Box calls him on:

Bronson Box:

COME ON YA BIG FOOKIN' BELLEND!

Rick takes notice and gives chase. As they move down the hallway big Rick rears back and straight up shoulder blocks a wobbly Bronson THROUGH the trainers room door! The Wargod explodes through the flimsy plywood door like a boulder. Bronson rolls to a stop right at the feet of DEFIANCE doctor, Iris Davine.

Lance:

Oh man, Doc is going to be in such a bad mood if they trash her trainers room...

DDK:

Bronson is a good friend of Iris'... maybe they'll be respectful of her space?

Just as the words leave Keebler's mouth Rick Dickulous comes barreling into the room like a mack truck. Just as Boxer gets to his feet he eats another reckless shoulder block that almost sends him right into Iris, who thankfully steps to one side just in time. Slamming into a bank of cabinets Bronson is quick to spin around and lay eyes on Iris to make sure she's getting clear... It's then The Original DEFIANT turns his bloodshot brown eyes back towards his adversary.

DDK:

I know that look partner...

As Rick takes several aggressive steps forward Bronson reaches over and grabs something, unseen, from one of the cabinets. Dickulous reaches out to grab the Wargod's arm and gets FUCKING STABBED WITH A SCALPEL RIGHT IN THE FOREARM! Before Dickulous has a chance to scream, Bronson kicks the umbergiant clean in the bollocks forcing Rick to his knees... putting him at a perfect height for Boxer to go to work...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

HAHAHA, oh man, he literally STABBED him... *wipes tear* God I'm so glad he's back!

As the pain finally works its way through the raging sea of Rick Dickulous' adrenaline, we can see it plainly on Rick's face. He looks from the scalpel still stuck in his forearm, up at the wild, furious face of Bronson Box and back again. The shrill scream that escapes Rick's lips is that of a much smaller man. The Wargod doubles down, deciding to give Dickulous something to really scream about as he digs a sharp pair of forceps RIGHT into the middle of Rick's forehead.

Rick Dickulous:

FAAARAHAAAAHAUUUUUCK!

Bronson Box:

I AIN'T JUST THE BETTER WRESTLER YE' WE PRICK! I'M ALSO FAR FOOKIN' CRAZIER!

Lance:

He ain't lyin' folks!

Rick roars as he shoves Bronson away with everything he can muster, wobbly pulling himself to his feet. In one quick motion he wraps his free hand around the scalpel in his arm and yanks it free with a yelp. The blood flows down his hand, tippy tapping on the white linoleum. The Strongest DEFIANT's wide eyes look that much wider through his crimson mask. Again the lumber giant roars and he takes off in a dead sprint towards Bronson Box, picking him up and barreling the Scotsman back first THROUGH THE WALL OF THE TRAINERS SUITE!

DDK:

OOOOH MYYYY GOOOOD!

The two men crash into what looks like one of the upstairs executive offices. Whomever this previously neat as a pin little office belonged to... well, hopefully he backed up his computer. As we just bore witness, the walls in the upstairs of the Wrestle-Plex aren't the sturdiest of things. The two men toss one another around the office like bulls in a china shop... if bulls could perform picture perfect german suplexes through office furniture. Which is exactly what Bronson manages, and this particular executive can say farewell to his desk.

DDK:

This is a BLOOD BATH, Warner!

Lance:

Bronson's not done! Look!

Boxer reaches down and pulls Rick up to his feet, his wrist trapped.

Bronson Box:

PRICK!

With the big man's wrist still trapped Bronson rears back and leans all of his body weight into several ruthless, sharp open palm slaps down across Rick's face. He follows up the strikes by rolling back, whipping Rick along with him, building up some momentum and irish whipping the big man out of his boots right THROUGH ANOTHER GODDAMN WALL!

Lance:

Well... we've really never remodeled up there....

DDK:

They keep this up and there won't be much of the Wrestle-Plex LEFT, partner!

Rick explodes through the wall and finds himself stumbling back into the end of the huge wooden conference table that's always occupied that particular room. With Box hot on his tail clamoring through the wreckage of the wall Rick hops right up atop the long, heavy table. The blood is still flowing from Rick's forearm and forehead, it's now getting

smear atop the flossy tabletop under Rick's big black boots. The Lumbergiant beckons Box to follow him atop the table... The Wargod smears as he wraps one of his meaty mits around the arm of the many heavy conference chairs littering the circumference of the table...

Lance:

HE'S HUCKIN' CHAIRS, KEEBS!

Hucking indeed. One after another Box uses his impressive strength to literally HURL office chairs at Dickulous. The massive man swatting most of the chairs away, one however popping off his already stabbed cranium base first, stumbling the giant. It's at this opportunity Boxer deftly hops up onto the table and leans into several stiff European uppercuts across Rick's already rattled chin. Bronson proceeds to hoist Rick up into a fireman's carry position, but the weight of Dickulous combined with the blood slick tabletop causes The Wargod to falter. Rick regains his footing and quick as a cat SPARTAN KICKS THE WARGOD OFF THE TABLE!

DDK:

CHRIST ALMIGHTY!

Dickulous uses every massive, overdeveloped muscle fiber in his tree trunk sized leg to send Bronson FLYING back first across the narrow room and THROUGH the huge pane of glass that divided the room from the hallway. Little bits of safety glass explode out into the hallway and into the break area just across from the conference room. A bloodied Bombastic Bronson Box lands atop, then quickly through the little kitchenette table.

Getting to his feet, Box takes a moment to hold his now obviously aching back. Rick has already made his way into the break area and... seems to be sifting through the kitchen cabinets?

Lance:

What is that big jerk doi... AAAAAHHHH! OH LORD!

Novelty coffee mug after coffee mug is yanked from the cabinet and SMASHED across the face of The Wargod. After about the fifth coffee mug across the temple, with flecks of colored ceramic stuck to his bald, blood covered cranium, Bronson is still miraculously standing... much to Rick chagrin. The big man scowls as he frantically looks around the small room, grabbing at appliances indiscriminately...

Lance:

KEURIG ACROSS THE FACE!

DDK:

And he's STILL standing!

The Strongest DEFIANT lays a few stiff forearms across the side of Boxer's neck... The Wargod just smiles, spitting a bloody wad of phlegm right into Rick's face. Rick wipes the phlegm from his face, the disrespect causing him to boil over.

Lance:

I think that advantage you were talking about earlier just flew out the window, Keeps.

DDK:

Absolutely, partner! Sometimes, even in chess, advantage can be lost - and Bronson Box just put The Lumbergiant in a surprise check!

As Box narrows his eyes with a slight smile, he too knew what had happened. Taking the opportunity, The Wargod began leading Rick down the hallway like an angry bull...and it worked. A little movement here, a quick dodge there, and suddenly they were right where The Bombastic One wanted them to be.

DDK:

Bronson Box taking things back to a familiar place.

Lance:

Right back to where things began! That's the weight room!

DDK:

Talk about an epic battle!

As The Wargod leads his foe further into the gymnasium cluttered with dangerous workout equipment we see several BRAZEN talents minding their own business getting a quick workout in during the show. Little did Walter Levy and the Brandt Brothers realize... they were about to be a PART of the show. With blood and adrenaline filling his ears, Rick moves like a giant possessed... he plants a huge bloody jackboot on a nearby weight bench and LAUNCHES himself off and flying double clotheslining the brothers Brandt's souls out of their bodies, leveling the brotherly tag team.

Lance:

Wrong place wrong time, Keeps!

Rick gets up to a knee and shoots Box a sneering smile. Not wanting to be one-upped, Box reaches out and grabs Walter Levy by his voluminous fro and wrenches him quickly into his vice-like grip. Like lightning, Box heaves the young grappler up onto his shoulders and snaps him violently in half with an Argentine backbreaker sending him sprawling. The two big bulls, done with their jobber squashing pissing contest once again clash in a dead even lockup. As they push and pull one another around the huge room they crash through none other than Scotty Flash's little DEFradio set up re-erected in its place over in the corner of the room sending Scotty's laptop and recording equipment flying.

Lance:

Now THAT looked expensive, Darren!

DDK:

Poor Scotty... he literally just got permission to move his dog and pony show back into the building too.

Lance:

I'm SURE the front office will be repaying Mr. Flash for anything that's damaged...

DDK:

Oh, for SURE...

The raucous laughter of Darren Keebler and Lance Warner is short as the violence continues upstairs. The two trade blow for blow, both begin to slow down a little as exhaustion and blood loss begin to take their toll. Rick slaps the side of Box's head with a cupped hand, causing the ACE to immediately react.

DDK:

That's just dirty pool! Rick Dickulous may have just destroyed Bronson Box's eardrum!

Lance:

As you pointed out, Rick will do whatever it takes to win here.

While Boxer clutches the side of his head, Rick takes full advantage and grabs him by the back of the head, throwing Box headlong into a floor to ceiling mirror.

CRAAASSHHH!!

Silvered chunks of glass cascade to the floor around Bronson Box as Rick steps forward, wrenching Box to his feet again, only to lift him up by the throat as his legs flail.

Lance:

Oh no, he can't be...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Rick chokeslams Box down into the shattered mirror, dropping to a knee himself in the midst of the jagged bits. As Bronson Box writhes in pain, Brian Slater rushes in, helping to remove small chunks of mirror embedded in Boxer's skin. Rick rises, stumbling towards a rack of barbells and manages to catch himself, leaning against them to catch his breath.

Rick Dickulous:

Fuck me running... OH SHIT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful erupt out in the arena proper watching along on the big screens.

With the suddenness of a bullet Bronson flies into camera view shoulder first and spears the Lumbergiant back first through the rack of barbells sending heavy iron dangerously clanging and crashing all around the two men. The absolute devastation is unspeakable. We can't really tell who took the worst of it, Bronson or Rick.

Lance:

They're dead! We just saw two dudes die live on pay per view!

DDK:

Wait, look!

Rising from the pile of steel like some sort of DEFIANT gargoyle...

Lance:

THE WARGOD LIIIIIIIVES!

DDK:

CHECK MATE!!

Bronson stands over the cacophony of plates and bars that criss-cross over the battered, bruised, and bloody frame of the man called Rick Dickulous. The Wargod kicks aside the clutter with the heel of his boot, unearthing the Lumbergiant. Rick is face down on the painted concrete floor, a small pool of blood and spittle trailing from his busted lips as he attempts to push himself up. To his credit, he does just that... but he's met with a familiar looking Spike to the forehead and Bronson slips in deftly beside him DIGGING his favorite weapon into the Lumbergiant's already split and gashed forehead.

DDK:

It's Boxer's legendary Spike, partner!

But that bit of ultra violence was just foreplay.

Lance:

What's he doing?

Twisting the tool between his fingers he positions it in Rick's mouth like a horse with a bridle. The sound of Rick's teeth grinding on rusty steel is enough to haunt even the hardest of individuals' dreams. The look of honest terror that washes over Rick's face as the Spike is violently forced between his jaw is one for the highlight reel. No pretence, no final screamed insults, Bronson just grabs the ends of his Spike and LEEEEEEANS BACK with all his might.

DDK:

THIS IS IT, THIS HAS TO BE IT!

Rick's terror melts away into a look of pure, honest, ruthless... *defiance*.

The referee, who's been several paces behind the chaos this entire time, kneels down beside the submission horror show we're all bearing witness to.

Brain Slater:

COME ON RICK, TAP OUT SON!

The Strongest DEFIANT locks eyes with Slater. Through a mouth full of rusty steel...

Rick Dickulous:

FUHHHHK YUUUUUGH!

Unintelligible, but we know exactly what the big man meant. Blood and spittle start to run out of Rick's Spike bridled mouth and down his chin. The fire in his eyes starts to slowly dim as Boxer continues to pull back on the rusty implement of pain. What seems like an eternity passes as Rick Dickulous slowly but surely passes out cold.

Brian Slater breathes a deep sigh of relief as he calls for the bell to be rung out in the arena.

DING DING DING

DDK:

What a FIGHT! WOW!

Lance:

Even I have to admit... Rick showed something at the end there. That was WILD!

As medics and staff fill the calamitous scene we lose sight of Bronson, Slater and Dickulous. The feed cuts back to Darren and Lance out at the commentation station.

DDK:

Bronson Box picking up a GIANT win over an absolutely game Rick Dickulous!

GO GO

The scene switches to backstage as Conor Fuse roams the hallways whistling the theme song to the original Super Mario Bros. World 1 - Level 1 (great tune btw). As he turns a corner, however, the music comes to an abrupt stop.

Conor stands in his tracks, eyeing someone from across the way.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, hello.

Fuse says these words coldly as the camera pans to reveal his brother, Tyler Fuse, dressed in the Reaper Red outfit minus the mask.

Conor Fuse: *[somewhat sarcastically]*

What's new, what's shaking? How's mom? I haven't spoken to her recently. Have her and dad been able to settle on a Netflix movie yet? The man is so fickle, it drives me insane. He don't wanna watch this, he don't wanna watch that... it's only a great idea if it's dad's idea... aye-yai-yai, that old man is a hot mess.

Tyler doesn't say anything as Conor continues with his smirky remarks, looking big brother over.

Conor Fuse:

Dropped video games for Power Ranger I see? I thought orange was your colour but instead, hmmph, they've got you in red. I guess it works although I'm more of a green fan myself. Come to think of it, Tommy, ya know, the GREEN Ranger, he was the best one. He was the real **leader** of that locker room if you get what I'm saying. Plus Kimberly was hot AF and Tommy totally tapped that.

Conor nods frantically.

Conor Fuse:

Well okay this has been an unreal talk, as always. You're just full of giGGles and insight. *[Turning to point in the other direction and changing his tone of voice]* Imma go hang out with my newfound friends now. We have a different group of misled BOTS to deal with, LOL. These guys don't even have an underground tunnel! They don't even answer to a Boss with a spOOky last name bahahaha. The Kabal are a fucking shitshow, dude.

Conor smacks himself upside the head to stop laughing.

Conor Fuse:

Okay well regardless of anything, love ya bro.

The camera stays on Tyler, emotionless, as Conor can be heard wandering down the hallway.

Conor Fuse:

IT'S MORPHIN' TIME! Mastodon! Pterodactyl! Triceratops! *[Said with EXTRA emphasis]* **Tyrannosaurus!**

FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE vs. BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

DDK:

Are you ready for the next match, Lance? I feel so, so sorry for Carla but not sorry for the action we're going to see. A ten-person tag team match! It'll be the entirety of Better Future Talent Agency, minus Ophelia Sykes of course. The Lucky Sevens, Jestal, Jack Mace and their de facto leader, Alvaro de Vargas. Even though Morrow has not been seen since DEFCON, BFTA have been destroying all in their path!

Lance:

This all started after DEFCON. Alvaro de Vargas made mention that BFTA are always recruiting and helped snatch Sykes out from under the Pop Culture Phenoms. All the while, ADV and Jack Mace spent weeks trying to recruit Conor Fuse. When Fuse's friend, Henry Keyes, got involved... things ended badly for Keyes until recently.

DDK:

BFTA was recruiting and fighting wars on all fronts. Any time they fought the PCP the last few weeks, the numbers game and Ophelia were just too much. But all that changed when Keyes made his return from being assaulted by de Vargas and Mace.

Lance:

It did. Conor Fuse united himself, Keyes and the Pop Culture Phenoms against Better Future Talent Agency all under the name that made The Faithful cheer... FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE!

DDK:

Coming up next, these ten will fight to settle this ongoing issue once and for all. It's BFTA vs. FML. Let's take it to ringside for this blockbuster match!

And to the ring we go. Darren Quimbey is about to speak... but before we do...

DDK:

Uh-oh... what's going on? Normally, he'd be doing the intros, but...

Lance:

Come on, Darren. You know what it is.

The DEFIatron flickers to life to show the loading docks of the building where a swank and stylish SUV limo pulls up to the doors... complete with a police escort.

DDK:

...Are you serious? A police escort? For all these giant bruisers... and Jestal?

Lance:

You know how BFTA works, flaunting lots of ridiculous cash for things like this if they want.

The limo starts to pull up and one by one, the members of BFTA make their entrance...

The Lucky Sevens. Max and Mason Luck in sequined green robes.

Ophelia Sykes. Extravagant Vegas showgirl outfit including a top hat and cane right behind them.

Jack Mace. The Killer Bear wearing a fancy bear pelt (imitation...?) and his typical ring gear.

The camera then pans lower to get Jestal wearing a robe made for a clown, fluorescent colours everywhere.

And finally, Alvaro de Vargas... a purple sequined robe with red and orange flame designs all over the back.

DDK:

Lord help me, I might go blind from all those sequins.

The camera catches ADV tipping two of the security escorts before they head into the stage area.

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The theme plays and one by one, the various members of BFTA enter. First, Ophelia Sykes followed by The Lucky Sevens. Then Jack Mace. Then Jestal.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM!

Various pillars of flame pyro erupt from the ramp as El Sol Dorado himself heads out to the ramp. All members of BFTA absorbing the tremendous amount of jeers being thrown their way.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the team of The Lucky Sevens, Max and Mason Luck... "The Mad Prince" Jestal... "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace... And "El Sol Dorado" Alvaro de Vargas... **THE BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY!**

The five wrestlers of the group are on the inside of the ring with Ophelia Sykes on the outside, talking them all up the whole way. Alvaro stands front and center with the Lucks on his left and Jestal and Mace to his right. He looks at them and in unison, they disrobe like flashers...

DDK:

Oh, lord, what is this!?

All five have new Better Future Talent Agency shirts with a picture of them in a Mt. Rushmore-style design. They turn their backs to the camera and show off a picture of Tom Morrow in a business suit with a speech bubble reading "...And a Brighter Tom Morrow!"

DDK:

Jeez. I can't even with this.

Lance:

Well, here we go.

The music finally fades out as the members of BFTA shed their robes and new BFTA t-shirts. They hand the pile off to Ophelia at ringside. Max Luck holds his own shirt out and climbs the second turnbuckle, waiting for a reaction from the crowd if they want a free shirt. Some fans cheer because it's free stuff, so he balls it up... then simply drops it with Ophelia instead.

DDK:

Classy, aren't they?

♪ ["Ken's Theme, Epic Rock Cover" from Street Fighter II](#) ♪

DDK:

It's a much different atmosphere now!

/RANK chants, PCP chants and pirate chants. Nobody can get on the same page because there's too much excitement.

Conor Fuse rises up from a lift below the rampway as green pyro explodes behind him. BFTA watch on from inside the ring. Soon, ADV starts laughing because no one else has shown up beside the gamer.

Until an object emerges from the right side of the pay-per-view rampway, past the M-A-X-I-M-U-M lettering.

DDK:

What's this!?

Lance:

It's an airplane?

DDK:

No. It's a pirate ship?

Lance:

It's... something.

DDK:

Is it another litter? We had fifteen of those at DEFCON!

♪ "Shit Boat" by ALESTORM ♪

*YOUR PIRATE SHIP CAN EAT A BAG OF DICKS
YOUR PIRATE SHIP CAN EAT A GIANT BAG OF DICKS
YOUR SHITTY WEE BOAT IS A FUCKING JOKE
IT'S JUST THE UNWANTED LEFTOVERS A JOBBY TUGGIN' BARGE*

The hull of a huge wooden ship slowly emerges onto the entryway and it carries Klein, The D and Elise Ares. Henry Keyes appears on the bow with a huge feathered tricorn hat, gazing into the distance through a brass spyglass like the boat has a ways to travel before arriving at its final destination.

Red pyro **EXPLODES** from the deck as the ship comes to a halt, almost knocking Klein overboard in the process but luckily The D is there to catch him. Ares, however, is in shock and awe at the wonderful structure she's traveling on.

*YOUR PIRATE SHIP CAN EAT A BAG OF DICKS
YOUR PIRATE SHIP CAN EAT A GIANT BAG OF DICKS
YOUR POOPDECK IS A SHITHOLE AND YOUR RUDDER IS CRAP
AND YOUR CANONS ARE INCAPABLE OF FIRING TWENTY FEET*

Keyes shouts to PCP. The trio throw "anchors" off the deck and then repel to the bottom before walking onto the MAX DEF stage. Keyes sees Conor in the distance. The Ultimate Gamer shouts to his friend.

Conor Fuse:

Ahoy!

Keyes smiles and nods, repelling down himself. The five FML "members" meet at the center of the rampway. ADV looks like he's gonna pop a couple blood vessels.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents, the team of Conor Fuse, Henry Keyes, Elise Ares, The D and Klein, the **FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE!!**

*YOUR PIRATE SHIP CAN EAT A BAG OF DICKS
YOUR PIRATE SHIP CAN EAT A GIANT BAG OF DICKS
YOUR STUPID NAVIGATOR IS AN ALCOHOLIC
ALL YOUR CREW LOOK LIKE LEGO BRICKS*

In unison, PCP, Conor and Henry nod. They race down the ramp and The Faithful cheer, knowing things are about to get much more serious. The camera goes back to Better Future as they ready themselves for a fight.

DDK:

Well, ridiculous entrances aside, we're ready to go!

FML slide into the ring, although no one engages each other just yet. The five stand across from their counterparts. Carla Ferrari breathes a sigh of relief it didn't come to blows right then and there.

Lance:

We're at a boiling point!

The jaunty curse-filled FML theme comes to a close as FML inch even closer to BFTA.

Carla Ferrari has her hands full, trying her best to direct Better Future back to their corner as the verbal back and forths continue. Ophelia Sykes is the loudest, screaming at the Pop Culture Phenoms from the edge of the apron. The Lucky Sevens take no exception, either as they march to the center of the ring and call out Elise Ares and The D to meet them there.

DDK:

Gotta feel for Carla.

Lance:

It's going to be a hell of a job to keep both teams at bay.

ADV is the next to mouth off in the direction of the FML, reminding Henry Keyes who beat him down a few weeks ago.

DDK:

And Conor Fuse comes racing across the ring, leaps over Carla and The Sevens, hitting ADV with a dropkick!

All hell breaks loose.

Lance:

To be honest, I'm surprised it took so long.

The other members of BFTA break into a brawl with FML. PCP and The Sevens go at it, while Jack Mace and Henry Keyes exchange blows and Jestal tackles Klein to the floor.

Ferrari throws her hands in the air and realizes the best she can do is try to separate one fight at a time. Since The D and Max Luck are the closest, she hopes to split the two apart. It's no use. Max hurls The D into a corner and comes charging in with a stinger splash but D ducks and rolls out of the way. D comes back with a stiff kick to the side of Max's temple and then topples over the large twin with a crossbody as they both fall out of the ring.

Meanwhile, Mason Luck and Elise Ares work their way into the ropes but Klein throws Jestal right into both of them, knocking all three wrestlers out of the squared circle, too. Klein looks to his left, right and goes for a dive through the ropes on everyone who made their ring exit.

Left in the ring are ADV-Conor and Mace-Keyes, as Conor and Henry reign punches down on their opponents in opposite corners of the ring. Conor shouts to Henry and Henry nods as they both Irish whip the Better Future members to the center of the canvas. However, ADV and Jack Mace stop RIGHT before running into each other!

Mace points to his head, ADV just gets angrier. But before they can turn around...

DDK:

Double dropkicks by Conor and Henry ensures de Vargas and Mace do collide!

This is followed by a snapdragon suplex by Henry Keyes to Jack Mace. Conor stands there, impressed, although shaking his head.

Conor Fuse: *[pointing to ADV]*

He's too big.

Keyes hurries to his feet and drills a STIFF running knee into ADV's skull, bending him over. Conor presses off de Vargas' back and lands a leg drop across ADV's head, planting the Cuban on the mat beside his partner.

Conor dusts off his hands.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, that'll do-

But before The Ultimate Gamer and Airship Pirate become too comfortable, Jestal's back in the ring and smacks Conor across the shoulder blades.

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two takes pause.

Jestal smacks him again.

DDK:

And Henry Keyes crushes Jestal with a European uppercut!

Lance:

Keyes is the hardest hitter in this match. I would say ADV and Mace are up there but man, Henry's strikes LAND.

Keyes works Jestal to a corner with a number of propeller-edge chops that resonate throughout the arena. He hurls The Mad Prince to a corner across the way as Jestal meets the padding and walks it back to the center of the ring, having no idea where he is. The Funhouse? Perhaps.

DDK:

Abdominal stretch by Keyes... into a dropkick by Conor Fuse and then an exploder suplex by Keyes! This is some excellent teamwork between the airshipsman and gamer!

The teamwork is soon forgotten as Max and Mason Luck are in the ring and bulldoze Fuse and Keyes with shoulder blocks. As the Lucks drag their opponents to their feet, they stop and see Ares and The D on opposite ends of the top turnbuckles.

DDK:

Double dropkicks by PCP!

Klein comes in as the three Pop Culture stars throw the two Luck boys out through the ropes for a second time. The Faithful pop huge as Ares stands with D and Boxman.

Carla Ferrari shrugs and finally calls for the bell. No better time than now...

DING DING

DDK:

Carla is taking charge here, telling D and Ares to go back to their corners. She's choosing Klein to start the match.

Lance:

And with The Sevens, ADV and Mace hurting on the outside of the ring it seems as though Jestal is the only one who's ready.

Ferrari nods and tells Jestal he's the legal man and the match is off.

At first, there's some reluctance on Klein's behalf.

DDK:

I don't think Klein wants to hit Jestal! After all, Jestal IS Dandelion's brother and we all know what happened to Dandelion!

Lance:

Got knocked up?

Jestal shouts at Klein to hit him but the Boxman doesn't do it. Instead, The Mad Prince walks right into Klein's... face box...

And spits on it.

DDK:

Klein with a HARD right fist! He hits the ropes... Jestal ducks a clothesline attempt but Klein stops in his tracks, spins Jestal around and plants him with a sharp kick to the gut and a diving DDT!

Klein lifts Jestal and rifles him into an empty turnbuckle. Klein bursts in with a clothesline, holds onto Jestal's head and then exits the corner with a bulldog. Klein stands, looks down at his opponent and walks to the FML corner.

Lance:

I don't think Klein wants to do more damage to Jestal but he will certainly let someone else continue the beating.

Tag to Elise Ares.

By now, everyone else has made their way to their respective corners, so Ares has to hurry in before Jestal makes it to his.

DDK:

Ares with a head scissors takedown on Jestal. She's off the ropes... and this time it's a running head scissors into a spinning DDT! Very impressive!

Ares leaps to her feet and starts kicking Jestal in the chest as he gets to his knees. Ares bounces off the ropes, looking for a flying crossbody but Jestal catches her and performs a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker using Ares' own momentum to knock her down!

Lance:

You have to wonder if that mask hinders Ares' ability. Yes, she can see but she can't be used to that thing. I saw her adjust the mask for a SPLIT second and that may have been enough time for Jestal to pull himself together!

The former ToyBox member wobbles to his corner and tags out.

ADV.

The crowd gives a proverbial "oh shit".

de Vargas comes in and pops Ares' head off with a clothesline! He starts applying the boots to her as D shouts from his corner while Carla Ferrari walks over to the FML side and tells The D to calm down.

DDK:

ADV is a wrecking machine and this is one pairing I don't think works well in Ares' favor.

ADV throws Ares into the ropes and crushes her inside-out with another clothesline. Back to the stomps.

Lance:

I agree, Keeps. Obviously, Ares is a tremendous wrestler but she was grounded by Jestal. You give a 6'8" man an opportunity like that and you're going to get what we're witnessing. If it was all fair and square to start, I may have liked her chances.

ADV looks over to the FML corner with a cocky grin as he drills his knee into Ares' temple over and over.

DDK:

de Vargas is sending Ares for a loop.

Lance:

Something tells me if Angus still worked here he would love this guy.

DDK:

Alvaro pulls Ares to her feet and hits a standing belly-to-back suplex, almost knocking Ares out of the ring upon impact!

ADV puts Ares on her knees and, just for shits and giggles, rakes her across the eyes.

This INFURIATES The D as he tries to enter the ring but Carla Ferrari stops him.

So, of course, Jack Mace enters the ring instead.

DDK:

Mace DECAPITATES Ares with a big boot to the head! And now it's ADV with double foot stomps to Ares.

de Vargas jumps on Ares stomach, only to collect his balance and jump on Ares stomach again.

Rinse.

Repeat.

At least five times.

DDK:

The air is being knocked out from the former SOHER champion! Literally!

ADV screams at Carla to pay attention to the wrestling match because he's about to make a pinfall attempt.

DDK:

It might be over right here!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Faithful show signs of life!

PCP!

PCP!

PCP!

ADV fumes at Carla for what he thinks was a slow count!

ADV:

UNO, DOES, TRES, PENDEJA!

Carla rolls her eyes. de Vargas takes Ares and lifts her above his head, dropping the woman across his knee and then getting down on all fours, putting both forearms over Elise's head violently and asking for another pinfall count.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

PCP!

PCP!

PCP!

DDK:

ADV is gonna have a heart attack.

The massive Cuban whips Ares to her feet. He hits the ropes and looks for a big boot but Ares falls to the mat in a heap!

At first, de Vargas is pissed but then he realizes she has nothing left to give.

He blows a kiss to D, which further angers Ares' tag team partner.

ADV:

It's over...

DDK:

Alvaro is positioning Ares... but she falls for a second time.

Lance:

She's done, Keebs. Done.

The Faithful sense what's coming, likely the piledriver, ADV's finisher the Ardiendo. FML ready themselves in their corner, aiming to charge the ring and break-up the count if needed. However, BFTA are also readying themselves to intervene.

DDK:

ADV has Ares with both hands...

Lance:

OH MY GOD!

DDK:

Knee breaker by Ares!

Ares leaps towards her corner and tags The D! The roof EXPLODES from the WrestlePlex.

DDK:

D with a missile dropkick to de Vargas. D with a punt kick to de Vargas. D with a Pele kick to de Vargas! All D, all day!

The arena is UNGLUED as D continues his assault with kicks, working ADV to his feet and causing the Cuban to throw his hands up and BEG for D to stop.

D doesn't.

DDK:

I think Ares was playing possum! It's clear she needed time to recover but in the end, worked it to a tag!

In the FML corner, Conor smacks Henry on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Awesome possum!

Keyes smirks as everyone watches D continue his fury of kicks on AD-

DDK:

JACK MACE COMES IN AND CLOBBERS D WITH A SHOULDER BLOCK!! C'MON!

FML try to enter but Carla stops the majority of them. By the time Conor is able to slip through, Mace is back in his corner and the Luck's/Jestal are waiting for Fuse to make the mistake of getting any closer. ADV reaches over and tags The Killer Bear. Mace climbs into the ring, standing over The D before putting a vicious elbow drop into his heart.

Jack Mace:

Aquaman? AQUAMAN?! I'll show you Aquaman, you utter twat...

Mace picks up The D and SLAMS him into the canvas with a massive belly-to-back facebuster!

DDK:

The D's comments to Jack Mace during their final exchange are coming back to haunt him now!

Lance:

And he sits up The D... 12-6 elbows to the top of the head!

Mace reaches over and Jestal wants the tag, so it happens. Mace picks up D and and hurls The Netflix A-Lister into the corner, then whips Jestal into an aided splash. Jestal throws D back out to Mace, who grabs D and DRIVES D down using a big release uranage suplex!

DDK:

Jack-Drop Suplex! Jestal's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jestal slaps three fingers at Carla Ferrari and yells at her to count faster.

Lance:

Good combo there by Better Future Talent Agency. Good synergy shown by their side so far.

DDK:

I agree. It wasn't a three, though. Not even close but good teamwork.

ADV shouts at Jestal to wrap things up while partners from both sides look on. He kicks The D onto his back and locks in the Dragon Eyes!

DDK:

Jestal calls this the Dragon Eyes! Is The D going to tap out?

D does no such thing and in fact, it's Keyes into the ring for the save with a big kick to the side of Jestal's head! Keyes returns to the corner after saving D while the rest of BFTA and Ophelia Sykes protest wildly! The D has an opening when he reaches over and tags Conor Fuse! The Faithful go nuts!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

And here comes The Power-up King! Dropkick to Jestal! And now a flying back elbow off the ropes! He's taking Jestal to task!

Conor is running wild when he picks up Jestal. The Mad Prince puts on the brakes and sends Fuse to the ropes instead but when Conor gets there, The Gamer nails a spinning back elbow strike on return! The Locker Room Leader points at the ropes and then leaps off with a springboard moonsault! Fuse covers just as Klein and Henry Keyes come in and try to block any other BFTA members from making the save!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jestal kicks out but Conor grabs him by the head as BFTA try to enter the ring. Carla Ferrari is doing her best to keep the monsters at bay. As this happens, Elise Ares tells Conor to set Jestal in the corner. Fuse does and then throws the clown down so Elise makes the tag.

DDK:

Elise with stomps in the corner! A big series of stomps! We know what's next!

The crowd cheers as Jestal gets stomps before a tag to her partner, The D. The Netflix A-Lister gets inside and throws more stomps to The Mad Prince's chest!

Lance:

Looks like Jestal's on the Blacklist! A signature PCP move!

DDK:

But look, look!

Conor wants a tag, so after The D puts up a finger, Archer style as to not be interrupted... Jestal gets stomped again!

Then the tag!

Now Conor joins in and starts with the proverbial mudhole making (with a smile on his face)! The HAPPY stomps of DOOM are a go while Carla is giving the FML members a five count to stop but Conor does so only for Keyes to give it a try! The Airship Pirate heads inside the ring and stomps away at Jestal!

DDK:

It's an FML-sized Blacklist! Everyone's getting a turn to stomp Jestal! The poor clown is taking the damage likely directed at everyone in Better Future!

Lance:

He's a sacrificial lamb!

The other BFTA members protest the chicanery on display by the many people of DEFIANCE they have wronged over

the past three months but The Faithful eat it up! Finally, when Keyes is done before the five-count, he stops and points at Klein. Klein gets tagged and climbs into the ring. Klein stomps the baby daddy of his nephew and keeps stomping away to a huge pop from the crowd!

Lance:

To borrow a phrase, you love to see it, Darren! People getting what they deserve!

Klein pulls Jestal out of the corner and then plants the former ToyBox mid-ring with a powerslam! A cover follows!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVED BY DE VARGAS!

ADV leaps into the ring and delivers another of his big double foot stomps to the back of The Boxman!

DDK:

Cheap shot but it breaks the cover!

Carla waves at the corner and yells for ADV to go back. The other FML members get ready to fight but when Klein holds his back in pain, Jestal rolls over. Klein starts to rise and while he's near the ropes, Ophelia Sykes grabs Klein's arm and snaps it over the ropes!

Lance:

Hey! What the...? That witch attacks Klein behind Carla's back!

The Faithful blast her with jeers while she walks away as Jestal makes the tag to Alvaro de Vargas! ADV stands over the fallen Klein and the powerhouse of the Pop Culture Phenoms gets barreled back in the corner of BFTA!

DDK:

Oh, no. This is the very last place any FML member wants to be.

ADV throws Klein to the corner. El Sol Dorado is in front of the FML corner, looking right at Conor.

ADV:

What happens to that pendejo over there is on YOU, Conor...

He runs and nails a huge corner clothesline on Klein! Klein slumps over, but The Boxman is still standing. ADV runs back to the FML corner a second time.

ADV:

Tus amigos saldrán lastimados y todo es tu culpa!

de Vargas clobbers Boxman again with another corner clothesline! Klein shakes on the buckle and that's when ADV snatches Klein by his neck.

DDK:

Abajo Vas! Sitout Chokeslam on Klein! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The shoulder of the cult favorite rises off the mat, much to his chagrin. ADV growls and nails a big body slam!

DDK:

BFTA are picking apart The Box Man! And we get the tag to Mason Luck!

Mason enters. He picks up Klein by the head and... another body slam!

And then a tag to Max Luck!

Max grits his teeth and laughs...

DDK:

The Better Future Talent Agency are having some fun at Klein's expense after they did the same to Jestal with the Blacklist! They're taking Klein apart with these slams!

Lance:

And Klein has had a recent history of rib injuries. This can't be good for that.

After Max's body slam, Jack Mace is tagged. He picks Klein up and... you guessed it. Body slam! But Mace throws in a senton for good measure!

DDK:

Big moves there by The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler. He is good between those ropes, but he is a bully.

Jestal wants some payback as well so Mace stands up and makes the tag to The Mad Prince, who wastes no time and lands fist after fists into the ribs of Klein!

DDK:

Jestal working him over! He's throwing those punches and Klein's ribs are definitely the target!

The Mad Prince continues to pummel away at the ribs of Klein. He stands up and starts to parade around.

Jestal:

YOU WERE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY SISTER!

ADV, Mace and the twins agree via the sea of jeers but when Jestal tries to turn, The Box Man rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

THAT WAS CLOSE! JESTAL ALMOST SLIPPED!

Jestal kicks out and is up first but when Klein tries to get back up, the Boxman gets hit with possibly the lowest dropkick in DEFIANCE but one that is effective nonetheless! Jestal makes the tag again to Jack Mace and The Killer Bear and Jestal uses Carla Ferrari's five-count the best way they can...

STEREO FUJIWARA ARMBARS ON KLEIN!

Lance:

Come on, Carla, get them off him!

DDK:

They're torturing Klein at this point!

After the double seated armbar on Klein, Jestal leaves the ring while The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler stands up and throws Klein into the corner. He takes a moment to milk in the jeers with the rest of BFTA but Klein tries to fight out!

DDK:

Here we go! Right hand for Jestal! Right hand for Mace! Klein's trying to fight out of BFTA's corner!

The Faithful are dying for Boxman to make a tag while Ares, D, Conor, and Keyes all watch on. Klein tries to get out but Mace goes for broke and LIFTS big Klein over his shoulder before ramming him right back to the corner!

Lance:

Klein is full of way more fight than we often see out of him but tonight he's getting worked over by Better Future! And... oh, come on with this!

Mace stands in front of Klein and as this happens, both of The Lucky Sevens latch on The Winning Hand to each side of Klein's ribs! The big lovable member of PCP is getting wrecked while Ophelia Sykes watches on proudly.

Ophelia Sykes:

My guys are going to destroy all of you! I told you! I traded up!

Lance:

I'd love for those comments to be proven wrong.

DDK:

I do too, partner.

The twins both stop with the double Winning Hand before the referee can see it.

Mace tags Mason Luck. The seven foot twin climbs over the ropes and holds out his hands at the crowd reactions.

Mason Luck:

Big Money Mase thanks Big Money Mace for that tag!

Mason goes to work by slamming a few elbows into Klein's box covered face. Klein gets lifted by the side, as the strength on display from Big Money Mase is pretty stunning to pick up a two-hundred sixty pound man with ease. He holds Klein and carries him over to let Max Luck get the tag. Max climbs in and hits a gut wrench suplex on Klein. Max follows up with a big side suplex and Boxcar elbow drop!

DDK:

These two giants are doing a number on Klein! Unbelievable!

Lance:

And he's not going for a cover. Why?

DDK:

Klein has been kicking out a lot. I think they want to make sure he's really down.

Max grabs Klein's arm, taking him to the corner. He tells the other Better Future partners to back away for a moment. Max climbs the ropes and wows the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as he walks across the ropes like it's too easy. He makes it mid-way, then jumps off and nails Klein with an extra powerful sledge to the back!

DDK:

THAT's why he didn't want to cover! Max wants to show off!

Max Luck pushes Klein so he's flat on his back.

ONE.

TWO.

T-

But Conor Fuse comes to the rescue with a sliding drop kick right on the side of Max's face!

Lance:

The FML are doing everything they can to keep Klein alive but you have to wonder how much more Carla Ferrari is going to take with these saves!

Carla does tell The Codebreaker to return to his corner and when he does so, Jestal comes in to take a cheap shot on Klein with a running senton to the ribs. The Mad Prince is booed with Mason now getting the tag just as Carla turns around.

DDK:

Cheap shot after cheap shot! This is ridiculous!

Lance:

Klein needs out in the worst way possible. BFTA have made it almost impossible but he keeps fighting!

The Boxman of PCP gets some respect and love from the crowd when he tries to stand. However, Mason throws him down with the Jack Pot Drop! After hitting the pump handle back breaker, Mason goes right into a grounded Winning Hand and claws at the ribs of Klein.

KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN!

DDK:

The Faithful have been cheering for Klein to get out! Anything they can to help out!

Lance:

But he has that Winning Hand locked on tight. We have seen Lucky Sevens use this claw passed down from their grandfather, "Wild" Winston Luck, in a number of unique ways!

Klein tries to fight up but Mason towers over him with the claw and the other members of FML keep the crowd chants going. Boxman uses elbows and punches to get away from Mason. Luck kicks Klein in the ribs and tries to set him up for Rack City... but Klein counters and pulls him down into a big DDT!

DDK:

Klein finally counters! He counters Rack City with a DDT!

Lance:

That's the opening he needs but Max Luck gets the tag already!

Klein is almost ready to tag Conor but Max runs past and hits Conor with a big boot! The crowd starts booing Max Luck for his cheap shot!

DDK:

Uncalled for! Now Max goes to catch Klein ... no way!!!

When Max picks Klein's arm up, he's put down with a spine buster slam! The move takes all that Klein has but it works!

DDK:

TAG!! TAG!! KLEIN TAGGED HENRY KEYES!

Lance:

Pirate on fire!

Stiff boot to Max! Stiff boot to Mason! Boot to Max! Boot to Mason!

Jack Mace tries his *hand* next and gets a European uppercut, followed by Keyes bouncing off the ropes and drilling the heels of his boots into Mace's right knee. This knocks The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler to one leg. No pause from Keyes - implant DDT.

ADV races in. Keyes sidesteps and drops the top rope on him. The FUMING Cuban is easy to discard from the ring.

DDK:

Jesta! Nice try. He's thrown out of the ring, too! Keyes stands tall! This crowd is BOOMING!

Keyes perches himself on the top rope. Max opens his eyes right in time but it doesn't hurt any less.

DDK:

Knee drop!

Scoop slam follows. Bounce off the ropes...

DDK:

Sykes trips Keyes up from the outside!

Mason enters the ring, hoping to bulldoze Keyes to the mat. Instead...

DDK:

RING SHAKING POWERSLAM!

Lance:

That's a 6'3" man powerslamming a 7-footer!

DDK:

With ease!

Keyes kicks Mason out of the ring. However, Max is slowly on his feet. He spins Keyes around but Henry ducks the clothesline. Uppercuts follow, working Luck into the FML corner. Keyes tags Conor Fuse. Recovered from the earlier cheap shot, The Ultimate Gamer flies over the top ropes and drives his boots into Max's chest. Keyes ignores Carla Ferrari and Irish whips Max into the ropes.

DDK:

Dropkick by Conor! Into a dropkick by Keyes! And then another dropkick by Conor... into another dropkick by Keyes!

Repeat x3. Each time Conor or Henry dropkicks Max, it moves him closer to the other. Conor laughs after the fifth round finally puts Max face-first on the canvas.

Conor Fuse:

Like a wrestling game of PONG, ha!

Keyes nods. He whips Conor towards the ropes but Conor holds onto Keyes and re-whips Keyes.

DDK:

Keyes comes crashing through the top and middle rope with a dropkick to Mason!

Keyes doesn't stop. He finds Jestal near the apron and hurls him into the steel steps. D and Ares join in, too against Jack Mace and ADV. All hell is breaking loose!

Meanwhile, in the middle of the ring, Conor Fuse stands with Max Luck grasping at Fuse's heels.

Conor Fuse: *[speaking down to Max Luck]*

Hey, hold on a second. PAUSE!

Fuse rolls out of the ring, finds Elise Ares and smacks her across the shoulders.

DDK:

What's going on here?

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

The "Locker Room Leader" slides into the ring, sees Max stirring on the canvas and springs off the ropes.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

CURB STOMP TO MAX!!

Lance:

That wasn't any curb stomp, Keebs. That was Elise Ares' EXTREME MAKEOVER FINISHER!

It takes a hell of a lot of strength but Conor rolls Max over and hooks a leg. The crowd is worked into a FRENZY as they count along.

ONE!

TWO!

SAVE BY ADV!

DDK:

DAMMIT!

Replays show de Vargo arrived JUST in the nick of time before D could block Alvaro out. D grabs de Vargas by the arm after the Cuban breaks up the pinfall but D eats a ripcord clothesline for his troubles. ADV finds Conor, hurls him into the ropes and lands a big boot to the head-

DDK:

CONOR HELD ON TO DE VARGAS' LEG!

Like a leetch, Conor won't let go and ADV is trying to kick him off!

ADV:

WHAT THE!?!?

Alvaro is irate but doesn't see D is back in the ring, on the top rope, waiting for his time to strike!

DDK:

Crossbody by D!

It was more like a full body lunge at ADV, as The D smacks against de Vargo and knocks him back a peg. However, the angry Cuban is still on his feet... even if Conor Fuse is attached to his right leg!

DDK:

Elise Ares is on the top rope...

She throws *her* body at ADV, hitting him with an uppercut as she flies halfway across the ring!

Next UP, Klein. While he's not on the TOP rope, he's on the second turnbuckle. He meets ADV with a European uppercut.

Finally...

DDK:

Henry Keyes!

Keyes races in with a crossbody on de Vargas as Conor kicks the second leg out from under the Cuban. The leader of BFTA crashes to the mat.

YEEEEAAHHHHH!!

Lance:

These are some BIG men on the BFTA side of things and FML is doing very well at-

DDK:

ROLL UP BY MAX LUCK ON CONOR FUSE!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

If Conor didn't kick out there, it would've been over! No one else could've got there in time, let alone REALIZED what was taking place!

Once again, the match becomes too chaotic for Carla (or anyone for that matter) to manage. All ten wrestlers are inside the ring. FML, who were on their way to break up the recent pinfall and Better Future, who were going to defend the cover.

DDK:

The legal men are Conor and Max. That's all I know right now.

Lance:

Where are they in this brawl? Can you see them?

DDK:

I can see Max's head. 7-footer, right? That's about all I can see.

Jestal, Klein and D spill to the floor below. Jack Mace clubs Ares in the back and LAUNCHES her out of the ring. D and Klein get in Ares' path and are BARELY able to catch her, although they've all taken some damage.

More brawling ensues. It's down to Conor and Max in the middle of the ring. Max decapitates Fuse with a running spinning back elbow... only to eat a crazy hard spinning back elbow from Henry Keyes, the blow cracking throughout the already rambunctious arena! The Airship Pirate walks to the FML corner and sticks out his hand for a tag.

DDK:

Conor tags Keyes!

Max races towards Keyes and shoves him into a free corner. Max charges in but meets Keyes' boot in defense. Conor pops up, smacks Keyes across the chest and screams into the rafters.

DDK:

Not a tag! Conor wasn't in his corner!

Conor Fuse:

WEAPO-

ADV with a clothesline that flips Conor inside-out so hard it's TWICE the spinning force before Fuse meets the mat! The crowd is HOT and ADV is all shit eating grins!

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX, KEYES TO ADV!

Henry pummels his former attacker on the canvas but then remembers de Vargas isn't the legal man. That's Max Luck.

DDK:

BELL CLAP TO MAX! PIN! PIN!

But Carla doesn't count. The Airship Pirate is confused.

DDK:

Running knee strike by Jack Mace!

Lance:

I believe Max Luck TAGGED OUT to The Killer Bear when Henry hit ADV with that suplex!

Mace works over Keyes as everyone else has either been taken out of the ring due to maneuvers or are finding their way around the outsides, brawling with one another.

Mace props Keyes on his knees. The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler bounces off the ropes, screaming when Keyes leaps to his feet and connects with a hell of a ring shaking spinebuster! Both men fall to their backs, recovering.

The scene jumps to Jestal and Klein, fighting up the rampway. Klein has the advantage as the two reach the top of the stage. The Boxman hits Jestal with numerous variations of strikes to the chest. Open palm, elbows, uppercuts, etc.

DDK:

Low blow by The Mad Prince!

Klein stumbles around. Jestal runs to the back, behind the entrance LCD letter "I"... only to reappear with an object in his hand.

A rubber chicken.

DDK:

Stupid Clucky!

Jestal attempts to hit Klein but the powerhouse of PCP moves! Jestal backtracks but runs out of room as they work their way to the edge of the ramp!

Jestal tries for another low blow but Klein blocks it.

THUMP.

DDK:

Dammit! Jestal got him with that STUPID rubber chicken!

???:

LOOK OUT!

CRRRRRRAAAAASSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

NO!!!!

Concern throughout the DEFplex is RAMPANT when The Lucky Sevens charge Klein and bulldoze him off the top of the stage and through a stack of tables below!

D and Ares arrive at the scene but they're too late. Max and Mason try to toss the rest of PCP overboard, too with Irish whips but D and Elise stop RIGHT at the edge of the rampway because they were able to reach out and hold onto each other, halting their momentum!

DDK:

D with a dropkick to Max! Ares with a sprinting headscissors takedown to Mason!

Lance:

That's one BIG man to knock off his feet!

The headscissors doesn't exactly keep Mason down for long...

SMACK!

But a D and Ares double dropkick to the FACE does!

Jestal runs at PCP with Clucky... only for Conor Fuse to appear, jump onto the nearby palm tree display and use it as monkey bars to flip around like a gymnast, snatching Jestal by the head and hurling him into a headscissors throw himself...

Thump.

Jestal bumps up against the LCD letter "M" at the end of the M-A-X-I-M-U-M entrance. Luckily, The Mad Prince didn't go through the letter.

SMACK!

DDK:

Conor with the Bell Clap to Jestal!

CRASH!

DDK:

And Fuse throws J head-first through the LCD letter!

Conor grins at the camera.

Conor Fuse:

Stupid non-scary Pennywise rip off.

He winks at PCP.

Conor Fuse:

Had that Weapon Get saved up from earlier.

As Conor and PCP recover, slowly making their way back towards the ring, Henry Keyes and Jack Mace go big boy shot for big boy shot in the middle of the squared circle. Whatever Mace can do, Keyes matches easily.

DDK:

Mace with a chop, Keyes with a chop. Mace with an elbow to the side of the head, Keyes with an elbow to the side of the head.

Wham.

DDK:

And ADV with a short-arm clothesline to Keyes! Where'd he come from!?

Replays show ADV was momentarily taken out at the bottom of the rampway by Conor Fuse and PCP before the FML trio tried to help Klein.

The Faithful boo as de Vargas raises his arms to Ferrari like he did fuck all. The Cuban goes back to his corner and waits for Mace to tag him.

Fuse and PCP have made it to the edge of the ramp but Carla jumps out of the ring and tells them they can't lay a hand on de Vargas.

DDK:

Well, I can't blame her. She's had enough trying to control this one.

Conor, Elise and D hope to reason with Carla as ADV flips them off and enters the ring. He helps Mace to his feet before the two circle Keyes. Keyes tries to fight them off but it's too much. Mace kicks Henry in the balls and shoves The Airship Priate into de Vargas' waiting arms.

DDK:

ARDIENDO! DAMMIT!

Alvaro exits the ring, Mace makes the cover and screams for Carla to come back. She does. Before Fuse and PCP can enter the ring, ADV blocks their path by leaping off the apron onto them!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER!

The Faithful are ALIVE at what they just witnessed!

DDK:

It was a SOLID piledriver from de Vargas! No doubt about that. The pin, however, took too long so that's why Henry has life!

Everyone else other than Jack Mace is down. The Killer Bear shouts at Ferrari for not counting the three before he drags Keyes to a corner and CHOPS him across the chest. There is, of course, no WOOOOOing because of who's doing it.

Another chop.

Chop.

Chop.

Chopchopchopchopchop-

Keyes standing switches Mace and starts chopping him instead!

WOOOOOO.

WOOOOOO.

WOOWOOWOOWOOWO!!!

On and on it goes. Henry's relentless. The arena is rocking as Keyes walks it back to the other corner and races full blast into Mace with a straight elbow to the side of the head! Keyes pushes Mace to the center of the ring and runs.

It's not a chop this time, or a WOO.

It's a clap.

DDK:

THE BELL CLAP CONNECTS!!!

ONE.

TWO.

CARLA'S PULLED OUT OF THE RING BY ADV!

DDK:

HONESTLY!?

de Vargas and Ferrari exchange words as Keyes rises and looks on. The Airship Pirate is smart enough to kick at Mace in order to keep him down. He won't be fooled. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse stands on the apron in one corner and The D across from him. They nod to each other and are about to fly off in ADV's direction but the Better Future leader grabs Carla and places her in front of him.

DDK:

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME! REALLY? REALLY!?!?

de Vargas carefully walks Ferrari to the apron, like he's actually escorting her out of harm's way.

Lance:

ADV should be disqualified for this!

Ensuring he's not hurt, either, the big Cuban follows into the ring. However, the SECOND he's separated from Carla, Keyes tackles de Vargas up and over the top rope! The fans eat it up, although Carla takes a minor nudge from Henry in the process and finds herself down on all fours!

Only Jack Mace lay face-up on the canvas until Elise Ares strolls into the otherwise vacant squared circle.

DDK:

I believe... yes, yes, I'm being told Henry tagged out to Ares before he took down ADV!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style stands above Jack Mace, readying to put him out with a curb stomp. The crowd is buzzing...

Until they aren't.

DDK:

Turn around, Elise! It's Ophelia!

Lance:

Where has she been all this time!?

DDK:

I saw her emerge from under the ring!

Sykes spins Ares around and slaps her across the mask! Elise looks down until she takes another slap. Third. Fourth. Fif-

D grabs Sykes' arm.

Sykes kicks D in the balls.

DDK:

And Elise Ares with a springboard dropkick to Sykes! Look out, though Elise... Jack Mace is about to get on his feet...

Ares hits the ropes once again.

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!!! YES!! YES!!

The Lucky Sevens have recovered, sprinting down the rampway! Carla Ferrari stirs as Ares shouts for a pin count!

When Max and Mason reach the bottom of the rampway, they are intercepted!

DDK:

CONOR FUSE WITH A HEAD STOMP TO MASON!!! THE D WITH A PLANCHA TO MAX!!!

Both D and Conor were perched on the top ropes, waiting to go buckle-to-floor.

DDK:

Keyes connects with a BELL CLAP on ADV!

Lance:

Ophelia Sykes is down!

And Jestal's still in dreamland, punched through the LCD screen!

FINALLY, Carla Ferrari finds Elise pinning Jack Mace and makes the count along with The Faithful.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

FML HAVE DONE IT!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... ELISE ARES, THE D, KLEIN, CONOR FUSE AND HENRY KEYES... FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE!

The celebration is on as Elise Ares raises her hands and the PCP theme song plays throughout the arena. It takes a moment but D, Fuse and Keyes meet Ares in the middle of the ring. Everyone nods to each other, more concerned about the state Klein is in. However, the Boxman appears at the bottom of the rampway, arm-in-arm with two other referees who were helping him down. D and Ares slide out to meet Klein there. The powerhouse of PCP seems to be recovering, enough for the celebration to continue.

DDK:

A hell of a ten man tag.

Lance:

Absolute chaos, Keebler. In the end, a Better Future is not for everyone!

DDK:

Tom Morrow is going to have a stroke.

The camera catches a glimpse of all BFTA members in their various states. Jestal, being attended to through the broken LCD letter. Max and Mason recovering from the Head Stomp and plancha. ADV sent into another world from the Bell Clap. Ophelia Sykes crying on the outside of the apron and Jack Mace, down on all fours, struggling to roll himself through the back of the ring.

DDK:

FML's day to shine!

Lance:

That's what you get when you have a blockbuster action movie featuring a pirate, a wannabe gamer and the, uh, producers of the movie?

DDK:

We'll be back with the last two matches after this!

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE goes elsewhere as the victory celebration rolls on.

NED REFORM vs. NATHANIEL EYE***YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!****♪ "You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪*

The crowd pops! Coming out for the next match at Maximum Defiance is Nathan Eye who looks more determined than ever to show something now that he's on his first pay per view as a member of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster! All fired up, he spots a few Eye signs in the crowd and he looks at the beach themed set of the show. He looks at the camera that is in front of him.

Nathan Eye:

Check your clocks, kids, cause it's time for Neddy's ass to go to school!

Eye heads to the stage.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, up next we've got Nathen Eye squaring off with Ned Reform!

Lance:

This is an issue that has been brewing for weeks and now we're going to see: is Ned Reform going to teach Eye a lesson or is Eye going to prove that Reform can't stop him?

Nathen Eye stands on the stage, raising both his hands to the appreciative fans.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, weighing in at...

Quimbey is cut off because with no warning, Ned Reform appears and attacks Eye from behind! He clocks him in the back of the head with a forearm and Eye drops to the floor holding the back of his head. Reform stands over him, grinning.

DDK:

And it didn't take long for Reform's hypocrisy to shine through.

Lance:

The match hasn't even started yet. Is that how he plans to prove he's the superior wrestler? Really?

Reform grabs Eye and peppers him with a few more shots before bringing him roughly over to the commentary station's ruined announce table. Keebler and Lance both get to their feet and stand back as Reform bounces Nate's head off the now empty chair of Darren Keebler.

DDK:

COME ON! Take it to the ring!

With Nate down and holding his head, Ned Reform reaches over and grabs the extra announcers headset that, along with the other debris, has scattered in the ruins of the table from the last match. We hear a flutter of static as he adjusts it.

Ned Reform:

Hello? Hello? Am I live?

Lance:

Get the man in the ring, Reform. Start the match.

Ned Reform:

As much as I appreciate your brilliant strategic mind, Announcer 2, I think....

Reform pauses so he can kick Nate in the head.

Ned Reform:

...I think I can handle the plan of attack. Look what we have here.

Reform motions to Eye, who is fighting to pull himself to his feet.

Ned Reform:

A pathetic excuse for a competitor. You chastise me for taking the early advantage? It's a part of the lesson. Eye needs to take his eyes off the ladies and be more aware of his surroundings, does he not? Tonight, I will show AHHHHH!

Reform's tirade is cut off as Eye nails him in the face with a right hand! Reform flops onto the ruins of the announce table like a fish, kicking his legs into the air in dramatic fashion. Eye climbs on top and begins to rain down stiff shots right into Reform's bald shiny head. Because the headset is still on Reform, we're treated to full audio of the beatdown.

Ned Reform:

NO! STOP! OW! STOP! OW! NO!

Suddenly, Eye is pulled off Reform by one of his flunkies: TA Amherst. Amherst spins Eye around... but Eye immediately takes the lackey's head off with a clothesline! With Reform's goon disposed of, Eye turns back to the Good Doctor... but Reform NAILS Eye with one of the announce desk monitors!! Eye stumbles backwards and falls!!

DDK:

Ned Reform may have ended this match before it even started!

Reform stands over the fallen Eye, dropping the monitor and smiling out into the booing fans. He doesn't seem to care about the condition of TA Amherst as he steps over both men's bodies to approach the (still standing) announce team again.

Ned Reform:

If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I have a match to win.

Reform tosses the headset back at Keebler and Lance as a swarm of DEF officials emerge from the back to check on both Nate Eye and TA Amherst. Reform walks right around them and slowly makes his way to the ring while smiling and waving to the crowd. Ned grabs a nearby beach ball and hits it into the crowd as if they were all one big happy family - despite the fact that they're calling for his head.

DDK:

What an ass. Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that our scheduled match is not going to happen due to a pre-match attack by the supposedly enlightened and dignified DOCTOR...

Lance:

It looks like he's going for a countout victory.

Indeed it does. In the ring, Reform is pointing to referee Carla Ferarri with vigor and holding up ten fingers. She shakes her head and argues with him, but eventually gives in. As the officials check on the status of Nate Eye by the announcers, Reform positions himself in a corner and leans backwards with a smirk, awaiting his easy win in the record books. Reluctantly, Calra begins the count.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

The crowd begins to stir - because so has Nate Eye! He's up to his knees and shaking his head!

FIVE! SIX!

Nate pushes away an official that's telling him to stay down. He looks to the ring with anger in his eyes. Reform meets his gaze and all color drains from the Good Doctor's face. The fan's noise grows louder as Eye begins to walk toward the ring!

SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Stumbling slightly but walking with purpose, Nate Eye rolls under the bottom rope! Reform is immediately all over him with kicks as Carla signals for the bell!

DING DING

Reform continues to kick away at Eye... but they seem to have no effect, as now Eye is running on pure anger! Eye gets to his feet as Reform's kicks taper off and his eyes go wide in fear. He throws up his hands as if trying to make peace... but Eye unloads on Reform with right hands!! The crowd loves it!!

DDK:

Despite Reform's attack, Nathen Eye is back in this!!

Lance:

He's running on pure adrenaline!

Boom. Boom. Boom. Reform sells the shots as if he HAS been shot. On the final punch, Reform twists in mid-air and lands to the mat with a thud. He quickly rolls out of the ring under the bottom rope. As soon as his feet touch the ground he holds the back of his neck in pain and begins to complain. He makes his way to the ringside area, shoving the timekeeper roughly out of the way and grabbing the ring bell.

Lance:

We've seen Reform use the ring bell to pick up victories before. It's clear he's made up his mind that he does not want to wrestle Eye one-on-one...

Reform turns around to face the ring, but finds himself staring into the angry face of Nathaniel Eye! Reform books it, running around the ring while Eye give chase. Reform rolls back into the ring and quickly positions himself to catch Nate as he comes in the ring with a ring bell to the skull. Reform rears back, and as Eye stands up, he swings...

...and whiffs!! Eye ducks the shot! Instead, Reform turns back into a crisp dropkick that sends him to the mat! Carla Ferarri kicks the ring bell out of the ring and it rests on the apron just outside the ropes.

DDK:

Reform up... KNIFE EDGED CHOP SENDS HIM BACK DOWN! Another! Another!

Reform gets up to eat stiff chops to the chest that send him back to the mat four times before he stumbles for some safety into the corner. Eye won't let up, however, as he follows him and uses the leverage of the corner to position Eye for another chop! Another! Another! Clutching his chest in agony, Reform crumbles into the corner.

Lance:

All the frustration that Eye has had building these past few weeks is coming out in the form of chops! Reform is going to blister in the morning.

DDK:

Eye sends Reform into the opposite corner... BIG FLYING FOREARM!

Reform's head snaps back on the forearm shot and he stumbles like a drunk man out of the corner... and walks into a back body drop that gets him some serious air time! Eye covers.

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

Reform with a shoulder up!

The referee's count is only a two. But Eye, still fueled on adrenaline as well as anger, gets back up and delivers two more knife hand chops right at his chest. One shot looks higher than the other one which causes the Good Doctor to tumble back to the corner and point at his throat.

Lance:

What is he doing?

DDK:

I think he's ... he's saying that last chop by Eye hit him in the throat.

Eye want to get himself some more of Reform, but the referee tells him to back off so Carla can check on him. The fans are left angry and start booing as Reform continues pointing at his neck and faking a cough.

DDK:

Oh come on, he's faking it!

Lance:

For a man who says he is a learned scholar, he's acting like one of the many kids that faked sick so they didn't have to go to his class.

As that happens the crowd is booing louder when TA Hampshrie tries to run into the ring. However the nervous TA is not subtle about his movement and he gets the attention of the Handsome face. Nathan sees him coming ... and then unleashes a massive spear!

DDK:

One of Doctor Reform's stooges gets wiped out by that spear! What a shot that was!

Lance:

I don't think he's going to be able to finish grading papers on time ... oh, what is this?!

Reform finally sees the first chance he can and runs past Carla just as Eye gets up. He grabs the legs and then tries a roll up on the blue chip wrestler!

ONE ...

TWO ...

But a big kick out from Eye spoils the plans of the Pedagogue of Pain!

DDK:

That cheap shot artist just tried to take another shortcut. These TA's are popping out of the woodwork like cockroaches.

Lance:

They are but Eye isn't going to let them stand in his way. We saw his impassioned speech on Uncut about people like Reform and why he can't stand them. As long as he can fight, this mantra of "you can't stop me" has served Nathan well!

Both Eye and Reform get back on their feet but Eye has the Doctor's number with another chop and then a big punch right under the jaw! The blow sends him right through the ropes and he spills out to the apron. The Handsome Face plays up for the crowd when he goes after Reform and grabs him by the straps of his singlet to try and him back to the ring. When he does that, TA Smith now runs to the rescue and he climbs on the apron to save him.

DDK:

Will Carla just throw these idiots out of here already?

Lance:

She's telling the TA to go now!

TA Smith heeds Carla's warnings to get down off the apron and Eye chases him off to make sure it stays that way. Carla check on him but when Eye goes over to grab Ned ...

DDK:

Oh, no!

Eye gets a ring bell right to the face, courtesy of Reform!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful give Reform the business with a symphony of boos but it's all music to his ears as TA Holyoke ditches the bell under the ring so Carla has no idea.

Lance:

That bell got kicked out onto the apron earlier in the match and Reform took full advantage!

DDK:

That's gotta be it! I think if the monitor didn't do the job, the ring bell just did.

Reform takes his time before he gets into the ring practically ready to call the match a win for himself. He crawls over and then miks the moment before he hooks both legs.

ONE ...

TWO ...

THRE NO!!!!

Eye surges with the kick out but then rolls over onto his stomach to prevent another cover. Reform does not accept this and rolls him over to try and cover him for the second time.

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

DDK:

Reform just tried to pin him twice, but both times Eye kicked out! I don't believe it!

Lance:

Me neither! I thought that the ring bell was going to do it. I don't know what else he'll have to throw at Eye but it looks like he's already got a plan.

The Philosopher King takes Eye's leg and puts it over the bottom rope closest to him and then jumps in the air to drop a senton on the leg. The jump sends pain up the leg of the former baseball prospect and Reform knows that he finally has a firm advantage. He kicks Eye's leg and then puts it over the ropes again. He takes his time and then hits a second senton on the exposed leg.

DDK:

That's good planning on Reform's part and I hate giving this snob any sort of credit ... but a lot of Eye's moves are based on flying.

Lance:

And it's hard to do that if your leg is being picked apart.

For the third time in a row another senton finds its mark on the leg of the Handsome Face! Eye curls the leg back and the pain is being brought to him by The Pedagogue of Pain. Ned hovers over his leg and stomps the leg multiple times to give himself a better advantage over his taller and more athletic adversary.

DDK:

That's good work by Reform and again, you hate to compliment people like this. But it's sound work.

Lance:

And now ... okay this is uncalled for.

Reform tries to get Eye to take a swing at him. He starts to talk to him about how he can still learn but Eye uses the other foot to kick him back to mat! A small spark of hope comes from the situation but before Nathan Eye can fully get back to his feet the Handsome Face gets nailed in the same leg with a chop block by the quicker Reform! The self proclaimed Lover and Fighter falls back to the canvas with Reform standing over him.

DDK:

That taunting almost cost the Good Doctor but Reform just a hair quicker on that exchange with the chop block!

Lance:

That he does! And now it's back to work on the leg!

Reform takes hold of the leg and then throws a trifecta of elbow drops down on the leg. Each shot sends Eye's leg into a worse spot than it was before and then the Good Doctor tries to to him again but when Eye swings up, he moves. Eye punches his way out of harm's way and the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful try and get back up but when he tries to mount a comeback, he gets hit in the knee with a drop kick!!! He doubles Eye over and then hits a standing headscissors into a swinging knee strike that puts Eye flat on the back once again.

DDK:

And now any time that Nathan Eye has been trying to come back in this match Reform has a way to stop him.

Lance:

We mentioned the mantra Eye lives his career by but tonight Reform is proving it wrong. A bum leg will slow down any wrestler.

Reform grabs Eye's neck and sets him up in a chin lock as well as making sure to put a knee down on the back of his own leg for both extra pressure and extra damage. He is cranking back like a fiend and the TAs on the outside, TA Smith and TA Holyoke, both stand by and watch their boss work over the Handsome Face.

DDK:

The hold is tightening and the window has to be closing on Nathan Eye's chances of victory.

Lance:

It does. He is trying his best to try and break his grip, but Reform has him grounded.

He pulls back again and Carla asks the former baseball prospect if he wants to tap out.

Nathan Eye:

No!!!

Reform wants him to submit but Eye starts to try and get his leg out from underneath Reform's boot. The leg is free but the neck lock is on tightly so Eye thinks fast. He tries to pry his way free and then when that doesn't work he punches the gut of Reform. A third one makes him loosen his grip and that is when Eye grabs the side of Reform and then uses his strength to land a big back drop suplex. The fans come alive as Reform gets back to his feet... only to be met with a flying shoulder tackle that knocks him back down! Reform back up... a second flying shoulder tackle! Eye pumps his fist as the fans rally behind him!

DDK:

Eye sends Reform off the ropes... no! Eye telegraphed the back body drop on the rebound and Reform dropped to his knees and drilled him with an uppercut!

Lance:

He calls that move "The Thinking Man's Uppercut."

Reform points to his big brain after the shot and turns to jaw jack with the fans for a second before turning around... RIGHT INTO A SPECTACULAR 180 DEGREE SPINEBUSTER!! The fans are on their feet - but both men are down! Carla begins the ten count...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Nate begins to stir by lifting both his arms in the air. Reform clutches his back in pain and rolls over.

FIVE! SIX!

Eye rolls to his side and shakes his head to clear it. Reform rolls over again and kicks his legs into the mat in frustration.

SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Eye is to his feet, using the ropes to prop himself up despite the pain in the leg that Reform was taking apart moments ago. The fans suddenly begin to boo..

DDK:

TA Smith running down the ramp!! How many of Reform's flunkies are going to get involved in this match!?

With Eye's attention on Reform - who is still climbing back to his feet - TA Smith climbs the top rope. She steadies herself, and when Eye turns around, she leaps off with a crossbody...

DDK:

NO!! Nate Eye drills TA Smith with EYE POPPING!

Smith's head is drilled into the mat and she is out cold. Eye kicks her out of the ring in anger... but that's exactly when Reform sneaks up from behind and locks in the Ad Homineum! Reform's version of the Crossface Chickenwing suddenly puts The Handsome Face in deep trouble.

Lance:

Despite his flaws, Ned Reform is a master of that move and if Nate Eye isn't able to break this hold... this match is

over.

Eye's arms flail as he tries to fit, but the sneering Reform simply locks it on tighter. Reform begins to whip Eye around the ring in an attempt to further tire him out. Reform laughs at the fans and their concerned looks as Eye drops down to a single knee and looks to be fading.

DDK:

Ned Reform needed a pre-match attack and three of his stooges to help, but it's looking like he's going to win in his PPV debut...

Lance:

Wait! Don't speak too soon!

With a burst of energy, Eye is able to get back to both feet. In a last ditch effort, he suddenly sprints forward toward the turnbuckle with The Good Doctor with him and The Ad Hominem still locked in. In an athletic move, Eye runs UP the turnbuckle and springs backwards! He takes Reform with him, and Ned's shoulders hit the mat flat with Eye on top of him!!! Carla is ready...

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

THREE - NO!

Reform releases the Ad Hominem at the last second and gets his shoulders off the mat.

DDK:

Look! TA Holyoke! Reform's last sidekick!

Lance:

If this one doesn't work, Reform is out of backup.

TA Holyoke rolls under the bottom rope and lunges at Nate Eye with a clothesline attempt...

...but Eye moves out of the way and Holyoke accidently drills Reform instead!!! Holyoke has just a second to make a "what have I done?" motion before turning right into a flying knee by Nathen Eye!!

DDK:

Starry Eyed Surprise to TA Holyoke!

Lance:

And look... STARRY EYED SURPRISE TO REFORM!!

Nate Eye is now the last man standing in the ring, with Ned Reform down and no more backup coming. He points to the top rope and the fans explode! Still limping a bit, Eye climbs up to the top rope. He takes just a second to soak in the adoration from the crowd before he leaps off toward Ned Reform...

DDK:

EYES! UP! HERE!!!

Eye covers...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The victorious young Louisianan can't hide the smile on his face after the three count and starts getting up despite a bum wheel slowing him down a bit. Adrenaline will wear off in a few hours and it will get worse but for right now he gets to bask in the cheers of the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... NATHAN EYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!

DDK:

A valiant win by Nathan Eye here tonight! He has been tormented by Doctor Ned Reform for several weeks now but when push came to shove, Eye overcomes the interference of the TA's and scores his first big win on pay per view as a member of the DEFIANCE Wrestling main roster!

Lance:

A great win for a former top member of the Brazen brand! But whether we like it or not Ned Reform is only going to get better and learn from this and that's scary too.

DDK:

Bright futures for both men that's for sure.

Nathan Eye leaves the ring and goes to celebrate with the crowd by slapping hands on his way to the back. Ned Reform rolls out of the ring, his eyes glazed over and in complete shock as he looks around the arena. He puts both his hands up to his bald head and looks to the heavens. TA Holyoke tries to talk to him but Reform gives his teaching assistant the cold shoulder and begins to walk to the back, ignoring the jeers of The Faithful. As we cut to Keebler and Warner at their desk ready to shift gears into the main event.

NOTHING TO LOSE

With the crowd buzzing all around them, the two men acknowledge the camera with a smile.

DDK:

Alright, folks, with Nathaniel Eye picking up the big win over Ned Reform that means we are down to the final match here on night one of Maximum DEFIANCE. The action has been exciting from the opening bell tonight, and now it's time for the main event. The Unified Tag Team titles will be on the line as The Saturday Night Specials challenge The Comments Section.

Lance:

Better put a couple asterisks next to The Saturday Night Specials on the card, partner. The duo of Newbludd and Cassidy had not only captured the hearts of The Faithful ever since they teamed up, but they also captured a string of impressive victories along the way. Newbludd and Cassidy earned this title shot as a team, but they will not be entering tonight's match as one.

DDK:

You can thank Malak for that, Lance. Just like he has done countless times before, the leader of The Comments Section did what he does best, and that's manipulate his opponents. SNS seemed impervious to any of Garland's mind games leading up to tonight. That is until the last episode of DEFtv when Siobhan Cassidy came into the picture via Malak revealing that Newbludd had been dating Pat's sister behind his back.

Lance:

Things got personal and heated real fast between the two friends, and in the end Malak got what he wanted. Tonight, Brock Newbludd will be going it alone against The Comments Section after coming to blows with Pat Cassidy.

DDK:

There has been no sign of Pat Cassidy since then. Not at the arena, not in the back, and not even at Ballyhoo Brew. The man they call Black Out has been MIA.

Lance:

Well, when family is involved things can get 'messy'. Especially in this business. Give Newbludd credit though, he did try to salvage things. He asked Davey LaRue to come out of retirement to be his partner but now it looks like that has fallen through at the last minute as well. Something tells me Malak may have had something to do with that as well. Whatever the reason, without a partner, Brock would have to pull off some sort of miracle to come out on top tonight.

DDK:

Agreed, partner. Newbludd's proven himself to be a tough competitor with exceptional wrestling ability but The Comments Section didn't make it to where they are solely on mind games alone. Malak and Cyrus are both top level competitors in between the ropes...

Keebler suddenly stops and puts a hand up to his earpiece.

DDK:

...hang on a second... I've just gotten word that Christie Zane is in the back with Newbludd right now. Let's send it over to her to hear some last words from 'The Innovator' before we kick this main event off!

With that, the scene jumps away from the announce team to show Christie Zane standing in front of the men's dressing room, microphone in hand. Next to her, clad in his ring gear, stands a determined looking Brock Newbludd. The Faithful inside the arena erupt in cheers at the sight of The Saturday Night Special and the veteran interviewer stays silent for a few seconds as they do so. The roaring slowly subsides and Zane raises the mic up to her lips.

Christie Zane:

Brock, first things first. What is the status of Davey LaRue? My sources say he's no longer available to participate in the tag match due to a family emergency? Can you confirm?

Brock shakes his head and lets out a dejected snort.

Brock Newbludd:

Davey's status? Shit, Christie, I hate to break it to you and everyone else, but Davey LaRue has left the building. Apparently Ballyhoo is burning to the ground right now...what are the odds, huh? Tonight of ALL nights.

Christie Zane:

If that is true, that's terrible news. Ballyhoo Brew is not just popular with DEFIANCE fans, it's also become a New Orleans favorite. By your tone, and the fact that you're standing here in front of me, something tells me you're not buying it.

Brock Newbludd:

Doesn't matter if I buy that story or not, Christie. With Cass and Siobhan gone, it's just me and Davey left to take care of the place. I've known Davey for a long time, and I know how much he loves Ballyhoo. Even if there's a one percent chance that the bar's ACTUALLY burnin' to the ground right now, that's too big of a chance to take. Davey had to go, and that's fuckin' that.

Christie Zane:

I'm sure no one will blame Davey, given the circumstances. But, that doesn't change the fact that in just a few short minutes you'll now be facing The Comments Section without a partner, which was clearly Malak's goal all along. Don't take this the wrong way...but the odds are not in your favor to win the tag titles tonight, Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

Fuck the odds, Christie, and you know what? Fuck The Comments Section too. Forget the titles. This isn't about gold anymore. It could be and it should be, but Malak's made this personal. I'm standing here right now with no friends, no woman, and no Ballyhoo Brew. Sounds to me like I'm a man with nothing to lose. You know what that makes me, Christie?

Christie Zane:

What?

Newbludd grabs the mic from Zane and laughs menacingly.

Brock Newbludd:

Dangerous. Real fuckin' dangerous. I can't promise that I'll be leaving tonight with fifty pounds of gold anymore. But, I will be getting my pound of flesh from Malak. And I may not have a partner, Christie, but I ain't going into this match alone. Not only can you count on that, you can BALLY...

The Faithful immediately chime in, causing the arena to rumble.

The Faithful and Newbludd:

HOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Brock slowly lowers the mic and listens to the crowd as a confident smirk grows on his face. The Faithful keep going with the high note for an impressive amount of time before finally stopping. Waiting a few more seconds, Brock slowly raises the mic back up.

Brock Newbludd:

DAT! Now let's fuckin' GO!

With that the amped up challenger tosses the mic back to Zane. Not giving her a chance to ask anymore questions, Brock walks by her and kicks open the dressing room door. Slamming a fist into an open hand, Newbludd exits the dressing room as the camera slowly fades out.

I'VE GOT A HANGOVER

The camera shifts back to the commentation station where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner look ready to call our final match of the evening.

DDK:

Brock Newbludd is about as ready as he can be. Ladies and gentlemen, it's main event time.

Lance:

The DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship is going to be on the line in what appears to be a handicap match...

DDK:

Folks, there have been a lot of twists on the road to this tag match... let's take a look at how we got here.

[*♪ "Hangover" by Alestorm ♪*](#)

#I got a hanggggover!

woahhhhhh

I've been drinking too much for surrrrrre

I've got a hangover

woahhhhhh

I've got an empty cup, pour me some more...

So I can go until they close up

And I can drink until I throw up

And I don't ever ever want to grow up#

As the music plays, the recap video kicks in and we see the following shots from the DEFIANCE history of The Comments Section: a shot of Malak Garland running around Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames with his arms out like an airplane as they make their entrance at Acts of DEFIANCE 2020. Malak Garland dropping Minute with a Russian Leg Sweep. Malak kissing his Paper Championship on the way to the ring surrounded by jeering fans. The entire Comments Section sitting at a table at the DEFys in December 2020, cheering each other and taking selfies. Malak leaning back in his chair in his "office" in the COMPLIANCE warehouse. Malak Garland standing in a DEF ring, overwhelmed and tearing up - he tucks his head in Cyrus Bates' bicep. Malak standing in front of Conor Fuse's FML table playing with a yo-yo. Malak and Cyrus standing in the DEFarena entrance way, spinning the propeller hats on their heads.

#I want to keep it going...#

Malak staring at infinite copies of himself in The Toybox's house of mirrors.

#Keep, keep it going going going going....#

Malak hitting the #ohmygodyoulostsosad on Minute and rolling over to get the three and win the Unified Tag Team Championship for the first time.

#Go go go GO!#

The entire Comments Section brandishing all five title belts as they're pelted with trash.

#instrumental break#

As the music plays, we see various highlights of The Comments Section in action: Malak being thrown into the steel cage by The Lucky Sevens, Cyrus opening a present in the Winter Wonderland Match, Cyrus scaling the scaffold at DEFCON 2021, Malak training with Sgt Safety, Malak spinning a fidget spinner while staring at Tyler Fuse.

#I got a little bit trashed last night (night)

I got a little bit wasted

I got a little bit mashed last night (yeah)

I got a little shitfaced

ohhhh

I'm on a ship

If you don't know#

For the next chorus, it's now clips that tell the tale of the formation of The Saturday Night Specials: Brock Newbludd dropping Cristiano Cabellero with the Shock N' Awe. Pat Cassidy making Richie Dunson eat The Irish Goodbye. Bo Stevens crashing off the top rope onto Brock and putting him through a table. Cary Stevens shoving the Ballyhoo Beer Tickets into Pat's mouth. Cassidy hitting Bo Stevens over the head with Tom Morrow's briefcase, saving Brock. Brock clearing the ring of Stalker and Rezin, saving Pat.

#Well now you know!#

Cassidy and Brock standing on the barstool at Ballyhoo Brew at the DEFy awards 2020, introducing themselves as The Saturday Night Specials for the first time.

#I got a hangover

I've been drinking too much for sure

I've got a hangover

I've an empty cup pour me so more

So I can go until we close up

And I can drink until I throw up

And I don't ever ever want to grow up#

Saturday Night Specials highlights: Double spinebuster by SNS! SNS in the crowd, sharing beers with the fans. SNS in a bar room brawl, tossing fools left and right. SNS carrying kegs around a back ally while Davey LaRue blows his coach's whistle. Brock and Cassidy jumping the guardrail in hoods, sliding in behind The Stevens Dynasty, and clearing the ring of them. SNS riding into the arena in their golf cart to backup Codename: Guardian against The Kabal. Pat Cassidy making snow angels in the ring while paper tickets fall from the rafters. Brock Newbludd landing down in a parachute at Ballyhoo's grand opening.

#I want to keep it going

Keep, keep it going going

Come on, come on, come on

GO!#

Brock Newbludd throwing Bo Stevens over his head with a big belly-to-belly. Pat Cassidy crashing down on Stalker with a running leaping body guillotine. Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd fist bumping in the center of the ring before a match!

#Instrumental Break#

During the instrumental break, we see flashes of other past SNS shenanigans: SNS sitting in the stands with a mic and eating popcorn talking shit to The Lucky Sevens. Brock and Pat taking their turns to nail Tom Morrow at DEFCON 20. Keg Stand to Petey Garrett! Keg Stand to Bo Stevens! Keg Stand to Todd Dunson! Keg Stand to Trevor Manning! Keg Stand to Bo Stevens again! Keg Stand to Levy Walter!

#Drink up cause a party aint a party until you ride all through it

End up on the floor can't remember you clueless

Officer, what the hell are you doing?

Stumbling, tumbling, you know what? Come again.

Gimmie rum, gimmie gin, gimmie liquor, gimme champagne bubbles till the end

What happens after that, if you're inspired, tell a friend

Oh my homie gergar we can all sip again

And again and again and again#

Brock Newbludd steering the SNS golf cart through the DEF parking lot with The Stevens' monster truck giving chase! Uriel Cortez dropping Malak Garland mercilessly into the mat. Pat Cassidy getting tossed in the back of a cop car after

a bar room brawl. Max Seven throwing Malak face first into the steel cage. Malak bounces off and stumbles around like he's drunk before falling to the canvas. Pat "sword fighting" Bo with pool sticks while Brock smashes a jar of pickled eggs over George's head. Conor Fuse hitting Cyrus Bates with his own Keyboard Kick! Cassidy making the desperate hot tag to Brock at DEFCON 20! Brock runs wild!

#REMEMBER THIS!*Wasted so what***IRRELEVANT***We're kicked to the head. Who's selling it?**I got a hangover that's my medicine**I don't mean to brag or sound too intelligent**A little rum can't hurt this veretan**Show up but I never throw up**So let the drinks go up***GO UP!#**

Malak snapping a selfie! Pat and Brock looking directly into the camera like, "can you believe this?" Malak getting kicked in the head by Minute. Pat Cassidy handing out a business card. Brock Newbludd cheering his buddy, Davey LaRue. Malak unhooking Sargeant Safety from his hospital equipment. The Comments Section standing tall after their DEFCON match. The Saturday Night Specials hopping up to opposite turnbuckles ahead of their DEFCON match.

#I got a hangover*I've been drinking too much for sure**I got a hangover**I gotta empty cup, pour me some more**So I can go until they close**And I can drink until I throw up**And I don't ever want to grow up**I want to keep it going,**Keep keep it going going**Keep it going**Going going going going going....#*

We see clips from the past two months leading up to this match: Brock Newbludd pinning Cyrus Bates to earn the tag title shot. SNS issuing an open challenge. Malak showing footage of Brock pinning Pat. Pat telling Malak to fuck off. Malak showing footage of Pat's blind tag. Brock pointing to the fans who have "FUCK OFF MALAK" written on their stomachs. Finally, we see the SNS open challenge being answered by The Hollywood Bruvs. Some clips from that match: Pat and Brock each hitting a spinning Mikey with right hands as he bounces between them, Brock throwing Mikey off the top rope, Pat's frame running into Mikey with the Splash of Jameson. And then the 1...2...3! Cassidy and Brock are celebrating...

"ATTENTION, ATTENTION!"

The song suddenly stops.

In its place, some dramatic slow moving music begins to play. The picture turns black and white and slows down as we see footage of Malak and Cyrus walk out onto the stage at DEFtv 156. Malak is all smiles as he points to the screen, and we hear Siobhan's words of confession about dating Brock. As this plays, the audio is intercut with clips of Pat Cassidy and Siobhan eating Chinese food together, Pat and Siobhan spending Christmas in a Chinese restaurant in Boston, Siobhan showing Pat how to work his phone. In the ring, we see Pat's stone faced expression and Brock's "oh shit" reaction. Brock tries to talk to his partner...

...RIGHT HAND BY CASSIDY AS THE SONG KICKS BACK IN WITH FORCE!

#I GOT A HANGOVER

***I'VE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH FOR SURE
I'VE GOT A HANGOVER
I'VE GOT AN EMPTY CUP POUR ME SOME MORE
SO I CAN GO UNTIL WE CLOSE UP
AND I CAN DRINK UNTIL I THROW UP
AND I DON'T EVER EVER WANT TO GROW UP
I WANT TO KEEP IT GOING, KEEP KEEP IT GOING
COME ON, COME ON...#***

During the last chorus, we see Brock and Pat's pull apart brawl intercut with images of Malak's previous victories: Malak pins Minute to win the belts, Junior Keeling shoving his father on his ass, The Lucky Sevens tell the fans to shove it and shaking Tom Morrow's hand, Jestal walking away from Klein and Dandelion, Tyler Fuse walking back toward The Kabal as Conor tries not to cry. The last two shots of the video package are: Pat and Brock having to be pulled apart and Malak dancing around in victory. The song leaves us with one thought in its final lyric:

#GET PISSED!#

The Faithful let out a roar as the hype video slowly fades from the DEFIttron and the camera switches its focus ring announcer Darren Quimbley. Next to him stands referee Benny Doyle.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD & ???

The Faithful let out a roar as the hype video slowly fades from the DEFIttron and the camera switches its focus ring announcer Darren Quimbey. Next to him stands referee Benny Doyle.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following is scheduled as a tag team contest and it is the main event of the evening! It is scheduled for one fall and is for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "Attention, Attention" by Shinedown ♪

The Tag Team Champions walk out on stage to a dubious reaction. Malak clutches all five title belts, stacked on top of each other, over his shoulder to the point where it looks like he's wearing body armor. Cyrus Bates continually nods his head and shouts the word "CLASSIC" for everyone to hear.

DDK:

Here they come! The reigning and defending tag champions have done everything in their power to disrupt the momentum of Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd and not only were they finally successful with that by cornering young, innocent Siobhan Cassidy but earlier tonight, those faldowns set Ballyhoo on fire, or simulated it? I have no idea if that was real or not but regardless, it has removed Davey LaRue from the picture too.

Malak DEMANDS Cyrus lifts him into the ring so he naturally does what he's told. The Keyboard King spins around a few times before reluctantly handing his belts over to the referee. The reigning champion's music fades from the arena's speakers and is quickly replaced with...

The Faithful:

SNS! SNS! SNS!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The Faithful ERUPT in cheers as The Saturday Night Specials' adrenaline fueled theme blares throughout the arena and "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd makes his way out onto the stage with a fist raised high above his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponent! Representing The Saturday Night Specials! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin... weighing in at two-hundred and forty pounds... "The Innovator" Brock Neeewbluuuuudd!!

DDK:

Newbludd said earlier that even though he didn't have a partner he wouldn't be walking into this match alone and this ovation from The Faithful proves it!

Lance:

That might be true in a sense, partner. All the cheers in the world aren't going to replace Pat Cassidy... or Davey LaRue for that matter! Once that bell rings, Newbludd will be on his own against the best tag team DEFIANCE has to offer. There's no getting around that.

Making his way to the top of the ramp, Newbludd glares at his two opponents standing in the ring. Fixing his gaze squarely on Malak, Brock raises his arm and points directly at The Comments Section leader just as the rampway unleashes a flurry of pyro that draws a roar from the crowd. Smoke quickly fills the ramp, causing Newbludd to disappear within it. A couple of seconds pass and the crowd lets out a second cheer when Brock suddenly bursts through the smoke halfway down the ramp. Tearing off his SNS t-shirt, Newbludd tosses it into the crowd and breaks into a sprint!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd charges the ring!! He's wasting little time!

Lance:

He can't! Hitting fast and hard and ending this quickly might be his only chance!

Inside the ring, Quimbey makes a quick escape as Doyle waves frantically for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

This championship main event is official and here comes Newbludd!

Brock sprints to the ring and slides smoothly under the bottom rope. Cyrus is there to meet him, but Brock blocks his right hand and fires back with rapid shots of his own. Malak takes a step back, yelling at Cyrus to "GET HIM!" while seemingly having a panic attack. Newbludd lights Bates up with rights and then sends him off the ropes. Brock ducks an attempt at a clothesline by Bates and catches him on the rebound with a CRISP armdrag! Bates back up... a second armdrag! A dropkick to the chest sends Cyrus crashing to the outside. Malak Garland takes this chance to try and attack Newbludd from behind, but Brock is ready for it and ducks Malak's clothesline attempt, boots him sharply in the gut, and drops him with a DDT! He frantically covers and yells at the surprised Benny Doyle to make the count!

ONE...

TWO...

No! Malak gets a shoulder up. Brock won't slow down, though. He yanks Malak back to his feet and brings him to the corner. He lights The Keyboard King's chest up with a knife edged chop that echoes throughout the arena! Malak tries to escape, but Brock shoves him back into the corner and hits another! A third! A fourth! Malak collapses into the corner, holding his chest and saying that he's sorry through tear-filled eyes. Brock grabs him by the collar and roughly lifts him up to the top rope, perching him in position for what appears to be an incoming superplex. As Brock begins to climb up, though...

DDK:

Cyrus Bates back in! He peppers Brock with forearms from behind, saving Malak.

Bates brings Brock to the center of the ring, firing him off the ropes. Brock ducks a back elbow, slides under Cyrus' legs on the rebound when he attempts to hit a big boot, and when Cyrus turns around...

Lance:

OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY!!

With Cyrus stunned, Brock is back to his feet. He runs at Malak, who is still perched on the top rope...

DDK:

SUPERKICK! Malak crumbles off the top and falls to the outside!

Lance:

Brock is alone in the ring with Cyrus Bates!! Can he actually do this!?

The fans are on their feet in anticipation as Brock stalks the rising Cyrus. He hooks him from behind, looking for the Shock and Awe...

DDK:

But Cyrus counters with a mule kick to the groin!!

Brock falls to the ground in pain as Cyrus leans on the top rope and shakes the cobwebs away. Crawling on all fours

on the outside floor, Malak looks up to Cyrus and barks at him to quit messing around and take care of Newbludd.

DDK:

This handicap match has been nothing short of chaotic to start. With Malak on the outside it appears that Doyle has gotten things under control and Cyrus is the legal man.

Lance:

That mule kick from Bates stopped Newbludd dead in his tracks. It was dirty but effective. In championship matches the rules favor the champion. The title can't change hands on a DQ, so don't be surprised if you see more cheap shots from Malak and Cyrus, even though it's already two on one.

Following Malak's orders, Bates stomps towards the still down Newbludd and drops an elbow into Brock's lower back. Scrambling back to his feet, Bates unleashes a flurry of kicks to his opponent's ribs. Satisfied, Bates starts to bring Brock back up to his feet. The tables suddenly turn on the powerhouse when Newbludd captures him in a surprise small package!

DDK:

Small package! Newbludd's got him wrapped up tight!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--Bates kicks out!

Lance:

Brock came close to stealing the victory! Malak looks like he's about to have a heart attack!

Not even bothering to crawl up onto the apron and stand in his team's corner, Garland slaps a hand on the mat in frustration as he watches from the outside. Frustrated about being caught, Bates beats Brock to his feet and clobbers him with a hard knee to the side of the head that sends Newbludd back down to the mat. Yanking the woozy Brock back upright, Bates fires him into the ropes and turns on a heel to bounce off the opposite side.

DDK:

Cyrus with a full head of steam... clothesline! Ducked! Newbludd reversed it into a backslide!

ONE!

TWO!!

Bates kicks out again!

Lance:

Newbludd's pin reversals are crafty and fun, but they're useless unless he deals some damage to Cyrus! He needs more offense!

This time both grapplers make it to their feet at the same time and Newbludd follows Lance's advice by unloading on Bates with piston-like punches. Driving Bates back with the barrage, Brock finishes the flurry with a hard shove that causes Cyrus to stumble backwards and bounce off the ropes. Stumbling forward, Cyrus lashes out with a desperation

lariat but Newbludd avoids it easily. Unable to stop his momentum, Bates does a complete 180 and Newbludd hits him in the lower back with a forearm. Now stumbling forward, Bates bounces chest first off the ropes and back towards Brock. Dipping low, Newbludd shoots up and hooks both of Cyrus' arms...

DDK:

RELEASE TIGER SUPLEX! Bates is DOWN!

Lance:

Brock didn't go for the bridge on that suplex, partner. It looks like he has something else in mind, he's heading to the corner!

With Cyrus staring up at the lights, Brock sprints to the nearest corner and hastily climbs up to the top rope. Rising up, Brock zeroes in on Bates and leaps off...

DDK:

Here comes that big elbow!

Lance:

And here comes Malak!

Having slid under the ropes as Brock was climbing up, Garland grabs his partner by the wrist and drags him out of harm's way at the last second. With his target gone, Newbludd hits nothing but mat! The Faithful let loose a chorus of boos as Garland smiles and backs away from Benny Doyle, who orders him to exit the ring. Meanwhile, the still dazed Cyrus crawls to the ropes and begins to slowly pull himself back up to his feet.

DDK:

Malak seems to be enjoying this, Lance. This is the culmination of his mind games breaking up SNS, and he's loving every minute of it.

Lance:

It sure looks that way, partner. Look at this, Brock's back up to his feet and he's spotted Malak!

Holding his aching elbow, Newbludd looks across the ring and sees Malak arguing with Doyle. Shaking the pain out of his arm, Brock breaks out in a sudden sprint towards the Grammar Grappler. With his focus fixed on Garland, Brock is abruptly blindsided by Cyrus, who nails him with the KEYBOARD KICK!!

DDK:

Cyrus just creamed Newbludd with his signature axe kick! Brock's focus was on Malak and it left him wide open!

Letting out an obnoxious laugh right in Doyle's face, Malak steps through the ropes and finally makes his way to TCS' corner. Limply hanging his arm over the top rope, The Social Media Savant yawns and calls for the tag.

Lance:

Like a true paper champion, Malak's calling for the tag now that Brock has been softened up for him. Why isn't Bates going for the pin, though!?

DDK:

Because Malak's gotta get his shots in first, Lance. This isn't about retaining tag belts, it's about giving Newbludd a lesson! It's never enough for Malak and I don't like it one bit!

Back up on his feet, Bates picks the jelly-legged Newbludd up off the mat and rocks him with a European style uppercut. Brock staggers backwards and begins to fall to the mat but Bates reaches out to latch onto The Innovator's wrist to stop him. Yanking Brock towards him, Bates scoops him up onto a shoulder. Taking a couple of quick steps towards his corner, the powerhouse comes to an abrupt stop and drops to a knee to deliver a shoulder breaker. Showing off his impressive strength, Bates maintains his grip on Brock and rises back to his feet, throwing Newbludd

back on his shoulder as he does so. Taking a step back, the Bellicose Brawler lines up with the turnbuckles and charges towards them, slamming Brock backfirst into them!

Lance:

Newbludd's in a real bad spot now! He's stuck upside down in the corner in the Tree of Woe!

Leaving the groggy Newbludd hanging, literally, Cyrus backpedals and charges back in to smash his defenseless opponent with a running knee. Giving Brock one last kick to the face for good measure, Bates makes the tag to Malak and the Armchair Expert slings himself over the top rope and into the ring. Immediately the boos intensify from The Faithful and Garland feigns being hurt by the ovation while behind him Cyrus proceeds to stomp the holy hell out of the upside down Innovator.

DDK:

Get Cyrus out of there Doyle! C'mon!

Malak does his best to 'accidentally' get in the referee's way to attempt to buy Cyrus a few extra seconds of stomping but the veteran referee darts around him to get in the face of Bates. Doing an accelerated count, Doyle reaches four quickly and Cyrus finally relents. Throwing his hands up, Cyrus steps out onto the apron as Malak takes over in the corner. With Benny's focus still on Cyrus, the Keyboard King immediately puts his boot on Brock's neck and begins to choke him, grabbing onto the top rope with both hands for extra leverage as he does so. A true master of his craft, Garland removes his foot a second just as Doyle's attention shifts back to the action.

Lance:

Malak is as slippery as they come inside of the ring. He slipped that cheap choke in there perfectly to avoid getting caught by the ref.

DDK:

That he did, Lance. Now he quickly backpedals out of the corner...the look on Malak's face tells me he's got something painful for Brock.

Having backpedaled all the way to the middle of the ring, Garland races back in towards the still upside down Newbludd and NAILS him squarely in the face with a shotgun dropkick! The force of the blow snaps Brock's head back and causes him to crash stomach first onto the mat!

Lance:

Did you hear that!? Brock ATE that shotgun dropkick!

DDK:

Talk about going from bad to worse! Newbludd was helpless in the corner and Malak took full advantage of that fact. Things are not looking good for Brock right now!

Back up on his feet, Malak delivers a series of soccer style kicks to Brock's ribs, drawing another volley of boos from the crowd. Ending the barrage with a flurry, the Keyboard King puts his hands on his knees and mockingly wipes the sweat from his brow. Still bent over, Garland raises a hand up and Cyrus tags in.

Lance:

Now it's Bates back in. Apparently Malak needs a breather already.

As Cyrus steps through the ropes, Garland flips the glassy eyed Brock onto his back and pulls him out of the corner. Tucking both of Newbludd's legs under his arms, Malak watches as Cyrus races past him in an all out sprint. Malak tightens his grip and begins to fall backwards just as Bates hits the ropes...

DDK:

Here comes Cyrus off the ropes and it looks like Malak's going for a catapult!

Showing impeccable timing, Malak falls backwards onto the mat and catapults Brock right at the oncoming Bates... who SPEARS him in mid air! The Bellicose Brawler drives Newbludd into the mat!

Lance:

What a spear by Bates! Malak set him up perfectly for that!

Before Doyle can give him an earful, Malak hops over the top rope and returns to his corner. Meanwhile, Bates bounces off the ropes and drops a big leg across Brock's chest. Hooking the leg, Bates looks to seal the victory!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE-NO! Brock gets a shoulder up!

The Faithful let out a resounding cheer while the visibly frustrated Malak slams a fist into the top turnbuckle. Cyrus mimics his partner by doing the same into the mat as he glares at Doyle. The veteran ref won't be intimidated and puts two fingers right in the powerhouse's face.

DDK:

You know, partner, I wasn't sure how the fans would respond to Newbludd tonight. There were some who put the blame squarely on him for the breakup of the Saturday Night Specials, which is not a bad argument. But, from the moment he walked down the aisle tonight The Faithful have been solidly behind him.

Lance:

My opinion is Brock was put between a rock and a hard place, so I personally never blamed him. That being said, you gotta believe the crowd's reaction tonight is also about how much they hate The Comments Section. Because at the end of the day, the blame falls completely on Malak for SNS breaking up.

Back up on his feet now, Cyrus scrapes Brock off the mat and hits him with a hard knife edge chop that sends The Innovator stumbling backwards a step. Newbludd manages to stay on his feet and lunges at Bates with a wild haymaker. The powerhouse easily avoids it and uses Brock's forward momentum against him by grabbing a wrist to send him into the ropes with an irish whip.

DDK:

Bates in total control now as he sends Newbludd into the ropes. Cyrus is winding up his arm, signaling for a big lariat...

The Milwaukee Made Man rebounds off the ropes while at the same moment Cyrus bounces off the opposite side ropes. The two meet in the middle of the ring and The Keyboard Warrior throws a nasty looking clothesline. The tables suddenly turn on Bates when Newbludd latches onto his opponent's swinging arm at the last second. Doing a spinning go behind, Brock brings Bates to the mat with a Gannosuke Clutch!

Lance:

Gannosuke Clutch out of nowhere! Newbludd's got both of Bates' shoulders pinned to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!!

Malak breaks the pin again!

DDK:

Garland intervenes yet again and now he's laying into Brock with some stiff kicks! Cyrus is back up and joins in! This is a mugging!

Referee Doyle begins the ring count and Malak gets a few more kicks in before Benny chases him away. Malak steps back out onto the apron and Cyrus angrily picks up the battered Newbludd. The Bellicose Brawler doubles him over with a knee to the gut and wraps his arms around Brock's midsection. Letting out an audible grunt, Cyrus puts his power on display by lifting Newbludd up onto his shoulders with a gutwrench.

Lance:

Cyrus has got Brock up for the powerbomb and now he's sprinting towards the corner... big time BUCKLE BOMB!

The Saturday Night Special crashes hard into the turnbuckles! He begins to slump to the ground but manages to stay upright due to his arms being slung over the top rope. With Malak cheering him on, Cyrus charges in and crushes Brock with a corner splash! Taking a step back, Bates does a bad impression of Pat Cassidy raising a glass to the crowd. The Faithful respond with thunderous boos, causing Cyrus to smirk obnoxiously.

DDK:

The Bellicose Brawler tries his best to impersonate The Scrapper from Southie and this crowd is not impressed at all.

Lance:

No, they are not. But, he did pull off that corner splash quite nicely. So, you have to give credit where credit is due.

With the groggy Newbludd still upright in the corner, Bates ducks down and grabs onto the middle rope. Rearing back, Cyrus doubles Brock over with a series of hard shoulders to the stomach. Staying low, Cyrus picks Brock up and places him on the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Newbludd is on dream street on the top rope and it looks like Cyrus is planning something big to try and finish him off!

Climbing up to the middle rope, Bates wraps his arms around Newbludd and stands him up. The crowd roars in anticipation as Cyrus maintains his grip on Brock as he steps up to the top rope.

Lance:

Cyrus has Brock setup for a top rope belly to belly! Wait, look at this! There's still some fight left in The Innovator!

No stranger to delivering a belly to belly, Brock's survival instincts kick in as he rears back and nails Cyrus in the face with a head butt! Bates staggers but keeps his grip on Newbludd! Another headbutt from Brock! And another! The Bellicose Brawler's foot slips and he lets go of Brock, landing on his feet in the corner!

DDK:

Brock's fought out of it but here comes Cyrus again! Newbludd denies him with a double axe handle!

Cyrus drops down to the mat for a second time and Brock clobbers him with a right hook! The Bellicose Brawler does a complete 180 from the blow! With his opponent's back to him, Newbludd jumps off the top rope onto Bates' shoulders! In one fluid motion Brock takes Cyrus down to the mat with a Victory Roll!

Lance:

Victory Roll! Brock's got the pin yet again!

ONE!

TWO!!

Bates kicks out!

DDK:

Still not enough! Here comes Malak!

Malak makes a bee-line across the ring but this time Doyle is able to cut him off! Instantly Garland starts arguing with the ref, but Doyle forces him back to his corner. Behind them, Bates and Brock stagger to their feet. Brock is the first to act and hits Cyrus with a stinging knife edge chop. The powerhouse shakes the blow off and fires back with a forearm that connects with the side of Brock's head. Stunned, Brock takes a step back and Cyrus whirls around...

Lance:

Discus punch by Bates... Newbludd ducks it!

Missing the tornado punch, Bates keeps spinning on his heel and Brock grabs him from behind to lock in a Cobra Clutch!

DDK:

COBRA CLUTCH! COBRA CLUTCH! Newbludd's got the submission locked in tight!

The Faithful erupt in cheers as Newbludd squeezes down on the big bull. Flailing his arms and spinning in a circle, Cyrus tries to shake Newbludd off of him but The Innovator refuses to let go. Desperation sinking in, Bates stops spinning and stumbles backwards towards the ropes.

Lance:

Bates is trying to get to the ropes!

Not letting go, Brock maintains the hold and squeezes down with everything he has, causing Bates to drop to a knee.

DDK:

Bates almost got to the ropes but Brock's got that cobra clutch locked in perfectly! Bates is down on a knee and it might be only a matter of time!

Lance:

What's Malak doing!?

Needing to help his partner, Garland races towards them along the ring apron. Mustering whatever energy he has left, Bates powers back up to a standing position. A few lumbering steps later and Bates pushes Brock back first into the ropes. Malak moves like lightning along the apron and nails Brock in the side of the head with a superkick!

DDK:

Malak saves Bates with that kick and now he's got a hold of Brock!

Holding Brock's arms from behind, Malak yells at the coughing Bates to snap out of it. Shaking his head, Bates sees his partner holding Newbludd for the free shot and charges towards them. With only a second to spare, Brock slams his head back into Malak's face, causing the Social Media Savant to fall down to the floor. A second later the charging Cyrus is sent up and over to the outside as well!

Lance:

Newbludd with the back body drop and Cyrus is on the floor!

Still woozy, Newbludd turns around and grabs onto the top rope as he zeroes in on Bates.

DDK:

What's Brock thinking here?

Lance:

He's not, DDK. At this point he's running on guts and instinct.

Having recovered from his fall to the outside, Malak scrambles up onto the ring apron just as Brock rears back. Garland races along the apron and just as Brock throws himself forward the Keyboard Master grabs him by the head! Dropping down, Garland delivers a modified stunner to Brock, slamming his neck across the top rope! Newbludd flies back into the ring and crumples to mat with both hands on his throat!

DDK:

What a move by Malak! Did you see the top rope snap up into Brock's neck!?

Lance:

I sure did, and it wasn't a pretty sight. Now, Newbludd's down in the ring and Bates is down on the outside!

DDK:

Bates has got to get back in the ring to avoid the countout!

Inside the ring, Benny throws his hands up and The Faithful are quick to help with the count.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

On the outside, Malak puts his arms around Cyrus and makes a motion for him not to re-enter the ring. With Brock down, Malak simply stands, holding his partner, and watching Doyle continue the count.

FOUR!

DDK:

Unbelievable. Or, I guess, really believable. But even in a two-on-one situation, Malak is taking the easy way and taking the countout - but keeping the titles.

FIVE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The ringside fans are giving Malak hell, but he's paying them no mind. Suddenly, a first row fan with a hood up and around his face reaches over the barricade and roughly spins Malak around. Malak sneers.

Malak Garland:

Take your hands off me! Respect my space!!

SIX!!

The fan reaches up and removes his hood... THE ARENA COMES UNGLUED...

DDK:

IT'S PAT CASSIDY!!! CASSIDY IS IN THE FRONT ROW!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Malak has gone white as a ghost!!

SEVEN!! EIGHT!!

Malak stumbles backwards like he's seen a ghost, as Cassidy leaps the barricade and approaches him looking extremely pissed off. Cassidy removes the hood to reveal that he's wearing his elbow pads and taped wrists and then removes his baggy pants to show his ring gear underneath! Bates tries to come to Malak's rescue, but Cassidy blocks his shot and lights him up with three punches of his own!

NINE!

Cassidy bounces Cyrus' head off the nearby ring steps and rolls him into the ring... breaking the ten count!

Lance:

And now on the outside of the ring... it's just Pat and Malak!!

DDK:

That's the man who made some... insulting... claims about his baby sister!

Malak falls to his backside as he pleads with Cassidy.

Malak Garland:

Oh wow, lots to unpack here. Hi Pat. It sure is great to see you on this fine evening. Um. How are you? Maybe we can solve this with a cordial conversation? Please?

With the fans still in a frenzy and Cassidy stone-faced in total rage, Black Out does the slow horror movie villain walk toward Garland who is holding his hands up and begging him to calm down. Suddenly, Malak decides to spring up and run away as Cassidy immediately gives chase! Pat chases Malak all around the ringside area twice until Garland rolls into the ring. Cassidy follows... and the angry Boston native runs right into another Boston-native: referee Benny Doyle. Doyle holds up his hands, demanding Cassidy stop. Pat, for half a second, is so angry that he looks ready to deck Doyle, but he quickly thinks better of it. We can't hear what Benny is saying, but we do see him pointing to the SNS corner.

Lance:

I think Benny is giving Pat a choice... if he wants to get his hands on Malak he'd better be a part of this match!

Cassidy looks to the corner then looks at Doyle. Looks back to his corner. Looks to Malak who is clinging to the safety of The Comments Section's corner. Finally, he looks to Brock Newbludd, who has just gotten back to his feet and his eyes go wide at the sight of his former tag partner. Cassidy and Brock make eye contact and there's no handshakes or smiles. Instead, keeping Brock's gaze, Cassidy moves into The Saturday Night Special's corner and then holds out his hand for the tag! Brock breaks into a grin (which Cassidy does not return) and then walks over to make the tag as the fans go wild!!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is in the match!

Malak is still on the apron absolutely breaking down in anxiety! Cassidy bounds into the ring and grabs the rising Cyrus Bates. He sends Bates into the ropes and catches him on the rebound with a vicious Alabama Slam. Bates' head bounces off the mat and he's stunned. Cassidy brings Cyrus to his feet, grabs his hand... and FORCES HIM TO

MAKE THE TAG TO MALAK GARLAND!!!!

Malak Garland:

NO! TAGGING IS A CHOICE! IT CAN'T BE FORCED UPON ME!

Malak has half a second to look shocked before Pat grabs him by the scruff and launches him up and over the ropes and into the ring. Malak scrambles up to his knees and begins to beg off, holding his hands up in the air and asking for mercy. Malak backpedals all the way into the corner while Pat stalks him. Finally, with nowhere else to go, he closes his eyes and waits for the shot... but when it never comes, he peeks out with one eye open to find Cassidy smiling. The camera is close enough that we can hear their conversation.

Pat Cassidy:

...you promise that you're sorry?

Malak shoots to his feet, nodding enthusiastically.

Malak Garland:

So sorry! My whole truth is that I feel awful about the entire thing. That's from my heart's center!

Cassidy nods understandingly. He reaches into his tights and produces a phone. He makes a motion toward Malak as if they're going to take a selfie together. The fans seem... unsure of this development. As does Brock.

Malak Garland:

As long as I can approve it before posting. Make sure to raise it up high to catch a good angle.

Cassidy pats Malak on the shoulder assuredly. He puts his arm around Malak and holds the phone up in front of them...

...and JUST AT THE FLASH, HE SMACKS THE ABSOLUTE DOGSHIT OUT OF MALAK!!!

DDK:

I hope he posts that later!

Lance:

He had to use the burst setting for sure!

Cassidy now unloads on the fallen Malak with right hands. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Repeat about fifteen times before Doyle forces him off. Cassidy grabs Malak by the head and slams him face first into a neutral top turnbuckle. Again. Again. Again. Then he climbs up to the second turnbuckle and with Malak's head dangling below him, unloads with punches as The Faithful count along...

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

Cassidy pauses before the tenth punch, looks toward the fans, makes a "cheers" motion and then connects with the right hand! Cassidy whips Malak across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle. Cassidy runs after him, leaps...

Lance:

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

DDK:

Malak stumbles out of the corner right into a Pat Cassidy small package...

ONE!

TWO!

Cyrus Bates breaks up the pin! Brock jumps into the ring and goes after Bates, peppering him with shots and then a big clothesline that sends BOTH men over the top rope to the outside. On the outside, they continue their brawl and Benny Doyle climbs out of the ring to try to convince them to settle down and return to their respective corners. With Doyle between the two brawling men, Pat Cassidy also climbs onto the apron. He looks toward the three men, and runs forward along the ringside apron, leaping forward...

DDK:

Cassidy with a diving axehandle off the apron and he lands on all three men!!

Lance:

Bates, Doyle, and Newbludd are down. Do you think he hit Brock on purpose?

DDK:

I'm not sure if Pat is thinking straight or if he's even super concerned about his "partner." I get the feeling he's in this match more to get at Malak and less to help Brock...

Cassidy rolls back into the ring, with the stage now cleared of everyone but him and Malak. He picks The Keyboard King up and hooks and drops him with a big pumphandle slam. There's no ref, so he gets up and simply smiles toward the fans who roar their approval. Cassidy points toward the turnbuckle and The Faithful get even louder!

DDK:

Cassidy has something big in mind.

Cassidy perches the snowflake onto the top rope, sitting and facing outward into the people. He climbs up behind Malak and hooks him for the big belly-to-back superplex...

...but Cyrus Bates comes out of nowhere, nailing Cassidy RIGHT in the face with a chair from the ring apron!

Lance:

Bates AGAIN saving Garland from the brink! That steel chair just halted Cassidy's momentum cold!

DDK:

Benny Doyle is just gathering himself outside the ring so he didn't see it.

Bates drops the chair on the ring apron and climbs in the ring where the now unconscious Cassidy sits. Malak is still sitting on the top turnbuckle, and Bates walks over so that The Keyboard King can climb onto Bates' shoulders. With Malak getting a ride, Bates brings him over to Cassidy. Malak leaps off Bates and crashes down onto The Scrapper from Southie with a big splash! He covers!

DDK:

Comments Section is about to retain!

Doyle, who has just entered the ring, drops down for the count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! BROCK PULLS BENNY OUT OF THE RING!!

DDK:

Cassidy was knocked silly by that chair shot but Brock just saved the match!

Doyle scolds Brock who quickly defers to the referee's authority and returns to his corner. In the ring, Cyrus Bates does the same. With the ref back in control, Malak is up and standing over the dazed Cassidy. Now that Pat is hurt, Malak finds his courage and begins to unload on Cassidy with a series of stomps.

Malak Garland:

I didn't really want to take a selfie with you anyways!

DDK:

We've seen this sequence before. Is this a shot at Conor Fuse?

Malak mounts the downed Cassidy and unloads with a flurry of punches.

Malak Garland:

Siobhan says hi!

He takes a moment to laugh at Brock Newbludd before bringing Cassidy up and whipping him off the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a spinning heel kick! Cassidy crumples and Malak covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

DDK:

Cassidy gets the shoulder up!

Malak doesn't let Pat have a second to catch his breath - he locks Black Out in his version of The Camel Clutch, the FOMO!

Lance:

How insulting and humbling would it be if Malak Garland made Pat Cassidy tap out after those disgusting comments about his sister?

DDK:

You've got to think if Cassidy's heart is still beating he won't give in but Malak DOES have that hold cinched in tight!

Malak is all smiles as he rears back on the camel clutch and the crowd is booing mercilessly. Cassidy's arms flail and his eyes are forced to stare at the ceiling but still convey rage and hatred. Doyle moves in to catch either the tap out or verbal submission. On the apron, Brock encourages the fans to start clapping to get behind his (maybe?) tag team partner. They oblige, and Malak shakes his head "no" as the fans begin to will Cassidy on to make the big comeback. Cassidy's fist starts shaking as the fans turn up the volume and his leg finds its footing. He begins to buck and sway as Malak's eyes go wide in fear.

Malak Garland:

No. Simply no. No one breaks out of the FOMO!

Lance:

"Black Out" Pat Cassidy isn't done yet!

Cassidy continues to sway his body. Malak tries desperately to tighten his grip, but Pat now has his footing and is pushing himself to his feet. Malak breaks the hold and rebounds off the nearby ropes, looking to put Cassidy back down with a clothesline...

Lance:

But Cassidy ducks the clothesline and hooks and drops him with the GREEN MONSTA BOMB!!!

Pat's version of the Blue Thunder Bomb plants Malak and now both men are down!! The crowd is at a fever pitch as both Brock and Cyrus have their arms extended for the tag! As Cassidy rolls over to look toward Brock and Malak does the same, a chant rises up among The Faithful...

S - N - S! CLAP! S - N - S! CLAP! S - N - S!

Brock is leaning over, reaching as far as he can. Cassidy army crawls closer, shakes his head to clear some cobwebs, and looks up at Newbludd. He lunges forward... AND MAKES THE TAG!

DDK:

BROCK IS IN! He charges Cyrus Bates and knocks him off the apron just before Malak can make the tag out!!

Lance:

BROCK IS ON FIRE!

Belly-to-belly to Malak Garland!! Bates rolls back into the ring and HE eats a belly-to-belly!! Clothesline Malak back down!! Clothesline Cyrus back down!! Malak tries to attack Brock from behind but Brock ducks the shot and brings Malak down from behind into the DRAGON SLEEPER!

DDK:

Malak is not going to last long in that hold!

Garland's eyes are already beginning to flutter. Doyle moves in to check on him and call the match (and the titles) if need be. Malak's arm flails widely and he looks about to tap...

...when Bates breaks the hold with a kick to Brock's head!! Newbludd crumples and the fans boo loudly.

DDK:

Cassidy is back in! He and Bates slug it out!! This match has broken down!!

Lance:

Benny is trying to restore order but neither man is listening!

Cassidy and Cyrus continue to trade punches until Cassidy slowly begins to get the better of the exchange. Cassidy's right hands Cyrus back into the corner, and when Cassidy is sure he has Bates reeling, he takes a few steps backwards, looking to charge with a Splash of Jameson. He leaps...

DDK:

NO! Bates just shoved Benny Doyle into Cassidy's path!! Black Out's frame creams the referee!!

Lance:

Poor Benny can't catch a break in this wild match!

Benny is down, but Pat doesn't dwell on it as he quickly clotheslines Bates out of the ring. He turns... and notices the steel chair that hit him earlier that had been knocked on the apron. He looks to see that the ref is down and looks to the fans, raising an eyebrow. They pop!

DDK:

I do believe Pat Cassidy has some bad intentions here...

Cassidy picks up the chair and turns around... to see *both* Brock Newbludd and Malak Garland slowly climbing to their feet. He looks to Malak... but then he looks to Brock. He looks to the fans.

Lance:

Wait a minute...

DDK:

He wouldn't... would he?

Lance:

Last time Pat Cassidy was on TV he was trying to tear Brock's head off... I don't like this...

Cassidy clutches the chair like a baseball bat. He looks to Brock. To Malak. To Brock. To Malak. The fans in the front row are pleading with him to do the right thing. Cassidy's facial expression betrays nothing except somebody is getting their brains scrambled in a few seconds.

Lance:

The moment of truth!

Brock is up to a knee. So is Malak. Both men reach their feet and turn around toward Cassidy at the exact same time. Cassidy takes the chair back, and swings for the fences...

CRACK!!!!

DDK:

DOWN GOES GARLAND!!!

THE FANS EXPLODE FOR GOOD CHOICES!!!

Malak is out and Brock is shocked. He and Cassidy make eye contact. Cassidy is still holding the chair and his expression is less than friendly. The tempo in the arena shifts from celebratory to concerned...

DDK:

Come on now, Pat. Come on.

Cassidy won't break his eye contact with Brock. Finally, he drops the chair to the mat. He grabs Malak... and positions him over the chair for a piledriver!! The fans ERUPT as Cassidy points to the top rope!!!

Lance:

A Keg Stand on the chair!?

Brock is picking up what Pat is putting down, and he climbs to the top rope. He pauses on the top rope to take a second to look out to the fans as Cassidy holds Malak in the piledriver position. The fans, in unison, know exactly what to chant here...

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Brock leaps off... he leaps for Siobhan, he leaps for Pat, and he leaps everyone who has endured The Comments Section's stranglehold on the tag belts for nearly a year...

DDK:

KEG STAND! KEG STAND! KEG STAND ON THE CHAIR!!!

Lance:

Malak's head is driven into steel!!

Cassidy grabs Benny Doyle and brings him over to where Brock is making the cover. Bates tries to get back into the ring but Cassidy is there to meet him with a shot that knocks him back out. Doyle counts Brock's pin.

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREEEEEE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

We have NEW tag team champions!!!!

The fans are on their feet as The Saturday Night Special's theme begins to play over the sound system. Brock rolls off Malak and turns to his partner... but Cassidy does not look happy.

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNERS... AND NEEEEWWWWW...

Quimbey stops as Cassidy suddenly snatches the mic out of his hand! The cheering fans suddenly quiet down as Cassidy tells Quimbey to wait. He hands Quimbey back his mic and walks toward Brock, who is breathing heavily with his hands on his knees after that marathon of a match. The cameraman, looking to do his job, moves in close to try and pick up whatever is about to go down here... but Pat Cassidy stops him! We see Cassidy's hand fill the screen and we hear him say...

Pat Cassidy:

Back up. This isn't for you.

The camera person obliges, and the camera moves to the other side of the ring so the mic can't pick up whatever Pat and Brock are about to say to each other. Looking each other dead in the eye, we see Pat talking. Brock says something. Pat responds. Both have serious stone-face faces and Pat has not stopped looking angry. Cassidy grows more animated, using his hands more as he speaks.

DDK:

Folks, we can't hear what's going on between these two... but we do know they've just won the Unified Tag Titles... but are we about to see another brawl??

Finally, Cassidy points to himself. Then he points to Brock. Then he points to the fans. Then he shakes his head... and his facial expression softens. Brock allows himself a small smile. Whatever Cassidy just said, Brock agrees. **THE FANS POP AS CASSIDY EXTENDS HIS HAND...**

...AND BROCK TAKES IT! Pat raises Brock's hand in victory as the fans go nuts! Cassidy nods to Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR NEEEEEEEEEW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!!!!

The crowd's roaring swells to new heights as Benny slides into the ring with the championship belts. Spotting him first, Newbludd takes the collection of belts off of the ref's hands and turns to face Cassidy. Throwing one of the straps over a shoulder, the exhausted Innovator smiles at his partner and offers him his own piece of gold. Returning the smile, Cassidy takes the belt from Newbludd. Leaving his hand outstretched, Brock nods at Pat and the Boston native goes

in for a second handshake. The instant the two partners' hands meet Newbludd pulls Pat in for a big-time bro hug.

DDK:

These two men have been on an emotional, mental, and physical roller coaster over these last few weeks. But, they survived it all and now they've taken their place on top of the mountain!

Lance:

They say that the strongest bonds are those that are forged in fire, partner. Well, these two guys have survived the inferno and are for that they are now the world champions. What a way to end the first night of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Laughing, the two friends separate as Benny steps in between them and grabs each man by a wrist to raise their hands in victory. The new champions soak in the cheers of the crowd and then make their way to separate corners. Climbing up, they both raise all five belts high above their heads. A camera shot quickly cuts to Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates who are watching the festivities from the seated safety against the barricade, outside the ring. Malak is understandably crying uncontrollably.

Malak Garland:

It happened again! Cyrus!? Cyrus!? Was this my fault? This wasn't my fault, right?

Cyrus whispers whatever comforting words he must to calm down his partner as they gaze at the triumphant Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd, who raise their title belts high. With all five belts in hand, they've hopped the barricade and are celebrating out among the fans by drinking beers and crowd surfing. The Faithful continue their hot cheer as the DEFIANCE chyron wraps up a raucous and federation changing first night of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.