

DEFCON

[*♪ "Immortals" by Fall Out Boy ♪*](#)

An online troll never forgets.

One year ago, Malak Garland captured the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships for a second time, forever ending the team of Tyler and Conor Fuse in DEFIANCE.

Meanwhile, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd have formed a friendship beyond in ring competition. Their tag title reign surpassing the initial Fuse Bros. run and The Special's are only a few weeks away from becoming the longest reigning Tag Team Champions in DEFIANCE's eleven year history. They have gone through the best team's and reached new heights with each and every successful title defense.

However, now the Snowflake Superstar Malak Garland returns, wanting redemption for losing "his" titles to Cassidy and Newbludd. A MIA Search Party Cyrus allowed The Keyboard King to deploy a new teammate.

Conor Fuse.

Forced into joining Malak Garland and his Comments Section, The Power-Up King remorsefully finds himself in the most challenging Game he has yet to play. Team with his enemy against a former one.

Will Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd overcome their most formidable challenge to date?

Or will the Era of Trolls rise again alongside a mischievous gamer?

DEFCON 1

2

3

4

5...



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

**FLEX AND KLEIN LOST THEIR SMILE
NO MORE PCP ON PCP VIOLENCE
ALSO PUSH LDO!
HENRY KEYES FOR GOVERNOR... IF HE EVER WAKES UP
REZIN FOR SOHER
IF YOU DONT LIKE DEFIANCE YOURE A ROBOT
WHAT IS A CORVO?
I CAN'T SAY WHY... BUT I IDENTIFY W/ KLEIN
REZIN IS A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF LADDER DAY SAINTS
I KNOW JESSICA'S SECRET
I'D RATHER PAY \$6/GAL FOR GAS THAN PAY TO SEE MALAK GARLAND WRESTLE AND YET HERE I AM
ARTHUR PLEASANT HAS A BABY MOUTH
FINAL FANTASY ACTUALLY SUCKS
I EAT THE RED ONES LAST
HA HA I MADE A SILLY SIGN
MALAK GARLAND WOULD BE WAY SCARIER IF HE WAS MOLOCH GARLAND
FINAL FANTASY BECAME A LIE WHEN THEY RELEASED FF2
CONOR FUSE FOR SMASH BROS
REZIN VS LADDER = 2022 MOTY
NEED REFORM SUX
A/S/L
2% MILK
NED REFORMS PARENTS WERE SUCCESSFUL. AT RAISING AN ASSHOLE.
PREACH, REVEREND REZIN
I'M STILL HUMMING "TALKING DEFCON"
I GOT LINDSAY TROYS SIGNATURE AT DEFCONCON
LDO'S BUTT IS AN OCHO OUT OF DIEZ
DEFCON 2022 - EVERYTHING ENDS HERE
IF IT DOES END HERE? WHAT'S NEXT?
REZIN IS MY SAVIOR
NED REFORM IS MY INSOMNIA CURE**

I'LL REPLACE KEYES TONIGHT

LET MY CONOR GO

PUSH LDO

REZIN SOLD ME OREGANO IN THE MENS ROOM EARLIER AND ITS THE BEST OREGANO I'VE EVER

COME ACROSS

SHENMUE > SPLINTER CELL

DEFCONCON MET MY EXPECTATIONS

The match graphics roll through night one's lineup.

PCP vs. FLEX IN A BOX

"I AM A FRAUD" MATCH: DR. NED REFORM vs. JESSICA REEVES

BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY vs. LOS TRES TITANES

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP:

SCROW © vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. REZIN

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, SAFE SPACE MATCH:

SNS © vs. MALAK GARLAND & COMMENTS CONOR FUSE

And the opener for the night...

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP:

CORVO ALPHA © vs. HENRY KEYES

The scene goes to the announce table, off to the left-hand side of the DEFCON stage.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: CORVO ALPHA Â© vs. HENRY KEYES

Darren and Lance are dressed to impress, and to their right? A wild lunatic appears. Jack Harmen dressed in a suit wearing a pink bow tie.

DDK:

You can feel the excitement in the Lakefront Arena after a wild and raucous Night One last night!

Lance:

Absolutely! History was made last night in more than one way and there is certainly an electricity in the air that leads me to believe that we are going to see more of the same tonight!

DDK:

And joining us tonight, none other than the legendary Jack Harmen! Member of the Scourge!

Jack Harmen:

Thanks. Great to be at DEFCon.

Lance:

It's going to be a big show! Last night, we saw an old rival of yours walk away with the FIST! Tonight, it's the SNS vs. Malak Garland and Conor Fuse in a Safe Space Match! You've been in structures like this before Jack, any insight?

Jack Harmen:

They're brutal, they take years off your career, and yet somehow I'm still flyin' 30 years in. Gotta be talented and lucky in this sport Lance.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant is going to have to be REAL lucky if he's going to win the SoHer tonight off of Scrow!

There's a loud BANG. Like someone's hand striking a desk.

Jack Harmen:

You doubt Arthur Pleasant?

Lance:

Don't you?

A headset is thrown aside as there's a confrontation between Harmen and Lance at the announce booth. We see a wide angle of Harmen walking away from the two of them, bumping into Lance as he does.

Lance:

I guess Jack Harmen won't be joining us tonight? We were gonna run down the rest of the card...

DDK:

No time now! No better way to kick this history-defining night of wrestling action off than with a title match! But will the champion in our opening bout even have a *challenger*? That remains the question, Lance!

Lance:

It does, indeed. It was months ago at DEFIANCE Road when Henry Keyes fell to Alvaro de Vargas in a brutal Falls Count Anywhere contest... The beating he took in that match alone would have been enough to knock a normal man out of competition for a time... but it was what went down after the bell rang that people are still talking about.

Still shots intermittently flash across our screen of the now-iconic assault of Keyes at the black and red drenched hands of the debuting Corvo Alpha, culminating with the dramatic plunge from the executive skybox and finally, Alpha's grim emergence from the rubble.

DDK:

I'm so tired of seeing those images, I have to be honest... But the fact remains that as a result of that vicious attack, Henry Keyes has been out of action with a frighteningly long laundry list of injuries. There has been months of speculation and a lot of doubt in recent days that Henry Keyes would be able to appear tonight, despite the insistent reassurances from his personal medical team that he in fact WOULD make his return tonight. I have to say... I'm sitting here feeling skeptical.

Lance:

We are moments away from finding out, Keebs. Corvo Alpha captured the Favoured Saints Championship in his DEFtv debut and has had a stranglehold on it since... WHOEVER he faces tonight will have a tall task ahead of them.

DDK:

That being said, let's go to Darren Quimbey and our opening championship bout

The crowd buzzes with growing anticipation as our cameras cut to a smiling, well-dressed DQ standing center-ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, our opening contest for DEFCON 2022's Night Two is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the Favoured Saints CHAMPIONSHIIIIIP!

Huge pop as the fans realize that "the moment" is upon them.

Lance:

Is Henry Keyes here?!?

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... our CHALLENGER...

A ridiculous pop as the house lights slowly dim and a lone spotlight finds the curtain.

DDK:

We're about to find out...

The moments turn into seconds. Long seconds that seem to stretch. There is a hint of a grumble murmuring through the crowd when suddenly, that unmistakable sound hits-

WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~~!

Imagine the loudest applause you could possibly conceive. Go ahead. Got it? Now double it.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

No. Triple it.

DDK: *[yelling to be heard]*

Listen to this crowd! I've never heard anything like this!

Lance: *[also yelling]*

That makes two of us!

DDK: *[still yelling]*

Huh???

Lance: *[really yelling]*

I SAID "THAT MAKES TWO OF US"!

The camera sweeps the sea of cheering fans, arms raised in a rare, shared euphoria. However, the camera sweep goes on a little too long. And that same cheering crowd is also noticing. Finally, the camera cuts to the entrance. An unmoving curtain. The cheers slowly dissipate.

DDK:

...is he here?

On cue, the music comes to an abrupt stop just before the chorus. The faithful groan in clear displeasure. The camera cuts back to a confused Darren Quimbey still center-ring. A finger pressed against his hidden earpiece, he quickly composes himself before clearing his throat.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, now coming to the ring–

♪ *“Electric Funeral” (Instrumental) by Black Sabbath* ♪

Imagine the most disappointed and frustrated reaction that 10,000 people could possibly elicit. Only worse. Much worse.

The curtain parts immediately and widely.

Darren Quimbey:

–accompanied by his handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush... Hailing from Parts Untold and weighing in tonight at 267 pounds, he is the reigning and defending FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION... Call Him... CORVO...

ALLLLPHAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Suddenly, it appears: a large, black, grotesque Victorian era horse-drawn carriage creeps through the curtain.

Being sluggishly pulled down the rampway by six drably dressed pale and sickly Victorian era orphan-looking children, the carriage lurches forward every few seconds. A gloved hand waves out the side-window of the carriage, uncaring at the hate being hurled its way. The faithful boo in disgust as the carriage finally comes to a dramatic rest at the foot of the ring. One miserable looking street urchin slips out of the carriage's driver's seat to the floor before carefully climbing back up to open the carriage's side door. Emerging from it with a dark flourish... is Lord Nigel himself. His usual black suit and bowler cap has been replaced by appropriately Victorian black garb with matching tall top hat. Smiling his plastic smile, he removes his cap, revealing his tousled white hair, before sweeping his arm towards the top of the rampway.

It's there that Corvo Alpha bursts through the curtain with no added fanfare. Face freshly blackened by gobs of black paint, his eyes pierce through wildly. Hairy chest slathered in red paint, he angrily shakes the color from his hands as he stomps down the extended ramp. He pays zero attention to the fans, his handler, or the championship belt his handler cradles in his arms – Alpha brushes past all of them and slinks into the ring, almost irritated. Finding a seat on the lower turnbuckle of a corner, he eyes only the top of the entranceway.

DDK:

Let there be no doubt: Corvo Alpha has come for DEFCON.

Lance:

Unfortunately for everyone involved... he isn't alone.

The camera finds Lord Nigel Trickelbush standing atop his carriage. A microphone in hand. The faithful rain disdain on him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh? What is the bother, my lovelies? What is it that VEXES you so?

Trickelbush pushes through the crowd's effort to drown him out.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Could it be... that your new reality is sinking in? Could it be... that you're all collectively coming to grips with the fact that I've been right all along? It's a lot to deal with, I know. But time marches on, does it not?

Lord Nigel's smile stretches. He adjusts the grip on the microphone, his other hand finding his hip. A long shot shows him, perched atop the ringside carriage, the fans whipped up in a frenzy all around him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I can't imagine what you must be going through... The faithful... losing their faith... *live* on pay-per-view, could you ever imagine? Don't boo me, children. It was Henry Keyes who let you down. Again. And you boo ME?!? Well... be that as it may. While you "faithful" adjust to your new reality... My Champion still requires a challenger! YOUR CHAMPION REQUIRES A SACRIFICE!

More boos.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

So while it's become painfully clear who it WON'T be, I have to ask... Who *Will* It Be?

Another sweeping flourish towards the entranceway by Lord Nigel turns every head in the house with it.

The lights go out. Thrilled at the mystery (and also because Lord Nigel has been silenced by the darkness), the Faithful begin to rise in tenor and electricity as seconds pass.

More seconds.

DDK:

Who is it??

And then...

WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

The Faithful ROAR at the familiar sound returning, some making their own propeller noises with their mouths! As the whirring continues, some fans get a little rowdy and a handful of mini-chants try to gain footing, including:

LET'S GO HENRY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

FUCK YOU CORVO! *clap clap clapclapclap*

TURN THE LIGHTS ON! *clap clap clapclapclap*

RRRRRRRRRR~~CRASHH!!!!

The sound of crashing splintering wood pauses the chants, and a hush looms in the air.

Lance:

This is AGONIZING! WHO IS IT??

And then.

Finally.

We hear something familiar. An ominous and eerie piano/synth riff with hard and heavy drum beats. And then, an eerie voice.

♪ *Stranger fruit*

How it grows and grows

We all saw the shoot

But we tend to the rose ♪

The Faithful rise to their feet, recognizing the music immediately.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

And then, the familiar words spread across the DEFiatron.

VAE VICTIS

Lance:

No. WAY!!

A spotlight on the stage is lit, the only light in the arena. Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan step into the light to a MASSIVE reaction.

♪ *Stranger fruit*

Is a plant of the well

Flesh so bitter

It pick itself ♪

DDK:

Rumors have spread that Henry Keyes isn't fit to return, and who better to fill in than his best friend, Lindsay Troy? Or is DAN RYAN stepping in??

Cameras can pick up the faint outline of Corvo Alpha and Nigel Trickelbush in the ring. Corvo is frothing at the mouth, pacing back and forth, ready for either one of these interlopers to step through for a proper beating. Nigel tries to give his charge some counsel; it is unclear how much is getting through.

♪ *Stranger fruit*

With a beckoning call

From the crown to the root

This tree won't fall ♪

Troy and Ryan look at each other with a familiar smirk and a forearm smash, but before they take a step forward, they pause. And then, they take a few steps away from each other, eventually stepping out of the bright spotlight. The heavy drums and voice filled with increasing sadness and rage are BELLOWING at maximum volume.

And then, we see someone step into the spotlight. Someone we've heard about for years at this point, a figure who played center stage in several heated DEFIANCE rivalries.

She's beautiful, regal, and a little terrifying. And the Faithful are full-fucking-THROAT at the sight.

♪ *STRANGER FRUIT*

GOT HOLES IN FLESH

BUT IT AIN'T GONNA SCAR

'CAUSE IT NEVER HOLDS FAST ♪

Lance:

Keebs...you don't think...

DDK:

...I do.

We hear these continued ominous keyboard riffs accompanied by haunting vocals. She must be five or six hundred pounds of pure majesty and power. Her white fur and black stripes are striking, and she lets out a harrowing *ROARRRRRR~!* once she's fully entered the spotlight. We can see an extremely PUNK ROCK black leather leash covered with metal studs extending from her neck to a few black-robed figures working hard to stay out of the literal spotlight.

Lance:

...HELEN!!

DDK:

...which means!!!

He steps into the spotlight, this powerfully changed man.

A few things are extremely noticeable. Gone is the bright redness in his hair, which is now salt-and-pepper. Gone is the red mustache, replaced with a salt-and-pepper goatee. But perhaps most strikingly, he wears a substantial black leather piece of headgear that seems to mainly act as an eye patch, though it wraps around the whole left third of his face.

♪ *There's a storm out there*

There's a storm out there

They're out somewhere

There's a storm out there ♪

White beacons begin to swirl around and flood the DEFplex. Keen-eyed viewers, after gathering themselves from the most-shocking changes in his appearance, also see that the tank-top-and-suspenders look has been replaced by a long black-leather coat with white trim and brass buttons. Red pants replaced with black. Henry Keyes approaches his magnificent companion and presses his forehead to hers in the biggest kitten nuzzle ever filmed in professional wrestling. And then, we see one rare thing that remains familiar...the haunch-strut, albeit a bit more deliberate than before.

DDK:

HENRY KEYES HAS RETURNED!!

Lance:

...AND HE'S JOINED VAE VICTIS?!?

Keyes, Troy, and Ryan share a knowing glance before the founding members of Vae Victis slowly follow the regal

Helen out of frame.

Back in the ring, Lord Nigel's facade has crumbled and it seems he has seen a ghost, eyes wide and glaring at the man alight at the top of the ramp. Stomping and pacing just in front of him, Corvo Alpha appears unphased by the shocking appearance of Henry Keyes, the astonishment and confusion of his handler, as well as the deafening reaction of the DEFIANCE Faithful. He doesn't hear the crowd... he just sees the gnat he thought he'd already swatted to death flutter back into the room.

Snorting and snarling, the animal is ready – eyes fastened only on Keyes; a sea of passionate fans surging around his prey as it works its way down the ramp and towards the ring.

DDK:

I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK OVER THIS NOISE!

Lance:

HUH?!?

DDK:

SIGH.

The music booms through the arena as Keyes deliberately stalks down the aisle. Referee Jonny Fastcountini works to coax Tricklebush out of the ring, the Favoured Saints belt tucked under his arm. At the bottom of the ramp, Keyes can't help but crack a smile, if only for a moment, as he soaks it all in. He regards the Victorian era carriage at ringside with some resembling concern. Alpha scowls at his challenger as he climbs the ring steps.

DDK:

I'm going to state the obvious by pointing out that this appears to be a very different Henry Keyes than the man we last saw hurtling off a balcony all those months ago! Even if Corvo Alpha had been preparing to face Henry Keyes at DEFCON tonight... That is NOT the man ANY of us were expecting to show up tonight. It's... a different look, to be sure! The eye-patch! The HAIR?!? I suppose the question is... has he regressed or evolved?

Lance:

Once that bell rings, we are all going to find out!

Heavy, potent moments abound: Keyes pauses to wipe his boots off before stepping through the ropes to a soundtrack of thunder from the fans... An earnest Jonny Fastcountini raises the Favoured Saints Championship high above his head, eyes stern and focused on the hard camera... In one motion, Corvo Alpha pulls himself up-right, and spits across the ring – at the feet of Henry Keyes – before charging across the ring full speed. Fastcountini side-steps at the last possible moment, avoiding disaster! Keyes spins and blocks Corvo's wild right hand and serves a right hand of his own. And suddenly, in a hail of flashbulbs and cradled in a cacophony of excitement, the two warriors are exchanging a flurry of blows!

DDK:

HERE WE GO!!

DING DING

Lance:

We are underway on Night 2 of the biggest event of the year with the very first match we saw signed! And these two men are letting each other have it!

DDK:

Thunderous right hand blows! Neither of these fighters are giving an inch! Back and forth!

Lance:

Those are closed fists! They're wasting no time!

It's just a HAIL of clubbing blows from both men, neither giving an inch. Eventually, the punches turn into forearm shivers back and forth and back and forth to "BOO!" "YEAH!" "BOO!" "YEAH!" chants from the Faithful. Eventually, Corvo blocks a strike, grabs Henry's head in both hands, and thrusts his forehead HARD into his opponent's! This staggers Keyes into the corner, where Corvo delivers two more wild headbutts and starts biting at Keyes's head! At this, the ref steps in...

Lance:

And here we see our Referee Jonny Fastcountini trying to step in – Corvo Alpha just SHOVED Fastcountini off of them!

DDK:

Alpha's gotta be careful with that!

Lance:

Fastcountini is a young referee and this is the biggest match he has ever called... you can see it on his face, he wants to let this match go! He knows this is what the fans have paid to see!

The momentary distraction is just enough for Keyes to shove Corvo off of him. He takes a single deep breath before swinging in for a HUGE Propeller Edge Chop! Corvo responds with an overhand frying-pan-strike to Keyes's clavicle! Back and forth the blows continue!

DDK:

I don't know, Lance, it looks like that red stripe on Corvo's chest isn't just paint anymore!

Lance:

You're right, Keebs - there's paint on Henry's arm, and that's just a big slab of WELT on Corvo's chest! Keyes isn't doing much better - I think his collarbone is turning purple!

The crowd sustains their cheers as Keyes and Corvo trade shots center ring. They eventually get tied into what only the most generous commentator might call a collar-and-elbow, both men just wrenching and pulling and tugging at each other, until they stumble into the ropes entangled in each other. Fastcountini steels himself and then tries to break the two men apart once more. Shoved off again–

Lance:

That was Henry Keyes who pushed Fastcountini off of them that time!!! ALPHA!! Takes advantage of a distracted Keyes and lands a knee to the stomach, halting all proceedings! The wind was just taken out of this building!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha POWERS Keyes over with a throw suplex – but Keyes is immediately back to his feet! THEY'RE BACK TO EXCHANGING HAYMAKERS!!

The crowd is on their FEET as the two men continue to push their striking games beyond fifth gear. Mist clouds of sweat are flying off each man with each successive strike, and they almost seem to slow down a *hair*, until...

Lance:

This time it's KEYES who lands a knee and cuts Corvo off! BOOMING European uppercut! Another resounding European uppercut that sends Alpha staggering into a corner! Keyes just BIELS the smaller Corvo Alpha across the ring–

DDK:

BUT CORVO SPRINGS BACK TO HIS FEET! THEY ARE EYE TO EYE!!

Lance:

The Lakefront Arena has come UNGLUED tonight!

Center ring, Keyes leans down to push his forehead into Corvo Alpha's, smearing flecks of black paint across his own forehead in the process. Cellphone flashbulbs do their thing just as Keyes shoves off, a sinister grin growing across his face. Both men are covered in sweat and welts. Henry slowly raises his right hand about waist-high, a hand extended in an offer of a shake. The crowd can't believe what they're seeing and Corvo is equally confused.

DDK:

We've seen Keyes enjoy a good handshake in the past, Lance! He usually saves it for certain types of people, I can't believe he--

Corvo almost sniffs the air in front of him to suss Keyes out before Keyes upends it all and, with his free left hand, slaps the Favoured Saints Champion so hard across the face that an odd mix of paint, sweat, and saliva go flying into the first and second row.

Lance:

So much for that! This is a different Henry Keyes, folks!

Alpha's head and hair whip back at his challenger, who's grin extends into a deep belly-laugh. His good mood is quickly interrupted--

DDK:

CORVO! Headbutt to Keyes, just caught him square in the nose!

The camera quickly catches the bloom of red spread across Keyes face -- his nose is bleeding. As it drips into his salt-and-pepper facial hair, we see a slightly more gruesome red mustache form than we're used to seeing on the Once Airship Pirate.

Lance:

Our official, Jonny Fastcountini, steps in to check on Keyes... it doesn't appear to be too serious--

Suddenly, Alpha snatches Fastcountini by the back of his zebra-striped polo shirt collar and again pulls the referee out of the way. In this case, Fastcountini tumbles between the ring ropes and out of the ring, his head smacking the conservatively padded ringside area to a shared gasp of the Faithful.

DDK:

OH MY GOODNESS! Our official, Jonny Fastcountini, just got tossed out of the ring!

Lance:

These men are just INCENSED, Keebler! It's as if they are the only two people in the ring and they are certainly treating our young official, Jonny Fastcountini, as if that's the case!

DDK:

Thanks to Corvo, they ARE the only two men in the ring! He's going to need to be careful he doesn't get disqualified!

Lance:

I agree, this is getting out of hand... is Jonny okay?

Back in the ring, Alpha has swarmed Keyes in the corner. Clubbing forearms, fists and feet come fast and furious. The camera catches a member of DEFmed checking on the referee at ringside before we cut to a tighter shot of Alpha choking Keyes on the lower ring rope.

DDK:

This is where Corvo Alpha is at his most dangerous...

Lance:

Just choking the life out of Henry Keyes... with that bloody nose it's probably already difficult for Keyes to breathe out of his nose and now Alpha is just collapsing the windpipe of the Airship Pirate! With no referee in sight! No one to stop him!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush casually walks around ringside, pausing in front of Corvo/Keyes and slowly removing a black glove from his right hand. He uses it to impotently slap the straining Keyes across the face.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You should have STAYED DEAD, Henry.

Another slap, this one a little more stinging. Alpha continues to press his weight across Keyes' back, Keyes throat being caved in.

DDK:

This is despicable!

ANOTHER slap with the leather glove – and this time, Keyes has had enough. He reaches through the ropes and grabs Lord Nigel with both hands, pulling him close by his lapels. The crowd erupts!

DDK:

Keyes has Trickelbush!

But before he can do anything with him, Corvo Alpha shifts his weight, letting off of Keyes. He charges across the ring, hits the ropes then hits a RUNNING CROSSBODY across the back of Keyes, still strung up throat-and-chest-first along the ropes. Keyes releases Trickelbush who tumbles backwards on his ass at ringside.

Lance:

Keyes just got GUILLOTINED across that rope! And he rolls outside, himself!

The camera cuts to a low ringside shot. Lord Nigel Trickelbush crawls away from Keyes and after his tall black hat. Keyes clutches at his throat, slow to pull himself to his feet. Around the corner, on the ringside floor, DEFmed has helped Referee Jonny Fastcountini to his knees.

DDK:

Here comes Corvo!

Alpha slinks under the bottom rope and out of the ring, stalking Keyes.

Lance:

He's pressing his advantage, Keebs. Pulling Keyes to his feet by his graying hair, OH NO!

Corvo quickly cinches his arms around Keyes's waist and squeezes with all his might, swinging him from side to side in a vicious Bear Hug. Keyes is flailing his arms in an attempt to gain some sort of leverage out of this predicament, wincing in agony as Corvo attempts to make his entrails become his extrails, before Corvo finally lowers his center of gravity, pops his hips, and CHUCKS Henry ass-over-teakettle!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha HURLS Henry Keyes into the barricade! I felt that over here!

Keyes tries to shake the cobwebs out, but he's struggling. We hear Tricklebush shout words of encouragement at his charge as he looks to press his advantage. Keyes finally stirs and gets to a knee...then to his feet.

DDK:

Keyes won't stay down!! But he is PUT DOWN with that MIGHTY clothesline! Corvo puts the boots to Keyes now!

WAIT!! Keyes just EXPLODED with a forearm that ROCKS Alpha! Where did that come from!? There's ANOTHER!!

Lance:

SPINNING FOREARM sends Corvo Alpha stumbling backwards, OHH! He topples rearward over the steel ring steps!

Henry Keyes wipes the drying blood from under his nose, adjusts the intricate leather eye-patch on his face and catches his breath as another warm reaction from the Faithful washes over him. After gathering himself and examining the red paint on his right arm (that's now largely been washed away by his own sweat), he stomps after Alpha. When he finds Alpha, Alpha has already found something...

DDK:

OH NO! Corvo's pulled a steel chair out from under the ring! Keyes walks right into him – BUT KEYES DUCKS THE SWINGING CHAIR!!

Alpha quickly jabs the chair forward, into Keyes stomach.

DDK:

Keyes is in TROUBLE!

Corvo raises the chair high above his head – and suddenly the chair is snatched away from him. Corvo spins to find Referee Jonny Fastcountini to be the culprit! Fastcountini tosses the chair aside, backpedaling, urging a non-compliant Corvo to get back in the ring so the match can continue.

Lance:

Referee Fastcountini is doing all he can to give this match to these fans! To get it back in the ring! To get to a finish! You've gotta respect this kid's guts!

DDK:

But I don't know if anyone outside of Lord Nigel can get through to the seemingly mindless grotesque! Fastcountini might as well be arguing with a wall! HERE COMES KEYES!

Lance:

Keyes CLUBS Alpha from behind with a double ax-handle and he's working now to roll Corvo back into the ring, much to the appreciation of Referee Jonny Fastcountini, I'm sure!

Keyes is quick to pull Corvo to his feet by his wet, stringy hair. He whips Corvo into the ropes.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha ducks a wild backfist from Henry Keyes and hits the far ropes – LIGHTNING FAST TILTAWHIRL BACKBREAKER BY KEYES!

Corvo's back SNAPS on impact and, clutching it, Alpha is quick to roll back out of the ring once more.

DDK:

This has not been a conventional match, folks... and it looks like Corvo Alpha wants to keep it that way as he's trying to catch his breath after that devastating maneuver! Look at Keyes, though! Wasting no time, he steps through the ropes – RUNNING, FLYING KNEE STRIKE off of the ring apron sends Corvo SOARING and SLAMMING into the side of that carriage!!!

Lance:

Two impacts there and Keyes is not letting up! He's up quick! Pulling - WRENCHING - Corvo Alpha to his feet and rolling him right back into the ring! You mentioned how "unconventional" this match has been, Keebs, and you aren't wrong! We haven't even seen a pin attempt, or even a real SUBMISSION attempt so far! This is about two of the best in the world at beating people up... doing what they do... measuring themselves against each other... this isn't a last

man standing match on paper, but that's exactly what this feels like! Who can outlast who!?

The two men stare at each other for a moment, each looking worse for wear, each surprised at the continued volume and appreciation being showered upon them by the Faithful. Corvo takes the first steps forward, but Keyes's are more sudden - LOU THESZ PRESS by Keyes! Keyes hammers down punches and elbows straight into Corvo's mush before he finally powers up and measures his rival!

DDK:

It's Henry Keyes standing tall right now! He pulls Corvo back to his feet and whips him HARD into the far turnbuckle!! Henry Keyes with a headful of steam!!! RUNNING LARIAT INTO THE CORNER!!

Lance:

Keyes is KEYED UP now! Just POUNDING away on Corvo Alpha with knife edge chops... HERE HE GOES! PROPELLER CHOPS!! Listen to this crowd!?!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is in trouble! His Favoured Saints Championship is in jeopardy! The chops have turned into FISTS from Henry Keyes! Just POUNDING him relentlessly!

Camera cuts to an apron shot of Henry Keyes raining closed fists down on the face and head of Corvo Alpha. Alpha can't seem to protect himself and begins to slump down slowly into the corner.

Lance:

And once again, Referee Jonny Fastcountini steps in, trying to give Alpha an- OHH! Little shove from Keyes there! ANOTHER shove to the Referee! Keyes needs to tone it down- OHHHH!!

Without warning, Keyes turns and BIELS Fastcountini across the ring even further than he'd tossed Alpha, earlier. The referee comes down on his head and neck, hard.

DDK:

Henry Keyes has lost control!? He just catapulted that young referee into the next area code! That referee is DAZED!

Lance:

Keyes just realized what he's done, maybe second guessing his decision there - OHHH!!! Corvo Alpha just RAKED Keyes one good eye with both hands!! AGAIN!!

Keyes staggers into the ropes, hands clutching his face.

DDK:

HUGE RUNNING BOOT FROM CORVO ALPHA!! Henry Keyes goes SPILLING over the top rope and out of the ring!!!

Lance:

We need a referee out here!

Without warning, Corvo Alpha runs and LAUNCHES himself in a SUICIDE DIVE through the ropes!!

DDK:

Torpedo dive by Corvo BUT KEYES STEPPED OUT OF THE WAY!! CORVO MISSED AND SPLATTERS ON THE RINGSIDE FLOOR!!

The camera cuts to a low ringside shot of Lord Nigel Trickelbush fraying at the seams. On his knees, suit unkempt and untucked, he pleads with Corvo to rise again, to destroy his enemies, to remain his champion. But Alpha doesn't rise at all. In fact...

Lance:

Keyes is pulling Corvo back upright-

In the background, we see Lord Nigel scrambling up to the seat of the carriage still parked at ringside... he returns to the floor with his trademark umbrella ominously in hand.

DDK:

Keyes FLINGS Corvo into that exposed steel turnbuckle with an Irish whip and he is STALKING Alpha!!

THWACK!!!

Out of nowhere, Lord Nigel lands an awkward swing of his umbrella in the back of one of Henry Keyes legs! Keyes is unphased. He turns slowly to face Lord Nigel and the fans are eating it up.

DDK:

HUGE mistake by Lord Nigel Trickelbush! Keyes is ON him!

Frantic, Lord Nigel scrambles and scurries around the ring, fleeing for his very life with Keyes close behind him. His eyes go wide when he spots his carriage. Endeavoring to cut through the carriage and quickly up the ramp, Trickelbush scampers up and goes to open the carriage's side door.

He opens it and gasps as a colossal white head pokes out at him with a not-so-polite "hello".

ROOOOOOOAAAAAAAARRRRR!!!!**DDK:**

HELEN!! HELEN IS SOMEHOW IN THE CARRIAGE!!!

Trickelbush falls backwards onto the ringside floor with an uncomfortable slap.

Lance:

Helen just foiled Lord Nigel's escape! AND LOOK!!

As if on cue, three Plague Doctors appear. One sporting a yellow handkerchief in his breast pocket is the first to snatch the Lord by an arm. Another Plague Doctor follows suit and, to a chorus of applause, Lord Nigel Trickelbush is forcibly removed from ringside. The last Plague Doctor, Dr. Plague Doctor in fact, leads the majestic Helen out of the carriage and up the rampway to another huge pop. The camera cuts to a smiling Henry Keyes watching the so-called Lord get hauled off before turning his attention back to Alpha.

A moment too late.

DDK:

SPEAR FROM CORVO ALPHA!! He SPEARED Henry Keyes into the GUARDRAIL!

Lance:

He could have cut him in half there!!

DDK:

But HENRY KEYES IS NOT DEAD!! Fighting back to his feet!! Corvo STAYS on him, whipping him into the carriage! They're brawling once more!!!

Lance:

They're fighting up ONTO the carriage! What is this about! Corvo in control!

DDK:

I don't like this!

The camera cuts to a far shot of the Lakefront Arena. In the far background, an astute viewer might spot the executive skybox that, just 3 months ago, was the site of a near homicide. That same astute viewer might suddenly have similar vibes. The two trade blows atop the foreboding black carriage.

Lance:

Corvo with a kick to Keyes... is he... He might be going for a Piledriver?!? NO!! POWERBOMB BY ALPHA?!? ON THE CARRIAGE?!?

But at the apex of the move, Keyes shifts his weight and throws a punch square on Corvo. Corvo drops Keyes, who awkwardly lands to his feet atop the carriage.

DDK:

NO! Keyes blocked it!!

The camera only *just* captures the Plague Doctor at ringside. He waves a yellow cloth in the air, suddenly grabbing the attention of Corvo Alpha. Alpha's eyes narrow at the strange Plague Doctor before he is quickly doubled over by a surprise, stiff kick to the midsection by Keyes.

DDK:

Wait, what just happened? Who was-

Lance:

No time for that! LOOK OUT!!!!!!

CRRRASSSSSHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

It happened so quickly: Keyes grabbed Corvo's head in a colossal RUNNING BULLDOG off of the carriage and ONTO the steel ringsteps! The fans are quick to react:

HO - LY SHIT! HO - LY SHIT! HO - LY SHIT!

At ringside, the steps are disassembled... as are the men who crashed onto them. Keyes claws up to his feet using the ring apron. The Plague Doctor appears to have disappeared backstage once more.

DDK:

I can't believe what we just witnessed!

Lance:

I think we just witnessed REVENGE, Keebs!

But then... Corvo Alpha slowly rises from the "rubble" of segmented steel steps. The crowd "ohhhh's" in unison as Keyes slowly turns to see the leviathan somehow back to his feet. Alpha's eyes are bewildered and agitated, scanning everything and everyone around him.

DDK:

You spoke too soon?!? HOW IS CORVO STANDING?!?

Keyes SPRINTS over to Corvo, grabs him, and heaves him below the bottom rope and back into the ring. He hauls ass back into the ring himself - Corvo launches at him with a punt kick that BARELY misses Keyes! Keyes gets to his feet and delivers a HUGE forearm smash into Corvo's chest! Corvo responds with an EVEN BIGGER forearm smash into Henry's! PROPELLER EDGE CHOP from Keyes! Corvo swings with a lariat - Keyes avoids it! Pump kick into Corvo's chest!

Lance:

That kick has staggered Corvo!

DDK:

He's rebounding off the ropes!

...CRACCCCCCCCCCK!!**RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!****Lance:**

RIGHT INTO THE BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL CL-

DDK:

LANCE! LANCE! CORVO ISN'T DOWN! THAT SON OF A BITCH ISN'T DOWN!!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Corvo Alpha has been dropped to his knees, but not his back. Keyes looks at Corvo, then his own hands, then Corvo again. Henry uses those hands to gain wrist control with each of Corvo's arms...Henry pulls Corvo toward him with some speed...Henry lifts a knee...

KERKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK~**Lance:**

OH MY GOOD GOD.

DDK:

WHAT WAS THAT??

Henry maintains wrist control of both arms. Corvo is still with us, but only just. As if by instinct, he lets out a bestial

RAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWR-**KERKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK~**

...before a second knee strike finally, after all this time, sends him to his back. Keyes exhales, a gallon of spent adrenaline leaving his body, as he just drops across Corvo's chest. Fastcountini, physically rattled by the events that have happened to him and around him, slides across. His hand arching and falling painfully slow...

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!!****DING DING DING***♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor*

We're unclear if anyone ever used their seats as seats all match.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner....aaaaaand NEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!

HENRRRRrrrrrrrryyyyyyYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Henry is SPENT. It takes him a few moments to even get to a knee to accept his championship belt, and it takes multiple Plague Doctors entering the ring and helping him to his feet for him to properly acknowledge the Faithful. Keyes accepts the title belt, stares into its faces for a few moments, before finally turning and depositing it into an open treasure chest held by one of his Plague Doctor companions. The Plague Doctors sit between the second and top ropes to give Henry ample space to exit. Helen waits at the top of the ramp, tail flicking from side to side as her master walks towards her.

STILL THE 1

Left alone in the ring, Corvo claws the ropes up to his feet, eyes wildly searching the arena. Hating every fan he sees and despising every sound he hears, he slavers at the mouth - remnants of black paint still ring his eyes.

The Faithful hit him with boo's, jeering Alpha and lobbing insults his way.

DDK:

I think it's safe to say that Corvo Alpha didn't expect this outcome tonight-

There is a rumble of curiosity rippling through the crowd. Our announcers note it and are momentarily stunned silent.

A lone Plague Doctor climbs into the ring.

Corvo's head snaps in his direction - but instead of instantly attacking the interloper, as one might expect, instead, Alpha's eyes go wide. He takes a wary step backwards.

Lance:

What is THIS all about?

The Plague Doctor pulls a microphone out of a breast pocket and holds it close to his heavy mask.

Plague Doctor?: *[muffled]*

I... I had to be sure it was you...

Pulling a yellow handkerchief from a backpocket, the Plague Doctor holds it in front of Corvo Alpha's face - and, confused, the animal drops to his knees.

Plague Doctor?: *[muffled]*

It's okay, old chum... it's Me...

Dropping the microphone with a *thud*, the Plague Doctor slowly removes the large Plague Doctor mask—

DDK:

Who the- ?!?

-to reveal another mask worn beneath it. This one is more colorful. More form-fitting. A vibrant red accented with yellow and blue. It is in the style of a wrestling mask.

Lance:

Wait a minute!!

A segment of the fans in attendance recognize him just as Lance Warner does and a modest pop emerges.

DDK:

Is that... REALLY-

The erstwhile lucha Plague Doctor holds the yellow handkerchief up a little higher, unfolding it as he does so. It isn't a handkerchief at all. It is a yellow lucha-inspired wrestling mask. Trimmed with bright reds and blues.

Lance:

I think it is!

The camera cuts to the frenzied and distressed eyes of Corvo Alpha, now on his hands and knees peering up at the yellow wrestling mask his counterpart clutches in hand as if he fears it. More than anything.

DDK:

Which, wouldn't that make Corvo-

We hear a fan yell out the name first.

IT'S THE MASKED VIOLATORS!

And the realization catches like a wildfire.

MV1: *[not a Plague Doctor]*

That's right, pal.. It's me. It's your best-buddy. It's #1.

Not seen in DEF in 5 years, not every fan recognizes MV1 of the cult-hit Masked Violators instantly. It takes even longer for them all to "get" what MV1 is saying... who he is really, *actually* talking to.

Tears inexplicably stream down the disoriented face of Corvo Alpha.

MV1:

It's okay! Here... take this. It's yours, #2!

MV1 extends the yellow mask to the exhausted, beaten, disoriented man who once was his best friend. Flashbulbs burst around them.

Corvo reaches out a trembling hand...

THWAAAACK!!!!**DDK:**

NO!

Lance:

LORD NIGEL! He just CRACKED MV1 in the back of his head with that damned umbrella!! Where did he COME from?!?

DDK:

MV1 just went down in a heap! Corvo is FROZEN in shock!! I can't believe what we have seen?!?

His suit a disheveled mess, top hat nowhere to be seen, Lord Nigel Tricklebush is shaking. We can't hear what he is saying to Corvo over the boo's raining down on the ring but we can see the confusion in Corvo's eyes. The former MV2 stares at his old best friend... as if he barely recognizes him. His eyes momentarily lock on the mask still clutched in MV1's limp hand.

Lance:

Folks... that man down and out in the ring appears to be one half of the Masked Violators, a popular tag team which has not been seen in this sport in over 5 years... I believe what we can ascertain from what we-

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is MV2?!? All this time?!

Lance:

I know what we all know, Keebs! And right now... I'm as confused as Corvo seems!

Lord Nigel crawls towards Corvo, pulling him towards him in an embrace. Pressing Corvo's head against his chest, Nigel gently coos.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh my boy... my poor boy...

Without warning, Corvo SHOVES Nigel off of and away from him. In one motion, he slides out of the ring and leaps over the guardrail. Fans scatter out of his way and in a moment, Corvo Alpha is gone - swept up and lost within them.

Back in the ring... Lord Nigel is manic. He tries to compose himself, slowly getting back to his feet. Peering down at an unconscious MV1, he leans over and screams at him before snatching the yellow mask off the canvas and angrily stuffing it inside his wrinkled coat pocket.

DDK:

I think everyone is in shock right now... Nigel included!

Nigel tries to smooth his hair in place as he makes his way up the ramp, leaving Jonny Fastcountini and members of DEFmed checking on MV1 in the ring.

Lance:

Where do we go from here?!?

PCP vs. FLEX IN A BOX

DDK:

Back to the ring here at DEFCON Night Two! If you're just now tuning in you missed an amazing match kicking things off here tonight between Henry Keyes and Corvo Alpha for the Favoured Saints Championship.

Lance:

You sure did but this train doesn't stop, Darren! A small crack has turned into a giant fracture in the Pop Culture Phenoms. Flex Kruger and Klein are tired of Elise Ares and The D coasting on past successes and what they perceive as mailing it in for the past couple of months. They want to see a change or they want out.

DDK:

It certainly hasn't been the proudest moments of the Pop Culture Phenoms' illustrious career as they've taken recently losses to Los Tres Titanes, Lucky Sevens, Saturday Night Specials, Cerberus... you name a tag team and PCP has probably taken a loss to them in 2021.

Lance:

Meanwhile Flex In A Box has been white hot. A big win in vindication as they took down Toybox. After a stumble against Tyler Fuse, Flex Kruger MAIMED Kyle Shields on UNCUT. Klein ever picked up a win over Elise Ares! Elise and The D are going to have to find a way to get back to their former winning ways or the Pop Culture Phenoms are over as we currently know it.

DDK:

Haven't always been the biggest fan of their "career work", Lance, but it's still tough to watch such accomplished athletes struggle the way they have. No one has ever held the tag titles for as many days as PCP. Elise Ares still holds the record for the longest Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history. SO CLOSE to winning the FIST of DEFIANCE against Mikey Unlikely but their entire careers have just been a downward spiral ever since. I'm pulling for them, as impressed by Flex In The Box as I've been, I'm really pulling to see the PCP of old here tonight.

Lance:

I think you and everyone in the arena would love to see it, Christie... or uh, Darren. Regardless of win or loss, I just want to see them back. They just want to see that spark that made them arguably the greatest tag team in the history of DEFIANCE. That's them. THAT is what the excitement was all about.

DDK:

I think at one point in time you could count Klein and Flex Kruger at the head of that campaign, but Lance, I'm not so sure anymore...

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

The large "FLEX" trademark logo appears on the DEFIAtron as the Faithful cheer. Stepping out from the backstage area is Flex Kruger, wearing his trademark PCP themed LED Sunglasses. He does a traditional Lex Luger flex at the top of the ramp, as stepping out from backstage alongside him in elegant evening gowns are both Sweet Sanders and Miss Y from BRAZEN. They cling to Flex on either side, as a confident Flex continues.

The lights cut.

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice In Chains ♪

Stepping out and around the centerpiece of Flex Kruger are a gaggle of no doubt BRAZEN and local talents, each wearing Klein's trademark box with the "This Side Up" upside down. They funnel down both sides of the ramp, and then stand there, arms crossed. When the chorus crescendo, Klein, sans box, makes his appearance at the top of the ramp. As he does, the local talents all remove their boxes to reveal faces that resemble either Flex or Klein, depending on which side of the ramp they are on. The local talents all toss their boxes to the side, as Klein and Flex storm their way to the ring. Flex keeps both Miss Y and Sweet Sanders by his side as he holds his head high.

DDK:

And here comes Flex in the Box, a united front to take things a bit more seriously.

Lance:

A bit of pageantry here from the hosses Darren. Somewhat unexpected, but I can only imagine what PCP have in store...

The lights go out. There's a rumbling of anticipation.

♪ "Live For the Night" by Krewella ♪

The letters PCP flash onto the DEFIAtron. A single spotlight illuminates the ramp. Elise Ares and The D stand back to back, posed, focused on the ring. After a brief moment that would have allowed some flash photography, Elise starts yelling from the top of the ramp toward the ring as she barrels forward. The D meanwhile, has picked up one of the discarded boxes and looks at it with subdued lament, before rushing to catch up to Elise's side.

DDK:

I... was not expecting this.

Lance:

If anything, it looks like PCP are the ones who are all business tonight Darren! Elise has got quite the mouth on her.

DDK:

Glad we're on PPV.

Lance:

The D and Elise told me exclusively earlier tonight that for the duration of this match, we are to refer to DEFCON as a "Premium Live Event."

DDK:

No. I'm not doing that.

Lance:

Neither am I.

The D and Elise reach ringside and climb into the apron. They converse a moment or two before looking across the ring, where Klein is instructing Flex to start the match. The D turns to Elise, raising a fist to do rock paper scissors, but then shakes his head and enters the ring himself. Ares gives him a big slap on the back and a few words of encouragement as the bell rings.

DING DING

There's a fever pitch as Flex Kruger steps out from his corner, flexing across the ring and making his pecs jiggle. The D cracks his knuckles. Elise Ares shouting across the ring at Flex and Klein from the apron. Flex persuades the D to attack.

The D charges, collar and elbow, but Flex powers the D clear across the ring back into his corner.

Flex flexes in response.

The D, pride hurting more than anything, takes a few quick pointers from Elise and then hits the center of the ring again, collar and elbow tie up, and Flex chucks him across the ring again back into his corner.

DDK:

The D is no match for Flex Kruger's power. I would not recommend the PCP to continue this route.

Elise and the D converse as Ares tags herself in. She yells at Klein to get into the ring in Spanish. Klein no habla español. She then yells in English.

Lance:

Looks like Elise is none too happy with Klein beating her at the go home DEFtv Darren.

DDK:

Not one bit. She wants a receipt for payback tonight!

Flex turns to look at Klein to go tag, but it's here where Elise pounces, striking with a right, and a left, and then Flex just grabs her in a collar and elbow and flings HER across the ring. Elise shakes the back of her head and tags back out to the D.

Flex makes his right pec jiggle, then his left as the D enters, goading the D to attack. The D goes for another collar and elbow, but ducks Flex's response into a go behind. The D tries for a german, but Flex plants firmly. So, the D splits, and tries to hit a low blow only for Flex to leap and tumble out of the way at the last second. Carla is right there to reprimand the D for his attempted low blow, as Klein claps her officiating from the apron.

DDK:

The D is already diving into his bag of tricks.

Lance:

More like his ballsack of tricks. Listen, Flex and Klein may not have the pedigree that OG PCP has, but they have impressive size and Flex's youth is a distinct advantage. They're going to have to adjust their strategy if they want to gain and maintain an advantage over these two HOSSES Darren.

DDK:

Carla Ferrari knows all of the PCP's usual tricks Lance, she's been the referee for some of the Pop Culture Phenoms' most iconic matches. If anyone's going to know how to handle their shenanigans, it's her.

As The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style screams at Klein to remind him he's not the referee, The D rolls his eyes and the two get back to their feet. They circle around each other so their backs are to their own partners, and go back in for another collar and elbow. Flex quickly grabs the D's arm and arm wrings, and then puts further pressure sending him to one knee. The D reaches up for a handful of hair but Carla stops that. The D fights to his feet, rolls forward, kips up, and reverses the arm wringer. Flex this time grabs the D by the hair on the back of his head and yanks him back first onto the canvas. Carla is right there to reprimand as Flex puts on an arm bar, the D complaining of the yanked hair from the canvas.

DDK:

What goes around comes around, as Flex is in prime position to cut the ring off from the D's better half, the leading lady of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

You're right, you see now only how he has the D positioned facing our camera side, but he's between the D and Elise. So, this positioning provides a decided advantage to tonight's challengers, effectively cutting off the ring.

The D rolls forward and fights to his feet. He reaches out to grab Flex's hair again as Carla yells at him. Flex pushes The D into his corner, using his strength, and tags in Klein. Carla gives Flex a four count before Flex lets the D go and Klein chops the blood to the surface of the D's chest. Another two chops look to cause bruising on the sternum before Klein lifts and tosses the D in a sky high hip toss.

The D uses the momentum from Klein's toss to just roll completely to his side of the ring, where Ares tags herself in.

DDK:

And it looks like Ares is going to get her hands on Klein!

The Faithful erupt as Ares enters and goads Klein to attack, Klein smiles. He braces himself for her to charge, but she raises both hands to get him to come to her. Instead, Klein backs off and tags in Flex to a smattering of boos.

Lance:

Oh, Klein using a bit of trademark PCP mind games on Ares. The former SoHer is none too pleased.

Elise yells at Flex to tag Klein back in, so Flex turns to Klein and raises his hand for a high five. Klein just shakes his head no. Flex shrugs, and steps toward Elise. Elise charges and baseball slides under Flex's legs. She gets to her feet and pops up to catch Klein with a quick elbow to the face. She lands on the second rope of Flex in a Box's corner, and springs back, dropkicking Kruger back as he lunges for a second attack. Flex doesn't go down, shaking his head and doing that thing where you exaggeratingly adjust your jaw from side to side. Elise charges, Flex goes for a tilt-a-whirl but Elise spins through and hits a headscissors takeover that sends Flex sprawling into the PCP's corner. As he gets up, Elise charges, hitting a rising knee to the face by using the second rope. The D tags himself in as Elise bulldogs Flex out of the corner, and the D flies with a big time elbow drop.

One.

Klein rushes in and kicks the D in the back of the head.

DDK:

Impressive teamwork there, but still a bit early for the three.

Lance:

Klein certainly made sure of that.

Carla ushers Klein back out of the ring as The D shouts "What the hell!" to his best friend as he exits. The D tries to lift Flex to his feet, and struggles a bit before finally doing so. The D Irish whips Flex back into the PCP corner, and then starts to boot Flex in the gut. Repetitive boots, and then tags out to Elise, who comes in, and does the same.

DDK:

Looks like Flex Kruger has just been blacklisted!

As Elise tags out to D again, she turns back to Klein and shouts more in Spanish at the boxman. The D lays boots into Flex, and then Elise back in, as Flex slowly falters to a seated position. The D, Elise, the D, Elise, and then the D gets one final tag, rushes off the far ropes, and boot washes Flex's face with a stiff kick. Elise helps shove Flex out of the corner as the D drags him with a foot and arm closer to the center of the ring.

One.

Two.

Flex kicks out. The D reaches down and locks in a headlock.

DDK:

Alright, so, if you're the D, you have your friend Flex on the ground, you're what, cutting off his windpipe to stop him from recovering?

Lance:

Exactly, and probably trying to think of your next steps to wear him down further. Flex is a former BRAZEN champion Darren, he's used to wrestling long matches, even if his featured appearances on pay per view have been, a bit few and far between.

DDK:

Say what you will about PCP and their... excess. The D is one of the more technically sound members of our roster, and if any of these men are a ring general, it's him. He'll know the best way to keep a man like Flex off his feet.

Flex starts to fight to his feet during this, and the D transitions into a side headlock. Flex keeps fighting, so the D wraps into a go behind hammerlock. Flex reaches behind as the D dodges his meaty paw. The D kicks the back of Flex's left leg, sending him back to his knees, which provides just enough leverage for the D to spin and clock Flex square in the jaw with a stiff rounding side kick. Flex tumbles to the mat like a ton of bricks. The D tags out to Elise, who climbs to the top rope and poses sultry for the crowd. Then, she leaps.

DDK:

Beautiful 450° splash from the leading lady!

Lance:

But Flex gets the knees up!

DDK:

Elise went for a high risk high reward and her only prize were knees to the face of the South Beach Starlet!

After a brief double down, Elise reaches out and tags in the D. Flex makes his way to his corner and tags in Klein just as the D hops over the top rope into the ring. The D takes a moment to backstep, staring across the ring at his best friend and original tag partner for almost 25 years.

Lance:

Shades of DEFTv 115, when a very much deluded D was goaded into a number one contendership match with his childhood best friend Klein!

Klein rolls his shoulders and uses one arm to smack his chest. The D walks toward Klein, unthreatening, trying to talk to him. When he reaches his friend, The D extends a hand.

Klein looks at the hand, then at the Faithful, then back at the D.

Klein reluctantly takes the handshake, and there are no shenanigans. The two former LoC and ACW tag team champions circle on another, into a collar and elbow tie up. Klein powers the D off, shoving him to the mat. Klein flexes, and Flex, on the apron, recovering, flexes in response. The D licks his wounds, and then re-attacks, another collar and elbow, this time into an arm wringer and then a hammerlock. Klein reaches back for a snap mare but the D nimbly avoids. Klein takes a half semi-circle around the ring to gain momentum and then dives as he gets close to the ropes, trying to get the D to keep the hold on and tumble outside. But the D lets go, letting Klein fall to his knees, and then soccer kicks him in the gut. Klein looks like he got the wind knocked out of him, so the D then leaps and senton splashes his back, sending the Box man to the mat.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms have been in command thus far Lance. Perhaps Flex in a Box focused a bit too much on their entrance and didn't take this match nearly as seriously as we thought they would?

Lance:

I think it's just PCP's experience as a tandem Darren. Klein and Flex only have a few months as a legitimate team. D and Elise have had years.

The D slips out of the ring and onto the apron, and then suicida topes over the top, sentoning on Klein again as he pushes to his feet. The D doesn't relent, rushing off the far side. Just as Klein gets to his feet, the D flies with a flying crescent kick, taking the Box Man down in the center of the ring with a loud shot.

It's here, the D stands over the fallen Klein, and looks out to both sides of the Faithful, and throws his right hand out which grabbing his crotch. He rushes off the near ropes, bouncing off chest first, and smoothly moonwalks back to the center of the ring. Once back next to Klein, in mid-moonwalk, D standing moonsaults onto the prone body of Klein.

DDK:

A little showy, but definitely effective!

Lance:

The D was telling me about this earlier! He calls it the Moonwalk Splash! Smooth operator that one. Into the pin!

One.

Two.

DDK:

Flex breaks up the three count!

As Carla shoves Flex back to his corner, Elise loudly tags above her own head and enters the ring. The D, confused, locks in a chinlock before Elise rushes off the ropes and catches Klein with a sliding knee to the face. The D lets go, as Carla turns around. She admonishes PCP, but Elise claps above her head a second time, signaling there had been a tag.

A none too happy D does not protest, but snarls as he exits the ring.

DDK:

And now, Elise Ares gets to get her hands on the man that beat her at the last DEFtv.

Lance:

Doesn't look like the D is quite happy about this outcome.

As Klein tries to power to his feet, Elise just smacks the back of his head. Once. And then again. And a third time. Klein FIRES up to his feet, hooking Elise onto his shoulders before dropping her in a death valley driver. Elise sits up, eyes rolling back into her head before falling back down. Klein, meanwhile, tries to shake the cobwebs loose. He waits for Elise, and then mows her down with a clothesline. Elise, by instinct, fights back to her feet, only to eat another clothesline. Third time, third clothesline. So Elise wobbles to her feet a fourth time, and as Klein charges for a clothesline, Elise pulls down the top rope and Klein tumbles to the outside.

Elise off the far ropes, and leaps over the top with a hands free crossbody. She lands on her feet, shouts "QUE TAL-" before Flex runs her over with a shoulder tackle. Elise flies into the steel steps. Flex doesn't have time to reach as the D dives from the second rope to the outside, catching Flex with a single knee to the face. The D spins around, hops onto the ring steps, and then rushes over to Flex's corner, where Flex's maidens of the event reside. The D offers his hand to Sweet Sanders, who graciously accepts. The D slowly takes her by the hand to his side of the ring, and then climbs back onto the apron.

Lance:

The D may always be about the D Darren... but he better keep his eyes on the prize. If Flex in the Box win, Flex and Klein are out of PCP! Remember!?

DDK:

I guess one way to mitigate that would be to start a recruiting drive.

Lance:

Sweet Sanders is a talented individual Darren, but she doesn't quite have the pedigree of Klein or Flex.

Meanwhile, Elise has slid back into the ring, and Carla is counting out Klein. She gets to three before Klein rolls himself back in. Elise dives on top for a cover on the stunned Klein.

One.

Klein reaches out and grabs the bottom rope.

Ares shakes her head, stands up, and takes a few steps back. She balls her hand into a fist, clutching it with her other

hand, and then punches the canvas, begging for Klein to get to his feet.

DDK:

Elise, she may be looking for the Amethystation on Klein!

As Klein recovers, Elise charges. Elise leaps, and Klein ducks, catching her in mid air before slamming her down to the canvas with a viscous spinebuster that shakes the ring.

DDK:

Elise looking to end it, but Klein with an authoritative NO!

Lance:

Check the replay, the velocity as Elise's back smacks against the apron. Brutal.

A picture in picture replay as Klein picks Elise up and drags her to the corner, Klein locks in an abdominal stretch and reaches out to tag Flex. Flex enters, and lays a right into Elise's exposed ribs. As Klein leaves, Flex locks in his own abdominal stretch in the corner. With Elise's ribs exposed, he begins to play them like a bongo, loudly slapping Elise's exposed rib cage with large bear like paw prints that paint her midsection red. Flex reaches out and tags Klein, but Klein holds on, further putting pressure on Elise. Carla gives Klein until four, and he breaks it, before entering the ring. With Elise exposed, Klein drops to a knee and headbutts her ribs. A second one, doubles her over as Flex releases the hold. Klein grabs Elise around her gut, and gutwrench alley-oops her over his shoulders so Elise splatters face first on the canvas behind him. Klein on top for a cover.

One.

Two.

The D dives in with a double ax handle to break up the count. Carla, once again, right on top of the D to push him outside. Klein meanwhile, locks in a arm bar, driving his knee into Elise's ribs.

DDK:

Looks like Flex and Klein are focused on Elise's midsection. I mean, in the end, these guys are still friends Lance. Even though Elise had that face injury late last year, and Klein had been nursing bad ribs forever, neither team is looking to use that to take advantage. Instead, relying on fresh strategies.

Lance:

Very true. Right now, the speedier flashier Elise Ares is grounded, and Flex in the Box have effectively cut off the ring.

After a few moments of pain, Elise fights through it to her feet. She rolls forward, knips up, but then back to her back, then repeats this motion a few times to confuse Klein. Not knowing when Elise will strike, Klein isn't prepared when she does, knipping up one final time before leaping onto Klein's shoulders with a hurricanrana. Klein back to his feet, as Elise charges, tilt-a-whirl-with an extra rotation-headscissor, and Klein stumbles into his corner. Elise hops onto the second buckle and starts a ten count punch! She gets up to four, with the Faithful counting along, before Flex blind tags himself and Klein steps out, atomic dropping Elise before Flex runs her over with a clothesline.

DDK:

And just like that, Elise's spree of quick violence is cut short.

Carla counts Klein to the outside, and Klein starts counting along as they both get to four. Flex lifts Elise off the mat and hits a nice gutwrench suplex. From that position, Flex lifts Elise off the mat into a standing rear waist lock, and then lifts her. At the apex, Flex spins Elise and powerbombs her center of the ring. Flex dives on top for the cover.

One.

Two.

The D back in with a boot to the back of the head to break it up. The D shouts at Carla to do her job, just as Klein rushes the D and clotheslines both he and the D up and over the top rope and to the outside. Flex meanwhile, stalks Elise as she gets to her feet. When she does, Flex attacks, looking one arm in a half nelson before trying for the other. Elise quickly disengages, dropping to the mat and sliding completely out of the ring.

DDK:

Not sure if Flex was going for the Flex Plex or the Flexicution there Lance, either way, Elise was in trouble.

Lance:

But Elise is a cagey veteran Darren. As airhead as she may portray, she is a student of the game like no other.

DDK:

What the hell-!

Lumbering from across the ring, Flex Kruger dives through the top and middle rope and rolls, taking out the D, Klein and Elise with one fell swoop!

DDK:

Flex Kruger! Showing some high flying acrobatics!

Lance:

I don't think anyone expect that out of Flex!

DDK:

It's like if he told us he was in Mensa.

The pile of bodies that is PCP is surrounded on either side by Miss Y and Sweet Sanders. The two of them start yelling at each other on opposite sides, Miss Y calling Sanders a defector. Sanders has had enough, rushes onto the ring apron, and then DIVES off onto Miss Y with a rolling senton to cheers.

Carla rushes out of the ring to try to break up the two BRAZEN stars, as Flex grabs Elise by her hair and tosses her in under the bottom rope. Flex takes a quick moment to flex for the crowd.

... only to be low blowed by the D.

DDK:

That is LOW!

Lance:

The D hurting his namesake there.

The D tosses Flex back into the ring, and Klein gets up and spins The D around, shouting about him cheating. He points to Carla's ref shirt, who's finally gotten Sanders and Miss Y separated. The D just shrugs his shoulders. Carla slides into the ring and sees Elise with one boot on the prone Flex Kruger.

One.

Flex kicks out.

Elise climbs up the PCP corner as the D returns to her side. At the top, the D tags himself in off her shin as Ares dives onto Flex with a modified Double Foot Stomp to the gut. She rolls through, and the D himself flies onto Flex with the B Movie, staying on top for the pin.

One.

Two.

Klein grabs Flex's leg from outside the ring and places it on the bottom rope, then shouts at Carla. Carla points to Flex's leg and stops counting. The D is livid, kicking the bottom rope by Klein.

DDK:

Tempers flaring here Lance.

Lance:

Not so sure how long these four can remain cordial on the biggest show of the year!

DDK:

I'm not sure how cordial they've been, to be honest!

The D protests to Carla, who yells over the top rope for Klein to get back to his corner. Klein motions that the D used an illegal low blow. Carla turns to the D and he pleads innocence. Meanwhile, Flex has gotten back to his feet. The D rushes toward him, and Flex tosses him SKY HIGH in a flap jack. The D bounces off the canvas with a height unforeseen. Flex falls to his knees, clutching his chest and trying to regain his breath. He reaches down and wraps a big claw hand around the D's face.

DDK:

And Flex now, putting the pressure on the D's cheeks. Cranial pressure and that vice like grip Lance... Not something you want to have to deal with.

Lance:

Flex is certainly handling the D quite well at the moment.

DDK:

Lance.

Lance:

Hey, I can't turn down twenty bucks from Angus.

DDK:

I get it. But still...

Lance:

I wonder if Angus has ever seen the movie Angus.

DDK:

He has. He hates you for asking that question.

Lance:

I was speaking to the D earlier Darren, the last thing he wants is to lose Klein and Flex. He told me the PCP wouldn't be the same without them.

DDK:

Well he better get his head back in the game, and out of Flex's vice grip!

Flex locks the hold in more as the D kicks and wails on the canvas. He starts inch worming his way to the ropes and reaches out, just barely touching the bottom rope with his middle finger. Carla starts the count and Flex breaks at four. The D inches closer to the ropes and then starts to hug the bottom rope entirely. Flex turns to Carla, Carla shrugs, and Flex reaches down, trying to yank the D (heh) off (hehe). After a few tugs, the D continues to hang on. So Flex just backs up a few steps, and then charges, kneeing the D so he falls completely out of the ring.

Elise hops off to check on her partner, while shouting "NOT COOL!" in Spanish at Flex.

As Elise helps the D to his feet, she doesn't notice that Klein has sprinted across the ring apron and has climbed to the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

SHOOTING STAR PRESS TO BOTH OF THEM!

Lance:

Wow. Remember what I said about Flex earlier? Double that for Klein!

DDK:

Shades of their trainer Jack Harmen, who always had a picture perfect shooting star press to the outside!

Lance:

Flex appears to be waiting for Klein to toss The D back into the ring, but they're all still down on the outside!

The Excellence of Flexicution takes matters into his own hands after waiting a few moments and begins shoving bodies off of The D and rolls him into the ring. He quickly goes for the pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

Elise Ares grabs The D's boot and places it on the rope before she's pulled away and thrown into the barricade by Klein! The Boxman gets back onto the apron and asks for a tag from Flex Kruger and gets it. Klein enters the ring picking up and slamming The D. Up and then down. Up and then down a third time! Klein looks to just knock the fight out of his best friend by hoisting him up by the back of his trunks and lifting him up into a stalling suplex! The crowd begins to count as Klein removes the second hand bracing The D!

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

DDK:

What a display of power by Klein!

Lance:

What a display of counting by the Faithful! It's a little disjointed but they're still going!

Nineteen! Twenty! Twenty-One! Twenty-Two! Twent...

Elise Ares sneaks into the ring and leaps shoulder first right into the back of the leg of Klein, causing him to lose balance, wince, and fall backwards leaving The D to come crashing down on top of him. Instinctively The D hooks the leg, but there is no count as Carla Ferrari forces Elise Ares out of the ring and back onto the apron. Flex sees the opportunity and comes into the ring and pulls The D off (haha!) breaking the pinfall attempt. Carla turns around in time to see Flex in the ring and begins to force him back onto the apron as well.

DDK:

Things are breaking down here again, Lance! Both these teams are hard to control!

Klein lifts The D up and throws him into the corner where Carla isn't, which happens to be the corner Elise is in and follows up with a massive avalanche splash! Ares tags herself in at the exact same time, however and Carla turns around just in time to see it and The D crumples onto the mat and rolls onto the apron. Klein doesn't notice as he makes his way back to the opposite corner to get another head of steam but Ares goes flying off the top rope and hits Klein with Amethystation right into the back of his skull! The Faithful go nuts as she goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

Flex Kruger with the breakup! Carla begins the count to eject Flex Kruger from the ring, but first he lifts Ares into the air and drops her with a muscle buster! Kruger quickly leaves the ring and Klein wearily lays across Ares!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

The D drops a double-ax handle across the back of Klein breaking up the pinfall attempt! Carla quickly begins to count The D's ejection but can't even get to two before Flex Kruger rocks him with a clothesline and knocks him over the top rope and outside of the ring. Kruger then blocks The D's re-entrance into the ring from the apron as Klein picks Elise Ares up off the mat. No! She rolls him up!

ONE!

Flex Kruger unknowingly counts with his fingers in the air with his back to the action thinking Klein is finishing things off.

TWO!

THREE!

NO! The hand hits the mat but Klein powers out at the last millisecond and the power throws Ares hard into the ropes, where she bumps into Flex Kruger in celebration formation sending him stumbling face first onto the floor outside of the ring and into The D who is just reaching his feet.

Lance:

That was EERILY similar to how their match ended DEFtv! She almost got him at his own game!

DDK:

But she seemingly didn't learn anything from last time, Lance! She's already pointing to her own head at Flex Kruger on the outside which cost her!

Klein goes to grab Ares but the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style drops down and grabs the top rope, sending Klein falling over the rope and to the outside of the ring right into Flex and The D. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE watches as all three men try to race to be the first to their feet and she sprints to the nearest corner and leaps into the air doing a flipping corkscrew senton! Flashes from cellphones flicker around the arena in unison as the Faithful marvel at the beauty of the aerial assassin.

Lance:

Look out below!

Elise Ares lands right onto the shoulders of Flex Kruger who stumbles back, knocking everyone else over once again, but through pure strength and perseverance manages to keep control to the miniscule Ares just enough to wobble around and powerbomb her back first onto the steel barricade outside of the ring! The Faithful all groan in unison as Kruger collapses afterward.

Holy shit!

Holy shit!

Holy shit!

Even Carla Ferrari runs her fingers through her hair inside the ring in shock before beginning the count-out!

DDK:

Flex Kruger just broke Elise Ares in HALF!

Lance:

DEFIANCE medical are already on the scene immediately taking a look at Ares, but there are bodies EVERYWHERE out there, Darren!

TWO.

DDK:

Carla continues to count. I think if Klein can manage to get back into the ring this thing might just end in a count-out. It's not what anyone wants to see but you have to wonder if Elise can even finish this match.

A slow-motion replay on the DEFIAtron shows Elise's phenomenal athleticism twisting and flipping into the air onto the shoulder of Flex Kruger before he plants her shoulder blades first onto the top of the steel barricade, causing her body to bend in an almost inhuman manner before just sliding lifeless onto the concrete floor. Meanwhile live, DEFmed surrounds Elise Ares along with The D as Flex Kruger looks on from a few feet away in pain. Klein slides into the ring as Carla continues the count!

EIGHT.

Klein looks on from just inside the ropes, unsure of what to do.

NINE.

He shakes his head and slides back outside of the ring, not being able to leave his friend like that. It breaks the count and Carla resumes from one once again. The medical team gives a thumbs-up as Ares continues to grimace on the floor. She immediately begins shoving them all away as The D pleads with her to calm down. Klein walks over to check on her and she immediately begins throwing wild punches to defend herself and connects, staggering Klein.

DDK:

Elise Ares appears to not be CRITICALLY injured but you have to wonder if they still should've called this match. She's obviously in severe pain.

Lance:

Like a cornered injured animal, Ares is just screaming and attacking wildly at anything that's coming her direction.

The D is trying to talk to Klein but in frustration Klein grabs Elise by the head as she continues to thrash around and throws her into the ring, where she screams and holds her back on impact. Klein follows as The D and Flex return to their respective corners. Klein immediately just lays across Ares to put her out of her misery.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

She kicked out!

Lance:

Are you KIDDING me?!

Fighting to keep the Pop Culture Phenoms, Elise Ares manages to get a shoulder up but immediately begins kicking her legs and stomping her feet in pain. This time Klein puts his full weight down on her and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

T- NO!

Klein looks frustrated before rocking way back and hooking both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- AGAIN!

The Faithful give a half-cheer before a chant begins to break out around the arena.

Please stay down!

Please stay down!

Please stay down!

Lance:

Now even the Faithful are pleading with Elise Ares to just let this match end! She's obviously in excruciating pain.

DDK:

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE doesn't even look like she can move without holding in a scream, but she's still fighting! This match is for the Pop Culture Phenoms and she's not willing to let it die.

Klein just looks at Ares in shock as The D paces back and forth on the apron, unsure of what he can do to help. The Boxman begins to appear to try and reach an agreement with Ares as she struggles up to her feet, and he rises up from his knees to join her. He tries to get his point across but he's met with a huge slap across the face that echoes around the arena. The Faithful grow quiet enough to hear Ares.

Elise Ares:

You wanted a fight, Klein! You wanted to see a fight! LET'S FIGHT.

Klein bites his lip and shakes his head to control himself before Ares winds up and slaps him again. Then again. Then again until Klein lifts her up off the ground and slams her to the mat in a spinebuster. She wails out in agony arching her back as Klein tells her she did this to herself, but Ares immediately begins clawing her way back up to her feet somehow. The Faithful clap as a sign of respect for the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE as she gets back up on noodle legs, only to slap Klein one more time! Klein lowers his shoulder and rams into Ares, picking her up off the mat and goes her into his own corner! Flex Kruger makes the tag and Klein goes to Irish whip Ares, but she just falls into a heap into the middle of the ring, hardly able to walk, not to mention run.

DDK:

Standing and slapping appears to be all Ares has left, Lance, but she's going to do it until sometimes PHYSICALLY makes her unable to do it anymore!

Lance:

She can't even hit the ropes without falling down!

Flex enters the ring and taps Klein on the back who Carla tries to get to leave the ring, but they are setting up something. Kruger pulls the fighting Ares back up off the canvas and holds her for just a moment, as if he's saying sorry before throwing her into a flapjack position into the waiting arms of Klein setting up for a cutter. However, disregarding the laws of medical science, Elise Ares manages to use Flex to launch herself even higher into the air before landing hard, boot first, onto the back of Klein's skull driving it into the mat!

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!

Lance:

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

The Faithful erupt as Elise Ares rolls through past the seemingly lifeless body of Klein and jumps with a scream towards The D who has his arm extended and makes contact! Elise Ares made it back out of the match!

DDK:

HERE COMES THE D!

Lance:

NOW WE'VE GOT A MATCH, DARREN!

DDK:

THE RETURN OF THE MACK!

Lance:

Springboard With Everything (Crescent Kick) takes down a stunned Flex! The D is on fire, but no STDs here!

DDK:

Lance!

Flex is quick to his feet as the D charges. Flex goes for a flapjack to end this now, but the D lands on Flex's shoulders and tornado ddt's him out of it. Flex stumbles back into the corner as the D charges again.

DDK:

D IN YOUR FACE! Big splash in the corner!

The D transitions into a snap mare, then an overhead front flipping faceplant! The D leaps onto the recovering Klein and monkey flips him onto Flex. With his back to them, he moonwalks for a second time and splashes both with another standing moonsault!

The D lifts Klein to his feet, and Klein grabs the D and irish whips him, but the D reverses. In the corner, D flies with another With Everything. Bouncing out of the corner, the D sizes up Klein, and goes for a standing side kick. Klein catches it, lifts the D, and hits a sickening brainbuster!

DDK:

I think the D's gone limp Lance.

One.

Lance:

This might be it.

Two.

Kickout!

Klein slaps his hand against the canvas, and tags out to Flex, Klein and Flex whip D across the ring, to Elise's corner. Klein charges with a clothesline, and then Flex follows with a charge, throwing his back into the D and sandwiching him in the corner. Flex with a snap belly to belly, as Klein climbs the top ropes. Flex backs off, just as Klein dives with a leaping fist! Flex runs off the ropes and dives on top for a big splash as Klein exits the ring.

One.

Two.

Kickout!

DDK:

Listen, is this just a war of attrition at this point? Klein and Flex have to have this won.

Lance:

They've be wise to end this now though. The D has as much heart as Elise just showed earlier, it might take just as much to put him down!

Flex waits as the D struggles to his feet. Once there, Flex wraps him in a fullnelson, and then takes him to the mat in a body scissors.

DDK:

There it is! Game over Lance, game over!

The Faithful scream as Elise Ares dives into the ring with a double ax handle from just off screen! She can't get to her feet as Klein enters the ring and just tosses her out through the middle and bottom rope. He tells her to stay down, but she starts fighting to her feet so he goes outside to put some pressure on her.

In the ring, Flex turns to the recovered D.

THUMB to the eye!

Followed by a destino!

DDK:

NETFLIX MONEY! OUTTA NOWHERE LANCE!

Lance:

But what's the D doing? He's climbing the ropes.

DDK:

Is that Elise?!

Elise looks across the ring, the two perched both on opposite turnbuckles. Elise barely able to maintain her balance, but the two dive! Elise double footstomps Flex's gut as the D drops a Tennessee leg across the throat. Elise rolls away into a corner as the D dives on top.

One.

Two.

Klein slides in and dives, just barely breaking the three count. Klein helps the D to his feet and irish whips, no, reversal sends Klein into PCP's corner. A downed Elise is on her knees nearby, and the D races out of the corner and leaps off her back for a dive at Klein, only for Klein to just boot him straight in the sternum. Elise stumbles to her feet and eats a clothesline from Klein. Klein reaches down and grabs the D by his throat, before lifting and dropping him in a sitdown

powerbomb.

One.

Two.

DDK:

HOW IS ELISE STILL IN THIS!?

Lance:

She just broke the pin up with a baseball dropkick.

Flex steps in, shouting that Elise needs to protect herself. NOPE! Right kick, left kick, a not as quick run off the ropes for momentum, into a tilt-a-whirl into the Octopus Stretch!

DDK:

Sunset Stretch! A move taught to the leading lady by none other than the very much changed Oscar Burns!

Lance:

This is just pure chaos Darren. Outside the ring! Klein just splatters D with a powerslam styled inverted DDT!

Klein notices Flex's situation, and rushes inside, catching Elise with a clubbing forearm. Elise breaks the hold, and tries to fight back, right to Flex, right to Klein, but the two each grab her by her throat, and then one under each armpit into a double chokeslam with authority! Elise bounces from the impact and rolls to the outside of the ring.

Klein turns back to check on the D, but he's too late as the D springboards in and dropkicks Klein off his feet. Flex turns and grabs the D off his feet, tossing him into the corner. He clubs with a few forearms before lifting the D up onto the turnbuckle, seated facing the ring. Flex starts to climb, getting to the second rope, just as Klein joins his side. Klein climbs from the apron, Flex from inside. The D starts firing back, lefts and rights. From the apron, Elise reaches up and grabs Klein's leg, distracting him enough for the D to hit them BOTH with low blows!

DDK:

Modified Da Dick-Punch-Ah! from the D there. The D is still very much in a bad situation.

The D in one motion, shoves Flex off the buckles and leaps, diving onto his chest and face with BOTH knees. He rolls through onto the apron. He springs on the apron, toward Klein, who stands with his back to the ring on the top rope, still feeling effects of the D's low blow. From here, it's the nimble D who quickly climbs up the ropes and Klein like a spider into a tilt-a-whirl...

DDK:

DESTINO! OFF THE TOP ROPE!

The D dives on top for the cover, making sure to hook BOTH legs tight.

One!

Lance:

That was super dangerous, did you see how close to the ring ropes Klein fell!

Two!

DDK:

It might pay off!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

The Faithful cheer and clap as Flex is just a moment too late to break up the pin. The D, groggily, rolls off of his best friend, clutching every aching muscle. He looks down at Klein, breathing heavily, almost wheezing, and nods a warrior salute.

DDK:

He did it! The D pinned his best friend here at DEFCon, and the Pop Culture Phenoms are to remain a faction, not just a team!

♪ "Live For the Night" by Krewella ♪

Lance:

I'm glad, and I think deep down Klein and Flex will both be glad in the coming months.

DDK:

If Klein wanted to make sure he got a fight out of the D, if he wanted to make sure the D and Elise brought their A game... he sure got what he wanted!

Carla raises the D's hand as the D shakes his head and walks over to Elise. He helps her gingerly to her feet.

Meanwhile, Klein rolled to his corner and seems to be stewing a bit. Flex walks over, trying to lift him to his feet, but Klein is reluctant at first.

The two competing sides of PCP stare at each other across the ring, a tense moment. Exhausted, battered and bruised, The D walks over to Carla and whispers something in her ear.

Carla walks to the center of the ring, as the D and Elise walk to her. Carla quickly raises both their hands, but the D AGAIN rips his hand out of Carla's. He looks across at Klein, and raises an index finger, beckoning him over.

Klein begrudgingly stands, as Flex and him walk over. The D tells Carla to raise Klein's hand too. At that prompt, all four PCP's hands are raised in the center of the ring to cheers of the crowd.

After, the D and Klein hug. The camera gets super close, and we can hear Klein say "I knew you had it in you."

That's when Elise and Flex dive from either side, creating a big four person group hug.

And then Miss Y and Sweet Sanders slide in and hug too, trying to join in on the moment. The PCP all disengage, slowly, awkwardly. The D squints one eye. Flex scratches the back of his head.

DDK: *[laughing]*

I... I think they forget they were there.

Lance:

What's next for PCP? Perhaps a night of partying, a night of drinking, and then... studious violence to follow!

DDK:

Studious... it's almost as if you're transitioning to our next match.

Lance:

Oh God no.

"I AM A FRAUD" MATCH: DR. NED REFORM vs. JESSICA REEVES

DDK:

Shifting gears, folks... up next we've got a first time match here in DEFIANCE.

The tron pops up with the graphic: Ned Reform vs. Jessica Fear in an "I'm A Fraud" Match. The crowd cheers in anticipation.

Lance:

Ned Reform went to a lot of trouble to try to embarrass Jessica Fear into leaving DEFIANCE, and he did an admirable job of putting her through the wringer when he revealed to the world that her SOHer run from years back was not actually hers... it was actually her adoptive father, the man we know right now as Stalker, who was under the Reaper mask and won the championship.

DDK:

That was a shock, partner. But this revelation seemed to have the opposite effect on Fear than Ned intended... instead of leaving in shame, it seemed to fuel her with rage and make her more dangerous. Has Ned Reform bit off more than he can chew?

Lance:

We'll see... this next contest is a special "I'm A Fraud" match. In this bout, there will be no disqualification, no count-out... no rules. In order to lose you must... well, I'm told Darren Quimeby is about to fill us in.

Darren Quimbey:

The Following Match up is a SPECIAL STIPULATIONS MATCH. To lose this match, one of the competitors must say the words 'I'm a Fraud' into a live microphone!!

Cameras refocus on referee Benny Doyle as he holds up the microphone in hand in display for this special stipulation match up.

Lights out.

On the DEFatron, a black and white montage of clips from famous speeches...

John F Kennedy:

Ask not... what your country can do for you...

Franklin D Roosevelt:

A date that will live in infamy...

Nelson Mandela:

I am prepared to die...

Winston Churchill:

WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES!

The DEFtron goes dark. A beat. And then...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The boos begin in earnest as a single spotlight shines over the entrance ramp. At first, there's no sign of The Good Doctor... but slowly, we see something begin to rise from the center of the stage. For a second it's hard to make out in the glow of the bright spotlight, but soon we can tell it's Ned Reform's bald head rising from the depths of the arena. But not only is he rising... he is slowly spinning. Reform spins in a slow circle as his body comes through the grating.

DDK:

The wrestling world has been a buzz since Ned Reform's appearance on DEFradio this past weekend, where he revealed himself to be... well, kind of an ass, right?

Lance:

That seems to be the general consensus... but the other thing he said of note was that we were going to see a new, more dangerous Ned Reform tonight.

The Ned Reform who is rising from the stage appears to be the same guy as always, with the noted exception of that he's wearing a new singlet (this one has inverted the purple/white color scheme) and a fancy new purple robe. On the left hand breast of the robe is "Ned Reform, PhD" in fancy white lettering. As he spins, Reform throws his hands up as if he's a piece of art on display at a museum. In fact, as his entire body comes into view, we see he's standing on a spinnin roman column. The column ends its final rotation with Reform facing the audience, and he smiles toward The Faithful as he hops down, adjusts his robe, takes a moment to really soak in the entire arena, and begins a confident walk down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the CHALLENGER of the evening... from Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 227 lbs... NED REFORM!

The Good Doctor is all smiles as he struts. When he reaches the ring, he's up the ring steps and after wiping his feet dramatically on the apron, he enters. Reform again raises his arms and spins in a circle in the center of the ring, soaking in the waves of boos rising up from the Lakefront Arena.

♪ "Last One Standing" by MAYDAY! ♪

The DEFIAtron lights up with a static filled screen, two hooded figures appear on each side, one black, one white. As the music kicks on pyros light the rampway as the figures on the screen same into one another with the name Jessica 'Guardian' Fear - suddenly appearing!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.... Hailing from Seattle, Washington.... They call her..... JESSICA 'GUARDIAN' FEAR!!!!!!

The Faithful erupt to their feet in anticipation and excitement for this upcoming match, the questionable hero and face in this equation, Jessica Fear appears at the top of the rampway wielding a white and black Kendo stick. The red hair of Jessica is tucked away under a white hoodie that matches her white tank top but opposite of her black wrestling tights.

Lance:

Jessica Fear looks ready to capitalize on what she said she was going to do to Ned Reform at DEFtv 168!

Jessica Fear is walking up the ring step with murderous intent in her eyes...

...when he's suddenly attacked from behind by TA Cole!! Cole grabs Jessica by the head and brutally drives her face first into the unforgiving steps!!

DDK:

Where did he even come from!?

The fans begin to boo as in the ring, Reform is all smiles and golf claps. Cole grabs Jessica and drops her headfirst across the barricade. Sneering, the All-American Athlete rolls her roughly into the ring - just as Ned Reform exits it!

Lance:

This match hasn't even started yet - now Reform is... he's walking up the ramp! Are we even going to have a match or was this all a set up?

In the ring, TA Cole plants the stunned Fear with a German Suplex. Cole stands over the hurting Guardian... when he notices her dropped kendo stick laying on the mat. The Faithful's jeers intensity as he slowly reaches down and picks up the weapon, holding it high over his head. As this is happening, we hear a rustling of static. And then a familiar voice who has joined the commentary table...

Ned Reform:

Gentlemen! Always a pleasure.

DDK:

What's happening here, Ned? You send Cole to attack Jessica Fear and just sit up here and watch? This is the "real Ned Reform" that we've heard so much about?

Ned Reform:

I don't expect you to understand, Generic Announcer #1. Just call the action... and look! Mr. Cole seems to have bad intentions with that kendo stick, does he not?

SNAP!**SNAP!****SNAP!**

Three brutal kendo stick shots to Jessica Fear's right arm. She cries out in pain and immediately curls up, favoring the now aching appendage. The crowd's booing slowly morphs into cheers as DEFsec is rushing the ring! Cole, however, is ready as he swings the kendo stick menacingly to ensure no members of the security force can enter the ring. He turns back to Fear, who is trying to pull herself up...

SNAP!

A shot right over her head! She crumbles back to the mat as Cole resumes a defensive stance, making sure security knows not to come in.

Ned Reform:

Call the action, gentleman! Young Mr. Cole looking quite dominant.

Lance:

Are you planning on getting into the ring at any point, Doctor?

Ned Reform:

Of course! However, I doubt Ms. Fear will be in any shape to compete after this, yes?

TA Cole continues to turn in circles, making sure all the DEFsec around the ring know that he means business. Suddenly...

LIGHTS OUT!!

Ned Reform:

What in the world...?

The crowd has a few seconds to buzz... and when the lights come back on... DEFIANCE's token ghoul COUNT NOVICK is perched on the top rope!!

DDK:

Count Novick! The man who is set to square off with TA Cole in a Coffin Match at this upcoming Uncut!!

The fans are on their feet for everyone's favorite vampire... TA Cole has his back turned to the Count, still gesturing to the security guards.

Ned Reform:

LEVI! TURN AROUND!

And he does... but right as Novick flies off and takes TA Cole off his feet with a crossbody!! That doesn't keep Cole down long, but that second is all DEFsec needs to swarm the ring and hop onto the big man, restraining him and keeping him down. Novick gives the crowd a very dramatic pose before hopping out of the ring and over the barricade, disappearing among the fans.

DDK:

And The Count disappears in a puff of smoke!

Ned Reform:

Stop encouraging this nonsense. Have just an ounce of journalistic integrity and take this seriously, please.

Working as a team, DEFsec have rolled TA Cole under the bottom rope as they collectively muscle him up the ramp. Cole is mostly cooperating, and as they walk by the announce desk he shoots his mentor a confident nod.

Ned Reform: *[yelling]*

Well done, Mr. Cole! Fear not: the righteous need not worry about the consequences!

Reform is standing as he applauded the actions of his best student as he is hauled through the curtain. The Good Doctor turns back to face the announcers.

Ned Reform:

Well, gentleman, it's been a pleasure as always. Now I must...

Suddenly, a growing cheer comes up from The Faithful. Reform's eyes narrow, and he turns back to face toward the ring... and then his eyes begin to bug out! We cut to the ring, where we see Jessica Fear has gotten back to her feet! She is nursing the right arm that Cole attacked with the kendo stick... but with her left hand, she is mounting for Reform to bring it! The fans approve of her guts!

DDK:

Jessica Fear is not out of the game just yet, Ned!

Cut to Reform, still standing at the commentation station, as he gulps deeply. Back to Jessica Fear, who is ranting and raving and holding the middle rope down for Ned to enter. Benny Doyle takes position next to her and he also signals for Ned to get down here so we can get the match started!

Lance:

Looks like the "I'm A Fraud" match is on, Ned! Let's go!

Reform slowly removes the headset. Takes a few steps toward the ring. Stops. Puts his hands on his hips. Looks back to Keebler and Warner. Back to the ring. Shakes his head. And begins a slow walk toward the squared circle.

DDK:

Ned Reform's attempts to take Jessica Fear out before this match could begin did NOT work... and now it looks like he's got to face the music!

Reform is taking his sweet time walking down the ramp... he's really taking it in the Lakefront Arena. Finally, he reaches the ringside area, and he gestures for Benny Doyle to make Jessica Fear back up. Doyle puts his hands out in front of Fear, motioning for her to step back. Although her eyes never come off Reform, she obliges. Ned is up on the apron, and then ever so slowly steps through the ropes...

DING DING

Doyle calls for the bell... and JESSICA FEAR RUSHES NED REFORM! She UNLOADS on The Good Doctor with rights, lefts, kicks... he can do nothing but cover up. Although he's still leaning against the ropes, there's no rules in this match so Doyle can do little more than watch. Jessica stops her onslaught for just a second... so that he can BITE Ned Reform in the forehead! Reform cries out in pain and in absolute desperation, he throws his body weight backwards so that he falls through the ropes and to the floor below. Not giving The Philosopher King any quarter, Jessica Fear follows him right out the outside, where she lets lose a primal scream as she irish whips Ned into the ring steps! He collides with such force that he tumbles up and over them, spilling to the ringside floor!

DDK:

MONTHS of anger built up in Jessica Fear being unleashed on Ned Reform here... I'm starting to get worried this might get really brutal in a hurry.

Lance:

There are no limits in this match... Benny Doyle can't count them out or really intervene in any way. His job is just to hold the mic and call for the bell.

As if she can hear Keebler, Fear leaves the sprawled out Reform to make her way over to the timekeeper's table. With a brutal shove and crazed look in her eyes, she removes the timekeeper before grabbing the ring bell. Holding the dangerous weapon, she makes her way back around the ring to Ned Reform. She stands over The Good Doctor who has one hand on the barricade in an attempt to clear the cobwebs and get his head back in the game. Reform is finally up, and when he turns...

DING!!

Ring bell to the bald, shiny head! Reform crumples as the fans roar their approval. Jessica looks down at him with utter hatred as she allows the bell to fall to the floor.

Jessica Fear:

YOU WILL NOT STOP ME!!!

She grabs Ned and rolls him back into the ring, and the camera catches it for the first time: a trickle of blood running down his forehead from the shot with the bell. Jessica follows, and The Guardian tells Benny Doyle to move in with the mic and ask Ned if he's ready to admit that he's a fraud... but then she stops the ref, seemingly changing her mind.

DDK:

She's looking to deliver some more punishment!

With the bleeding Doctor down, Jessica exits the ring, walks along the apron, and climbs to the top rope. The fans around the ring rise to their feet in anticipation as she steadies herself on the highest turnbuckle.

Lance:

Jessica's old finishing maneuver was known as Reaper's Scythe, and it looks like she's going for that here!

The flashbulbs go off (wait are those still a thing?) as Fear launches herself off... she twists in mid-air, looking to crash down on Reform's dome with a twisting top rope leg drop...

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!

...but at the last second, Reform rolls out of harm's way! Jessica crashes hard into the mat, crying out in pain and holding her leg. Now both competitors are down and both begin to move to get back to their feet.

DDK:

Swing and a miss for Jessica Fear on that move, and if I'm Ned Reform I want to capitalize right now and not let her get back into her fury.

Both wrestlers climb back to their feet at the same time, and Jessica again goes for a shot at Reform, but this time he's ready for it and catches her with a dropdown armbreaker! Jessica clutches her arm and cries out in pain, and Ned Reform doesn't let up: he kicks Jessica in her arm. When she cries out and rolls over to escape, he simply jumps over to the other side of her and kicks the arm again! Sneering, he reaches down and extends her arm into the air before falling down and locking in an armbar.

DDK:

That's the same arm that TA Cole brutalized with a kendo stick before this match even started.

Lance:

Looks like Reform has a gameplan.

Jessica cries out in agony while locked in the armbar while Reform wrenches back as far as he can. Benny Doyle, seeing her predicament, does his job and moves in with the mic, putting it to Jessica's lips.

Benny Doyle:

Will you say it?

Fear, despite the pain, looks up at Doyle with total defiance in her eyes.

Jessica Fear:

GO TO HELL!

Hearing her attitude, Ned releases the armbar and hops back to his feet without letting go of her arm. He raises the arm high into the air before driving back into the mat with all his weight behind it. Fear again cries out in agony and rolls over, attempting to crawl to escape, but Ned is on her in a flash. The Good Doctor extends her arm, perching it under the bottom rope. Using the top rope for support, Reform leaps high into the air and crashes down on the extended arm with force! Fear's scream is borderline uncomfortable now as her tears begin to flow freely.

DDK:

My God. I think he's trying to break it.

Lance:

We heard him claim on DEFradio that we were going to see a dangerous Ned Reform, and since he's taken control... it's hard to disagree.

The camera catches Reform wiping the blood off his forehead as he looks around at The Faithful who shower him with jeers. There is no arrogance, there is no pomp, there is no entertaining tomfoolery... his eyes are cold and dark. Borderline scary. He licks his lips before reaching down and again lifting the suffering Jessica Fear to her feet. He locks a hold on her dangling arm, and in a brutal move, he lifts Jessica high over his head - but BY the arm! Jessica is forced to look up into the rafters of the Lakefront Arena as she's trapped in the punishing hold. Benny Doyle, helpless to intervene but feeling like he needs to do SOMETHING, tries to admonish Reform but The Good Doctor does not acknowledge his presence. Instead, Doyle's mic picks up one phrase...

Ned Reform:

Ask. Her.

Reform lets go, allowing Jessica to fall to the mat in a heap of tears and moans. Doyle kneels down, putting the mic in her face. This time, Jessica doesn't look up at him, but her answer is clear all the same...

Jessica Fear:

....NO.

Suddenly, Ned Reform SHOVES Benny Doyle to the side, taking the mic into his own hand. He grabs Jessica by the head, FORCING her to look up and look him in the eye.

Ned Reform:

You WILL say it. You will say it or God help me, I will snap that arm like a twig. Admit you're a fraud!

Jessica says nothing!

Ned Reform:

ADMIT IT! ADMIT IT! ADMIT IT NOW! I SAY ADMIT...

BOOOOM!

Without warning, Jessica reaches up and shoves the mic into Reform's face so hard that it breaks!! The mic falls to the floor as Reform holds his aching jaw. He turns to rush at Jessica... but he runs right into a drop toehold!! Reform is down and Jessica clamps on like a rabid dog with a CROSSFACE! She wrenches back and now it's Reform's turn to cry out in pain!

DDK:

FEAR IS BACK IN THIS!

Lance:

Benny Doyle is on the outside grabbing a backup mic... back in the ring now and putting the mic into Reform's face!

Ned, grimacing from the effects of the crossface, does not admit that he's a fraud, but he doesn't say much of anything... we simply hear his grunts of pain. Jessica cries out like a rabid animal as she wrenches back on the hold... but her right arm, which has been damaged all match, is visibly shaking from the effort. Finally, although she's giving the move her all, her arm gives out and she has to release the crossface, allowing Reform's head to fall into the mat.

DDK:

Thanks to the damage to the arm, Jessica Fear couldn't maintain the hold... but she needs to take advantage now before Reform has a chance to go for that injury again.

Nursing the arm, Jessica slowly makes her way back to her feet. Grabbing The Sage on the Stage, she sends Reform into the ropes, looking to catch him on the rebound with a back body drop. Reform puts the brakes on right before he reaches her, though, and he quickly drops to his knees...

Lance:

THINKING MAN'S UPPERCUT!

Jessica gets stunned by the uppercut, and Ned takes advantage by catching her with an armdrag that takes her to the mat. Reform maintains control of the arm after the move and he quickly goes BACK to the armbar!

DDK:

Jessica back right where she doesn't want to be... I'd hate to say this, but I can't imagine she can take much more of this... it might be in her best interest just to say the words and live to fight another day...

Doyle moves in with the mic. This time, Jessica doesn't say anything... she just cries out in a combination of pain and frustration.

Ned Reform:

TELL HIM OR I'LL BREAK IT YOU LITTLE BITCH!

DDK:

Woah.

Reform is going insane now, wrenching on the armbar in any way he can to continue to punish The Guardian. She cries out again and again and again... but does not say the words. He finally releases the hold, shaking his head in

frustration. He stands, looking down at Fear with utter contempt. His gaze scans the arena in a slow circle as the fans boo their pants off, but that hardly seems to register with The Good Doctor. Finally, his gaze stops... and he's staring outside the ring at the timekeeper. Much like Jessica did earlier, he exits the ring and shoves the timekeeper out of the way, but his goal is not the ring bell: instead, he folds up the steel chair on which the timekeeper was sitting. Chair in hand, he returns to the ring.

Lance:

I don't like this...

Reform, now armed with a steel chair, stands over the fallen Jessica Fear who is face down on the mat and barely stirring. He kicks her body dismissively just to prove that he can, drawing a fresh round of boos from The Faithful. After another wipe of the blood from his eyes, Reform puts his plan into motion: he wraps the steel chair around Jessica Fear's injured arm!!! The fans are on their feet once they realize his intentions!

DDK:

NO! Doyle has to step in here - this goes beyond the match, this could cripple Jessica for life!!

Lance:

I agree, partner... there's no DQ in this match but there's still a line.

Doyle does indeed get in Ned's face, but gets completely blown off. Instead, Reform climbs up to the top rope, now towering over the chair-wrapped arm of Jessica Fear. Doyle tries to get in his way, but Reform reaches out and grabs the senior DEFIANCE official by the collar and shoves him aside. He points and warns Doyle not to get involved again... but this momentary distraction took everyone's mind off Jessica Fear, who in a last ditch burst of energy leaps into the ropes, causing Ned to lose his footing and fall crotch-first down into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Thank God! Jessica Fear was moments away from serious injury.

Running on what has to be nothing but adrenaline, Jessica Fear springs into action. While her arm hangs limp and useless, she is able to get a running start and instead use her feet when she dropkicks Reform who is still seated on the top turnbuckle. Reform's head snaps back and he crumbles and falls off the turnbuckle and outside the ring to the floor below! Fear again is barely able to climb to her feet. She sees Reform on the outside. Breathing heavily, she looks around at the fans as it appears that she's broken into tears... but she still nods her head "yes." As Reform is gathering his wits and getting to his feet, the gutsy Guardian gets a running start... and leaps up and OVER THE TOP ROPE...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!! A SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT INTO A REVERSE DDT!!!!

The fans are GOING RABID!!! Ned's head has bounced off the floor... and he appears to be completely unconscious. Fear, who probably shouldn't have done that move in her condition, is also laying on the floor in agony... but at least her eyes are open. With both people down, a chant begins to rise up from the Faithful. Soft at first, but quickly gaining speed...

FUCK RE FROM UP! (clap clap, clap clap clap!)

FUCK RE FROM UP! (clap clap, clap clap clap!)

FUCK RE FROM UP! (clap clap, clap clap clap!)

Jessica is first to get to her feet, and she points to Reform, telling Doyle to check on him. Benny moves in and puts the mic in Reform's face... but he cannot say that he's a fraud because he's unconscious! It's extremely difficult and it takes a very long time, but the smaller Jessica is able to slowly get Reform up (using only her good arm) and roll him back into the ring. She appears to be about to follow him... when an object catches her eye. Instead of going into the ring, she walks over the ringside area... and she lifts up the discarded kendo stick from earlier!! At the sight of the weapon of karmic justice, the fans go BANANAS!!

DDK:

I don't know how Jessica Fear is still in this, but she's looking for some good ol fashioned payback!

In the ring, Reform's glossy eyes are just starting to make sense of the world when he sees Jessica entering the ring with the kendo stick. His eyes go wide and he puts his arms out in a begging off motion. He's on his knees now as he backpedals away, begging Jessica for mercy. Fear has fire in her eyes as she approaches the good Doctor. Reform is looking left, looking right - looking for a way out. Finally, he sees Benny Doyle.

Ned Reform:

COME OVER HERE WITH THAT MIC!

Doyle goes to move, but Fear senses that Reform is about to take a dive to avoid a beating, and she cuts him off. She then absolutely unloads on Reform with the kendo stick as he tries to crawl away but instead catches four brutal shots across the back! The camera zooms in on the welts that are already beginning to form.

SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

Reform is writhing like a fish out of water as Doyle moves in with the mic.

Ned Reform:

Okay... okay...

The arena goes silent.

Ned Reform:

My God. I'm hurt. I'm hurt. Doyle... I need medical help.

Benny looks around, unclear as to what this means. Fear gets right in his face.

Jessica Fear:

HE HAS TO SAY IT!!!

DDK:

Benny Doyle is in a tough spot here... a competitor has requested medical attention but the other demands that the match come to a proper end.

Doyle, needing a second to think, demands that Jessica Fear back up. With all eyes on the Doyle/Fear confrontation, only eagle eyed viewers (and those in the front row) catch Ned Reform reaching for something inside his boot. He places whatever it is in his right hand just as Fear loses patience with Doyle and pushes him out of the way, going for a fifth kendo shot to Reform's back. Unexpectedly, Reform suddenly turns to face his attacker and throws a white powder from his right hand right into her eyes! Jessica's one good hand goes to her eyes as she cries out in pain!

Lance:

Reform got some sort of powder from his boot... now, not only does Jessica Fear have a bad arm... but she can't see!

Reform sits in a corner, taking a breather while Fear claws desperately at her eyes. A cruel smile spreads over Ned's face as he gets back to his feet, realizing that Jessica Fear has now been completely immobilized. Like an animal caught in a trap, Fear lashes out wildly: swinging the kendo stick in every direction, hoping to catch Ned by sheer luck. But The Good Doctor, who currently is in possession of two functioning eyes, easily sidesteps and dodges the blows. Reform makes his way across the ring, ducking and weaving as necessary, until he reaches his prize: the steel chair from earlier. He lifts it up and eyeballs Jessica like a predator waiting for the right moment to strike his prey.

Lance:

Reform moving in for the kill...

WHACK!

Steel chair RIGHT into Jessica Fear's side!! She falls to the mat, and once she does, Reform absolutely loses it. He rears back and drives the chair point first directly into her injured arm...

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

DDK:

Okay, that's enough. Someone in the back stop this!!

Jessica is so beyond hurt she's stopped crying out and her face has taken on an unnatural pale color. Reform looks down at his handiwork with no smile, with no grin, with no bravado... but with the eyes of a stone cold killer. He shoots one last deadpan expression to the fans before reaching down and grabbing Jessica's arm one final time. She puts up no resistance and he moves into position for the armbar. He falls backwards...

SNAP!

...and Jessica Fear's arm visibly breaks. The fans let out a "OHHHHHHH" of disgust. Jessica is screaming through the tears, and Benny Doyle doesn't even need the mic for us to hear.

Jessica Fear:

I'M A FRAUD!!!!!!!!!!!! I'M A FRAUD!!!!!!!!!!!! GET HIM OFF ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

In flash, Doyle is on Reform, attempting to pry him off. Reform doesn't put up a fight: he releases the hold and falls backwards, spread out on his own back as he stares up at the rafters still apparently emotionless.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of this match by submission... NEEEEED REFORM!

The boos are deafening as DEFIANCE medical personnel rushes out in droves to the ring to begin checking on Jessica Fear. Reform still hasn't moved... although the blank expression is slowly being replaced by a widening smile.

YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE

Jessica Fear:

AGRHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance:

Man.... I... I am going to be sick.

Lance's reaction to watching Jessica's arm break seems to be mutual with Darren Keebler as the veteran announcer falls silent. Watching Jessica wither in the ring, dragging herself to the safety of the corner, while screaming in agony.

Ned Reform: *[off camera]*

I demand a mic! Now!

The Doctor of DEFCON rolls from the ring, approaches a stunned Darren Quimbey, and the good Ned Reform is able to easily retrieve the microphone. What was a wide smile has become a sinister grin as Ned stares at Jessica Fear in the ring.

Jessica Fear: *[screaming]*

Please... NO!!

Jessica begs Ned Reform with tears in her eyes but the entire Faithful audience in attendance knows that this is not a moment where Ned will be silent.

Ned Reform:

No? No!? You had your chance for No, my dear. Months ago! You could have done the right thing and walked away! You needed this lesson, Ms. Fear. YOU MADE ME DO THIS!

Fear is bawling and Reform appears to be coming unhinged once more. He turns to face The Faithful.

Ned Reform:

I told you all I would prove that I am the most dangerous man in DEFIANCE, did I not? I told you all that I would expose Jessica Fear as a fraud, did I not? DID I NOT!?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Reform turns back to Jessica.

Ned Reform:

Lest you think I am some sort of "bully" Ms. Fear, allow me to dispel you of that notion. You see, I am not the only person who knew you were a rabid animal that needed to be put down.

Soaking in the negative energy from the crowd, the smartest man in DEFIANCE simply widens his smirk further.

Ned Reform:

You've finally said the words. But that is not enough. As your arm hangs there useless, it's time to come to grips with who you really are. It's time to reveal the scheme you've been peperuating on the DEFIANCE audience for nearly two years... isn't it?

DDK:

What... what is he talking about?

Shaking his finger at the wounded and crying Jessica, Ned is seemingly pacing himself away from the ring, a smart move for the winner of DEFIANCE's first ever 'I'm A Fraud Match'.

Ned Reform:

When you ask others to hide your lies, Jessica, you set yourself up for failure. It's time for you to face who you really are... and for the world to see just what you have done! Ladies and gentlemen... I now happily turn the mic over... to Ms. Paz!

DEFMed, who have been attempting to assist Jessica Fear are suddenly run off as Ned's words settle into Jessica's thoughts. She lashes out in anger from the corner, pulling herself up and holding her broken arm tightly against her chest. Stumbling forward with a hand on the ropes she stares up the rampway shaking her head no before suddenly....

LIGHTS OUT

V/O: *[voice modified]*

Let me tell you all a secret....

The modified Reaper voice appears over the speakers of the DEFIAtron, as a video clip begins to play on the screens of it as well. The Faithful stand up all around Lakefront Arena, trying to catch a glimpse of the movements in the ring but their attention is quickly drawn to the screen which displays a timestamp of December 19th 2019, it's a small camcorder recording almost like a deposition. As the video footage shuffles on screen, it's clear the camera is being positioned to record a specific person.

V/O:

There was once a girl... filled with so much fire that she let the world adapt her blaze, staring in DEFIANCE at the path in front of her, she attempted to blaze one of her own.

Finally appearing on the other side of the camera is Courtney Paz, she looks tired worn and dressed in street clothes. It appears as if she's under some form of 'incarnation' as the manner in which she was seated included being shoved against the wooden table by an off screen goon.

Unknown Voice:

Sit down, Courtney.

The DEFCON scene has completely transformed into an interview session, Courtney Paz the target in question.

Unknown Voice:

You know why you are here... you and Jessica Reeves broke into private property, stole legal documents that do not belong to you and ransacked the home of a very respected member of the community. The very fact that you were not turned into the authorities, you should be thanking us - instead you stonewall us. Why is that? Especially now that Jessica has decided to work with us.

Courtney snarks at the comment, rolling her head in a small circle, the blonde former Kabal lawyer stares into the deposition camera.

Courtney Paz:

Bullshit... she would never work with you all again. The whole reason we broke into Trevor's house was to find out the truth... about both of us!

Unknown Voice:

And did you find what you were looking for?

Courtney Paz:

Do you mean about the 'other' Courtney or about Jessica's 'real' father? We didn't find shit but more questions that lead to riddles. I'm as tired of it as Jessica is, we are done with the Shadow's games!

Unknown Voice:

This isn't a game of shadow, as for your reasoning for breaking in - The 'other' Courtney situation is a dead point. Jessica knows that was taken care of long ago and it's meaningless now because the significance of that threat was

wiped from the playing field without our action. As for Jessica's real father... There is a big difference between a 'Father' and a Biological donor. Jessica's desires to understand why she is the way she is will never be sated.

Courtney Paz:

Great more riddles, get to the fucking point.

Courtney spouts off angrily, the first time in a very long time she has cussed but this moment seemed appropriate. Silence lingers while the unknown voice contemplates Courtney's angry request. The camera zooms in slightly on Courtney's face.

Unknown Voice:

Trevor Fear is dead and The Kabal are at a disadvantage without his presence. Jessica means more to us now than she has ever meant. We want to know if you will help her ascend the role of 'Mr. Fear'.

Courtney Paz:

What?

Courtney twists her face around in a scrunched up face as she stares into the camera.

Courtney Paz:

What do you mean... 'ascend the role' of Mr. Fear?

Unknown Voice:

I think you are quite clear in the ask here, Courtney. Please don't play dumb with us... Here take this.

With a screeching sound a silver recorder is pressed across the table in front of Courtney, she looks down at it and back up to the person behind the camera.

Courtney Paz:

Jessica really agreed to this? She agreed to work with you all again? For what purpose... to what end now?!

Courtney is angry as she grabs the silver recorder staring daggers into the camera.

Unknown Voice:

Jessica wants to play the role of Hero more than she has ever wanted to be a villain. She wants to help us because she'll get to orchestrate all of it... her entire book will be written in front of DEFIANCE's eyes, the former villain turned hero coming back to expel The Kabal, once and for all!

Courtney Paz:

But without Jessica as Reaper... how... or who are you all going to leverage to wage war on DEFIANCE? Jessica can't be a damn hero without something to save DEFIANCE from.

Unknown Voice:

Exactly... For our plan to work we need something far more dangerous than a Reaper... Now grab the recorder and repeat this statement after me. Keep in mind... this was written by Jessica. We can call her in here to confirm that if you would like.

Courtney rolls her eyes but grabs the recorder looking into the camera one last time.

Unknown Voice:

'This... is a Message From The Kabal.... Jason Reeves... we have your daughter...'

STATIC!

LIGHTS ON

DDK:

What the... we're back folks and Jessica... Jessica's in the ring with a Reaper!

Lance:

That's Reaper Blue!

The Blue eyed Reaper stands facing a hurt and beaten Jessica Fear. She shakes her head in anger as she stares at the Blue Reaper.

Jessica Fear:

You TRAITOR!!!

Blue Reaper simply shakes their head as they begin to unmask themselves. Revealing to be none other than Courtney Paz.

Courtney Paz:

Jessica.... It's over. You are over. I'm done with your games... i'm done hiding in the shadows while you try and act like you are a good person. You aren't. You've never been.

Jessica Fear:

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

Jessica screams through tears.

Courtney Paz:

No. Not anymore... you have to accept this. You have been playing victim to pinhole your father into working for The Kabal for years. Parading on both sides of the line, playing BOTH hero and Villain at the same time. You aren't a god... you can't control the fate of DEFIANCE, you can't even control the fate of yourself.

Jessica Fear:

Leave me ALONE!!

Trying to escape the situation Jessica looks out into the audience but sees nothing but fans in shock. Jessica isn't the victim, she's never been the victim, in fact Dr. Ned Reform had her dead to rights from the very start. Jessica is a root cause problem of DEFIANCE, she is the reason The Kabal are here, and she is the reason why the shadow of Stalker loomed for so long.

Courtney Paz:

I am leaving you alone, Jessica. I am leaving you alone... I'm leaving The Kabal alone... I'm leaving it all ALONE! But I couldn't do that without exposing you for what you are to the world and what you did to not just me but to DEFIANCE.

DEFCON's audience rises to their feet as they begin cascading Jessica with boos, the want to be hero exposed and broken shuns her face away.

Courtney Paz:

I'm not helping you with this fraud anymore, no one is going to help you anymore Jessica. All the people that Jason hurt along the way... all the damage and chaos that he caused... he did it for you. He did it because he thought he was protecting you. But you used him... you used all of us. Goodbye Jessica... good luck facing the shadow on your own!

Jessica Fear:

What does that mean!? HEY! Wa...

Lights out.

Lance:

Did... Courtney just disappear from the ring again?!

Lights on.

With Courtney gone from the ring Jessica looks on up the rampway and around the ring in hopes of finding the unmasked Blue Reaper but instead, she finds nothing but more booing fans in the audience.

DDK:

You are telling me... after all of this we just found out that Jessica has been... Mr. Fear this entire time?!

Lance:

That's what I understand from what we just witnessed... I.... I don't even know what to say. Except we have to cut for a small break, I still need to recover and clean up from earlier.

DDK:

I think I need a drink.

The mixture of emotions is felt amongst the fans as well as Jessica hobbles her way up the ramp, hiding her face and trying not to be caught with the look of being exposed written all over her face.

BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY vs. LOS TRES TITANES

After the gruesome events and the explosive revelations of the previous match after an ad for CLASH of the BRAZEN on May 9th, we're back to Darren Keebler and Lance Warner on commentary.

DDK:

I can't believe what we just heard about Jessica Fear... but as often happens in our business, we have to move on with the show.

Lance:

Regrettably so.

DDK:

We are almost done with Night Two of DEFCON with three matches to go, and this next one promises to be a fight! Up next, six-person tag team action! Los Tres Titanes! The team of Uriel Cortez, Minute and Titaness take on old rivals in Better Future! Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens! This next match is sponsored by Benjermoon's Custom Small Batch Hot Sauces! Elevate your food... today!

Lance:

Last year's DEFCON did not go well for Tom Morrow's Better Future! Los Tres Titanes and The Saturday Night Specials defeated The Stevens Dynasty and The Lucky Sevens, then Minute and Uriel Cortez had earned five minutes alone with Morrow, delivering the beating of a lifetime.

DDK:

Weeks of attacks from Better Future to Los Tres Titanes as payback from that embarrassing defeat at last year's DEFCON. Uriel Cortez, his fiancée Titaness and best friend Minute fell victim to separate attacks. The events led to Uriel Cortez making a call to Morrow's father, Thomas Keeling, to help former BFTA member Jack Mace get back to the States and return to DEFIANCE! Mace would get his hands on Morrow and force BFTA to accept the match we're about to see... as well as the cage match we saw last night!

Stills from last night's cage match between Jack Mace and Tom Morrow play. Including the Superplex off the cage and the multiple Soccer Ball kicks leading to the mostly one-sided victory for Jack Mace.

Lance:

We have no updates on his condition after this cage match at this time, but it is safe to say that he won't be here. Tonight, BFTA look to avenge the leader of Better Future for LTT's part in what happened! Los Tres Titanes want payback for the Morrow-led attacks! Los Tres Titanes! We head to six-person tag team action now!

The bell dings as we go to the next match and Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a six-person tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

The DEF-Tron comes to life and shows a limo opening up from the outside, courtesy of the old Family Keeling Talent Agency. The door swings open and one by one, out come three of the opponents for tonight's match.

Minute - decked out in a white trench coat and ring gear with gold and diamond patterns on his mask.

Titaness - wearing a white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style.

And lastly, the massive Uriel Cortez - white thigh-length trunks, sleeveless trench coat and a Los Tres Titanes-brand towel over his shoulders.

The three get out, nod to one another silently and then stomp towards the entrance... right into...

"TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!"

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

"The Show of Force" Titaness... "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute... and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez...

Pause!

Darren Quimbey:

LOS! TRES! TITANES!

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and behind Titaness, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez! And along with that, Minute is back in his white and gold LTT-themed gear! Minute leaps into the ring with a front flip and then does several front kip-ups across the ring before landing on his feet to a huge pop from the crowd! Titaness stands on the ring apron and flexes for the crowd while Uriel raises a hand, ready to chop someone. Uriel pulls himself onto the ropes, then enters. He stops with Minute as they get ready to fight.

DDK:

Los Tres Titanes have not lost a match as a trio, but tonight is going to be a very dangerous challenge. Alvaro de Vargas is at the top of his game after defeating Henry Keyes at DEFIANCE Road a few months back.

Lance:

And The Lucky Sevens have been injuring people left and right since anointing themselves the Main Event Monsters and delivering what they have called Five Star Beatdowns!

Uriel, Titaness and Minute all get ready for the fight ahead. Uriel feeds off the crowd, Titaness flexes her muscles and Minute leaps to the top ropes one more time before their music fades.

The lights fade to darkness for several moments. The crowd tries to light up their phones to see what's happening, but as it goes on... a single light shines on the stage with a picture of Tom Morrow...

Ophelia Sykes comes out to the stage dressed in an all black cocktail dress with buttons on top along with a black veil over her face. As this goes on, a nondescript white man in a suit comes out with a bugle and starts playing Taps.

Ophelia Sykes:

Last night... a travesty took place. Our benevolent and great Tom Morrow... was beaten half to death in a cage last night by a rabid animal...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Uriel Cortez has a smile on his face and Minute is laughing... Titaness not so much.

Ophelia Sykes:

Keep it classy! But tonight, Tom Morrow... your spirit will live on through us all... tonight, we will gather here to celebrate the size of this W... when Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens ... DEFIANCE's Main Event Monsters, deliver a massive five... nay, six... NO... SEVEN-STAR beatdown of epic proportions. Put these up on the screen. I want you all to get your phones out, get on your socials, tweet, like, poke, all of that! And spread the following hashtags on screen.

#PrayersForMorrow
#TomMorrowWillHealTomorrow

The trio in the ring roll their eyes collectively as Ophelia finally tells the man playing "Taps" to stop.

Ophelia Sykes:

All right. Get the hell out of here. It's a happy time now. Cut the shit.

The man looks disgruntled as he gets shooed to the back. Ophelia Sykes then grins back to Los Tres Titanes in the ring.

Ophelia Sykes:

Let me introduce the three Avenging Angels of Tom Morrow! First off... he weighs in at 274 pounds of the hottest, sexiest Cuban that DEFIANCE has ever seen... way hotter than that my former stablemate, that bitch Elise Ares! Standing 6'8" and always looking great... he is "El Sol Dorado"... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back brand spanking new gear... sleek purple tights decorated with flames and a brand new hoodie is the man called Alvaro de Vargas. He throws the hoodie back and...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Another blast of fire from either side of the stage, eyes hidden behind red-tinted sunglasses and a knowing smirk to match. He looks out to either side of the jeering stage and smiles from behind his sunglasses before he takes his place on the stage. His music cuts and Ophelia continues.

Ophelia Sykes:

And the two men who will help him! They are DEFIANCE Wrestling's Main Event Monsters! They've dropped more snowflakes than these freaky April snowstorms! They weigh in at a combined 618 pounds! They stand at a combined fourteen feet high and they're going to defeat Los Tres Titanes! They are my guys! Big Money Max! Big Money Mason! **THE LUUUUUUCCCKKKKKKKYYYYY SEEEEVVVVVEEEENNNSSS!!!**

She points to the stage and the house lights turn black.

The lights go and three numbers appear on the screen in the form of a slot machine!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The lights come back on and the twins put up "The Winning Hand" while wearing gold-colored capes that have a message on the back in red:

MAIN!
EVENT!
MONSTERS!

The giants take the stage! Alvaro leads the pack and the three monsters head on down to the ring. The seven-foot twins march down the ramp behind Alvaro as he looks ahead.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens have just been so dominant! This trio with them and Alvaro has also been so dangerous and Los Tres Titanes are going to need everything at their disposal to overcome the size disparity they have.

Lance:

Sure, Uriel is taller than either of The Lucky Sevens and Alvaro, but he's one giant against three. Titaness has strength and Minute has quickness, though. They'll have to do everything they can to overcome what Better Future brings to the table. Simple as that.

Cortez, Titaness and Minute all watch as the Better Future members head to their corner. Ophelia Sykes remains at ringside for the moment while Max and Mason Luck shed their capes at ringside. They finally do so and then take their places in the corner. It looks like Alvaro is the one who will be starting for his team and on the other side of that, it looks like Titaness will start for hers! The crowd cheers on The Show of Force as he stands up to Alvaro. The tall, muscular marvel still gives up half a foot to Alvaro, but he treats her the same as he does any opponent...

Like trash when he piefaces her!

DDK:

OH, COME ON! CLASSLESS AS ALWAYS, ALVARO!

The Faithful jeer that as Titaness reels back. Uriel is about to make a move when Titaness tells Hector Navarro to ring the bell. Alvaro tells her to bring it and Hector calls for it.

DING DING

And the match starts...

SLAP!

Titaness comes right back with a big slap to the face of El Sol Dorado and a big pop from the fan in the UNO Lakefront Arena!

DDK:

The match is now underway! And here comes Titaness with forearms to the face of El Sol Dorado!

Titaness continues to fight against Alvaro, but he comes back with a shove! The Show of Force gets into the face of El Sol Dorado, but he buries a knee into her stomach and then drops her with a big body slam to start the match!

DDK:

Strong as Titaness is... as brave as Titaness is... Alvaro is 6'8" and nearly 275!

He stands over her.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Todo esto es mío, pendeja!

After telling her all of the ring is his, he picks up Titaness and shoots her off the ropes where a big scoop followed by a big spinning slam catches her! The Faithful jeer Alvaro as he outstretches his arms and walks over to high-five both Mason and Max Luck, then a fist bump through the ropes for Ophelia Sykes.

Alvaro de Vargas:

FOR YOU, SENOR MORROW!

DDK:

Alvaro still is not taking Titaness seriously even after this slap... or he is and now he's trying to throw her off her game.

Lance:

And Alvaro is so good at that. He did that to Henry Keyes for months after they bought his tiger, Helen, out from under him.

DDK:

Imagine hearing that sentence without context, partner.

As Titaness starts to get up, he picks her up and sends her into the ropes. He tries once for a big boot, but The Show of Force sidesteps it and keeps going. He tries a wild clothesline when she comes back the other way and misses. but Titaness ducks. The third time is not the charm for Alvaro when Titaness comes flying at Alvaro with a big flying shoulder tackle that knocks him off his feet first! Both Uriel and Minute clap for The Show of Force kicking things off in a powerful way as she kneels up and flexes her arms!

DDK:

Right off the bat! Clash of the Titaness when both wrestlers come off the ropes! Titaness is ready for this match!

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes already off to a hot start thanks to The Show of Force! And listen to this crowd!

Alvaro is in shock, holding his gut as Titaness measures him up and then hits a running pump kick that sends the big man staggering back to the corner of Los Tres Titanes! The Lucky Sevens both watch on angrily as Titaness makes the tag to big Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

Tag to Cortez!

The engaged couple work over Alvaro when Titaness runs off the ropes and comes back with another pump kick to ADV while he is stuck against the ropes. Uriel runs off the ropes behind her and then LEVELS Alvaro with a big running shoulder tackle! The two pose in the ring together and both flex over the fallen body of Alvaro to a huge pop!

Lance:

This is exactly what Los Tres Titanes need to be doing! Cut the ring in half, keep The Lucky Sevens out and focus their attacks on one person!

DDK:

I bet Alvaro is pissed he ran his mouth right now!

Uriel stands over Alvaro and then tries to pick up the Cocky Cuban. He surprises Uriel with a kick to the knee and then a surprise right hand! Alvaro shakes his head after the punch, but he does have Uriel stunned. He shoves the larger man back into the corner and then rams a series of back elbows to wind him down.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Be right back, pendejo!

He runs off one corner of the ring and then comes back with a big running corner clothesline that stuns Cortez! He looks to start the trifecta of the running corner clotheslines.

DDK:

He usually hits these in threes... OHHHH!

But before he can even hit number two, he gets THWACKED with one of Cortez's signature chops! Alvaro is brought to a knee from the impact and hurts badly while the Faithful go crazy!

DDK:

That chop was BRUTAL!

Lance:

Alvaro keeps trying to get cute and it's costing Better Future so far! ADV might need to rethink this strategy.

Uriel grabs Alvaro and then picks him up...

THWACK!

DDK:

OOH! Chop of Ages by Uriel! He's got Alvaro trapped now!

The two-handed chop brings Alvaro back to the corner of Los Tres Titanes! Uriel asks the crowd if they want one more and when The Faithful meet with overwhelming applause. Alvaro shakes his head no, but then...

THWACK!

He gets a second Chop of Ages and falls to a seated position in the corner. Uriel then holds a hand out and makes the tag to Minute, who gets loud cheers from the crowd as he springboards inside and pulls off a front flip! He waves at The Lucky Sevens and then runs at the corner, hitting a running dropkick on Alvaro in the corner!

DDK:

And now Minute gets some of the action in and he wipes out Alvaro with that hesitation dropkick in the corner!

Lance:

Great teamwork by Los Tres Titanes! They may not be able to match the overall power of Alvaro and The Lucky Sevens, but they've perfected their craft as a trio in just about any combination of the three.

Alvaro is hurt when Minute runs up the ropes and then takes flight with a springboard corkscrew moonsault body block!

DDK:

Amazing move by Minute, right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Alvaro kicks out and sits up, still holding his jaw while his chest probably has a layer of skin or two removed from his chops.

DDK:

Kickout at two by Alvaro!

Lance:

But Minute staying on him!

He fires a series of kicks to the chest of Alvaro and the blows rock him for a moment, but The Cocky Cuban shoves him away to the ropes. Minute comes back and Alvaro tries a big boot, but Minute slides underneath him and then lands behind him. Minute then clips the leg of Alvaro with a dropkick to the knee, sending him stumbling to the ropes. Minute then runs and then slings OVER the top rope with a tiger feint kick, rocking Alvaro while he's on his feet, then Minute quickly heads to the ropes. He measures him up...

ESTRELLA FUGAZI!

The Faithful EXPLODE when Minute runs the ropes and takes flight with a rope-running missile dropkick to knock Alvaro off his feet again! M

DDK:

Amazing move by The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World! Minute with another cover!

The TJ Tornado leaps right into the cover across Alvaro's shoulders.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Another kickout by Alvaro! But Minute rolls over and makes the tag back to Uriel Cortez! The Titan of Industry steps over the ropes with ease and then lays into Alvaro...

THWACK!

Both Mason and Mason Luck watch the chop while Ophelia Sykes is on the outside, holding her own chest in sympathy pains!

DDK:

Great tag team wrestling on display tonight!

Uriel runs a thumb across his throat and then tries to run... but when he tries, Ophelia Sykes climbs on the ring apron and starts to undo the top button on her blouse.

DDK:

What... What is she doing?

Lance:

Is Ophelia really trying this? In front of Titaness? His FIANCE?

Uriel isn't fazed by her feminine wiles but before he can do anything, Titaness stands next to her. Ophelia takes a deep, panicked swallow, buttons the blouse right back up and then gives Titaness an awkward thumbs up... then gets kicked away by The Show of Force!

Lance:

A major mistake by Ophelia Sykes! Trying to seduce another woman's man!

But as this goes on, the crowd cheers when of all people, Jack Mace runs on down to ringside!

DDK:

JACK MACE?! WHY IS HE HERE?!

Lance:

He was victorious last night, but what is he doing?

He looks up and sees Ophelia Sykes before picking her up and carrying him over his shoulder. The camera at ringside picks up what he's saying as he storms off to cheers from the crowd!

Jack Mace:

Aww naw, love, this is gonna be a fair fight!

Uriel Cortez gives him a thumbs up... but Titaness doesn't look happy with what he's doing?

DDK:

I think Uriel knew about this, maybe made some sort of agreement if Sykes gets involved? But Titaness' body language tells me she's not happy.

Lance:

We saw on UNCUT a little bit of discord between the two about Uriel Cortez going to Thomas Keeling about getting Jack Mace back! Jack messed with Titaness for the better part of three months when he worked for BFTA!

But as all this plays out, Alvaro gets up and shoves Titaness right into Uriel! He catches her, but Alvaro makes the tag and Mason Luck gets into the match! Mason Luck starts to stalk the apron and then steps over the ropes to come face to face with The Titan of Industry!

DDK:

Mason Luck took a rare pinfall loss to Uriel Cortez on DEFtv 168 just recently. He hasn't forgotten that!

Uriel and Mason then begin exchanging punches in the middle of the ring to cheers from the crowd! Mason takes over with a few rights and then a headbutt to stun the giant. He throws more shots at Uriel and gets him back into the corner so he can outstretch a boot and try to choke him. He follows up with elbows in the corner and then a few hefty knee strikes!

Lance:

And here we go! Those elbows, those knee strikes. The Lucky Sevens are both downright brutal in that ring.

DDK:

That they are.

Mason Luck backs up, but Uriel catches him with a back elbow and then a big boot to stun him! Uriel holds Mason Luck by the arm and subdues him with another elbow, then tags Minute. Minute leaps to the top rope, Titaness tags in, then Minute takes flight with a springboard dropkick! with a missile dropkick!

DDK:

Now both Minute and Titaness are going after Mason Luck! Quick tags has been the name of the game for Los Tres Titanes and it has worked so far in their favor!

The Faithful cheer on Titaness and Minute as she runs forward and then hits a flying pump kick to stun Mason, then she ducks down for Minute to use as a launch pad. He runs across the ring...

CAUGHT... THEN HE GETS SLAMMED ON TOP OF TITANESS!

Lance:

OH, NO! MASON LUCK WIPES OUT TWO-THIRDS OF LOS TRES TITANES BY HIMSELF!

DDK:

We've said it before. Where most wrestlers may need a few moves to turn the tide in their favor... he literally only needs one.

Mason Luck boots Minute out of the ring so he can deal with the legal wrestler, Titaness. He picks her up over the shoulder and then maneuvers her to the corner. Mason Luck then stares down the official while Max Luck behind them grabs a Winning Hand in the corner!

DDK:

Winning Hand behind the referee's back!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens are bullies! No two ways about it. But they're successful. One of the best to have not won the Unified Tag Team Titles yet and that eats them alive.

Max Luck lets go of the Winning Hand as Hector Navarro turns around. He tags Mason Luck and the two giants get to work. Max grabs Titaness and then takes her down with a big rib breaker! Titaness yells out as Uriel and Minute look

on with concern as Mason pulls her out of Max's grasp only to pick her up and hit a rib breaker of his own! He lets her fall to the mat and then the twin giants grab one another's arm and pose for the crowd with the Winning Hand gesture!

Lance:

Taunting and things like this really hold them back from being Unified Tag Team Champions!

Max then measures her up and then leaps for the Box Cars Elbow Drop! The big elbow drop gut checks The Show of Force and now Titaness is left gasping for air on the mat, clutching her rib cage! Max pushes Titaness onto her back and lays across her shoulders for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Show of Force uses her legs to kick out of the hold and angers Max!

DDK:

He should have hooked a leg there! Titaness defeated Jack Mace back at DEFIANCE Road because she was gutsy and stayed in the game!

Lance:

Indeed! You can never look past any member of Los Tres Titanes... most of all, Titaness!

Max pulls her up and then tries to get her on the shoulders for a Snake Eyes... but the powerhouse slips out behind Max and then shoves him into the corner. She slips out and then lands a jumping double knee strike to Max Luck in the corner! When he gets stunned, she runs off the ropes and then hits a jumping corner back elbow that catches Max in the chest!

DDK:

No quit in Titaness! But what is she doing?

She tries to get Max Luck off his feet in a fireman's carry... the 6'1", 200-pound marvel tries, but Max elbows his way free! The crowd jeers as Max grabs Titaness back into the elbow and then throws her back to the corner. The Show of Force gets a knee for her trouble when Mason gets tagged in. The two men both hoist her up in a big suplex... then THROW her down with a double release vertical suplex!

DDK:

No! Just like that, The Lucky Sevens shut Titaness down with the Coin Toss!

Mason and Max both laugh before Big Money Mase goes over to cover The Show of Force!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVED BY MINUTE!

Minute breaks up the cover with a sliding dropkick to the side of Mason's head before returning to his corner! Mason is stunned just enough for the cover to break, then he looks over and sees Minute giving him the double tall man.

Minute:

PUTA!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

The TJ Tornado makes the save for Titaness off the Coin Toss! And I don't think we need to translate THAT!.

DDK:

No, we do not! But Titaness needs to make it back to her corner and get the tag quickly!

Minute claps his hands together quickly and yells at Titaness to get back into the game. She nods and then climbs up to try and get to the corner... but before she can do so, Mason Luck is up and already has her by the leg!

DDK:

No! Mason Luck not giving Titaness the chance to make that opening!

Mason pulls her up, but Titaness fights back with a surprise jawbreaker to stun him before he can do whatever he wants next. She looks back to Uriel and Minute... then tries to do what she did earlier to Max Luck by trying to lift up Mason on her shoulders...

Lance:

Bad move by Titaness! He's seven feet tall! What is she going to do?

And she MANAGES TO LIFT MASON UP... but before she can, Mason's weight is too much and Titaness collapses on the mat! Mason laughs and then goes to pick up Titaness, who is favoring her back! He picks her up and then drops her down with a massive gutwrench toss!

DDK:

That wasn't wise at all! She loves to show off that strength of hers, but that was not wise at all and now Better Future might have this one!

Mason Luck tags his twin brother when Max goes over and then hooks Titaness by the side. He picks her up and then hits another gutwrench toss!

Lance:

They have been working over that back of Titaness! Great strategy by Better Future here and it might just be a matter of time!

Max Luck then goes over to tag in Alvaro de Vargas! He laughs and then gets into the ring and stands over Titaness, laughing as she tries to get up. He slaps the back of her head and continues laughing before he tries to pick her up... but she STILL fights by surprising Alvaro with a right! He reels back, but angrily goozles her by the throat in return and DRILLS her into the mat with a ring-shaking chokeslam!

DDK:

Chokeslam by Alvaro! That's done!

He ducks for a cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE-KICKOUT!

The eyes of Alvaro grow wide as he sits up and yells at Hector. The Faithful let out a loud chorus of cheers for the gutsiness on display by Titaness!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cuenta más rápido, pendejo! Uno! Dos! Tres!

DDK:

Alvaro's temper is getting the better of him! That's the bad part about Better Future not having Tom Morrow here tonight! Like him or hate him, he knows how to keep them in check.

Lance:

And even then, Alvaro was angry at Tom Morrow the whole time he fought Henry Keyes.

Alvaro angrily slaps the canvas three times and then shoots up to his full height. Hector Navarro pulls at his referee's shirt, then Alvaro goes back to trying to pick up Titaness... but before he can do anything, she surprises him with a spinning back elbow on the jaw, then picks him up...

DDK:

SHE DOES IT! TITANESS DOES IT! CLASH OF THE TITANESS ON ALVARO DE VARGAS!

LET'S GO, TITANS! Clap clap clapclapclap

LET'S GO, TITANS! Clap clap clapclapclap

LET'S GO, TITANS! Clap clap clapclapclap

Lance:

Titaness is in the best spot she can possibly be to make the tag, but The Lucky Sevens and Alvaro have worked her over. Can she make it to the corner?

The Show of Force still clutches her back in pain, but she points at the corner while Alvaro de Vargas angrily grabs the back of his head, looking straight up as Mason and Max both have their hands out! Both Minute and Uriel Cortez both have their hands out, ready to go while Titaness tries to get to her corner. The Faithful loudly vocalize their support as she reaches out!

Tag to Mason!

Mason Luck climbs into the ring...

TAG TO URIEL CORTEZ!

Lance:

HERE WE GO! MORE BIG BEEFY PEEPS SMACKING BEEF!

DDK:

...Huh?

Max Luck and Uriel Cortez throw bombs quickly in the middle of the ring with both men being cheered on by their respective sides... but of course, the Faithful cheering on The Titan of Industry! Max gets the better of Uriel with a big right hand and then grabs him with the Winning Hand to pin him against the corner!

DDK:

Max Luck making use of The Winning Hand! He has Cortez in the corner!

Max Luck keeps the hold locked on until Hector orders a five-count. At the count of five, he backs off... but when he turns back to Cortez, he grabs HIM by the neck with both hands and then turns him around...

THWACK!

Cortez connects with the Chop of Ages on Max Luck! He backs up and then runs into Max with a big back elbow, then

runs off the ropes. As he comes out of the corner, The Titan of Industry EXPLODES with a massive flying shoulder block!

DDK:

Good lord! Uriel Cortez throws himself at him like a massive missile! And now he's back on his feet.

Lance:

The Titan of Industry feeding off this crowd! Listen to this!

Uriel runs at the corner and then CHOPS Mason off the ring apron, then one shot for Alvaro de Vargas before he turns his attention back on Max Luck. Max tries to get up when he goes behind Max and then drives him down with a massive full nelson slam!

DDK:

The ring shook with that move! Cover on Max!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The shoulder comes up for Max! Cortez gets back up and then tries to get back into the ring, but Alvaro comes back and grabs Uriel near the ropes! He grabs his neck and starts raining punches on the big man while he tries to stop him, but Uriel pushes him back and shoves him off the apron! He steps over the ropes and heads to the floor!

DDK:

Cortez going out to the floor!

Alvaro hits him with another right hand, but Cortez elbows him. He then goozles Alvaro and then throws the Cocky Cuban to the corner...

TWHACK!

Lance:

HOLY HELL! REBOUND CHOP BY CORTEZ! ON DE VARGAS!

The Faithful start roaring in applause for the man with DEFIANCE's Deadliest Hands... but the last thing he expects to see when he turns around is Max Luck LEAPING OVER the top rope with a vaulting plancha, crashing right into The Titan of Industry to wipe him out on the floor!

DDK:

HOLY HELL!

Lance:

THAT WAS INSANE! MAX LUCK DID THAT SAME DIVE TO THE HOUSE AT DEFIANCE ROAD AND ONE HALF OF THE MAIN EVENT MONSTERS UNCORKS IT TONIGHT!

A few rapid-fire replays hit the vaulting plancha from the agile seven-footer taking flight and heading over the top rope to drop Uriel Cortez! And after that happens, the match goes back to real time when Mason Luck runs at him and hits a running leg drop on the outside, followed by Alvaro de Vargas coming back and working over Cortez with a double foot stomp!

DDK:

GOOD LORD! TRIPLE TEAM BY THE BIG MEN OF BETTER FUTURE!

Max Luck stands up and then summons Mason Luck where the twin brothers get The Titan of Industry back into the ring. Big Money Max starts to climb to the top rope and Uriel stands, only to get his head taken off with the Check-Raise Diving Clothesline!

Lance:

All those attacks on the outside by The Lucky Sevens and Alvaro de Vargas! Is that it?

DDK:

MAX LUCK WITH THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SPRINGBOARD DOUBLE FOOT STOMP BY MINUTE!

The Faithful go CRAZY when Minute springboards in and stomps across the back of Max Luck to break up the cover to save his partner!

DDK:

WHAT A SAVE BY MINUTE!

Lance:

A million miles an hours we go by Minute!

Minute runs back into the ring and hurries back to his corner while Mason Luck wants the tag on his side. Max Luck limps while nursing his back, but tags Mason and the two twins pick off Uriel Cortez. They both slug away and put the boots to him against the ropes!

DDK:

Double whip by Max and Mason Luck to Cortez! They try the double clothesline...

But Cortez breaks through the attempt of the giants, then he comes back and BLASTS them both with a double dropkick, knocking both giants off their feet!

Lance:

The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE! In stereo! Amazing! But now Cortez needs the tag!

DDK:

And now, Minute wants the tag! He hasn't been in for an extended period! All fired up!

Minute gets a loud following from The Faithful as he slaps a hand on the turnbuckle, leading to Cortez crawling over...

TAG TO MINUTE!

Minute rolls into the ring as Mason Luck starts up, only to nail a running dropkick to his leg to hobble him over! He keeps on attacking the leg with a few more shots, but Mason Luck tries to throw him back to the ropes... but Minute leaps and then hits a springboard dropkick to Alvaro on the apron, knocking him off the ropes and to the floor! He goes back to Mason Luck trying to get him back to the ropes, then hits a tiger feint kick between the bottom and middle rope, hitting the knee of Mason!

DDK:

Creative offense by Minute!

He stands against the ropes and an angry Mason charges, but Minute pulls the ropes down and Mason tumbles over

the ropes, out to the floor! When he gets there, Minute raises a finger, then runs off the ropes... SPACE FLYING TIGER DROP TO MASON!

DDK:

MIRAME! MIRAME BY MINUTE! THAT MOVE IS INCREDIBLE!

After he dives out on Mason Luck, he heads back into the ring where he sees Alvaro de Vagras on the other side of the ring, getting up off the dropkick, only to run up the ropes and nail a HUGE step-up springboard somersault senton right onto The Cocky Cuban!

Lance:

THAT WAS NUTS! MINUTE IS CHOPPING DOWN THE GIANTS!

It takes a moment, but Minute is back up and The Most Interesting High Flyer in The World slams a hand into the barricade as the crowd reaction grows louder! Max Luck rounds the corner and tries to get Minute, but he ducks it... and doesn't see Titaness sailing OVER the top rope with a no-hands somersault plancha of her own to the outside, wiping out Max Luck!

DDK:

SOMERSAULT PLANCHA BY TITANESS!

Lance:

WHERE THE HELL DID TITANESS PICK THAT UP FROM?!

Bodies are every which way when Minute sees Mason Luck trying to climb back into the ring under the bottom rope! Minute heads to the ropes quickly and takes flight, hitting a HUGE springboard frog splash!

Lance:

SPRINGBOARD SPLASH BY MINUTE! SPRINGBOARD SPLASH! NOW TO THE OTHER SIDE!

Minute doesn't waste any time going to the other side... he leaps...

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD 450 SPLASH! MINUTE DETAIL! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

It takes Minute some doing to get Mason Luck on his back but he does it and then covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

Mason Luck powers out at the last possible second and kicks him off!

DDK:

No way! No way!

Lance:

Unbelievable! I thought that was it!

DDK:

And look! Things are breaking down everywhere on the outside!

Titaness tries to kick away at Max Luck on the outside, but she gets grabbed by the hair by Alvaro de Vargas! He

kicks her with a boot and then looks like he's going to try something when he sees Uriel Cortez coming...

ALVARO MOVES...

BUT TITANESS DOES NOT!

URIEL CATCHES TITANESS WITH A SPEAR!

DDK:

OH, NO! NO! URIEL CORTEZ WAS AIMING FOR ALVARO WITH THAT SPEAR, BUT HE CATCHES TITANESS! HE HITS HIS OWN FIANCE ON ACCIDENT!

Cortez starts to get up and looks horrified at what he does, but as this continues, he catches an Abajo Vas running knee strike by Alvaro on the outside!

Lance:

Abajo Vas! But back inside the ring, look!

Minute gets up again and gets to the top rope! He tries another dive, but Mason Luck moves this time! Minute rolls out of the move!

DDK:

Incredible! Minute misses Minutiae, but rolls through to his feet!

He then tries to run back but when he leaps to the ropes... Alvaro rocks Minute with a spinning backfist through the ropes!

DDK:

NO! Navarro misses the cheap shot by ADV from outside!

Mason then grabs Minute with a face claw while tagging Max! He SPIKES Minute into the mat with a vicious Winning Hand Slam... then picks him up!

Max Luck grins as Mason sets up Minute for a powerbomb, then Max grabs the Winning Hand... Winning Hand/Powerbomb combo!

Lance:

Now what are the twins doing?

DDK:

OOOOH! They took The House's old finisher and mixed it with their own call this! They call that move SEVEN STARS!

The Faithful jeer LOUDLY as Max hooks the leg when Alvaro comes in!

ONE!

Uriel panics between what just happened to Titaness and the ring!

TWO!

Uriel tries to get in and save things... but Alvaro grabs him by the neck to keep him from break

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The match is over and Better Future ends things with their hands raised! Alvaro heads into the ring to join Mason and Max in celebration! Hector Navarro gets shoved out of the way so The Cocky Cuban can stand between the twins to raise one another's arms in triumph!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS! THE LUCKY SEVENS! BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY!**

DDK:

What a six-person tag we just saw... but in the end, Better Future takes advantage of that massive mistake by Uriel Cortez. Cortez was seeing red with Alvaro all match long and after all that...

The replay goes back to show what happened through the match with Alvaro taunting Uriel and laughing about it. Then when Uriel has a shot... Alvaro moves and he runs into Titaness on the outside with a huge spear!

Back to the outside. Uriel grabs Minute and helps him out of the ring, then goes to check on Titaness. Alvaro laughs and waves at the trio.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Adiós, pendejos!

An angered Cortez kicks the barricade in frustration as he helps carry Minute. Titaness is still on the ground favoring her ribs, but when Uriel tries to go to her... she rolls away from him.

Lance:

That was clearly an accident, but Titaness has made it no secret in the last few weeks, she wasn't happy with how Uriel helped bring her old rival back. She was really put off early on when Mace came out here to keep Ophelia Sykes from interfering at ringside.

DDK:

Trouble in paradise, maybe?

Lance:

I'm not a tabloid, so I won't speculate any further... what matters right now... Better Future scored a MASSIVE win here at DEFCON! Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens looked as dominant as they ever have. That Seven Stars finisher is the newest weapon in the arsenal of the twin giants! And that's scary.

Mason Luck and Max Luck both raise the Winning Claw hands in the air while Alvaro basks in the hatred from the crowd on the middle buckle.

DDK:

The Better Future have really started to make good lately on their top-level potential! I shudder to think what's next for whatever Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens.

Lance:

We don't know Tom Morrow's condition after that beating he took from Jack Mace... but we do know Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens are just going to continue doing whatever they want regardless. And that does not bode well for anyone.

Alvaro, Mason and Max leave the ring and head back up the ramp to enjoy the massive win! The seven-foot twins are crowing for the camera.

Mason Luck:

SEVEN!!! STARS!!! YOU'RE WELCOME, DEFCON!!!

Max Luck:

THAT WAS YOUR BEATDOWN OF THE NIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!! WE THANK YOU!!! TOM MORROW THANKS YOU!!!

Alvaro puts an arm around each of the twins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

TEAM SEVEN STAR, PENDEJOS! SIETE ESTRELLAS!

Meanwhile, the disappointed Uriel Cortez helps Minute while Titaness is now finally starting to get up under her own power, albeit favoring her ribs. Uriel tries to help her, but she limps away, very unhappy at the moment.

DDK:

That last match was insane, but we still have two more to get to tonight. No doubt The Lucky Sevens may have an eye on the Unified Tag Team Title match tonight... but coming up shortly, the Southern Heritage Title will be hung up on a ladder! Scrow defends the coveted championship against Arthur Pleasant and Rezin!

Ads continue to play for upcoming events as the show moves on.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: SCROW Â© vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. REZIN

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, over the course of these past two evenings, DEFCON has shaped out to be the monumental event we all anticipated! But even as Night Two draws to a close, the action is only bound to ramp up from here on out! The stakes will be greater than ever, with the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship ON THE LINE in a triple threat ladder match!

Lance:

The champion Scrow has held onto that belt for exactly half a year on this date when he took it from Matt LaCroix at Acts of DEFIANCE. Some would say he's been evasive when it comes to putting the title on the line, but be as it may, the Raven's Eye has successfully defended his championship reign with every encounter.

DDK:

But that may all change tonight, as the Favoured Saints have forced the champion's hand in defending the belt against two of his hungriest competitors yet! The sociopathic sadist Arthur Pleasant, and the almost equally deranged "Escape Artist" Rezin!

Lance:

Scrow thwarted Rezin's challenge in their last outing, but who's to say what will happen with the newly christened "Plaguebeast" thrown into the mix?

DDK:

And with the Southern Heritage Title suspended over the ring, for any one of them to take? I can't make any predictions as to what will happen, but one thing for certain is: it *will* be chaotic! Let's go to the ring now, where Darren Quimbey is standing by!

The house lights slowly dim, washing the DEF Arena in darkness. Eerie, polyphonic chanting begins pumping through the PA.

♪ ["Requiem: II Kyrie" by György Ligeti](#) ♪

On the DEF IATron appears a LADDER, standing erect like a monolith in the middle of a barren wasteland. At the base, a number of ape-men run their hands up, down, and across the steps and side rails with an almost primitive level of fanaticism.

"Since the Dawn of Man, intelligent life has always aspired to climb to greater heights."

Cut to their POV, looking up to the flat top of the ladder in perfect alignment with the moon eclipsing the sun.

"Within us, there has always been the unspoken, unwavering desire to reach for the heavens, as though they promised 'Immortality' for the righteous few that could ascend above all others."

Back to the ape-men, divided into warring tribes of black and brown, roaring for blood and carnage as they wail into each other with clubs of bone.

DDK:

Do we call this 2022: A DEFIANCE Odyssey?

"Try as we might, for a humble many, gravity keeps us confined to the Earth. Confined to the everyday reality from which we create law and order."

The obelisk-like ladder shudders and rumbles. Plumes of smoke and fire emerge from its base, as if an immense explosion were in the process of happening.

"But the daring few of us that manage to ESCAPE that gravity know what truly lies out there, and it ain't 'Immortality'."

Propelled like a rocket, the ladder LIFTS OFF the ground and shoots up into the night sky.

"Only Oblivion."

The sky splits open and streaks of light and color fly by in psychedelic splendor as the ladder propels itself through the furthest reaches of space and time.

"Whatever goes up, regardless of how HIGH, it must inevitably negotiate with that gravity in order to find their way back down. Otherwise, there's only one place to go..."

BLACK...

[!\[\]\(cf531ed27e91483460120fcc057b3901_img.jpg\) "Into the Void \(Black Sabbath Cover\)" by Exhorder !\[\]\(34fde9b7c74442c0438f550a41236260_img.jpg\)](#)

The crowd ROARS as New Orleans' own masters of groove metal pay head-banging tribute to classic Sabbath, and a sole spotlight hits a mezzanine-level entry-way out in the crowd...

DDK:

Who is that up there?! Could it be...?

Standing there is REZIN, joint in his mouth and ladder draped over his shoulder. The Faithful go wild!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

LISTEN to the ovation for the arrival of "the Escape Artist" REZIN!!

Lance:

And it would appear he brought a friend.

Lugging the ladder and puffing away at the spliff, Rezin descends the steps down to the ringside floor. He allows the fans to clap him on the back and shoulders while his focus never wavers from the ring.

*"Rocket engines burning fuel so fast
Up into the night sky they blast
Through the universe the engines whine
Could it be the end of man and time?"*

The crowd parts like the red sea as he reaches the floor level and advances to the barricade. Rather than climbing over it the traditional way, he stands up the ladder and props it open right over the railing.

*"Back on earth the flame of life burns low
Everywhere is misery and woe
Pollution kills the air, the land and sea
Man prepares to meet his destiny, yeah!"*

Rezin scales to the top and takes a moment to DEFIANTly pump his fist over the throngs of screaming Faithful! His gesture is answered with a sea of hundreds of likewise clenched fists from the fans!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

Despite all initial expectations held against him when he first arrived as part of the Kabal, Rezin has emerged as a breakout DEFIANT over the course of the past couple years!

Lance:

Tonight could be a potentially starmaking moment for the Escape Artist, should he climb to the heights of the Southern Heritage Championship.

The Goat Bastard begins to climb down the other side... but the shift in weight causes the ladder to teeter!

DDK:

Uh-oh, LOOKOUT!

Rezin bails at the last second and takes a tumble on the floor mats right before the ladder falls over and lands flat beside him!

The Escape Artist bursts back onto his feet before angrily yanks the ladder back up and harshly reprimands it for tipping over. The crowd gets loud, anticipating a FIGHT between these natural rivals... but Rezin thinks better of it before leaving it standing at ringside and sliding himself under the ropes to enter the ring.

DDK:

The ring crew is taking the ladder back to the top of the entranceway. It's probably a good idea, it's already Ladder 1 Rezin 0.

♪ "Plagues of Babylon" by Iced Earth ♪

The heavy drums and raging strum of a guitar echo throughout the DEFplex. Its cadence is slow and methodical. The fans are not quite sure what to think of this until the DEF...

P L A G U E B E A S T

... and then the boo's come raining down like a great monsoon of hatred.

Dragging his billhook machete by the handle, the curved top of the blade scrapes against the metal flooring, creating sparks. As soon as Pleasant makes it to the center stage area, Pleasant lifts the machete up and over his shoulder. Pointing toward the ring, Pleasant slowly begins making his way down to the ring.

Pleasant places the machete against the post and slithers into the ring like a snake ready to strike.

♪ "Cold Steel Coffin {feat Rena}" by Falkkone ♪

Hive is the first to emerge from the curtain in black leather boots and leather pants, a Black Kabal Shirt available on E-fedTees tied in a knot under her chest. She has a Kabal leather jacket with a venom design with tentacles grabbing mutant-like hornets. The "muscle" for Scrow stands in front of the ladder with her arms crossed the vocals near the end. Just as the metal kicks in Scrow steps from behind the curtain in black leather trunks, shin pads and boots each with a bird like design on them. His Kabal leather jacket with the same design as Hive only in place of hornets is Ravens.

The champ comes out with his traditional face paint. The Faithful jeer loudly for the champion as he looks in the ring for a second then climbs the ladder reaching the top he nails his Scarecrow pose as pyro erupts behind him, with an ominous view of the duo. Arthur and Rezin just stare at the champ. Scrow looks toward the ring and his championship belt high above the ring. With a brief grit of his teeth he descends the ladder. He follows the lead of Minvera to the ring. Before hopping on the apron and looking out into the fans with disgust before entering the ring and staring at the two jackals wanting what he has. Hive whispers a few things in Scrow's ear before taking his jacket with her to ringside.

Lance:

Scrow was not happy with being forced into this match here tonight. It was either this or watch Arthur and Rezin battle over his Southern Heritage Championship.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a LADDER MATCH for the Southern Heritage Championship of DEFIANCE! The first competitor to retrieve the championship belt from its place suspended above the ring will be declared the winner and champion!

He gestures to Rezin.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... here is "THE ESCAPE ARTIST"... REEEEEEEZZIIIIIIINN!!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

The crowd pops loudly in support of the Goat Bastard, who simply nods confidently as he continues to pace restlessly in his corner looking between his two opponents. Quimbey gestures to Pleasant.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, hailing from Utqiavik, Alaska, and weighing in at two-hundred and twenty pounds... he is "THE PLAGUEBRINGER"... AAARTHURRR PLEEEAAASAAANNNT!!!

Arthur raises a fist.

Darren Quimbey:

And finally, REAP-resenting the Kabal... he hails from the Fields of Torment, and weighs in at one-hundred and ninety-eight pounds... he is the reigning Southern Heritage Champion of DEFIANCE... "THE RAVEN'S EYE"... SSSSSSCRRROOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!

All three men look ready to burst out of their corners. Rezin, practically frothing at the mouth, points to either opponent, fielding crowd reactions to decide who he should go after first. Without further ado, the ref gives the cue to the timekeeper to ring the bell.

DING DING

Rezin immediately hops out of the ring. Arthur and Scrow are dumbstruck as the Goat Bastard cackles with glee.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

The Faithful can't help but cheer as he crows and prances around the ringside area while Pleasant and Scrow glare at him from inside the ring.

DDK:

And right at the start, it looks like Rezin is going to make Pleasant and Scrow duke it out between each other!

Lance:

Textbook Goat Bastard! It may not be the most heroic move, but given who he's facing, I feel that few would complain.

Rezin stalks the ringside area, continuing to taunt Pleasant and Scrow while working up the crowd. Scrow appeals to Slater, but the official makes it clear his hands are tied. While the champion argues, Arthur sees his window of opportunity...

DDK:

And Scrow gets PEARL HARBORED by Arthur!

Lance:

Never turn your back on a rabid animal like Pleasant.

Arthur savagely stomps the SOHER's head, neck, and shoulders to leave him stunned before dragging him to his feet and sending him into the ropes. But Scrow DUCKS a roaring elbow on the return and counters with a Bicycle Knee strike that floors Pleasant! Scrow returns the favor, delivering sharp kicks from his heel to Arthur's head and face.

DDK:

Now Scrow gets his licks in, reminding Arthur just why he's the Southern Heritage Champion! He can be just as violent and unhinged!

Lance:

Not only is trying to defend his championship, but I am sure he is dead set on proving to everyone here tonight that he hasn't in any way lost his edge.

Still outside the ring, Rezin is reacting to the unfolding action with exaggerated fervor. Scrow beckons Pleasant to get up, and Arthur obliges by soaking up a couple boots as he gets to his knee... and blatantly goes for below the belt!

DDK:

Arthur with a LOW BLOW--but SCROW BLOCKS IT when he sees it coming! The SOHER shakes his head...

Lance:

Big mistake!

DDK:

And Pleasant RAKES THE EYES in desperation!

Scrow reels in agony as Arthur books it to his feet and shoulder tackles the champion into the corner. Pleasant runs to the other end for some distance and comes charging at Scrow in the corner...

Lance:

Rezin is looking for round 2 with that ladder at the entranceway.

DDK:

Well, the two psychopaths are too busy beating the hell out of each other to notice.

...but suddenly TRIPS when a ladder slides its way into the ring.

DDK:

REZIN with the LADDER! Pleasant is OFF BALANCE... and he CRASHES into the turnbuckles as Scrow dives to the side!

Pleasant backpedals off the turnbuckles, and Scrow finds the opportunity to slip behind him and lift him onto his shoulders in the Argentine backbreaker position. The champion takes two steps back to get to the center of the ring, but on the outside, Rezin twists the ladder onto its side and pulls it into the back of Scrow's knees!

DDK:

Rezin SWEEPS THE LEGS, JOHNNY, and down goes Scrow with Arthur Pleasant on top!

Rezin:

HA-HAAA HAHAAAAHA!!!

Rezin cackles in triumph upon seeing the results of his mischief and ESCAPES over to the other side of the ring before he can be noticed. On the canvas, Scrow and Pleasant are pulling themselves to their feet while trading chops and forearm strikes. As they get their footing, the strikes become kicks.

DDK:

Muay Thai Kick by Pleasant, right to the face of the SOHER and leaving him teetering... and Scrow responds with a HOOK KICK to Arthur's jaw! Now Scrow is clutching his THROAT!

Lance:

Don't be deceived... he's not choking!

DDK:

NO!! Arthur Pleasant quickly plants a hand over the mouth to stuff it shut, and he FORCES the Southern Heritage Champion to swallow down his own Yellow Mist!

Scrow's eyes water as Pleasant grabs a handful of hair and legsweeps the champion back-first onto the ladder! The SOHER groans and gags on Yellow Mist as he contorts on the mat in agony. Finally with a moment to himself, Pleasant picks up the ladder and stands it up.

Lance:

Pleasant is making his move, though it may be too early.

DDK:

But there's only one way this type of match can end, and it happens fifteen feet above the canvas!

Pleasant has the ladder positioned under the belt before turning his attention back to the champion, slowly working his way back up. Scrow is up to a knee when Arthur runs himself into the ropes and nearly decapitates him with a Buzzsaw Kick.

DDK:

Pleasant with the NARCOLEPSY!! The Southern Heritage Champion is out like a LIGHT, and the Provocateur now has a clear path straight to the title!

The maniacal grin is etched on Pleasant's face as he begins his climb up the ladder. The Faithful are screaming in protest, but he has no problem reaching the top and getting his hands on a belt. Then a voice calling out to him gets his attention.

YO, PISS-ANT!

DDK:

IT'S REZIN!!

And he's somehow suddenly perched upon the top rope, with a maniacal grin of his own. Pleasant's face fills with dread.

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

Rezin with the MISSILE DROPKICK into the LADDER, sending it TOPPLING OVER and Arthur Pleasant crashing HARD into the canvas!

Lance:

There couldn't have been a more perfect moment for the Escape Artist to jump right into the thick of things.

DDK:

These fans are going crazy right now as Rezin finally makes his presence known in this match, and now he has both of these men--men who have made his life a HELL these past few months--right where he wants them!

Rezin paces around the ring, braying and cackling while the livid crowd continues to cheer him on. Pleasant is pushing

himself off the mat, and behind him, Scrow is using the ropes to get to his feet. Rezin takes a bounce off the ropes and puts himself into motion, going AIRBORNE after sticking both feet into Pleasant's back and using him as a vault!

DDK:

PROVOCATEUR-ASSISTED SPRINGBOARD REZINRANA ON SCROW!! And the Southern Heritage was sent THROUGH THE ROPEs to the outside!

Lance:

I guess that's two birds with one stone...r?

DDK:

Nyuk nyuk, Lance.

Pleasant has crawled his way over to a corner to catch his breath, but immediately regrets it when Rezin picks up the ladder...

Rezin:

...you wanna play with FIRE, little boy?

He proceeds to use it like a BATTERING RAM right into the chest of the defenseless Provocateur!

Rezin:

Well then LET'S FIRE THIS SHIT UP!

Rezin SMASHES HIM hard... again... again... AGAIN... AGAIN!

Rezin:

LET'S! FIRE! IT! UP! YOU! FUCK! ING! TRY! HARD!

Pleasant's arms have fallen to his sides, and now the relentless ladder shots connect to his exposed mug! A camera close-up of his face gets a glimpse of a trickle of blood running down the side of his head, before it disappears beneath YET ANOTHER straight shot from the ladder!

DDK:

This is some uncharacteristic savagery we're seeing out of Rezin!

Lance:

This beating has been a long time coming. Let's also not forget that Rezin was originally brought to DEFIANCE by fellow psycho Stalker. Could just be we haven't even yet seen how savage the Goat Bastard can truly be when properly motivated.

DDK:

If that's the case, then Arthur Pleasant may have inadvertently opened a Pandora's Box when he sliced open Rezin weeks ago!

Pleasant slumps lower on the mat. Rezin turns the ladder around and uses the heel of his boot to pry Arthur's jaw open before jamming the square leg of the steel ladder right into his MOUTH!

DDK:

GOOD GOD!! What is he DOING?! He could break his neck, or permanently damage his voice box!

Lance:

Can't say I'd hate to see that second outcome.

Grinning diabolically over his prey, Rezin's foot pushes down on the bottom step of the ladder, pushing it further into

Arthur's throat. Pleasant throws up his hands, begging him not to stomp down on it. Having him pinned down and at his mercy, Rezin reaches into the backside of his pants...

Lance:

What is Rezin pulling out there?

DDK:

I think he brought a WEAPON with him! Some tit for tat, given Arthur has "Chuck" in his own corner!

Dean's speculation is right on the money, as Rezin pulls out of his pants and holds high over his head a MACHETE...

...Kills bluray disk.

GROOOAAANN~!!

DDK:

...WHAT?!

Lance:

Not quite the "machete" we were all expecting, unfortunately. Although one *could* argue that Danny Trejo's ice-cold stare is just as dangerous a weapon as anything else.

Rezin threads the spindle hole of the bluray on his middle finger before throwing the ladder aside and dropping his fist directly into Pleasant's bleeding face. The disc shatters to pieces as the Goat Bastard continues to relentlessly bury his knuckles into Arthur's face with blow after bloody blow!

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant tried to send a message to DEFIANCE when he sliced open the Escape Artist's forehead, but tonight, Rezin is responding with a message of his own!

Lance:

And that message is pretty clear: Hell's Favorite Hoosier can give back just as much as he can take, if not more.

DDK:

Rezin is now stomping a mudhole into Arthur Pleasant, and the Faithful are going CRAZY watching the Provocateur get his comeuppance! But he'll eventually need to make for the ladder if he hopes to--wait, SCROW ON THE APRON!

SMACK!

DDK:

RAVEN'S CALL OVER THE TOP ROPE!! The unsuspecting Escape Artist TURNED RIGHT INTO IT!

Scrow spits a yellow loogie onto Rezin, before turning to the bloodied Pleasant. The crowd noise deflates into disappointment as Rezin's eyes roll back and he falls flat onto his back. The Southern Heritage Champion CROWS in triumph before stepping through the ropes to reenter the ring.

Lance:

It was the champion's turn this time to perform a sneak attack. Rezin almost got too carried away with trying to punish Arthur Pleasant, and has paid the price for it.

Still sitting against the bottom turnbuckle, Arthur Pleasant plucks a shard of the bluray disk from his nostril before a sharp KICK from Scrow leaves him stunned on the mat once again. The Raven's Eye now goes for the ladder, setting it up under the belt. Scrow's is still trying to clear his throat from swallowing the yellow mist. He continues to spit yellow saliva from his mouth.

DDK:

Here we go once again! The champion Scrow has a clear shot to make the climb and retrieve his title, and he's wasting no time getting up there!

Lance:

He knows there isn't time to waste in a match like this.

Pleasant lowers his hands from his face, revealing a blood-soaked expression of pure fury. Fueled by his sheer hatred, he works back off the mat and begins climbing up the ladder behind Scrow.

DDK:

Scrow has reached the top, but now Arthur Pleasant is trying to tear him back down to the mat! The SOHER is trying to kick him... but Pleasant catches the LEG, and KEEPS CLIMBING!

Back on the mat, Rezin is slowly coming to and getting to his feet. Back near the top of the ladder, Scrow has no place to go as Pleasant pushes himself up beneath him. The champion desperately claws at the Southern Heritage Title, but his fingertips merely graze it!

DDK:

OH WOW!! BAD PLACE for the CHAMPION! Arthur Pleasant has him OFF THE LADDER and SET PRECARIOUSLY ONTO HIS SHOULDERS!!

Rezin is back on his feet, but has his back to the accident waiting to happen on the ladder behind him. The ladder teeters back and forth as Scrow and Pleasant struggle to maintain their balance.

There's only one way to go... so DOWN they go!

DDK:

Look out for the ELECTRIC CHAIR DROP--NO... Scrow with a POISONRANA FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDER!! BOTH MEN TUMBLE OVER THE ROPES and CRASH TO THE RINGSIDE FLOOR!!

HO-LY-SHUCKS!! HO-LY-SHUCKS!! HO-LY-SHUCKS!! HO-LY-SHUCKS!!

Hive eyes widen as she looks at the train wreck of Scrow and Pleasant lying in a heap on the ringside floor. Meanwhile, in the ring, another scene unfolds: The ladder is tipped onto two legs and falling in slow motion... right when Rezin turns around.

BONK!!

Rezin DROPS as if being shot after the free-falling ladder bounces off his face. Miraculously, the ladder returns upright on its base. Rezin immediately scrambles to his feet, and looks ENRAGED as he stares down the ladder...

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

...seriously?

Lance:

This is the REAL fight people came to see, Lance! What is that now Ladder 2 Rezin 0?

Rezin goes into motion off the ropes and connects with a DROPKICK into the ladder! The ladder tips over off the impact... and bounces back off the top rope, popping Rezin in the nose! The Goat Bastard ROARS in fury and tears at his skull!

DDK:

He's being bested by a LADDER right now! SERIOUSLY!

Rezin tosses the ladder into a corner and runs in after it... but after gravity causes it to fall out of the way, his diving splash tragically hits nothing but turnbuckles! The Escape Artist stumbles backwards off the impact, then gets his legs tangled between the steps of the ladder and gets rolled right off his feet.

DDK:

You don't wrestle the ladder in a ladder match; you CLIMB IT, you fool!

Lance:

I think... they just need to have it out? Maybe it will help bring them to a mutual understanding?

DDK:

What are you talking about? It's a LADDER! It's an INANIMATE OBJECT!

Lance:

I know, Keebs. I'm just trying to explain how Rezin's mind works. Or at least how I *think* it works.

DDK:

I don't think there is any explanation needed... this is just INSANITY!

THIS-IS-PUNK-ROCK!!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

THIS-IS-PUNK-ROCK!!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

THIS-IS-PUNK-ROCK!!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

Rezin and the ladder continue to tumble endlessly from one corner of the ring to the next, until the Goat Bastard finally ends back on his feet, with his head and hands stuck in the openings as if he were locked into a pillory. He shakes furiously, but cannot free himself. Arthur and Scrow have managed to recover and are watching Rezin actually wrestling a ladder. Hive quickly low blows Arthur, dropping the Plaguebeast to the floor. She points in the ring at Rezin.

DDK:

We knew Minerva would get involved, she has Arthur taken out momentarily. Look alive! Scrow is back with it, and coming back into the ring!

The SOHER charges, trying to blindside Rezin, but as the Goat Bastard turns around...

BONK!!

Lance:

Heads up!

The end of the ladder tags him in the face and knocks him to the mat! Pleasant, who has managed to recover, rolls in from the other side. Again, Rezin twirls around, and again...

BONK!!

...the ladder connects, and Arthur sprawls to the canvas clutching his face! A devious smile forms on the Goat Bastard's face as he realizes he has an unlikely weapon on his shoulders.

DDK:

I guess they worked out their differences, or whatever, because suddenly Rezin and the ladder are working together in perfect harmony! Minerva is pacing back and forth, she may not show it but she is not happy how this is going.

Lance:

It's certainly an innovative use of that ladder as a weapon.

DDK:

Pleasant and Scrow are getting back to their feet... but here comes Rezin--DOUBLE LARIAT WITH THE LADDER sends them OVER THE TOP ROPE and onto the apron!

Scrow and Pleasant cling to the ropes to prevent falling to the floor, and Rezin backs up for distance. He charges at them with the ladder again, but gets STOPPED in his tracks when the two men on the apron throw up their hands and catch the ends of the ladder in unison!

DDK:

They saw it coming this time!

Lance:

Rezin is truly trapped this time.

Pleasant and Scrow look at each other. They nod. Rezin's eyes feverishly dart back and forth before he realizes the grim truth of what's about to happen.

Rezin:

...o damb.

Scrow and Arthur simultaneously hop off the apron, yanking either end of the ladder down with them! Rezin is GARROTTED across the top rope as his head and hands are viciously pulled free from the ladder! He's left writhing on the canvas, clutching his throat and gasping for air.

Lance:

Well... that's *one* way to get out of that situation.

On the ringside floor, Scrow and Pleasant look to each other once again, finding themselves on either end of the ladder... and an aggressive tug of war commences! Minerva is looking to get involved again.

Lance:

Arthur is about to get another nut shot here.

Just as she is in striking distance. Arthur releases the ladder and turns toward Hive, caught mid motion. He catches her foot, He spins her around and atomic drops her, as she unwillingly is flipped into the crowd. Arthur smirks but as he turns around.

DDK:

PLEASANT TAKES A MOUTH FULL OFF LADDER!

Scrow shouts a few obscenities to Arthur but has not noticed Rezin on the top rope.

Lance:

REZINASAULT! OFF THE TOP ROPE!

Rezin and Scrow are the buns to the Ladder sandwich both men suffer from the effects of the ladder smashed into the ribs.

THIS-IS-PUNK-ROCK!!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

THIS-IS-PUNK-ROCK!!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

THIS-IS-PUNK-ROCK!!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!

DDK:

My God what a move by the Escape Artist! Arthur is spitting up blood, but it looks like he sees his opportunity here.

The PlagueBeast throws a draped Rezin off the ladder. He picks the ladder up and with the top of it for good measure drives it down into Rezin's chest then Scrow's. He slides the ladder into the ring.

Lance:

Not this man please not Arthur Pleasant!

Arthur slowly sets the ladder up, he begins to climb the ladder...rung by...rung...

DDK:

Arthur is in hands reach off the belt! Wait a minute! HIVE IS IN THE RING! SHE JUST PUSHED THE LADDER INTO THE ROPES!

Arthur straddles the top rope, the only thing white on his crimson dawned face mask is his eyeballs popping out of his head. Minerva knocks the ladder down, folding it up and shoving it out of the ring quickly following it.

Lance:

Minerva is making sure that Arthur is not taking that title. Funny I thought she would be more with making sure Rezin doesn't come close to it.

Speaking of Rezin he has managed to get back in the ring, and notices Arthur in an unpleasant situation. The wheels start turning on the Escape Artist. With a brief smile and Arthur shaking his head quickly. Rezin does his best impression of the Ultimate Warrior, until Arthur tumbles off the top rope and falls to the outside holding his manhood. Rezin is hyping up the crowd now. But for some reason Scrow has a chair and is slamming it into the ladder over and over. This catches the Goat Bastards attention.

DDK:

What in the hell is Scrow doing, is...is...HE now fighting the ladder?

Lance:

Well, I would say I am surprised, but all three of these men I think are crazy in their own sick ways.

Rezin continues to watch Scrow bend the hell out of that chair on the ladder. Now cheering on his former friend. Scrow has slammed the chair into the ladder so much that its bent into a L shape now. He tosses the chair beside the ladder breathing heavily down at the ladder. He then looks back in the ring at Rezin. His smile goes away and now is ready for a fight.

DDK:

Here we go round 2 for Scrow Vs Rezin!

The two go at it with a flurry of the respective best punches and chops. Leading to Rezin backing Scrow into the ropes, but before he can get his next punch off Scrow gets in a back hand that knocks Rezin down to the mat. Rezin hops to his feet and Scrow quickly clips Rezin in the leg! Hive shoves the ladder back in the ring. Scrow pulls the ladder over and rams the top of it repeatedly into the knee of Rezin!

Scrow:

IS THAT PUNK ROCK ENOUGH FOR YOU?

Rezin tries to crawl to the ropes and Scrow slams the ladder into the back of his knee once more. He tosses the ladder and pulls Rezin to his feet as he hobbles around on one foot. He lifts him up and bodyslams his legs first onto the

ladder! Without and wasted time he sticks Rezin's bad leg into the ladder and continues to stomp the ladder smashing Rezin's knee over and over between the ladder.

Scrow:

Oh it's not over yet sweetness.

DDK:

What the hell is Scrow doing? He has put Rezin in the middle of the ladder?

Scrow slams the top of the ladder on top of Rezin's back and grabs his bad knee through the hole in the ladder applying a half crab.

Scrow:

Scrow is gonna make sure he wins his bet with the ladder beating your dumbass!

Lance:

Rezin is in alot of pain here folks his knee is being bent into that steel.

DDK:

Oh...no just when you thought this could not get any worse Arthur is back in the ring!....AND HE IS STOMPING ON THE FOOT OF THE LADDER!

With Rezin in a submission and being compressed like a waffle in a waffle iron. The two psychopaths put aside their differences just to relish in the misery of Rezin.

DDK:

Rezin is in a bad spot right now.

Lance:

Arthur just clotheslined Scrow!

The back of Scrow's head slams against the ladder. Arthur laughs for a moment then pulls Scrow off the ladder.

DDK:

POWERBOMB ON THE LADDER!

Scrow arches his back in pain. Arthur continues to laugh at the misery of not only Scrow but Rezin who is still stuck between both parts of the ladder. The Plague Beast positions Scrow to lay flat on the ladder. The fans cheer in excitement as Arthur climbs to the top rope.

DDK:

SPLASH FROM THE TOP ROPE!

Scrow and Rezin are compressed from the ladder. Minerva paces once more. Scrow falls off the ladder and Rezin looks like he is floating on the water on his back still in between the ladder. Arthur fights the impact on his body from the splash, and pulls Rezin's prone body out of the ladder. Scrow rolls out of the ring, Arthur continues to move furniture around. He exits the ring and moves to the front of the entranceway and pulls out a table and sets it up to the "ooos and awwws" of The Faithful.

DDK:

Evil thoughts are spinning in that man's mind right now.

He pulls out a bottle of lighter fluid and drenches the table with it. Then lights a match, and laughs sadistically at the burning table.

Lance:

My God what is he planning to do now?

Arthur slides in the ring and moves the ladder near the ropes. He seems to not care about the title for the moment. He picks up Rezin and lifts him over his shoulders.

DDK:

I don't like this Lance, ARTHUR IS CLIMBING THE LADDER WITH REZIN ON HIS SHOULDERS!

Lance:

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER OFF THE LADDER INTO THAT FLAMING TABLE OUTSIDE THE RING! ARE YOU KIDDING ME GET SOMEONE OUT HERE NOW!

HOLY SHIT....HOLY SHIT.....HOLY SHIT!!

Rezin engulfed most of the flames on impact, as he lay in the remains of the table. Arthur admires his handiwork, as DEF Medical rush to the scene to quickly put out the flames still remaining and assist Rezin.

DDK:

Rezin is being assisted out of here on a stretcher. The gull of Pleasant to go that far!

Lance:

All three men have taken a beating here, and the fans here love every minute of it.

Scrow has been coughing a awful lot since Arthur took out Rezin. The two psychopaths go at it, but Scrow clearly is struggling to breath as Arthur continues to unload on the champion.

DDK:

I am starting to think some of that yellow mist Arthur forced Scrow to swallow may have finally reached his lungs. Scrow is looking like he is in a very bad position right now.

Arthur quickly knocks Scrow down to the mat. He looks up at the belt and Scrow gagging. He sets the ladder up but seems to be struggling to make a decision. He looks over at Hive with a sick smile.

Arthur Pleasant:

I am gonna take away your meal ticket bitch!

Arthur grabs Scrow and locks in a sleeper and applies so much pressure, Scrow can barely keep his eyes open. Hive looks stoic but if you can read her eyes it's a sign of concern. Scrow goes limp.

DDK:

Arthur has Scrow put to sleep! NO ONE but Hive is left to stop Arthur from becoming a champion!

Arthur climbs the ladder facing Minerva, who has no idea what to do. Rung...by.....rung, Arthur keeps his eyes on Minerva.

Lance:

Arthur is gonna get the belt!

The Faithful jump to their feet! Streaking down the rampway is REZIN, burnt and bleeding everywhere, screaming like a banshee with the stretcher held up OVER HIS HEAD!

DDK:

REZIN IS BACK!!

The Escape Artist reaches the ring and with stoner-human strength, manages to LAUNCH the stretcher off his shoulders like a torpedo! In CONNECTS with Arthur's chest, sending him crashing off the mat and lying trapped beneath it!

DDK:

REZIN JUST KNOCKED ARTHUR FROM THE LADDER WITH THAT STRETCHER!

Arthur gasps for breath holding his throat as he tumbles out of the ring.

DDK:

NOW REZIN IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT!

The Goat Bastard with a Faithful on their feet starts to climb the ladder....

DDK:

CLIMB IT REZIN IT'S ALL YOURS NOW!

Rezin begins his ascent, but suddenly Scrow who can barely breath is making his way up on the other side.

Lance:

It looks like it's coming down to who wants it more. Both men are neck and neck with each other.

DDK:

They are now fighting on top of the ladder!

With each blow, the crowd exhales in excitement as one looks to fall from each other's blow. Over and Over and Over. Rezin gets the advantage as he slams Scrow's face into the top of the ladder. The champ slumps over the top of the ladder. Rezin reaches and just has to unhook the belt now.

DDK:

SCROW WITH SOME SORT OF BLOOD MIST! REZIN FALLS OFF THE LADDER!

Scrow with a mouth covered in blood, reaches for his belt and unhooks it and slumps over the ladder.

♪ "Cold Steel Coffin {feat Rena}" by Falkkone ♪ {after vocals}

Darren Quimbey:

THE WINNER OF THE MATCH AND STILL THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...."THE RAVEN'S EYE"....SCROOOWWW!

DDK:

Scrow managed to survive here, in probably the greatest challenge of his tenure as champion thus far!

Lance:

What a match!

Scrow tumbles off the ladder, with the belt clutched in his firm grasp. Minerva slides in the ring to help Scrow to his feet, to a chorus of jeers but with a standing ovation as well. Scrow raises the belt over his head, still gasping for air. He is helped out of the ring by Hive. As they make their exit the camera shows Rezin, his face covered in blood and in a bit of shock, as he watches his former Kabal member leave with his championship. His shock turns a bit towards a nod of respect toward his adversary.

SATURDAYS ARE FOR THE BOYS

Backstage where Christie Zane stands in front of a banner that features the red Fist of DEFIANCE logo. Next to her, each brandishing a championship belt are the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, The Saturday Night Specials. The crowd comes alive at the sight of the popular duo, but SNS do not appear to be in a joking mood. Cassidy is hopping in place with a look of pure focus as Brock Newbludd tapes his fist with a scowl.

Christie Zane:

We are just MOMENTS away from tonight's main event...

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Christie Zane:

...where The Saturday Night Specials will defend their Unified Tag Team Championship against Malak Garland and Conor Fuse inside a "Safe Space" cell match. Brock... Pat... as cliché as it sounds, never has this question been more appropriate. You are about to wrestle the biggest match of the year in the main event of DEFCON against one of the most slippery snakes this promotion has ever seen along with perhaps THE most popular wrestler on the roster... so: where's your head at?

The mic goes to Brock Newbludd.

The mic goes to Brock Newbludd, and Milwaukee's Best gives her a devilish smirk as he raises one of his freshly taped fists up.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, we're good, Christie. In fact, we're better than good. We're fan-fuckin'-tastic. And why wouldn't we be? Not only do we get to tear down the house in the biggest main event of the year, but we get to bring it down right on top of Malak Garland's head. Call him what you want...slippery snake...greasy turd...Karen...either way that's all coming to an end here tonight. This is the end of the road for Malak, and there's nowhere left for him to hide. It won't be pretty, Christie, in fact, it's probably going to be pretty fuckin' brutal. Malak Garland deserves nothing less than the beating of a lifetime, and there's nobody better suited to dish it out than The Saturday Night Specials.

Christie Zane:

And what about the "Safe Space" stipulation? While no one is really sure what it is, it's clearly going to favor Malak since he requested it.

Brock Newbludd:

That's simple, Christie. There will be no such thing as a "safe space" for Malak as soon as that bell rings. Whatever obstacles he throws at us, we'll overcome them. Why? Because we're the best, and this gold right here proves it. The Comments Section might walk down the aisle and enter their "safe space" to start the night, but they'll be ending it face down on the mat inside of their own personal fuckin' nightmare zone.

The fans roar their approval at Brock's promise. Christie turns away from The Milwaukee Made Man to his partner in crime, Pat Cassidy.

Christie Zane:

And Pat...

Cassidy holds up a hand, cutting the DEFIANCE interviewer off.

Pat Cassidy:

Lemme stop you right there, Christie. There's two men in this match. One of them is the certifiably biggest piece of crap in all DEFIANCE... hell, probably the entire city of New Orleans. Malak Garland: I'm gonna tell you the same thing I tell everyone who feels the need to be a creep around my sister... you're a dead man walking. But the other man...

well, he's not in this situation by choice, is he?

A cheer rises up from the distant Lakefront Arena Faithful. Cassidy acknowledges the cheers, and even tilts his head as a chant begins to rise up...

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Cassidy smiles.

Pat Cassidy:

Conor Fuse. Last month, you stormed up to me with... well, there was quite the fucking bee in your little bonnet, wasn't there? I've got to give it to ya. You got under my skin. Well played. I'm sure that was his goal, Christie. Cause he was pissed. And you know what I say?

The smile fades.

Pat Cassidy:

Good. My hope was to light a fire under Conor Fuse's ass, and it looks like I succeeded. Conor, I stand by what I said. I know you're looking forward to getting a shot at me. The feeling's mutual. Beating Malak's ass... that's a family obligation. By pounding on Conor Fuse? Well...

Pat moves in and fist pounds Brock.

Pat Cassidy:

That's just gonna be fun. For almost a year now, Christie... ya boys here have been beating ass, taking names, and defending these belts against all comers. And here we are... moments away from the MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON!!

Another cheer from the Faithful.

Pat Cassidy:

We're gonna be locked inside a cell with two men who have the mistake of PISSING US OFF. And when the dust settles, there's gonna be a hell of a lot of injury, blood, and guts... but you'll still be looking at your tag team champions...

Cassidy takes the mic from Christie, holding into the air for a second to clue in the people that this is their time to chime in. Cassidy and Brock move in so the mic can pick up both their voices, and the people chant along...

The Saturday Night Specials & The Faithful:

YOUR!

SATURDAY!

NIGHT!

SPECIALS!!

Cassidy hands the mic to Christie as the champs move out of frame. Christie looks directly into the camera.

Christie Zane:

Darren, Lance... back to you.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



The scene cuts from the commercial to DDK and Lance Warner standing at the top of the DEFCON entrance.

DDK:

Faithful, we have been grounded in NOLA for a very long time. Make no mistake, THIS is our home.

The crowd cheers.

Lance:

But we are proud to announce there are Faithful from all over the world here tonight!

Big pop.

DDK:

And starting next month we are going to bring DEFIANCE...

Long pause.

DDK:

To all of you!

Another pop!

Lance:

The long awaited return to DEFIANCE ON THE ROAD begins at DEFtv 169.

DDK:

More details will follow soon. We are excited for what this next chapter will bring!

The announcers allow the crowd to build hype for the announcement and eventually the scene switches to the main event hype video.

A SAFE SPACE

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, SAFE SPACE MATCH: SNS Â© vs. MALAK GARLAND & COMMENTS CONOR FUSE

The scene switches to the commentator's table and then the match graphic for the main event. The arena is haywire in anticipation.

DDK:

If we haven't burned this place down already, we're about to.

Lance:

For real? Like The Kabal lair?

DDK:

Maybe.

Lance:

Oh boy.

The lights dim and dark music plays as the SAFE SPACE is lowered from the ceiling. (Think Hell in a Cell with raised platforms on the outside similar to the Elimination Chamber). The cell structure with a reinforced roof reaches the floor. The raised steel platforms extend a good seven feet outside all four corners of the ring. There is one door, at the end of the rampway where two DEFIANCE crew members move steel steps in front of it for the wrestler's to enter. Ring announcer Darren Quimbey stands inside.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON!

Loud pop!

Darren Quimbey:

And it is for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships!

Another pop!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

Lights out.

Long, drawn out silence... other than the stir of The Faithful and iPhones shining brightly...

Voiceover:

Wrestling has only one...

Pause.

Malak Garland: *[voiceover]*

GIANT SNOWFLAKE!

A theme by Downstait begins.

♪ *Adrenaline, on my phone*

Every thought, PTSD

Do it all to feel warm and fuzzzzzy

*Crowd is here, about to know
I DEFY on every show
Very certain, snowflake tights, let's go*

WHOA!!

*My discord said, when I was younger
Use trauma-focused foam*

YEAH!

*I wanna run away, fight another day
Can't take my FOMO*

*Not here to play a game
Just want some easy fame
I built my dep-pod*

*I'm so stressed I'll pee
Shit-posting makes me feel free
I'll troll you to the end*

I am my safe space ♪

The arena is filled in boos as Malak Garland appears from a lift underneath the rampway. He wears a large robe, black and light blue, covered in snowflakes. Instead of being all fired up, Garland looks subdued and sad. He sees the ominous cell structure at the bottom of the rampway and he is simply rattled AF right now. Tears flowing down his face... Malak takes a deep breath and then relaxes. Suddenly, blue pyro EXPLODES behind him and this significantly rattles The Troll King.

DDK:

Malak is a mess.

Lance:

When isn't he?

Garland tries his best to suck it up once more. He gingerly walks down the rampway, staring at the Safe Space which is anything but providing a warm and fuzzy feeling. Snowflakes fall from the rafters and into the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

...One of the challengers. From Cheyenne... Wyoming, weighing in at two-hundred-ten pounds... he is THE AMERICAN SNOWFLAKE, MALAK GARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRLAND!

DDK:

Oh boy.

Following the "downfall" of snow, stardust sprinkles from the rafters and into the crowd. Garland enters the Safe Space, shaking wildly as his theme song closes.

Darren Quimbey:

Everyone, please rise for the Gamer's National Anthem.

The feed switches to outside the arena as a man paces towards the building from far down the road. He sports lime green body armour, complete with a helmet and "arm cannon". Even though this person is facing the opposite direction of the camera, it's more than clear to anyone who plays video games that the gear is similar to Mega Man.

The man marches towards the Lakefront Arena. The street is empty and silent, only his solid steel boots are heard smacking against the cement ground. There are green energy tanks lighting the path for the “robot” to walk.

Audio accompanies the Mega Man as he continues to approach the arena. Sounds of DDK and Lance Warner calling some of the man’s matches.

“SUCCESS! THEY’VE WON THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!”

“WHAT A LEAP OF FAITH... AN UNBELIEVABLE DIVE FROM THE TOP ROPE!”

“WEAPON GET! HE’S USING OSCAR BURNS’ GRAPS OF WRATH!!”

The fans inside the arena rally up, or !RANK up in this case, as it’s MOAR than clear who the announcers are talking about, although his name is never mentioned.

Finally, the figure stands in front of the House of DEFCON.

His arm cannon charges.

He raises it. He tilts his head back.

And the scene cuts to inside the building.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Malak Garland paces back and forth inside the cell. He clearly wants to get on with things, mouthing how “theatrics give him anxiety”... and yet, he just went through his own elaborate entrance.

The anticipation builds.

Until...

[*♪ The Mega Man 5 Intro Plays ♪*](#)

The music accompanies a text/graphic introduction all played out on the DEFlatron. (Click the link above and watch the video to get a better understanding).

IN THE YEAR 20XX AD...

Scene: 8-bit footage of DEFIANT silhouettes surrounding a man in a green bandana.

Scene: explosions in an empty ring going off.

A VICIOUS ARMY OF TROLLS IS BENT ON DESTROYING DEFIANCE!!

Scene: The boy in the green bandana stands alone.

AND BEHIND THIS DESTRUCTION IS...

Scene: 8-bit Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd are captured by what looks to be the boy in the green bandana. He jumps out of the scene with them, flying into the air.

Scene: The green bandana falls from the air, into the hands of Malak Garland.

CONOR FUSE!?

Scene: Switching to a title screen reading MEGA TROLL 2022! and a PRESS START button underneath.

The title screen and music cuts.

[!\[\]\(10f8862fc183b400327470ea85afe9ae_img.jpg\) "Spark Mandrill's Theme Song" from Mega Man X !\[\]\(4ba8d838a2aa5445d51c9dee78fcb0cc_img.jpg\)](#)

Although the crowd booed the thought of Conor Fuse being a bad guy, it's more like they are IN support of him. Once the Mega Man X theme begins, The Faithful stir until the 1:10 mark of the theme song and then a figure is lowered from the rafters. It looks like he's floating but obviously the wires aren't visible. The crowd booms in support as the Mega Man slowly descends. Meanwhile, Malak Garland looks like he's going to vomit and turns to referee Benny Doyle.

Malak Garland:

Did Conor admit he's the bad guy?

Once the Mega Man touches the rampway, he removes his battle helmet.

The Ultimate Gamer
The Power-Up King
The Video Game Kid
The Locker Room Leader

Conor Fuse.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The crowd chants to the beat of the theme music as Conor marches down the pathway with purpose, the ramp lined by others dressed in the same Mega Man inspired battle gear. Fuse reaches ringside, standing in front of the Safe Space. The camera positions itself behind Conor and inside the ring, Malak Garland stands in the center of it, staring coldly at his partner. Fuse takes a deep breath and stomps up the steel steps, through the Safe Space door. Conor leaps over the top rope even in his bulky uniform. When he stands in the middle of the ring, Fuse tilts his head to the rafters and lets out a battle cry to an explosion of lime green pyro behind him.

Darren Quimbey:

Garland's teammate, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is COMMENTS CONOR FUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEE!

Conor starts taking off his armor as the theme song comes to a close.

DDK:

An entrance made for a king. No idea how this match will play out. If Conor and Malak will work together. If they CAN work together. But you know we're going to get Fuse's best effort.

Lance:

He said he would wrestle, in the spirit of sports competition. We also know the history between Fuse and Pat Cassidy... and the wild aftermath of Cassidy calling out Conor and Tyler Fuse's relationship, or lack thereof.

Mega Man armour fully removed, Conor wears his typical throwback ring gear. Lime green tights, shooting sleeve on his left arm and bandana. However, there are hashtag markings in white across all of them, with various online trolling

comments likely from Twitter and the Malak Universe. Most of the comments deal with slandering SNS, however some, just for kicks, take shots at Conor Fuse himself or other DEFIANTS. (Plenty of LT looks like Cher comparisons.)

DDK:

Since Conor Fuse IS a part of The Comments Section... dare I say, for life, this is what you're going to see from here on out.

Lance:

At least he's in green and not white. Feels somewhat normal.

Malak has taken this time to exit the ring and stand on the apron. Conor Fuse is dead center of the squared circle.

Lights out. Again.

The Lakefront Arena is awash in darkness once more. The Faithful begin to flash their cell phone flashlights for the third time and create a sea of stars, but otherwise... the place just stays dark for a good twenty seconds as anticipation builds. Finally...

FLASH!

A spotlight shines down onto one of the upper decks of the arena. The fans roar their approval as they see the figure standing there... The Saturday Night Special's manager and bartender extraordinaire, Davey LaRue! Davey is grinning ear to ear as he holds up a red solo cup with the word "BALLYHOO" running down the side.

FLASH!

A second spotlight at a different corner of the arena... this one reveals Siobhan Cassidy, wearing a Saturday Night Specials t-shirt, and also holding up a Ballyhoo Solo cup!

FLASH!

A third! The pop gets louder, as in a different section, it's "Black Out" Pat Cassidy - dressed to compete and with a tag title draped over his shoulder! He is absolutely electric as he also holds up a Ballyhoo Solo cup.

FLASH!

One more time: "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd, also ready to wrestle and also sporting a championship belt, holds his cup high into the air.

The four members of the Ballyhoo Crew spend a few seconds in their positions, drinks swaying back and forth, until suddenly...

Lance:

Look, Keebs!

Every. Single. Person. In the arena - men, women, and children... pulls out their own "Ballyhoo" red solo cup! Mimicking the Saturday Night Special's pose, they all raise their arms high, holding the cups into the air until the Lakefront Arena is a sea of red!

DDK:

Well Lance...

Cut to the commentating station, where Darren Keebler stands from his seat... and he also has a Ballyhoo cup! He holds it into the air while Lance shakes his head in amusement.

Cut to Brock Newbludd, who is holding a mic.

Brock Newbludd:

Ready!? One... two....

The Saturday Night Specials, Darren Keebler, and the entire arena:

BALLLLLYHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

As The Saturday Night Specials theme kicks into gear, everyone in the arena takes a drink in what might be the biggest group toast in DEFIANCE history!

Lance:

Keeps... we're working!

DDK:

Relax... it's apple juice. It's what they gave the kids.

The split screen shows Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy making their way down the arena steps to the ring, slapping hands and bumping fists as they go.

Darren Quimby:

And their opponents... the reigning DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions... "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd... "Black Out" Pat Cassidy... THE SAAAAATURDAY NIGHT SPEEEEEECIALS!!!!

As the two men continue their way toward the ring, their theme song hits the chorus... and in unison, The Faithful begin to sing along!

The Faithful:

WE ARE HERE!!

TO DRINK YOUR BEER!!!

AND STEAL YOUR RUM AT THE POINT A GUN!

YOUR ALCOHOL!

TO US WILL FALL!!

CAUSE WE ARE HERE TO DRINK YOUR BEER!!

This greatly amuses both Newbludd and Cassidy, who both stop for a moment to acknowledge the people's support. Finally, both men reach the safe space barricade. They walk up the stairs and into the ring, rushing directly into a DEFCON sized fist bump as the people go bananas!! Both men take position on opposite turnbuckles, playing the people, as their theme song fades out.

DDK:

The Lakefront Arena is absolutely electric right now for this main event!

DDK:

I am told this match is one fall to a finish under tornado tag team rules.

Referee Benny Doyle quickly makes his way over to the champions corner and asks for the title belts. The champions unstrap the belts and each man takes a quick second to admire the gold in his hand one final time before handing it over to Doyle. The veteran ref scampers back towards the middle of the ring and raises the titles up high above his head, causing the crowd's roaring to swell.

Lance:

Finally, we find out, under the brightest lights of them all, how this saga between SNS and The Comments Section

ends. Will the champions get retribution for everything that Malak has done to them both in and out of the ring or will Malak's obsession with regaining the title belts at any cost be too much for them?

Doyle keeps the belts held up for a few more seconds before quickly lowering them and running towards the Safe Space door. He hands the titles to Quimbey. Then Doyle, alongside the same two crew members who moved the steel steps in front of the Safe Space initially, proceed to padlock the door.

Malak takes a DEEP gulp and looks at his "teammate".

DDK:

Don't forget about Conor Fuse! He might not like the circumstance that brought him to this main event match but the fact remains he has the chance to leave tonight with a title belt around his waist. I expect Conor to give everything he has tonight, despite being forced to do it by Malak. Gold's gold, partner.

Doyle makes his way to the center of the ring as The Specials' take a couple steps out of their corner and smile menacingly at their opponents, Brock directing his attention towards Malak while Cassidy focuses his intense glare towards Conor. Still reeling from his 'Safe Space' stipulation completely backfiring on him, the red-faced Garland stomps his foot on the mat in anger and points an accusing finger at the champions. Conor, on the other hand, takes a step towards the middle of the ring to lock eyes with Cassidy.

Lance:

Here we go, DDK...

A loud thud echoes throughout the arena as referee Doyle looks up to the rafters and gives a thumbs up. He turns his attention to the timekeeper and with a simple nod of his head gives the go-ahead for all hell to break loose...

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell! This special DEFCON main event is official!

Before the second toll of the bell can finish reverberating throughout the DEFPLEX, Brock and Pat explode out of their corner towards The Comments Section! Without hesitation, Conor charges forward to meet them head on, while Malak breaks off in an attempt to flank the champions and avoid a standup fight.

Lance:

Well, that didn't take long! Garland's already leaving Conor high and dry!

DDK:

I thought he WANTED to be champion!?

Lance:

Yes. The EASY way.

Spotting Malak sneaking off, Newbludd veers towards him just as Cassidy and Conor collide in the middle of the ring. The high flying Fuse tries to catch the determined Black Out off guard with a lightning fast kick to the midsection. Cassidy doubles over from the blow but doesn't stop moving forward and Conor's eyes go wide in surprise as he's lifted off of his feet. Finding himself being carried backwards, Conor hammers Cassidy's back with a flurry of forearms but it's not enough to deter Pat who throws him hard into the nearest corner. Immediately, Cassidy begins to rain punches down on the trapped Fuse!

DDK:

Conor's already found himself in trouble in the corner! Pat Cassidy is putting everything he has behind those punches!

Over on the other side of the ring, Malak spots the incoming Newbludd just in time to narrowly avoid a wild clothesline.

Doing a quick go behind, Garland wastes mere seconds before taking advantage of the lack of rules within the cage by dropping to his knees and firing an uppercut right between Brock's legs!

Lance:

Low blow by Malak...NO! Newbludd blocked it!

Veteran instincts kicking in, Brock blocks The Snowflake Superstar's accelerating forearm by latching onto it with both hands. Crying out in frustration, Malak tries to pull his arm free but Brock's grip is too tight. Releasing one of his hands, Milwaukee's Best steps over Garland's arm, spins around and violently pulls Malak up towards him, nailing him with a vicious short-arm clothesline!

DDK:

OOF! Malak was just turned inside out by that short-arm clothesline! Brock's still hanging onto that arm and he's already pulling Garland back up to his feet!

The Innovator smashes Garland with a second short-arm, causing him to be sent to the mat again. Across the ring, Cassidy has literally pounded Fuse down to his knees in the corner and is rearing back to nail him with another hard blow but stops himself when Newbludd lets out a yell to grab his attention. Keeping his arm cocked and ready, Black Out looks over his shoulder to see his partner pulling a groggy Garland up off the mat. A quick nod of agreement between the champions is all the communication that is needed.

Lance:

The champions have been relentless in the opening minute of this match and have taken the early advantage by sheer brute force. Something tells me things are just heating up, Keeps!

Pat snaps his attention back to Conor and drops his raised fist. Latching onto one of his opponent's arms, Cassidy yanks Fuse to a standing position and immediately whips him out of the corner. At the same moment, Newbludd does the same with Malak. Unable to react quick enough, the two challengers crash into each other and cause an audible 'SMACK' to be heard from their skulls colliding. Both Malak and Conor stumble backwards towards their attackers and SNS is quick to pounce.

DDK:

Malak and Conor just had a violent meeting of the minds! Here comes The Specials' looking to follow up!

Brock grabs Malak while at the same moment Cassidy latches onto Conor. The Faithful's cheering begins to swell when both men pick their opponents up and hold them horizontally across their chests. Turning to face each other, the champions deliver synchronized rib breakers but don't drop their opponents. Instead, they rise back up and spin around to send Malak and Conor flying with a pair of fallaway slams! The two members of the Comments Section hurtle towards each other and collide in mid-air! Both men fall in a heap down to the mat!

Lance:

SNS used their opponents as weapons with those pair of fallaway slams, taking full advantage of the tornado tag rules here in the early stages.

The Faithful are on their feet for that unique display of offense... and they grow even louder when both Brock and Cassidy KIP UP to their feet at the exact same time!

DDK:

Bottom's up!

Basking in the roar of the crowd, Cassidy and Newbludd have a quick strategy session before they break off and charge in towards their woozy foes. Together, the champs put their focus on Malak and nail him down back to the mat with a well-timed double punch. As Malak falls, Conor rises, and SNS are quick to pounce with a double back elbow that sends Fuse stumbling back towards the nearest set of ropes.

DDK:

Malak hits the canvas and the champions are now isolating Conor, hammering him with heavy blows!

Lance:

SNS is doing what all great tag teams do, partner. That's isolating and then annihilating The Comments Section one at a time.

Brock and Pat batter Comments Conor into the ropes with a flurry of punches, kicks, and everything in between. The champion's strategy becomes clear as Newbludd slingshots over the top rope to land on the steel grating that encompasses the outside of the ring. At the same moment, Cassidy takes a quick step back and charges forward to nail the punch drunk Fuse with a clothesline that sends him flipping head over heels over the ropes. Grabbing onto the top and middle rope, Newbludd twists them as Fuse flips completely over, causing Conor to get both of his arms trapped in between them upon landing.

DDK:

You hit the nail right on the head, Lance! Conor's found himself twisted up in the ropes, leaving Malak all alone with SNS!

Brock cracks Fuse across the chest with a knife edge chop, causing Conor to stomp his feet on the grating in protest. As Newbludd jumps back into the ring, Cassidy barks something at him and Newbludd flashes his friend an evil grin before racing towards the nearest corner. The arena starts to buzz as Brock begins to untie the top turnbuckle pad while Black Out picks Malak off the ground, nailing him in the midsection with a stiff knee as he does so.

Lance:

Brock's got that turnbuckle pad ripped off, exposing the unforgiving steel underneath. This is not looking good for Malak.

Throwing the pad over his shoulder, Brock spins on a heel to face Cassidy just as Pat rears back and Irish whips Malak to send him careening towards the corner. Taking a quick step to meet Garland head on, Brock wraps him up, pops his hips and sends Malak flying upside down into the corner with an overhead belly-to-belly! Malak cries out in pain as his lower back smashes into the exposed turnbuckle! The Faithful roar in approval as Malak crumples to the mat and writhes in agony!

DDK:

Sent flying upside down into that exposed turnbuckle, Malak is in a world of hurt right now.

Lance:

That was nasty looking, partner. Being suplexed into a solid chunk of steel is the equivalent to being smashed in the back with a sledgehammer.

Newbludd pushes himself up off the mat and stomps towards the fallen troll, while Cassidy turns his attention back to Conor. Having regained his bearings, Fuse struggles to free himself from his predicament as his longtime rival stalks towards him with menace in his eyes.

DDK:

"Black Out" looks like a starving wolf about to feast on some fresh meat. It's crazy to think that at one point in time these two were belting out karaoke hits together in that very ring.

Lance:

Conor never performed any songs, though...

Conor manages to slip one arm free from the ropes, prompting Cassidy to lunge towards him. At the same moment, Brock grabs Malak by his hair and begins to roughly yank him up off the mat. Before Newbludd can even think about reacting, Malak pulls himself free, drops to his knees, and NAILS Milwaukee's Beast with a low blow!

Lance:

Malak pulls out the great equalizer! Oh man, seeing that made MY stomach hurt!

With Newbludd doubled over, Garland follows up the ball breaking uppercut with a drop toe hold, causing Brock to fly face first into the exposed turnbuckle! Breathing a sigh of relief, Malak sits up and grins as blood begins to run from a fresh wound on the laid out Newbludd's forehead.

DDK:

Oh my! What a maneuver by Malak! Brock smashed face first into that exposed steel and it looks like he's been busted open!

Lance:

If I was a betting man, I'd have certainly put down a bet for blood but perhaps not this early.

At the same moment, Cassidy reaches Conor and immediately shoots his knee up through the ropes to drive it into Fuse's lower back. The blow causes The Ultimate Gamer to drop down to a knee and The Scrapper From Southie rears back for a second knee aimed at the back of his opponent's head. Before Pat can follow through, Conor surges upwards and grabs Cassidy by the back of the head with the arm he had managed to get free. Dropping back down, Conor brings Cassidy down across the top rope, causing it to snap back up right into Black Out's neck!

Lance:

Conor Fuse with the reversal out of nowhere! That top rope is wound tight and all that tension just got released on Pat Cassidy's throat!

Stumbling backwards with both hands on his throat, Cassidy struggles to breathe in between violent coughs while Conor finally manages to get himself free from the ropes. Not one to pass up on such a golden opportunity, Malak harnesses his spirit animal and quickly slithers behind Cassidy. Popping up to his knees, Garland fires an uppercut in between Cassidy's legs to crush his Boston beans!

DDK:

Another low blow by Malak! Good god, that is tough to watch!

Now with one hand on his throat and one on his groin, Pat drops to his knees. The instant that he does, Conor grabs onto the top rope and leaps off with a springboard. With camera flashes illuminating the arena all around him, Conor flies across the ring and delivers a thunderous dropkick to Cassidy's chest! The impact causes Black Out to bend backwards in a painful way as the back of his head hits the canvas!

Lance:

There's that fighting spirit Conor was talking about! Cassidy was defenseless and he ate all of that springboard dropkick!

DDK:

The Comments Section have turned the tide and now it's the champions who are in trouble!

Malak laughs gleefully as he points to the downed Pat Cassidy, instructing Conor to attack. Conor shakes his head dismissively at the command but that doesn't stop him from mounting Pat Cassidy and unloading left handed punches to the face with a ferocious intensity.

Lance:

Conor said he was going to enjoy one more chance to take his frustrations out on Pat Cassidy, and he is!

The crowd cheers The Power-Up King on as he continues the barrage. Malak also enjoys it... until he sees Brock slowly climbing back to his feet.

Malak Garland:

Hey, hey cOnOr! You're supposed to keep me safe! Get him! Get the dumb secondary drunken loser!

Conor Fuse, either because he didn't hear or by choice, pays Malak no heed.

Malak Garland:

Hey, listen to MMEEEEEEEEEEE! I am in TROUBLE over here!

Fuse stops, for just a brief second and looks over at Malak Garland... Conor gives him the Spiderman 3 Harry Osbourne meme wink.

The fans eat it up.

Newbludd charges at Garland who's a deer in the highlights until-

SMACK!

DDK:

Conor Fuse just popped up and SAVED Malak Garland with a superkick to the side of Newbludd's temple!

The fans cheer (simply because it's Conor Fuse) but THEN boo (because he technically saved Malak Garland). The Keyboard King opens his eyes to see The Power-Up King standing beside him.

Conor Fuse:

You get ONE and that's all. Next time I pop YOU.

Fuse leans down to lift Pat Cassidy from his feet but Black Out...

Is already standing.

He takes Conor's head and Malak's head and drives them into each other! Garland reacts like he's been shot out of a cannon and Conor Fuse stumbles into the ropes. Cassidy races at Fuse and clotheslines him up and over the top rope. Conor hits face-first against the raised steel platform. Cassidy keeps the momentum going. He sprints into the ropes on the far end and then launches himself like a missile through the middle rope where Conor Fuse is standing...

SLAM!

DDK:

Oh my god! Conor Fuse hits a FACE BUSTER on Pat Cassidy! Black Out goes directly into the metal grading!

The fans in the front rows show concern as The Video Game Kid leaps to his feet and takes Cassidy along with him...

German suplex onto the platform!

Fuse tosses Cassidy into the ring as he slingshots himself up and over the top rope with a leg drop. Meanwhile, Malak Garland has come to and finds Brock Newbludd in the center of the ring. Malak goes to town with forearm smashes and right handed, closed punches to every spot on Newbludd's body.

Lance:

Garland is showing a very desperate level. He didn't do any of the initial work on Brock Newbludd but you can certainly bet he will bask in the glory of rendering him unconscious if he can.

Across the mat, Conor Fuse drags a bloody Pat Cassidy to his feet. It's not a lot of blood for having your skull cracked off metal grading but it's still a trickle of blood and even worse, he looks totally out of it.

Conor takes a step back and knocks Pat under the chin with an uppercut. The champion is still standing but definitely

feeling the effects.

Conor Fuse:

Don't...

Another uppercut. Cassidy is on spaghetti legs.

Conor Fuse:

Ever...

Uppercut three. This knocks Pat a couple feet backwards.

Conor Fuse:

Bring...

Uppercut.

Conor Fuse:

Up...

Uppercut.

Conor Fuse:

My...

Uppercut.

Conor Fuse:

Brother...

Uppercut. This one causes Cassidy to spin around in a full circle - but still stay on his feet.

Conor Fuse:

AGAIN!

SUPERKICK.

The fans roar, wondering if this will be enough because Conor Fuse slides into position and hooks BOTH legs.

Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

A second rush of cheers, this time for one half of the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions, still securing his spot as a champion for now. There's no argument from Conor Fuse. He merely peels Pat Cassidy off the canvas and hurls him into a corner with all three buckle pads on it.

Then Conor sees the turnbuckle with the exposed padding.

He smirks and looks into the glazed eyes of his adversary.

Conor Fuse:

See ya, wouldn't want to be yaaa-

But the Irish whip is reversed, Conor goes flying into the buckle...

He kicks his feet out from under him and somehow Conor runs up the padding, bottom buckle to middle to top, pushes off and comes flying through the air in a crossbody block.

Pat Cassidy catches him.

Conor Fuse slips out and rolls Black Out up!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd is in a roar again at the numerous counters they witnessed. Cassidy and Fuse rise. Pat wipes blood from his forehead. He's seemingly gained more consciousness from a moment ago. He looks at Fuse. Fuse looks back at him. Cassidy, without any anger but resigned to say "let's do this," makes the just bring it motion. Fuse nods at him...

...and the two collide into each other, tackling their opponent to the ground and throwing haymakers everywhere!

DDK:

We've got a HELL of a brouhaha on our hands!

Lance:

Maybe even a *BREWhaha*!

While half of the arena eats up the battle between two former friends, Siobhan's man and her bitter enemy, Malak Garland, have continued their own battle outside the ring and beside the Safe Space mesh. Brock has mounted a comeback. He takes Malak's head and throws it off the cell over and over... trying to open The Keyboard Warrior up like he was. Malak screams for mercy and a sensory deprivation pod.

DDK:

I thought he was done with those things!?

Newbludd hurls Garland into the mesh across the way and the challenger meets it head first before crumpling to the raised platform.

Lance:

Malak HAD the upper hand, too. But it shows you when push comes to shove... who can really fight and who can really take a beating. Newsflash, neither of them are the snowflake!

Newbludd races towards Garland but he lets the moment get the better of him. Malak is able to move at the last possible second and Newbludd eats the mesh as well!

Lance:

Garland is certainly the more subdued man. I guess anxiety can do that to a guy.

Garland collapses on all fours as both men recover. Inside the ring, it's anyone's game as Conor and Pat CONTINUE to pile on the punches.

DDK:

High flying is out the window here, folks. You won't be seeing much of that from Conor. We've got a straight up blood feud on our hands.

Cassidy hurls Fuse into the ropes and catches him with an Alabama slam that drives Conor's head into the mat. Cassidy is on him in a flash, mounting and throwing right hands right into Conor's skull, working the crowd WHITE HOT. Eventually, he lifts the challenger and whips him into the ropes across the way but this time it's Conor who surprises everyone by Lou Thesz pressing the champion! Although it's clear the gamer doesn't know how to brawl as well as SNS because he's throwing BOTH rights and lefts at a furious pace and sometimes the shots aren't landing perfectly. Regardless, Fuse is showing that he can throw hands with the best of them.

The Faithful !RANK along with the shots until Brock Newbludd flies into the ring and shoulder tackles Conor to the ground. It's now Brock's turn to mount The Video Game Kid and hammer home his fury of right bombs to the side of the head.

WHAM!

Malak Garland drives an elbow into the back of Brock's head. He's the last to finish off the endless display of brawling. As Garland hammers the shit out of Brock's face, he turns to Conor Fuse and shouts "NOW WE'RE EVEN!"

Garland is ultimately pulled away from Newbludd, by Pat Cassidy. Cassidy latches his arms around MagnumG and connects with a belly-to-back suplex! Cassidy holds on, props Garland to stand in the middle of the ring and then shoots into the ropes himself... STIFF clothesline! Pat isn't done. He works Malak into the correct position and nails a pumphandle slam!

DDK:

Cassidy has the leg hooked!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKE UP BY CONOR FUSE!

Lance:

I'm not sure if it would have been a three either way, Keebler. Malak looked like he MAY have been ready to kickout but boy, it would've been a lot closer!

Fuse is about to lay into Pat Cassidy more but Pat's teammate intervenes.

SMACK!!!

DDK:

The FACE MELTER!

The shining wizard CRUSHES the back of Conor's skull. Newbludd's eyes shoot open because he wonders if he can win the damn thing right here!

Lance:

Newbludd goes for a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The crowd buys the three count because Malak Garland was nowhere near the pinfall attempt. Nevertheless, Conor Fuse shows he has more LIVES in his energy bar! Newbludd lifts Fuse and slings him into the ropes, upon return Newbludd hip tosses Fuse to the mat. Once Conor finds his footing again, Brock kicks him in the chest and hits an implant DDT!

Newbludd turns to help his partner up.

DDK:

It looks like The Special's are going to be in full control now.

While Cassidy and Newbludd are still recovering from beatings themselves, it's clear Pat and Brock are trying to work quickly. They communicate to each other and then Newbludd lifts Malak Garland into position.

DDK:

Brock might go for the Scorched Earth!

But there looks to be more than the murder-death-killer finisher by way of the Steiner Screwdriver. Black Out walks to the edge of the ring ropes. It looks like he's going to take a running start and help Brock add an additional punch of offense to the move. However, Conor Fuse kips to his feet and clotheslines Pat Cassidy over the top rope. Conor follows by leaping on the top rope himself, in an attempt at some kind of roundhouse kick... but Cassidy moves! Fuse stands on his feet, both men readied on the raised platform. Pat throws Conor into the ropes and then The Ultimate Gamer comes bursting across...

SLAM!

WHACK!

THUMP!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

CONOR FUSE SPEARED PAT CASSIDY... THEY BOTH COLLIDE INTO THE SAFE SPACE DOOR!

Of course, the door breaks off its hinges! Fuse and Cassidy tumble down the stairs!

This whole time Brock Newbludd is in awe. Malak Garland wiggles free from the MDK finishing hold and bounces off the ropes... Brock turns right into an I TRIGGER!

SWOOSH!

DDK:

No! Newbludd moves out of the way!

Garland bounces into the ropes on the far end and The Innovator attempts the Shock and Awe!

DDK:

No! This time Garland escapes!

Malak standing switches himself and grabs Newbludd by the waist. He tries for a German suplex but the Milwaukee resident is too heavy for Malak's arms to lift!

Lance:

You would think with all that typing Malak does on a computer, his arms would be "woke".

DDK:

Does that even make sense?

Newbludd fires off back elbows into Malak's head.

DDK:

These four men know each other well. We've seen counter after counter all night long.

Finally, Garland breaks the German attempt. He takes two steps back and attempts to kick Brock Newbludd in the balls... but one half of SNS grabs The Comments Section's leader by the leg. Malak with a quick poke to the eyes and then he scurries away... out of the ring and sees the Safe Space door is open!

DDK:

I don't think Malak noticed what happened... UNTIL NOW.

Garland's eyes are WIDE. He has to get out of here! No longer deeming the match worth his time, he sprints down the stairs and up the rampway to a chorus of boos!

DDK:

I thought trying to get the titles back was MALAK's idea!?

Lance:

It WAS!

The Keyboard Warrior jogs past Conor Fuse and Pat Cassidy, who are only now recovering on the floor below. Garland is almost to the back when the crowd pops wildly!

Siobhan Cassidy.

She emerges from the curtain, alongside Davey LaRue, both of whom went backstage after the special SNS entrance. Siobhan looks rather amused, knowing Malak Garland won't dare come near her.

DDK:

I think Malak's more scared of Siobhan than he is of either Brock or Pat!

Lance:

I'm going to be honest with you here, partner. I am too.

Pat's sister is walking Garland backwards. The challenger has his hands up like all he wanted to do was find a REAL safe space. He was done with this mAin eVeNt.

Malak Garland:

Please, Siobhan. If you let me go, I will never bother you again!

Garland says this while also having his fingers crossed behind his back.

It doesn't matter. The female Cassidy keeps walking down the rampway (Davey stopped at the top of the ramp) and Malak Garland keeps backtracking...

Backtracking...

Backtracking...

Bump.

He stops to put both hands behind him and reach for what he walked himself into.

It isn't the steel steps.

It's not the guardrail.

It isn't even the mesh of the Safe Space chamber.

It's

S

N

S

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!

Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd grab Malak Garland and throw him up the steel steps and back into the ring!

DDK:

I believe the match HAS TO end inside the ring... or inside the Safe Space, if you will. This was meant to HOLD the opponents in, despite the door breaking!

Siobhan has done her job and heads up the rampway to cheers. Meanwhile, it's a two on one as Pat and Brock take shots, playing a game of ping pong with Malak Garland's body. Cassidy hits Malak with a right hand... Malak stumbles over to Brock and he's met with an elbow smash. Malak works his way back to Pat... right hand. Then over to Brock with an elbow smash. This goes on and on until perhaps the most perceptive Faithful are wondering...

Where in the hell is Conor Fuse?

The Video Game Kid has very quietly slipped inside the Safe Space and climbed UP the cage from the inside. He's hanging from the ceiling... and hovering right over top of all three wrestlers. The camera catches Conor say a prayer and then let go.

WHAM!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!! From AT LEAST fifteen feet up in the air, Conor Fuse comes crashing down on ALL THREE MEN with a crossbody!

Lance:

The crowd loves it! I can't hear myself think!

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two is also down. All four men are.

DDK:

Some Safe Space this has been!

Lance:

I believe that's the point!

Finally, it IS Conor Fuse who gets to his feet first. His headband is over his eyes so he pulls it back and ends up throwing it off and into the mesh. Conor walks over to a corner and smacks the turnbuckle pad.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

Fuse reaches the second turnbuckle pad and smacks it.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

Conor reaches the third pad. By now, the entire building is rocking.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

And in conclusion, Conor walks to the buckle with no padding. He hits the exposed steel.

Conor Fuse:

POWER -FUCKING CRAIG AND HIS DAD- UP!!!

Conor screams, referring to one of DEFIANCE's top online reviewers. Meanwhile, Cassidy and Newbludd are up. Conor races in with a WICKED superkick to Pat and then another to Brock! He marches around the ring in a fury, shaking the ring ropes with a ton of intensity. He tilts his head back and screams into the rafters before marching over to Brock Newbludd and striking him across the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET.

SHOCK AND AWE.

Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY PAT CASSIDY!

It's a reflex move but Black Out throws Conor into the exposed turnbuckle corner. Cassidy falls to his knees-

SMACK!

DDK:

I TRIGGER!! MALAK GARLAND JUST HIT I TRIGGER ON PAT CASSIDY!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKE UP BY BROCK NEWBLUDD!!

Lance:

Unreal. The Innovator had something left in him!

Everyone inside the ring is a mess. Malak Garland pounds the canvas in a toddler temper tantrum worthy of crisis counselling. The Keyboard Warrior finds Conor Fuse attempting to recover on the canvas.

Malak Garland:

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO KEEP ME SAFE!

Garland continues to scream and as he does, the crowd RAAAAAHHHH's more and more.

Because.

AGAIN.

Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd hover beside him. Malak snaps up in an instant and wastes no time. He sprints out of the ring and straight through the Safe Space door. Garland is beginning to work his way up the ramp but then he remembers Siobhan was there the last time! So he does something without thinking. Of course the troll would.

He sees Pat and Brock calling him back. Malak can't do it. Instead... he starts to climb the outside of the cell... to the ROOF of the cage!

SNS look at each other.

Brock Newbludd:

I'll go after him.

Knowing Pat's previously scared of heights (see: ladder match at DEFIANCE Road 2022), The Innovator is happy to give chase. Brock exits the cage and starts to climb as well, even though the wiry Malak Garland is more than halfway up.

Meanwhile, Black Out marches over to Conor Fuse and props the struggling video gamer onto his knees.

Pat Cassidy:

You and I, buddy. May the best man win.

Cassidy starts kneeling Conor in the side of the head before the crowd goes WILD again...

Someone has slipped inside the ring.

DDK:

OH MY GOD, LANCE... IT'S... IT'S...

Search.

Party.

Cyrus.

No longer MIA.

Lance:

WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE DEFIANCE ROAD!

Bates turns Cassidy around and hits him with a uranage! The crowd is awash in cheers, boos and overall excitement... simply because the Search Party hasn't been found UNTIL NOW!

Bates looks to his left, looks to his right and finally exits the door. He dashes away at the same speed he came in and vanishes through the crowd. Conor Fuse is coming to and has no idea what happened!

DDK:

Cyrus Bates spent MONTHS being scared of uranages only to return... and PERFORM a uranage on "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

Everyone in the arena is standing, unsure of what Conor Fuse is going to do. The Ultimate Gamer sees Pat Cassidy on the canvas. He looks around to see Malak Garland arrive at the top of the cell and Brock Newbludd nearing the top. The former Tag Team Champion is trying to compute things. He knows he wasn't the one who knocked Pat Cassidy down...

Fuse's face turns to one of intensity. His hatred of Cassidy takes over. He doesn't care. He drops to his knees and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The fans ROAR and the match is STILL a go as Conor checks with referee Benny Doyle this was indeed a two count. Doyle bellows back at Conor because the arena is so loud that yes, it was only a two count! Conor does not argue. Instead, he pulls Black Out from the canvas and hurls him into the ropes. Conor jumps across, grabs Pat's head and hits a tilt-a-whirl DDT. The gamer points to the top rope and heads up there... but Cassidy gets a second wind and races over to the ropes, hip tossing Conor to the floor! Cassidy Irish whips Fuse into the ropes and then both men collide in a stiff looking double clothesline, hitting the mat face up. They are O.U.T.

Brock Newbludd has finally reached the top of the cell. He stalks Malak Garland, who is backtracking again, this time VERY gingerly to make sure he doesn't trip or... reach the end of the cell. The Innovator makes sure whatever blood he used to have on his forehead is gone. Regardless of Malak's consciousness, he trips over the middle section of the cell and falls on his ass. Brock stomps forward. Cracking his knuckles, his neck... cracking a *smile*.

Brock Newbludd:

It's over, man.

And then Malak Garland cocks a smile in return. A devilish, premeditated smile.

Malak Garland:

For you, nimrod.

A GIANT looming figure repels from the ceiling and lands on top of the cell behind Brock Newbludd. He's strapped into his massive harness tightly but is still able to roam around freely on the top of the cage.

The Game Boy.

Newbludd turns to see the hulking henchman standing there and wastes no time. He LEAPS into The Game Boy's arms and starts wildly throwing punches abound. Malak Garland cackles as he stands and "dusts himself off".

DDK:

Garland PLANNED this!

Lance:

Absolutely, Keebs. He lured Brock up there!

No matter how hard Brock's fighting, it's no use. Game Boy soon dissects the UNIFIED Tag Team Champion into a heap on top of the mesh with axe handle smash after axe handle smash. Suddenly, on the opposite side to the ring entrance, ALEX, MEE6, Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter hop the guardrail, all of them carrying a number of folded tables along with them. There's at least six tables. They begin to stack them up BESIDE the Safe Space structure.

The crowd is EXTREMELY concerned. They can put two-and-two together.

DDK:

There's no way they do this... right, partner?

Lance:

You mean set up those tables and throw Brock Newbludd OFF the top of the cell!? Yeah, yeah they'll do this.

Inside the ring, Pat Cassidy and Conor Fuse have come to. They're ready to fight but then THEY realize what's about to go down. Conor looks up at Game Boy continuing to pummel Brock. Then he sees Malak Garland devilishly stand overtop and add a few kicks in, too. Conor looks at Pat. He takes a deep breath in. The gamer doesn't say a word but it's his body language that does the talking.

Lance:

Conor's not going to fight... he's... he's going to let Pat go up there and save his partner!?

When it clicks that Conor is letting him make the save here, Black Out power-walks out of the Safe Space and down the steel steps. He looks over the opposite side of the cage and sees Malak's henchmen building the table structure for the ultimate drop. There's no way Pat can get over there. There's no space between the guardrail and the cell. Instead, he would have to go through the crowd and it may take too long. Cassidy glances at the metal in front of him. He closes his eyes... and the crowd cheers him on.

DDK:

There's no way he does this! Cassidy's DEATHLY afraid of heights!

Oh, but he does do this. And he IS afraid. Deathly.

The arena gives what might be the loudest pop of the night as Pat Cassidy starts scaling the Safe Space! The camera switches to Conor Fuse who displays language like he'll be waiting when whomever comes back in one piece.

At first, Cassidy is climbing slowly but with help from The Faithful and seeing Malak and The Game Boy are now moving Newbludd to the OTHER edge of the Safe Space... he climbs faster... and faster...

AND FASTER.

BLACK OUT!

BLACK OUT!

BLACK OUT!

Pat reaches the top. Malak demands The Game Boy go over there and crushes one half of SNS.

Malak Garland:

We can throw them BOTH OFF!!! MUHAHAHAHA!!

But as Cassidy reaches his feet, he reveals he didn't come alone.

CRACK.

DDK:

Cassidy with a chain!

Replays show Pat picking up a broken piece of the door chain which snapped apart when Conor and him went through the door earlier.

Black Out goes batshit nuts and for the first time since debuting over two years ago, The Game Boy has

SUCCESSFULLY been taken down!

Garland's eyes bug out as he screams at Pat Cassidy, who is gingerly making his way over to Malak himself.

Malak Garland:

I hate you. I FUCKING hate you, Pat. I hate your stupid friend, your DUMBASS sister. AND I HATE YOU! BEER GUZZLING, MOTHER FUCKING SCHMUCK-

This time it's Brock Newbludd with the low blow on Malak!

And Pat Cassidy doesn't waste anymore time. He snatches The Snowflake by the tights and walks him over to the edge of the cell.

DDK:

Ummmm... UHHHH... OH BOY...

Brock is now at Pat's side. Each of them takes hold of a different side of Malak's face. They allow a second to acknowledge the crowd and let the anticipation build... and then The Saturday Night Specials launch Malak Garland off the Safe Space!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK!!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND HAS GONE THROUGH THOSE TABLES. AS GOD AS MY WITNESS HE IS-

Lance:

Hopefully broken his fingers and can't troll anyone else forever!

DDK:

Yes, yes EXACTLY!

All ALEX, MEE6, Collins and Hunter can do is race back to the scene and attempt to cover Malak Garland from the legion of fans witnessing his ultimate DOOM. Pat checks on Brock... Newbludd is hurting but trying to work through the pain. Below them, however, stands Conor Fuse. He tilts his head up to where their boots are.

Conor Fuse:

LET'S. FUCKING. GGGGGG000000000000000000000000000000.

Newbludd and Cassidy begin climbing down the structure. No one inside the arena has sat down since the middle stages of the match but DEFINITELY won't be sitting down again for the rest of the night. The Special's arrive at the front of the Safe Space. Pat walks inside first, followed by Brock. As this takes place, DEFSec is all over Malak Garland.

SNS enter the cage.

DDK:

So it's going to be a two-on-one here. In a strange twist of events, Conor allowing Pat to help his partner has backfir-

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

Conor screams as he races across the floor, the FRESHEST MAN of the three and hits I TRIGGER on Pat Cassidy as he was coming through the ropes! Brock's body language jumps into alert mode as Conor Fuse bounces off the ropes and also hits The Innovator with I TRIGGER.

Fuse covers Newbludd!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Fuse covers Cassidy!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The Ultimate Gamer slams the mat in a fury but does not waste time. He grabs Cassidy and smacks him across the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

DDK:

Fuse hit Scorched Earth!

Lance:

WE HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

Another pinfall attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVED BY NEWBLUDD!

Lance:

He knew what he had to do, Keebs. It was a BRILLIANT play by Conor Fuse! While, yes, he DID allow Pat to save his partner and he saw his mortal enemy Malak Garland nearly killed... Conor IS the freshest man of the match and was ready to go the SECOND both men arrived!

Fuse pops to his feet and slams left hands into Brock's chest... he hurls the champion into the ropes before nailing a roundhouse kick. Pat Cassidy is up and Conor steers Pat into the exposed turnbuckle pad... but then Newbludd fires back with a snapdragon... holds on... and turns it into the SHOCK AND AWE.

NO!

Conor escapes at the last second! He runs at Newbludd but-

WHAP!

DDK:

THE LAST CALL! PAT CASSIDY HAS A STEEL PLATE IN THAT RIGHT FOREARM AND THAT PLATE JUST COLLIDED WITH CONOR FUSE'S FACE!!

SNS is reeling. They don't have much left. The crowd is bedlam for everything they see. Brock places Conor onto his shoulders, in an attempt to hit the Scorched Earth himself...

...And Pat Cassidy goes back to the edge of the ring ropes like he did earlier in the contest. He gives a head nod to Brock before The Innovator drops down and Black Out sprints across.

WHAM!

DDK:

Some kind of hybrid Last Call meets Scorched Earth! And The Special's got ALL OF IT!

Brock hooks the leg as referee Benny Doyle slides into position. The crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

They did it! Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd survive the Safe Space!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... AND STILL... UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... PAT CASSIDY AND BROCK NEWBLUDD!!!!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The announcers have to scream into their headsets as Doyle receives the tag titles and hands one off to each member. Davey LaRue and Siobhan Cassidy appear, clapping down the rampway as the Safe Space heads to the sky and The Special's hit a corner of the ring. (Yes, The Game Boy is still recovering on top of the Safe Space.) From all corners of the arena, The Faithful begin throwing their solo cups into the ring in celebration.

DDK:

It's happy hour tonight! What a hell of a main event.

Lance:

You have to give credit to Conor Fuse. He wrestled his heart out in the spirit of competition while also letting Malak Garland receive what's coming to him.

Replays go over various parts of the main event before SNS celebrate with the Ragin' Cajun LaRue and Siobhan in the center of the ring. They all hold red solo plastic cups, cheers and chug down. The scene switches to Malak Garland being stretchered out. He's conscious but barely. He holds Collins' hand with his right and Thurston's hand with his left. MEE6 recites various *RANKINGS* and ALEX runs over statistics about his merchandise sales.

Conor Fuse has minorly recovered. He slides out of the ring, hunched over and watching the celebration. Pat notices the gamer, too. He stops and walks over to the edge of the ring. The two simply stare each other down... until Pat,

holding one of the many red Ballyhoo solo cups that has been thrown into the ring, raises it in a “cheers” gesture, perhaps showing some kind of mutual respect or moving on from their issues with each other... for now. Conor nods before he turns to walk the rampway and slap hands with a couple of fans in the front row. Cassidy returns to drinking with his team.

DDK:

We hope you enjoyed DEFCON, both nights! What a fallout we will have for you in one month’s time when we kick off the new season...

Lance:

And bring DEFIANCE on the road for the first time in over EIGHT years!

DDK:

For myself, “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Lance Warner, goodnight everyone!

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner as Pat Cassidy and Brock Newludd hoist Siobhan Cassidy into the air with Davey LaRue standing by... all four people hold DEFIANCE tag team gold as confetti begins to come down from the rafters.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.