

LET THE AWARDS BEGIN



The DEFIANCE logo flashes on a black screen and quickly disappears.

"BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO!"

The loud chanting continues as the picture slowly fades in to show sunlight reflecting off of a shiny new address sign. On it, nestled in between two finely engraved mugs of beer, is a destination that every diehard DEFIANCE fan knows by heart.

3212 Tulane. Ave.

The picture begins to zoom out more to reveal a large crowd of people standing in the front parking lot of the new and improved Ballyhoo Brew. The scene is a festive one as people mingle around strategically placed beer kegs to share some laughs while others drunkenly dance to music playing in the background.

Heard above the revelry and chaos is a loud, consistent, chant.

"BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO!"

Standing in front of the doors stand The Saturday Night Specials - holding between them a pair of comically oversized scissors. The duo make a big show of cutting the ribbon hung in front of the door, but once they do the crowd erupts into cheers. Ballyhoo Brew is BACK in business!

The camera pans around. There's a long, sleek, modern looking bar in the very center of the place. Tables all around. In the right hand corner, a game section with various arcade games, pool tables and other entertainment. In the left corner, a large stage area - where the tables are set and ready for the DEFY awards to begin.

Finally, the scene focuses on the stage and the podium where one Jamie Sawyers stands.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello and WELCOME to the DEFIANCE Awards! We're ready to start an amazing night of wrestling and recognition!

Most of the people inside the Brew cheer.

Jamie Sawyers:

This night will be intermixed with LIVE wrestling inside DEFIANCE's return to the WrestlePlex *[pause]* where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner await. As for the awards, we will get started in a few moments folks, as not everyone has arrived just yet. I'm excited to host the awards inside the brand new Ballyhoo Brew!

"BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO! BALLYHOO!"

Jamie Sawyers:

Let's take a look at the nominations this year!

2022 FINALISTS**DEFIANT of the YEAR**

Henry Keyes ([bio](#))

Lindsay Troy ([bio](#))

Rezin ([bio](#))

DEFIANTS of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))

SNS ([bio](#))

Titanes Familia ([bio](#))

FACTION of the YEAR

Comments Section ([bio](#))

Titanes ([bio](#))

Vae Victis ([bio](#))

BREAKOUT of the YEAR

Alvaro de Vargas ([bio](#))

Corvo Alpha ([bio](#))

Masked Violator 1 ([bio](#))

ROOKIE of the YEAR

Dan Leo James ([bio](#))

Declan Alexander ([bio](#))

Teri Melton ([bio](#))

MATCH of the YEAR

UNIFIED Tag Team Championship, Ladder Match: SNS (C) vs. PCP vs. LTT at DEFIANCE Road ([match](#))

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: Corvo Alpha (C) vs. Henry Keyes at DEFCON ([match](#))

Two out of Three Falls: Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE ([match](#))

FIST of DEFIANCE: Deacon (C) vs. Malak Garland w/ Conor Fuse Guest Enforcer at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE ([match](#))

Kerry Kuroyama vs. Dex Joy at ACTS of DEFIANCE ([match](#))

SEGMENT of the YEAR

Conor Fuse and Rezin's friendship, ([be good](#) & [4/20](#))

Corvo Alpha throwing Keyes from the skybox ([segment](#))

Deb Warenstein saves Brock Newbludd ([segment](#))

Henry Keyes turns to the dark side ([segment](#))

Jessica Reeves is revealed as Kabal mastermind ([reveal](#))

Oscar Burns joins Vae Victis ([segment](#))

SHOCK of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens burn Ballyhoo Brew ([segment](#))

Siobhan Cassidy is revealed to be dating Malak Garland ([segment](#))

Uriel Cortez and Titaness get married after winning the Unified Tag titles ([event](#))

Rezin's Cinderella tournament run

MV1 brings Corvo's daughter to a PPV event ([incident](#))

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR

Chris Chickentenders tries to find out who ran over Stalker

Conor Fuse in The Comments Section

Reapers recruit new talent

SNS vs. Lucky Sevens

Vae Victis' domination of DEFIANCE

BRAZEN of the YEAR

Count Novick ([bio](#))

Declan Alexander ([bio](#))

Flamberge ([bio](#))

REVIEWER of the YEAR

Chris Chickentenders

Deb Warenstein

Tim Tillinghast

After the graphics roll through, the DEFIANCE Award Show goes elsewhere.

A GRAND ENTRANCE

Just outside Ballyhoo Brew, paparazzi and assorted sports and pop culture media line a red carpet leading to the front entrance, kept back by a series of connected guardrails and the specter of DEFsec sprinkled along the line. Dressed in a smart blue gown, a smiling Christie Zane nods her head as she raises a microphone to her red lips.

Christie Zane:

It's a who's-who of professional wrestling royalty, a cavalcade of the sport's biggest and brightest stars here at Ballyhoo Brew. The most important figures in the business are arriving and arriving in style, dressed to the—

There is a commotion in the background as the heads of the press and security alike all crane skyward. Christie's eyes narrow at the camera, momentarily confused, as she presses a finger to hold her earpiece into place.

Christie Zane:

Uh, stand by... I'm told we are awaiting the imminent arrival of...

Glancing over her bare shoulder, there is no limousine in sight. Christie glances off camera now, her confusion building, before returning her full attention to the camera. Just behind her, several members of the press are pointing up.

Christie Zane:

I'm told that... wait, what?!

Christie spins around, her eyes now looking overhead...just in time. A large basket is silently lowering towards the ground, an even more massive hot air balloon looms above it. The press shares a collective gasp at the balloon's sudden appearance, registering its presence moments before it noiselessly settles at the very foot of the red carpet.

Red rose petals burst into shot, being tossed with reverence by Zoltan who has appeared at the foot of the red carpet. Like the world's oddest flower girl, he prepares the pathway with diligence. Dressed in a shockingly stark white suit with a crisp, matching top hat with gold ribbon, Lord Nigel Trickelbush is all creepy smiles. Clutching his arm warmly, Teri Melton is stunningly magnificent in a sheer black gown that clings & lifts where it should and flows & billows where it is meant to. A bright red sequin shawl is pulled tightly over her shoulders.

They carefully step, arm in arm and as one, from the hot air balloon's basket. A heavy & aged brown leather bag conspicuously hangs off of Lord Nigel's free arm, bulging, as the power couple is bathed in flashbulbs and harangued by paparazzi. An incredibly brave Christie Zane steps between them and the entrance to Ballyhoo.

Christie Zane:

Ms. Melton! Lord Nigel! You both look... amazing?

Nigel never looks at Christie, his eyes instead scanning the throngs of press. Teri, by contrast, smiles warmly at Zane.

Teri Melton:

As do you, my dear! What an evening!

Christie Zane:

What does a night like tonight mean to the both of you?

Teri swoons, passionately taking in the moment.

Teri Melton:

Tonight is a night of appreciation, a night of hard earned decadence... a night when business is mixed—

Her bright eyes briefly flit towards the bag slung on Lord Nigel's arm. Then back to Christie.

Teri Melton:

—with pleasure.

The professional that she is, Christie shakes off the “eww” and plows forward.

Christie Zane:

Lord Nigel, Corvo Alpha is up for awards in several categories—

Nigel cuts her off, still eyeing only the paparazzi.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

That he is, Ms. Zane, that he is. However, not nearly enough of them, if I’m to bare my soul to you. As per the usual here in DEFIANCE, it seems that my boy continues to be disrespected by the powers that claim to be. But none of that is important right now... the totality of my focus this evening is on the lovely dove on my arm.

Nigel’s beady grey eyes finally find the piercing pools of Teri’s. She lays a head on his shoulder affectionately.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Now, if you’ll do us the great honor of excusing us...

Without further ado, Nigel and Teri press forward. Teri dramatically blows a kiss towards the host of photographers just before the darling pair disappear through the Ballyhoo’s door.

WISHES FOR 2023

The camera switches scenes to earlier today on the proverbial “red carpet” for the UNCUT Year End Awards! Among the various DEFIANCE wrestlers, staff and other wrestling and bar-related personnel.

And coming up next?

DEFIANCE's Tag Partners For Life. Walking the red carpet for the first time as husband and wife is none other than Uriel Cortez and Titaness! Uriel Cortez dressed up in a navy blue dress shirt, black dress pants and dress shoes. Next to him, Titaness is wearing an embroidered blue evening gown with floral patterns. Her hair is pinned up and styled in a side part. The former Unified Tag Team Champions wave to the fans and fellow showgoers until Christie Zane approaches the duo.

Christie Zane:

Uriel Cortez! Titaness! Welcome to the big show!

Uriel Cortez:

Thank you! It's booming tonight!

Titaness:

Definitely! It's great to see the bar back up and running again!

Christie Zane:

Yeah, it really is! So you two have had a great year and Titanes Familia is up for a couple of DEFy Awards including Faction of the Year, Match of the Year and Shock of the Year! What are you both feeling right now and any early New Years Resolutions for 2023?

Titaness offers up a smile.

Titaness:

Seriously, in spite of what we've been through recently with Doc Dumbfuck... it's been a whirlwind that's for sure. We were on a break, got back together, got engaged again and now we're married and stronger than we've ever been.

Uriel Cortez:

It'd be a great cherry on top of the 2022 sundae to win a DEFy Award, too, but hey...

He holds up Titaness' hand.

Uriel Cortez:

Seriously, I've won already this year. And like T just said, we're not done with Ned Reform. We're teaming with Minute against Honor Society and Teresa Ames on DEFtv 181 and we're gonna start our New Year's Resolution by dumping him right on his dome, then I'm gonna get a rematch for that Favoured Saints Title since he got DQed.

Christie Zane:

It's great to hear about goals... and hey! Dan Leo James! Minute! Welcome!

Not far behind the Tag Partners For Life, the luchador Minute and “The Young Titan” Dan Leo James both approach! Minute has on a customized white lucha mask along with a white dress coat and black dress pants. Dan Leo James is less stylish tonight, wearing a button-up plaid blue shirt with black suspenders (you read that correctly), black dress jeans of his own and his red hair slicked back in an undercut. Dan is almost out of breath running down the carpet to catch up with the group.

Dan Leo James:

Giant Dad! Muscle Mom! Sorry we're late! I lost my lucky suspenders!

Titaness rubs a hand on her temple while Uriel Cortez points a steady finger in Dan's face.

Uriel Cortez:

Final warning. Stop calling us that or you're getting chopped.

Minute:

Si. You're twenty-two, Danny.

Dan Leo James:

All right, all right! Sorry, sorry! I just wanted to make good banter, okay? I'm nervous and I'm up for Rookie of the Year too! I'm like... oooh, boy, Danny, you got this. Chill out, Danny. Don't be an assbutt and stop acting kooky-dooks!

Christie Zane:

And how about your rookie year, Danny? You've been through a lot as well.

Dan Leo James:

Oh, I know! I won the Ascension Battle Royal to get on the main roster! I got my first pay-per-view win! I pinned that stupid AF doofus Strong AF! I got to team with these guys and I got to train with Giant Bonus Dad, Deacon! And I pinned Strong AF to end my year. And I've got my first No DQ match with him in the new year on DEFtv and I'm gonna yeet him all the way over the Canadian border and back!

Christie Zane:

That's definitely been a great year for you.

Dan Leo James:

Really! I have two Giant Dads and...

THWACK!

Dan Leo James:

OW!

The massive Cortez chops his chest and Dan is now hunched over in pain. Christie tries to ignore everything she's just seen as professionally as she can.

Christie Zane:

...anyway...

She turns back to Titanes Familia.

Christie Zane:

Uh... I was gonna ask about your rookie year, Danny. What are you feeling?

Danny holds a finger up, still hunched over.

Dan Leo James:

...like I'm gonna puke...

Uriel and Titaness shake their heads.

Uriel Cortez:

We'll see you guys at the table.

Titaness:

Peace. And Minute, you should get Danny's ass a paper bag in case he starts hyperventilating again.

Minute:

Si. Will do.

The Tag Partners For Life head inside while Minute looks up at a still hunched-over Dan Leo James.

Dan Leo James:

All right, I'm ready...

He tries to stand back up... then he's doubled over again.

Dan Leo James:

Nope! All right, I might need a barf bag, dude...

Minute then looks over at Christie Zane in case she has any more questions, but she's already gone.

And even though it's only his mouth that's visible...

...it's clear there's nothing but disappointment on his face.

ALL ON THE SAME PAGE

The scene switches to another location outside Ballyhoo Brew as Conor Fuse approaches the entrance doors. He's sporting a neon green suit with a white shirt and gray tie. As he approaches the doors, he sees Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd directly on the other end of the glass. Fuse looks down, as if he's pumping himself up for an awkward conversation.

Conor Fuse: *[reciting a speech]*

Hey guys, look, I know I said we could all work together. Well, uh, that was before I knew who Malak was dating but like I STILL totally think we can work together because that's what Lindsay Troy and her crew wants... mayhem! Chaos! Try to split apart anyone who could potentially pose a threat to her and the rest of VV...

Conor stops. He gives his head a shake. He doesn't like the sound of what he is reciting so he tries another approach.

Conor Fuse: *[reciting a speech]*

Okay... Pat, Brock, you're both going for the FIST and SOHER tonight. This is serious shit boys and there's like seven of them and only two of you, so whether you like it or not, Malak and I are your only other options for help.....???

Once again Fuse gives his head a shake.

Conor Fuse: *[reciting a speech]*

ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT, fuck Malak Garland. There. I said it. But we can use the nimrod because it's a lot of them and a few of us! Malak is simply another body to stand up against them! Plus he DOES hate Kerry and Lindsay. That's gotta count for sometimes, eh Pat?

Conor doesn't like the sound of this, either. Instead of running through another speech, he puffs out his chest and throws open the doors. This catches Brock and Pat's eye in the far distance, as they have since moved away from the front of the Brew since Conor was taking way too long going through his rehearsed speeches.

Conor Fuse:

Pat, Brock!

Fuse shouts in the Special's direction...

...Then from the corner of Conor's right eye he sees a limo pulling up outside of the Brew.

Out walks Malak Garland and Siobhan Cassidy, the two of them completely all over each other as Siobhan laughs hysterically at whatever Garland had said in the limo.

Fuse notices he's caught the attention of Cassidy and Newbludd. They're looking in his direction.

Conor takes another glance at Malak and Siobhan. Then one last look at SNS. He shouts over to the Specials.

Conor Fuse:

Nevermind!

The gamer pauses and rolls his eyes in frustration.

Conor Fuse: *[muttering to himself]*

Just fucking nevermind.

The doors open again and eventually Malak Garland peeps up from behind Conor's shoulders.

Malak Garland:

Psst, psst, bud... is the coast clear? We 'Special'-free?

It takes The Ultimate Gamer a moment before responding, while sounding disinterested.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, they're at the other side of the room.

Garland stands upright behind Conor, revealing Siobhan draped all over him.

Malak Garland:

Great. Thanks, C.

The Snowflake Superstar tussles Fuse's hair in similar Conor Fuse fashion before walking away with Siobhan and wandering to their seats... totally groping each other as inappropriately as possible.

Fuse looks like he's going to puke... and the show goes to its first commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

****REVIEWER OF THE YEAR****

After the commercial break, we open back up with Jamie Sawyers at the podium.

Jamie Sawyers:

Folks, due to TV time restraints our first few awards will be mentioned now but the winners will be recognized better at a later date! Our first award is Reviewer of the Year. Here are the nominations.

REVIEWER of the YEAR

Chris Chickentenders

Deb Warenstein

Tim Tillinghast

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner of this award is...

Pause. Everyone in the bar does a drum roll.

Jamie Sawyers:

Chris Chickentenders!

Ballyhoo Brew cheers as Chris Chickentenders' face appears on the backdrop.

****BRAZEN OF THE YEAR******Jamie Sawyers:**

And now BRAZEN of the YEAR. Here are the nominations.

BRAZEN of the YEARCount Novick ([bio](#))Declan Alexander ([bio](#))Flamberge ([bio](#))**Jamie Sawyers:**

The winner of this award...

Another drum roll in the bar follows.

Jamie Sawyers:

Declan Alexander!

The crowd cheers once again as Sawyers moves on.

****HALL OF FAME******Jamie Sawyers:**

And finally, we are going to announce the new entrants into the Hall of Fame!

Ceremonial music cues up and plays at a low an appropriate level.

Jamie Sawyers:

Last year we inducted Chris King as the first entrant and to carry on the tradition in Chris King's name ...

Music ramps up

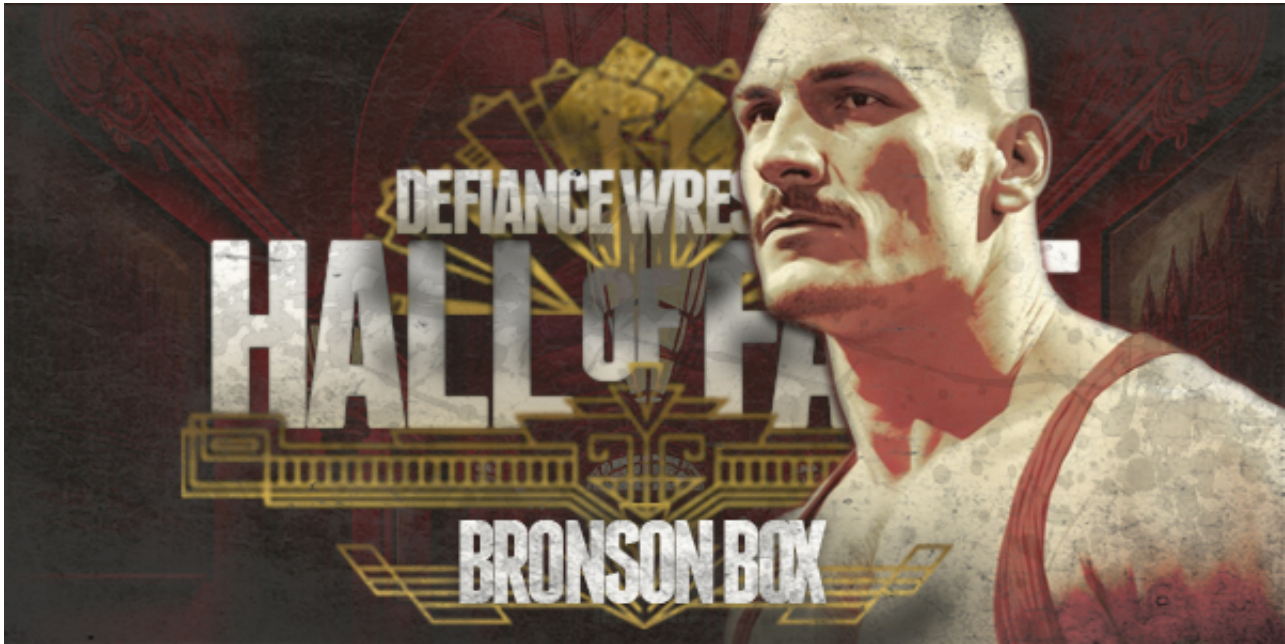
Jamie Sawyers:

Please join me in welcoming ... the **two** NEWEST members to the DEFIANCE *Hall of Fame*...

Sawyers pauses as the display board reveals the inductees.

Jamie Sawyers:

The *ORIGINAL* DEFIANT ... THE *ACE* OF DEFIANCE...



The crowd pops for the graphic before Jamie can get the name out. It dies down just enough for Sawyers to continue.

Jamie Sawyers:

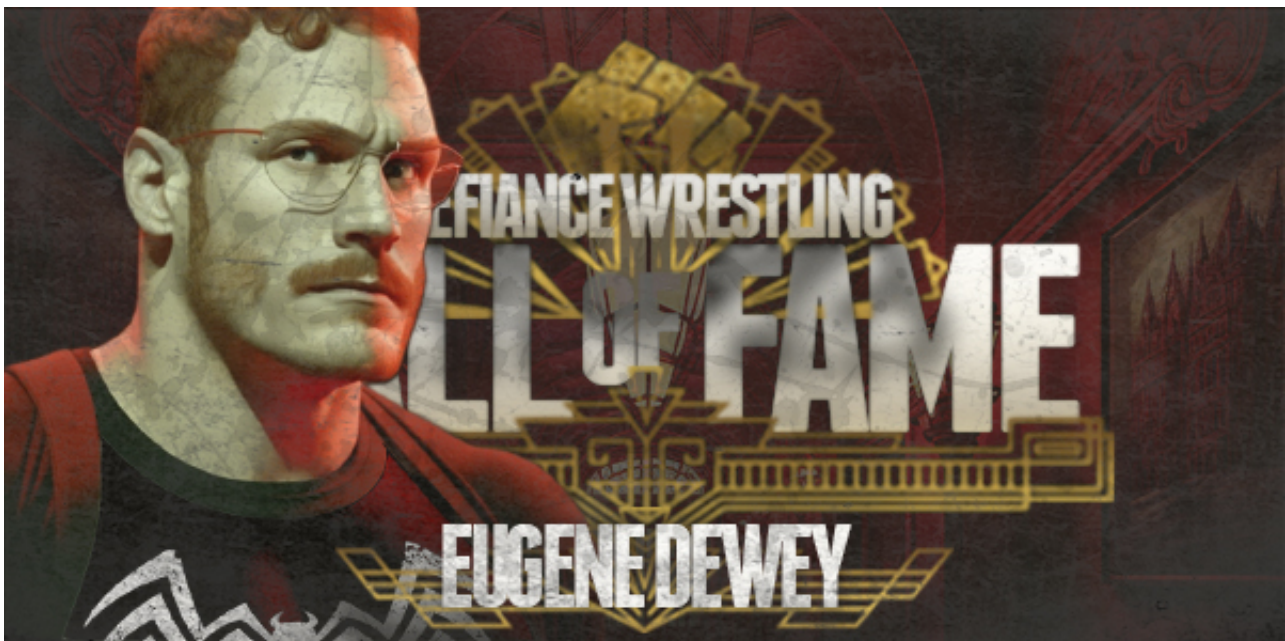
The FIRST Unified DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion and *TWO TIME FIST* of DEFIANCE ...
BRROONNSON ... BOXXXX!!

The crowd pops again and as the cheers round out, the applause begin only to be undercut by the chants...

*YOU DESERVE IT *clap clap, clap clap clap**
*YOU DESERVE IT *clap clap, clap clap clap**
*YOU DESERVE IT *clap clap, clap clap clap**

Jamie Sawyers:

And ... a man who has been called the Superman to Box's Lex Luther ... Yet one of his greatest allies ...



The crowd pops hard again.

Jamie Sawyers:

The LONGEST reigning ... FIST OF DEFIANCE!!! **EUGEEEEENEEE DEEEEWWEY!!!!**

The crowd pops again and begins to chant.

SHO - RYU - KEN!!!!

SHO - RYU - KEN!!!

SHO - RYU - KEN!!!!

The cheers and chants start to die down but maintain a particular noise level.

Jamie Sawyers:

Both men were reached out to but unfortunately, they could not attend. We look forward to continuing to build on the Hall of Fame and recognizing the great DEFIANTS of years past. But next up, we will go to the WrestlePlex for our first match and when we return here... we'll have the next part of the awards show!

The scene switches to the WrestlePlex.

TYLER FUSE vs. HIGH FLYER IV



Off the pitch, UNCUT opens to the WrestlePlex where fireworks explode and The Faithful cheer in anticipation. As the camera pans around the building, the announcers introduce themselves after the broadcast feed cuts to their table.

DDK:

Hello everyone! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler alongside Lance Warner and we are ready to begin our night of wrestling action!

Lance:

Yes, indeed! The Tag Titles, SOHER and FIST will be on the line tonight but to kick things off we have High Flyer IV going up against Tyler Fuse. The last time these two wrestled each other, Tyler broke Flyer's arm in an arm bar submission. It was inadvertent, although it didn't seem like Tyler cared either way. Now, after HFIV lost the Favored Saints Championship to Dr. Ned Reform, Fuse is set to take down Jack Harmen's kid again... maybe for good.

UNCUT reveals High Flyer IV making his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

Everyone cheers, now knowing the match will be for one fall.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania... weighing one-hundred-seventy-eight pounds... HIGH FLYER IV!

The young kid slings himself over the top rope and into the ring while his theme music is replaced.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE!

The OG Player methodically walks out from the FIST logo, eyes locked on the ring at his opponent. He strolls down while High Flyer bounces around inside the squared circle.

DDK:

This is a big match for Flyer, he wants to prove himself to the main roster. He's still BRAZEN talent but obviously winning the Favored Saints Title, even for the one-week period he held the belt, was certainly an accomplishment. His initial match against Tyler Fuse... he held his own for a little while, until he was locked into that arm bar.

Fuse casually walks up the steel steps and enters the ring.

DDK:

The referee is Mark Shields, who's no stranger to incompetence...

Lance:

A little harsh. [Pause to contemplate] But fair.

Shields is standing in the middle of the ring with a smile on his face... it takes him a moment to realize both men are ready. He eventually calls for the bell.

DING DING

The crowd goes into a shock as High Flyer SPRINTS at Tyler Fuse and drops him with the Locomotive, Jack Harmen's finisher, a charging yakuza kick! It catches Tyler right in the jaw! Fuse falls back-first to the mat and looks to be out cold!

The Faithful are stunned! Even High Flyer himself has an expression on his face like he doesn't know what to do.

DDK:

Pin the man!

Lance:

Tyler hasn't been pinned in a singles match in ALMOST one calendar year!

HFIV looks to the mat and then to the top turnbuckle. You can see a number of ideas are rolling through his head. The crowd is on their feet, awaiting a decision... and Tyler Fuse hasn't moved an inch.

DDK:

Flyer is going to the top rope!

The kid measures Fuse, he wants to make sure the jump is laid out in his mind before he leaps off the padding...

And Flyer goes for it. He quickly turns himself around, back facing the ring before pushing off the buckle and flipping through the air with his finisher, the Moonshot Special.

THUMP!

DDK:

NO!

Tyler Fuse shows signs of life at the absolute LAST POSSIBLE SECOND! He lifts his knees and HFIV crashes into them! Tyler takes hold of Flyer before the BRAZEN star rolls away...

DDK:

Fuse has the arm bar submission locked in!

HFIV screams while waving his free arm in the air... but like pitbull Tyler grits his teeth together and yanks back even harder.

Harmen cries again. He makes one desperate attempt to roll forward, in the hope he can catch Tyler Fuse with some kind of pin. However, Fuse's arm bar is textbook. There's nowhere for Flyer to go. He can't even roll onto his side.

A tear rolls down Flyer's face before he screams out one final time and starts tapping profusely.

DDK:

That's it!

Give Mark Shields some credit this time, because he's on it and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Lance:

So unfortunate. It's not the outcome High Flyer wanted at all, obviously.

DDK:

But to come so close to winning, with an out-of-nowhere yakuza kick. Perhaps Flyer should've capitalized then and gone for a pin!

Lance:

Could've, would've, should've. It's easy to look back now.

Tyler drops the arm bar after hearing the bell. He tosses HFIV off to the side of the mat as Flyer rolls onto his chest, clutching his right arm with his left hand while kicking his feet against the mat.

DDK:

I only hope he tapped out in time...

Tyler rests on a knee. He looks across to Flyer and sneers before standing in the center of the canvas.

Lance:

I'll say this, I give Tyler credit. He broke the hold the moment the bell rang... and everything he did in the match was legal.

Fuse exits the ring and walks up the rampway while a number of EMTs make their way down to High Flyer IV, passing the OG Gamer in the process.

DDK:

Again, you've got to feel for Flyer here. I certainly expected a real battle between these two, given what happened the last time they met one-on-one. And now, I wonder if Flyer will be out of action again for a prolonged period of time. Heartbreaking.

Lance:

Let's not get ahead of ourselves here, Keeps.

Warner allows the moment to breathe as the EMTs speak to Flyer, who is now sitting in the corner of the ring but hasn't stopped holding onto his right arm.

Lance:

Then again, it doesn't look good.

DDK:

Folks, we're going back to the Ballyhoo Brew for more awards. We'll see you soon!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

CANOODLING

Teri Melton:

Oh, Niiigel.

Her voice like honey, Teri nestles her head against Lord Nigel's shoulder. Their tablemates having abandoned them, even surrounded as they are by wrestling luminaries and peers, it is as though Teri Melton & Lord Nigel Trickelbush are the only two people in the whole world at this moment. They sink into the constant buzz of Ballyhoo Brew - all around them - as some promo or another plays on the many large screens throughout the venue.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The way my name plays off of your lips... it's divine.

Teri Melton:

It's been so long since I've felt this way. Only you can make me feel like this. It's always been you.

Swirling his cognac around in his glass wistfully, Nigel's wan smile breaks.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And yet you still saw fit to leave me, all those years ago.

She pouts at him, all sour.

Teri Melton:

Now why would you dredge up such a thing on a night as magical as this?!

Nigel tips the bright white tophat back on his head and turns to face her, eyes suddenly earnest and open. Somewhere, an orchestra plays something sweeping and heartbreaking.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Because I know, Teri. I know that this can't last forever. I know that that dark day will come... when you leave me again. Just like Morocco.

She leans up to him just as the camera zooms in, framing their faces perfectly.

Teri Melton:

Can't we have tonight?

Breathless, Teri's eyes melt... a single, exceptionally placed tear slowly rolls down her powdered cheek.

They kiss. Finally. It's somehow grosser than you expected. The orchestral piece crescendos towards its apex.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

We shall have tonight forever, my dove.

He pulls back, a shadow falling across his face. The tune stumbles across a minor chord.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Your man. JJ. He'll deliver me the masked man? Tonight? As promised?

Eyes batting for effect, Teri tilts her head.

Teri Melton:

You brought the cash?

Lord Nigel's eyes glimmer. He reaches under the table and sets a heavy, old brown leather bag on the table in front of

them.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

One hundred thousand dollars. Up front. Like we agreed.

Without a word, Teri pulls the bag towards her and peeks inside. Her eyes light up. Lifting the bag up, she turns, promptly handing it over to Zoltan who had seemingly been attending to her unseen. Our chamber orchestra rediscovers its bright, major chord roots.

Teri Melton:

Oh, Niiigel, you're so wonderful! This is truly going to be the most wonderful night ever!

They entwine once more, their breath mingling together like some kind of octogenarian biological weapon.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The masked man. Number one. You have him?

Teri Melton:

I'll deliver him to you. Soon. But first... let's enjoy the show, shall we?

She "boops" his nose playfully before turning her attention back to Ballyhoo Brews stage area. Nigel's eyes linger on her... his smile fading only just enough to notice and only just for a moment.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You ARE the show, my dove.

The starlet throws her head back in laughter as Lord Nigel kisses and tickles her neck. We slowly fade out.

****SHOCK OF THE YEAR****

Jamie Sawyers is at the podium.

Jamie Sawyers:

It is now time for the SHOCK of the YEAR award! The finalists are as followed...

SHOCK of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens burn Ballyhoo Brew ([segment](#))

Siobhan Cassidy is revealed to be dating Malak Garland ([segment](#))

Uriel Cortez and Titaness get married after winning the Unified Tag titles ([event](#))

Rezin's Cinderella tournament run

MV1 brings Corvo's daughter to a PPV event ([incident](#))

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is...

Drum roll. Almost everyone inside the Brew is doing it.

Then a LONG, awkward as fuck pause. To the point Jamie doesn't even want to say it.

The drum rolls slow.

Jamie gulps.

He sweats.

The drum rolls stop.

Jamie squeaks it out.

Jamie Sawyers:

The Lucky Sevens... burn... down... uhhhh... this old place...

DEFIANCE Wrestling's Unified Tag Team Champions rise from their seats and get booed by the crowd! Mason Luck has three of the titles around his shoulders and Max Luck walks to the stage behind him with the other two belts. Mason has on a dark red suit and sunglasses and Max has the same suit and sunglasses, but in green. The seven foot twins get booed very loudly by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful packing the new Ballyhoo Brew for their part in what happened to the original bar. They tower over the stage they are given their DEFY Awards. Mason speaks first.

Mason Luck:

You know ... Max and I should be happy! We should be grateful that we won the first of what will be several DEFY Awards tonight for us ... but for this? Shock of the Year? The Lucky Sevens burn down Ballyhoo Brew? I call bull-shit! You hear me, DEFIANCE Wrestling? Bull!!!! Shit!!!

Max takes the podium.

Max Luck:

No matter how many times we have to tell people that we had nothing to do with that cheap-ass shit-shack being set ablaze, you people don't believe us. Beating the Saturday Night Specials for the Unified Tag Team titles! Making sure they suffered the most humiliating, one-sided defeat they have ever experienced at Maximum DEFIANCE! We did all that!

The booing is getting louder but Mason yells over all of it.

Mason Luck:

MAYBE ... The Saturday Night Specials had it coming and they fucking knew it. They played games with us. For a year they walked around with stolen property by having these titles instead of us! They thought they ruled this tag team division and despite us outsizing them, they looked down on us. They got us *fired* only for their shitty little bar to go up in flames! That's not The Lucky Sevens! That's *karma*! Justice was served the night that they had their bar burned down and if there was any justice in this world, this second Ballyhoo would go up just as fast!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Max Luck:

That night was the second worst night for the careers of Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, next to losing to us ... but for us, it was the greatest night! That bar burning down set the events in motion that led to us winning the titles, holding DEFIANCE Wrestling by its *throat* until we got our jobs back and then getting reinstated with shiny new main event contracts, making us the wealthiest men in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Mason holds up the DEFY Award and Max does the same with his.

Mason Luck:

We accept these awards not because we are admitting to anything, but we accept them because Ballyhoo Brew being burned down was the best thing that happened to our careers. Main Event Monsters Making Main Event Money! Five-Star Beatdowns! The Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery! All of it was possible because of the most shocking moment to happen in DEFIANCE Wrestling for the year 2022!

Max Luck:

But that's not all! Stay tuned! Later tonight, there will be a special Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery where Mason and I are going to be defending these titles against *two* teams at the same time! The Dangerous Mix and The Pop Culture Phenoms are going to get a live demonstration of what awaits them in Madison Square Garden next month!

Mason Luck:

Tonight, we're not only stacking DEFY Awards and stacking our money! Tonight, we're stacking more bodies and showing you all what happens when people come hunting for our gold! Good night!

Massive boos ring Mason and Max off the stage.

****SEGMENT OF THE YEAR****

You can tell by the look on Jamie Sawyers' face he's EXTREMELY thankful that award is over.

Jamie Sawyers:

Okay, now we have SEGMENT of the YEAR. Here are the finalists!

SEGMENT of the YEAR

Conor Fuse and Rezin's friendship, ([be good](#) & [4/20](#))
Corvo Alpha throwing Keyes from the skybox ([segment](#))
Deb Warenstein saves Brock Newbludd ([segment](#))
Henry Keyes turns to the dark side ([segment](#))
Jessica Reeves is revealed as Kabal mastermind ([reveal](#))
Oscar Burns joins Vae Victis ([segment](#))

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is...

You can tell the party is trying to get back on track by louder than normal drum rolls from the crowd.

Jamie Sawyers:

Henry Keyes' turn to the dark side!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Keyes looks quite dapper in a crimson 1800s naval military suit (one wonders if he used the same tailor for the 2021 DEFys). He rises from his seat at the Cool Kids table as Troy, Kuroyama, Burns, and Byrd all cheer on their scary pirate friend.

Jamie Sawyers hands Keyes his DEFy; the Kraken gives it a close look before laughing.

Henry Keyes:

"I turned to the dAaAaAark side", Miss Troy! Isn't that what they called it? Henry Keyes Turns to the Dark Side?
OoOoOOOOOOO!

Keyes wiggles his fingers to his Vae Victis partners and they just start giggling.

Henry Keyes:

2022 was a year of Promises Kept, friends. I put the DEFIANCE roster on notice the night that earned me this little trinket that Vae Victis was coming for it all, and look at us, eh? Hey, hey. Look at us.

Keyes gives Troy a little nod that makes her loudly "pfffft"-laugh.

Henry Keyes:

I just want to say, congratulations to the Saturday Night Specials for the re-opening of the Ballyhoo Brew...

Applause all around the bar.

Henry Keyes:

...especially since this is the ONLY thing you'll have left to celebrate at the end of the night after Miss Troy and I are done with you!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes laughs to himself again.

Henry Keyes:

Ahhhhh haha, you're all a bunch of idiots, Cassidy and Newbludd are about to be eaten alive and you know it. Anyway, thanks for this award, a big "go suck a lemon" to Rezin now that I don't have to share the Segment of the Year award with him anymore, and I'll see you next year after Vae Victis plunders this company.

Keyes exits to his right as Sawyers reclaims the podium.

****MATCH OF THE YEAR******Jamie Sawyers:**

And now it is time for MATCH of the YEAR! As always, DEFIANCE delivers inside the ring and this year was no exception with the tightest race for MATCH of the YEAR yet! Here are the finalists...

MATCH of the YEAR

UNIFIED Tag Team Championship, Ladder Match: SNS (C) vs. PCP vs. LTT at DEFIANCE Road ([match](#))

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: Corvo Alpha (C) vs. Henry Keyes at DEFCON ([match](#))

Two out of Three Falls: Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE ([match](#))

FIST of DEFIANCE: Deacon (C) vs. Malak Garland w/ Conor Fuse Guest Enforcer at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE ([match](#))

Kerry Kuroyama vs. Dex Joy at ACTS of DEFIANCE ([match](#))

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winning match is...

DRUM ROOOOLLLLLL.

Jamie Sawyers:

Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy, Two out of Three Falls at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

The crowd gives a huge round of applause for the announcement! Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy from MAXIMUM DEFIANCE wins Match of the Year! As this happens, two DEFY Awards are held up by Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Before we begin, we regret to inform you that due to injury, Dex Joy was unable to make it here to accept this award in person.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jamie has to stop to acknowledge the reaction from the people that came here to possibly see Dex Joy for the first time since Corvo Alpha injured him in mid-November. He waits for it to simmer, then continues on.

Jamie Sawyers:

However, when he was informed of this award, he did want to send you all a video message that we're going to play for you right now!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer at that news and switches over to a video taped earlier in the day from Dex's home in California. Dex Joy is sporting a very sharp looking white dress coat and black shirt. He adjusts the collar and looks uncomfortable because underneath it all he is still wearing a neck brace. He has grown out a beard for the first time in his DEFIANCE Wrestling career. Dex doesn't have his usual hyper-expressive attitude tonight.

Dex Joy:

Dex's Wrecking Crew ... how the hell are you?

The video pauses just a little bit to hopefully allow fans to cheer. They show Dex some love!

Dex Joy:

As you might have guessed ... thanks to that prick Corvo Alpha and his fancy pants handler Lord Nigel Trickydick, Dexy Baby hasn't had the best Thanksgiving ... or Christmas ... and New Years Eve was shaping up to suck. I didn't even know what to wear cause you can see ...

Dex stands up and shows off his lower half wearing tuxedo shorts! He sits back down in his seat.

Dex Joy:

But DEFIANCE Wrestling brass called up to share that ol' Sexy Dexy had not just one but two Match of the Year

Candidates and that I won for my match with Oscar Burns at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. That brought the first smile to my face that I've had in two months. Thank you all for voting for me and thank you for showing those stuck up Vae Victis that they don't know their asses from a hole in the ground and that real wrestling isn't just what they think it is. Pat, Brock, rooting for you tonight, pallies. Give em hell.

The crowd chants "Bally-hoo!"

Dex Joy:

Up until my run-ins with Corvo Alpha, I'd say 2022 was the best year of my DEFIANCE Wrestling career. I showed everybody in DEFIANCE Wrestling you don't have to know a million holds or work a headlock, brother, to make someone feel something. I busted Arthur Pleasant's punk ass losing sixty pounds in the last year and making myself not just a one-man Wrecking Machine and Wrestling Machine. Match of the Year with Oscar Burns. Two matches with Oscar Burns that I won. Another Em-oh-tee-y candidate with Kerry Kuroyama. The HOSS FIGHT of the year for the FIST of DEFIANCE with Deacon. One of the most vicious matches on television with Henry Keyes. But all those matches came at a cost ... and Corvo Alpha cashed in on it at my worst.

Dex Joy now realizes the gravity of the situation.

Dex Joy:

I tried to keep on fighting despite DEFIANCE Wrestling asking me to take it easy on my neck, but thanks to Corvo ... I can't enjoy it. I can't enjoy any of what I did in 2022 now. That's why I wanted you to hear this from Dexy Baby's lips before some dirt sheet writer gets it out there first ... yes, I mean you, Tim-O-Thee Tillinghast. I will be at DEF TV 181 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. I just got some news for my doctors. For the past two months, they have asked me to sit at home and wait to see how my neck heals before the possibility of surgery keeps me out for much longer. I got that news earlier this week and I'll be there to share with all of you in person.

He raises a glass from his living room.

Dex Joy:

But until then, thank you again for voting for me. Thank you for believing in me and no matter where my journey goes next, just know that I, Dexter Michael Joy, appreciate all of your support. Here's an early toast to a Happy New Year. Thank you all.

The video package concludes for Dex Joy's portion.

Jamie Sawyers:

And here in person to accept his DEFy Award for Match of the Year... here is the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE... Oscar Burns!

More booing erupts as Oscar Burns approaches the stage, dressed in a burgundy button-up shirt, black slacks and his infamous dress loafers (because fuck shoelaces). Oscar takes in the jeering.

BOOOOOOOO!

And The Faithful better know what's coming next.

Oscar Burns:

-URNS! Come on, GCs, you keep walking right into that!

Burns holds up the DEFy award.

Oscar Burns:

But anyway... yes, Match of the Year! No surprise there! Big Match Burnsie! Full Boat Burnsie! DEFIANCE Himself! I go by many names, but the one thing that I have always been is a starmaker. I wrestle the best matches in this company. I put on the greatest technical spectacles in company history! There was simply no other choice! I mean...

come on, now. Dex Joy? Greatest wrestler in this promotion? Yeah nah.

Jamie Sawyers:

He WAS nominated for two matches of the year and you were only nominated for one...

The crowd whoops and laughs. Burns stares down Sawyers... then jokingly slaps his arm. Then once again, much harder. Jamie winces.

Oscar Burns:

But the match that won was the match that DEFIANCE was in! I told everyone that I am DEFIANCE and this win tonight, as voted by you, my DEFIANTS, is just further proof of that! THREE YEARS now, I have won multiple DEFY Awards and tonight will be no different! Just you wait! Wrestling me would normally be a dream come true for anyone in DEFIANCE...

Oscar then speaks directly to the camera.

Oscar Burns:

...But at DEFIANCE Road, it won't be a dream match for YOU, Declan AlexanderFar from it.

Burns clinches his hands a bit tighter against the podium on stage.

Oscar Burns:

Make no mistake, kid, You're good. You are REAL good, especially for your age. For these past few months, you've been working the main roster and defending your BRAZEN Championship on BRAZEN shows while making it look easy. You've been promoted to the main roster due to your win over me and you're still honoring your BRAZEN commitments. That shows me that you're going to be a pillar in this company for years...

Burns now his his hands so tight against the podium that it might break.

Oscar Burns:

But when DEFIANCE sticks its hand out to you... *I* stick my hand out to you and I rough you up just to teach you a lesson... you choose to cost me a match to JJ Dixon instead of taking this lesson to heart. The lesson is that you have the talent, but not the experience. You can't do what Vae Victis does for the betterment of this promotion. You aren't ready for what we do.

He holds up the Match of the Year award that he just won.

Oscar Burns:

DEFIANCE Road is going to be a first for me, Declan. This isn't going to be a match of the year, young GC. This won't be on anybody's match of the year list. This won't be voted for anything other than a free lesson in humility. I'm just going to HURT you, Declan. I know that you're going to fight... and keep fighting... and fight some more. But my gas tank doesn't go empty, GC. I'm going to throw everything I have at you. I'm going to wreck EVERY limb at EVERY chance I get... then I'm going to beat that fight out of you until you have no more fight to give... I ran 205 pounds of gutter trash named Rezin right on out the front doors and if you know what's good for you, you'll follow suit, Declan...

Oscar starts to brush past Jamie, but then poses with the DEFY Award.

Oscar Burns:

Because I! AM! DEFIANCE!

Now that he's finished, Oscar nods to Jamie Sawyers and then is escorted off the stage. Sawyers returns.

Jamie Sawyers:

We will be right back with more coming up!

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



****ROOKIE OF THE YEAR****

Off the commercial break, Jamie Sawyers is back behind the podium.

Jamie Sawyers:

Folks, we're moving right along here. It's time for the DEFIANCE ROOKIE of the YEAR! The finalists are...

ROOKIE of the YEAR

Dan Leo James ([bio](#))

Declan Alexander ([bio](#))

Teri Melton ([bio](#))

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is...

Drum roll keeps on going. There's even some screams now, as some of the talent and staff not working tonight are clearly getting shit faced.

Jamie Sawyers:

TERI MELTON!

Teri Melton hears she won and rises from her seat, hands on her heart, her mouth dropped in shock. Lord Nigel quickly rises next to her, his mouth smiling and beaming with pride. He leans in for a kiss but Teri turns her head to look at the crowd, only allowing him a chance to kiss her on the cheek. She quickly moves from her seat and steps to the podium.

Once there. She pauses and lets the lights glisten off of her outfit - a blood red (like the DEFIANCE logo) sequined shawl over a black sequined dress, allowing the light to reflect over her. She scans around the audience for a few seconds before holding her arm out theatrically.

Teri Melton:

There are so many people I would like to thank! First, to Lord Nigel, for being such a wonderful and gentlemanly escort! To Zoltan, forever my partner. And to JJ Dixon, The Special Attraction, for being such a willing protege as he realizes his destiny.

Teri continues.

Teri Melton:

But of course the people who need the most recognition for this honor are The Faithful who have realized that they are seeing something very, well, special unfolding with The Uncut Gems!

There are a couple of screams, likely from the drunken crowd.

Teri Melton:

When I arrived here several months ago, many naysayers did not think I would last! They said no one remembered me and the few who did only recalled the "baggage" I supposedly carried from years ago. They said I was too old to matter. They said I was too manipulative. And they said that JJ Dixon did not have what it takes. They said he was just a matter of weeks away from being cut from DEFIANCE, and he himself was minutes away from retiring from this sport while still in his early 20s. He was ready to give up on himself.

Teri smirks.

Teri Melton:

Well... to all of you... take a look at us now!

She makes The DiamondHands gesture.

Teri Melton:

But while I may have won Rookie of the Year... I am most looking forward to next year's award ceremony. And the year after. Because I have made our intentions clear. JJ Dixon wants to become the greatest wrestler DEFIANCE has ever witnessed. And The Uncut Gems will cement their unlikely rise by becoming the most dominant force in this promotion's history. As I have said before...

Teri extends her fingers and slowly makes a fist.

Teri Melton:

These well-manicured fingers will one day rule this promotion with an iron FIST... and professional wrestling's one true and ONLY queen will reign supreme!

She casts a dirty look at the direction of a certain someone.

Teri Melton:

Now, our illustrious commentator "Downtown" Darren Keebler once labeled me as the Manipulative Matron of Olde Hollywood. It's catchy. I like it. But I have a more appropriate nickname.

She pauses and purses her lips.

Teri Melton:

I am The Gangster In A Gucci Dress... because The Uncut Gems always steal the show! And trust me when I tell you that you have not seen anything yet! Because DEFIANCE has officially realized that...

She pauses and smiles widely as she looks around the venue.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton!

Another pause and wider smile.

Teri Melton:

Is ready!

And a final pause as she does not need to use the microphone for the assembled to say it with her.

Teri Melton:

For her closeup!

Teri steps from behind the podium and takes a theatrical bow as Zoltan now grabs her by her folded hand and escorts her back to her seat.

****BREAKOUT OF THE YEAR******Jamie Sawyers:**

And now BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR. The finalists are...

BREAKOUT of the YEAR

Alvaro de Vargas ([bio](#))

Corvo Alpha ([bio](#))

Masked Violator 1 ([bio](#))

The drum roll stuff already started BEFORE the finalists finished rolling across the screen. This crowd is ready!

Jamie Sawyers:

CORVO ALPHA!

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

The camera finds Lord Nigel rising to his feet from a table in the audience. Teri Melton at his side, she is applauding lovingly. He offers her a departing kiss on the cheek before gliding off towards the dais. Taking the award from Jamie with little more than a courtesy bow of the head, Lord Nigel seems to soak up the negative response.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Lovely. Yes, quite lovely.

The boo’s have a brief resurgence yet his thin voice somehow cuts through it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

“Breakout of the Year”. An interesting award but an award nonetheless, I suppose. Corvo Alpha is not here this evening. This is not his “crowd”, as the children might say. He would no doubt be delighted to know that he has been recognized as...

Nigel turns the trophy around in his hands, eventually finding the engraving.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Ah yes! The “Breakout of the Year”. He would be delighted to know that... if anyone were to reasonably explain what such an award stands for. What is it? Best NEWCOMER? Best UPSTART? Foolishness. Corvo Alpha has always been and always will be. Perhaps the world needs a refresher. Perhaps at DEFIANCE Road, you’ll all get what you deserve. This trophy is no prize.

Nigel squints into the crowd, shading his eyes.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The only prize *I* need is a very special lady out in the crowd tonight... and the very special prize she is going to give me later on.

The crowd lets out a groan as the music plays Nigel off the stage. As he stomps off, he tries to articulate that that wasn’t what he meant. But the damage had been done.

Jamie Sawyers once again finds his rightful spot.

Jamie Sawyers:

We are going back to the WrestlePlex now for more action!

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: LUCKY SEVENS LUCK LOTTERY

The camera is now on the stage and we are getting right to the action! The Lucky Lottery Girl is standing next to a rebuilt and reinforced version of the Lucky Lottery Tumbler! She smiles and waves with a few cat calls from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful coming her way. All that is done the second that Tom Morrow steps on the stage.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Welcome back to more action! Up next, we are going to see the winners of the DEFY Award for Shock of the Year earlier tonight, The Lucky Sevens, defend their titles in the first-ever triple threat Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery! They promised to make an example out of not just one but two teams tonight now that they'll have to defend the titles next monty at DEFIANCE Road against the Dangerous Mix and the Pop Culture Phenoms!

Lance:

What two teams are going to be given this opportunity? We've seen the Lucky Sevens defeat legitimate competition as well as ... less than legit competition. What one are we getting tonight?

DDK:

I can only guess ...

Just as the introductions from the story wrap up, The Better Future Talent Agency owner and manager, Tom Morrow gets greeted with booing.

Tom Morrow:

New Orleans! It was better when we were on the road in *real* cities but here we are.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Tom Morrow:

Shove it! Despite what I think of your city, your lackluster football team and everything about you swamp rats, I'm in a giving mood! That's why tonight, you are getting a very special edition of ... cue that drum roll!

A drum roll plays as the banner appears on the DEFIA-Tron!

Tom Morrow:

THE LUCKY SEVENS LUCKY LOTTERY!!! TONIGHT, WE ARE NOT DRAWING TWO DIFFERENT DEFIANCE OR BRAZEN STARS! TONIGHT, WE ARE DRAWING *TWO!* COUNT EM! TWO! TEAMS! BUT FIRST ... INTRODUCING YOUR DEFY AWARD SHOCK OF THE YEAR AND SOON TO BE YOUR DEFIANTS OF THE YEAR!!!

Morrow waves his hands!

Tom Morrow:

They have a combined fighting weight of six-hundred twenty-five pounds! They stand at an astounding combined fourteen feet tall! They are the TWO TIME Unified Tag Champions! The *real* saints of New Orleans by allowing you to witness Five-Star Beatdown after Five-Star Beatdown!!! They are your Unified Tag Team Champions! They are "Big Money Monster" Mason Luck! "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! They! Are! THE LLLLLUUUCCCKKKYYYY SSSEEEVVVEEENNSSSS!!!!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

In brand new sparkling green capes, both Mason and Max hold them wide open to reveal all five titles between them!

Three for Max two for Mason tonight! The crowd is booing them out of the building as pyro goes off from all directions on the stage!

BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

And on either side of the new champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling more pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and claps like a seal! Mason focuses on the ring and Max winks at the Lucky Lottery Girl who smiles back. It's down to business now with the two men heading to the ring. The two most decorated wrestlers in DEFIANCE Wrestling take turns stepping inside. Morrow stays on the ramp to out the first team.

Tom Morrow:

Lucky Lottery Girl! Spin that tumbler! And get me another drum roll!

The drum roll starts to play as the tumbler spins. Once several spins have been completed she stops and picks out a red colored lottery ball for Tom. He takes it and opens the ball.

Tom Morrow:

Ahh ... yes! True veterans of DEFIANCE Wrestling! They have been here for years and have been considered worthy of respect! Play them out ... THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT!!!

The crowd groans.

DDK:

That answers our earlier question.

♪ "Heaven Is A Place On Earth" by Belinda Carlisle ♪

The music plays for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful with three members of The Midcard Experiment coming out to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the team of CAGE! And El Hijo De Fishman Deluxe ... "MIDCARD EXXPPEERRRRRIIIIMMEEENNNTTTT!

The crowd gives love to the long time group of BRAZEN. Fishman Deluxe is getting pats on the back from the masked Nicolas Cage-inspired wrestler called CAGE! The duo look ready to fight in spite of the odds. Tom Morrow is back on the stage.

Tom Morrow:

Gimme one more roll!

The drum roll plays again and the tumbler spins. The Lucky Lottery Girl stops after a few spins and pulls out a green colored lottery ball for Morrow to take. He opens the ball.

Tom Morrow:

And the third team in this match ... Jeff Belltron! Dick Flanagan! The Safety Patrol!

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work Safe™ Productions ♪

The stock music plays, but the crowd gives a nice cheer when BRAZEN's Dick Flanagan and Jeff Belltron make their way out from the back, taking in cheers from the crowd! The Lucky Sevens do not seem to care who is in their way and just look ready to hurt somebody.

DDK:

Three teams! But this match works like a triple threat! The Lucky Sevens might be taking an unnecessary risk by

defending these titles to prove a point.

Lance:

Maybe but when has that ever stopped them from bullying whoever they want. We've seen them cause property damage, hurt people and even end the careers of the Louisiana Bulldogs in DEFIANCE Wrestling just for getting a crack at the titles they now have.

Once all three teams are in the ring, DEFIANCE Wrestling's laziest ref, Mark Shields, holds the titles up.

DING DING

Max Luck charges right after the bell and makes the first move by squashing CAGE in the corner with a splash! Hijo del Fishman Deluxe is shocked by how fast Max moves and when he turns around, Mason Luck is already there to greet him with a big boot to the face.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens already off to work!

Lance:

Both member of Midcard Experiment getting a Shock of the Year in their own right!

The Lucky Sevens stand tall over them, but turn their backs on Dick Flanagan and Jeff Belltron! They both run up and hit double drop kicks to the back of Max Luck and send him over the top rope when he isn't looking! Mason turns around! He tries to clothesline both members of the Safety Patrol, but instead, they duck and then hit a double drop kick for him on the way back. Mason Luck does not fall, but he gets staggered and sent into a corner.

DDK:

Look at Safety Patrol go! They have never been in a ring with the Lucky Sevens before and they're using the element of surprise!

Lance:

They try a double team on Mason!

Belltron hits a splash in the corner on the bigger Mason, then Flanagan does it as well. After two splashes they pick up Mason and they attempt what looks like a double vertical suplex in mind.

DDK:

They're gonna try and suplex Mason!

Lance:

Can they do it?

They get the crowd to cheer them on and then try the suplex. They get Mason up just a little bit, but he kicks his legs to keep from going over ...

Then he takes *both* members of Safety Patrol over with a double suplex of his own! Mason Luck sits up on the mat and lets out an ear-splitting roar!

Lance:

Experienced or not, The Safety Patrol are not two small men but Mason Luck just suplexed them both!

DDK:

There hasn't even been a tag in this match ... but look who the referee is!

Mark Shields seems to be just letting this go without any tags in a tornado tag team type of match-up. But

unbeknownst to Mason, CAGE tries to sneak in and then pin Dick Flanagan after the suplex! Tom Morrrows tries to warn Mason!

One ...

T ...

Before Mark's hand can come down for a second time, Mason turns around and pulls CAGE off of him. CAGE looks up and then tries to attack Mason with right hands, but the Big Money Monster doesn't seem to be fazed. CAGE and his Nicolas Cage mask look up at him in shock then he tries to drop kick Mason but finds himself being swatted away. Mason finally makes a legal tag for the match to Max Luck who wants back in after being tripped up by the Safety Patrol.

DDK:

Here comes trouble for CAGE!

Max Luck grabs CAGE by the mask and then slams him down with a massive gut wrench toss. Mason picks him up not long after the landing and then he picks up CAGE to hit a back breaker. When he is down, Max hits the ropes and lands the big jumping elbow drop!

DDK:

Box Cars elbow drop for CAGE!

CAGE has been disposed of, but Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe is poised and ready again on the top rope. He leaps ...

Mason catches him first!

Then hits the Deck Cutter on Deluxe!

Lance:

Deck Cutter for Fishman Deluxe! That yokozuka cutter is a deadly move he doesn't bust out often!

Hijo gets booted out of the ring. Mason Luck goes outside and then sees him and CAGE outside. He grabs them both by the back of the neck and then holds them up on unsteady legs. He yells at Max Luck to go for it. Max Luck is the only man in the ring.

Lance:

Don't tell me Max Luck is going to do this tonight!

Max Luck gets a running start! The seven foot monster clears the top rope! Mason moves and lets his brother take the dive to crash right into the members of Midcard Experiment!

DDK:

Oh my God!!! All because CAGE tried to steal that pin!

Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!

Max Luck gets up after the massive dive! The Beast of the Bright Lights gets up and is showered with boos after the previous chant. He throws CAGE back into the ring.

Lance:

I think the Lucky Sevens are done messing around.

DDK:

I would argue that they haven't messed around too much in this match!

Jeff Belltron comes back and tries to clip Mason's leg as he tries to get back into the ring! Mason hobbles over and Jeff tries a flash pin by way of an inside cradle ... but Mason is able to use his strength to hang on and keep him from rolling! Instead, Belltron gets pulled up into a suplex! Max joins in and helps his brother out by holding Belltron with another suplex!

COIN TOSS!!!

Lance:

This ... this is a massacre!

DDK:

Could this be a sign of things to come at DEFIANCE Road for the Pop Culture Phenoms and the Dangerous Mix?

Dick Flanagan attacks Mason with a shot from behind, then one for Max! He strikes at both brothers with punches but when he comes back off the ropes, Mason hits a kitchen sick knee! Flanagan is doubled over and Mason applies a power bomb.

Lance:

Oh, no! Seven Stars!

Mason picks up Flanagan for the power bomb and Max applies the Winning Hand before they hit the Seven Stars!

DDK:

You called it! Seven Stars! That's it!

Max keeps the Winning Hand claw applied on a helpless Flanagan and holds it as Mark Shields counts. Mason counts with Mark.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Max and Mason join up in the middle of the ring again. Tom Morrow laughs like a little kid in a candy store getting his favorite treat. He comes in and then wants the honor of raising their hands.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners and still Unified Tag Team Champions ... THE LUUCCCKKYYYYY SSSEEEVVVEEENNNSSSS!!!

Lance:

What a dominant display by the Lucky Sevens, choice of competition or not. But they have to be careful! In the three way tag team title scenario, they don't have to be pinned to lose the titles!

DDK:

No, they do not! But will the Lucky Sevens even give them that opportunity?

Lance:

They are fighting two of DEFIANCE Wrestling's top tier tag teams and if they look past them, those Unified Tag Titles could be gone!

Mason and Max leave ringside with their titles and look eager to get back to the DEFY Awards show. Tom Morrow throws his hands up and pats each of his massive menacing monsters on the back with the show moving on to the next set of commercials.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2023



THE THRILLING CLIMAX

Gloomy and hushed is an alley off behind Ballyhoo Brew. The muffled, echoing sounds of the party and event inside reverberates all around, blended with the typical sounds of distant traffic and general urban nightlife, turned up a notch or three. New Year's Eve in New Orleans is a generally raucous affair and yet... At this moment, things somehow feel still and soft. Calm.

Spilling into the shot, all laughter and amorous giggles, are Lord Nigel Trickelbush & Teri Melton. Teri's chuckling echoes as she pulls Nigel down the alleyway by his white coat's lapels.

Teri Melton:

This way... follow me.

A sneer smeared across his ugly face, Lord Nigel snickers like a school boy.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Where are you taking me, woman?!

She shushes him with a frisky finger across his lips. He takes that opportunity to pull her into his arms. They spin down the alleyway, Teri cackling with joy.

Teri Melton:

Oh, Niiigel! Don't you want what you paid for?

With those words, Nigel spins her to a halt, his eyes wide and smile wider.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

More than you know.

Throwing her blood red sequin shawl over his head, she pulls him deeper down the alley before finally coming to a rest outside a nondescript wooden door. A single overhead lamp overhead, shadows are thrown in every direction. Nigel hastily rattles the door's knob... but to no avail.

He looks to Teri who, on cue, slowly produces an ornate key from her cleavage. Grinning, he graciously takes it from her, plants a brief kiss upon it, and uses it to unlock the door before them.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I have been waiting for this moment for six long years.

He throws the door open and his entire demeanor brightens at what he finds behind it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes.

Lying on the floor of a small utility room is a man. Not just any man. But the masked man Lord Nigel had asked Teri to either destroy or deliver. Dressed in a black t-shirt, blue jeans, and beige cowboy boots – as well as his trademark red wrestling mask – is Masked Violator #1, unconscious on the ground.

Nigel nearly trips over himself trying to get in the room. He drops to his knees at MV1's side.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Is he... dead?

Twirling her hair, Teri glances over her shoulder down the alley.

Teri Melton:

Of course not, don't be silly.

Lord Nigel is giddy.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Good. Yes. Very good.

Wasting little time, Nigel leans over MV1 and carefully works to untie his wrestling mask. Teri glances over her shoulder again.

Teri Melton:

Hurry up, will you?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

HA! Oh, are you in a...

Lord Nigel tugs MV1's wrestling mask off and suddenly the air leaves his lungs.

Not MV1:

Were you expecting someone else?

Lord Nigel leaps to his feet, staggering backwards into a far wall and knocking over assorted janitorial equipment.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

What the DEVIL?!?

Lying on the floor of this small utility room is a man. Not just any man and certainly not the masked man Lord Nigel had hoped for. Dressed in a black t-shirt, jeans, cowboy boots, and now UNmasked... JJ Dixon is quick to get to his feet.

JJ Dixon:

I'll give ya one more guess.

Lord Nigel is red faced. Stammering, he wheels around on Teri Melton, full of rage and fury.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

What is the MEANING of this!?

Undeterred by his anger, Teri sweeps into the room, looping an arm into one of JJ's. She eyes Nigel with an incredibly rehearsed and trademarked combination of remorse and pity.

Teri Melton:

Oh, Niiigel. I just couldn't ask JJ to do what you wanted me too! That's just not who he is. And it's not who I am.

Eyes wide, Nigel struggles to put words in proper order.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You... You took the MONEY!?

She dials the pout up to 11 and goes to Nigel. He is bewildered and woozy as she takes his hands into hers.

Teri Melton:

Nigel, of course I took the money. You want me to have it, don't you?

She plants a swift kiss on his cheek. For a fleeting moment, Nigel is star struck once again... once more back under

her spell.

Teri Melton:

Of course you do. Now, run along and-

Nigel blinks. Bony hands balled into bonier fists.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You... You... YOU WHORE!!!

Teri's eyes narrow.

SLAP!

Nigel's white tophat tumbles off his head. The force of the slap runs through him, sending him reeling backwards. This time he falls flat on his rear, eyes spaced out and overall incredibly disoriented after this turn of events. JJ steps forward, but Teri halts him, clutching his arm once more.

Teri Melton:

I'm no whore. I am a STAR, darling. And you... you were right. You knew this day would come. You just didn't know you'd pay for it.

Staring blankly at the red MV1 mask still in his hands, Trickelbush mutters to himself mindlessly.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Can't do this... not to ME!

Teri carefully leans down towards Nigel, leaving him with a tender kiss to his damp forehead.

Teri Melton:

Poor baby.

Standing back up to her full height, Teri leans into her closing monologue like a boss.

Teri Melton:

On some other day, in some other world... you and I would have been unstoppable. They aren't ready for what we might accomplish together, my love. But this thing of yours, with Corvo and with MV1. Can't you see what it's doing to you?

Zoltan appears in the doorway, brown money bag in hand.

Teri Melton:

Are we ready to go?

Zoltan nods and steps aside, revealing the waiting hot air balloon behind him.

JJ Dixon:

You're just gonna leave him like this?

Teri looks first at Nigel... and then back towards the doorway, where another figure has appeared.

Teri Melton:

Enter: Masked Man. Stage left.

The actual, factual Masked Violator #1 nods, arms folded across his chest. His frame takes up much of the doorway.

MV1:

Good evening, Ms. Melton. JJ.

Dixon locks eyes with MV1 for a long moment before returning the head nod.

JJ Dixon:

Thanks for lending the mask.

MV1:

Looks better on me, I think.

Dixon grins back.

JJ Dixon:

I can't argue that. You're an ugly sonuvabitch under that thing, I bet. Would be a shame to hide my face from the world.

Dixon and Teri leave Nigel on his ass. She casts one longing look in his direction before being led into the hot air balloon by Zoltan and Dixon. Her ascendance is almost as epic as her arrival. And when she is gone... only MV1 and Lord Nigel remain.

MV1:

Looks like you've had better nights.

Nigel appears near comatose from shock.

MV1:

Well, I hate to pile on... but it's important you hear what I'm about to say.

Unresponsive, Lord Nigel simply shudders on the floor. MV1 squats down. Getting right in Nigel's line of sight. Nigel's pupils refocus.

MV1:

Months ago, I don't even know how long ago... you told me that if I couldn't beat your pet monster... that I would have to move on with my life and forget you both existed. I lost that fight. But I made that promise and gGuess what, Nigel. I failed at that. Because I've never forgotten either of you existed. But I've stayed away.

Nigel blinks. MV1 adjusts his weight, down to a knee now, in front of Lord Nigel.

MV1:

I've stayed clear of you... and my best friend. You don't know how hard it's been. How many times I wanted to find out what hotel room you're staying in while we've been out on the road. Wanted to... find your rental car.... And cut the brake line. You know I've thought about that, Nigel? I never did it. I did my part. I stayed true to my word.

His face flushed under his red mask, MV1 takes a beat.

MV1:

But you just couldn't leave me be, could ya? You don't know how to let it lie. Well... I think you'd agree – and I DON'T CARE if you DON'T – that the terms of our little deal have changed. I'd go so far as to say... the deal is off. I'm...

MV1 quickly composes himself and returns to his feet, towering over Lord Nigel.

MV1:

I'm a good man. But good men can be pushed... and you've pushed me too far, Nigel. You collect yourself. I think I'll be seein' you. Happy New Year.

MV1 takes two steps backwards out of the small utility room and slams the door closed... leaving Lord Nigel Trickelbush all alone in the dark.

****FACTION OF THE YEAR****

Jamie Sawyers is ready to go.

Jamie Sawyers:

Next up is FACTION of the YEAR.

The drum roll has already started. The additional hooting and hollering drowns Jamie out but the mic barely picks it up.

Jamie Sawyers:

The finalists are...

FACTION of the YEAR

Comments Section ([bio](#))

Titanes ([bio](#))

Vae Victis ([bio](#))

Jamie Sawyers:

And since everyone is ALREADY drum rolling the winners are VAE VICTIS!

The drum rolling is over as jeers fill the room. Jamie Sawyers moves back from the stage to allow someone from Vae Victis the distinction of collecting some DEFY Awards for each member of the group...

From The Cool Kids Table (aka, the Vae Victis table adjacent), comes a person more than worthy enough to collect such a distinction.

...

Just kidding.

It's Butcher Victorious.

Decked out in a God-awful light purple suit and top hat that makes him look more like Mayor Humdinger than a well-dressed professional, Butcher walks up to the stage and shoulder-bumps Jamie Sawyers out of the way. He's got his own microphone instead of talking into the one on the stage, but he's stupid loud so people can hear him anyway.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS GIMME THIS... I don't know, I don't need to rhyme! I'm in the Faction of the Year! YEEEEAAAHHHHHH!

He starts to hoard DEFY Awards that are really meant for each member of Vae Victis.

Butcher Victorious:

Vae Victis wasn't kidding! We said we'd dominate DEFIANCE and that's what we've done! And I, Butcher "Vae" Victorious, am here to collect these awards while the group is out repping us and kicking asses! God, it's so nice to carry awards instead of everybody's bags for once... not gonna get as strong, though, carrying these tiny things.

He shoves his personal microphone at Jamie.

Butcher Victorious:

Here, hold this while I say things, you stupid boner...

Sawyers is flummoxed, but too professional to do otherwise as Butcher nods.

Butcher Victorious:

First off, I'd like to thank Jesus! He was pretty cool and like, he made me probably, so he should get some of it. Oh, I

gotta think Oscar Burns for the opportunity to be DEFIANCE's Wrestling Understudy! I'm learning so many things from him like how to wrestle and like... be good at it! And it's thanks to that work that I am now a DEFy Award winner! Ha! I'm the greatest BRAZEN star to graduate and win a DEFy! Where's yours at, TA Cole? HA!

He keeps on hoarding the awards close, then looks at someone off-camera telling him to move it along.

Butcher Victorious:

What? What do you mean I gotta wrap it up? Why? We all know that Henry Keyes is gonna mess up Pat Cassidy's punk ass! Come on now, what are you, stupid! I'm gonna stay up here! I gotta speech I practiced for five hours locked in the bathroom after a good sob about carrying bags all day and you're gonna hear every damn wor... OW! OW! OW! OWWWWW!

Mercifully, Oscar Burns finally makes his way onto the stage and pulls Butcher away by the ear... then makes him hand over one of the DEFy Awards for himself. Burns holds up the award again and raises it over his head.

Oscar Burns:

THREE TIME MULTIPLE DEFy AWARD WINNER, GCs! I AM DEFIANCE!

Burns holds out his second DEFy of the evening and raises his hands for jeers, then goes back to dragging Butcher by the ear.

Butcher Victorious:

OW! OW! BUTCH VIC... DON'T LIKE THIS!

Oscar drags Butcher past the The Cool Kids Table... to a much smaller table for one and shoves Butcher towards it as the show resumes.

****ONGOING STORYLINE OF THE YEAR****

As Jamie Sawyers takes his place at the podium, numerous individuals make their exit from the Brew to the WrestlePlex. Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd exit. All of Vae Victis exit but make sure they make enough noise to inform everyone they are leaving.

Jamie Sawyers:

Folks, some people will be moving in and out of here more frequently now, as we have two MAJOR title matches to go. We also have three major awards left. So let's get to it! Now it is time for the ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR. Here, again, are the finalists.

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR

Chris Chickentenders tries to find out who ran over Stalker
Conor Fuse in The Comments Section
Reapers recruit new talent
SNS vs. Lucky Sevens
Vae Victis' domination of DEFIANCE

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winners...

Make no mistake, there's still enough of a crowd to have a solid drum roll. In fact, the couple of extremely drunk individuals are obnoxiously louder than ever before!

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor Fuse and his journey in The Comments Section!

The camera pans to The Ultimate Gamer, who rolls his eyes as he is sitting beside Malak Garland and Siobhan Cassidy. Garland and Cassidy are so wrapped up in each other they haven't realized what's happened. Fuse figures out he's going to have to do something or no one will claim the awards so he begrudgingly rises from his chair and walks across the floor. Arriving at the stage, he takes both of the DEFIANCE trophies (likely one is meant for him and the other one for Malak Garland) before trying to walk off the set... until there's another drunken shout but this one is audible enough to hear clearly.

Drunken Voice:

SPEECH!!!

Fuse tilts his head back, takes another deep breath and exhales before placing the trophies on the podium and reluctantly opening his mouth.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, so, um, thanks...

Fuse scratches the back of his neck.

Conor Fuse:

Last year I won an award when my brother walked out on me and now I win an award because I put my career on the line in a match versus Malak Garland so I'm tied to The Comments Section forever.

Conor pauses, looking across the room at Malak Garland. The Snowflake Superstar is giggling... and then Siobhan is giggling... and then Conor seems like he wants to vomit.

The Video Game Kid takes a second to contemplate. He tries to suck it up and puts some fire in his voice.

Conor Fuse:

But I always prevail, it's gamer code! Instead of crying about losing and being part of The Comments Section, I'm doing something about it. WE -Malak and I- we're doing something about it.

Fuse points to the empty table Vae Victis was sitting at.

Conor Fuse:

Those clowns don't care about making things better. Those n00bs are using DEFIANCE for whatever the hell they want, they don't give AF. You think you're gonna get decent matches out of Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy tonight? Doubtful. They're cleaning up the awards like cleaning up the championships. They're good, they're damn good but they're also an arrogant bunch going about things the wrong way.

Fuse holds up both trophies.

Conor Fuse:

This is PROOF I go about things the RIGHT way. Take a problem, make it better. Lindsay Troy came back to DEFIANCE to pump her own ego and that's it. I could've quit when I was forced to join The Comments Section but I didn't. I didn't because I love wrestling, I love The Faithful and I love this game. And it IS a game. I will play it just like any other. So hear me out, Vae Victis... I'll be watching as closely as I can in the title matches tonight and no matter what happens, I want to lay out a couple of challenges...

Fuse sets the trophies down on the podium again or he's going to end up breaking them since he's gripping them so tightly.

Conor Fuse:

FIRST, Clay Byrd. I beat this guy twice in High Octane Wrestling. I've proven I'm a better wrestler but he just can't handle it. So he comes over here and pulls off a cheap victory against me. Well, January 11th, 2023, for the first time in YEARS DEFIANCE is in Toronto, Canada... MY hometown. Clay, I'm challenging you to a one-on-one match. I know it won't be clean, I sure as hell know it won't be fun but I've never backed away from a challenge.

Even though this has absolutely nothing to do with his award recognition, Conor is passionately rolling through his thoughts. Jamie Sawyers doesn't even think of stopping him.

Conor Fuse:

SECOND, DEFIANCE Road. FIST on the line, SOHER on the line... I don't really care. Hell, if the real TOP talent win tonight those achievements will be on Brock and Pat. But come pay-per-view time I want Vae Victis to put themselves in the ring and I'll find four others that want to fight in MY corner. I won't give up on Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd because clearly we have a similar enemy right now.

Conor tries to chill himself out before saying the next part of his sentence.

Conor Fuse:

And I won't give up on Malak Garland, either... who CLEARLY CAN'T HEAR ME.

Fuse starts nodding his head passionately.

Conor Fuse:

I never RAGEQUIT. I never say die. Give Conor Fuse a hard level to master and I promise you I will.

Fuse begins to leave the stage but comes back for one final statement.

Conor Fuse:

And make no mistake, in 2023... I will reach the last level. Or die trying.

Conor makes his exit. He eventually finds his seat beside Malak Garland and Siobhan Cassidy. For a brief second there, Malak looks over at Conor and grins sadistically, it's as if Garland didn't even know Conor left in the first place.

Jamie Sayers retakes the podium.

****DEFIANTS OF THE YEAR******Jamie Sawyers:**

And now the final two awards. First up... DEFIANTS of the YEAR. The finalists are...

DEFIANTS of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))

SNS ([bio](#))

Titanes Familia ([bio](#))

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winners...

By now it's not even a drum roll, it's just a lot of banging and screaming.

Jamie Sawyers:

THE LUCKY SEVENS!

Once again, DEFIANCE Wrestling's Unified Tag Team Champions, The Lucky Sevens, are greeted for their award! Now they are wearing a different set of suits, fresh after a quick shower and change after defending their titles earlier this evening. Mason Luck and Max Luck had the audacity to blame SNS for the original Ballyhoo Brew being burned down. What else could they possibly have to say?

Mason Luck:

Oh, don't look so fucking shocked, DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Who the hell else was going to win the DEFIANTS of the Year? Two of the biggest, badass seven-foot bastards this promotion has ever seen! The two-times and current Unified Tag Team Champions! The men who injured Gage Blackwood's punk ass and put him on the shelf! Remember him? Former FIST of DEFIANCE?

Max Luck:

Lindsay Troy fought with him for three months without actually pinning him. All we needed was five minutes in a parking lot and nobody's seen him since!

Mason Luck:

That's right! The highest-paid wrestlers in DEFIANCE Wrestling! The men who ended the longest reign of these titles in company history! The men who emasculated Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy so bad, that Siobhan would rather fuck wrestling's biggest beta male Malak Garland instead of being associated with them! This year has been our year and to hell with you if you try to say any different!

Max Luck:

No, Max ... wait. These awards should definitely go to the Dunson Clan.

Mason Luck:

Who?

The twin brothers laugh at their own stupid joke and they are the only ones.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Max Luck:

2022 was the year that people tried to Luck Around and Find Out! And in this year of our Lord, 2022, you all found out. You all found out that when Big Money Mase and Big Money Max want something, we will stop at nothing until we have it. Now we have it all! Money that none of you jealous little scrotes in this promotion are making! Titles that you will never see on any other team as long as we have them! And we proved earlier tonight that we don't care if it's one team! Two teams! Ten teams! A hundred teams! All the teams!

Max Luck reaches over to pull the podium microphone closer to his face.

Max Luck:

We are unstoppable.

Mason Luck now takes hold of the podium microphone.

Mason Luck:

We beat the Saturday Night Specials so bad, they're now chasing solo careers and failing at that because we ran them out of our division. Nobody's talking about Titanes Familia any more because we erased that bull-shit loss the second we won these titles back. At DEFIANCE Road, that road is going to look like a gruesome car accident for the Dangerous Mix and for the Pop Culture Phenoms. Bodies will be mangled and people will get hurt because when it comes to violence, The Lucky Sevens have shown time and time again that we are the undisputed masters of bringing the pain ... and like a car wreck, you can't help but watch! These titles aren't just fancy belts and they aren't just business transactions to us. These titles are our FIST of DEFIANCE!

Max Luck:

These fists are going to be clutching these titles tightly now, in 2023 and 2024 and so on. Fuck you once again, DEFIANCE Wrestling, and good night!

Mason Luck:

We hope Ballyhoo Brew 2 goes up in flames. Peace.

Jamie Sawyers is back at ground zero.

Jamie Sawyers:

We are now going to our title matches and at the end of them, DEFIANT of the YEAR will be awarded!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. PAT CASSIDY

Shot of the jam-packed DEFarena, with the New Orleans Faithful on their feet!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we hope you're enjoying this very special edition of Uncut! Coming at you next is our second championship match of the evening when one half of The Saturday Night Specials, Pat Cassidy, challenges for the Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

Ever since winning the battle royal that granted both Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy their title shots, they have run afoul of Vae Victis, and it appears that this will all come to a head tonight when both Keyes and Lindsay Troy's championship is on the line.

DDK:

Before we get to the action, let's take a look at a surprising confrontation from earlier today.

We cut to a shot of the backstage area, with the words "Earlier Today" in the bottom left corner. Pat Cassidy stands, dressed in his wrestling tights and wrapping his fists with his usual black wrist tape. Next to him, also dressed in her ring attire, is Ophelia Sykes. Their expressions are contrasting: while Sykes appears somewhat concerned, Cassidy's look is both intense and angry. This moment between the couple is interrupted as Christie Zane approaches them, microphone in hand. Sykes sees Zane approaching and her lip curls into a sneer.

Ophelia Sykes:

What do you want? Can't you see that we're busy?

Cassidy doesn't even look at Christie - he continues to look downward as he wraps his fists.

Christie Zane:

I don't mean to interrupt, but I was hoping to get Pat's thoughts ahead of his big night.

Cassidy sighs. He looks up.

Pat Cassidy:

Ask what you need to ask.

Christie Zane:

It's been a wild holiday season for you, Pat. Tonight, you and Brock get to re-open Ballyhoo Brew for a New Year's Bash and you're staring down an opportunity at your first singles title in DEFIANCE. But this comes amid a huge revelation from a few weeks ago: your sister, Siobhan Cassidy, and Malak...

Cassidy holds up his hand, fingers straight in the air and palm exposed.

Pat Cassidy:

Don't you [BLEEP]ing dare say that.

Christie Zane:

Well, my point is: we've heard the rumors of a rather turbulent family holiday. I'm wondering if you're going to be able to tune all the personal turmoil out and focus solely on defeating Henry Keyes tonight.

Pat stands up straight, looking Christie directly in the eye.

Pat Cassidy:

Keyes and the rest of Vae Victis think they're some kinda evil geniuses, right? Bring this whole mess with Garland to light so Brock and I take our eyes off the ball? Well, it's backfired... cause all they did was piss us off. Tonight is a night for celebration, Zane. Ballyhoo is back... and tonight, I'm going to beat the hell out of Henry Keyes... he might as well

be Malak Garland. Then, when I take the Southern Heritage Championship, I can turn my attention to...

Clap. Clap. Clap.

Cassidy's promo is interrupted by the sound of clapping. Cassidy, Sykes, and Zane all look off-screen... and Ned Reform, flanked by TA Cole, steps into frame. Reform is clapping and has the Favoured Saints Championship draped over his shoulder.

Ned Reform:

Well said, my old chum! With your stunning track record of keeping it cool under pressure, I have the utmost confidence that you'll pull out the victory tonight!

Pat Cassidy:

I don't have time for this *[BLEEP]* right now, jackass. Move along or you'll get a piece of what's coming to Keyes.

Reform smiles and throws his hands up in a calming gesture.

Ned Reform:

No need for hostility. In fact, I must admit that I will be pulling for you tonight. I hope you are victorious! You see, if you best Mr. Keyes for the Southern Heritage Championship, that makes you the SOHer. And if you are the SOHer...

Ned taps on the faceplate of the Favoured Saints Championship.

Ned Reform:

... then I get to be the person who takes it from you, yes? And nothing would bring me more joy.

Reform and TA Cole both have a chuckle at this. Cassidy doesn't explode... in fact, he slowly breaks out into an eerie smile. The combination of the cold smile and the look in Cassidy's eyes cause Ned to stop laughing. Cole continues to laugh, but a Reform elbow to his stomach stops him as well.

Pat Cassidy:

I'd like nothing more than to beat the ever loving piss out of you, "Ned." Especially with the lights on bright and a title on the line. Problem is, you might be forgetting something: to get a shot at me, you need to get five wins in a row. And riddle me this, Mr. Brainiac...

Cassidy gets right into Reform's face.

Pat Cassidy:

...have you *ever* won five matches in a row?

A pause. Ned's lip curls into a snarl. Cole tenses up, but a wave from Reform cues him to back down.

Pat Cassidy:

Happy New Year.

Cassidy turns, grabs Ophelia by the hand, and they move out of frame, leaving a seething Ned Reform to watch them go. Behind Reform, TA Cole has his fingers extended as he counts in his head, apparently trying to put together an answer to Pat's question. Reform glares at him and he quickly stops counting as the footage ends and we return to the Commentation Station.

DDK:

Interesting showdown between a potential future champion and challenger there, but Christie's question was an apt one: do we think Pat Cassidy is really in the mental state to best a competitor on as big a roll as Henry Keyes?

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The fans rise to their feet!

From the back comes "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, dressed in his usual ring attire. Behind him is Ophelia Sykes, dressed in her New Year's best... but she has to move quicker than usual, because Pat Cassidy is not his usual self. He doesn't play to the crowd as he walks to the ring or wink at the camera... instead, it's a cold and focused power walk down the ramp and toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first, the challenger... from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 242 pounds... PAAAAAAT CASSIDY!

The Saturday Night Special bounds up the ringsteps, through the middle rope, and into the ring. He doesn't go to the top rope and play to the crowd in the slightest. Instead, he goes right to the corner and places both arms over the top ropes, looking toward the entranceway with a scowl. Despite his lack of usual showmanship, the Faithful nonetheless are still on their feet and showing their support for The Scrapper from Southie.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

In a reaction of equal and opposite emotional magnitude, a storm of boos rains down as the doom-chords of low-register piano fill the air. Beacons of red and white (and one pink) slowly swirl throughout the arena as "The Kraken" Henry Keyes emerges. He still wears his leather face covering to protect his left eye and the long red military coat flowing behind him as he deliberately haunch-walks down the ramp. The Southern Heritage Championship is strapped snugly around his waist. He glances with a smirk at the fans nearest the entrance who are throwing up the double-deuces; the smirk goes away as he looks to the ring and sees the extremely focused brawler waiting for him inside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from San Francisco, California, weighing in at 249 pounds...DEFIANCE'S SOUTHERN HERITAAAAAAGE CHAMPIOOOOOOOON...."THE KRAKEN"! HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes stops before the ring steps. He looks to Mark Shields to hold back the "Very Ready To Fuckin Fight" Cassidy; when Shields is unwilling or unable to step in, Keyes hastily rips off his coat and throws it to the ground. He briskly stomps up the steps while unstrapping his championship belt; in one motion, he steps into the ring, shoves the SOHER into Shields's chest, and the two brawlers immediately charge each other!

DING DING

DDK:

And neither man is wasting any time!! An instant brawl breaks out!!

The crowd is into it as Keyes and Cassidy meet in the center of the ring, slugging it out in a flurry of shots. The rate of the exchange picks up speed the longer it goes - and the crowd's noise rises along with the tempo of the brawl. Finally, Cassidy breaks the stalemate when he blocks a shot from Keyes and goes low, taking Keyes down with a spear-like maneuver! Cassidy goes down with him and uses his high-ground advantage to begin to hammer the downed Keyes with right hands to the mush! With the champ somewhat stunned, Cassidy brings the Kraken to his feet and sends him headfirst into the corner. Cassidy moves in for the kill, but Keyes moves at nearly superhuman speed as he grabs the former Unified Tag Team Champion and quickly shoves HIM into the corner, switching their position. Keyes unloads with shots of his own... until Cassidy pulls the same move and switches their positions again! This time, it's Cassidy's turn to rain down punches... but Keyes again switches places and fires more shots!

Lance:

These guys are holding nothing back!

DDK:

Mark Shields should be breaking this up and getting them out of the corner, but... well, you know.

Having gained the advantage, Keyes brings Cassidy out of the corner and irish whips him into the ropes. On the rebound, Keyes slips behind Cassidy and locks his arms in what appears to be an attempt at a German suplex. We'll never know, though, as Cassidy is able to perform a standing switch out of the move! From his position behind the champion, Pat locks his biceps around Keyes head into a headlock before spinning sideways and using his momentum to take Keyes to the mat with a headlock takedown. Keyes slaps the mat in frustration before powering his way to his feet and grabbing Cassidy's wrist in order to wrench and slip behind with a hammerlock. This advantage doesn't last long, however, as Cassidy is able to reverse the move and dart behind Keyes for a hammerlock of his own! Cassidy moves quickly, syncing in a second headlock and AGAIN taking Keyes down to the mat!

DDK:

This is really interesting, Lance... Keyes is a freak athlete and his raw power is matched by very few here in DEFIANCE. We'd expect Cassidy to come at him with his usual brawling technique... but instead, we're seeing some serious wrestling!

Lance:

I don't think Keyes expected this out of Pat at all... don't forget that he made his name in DEFIANCE as a tag team wrestler, but he's showing off some singles chops tonight.

Cassidy leans back, trying to put as much into the headlock as he can. Keyes, grunting in a combination of frustration and anger, plants both his palms into the canvas and pushes himself up, bringing Pat with him. Demonstrating that raw power Keebler mentioned moments ago, Keyes is able to shove Cassidy forward and into the ropes. Pat bounces off and heads back toward the Kraken... and Black Out is able to leapfrog Keyes' telegraph! On the rebound, Keyes instead opts for a clothesline... but Cassidy ducks! Keyes turns and readies to catch Cassidy on the third go round with some sort of suplex or slam... but Pat grabs the ropes and halts his momentum suddenly. Keyes switches strategy, instead firing a kick toward the challenger... but Cassidy catches the leg! Dropping and spinning, Pat brings Keyes down with a textbook dragon screw leg lock take down! He stays on his opponent, locking in - of all things - an armbar! Shields moves into position as Pat wrenches back, causing Keyes to grimace.

Lance:

I guess this answers our questions about Pat's state of mind! He clearly came into this match with a gameplan to catch Keyes off guard... and it appears to be working!

DDK:

I think it's time to stop taking this kid lightly.

Henry might be thinking the same thing as he twists and turns (maybe learning something from his stablemate?) to try to dislodge the armbar. Pat tries to ride it out, but when it appears that Keyes is winning the battle, Cassidy switches strategies. When they're up to their knees, The Scrapper from Southie takes Keyes over with a quick fireman's carry... and floats over into a THIRD headlock! Keyes is trapped again!

DDK:

And the Pat Cassidy clinic continues!

Lance:

If I'm Vae Victis, I've got to be worried... this loose cannon they expected to rile up and be sloppy is taking it to the champ.

This time, Pat is able to maintain the headlock long enough for Keyes shoulders to touch the mat. Mark Shields, being Mark Shields, fails to notice this until Pat barks at him angrily. Shields slides in to count the shoulders down...

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Keyes fires the shoulder up.

After that, his shoulder hits the mat once more.

ONE!

TWO!

Keyes thrusts his arm into the air, breaking the count. He uses both his feet and his shoulder to push himself off the mat, and is able to force both himself and Pat close enough to the ropes that he can reach out and grab one. Shields does the five count, with Pat breaking the hold at four. Henry doesn't give Black Out the chance to try anything else, as the second the headlock is released, the Southern Heritage Champion keeps his hold on the bottom rope and pulls himself under it and out of the ring to the safety of the floor.

DDK:

Henry Keyes taking a moment on the outside... you've got to believe Pat has thrown him off his game a bit, and if I'm Keyes it's time to rethink my strategy.

Henry Keyes rolls his shoulder and shakes out the cobwebs as he begins to pace on the outside, keeping a close eye on Cassidy in the ring. Pat, meanwhile, paces back and forth - never taking his eyes off Henry. The people begin to cheer and stomp to show their support for The Saturday Night Special - egged on by Ophelia Sykes. If the Faithful are bothering him, Keyes doesn't sell it. Instead, he climbs onto the ring apron. Champion and challenger continue to stare each other down, but Pat doesn't make a move as Keyes steps through the middle rope and back into the ring.

DDK:

And the two meet in the center with an intense lock-up!

Lance:

But wait... European Uppercut rocks the challenger!

Keyes breaks the lock-up almost immediately, catching Pat off guard with a European Uppercut that rocks his jaw. Cassidy is stunned, so Keyes follows up with another that staggers the challenger. Keyes hits the ropes, building momentum and dropping Cassidy with a ridiculously stiff clothesline that drops the former tag champ! Keyes is on him in an instant, mounting from an advantageous position and just raining down stiff forearms to Cassidy's skull.

Lance:

And just like that, the champion in total control.

DDK:

Keyes has been a hungry shark since he and Lindsay Troy formed Vae Victis all those months ago... and while Pat has impressed thus far, now there's blood in the water.

It's unclear if Pat Cassidy even knows where he is after the onslaught of brutal shots to the head. He's even less aware when Keyes grabs him by the scruff and casually tosses him through the middle rope and to the ringside floor. The champ follows him out while Mark Shields, in his infinite wisdom, seems unsure of what to do.

Lance:

Cassidy sent headfirst into the steel steps!!

DDK:

I said there was blood in the water... but now I'm saying that literally.

After Pat's skull meets steel, a small trickle of blood forms on his forehead. Lying prone in front of the steps, Cassidy reaches up, gets some blood on his finger, and then inspects it. He barely has time to register when a Keyes boot collides with his skull, sending him back to dreamstreet. Sykes brings her hand to her mouth in shock as Keyes continues to brutalize Cassidy, lifting him up and dropping him head first onto the ringside steel barricade. Pat tries to crawl away, but Keyes gets a running start and meets him with a kick to the gut that doubles the challenger over. The fans shower Keyes with boos, but he pays them no mind as he sighs and runs his fingers through his hair, confident that he is now in total control over the feisty young threat to his title. Pat gets rolled back into the ring, followed closely by Keyes. The champion covers...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Cassidy fires an arm into the air.

Keyes rolls over him, shrugging as if to say, "okay. Your funeral." The challenger gets tossed into the corner where he lands in a seated position. Keyes gets a running start and lands a blistering boot right between Cassidy's eyes. Pat crumples into the corner and Keyes continues to knee away. Ophelia yells at Mark Shields to do something but he appears to be daydreaming. While still in the corner, Cassidy is brought to his feet. Keyes pushes both his arms backwards, exposing his chest for the...

CHOP!

Cassidy doubles over. But Keyes puts him back in the same position...

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

Now, not only is Cassidy bleeding from the forehead, but his chest has turned a deep crimson. Keyes releases his opponent, allowing The Scrapper from Southie to crumple into a seated position in the corner once again. Keyes allows himself a smile which encourages the Faithful to intensify their boos. Pat is pulled toward the center of the ring, with Keyes keeping a tight grip on Cassidy's hand... and Keyes begins to sadistically bend Cassidy's fingers backwards! Pat cries out in agony as on the outside, Ophelia has to look away.

DDK:

And now we're seeing the cruel side of Henry Keyes.

Lance:

The challenger is in a bad spot here, Keeps.

Pat reaches out for the ropes, but it's futile as he's too far away. Keyes smirks as he continues to manipulate the fingers before switching tactics and firing another quick forearm across Pat's face. The Scrapper from Southie is brought again to the corner, but this time he's lifted up and perched on the top rope in a seated position. Cassidy sits on the top while on complete dream street as The Kraken gets a running start from the opposite corner and leaps up, hitting Pat with a devastating running European Uppercut!! Pat's head snaps up and then he crumples... not only off the turnbuckle, but all the way to the arena floor!!

DDK:

That's it. Mark Shields might want to consider stopping this one.

Ophelia rushes over to Pat's downed form as Keyes casually cracks his neck inside the ring. Mark Shields is as wide eyed as everyone else until Keyes grabs him by the collar. The camera is just close enough to barely make out what

he says to the official...

Henry Keyes:

Count.

Shields doesn't understand much, but you can be damn sure he understands the implication here. And so, he begins the ten count with the challenger on the outside.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

She makes sure not to touch him to maintain the integrity of the match, but Ophelia pleads with an unmoving Pat Cassidy to get up.

FOUR! FIVE!

Cassidy's bloody head goes up and his glazy eyes look toward both Sykes and the fans.

SIX!

Cassidy manages to roll over. Now he's on his knees and elbows.

SEVEN! EIGHT!

A hand makes it onto the top of the apron.

NINE!

Just before the count of ten, Pat is somehow able to push up onto the apron and roll under the bottom rope. The fans cheer in appreciation as Keyes, with eyes wide, also seems surprised. He gives Pat a little golf clap while Black Out lays face up on the mat, unmoving. Henry Keyes circles his challenger, seemingly amused by his moxy. He keeps a watchful eye as Pat begins to slowly come to and rise. Just as a wobbly legged Cassidy manages to get a vertical base...

DDK:

Full nelson slam!!

Keyes covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

Somehow, he kicked out! There's still life in the challenger!

Keyes lifts him up once more... snap suplex! A second cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

Again, Pat Cassidy manages to get a shoulder up.

DDK:

Look at that - it appears Keyes might be getting frustrated!

Keyes does seem a bit perturbed by Cassidy's annoying habit of not going away. Still, he gets back to his feet and reaches down to once more pull the challenger up...

Lance:

WAIT! Cassidy with a small package out of nowhere!!

DDK:

He caught one on him!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!!!

Keyes powers out of the hold - and now he's piiiissed. He bounces off the rope and runs into Cassidy's head with a knee, sending Black Out back down to the mat. Keyes goes to work on Cassidy like a madman with brutal forearms and punches to the skull. He tosses Cassidy into the corner, right in position for yet another...

CHOP!

After taking aim at Cassidy's already blistered chest, Keyes whips the challenger into the opposite corner. The SOHer charges after him...

...but Cassidy manages to explode out of the corner with a leaping desperation clothesline!! The fans are back on their feet!!

DDK:

There's still life in Pat Cassidy!

Running on what must be nothing but adrenaline, Cassidy mounts Keyes' form and begins to fire a flurry of right hands! He throws Keyes into the corner and continues the assault like a man possessed while Keyes tries to cover up.

Lance:

Cassidy is almost feral!

DDK:

He's in a fight and he knows it!

With the blood dripping from his forehead, Cassidy appears to be ready to never stop punching. Mark Shields, finally sensing maybe he should do something here, taps Cassidy on the shoulder... and Pat turns and shoves him on his ass! Keyes stumbles out of the corner, but Pat catches him with a clothesline over the top that sends them both to the floor! Pat is on shaky legs, but on legs nonetheless, and he looks out into the cheering Faithful. He turns to look at the ringsteps... and reaches out for them!

DDK:

Cassidy looking for some payback!

Pat lifts the stairs high over his head. On the floor, Keyes is getting to his feet, and the SOHer turns into...

WHACK!

Steel steps to the head!

DDK:

This is it!! Somehow, he's got a shot!!

Lance:

Roll him in the ring and cover, kid!

And that's just what Cassidy does. He follows (albeit slowly), and hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! Keyes gets a shoulder up!

Pat's surge seems to be wearing off (or maybe it's just the accumulating blood loss), as he slowly gets back up. He hits the ropes, running toward his opponent, but he's given Keyes too much time, and he runs right into a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

But Keyes doesn't cover. With a sneer, he grabs each of Cassidy's wrists, lifting him into position for his finishing maneuver. He looks his defiant opposition directly in the eye before connecting with the COIN! The knee smashes into Pat's bloody face and he falls to the canvas. Keyes is on him right away, hooking the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Wait... NO!!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! CASSIDY MANAGED TO KICK OUT OF A COIN!!!

Keyes is understandably shocked as he rolls off Pat Cassidy. He looks down at the bloody brawler, and his eyes tell the whole story: what the actual hell? Pat, despite the miracle kick out, is unmoving. Keyes remains in the seated position for a moment, running his hands through his hair as the people go bananas.

Lance:

This has been one heck of a match, Keeps!

DDK:

Both men demonstrating incredible amounts of toughness on this New Year's Eve! And we still have a bout for the FIST of DEFIANCE to come!

Keyes stands over Pat now, looking down at him with 90% contempt and maybe 10% respect. He grabs the bloody

carcass by the head, looking to bring him back to his feet...

DDK:

IRISH GOODBYE!!! OUTTANOWHERE!!!!

Cassidy catches Keyes completely off guard when he hooks him by the neck and falls backwards, drilling him face first into the canvas with his snap reverse STO. Keyes hits the canvas, and flops onto his back and now both guys are side by side, laying down and looking up at the lights!!

DDK:

This is your shot, kid!!! COVER HIM!!!

Pat slowly... agonizingly slowly... gets an arm into the air and drapes it over Keyes' chest!! The Faithful and Ophelia all count along!

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!!!

THREE.... NO!!!

DDK:

CLAY BYRD!!! WHERE THE HELL DID HE COME FROM!?

LANCE:

He pulls Mark Shields out of the ring by the leg!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cassidy continues hooking Keyes' leg, either unaware or too beat up to really do anything about this. Ophelia marches over to get in Byrd's face, and the big ol cowboy simply laughs her off. Something he can't laugh off, though...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd!

Newbludd charges from the back like a bullet out of a gun, leaping at Clay and starting to brawl with the monster of a man. Mark Shields ducks for cover lest he be caught in the crossfire - as does Ophelia Sykes. Brock is able to keep the big man off balance for a few shots before the backup arrives and the rest of Vae Victis pours out of the locker room - Oscar Burns, Butch Vic, Kerry Kuroyama, and head boss lady Lindsay Troy - Brock's opponent for later - leading the charge. They swarm Newbludd and there's little he can do about a five on-one attack.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Brock tried to even the score... but after the fallout from DEFtv 180, I don't think there's a cavalry coming to help him.

The fans don't seem to be betting on that, though. As Brock gets beaten down, The Faithful begin a chant...

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Lance:

The people are hoping that Conor Fuse is waiting in the wings to make the save here...

But no such luck. Mark Shields rolls back into the ring just as Cassidy and Keyes have stumbled back to their feet. Cassidy looks at the attack on the outside for just a second too long, allowing the SOHer to catch him unawares with a lariat. Again grabbing both his wrists, Keyes has him in the perfect position for...

Lance:

COIN!

But not taking any chances this time, Keyes doesn't let go. Instead he waits for Pat's slumped head to fall back into position and...

DDK:

COIN NUMBER TWO!

Pat's down, Keyes covers, and there ain't nobody coming to help.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, and sti-

DQ has to head for the hills as Brock Newbludd is sent flying over the timekeeper's table by Clay Byrd. Butch Vic and Oscar Burns smartly keep Ophelia Sykes at bay while Lindsay Troy and Kerry Kuroyama keep taking the beating to a downed Innovator. Henry Keyes slides out of the ring and makes his way over to where his Bestie and the Pacific Blitzkrieg are going to town.

DDK:

This is sickening. Pat Cassidy had this match all but won until that damn Monster from Plainview showed up and took Mark Shields out of the picture.

Lance:

And there's still nobody coming out to help the Saturday Night Specials!

Clay and Henry haul Brock to his feet while Kerry grabs the SOHER title from the table's wreckage. He holds the belt in front of the Milwaukee Beast's face while Lindsay Troy takes a few steps back to get a running start. Trash starts pouring toward all the members of Vae Victis while the Queen darts full-tilt toward her opponent...

CRACK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

SOHER-ASSISTED QUEEN'S GAMBIT ON NEWBLUDD!

Lance:

Brock might be completely out here, Darren. This isn't good at all.

With jeers raining down from the rafters, and with Ophelia beside herself mere feet away, Vae Victis look around at the ringside carnage....and smile.

DDK:

We still have the FIST of DEFIANCE match to come, and we need some medical attention here!

Lance:

We have to take a break and head back to Ballyhoo Brew. Don't go anywhere, we still have a main event to go!
Hopefully!

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



IT'S JUST A HEAD WOUND, DOC

Following the quick break, the picture slowly fades in to show the backstage medical room where Brock Newbludd sits on the edge of an exam table. Holding an ice pack up to the side of his head, the scowling Innovator looks up as Iris Davine enters the room. DEFIANCE's lead doctor makes her way over to Newbludd and frowns at him.

Brock Newbludd:

Well?

Iris sighs and pulls the ice away from Newbludd's head. She gently touches the area that the pack was covering up and Brock tries his best to not wince in pain.

Iris Davine:

Well, the good news is you passed all the concussion protocols, which technically means you can still wrestle. But, that doesn't mean I'd recommend you do. There's a major risk for potentially...

Apparently not wanting to hear the bad news, Brock grunts and hops off the table.

Brock Newbludd:

There's always a risk, doc. That's part of the gig. And while I appreciate the concern, there's nothing going to stop me from walking down the aisle tonight. It's gonna take more than a little head wound. Shit, I think I'm feelin' better already.

Brock forces a smile and Davine shakes her head as she puts a hand up.

Iris Davine:

Hang on now, I didn't say it was a 'little head wound.' There's no such thing. But, you're right, I can't stop you from going out there since you passed protocols. Still, my recommendation as a medical professional...

A rap-raprapraprap-rap-rap cuts Iris off. The door opens and the pretty face of the FIST of DEFIANCE pops into the room. Lindsay greets Iris and Brock with a wicked smile.

Lindsay Troy:

Hi Kids! Just wanted to check in and see if my #1 Contender is still fit to compete.

Davine is not amused, and she lets the FIST know it via a disapproving scowl.

Iris Davine:

I think you already know the answer to that.

Troy clicks her tongue in disappointment.

Lindsay Troy:

No need to be so salty, Iris. You should be thanking me for giving you something to do tonight besides drink on Pat and Brock's dime.

She looks over to a furious Newbludd, winks, and blows him a kiss.

Lindsay Troy:

See you out there, boo boo.

As quickly as she appeared, the Queen is gone. Brock clenches his fists and storms toward the door, grumbling a warning as he goes.

Brock Newbludd:

I'm gonna take that belt and send her back here with more than a head wound...

With that, we go to the ring!

FIST of DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

DDK:

Folks, it's been a wild night here, and you'd better buckle your seatbelts because we've got one more match to go.

Lance:

That's right...it's FIST of DEFIANCE time as the current champion, Lindsay Troy, takes on Brock Newbludd, who won the right to compete for the belt on DEFtv 178 from Philadelphia. These two started things off during the SOHER title match just a short time ago, with Newbludd taking a beating at the hands of Vae Victis.

DDK:

Brock said nothing's going to stop him from competing in this match, and you have to admire that fighting spirit. Without further ado, let's hand it over to DQ for the intros.

Darren Quimbey's standing in the ring and lifts the microphone to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

DEFIANCE Faithful!

RAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

Your main event of the evening is scheduled for one fall and is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

♪ "Mouth for War" by Pantera ♪

The Faithful erupt as Milwaukee's Beast makes his way onto the stage with a single fist raised high above his head. Pat Cassidy follows him with a bandage on his forehead and a scowl on his face. Stopping at the top of the ramp, Newbludd points out to the crowd and thumps his chest as red pyro blasts off from each side of the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...the challenger! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds..."THE INNOVATOR" BROOOOCK NEEEWBLUUDD!

DDK:

The challenger's already taken a beating tonight at the hands of Vae Victis but that isn't going to stop him from taking his shot at DEFIANCE's biggest prize.

Lance:

It's hard to say what shape he really is in, partner. All we know is that he was cleared to compete by Iris Davine and the DEFIANCE medical team but that doesn't mean he's one-hundred percent.

Marching down the ramp with a look of pure determination etched on his face, Brock sticks a single hand out to slap hands with the fans. Reaching the bottom, Brock fist-bumps his friend and Cassidy pulls him in close to give Newbludd some last-second words of encouragement.

Fired up and ready to do battle, the challenger slides into the ring and raises one final fist to The Faithful.

Now, all attention turns back to the stage, where Sonny Silver stands with OLD SKOOL MIC~! in hand.

Sonny Silver:

Ladies, gentlemen, New Years Resolution Makers and New Years Resolution Breakers... the only thing you need to do is sit back, relax and let your Lady of the Hour take care of business quickly and effectively tonight! You'll all be able to make it to your parties on time! We're getting our own party started early when Vae Vicitis celebrates with some champagne and caviar while the only thing that Brock's gonna party with is the early symptoms of CTE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Well, that's not very nice.

Lance:

Does Sonny Silver *ever* do nice?

Brock yells at Sonny from the ring to shut the hell up as he continues standing smugly for his intro.

Sonny Silver:

Introducing YOUR Lady of the Hour, YOUR High Queen DEFIANT, YOUR Queen of the Ring and YOUR FIST of DEFIANCE... She... is... **LINDSAY TROY!**

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

♪ *Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose...* ♪

Lindsay Troy strides slowly, confidently, through the curtain, the FIST of DEFIANCE title glittering around her waist. A barrage of red, white, and gold pyro booms around her before she and Sonny head down the ramp.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy has had an absolutely stellar year, Lance. No losses in singles competition. Only one loss in tag team competition where she wasn't pinned or submitted, and one no contest against Alvaro de Vargas. We might not agree with her methods or like her new attitude, but it's hard to argue against the success she's had.

Lance:

And now, she faces a formidable opponent in Brock Newbludd. While the Queen has served as a mentor of sorts for Brock's SNS brethren, Pat Cassidy, and has even tagged with "Black Out" in SHOOT Project, this will be the first time Troy and Newbludd have ever faced off.

DDK:

Lance, in your opinion, what do each of them have to do if they want to walk out of here with the belt?

Lance:

Brock has to use his strength advantage and amateur wrestling background to try and ground the Queen. And Lindsay has to use her speed and strikes to keep the Innovator off balance. She already struck the first blow a bit earlier, and you know she's going to be focusing on Newbludd's injured head.

The FIST enters the ring and sheds her coat before unfastening her title and handing it to Benny Doyle. Sonny gives Pat Cassidy a shitty little wave from the outside of the ring and the Scrapper from Southie responds with a middle finger.

DDK:

The table's set for the final time in 2022 and it looks like we're ready to kick this FIST of DEFIANCE match off.

Troy and Newbludd ready themselves in their respective corners as Benny makes his way to the middle of the ring with tonight's prize tucked under one arm. The veteran referee lifts the title high above his head and the Faithful respond with a resounding cheer.

Lance:

I don't know if it's the holiday spirit or the free samples at Ballyhoo Brew doing it to me, partner, but there's a tingle running down my spine right now. I can't think of a better way to end the year!

Lowering the belt, Doyle hands it off to Darren Quimbey outside the ring. The veteran ref quickly glances at the champion and then the challenger, giving them each a nod of the head. That's good enough for Benny and he calls for the bell to start the main event.

DING DING

Upon hearing the bell, both competitors immediately head toward the center of the ring and begin to circle each other. Troy flashes Newbludd one of her trademark smirks and he responds by mocking her with an exaggerated grin of his own. Lindsay's eyes narrow in anger and the two engage in a rough collar and elbow tie-up.

DDK:

Collar and elbow to start things off. Newbludd lowers his base to gain leverage as he looks to push the champion into the corner.

Staying low, Brock keeps his legs pumping as he drives LT backward toward the corner she started out of. Unable to regain any leverage against her opponent, the High Queen DEFIANT delivers a quick succession of high knees to Newbludd's chest that causes him to drop to a knee.

Lance:

Brock was forced to break the hold after absorbing a couple of stiff shots to the ribs. If he's going to have any chance of pulling off the upset tonight, he's going to have to find a way to counteract Troy's expert striking ability. Especially after being softened up earlier tonight in the aftermath of the SOHER title match.

DDK:

You have to wonder just what kind of shape the challenger is in after taking that beating at the hands of Vae Victis.

With Newbludd rising up in front of her, the leader of Vae Victis rears back with a fist and Brock reacts by latching onto her other arm. Before LT can crack him in the face she's sent flying back towards the center of the ring courtesy of a deep arm drag.

DDK:

Deep armdrag quickly takes the FIST down but the quick veteran rolls through the landing.

Despite being on the wrong end of the armdrag, the agile champion is upright before Newbludd and she makes the most of the opportunity by hitting him with a spinning roundhouse wheel kick. The blow to the side of the head causes Brock to stagger back into the corner and LT quickly follows it up with a running knee to the midsection that doubles Newbludd over.

Lance:

Troy's got Newbludd in the corner and she's ready to get to work!

Dropping down to a knee, Troy smacks her keeled-over opponent with a well-placed European uppercut, forcing Brock to stand up straight. The instant that he does, The Murder Buzzsaw unleashes with a flurry of knife-edge chops.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

DDK:

Listen to the impact on those chops! Just hearing that makes my chest hurt.

Lance:

I second that, partner. You better believe Newbludd's going to have some welts when he wakes up tomorrow

morning.

Brock grabs at his aching chest and tries to escape from the corner but a well-placed knee from the champion stops him. Sonny Silver nods in approval while Troy shoves Newbludd back into the turnbuckles. The FIST smirks in pleasure and grabs Brock by the chin, forcing him to lock eyes with her.

Lindsay Troy: *[sneering]*

Should've stayed with Iris, handsome.

The Faithful pepper Troy with boos and she responds by nailing Brock in the jaw with a back elbow. Taking a step back, LT winds up and puts everything she has into another chop. Things suddenly go sideways for her though when Brock manages to catch her arm right before impact.

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring has taken her opponent to the cleaners in this early exchange but Newbludd's showing signs of life.

Milwaukee's Beast lets out an angry roar and forcefully switches spots with Troy by throwing her into the corner. Before the surprised FIST can react she's hammered with a flurry of piston-like punches to the ribs. The Faithful cheer wildly as Brock finishes his barrage off with a big headbutt that snaps Lindsay's head back.

Lance:

Hard headbutt by The Innovator and The Queen is stunned. Another headbutt connects and now he's going back downstairs.

Grabbing onto the second rope with both hands, Newbludd drives his shoulder into Troy's stomach. He takes a quick step back and delivers a second shoulder thrust. Staying low, Brock wraps his arms around LT's waist and yanks her out of the corner. One pop of the hips later and the FIST is lifted off her feet.

DDK:

Northern lights suplex...No! Denied by Troy!

Veteran instincts kicking in, the Lady of the Hour hammers her opponent in the back with forearms to stop the suplex. Brock is forced to put her back down to the mat and the instant that Troy's feet touch the ground she flips over him and rolls Newbludd up for a pin.

Lance:

Brock's shoulders are pinned to the mat and here's Doyle for the count!

ONE!

Newbludd gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

The nice reversal only gets Troy a one count and now both competitors are scrambling up to their feet.

Once again Troy's quickness has her vertical before Newbludd. She immediately grabs Brock by the head to keep control and he reacts with a wild punch that smacks her in the ribs. The blow staggers LT and Brock uses the opening to catch her in a small package.

Lance:

Now Brock's got the pin!

ONE!

The FIST kicks out!

This time around the Milwaukee Made Man keeps pace with his opponent as they pop back up to their feet at the same time. Not skipping a beat, they lock up again and Newbludd attempts to bring her highness down to the mat with an amateur-style fireman's carry. LT's quickness and ring awareness flash yet again as she flips through the maneuver to land on her feet, snatching a wrist lock as she does so. Down on his knees with his arm being torqued, Milwaukee's Beast is helpless as he eats two rapid-fire kicks to the chest. Keeping the wristlock applied, Troy stops Newbludd from slumping to the mat.

DDK:

After a beauty of a reversal, Lindsay Troy is back in control after popping Newbludd in the chest with a couple of soccer-style kicks. You gotta believe those had a little extra sting to them after she softened Brock's chest up with those chops.

Lance:

Indeed, partner. She has Brock handcuffed with that wrist lock and it looks like she's not done.

Taking a quick step back, Troy goes for a third kick, this time aiming at Brock's face. A split second before being blasted, Brock reaches up with his free hand and catches LT's leg. Suddenly off balance, she's forced to break the wrist lock as Newbludd surges upwards and sends her down to the mat with a dragon screw. Not having let go of the champ's leg, Milwaukee's Beast pops up to his feet with an ankle lock fully locked in.

DDK:

Ankle lock! Newbludd's got the submission applied!

Pat Cassidy pounds on the ring apron in excitement and The Faithful roar in approval as the focused Newbludd torques on LT's ankle, causing her to cry out in pain. Referee Doyle hits the mat to check the status of the struggling champion and LT barks out a loud 'NO!'

Lance:

Getting the submission locked in is just the first step. The hard part is keeping it locked in, especially against a veteran like Lindsay Troy.

Newbludd does keep the hold cinched tight and another twist causes the champion to grit her teeth in pain as she works to get her hands underneath while Sonny shouts words of encouragement. She quickly does and begins to push herself up while Brock continues to twist. Getting fully extended, Troy suddenly tucks in and rolls forward, causing Newbludd to stumble ahead with her and loosen his grip. One quick jerk of her leg later and the Queen of the Ring escapes!

DDK:

A nice reversal by Troy to escape the ankle lock but she's still down on the mat and here comes Newbludd.

Having recovered quickly, Brock stomps towards Troy and tries to drop an elbow on her but misses when she rolls out of the way. As Brock angrily rises back up to his feet, clutching at his elbow, LT suddenly performs a kip-up!

DDK:

Troy's back on her feet!

Spinning like a corkscrew, LT lunges at Newbludd and nails him with a roaring elbow!

Lance:

Now that's how you regain momentum. A perfectly executed kip-up by the FIST left Newbludd wide open for that shot to the face.

Seeing stars, Brock stumbles back on jelly legs towards the ropes. Despite favoring her freshly twisted ankle,

DEFIANCE's ACE quickly moves in and starts wailing on her vulnerable challenger with another barrage of chops.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy's got her opponent pinned against the ropes and she's pouring it on!

With Newbludd on the ropes, Doyle orders Troy to back off as she continues her relentless attack. The High Queen scowls at the ref and delivers another cracking knife-edge, causing The Faithful to voice their disapproval as Benny angrily warns her again. Ignoring the crowd and Benny, LT leaves Brock slumped against the ropes and quickly steps out onto the ring apron. Grabbing his head from behind, Troy locks in a dragon sleeper!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

The FIST is not messing around, folks. Look at how she's using the top rope to add even more pressure on Newbludd's neck.

DDK:

It's nothing more than a glorified choke! Get in there, Benny!

The Faithful continue to jeer loudly as Doyle orders her to break the hold. LT simply smirks back at him and leans back even further. Shaking his head in anger, Benny starts the rope break and the champion milks it all the way to the end, finally releasing the hold after a count of four and a half.

Lance:

That had to seem a lot longer than four seconds for Newbludd. Hang on, what's the FIST got planned now?

Troy stays put on the apron and watches in amusement as Brock puts a hand up to his throat in pain and stumbles away from the ropes. Grabbing the top rope with both hands, LT performs a springboard to launch herself towards Milwaukee's Beast and send him down hard with a front flip neck breaker!

DDK:

There's that patented neck breaker and the challenger is left staring at the lights!

Leaving her dazed opponent on the mat, Troy pushes herself up and makes a beeline for the closest corner. Still moving with a subtle hitch in her giddy up, the ACE of DEFIANCE reaches the turnbuckles and immediately climbs to the top. Deftly twisting around to look down at her target, LT leaps off and hits Newbludd with a beautiful shooting star frog splash!

Lance:

The FIST scores from the top with the splash! She's got the leg hooked solid!

The Faithful collectively hold their breath while Cassidy watches anxiously from his ringside position.

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO! Newbludd muscles a shoulder off the mat!

DDK:

As well-executed as that frog splash was, it wasn't enough to put Brock away!

A resounding cheer reverberates throughout the arena as Troy angrily scrambles to her feet and berates Doyle for an apparent slow count. To his credit, the veteran ref only looks slightly intimidated as he waves two fingers in her face. On the outside, a relieved Cassidy talks trash at Troy, making her head snap in his direction. She flips off the Scrapper

from Southie, then roughly grabs Newbludd by the head and begins to drag him back up.

Lance:

Whatever Cassidy said to Troy struck a nerve, DDK.

Keebler begins to respond but his train of thought is suddenly derailed when Brock suddenly surges up and grabs Troy by the head. Hanging on tight, The Innovator drops down to his knees and delivers a surprise jawbreaker!

DDK:

Oof! Troy just had her brains scrambled by that jawbreaker but Newbludd can't capitalize!

Lance:

I think he hurt himself with that one, partner. I'm sure his skull's still sore from that beatdown Vae Victis gave him earlier tonight.

Both competitors crumple to the mat but Lindsay manages to recover first and she quickly scrambles back up. Putting a hand up to her jaw and wincing, LT moves in just as Newbludd begins to rise up on wobbly legs. She tries to take his head off with a looping right hook but Milwaukee's Beast ducks under it at the last possible second. Shooting back up, he latches on to Troy and sends her flying with a huge exploder suplex! The Ballyhooligans erupt in cheers!

Lance:

Milwaukee's Beast with a beastly suplex and Troy crashes hard into the mat!

DDK:

Newbludd needed something, anything, to slow down the FIST. That exploder did just that, along with buying him a little time to get his bearings back.

While LT stares up at the lights in the middle of the ring, Newbludd rolls underneath the bottom rope to fall on the floor right in front of Cassidy. Using the ring apron to prop himself up on a knee, the challenger breathes heavily and puts both hands up to his head in obvious pain.

Lance:

Give credit where it's due, partner. Newbludd wasn't one hundred percent coming into this match and he's put up a good fight so far. That being said, he's clearly dealing with some lingering effects from getting laid out by VV earlier tonight.

DDK:

What's Cassidy up to?

As Troy begins to stir in the ring, Pat Cassidy turns his attention to the front row and spots a fan with a full glass of beer. Pointing at the glass, Black Out quickly asks if he could have it and the buzzed-up Ballyhooligan is more than happy to help. Spinning on a heel, Cassidy takes a quick drink and races back to his woozy partner.

Lance:

I don't think giving Brock a drink is going to help him much at this point. It's the thought that counts, I guess.

Yanking Brock upright, Cassidy throws the rest of the beer in his partner's face! The crowd cheers as Newbludd eyes snap into focus and he looks at his partner just in time to receive a loud slap to the face. The Faithful let out a surprised cheer as Cassidy roughly grabs the wide-eyed Brock by the straps of his singlet and pulls him in close.

Pat Cassidy:

C'mon, buddy! Get in there and end this bitch! You got this!

Wiping the beer off of his face, Newbludd glances out to the cheering masses and then to his friend. Flashing Cassidy a menacing grin, Milwaukee's Beast slaps him on the shoulder and slides back into the ring.

DDK:

Cassidy may have lit a fire under Brock but here comes Troy, ready to stomp it out!

Rushing in with a full head of steam, LT smashes Brock with a forearm to the face just as he pops back up to his feet. She continues the salvo, peppering Newbludd with a flurry of strikes to back him into the corner. Taking a quick step back, the FIST turns sideways and side shuffles towards Newbludd.

Lance:

Superkick...blocked! Brock caught her foot at the last second!

With both hands holding Troy's outstretched leg, The Innovator pushes her back toward the middle of the ring. Keeping her balance as she hops on one foot, the Murder Buzzsaw attempts to kick Brock in the head with an enziguri. Ducking at the last second, Brock watches as Troy's foot screams over his head as he lets go of her other foot. Completely spinning around, LT manages to stay on her feet as Newbludd grabs her from behind and lifts her off the mat.

DDK:

Newbludd going for a back suplex here. Hang on, Troy flips through it to land on her feet!

With Brock's back turned to her as he scrambles to his feet, The Lady of the Hour waits for the perfect moment and when it arrives she pounces. Grabbing him from behind, Troy goes for a cobra clutch but a well-placed back elbow stuns her, and Milwaukee's Beast slips free. Ducking underneath a wild elbow, Brock does a quick go-behind and locks in a cobra clutch of his own.

Lance:

Brock's got her!

The Faithful begin to roar loudly as Newbludd tightens down on the hold and Doyle moves into position to check the submission. Troy screams out an audible 'NO' as she struggles to slip free but Brock's grip remains solid. Her face starting to turn slightly blue, the veteran champion changes tactics and stomps a heel into the top of her opponent's foot. The unorthodox attack catches Newbludd off guard and he cries out in pain.

DDK:

The FIST drives her heel into Newbludd's foot for a second time and he's losing his grip!

Troy raises her leg for a third stomp, causing Newbludd to voluntarily release the hold in the most violent way possible. Popping his hips, Milwaukee's Beast lets out a roar and sends the Harbinger of War flying with a cobra clutch suplex! Crashing stomach first into the mat and bouncing to a stop, Troy clutches at her ribs in pain as she struggles to breathe.

DDK:

Another big suplex from Newbludd takes the air from Troy's lungs and brings The Faithful to life!

Flipping over onto his stomach, Brock slams a fist into the mat and pushes himself up off the mat. The Innovator lets out a warcry and raises a defiant fist up to The Ballyhooligans, who respond with a roar of their own. Across the ring, The Silver Lining is yelling for the dazed champion to push herself up as the wild-eyed Newbludd bounces off the ropes and storms back in.

Lance:

Here comes Newbludd with a full head of steam...swinging neck breaker and Troy's sent back down hard.

Staying down on the mat, Brock flashes some of his amateur skills and smoothly transitions to a mounted position on top of the groggy champion. Fueled by the crowd's cheering, Milwaukee's Beast rains down with a flurry of wild punches. To her credit, the tough-as-nails champion does an admirable job in deflecting many of the blows as Brock relentlessly hammers away. Finishing the barrage off with a solid double axe handle, the challenger grabs onto one of

LT's flailing arms and stands up. With an audible grunt, Newbludd yanks Troy off the mat and smokes her with a powerful short-arm clothesline.

DDK:

Lindsay was just turned inside out by that thunderous short-arm. Brock went for the home run swing and he connected.

Popping up to a knee, Brock looks out to The Faithful and raises a fist.

Brock Newbludd:

LET'S FUCKIN' GOOOO!

Dragging Troy back up, Brock stuffs her head between his legs and points at one of the far corners.

Lance:

Normally I'd say he's calling for the Keg Tap but that would require Pat Cassidy coming off the top to hit that patented spike piledriver.

DDK:

Plenty of competitors have been put away by a standard piledriver over the years too, partner.

Reaching down, Brock wraps his arms around the FIST and lets an audible grunt as he lifts her up onto his shoulders. Still lined up with the corner, Newbludd charges ahead with the groggy champion.

Lance:

Not a piledriver!

With only a few feet between himself and the turnbuckles, Milwaukee's Beast lets out an angry roar and throws the Queen of the Ring...

DDK:

A buckle bomb!

A cheer erupts from the crowd as Troy crashes into the turnbuckles! Bouncing out of the corner on jelly legs, she's immediately sent back into it courtesy of a Newbludd superkick!

Lance:

The ACE is on dream street after the effective powerbomb/superkick combo. And Newbludd's not done yet as he lifts LT up top.

An anxious buzz fills as the punch-drunk Troy wobbles uneasily from her seated position on the top turnbuckle and Newbludd climbs up to join her on the precarious perch. Hoisting LT all the way up so that they both stand on the top rope, Brock wraps his arms around Troy.

DDK:

The Innovator's set to launch! I think he's going for a super belly to belly!

Brock pumps his legs and goes to toss Troy but the FIST fights back, nailing him square in the face with a headbutt.

Lance:

Not if the Lady of the Hour has anything to say about it, partner!

Another headbutt causes Newbludd's grip to loosen and DEFIANCE's top dog uses the opening to crack him with a forearm. The Faithful's cheers turn to jeers as LT scores with a second forearm, causing Brock to fall down to the mat.

DDK:

The FIST avoids catastrophe and now she holds the high ground!

Suddenly finding himself staring up at the lights, the stunned Brock rolls onto his stomach and winces in pain as he struggles to rise to his feet. Meanwhile, the still woozy Troy nearly falls off herself but manages to crouch down and grab onto the top rope with both hands to steady herself.

Lance:

Will she be able to capitalize, though? Newbludd just hit her with some heavy damage and she's clearly feeling it right now.

Seeing Newbludd finally make it back up to his feet gives the FIST the spark she needed as she overcomes her brain fog and rises to her feet. Troy leaps off the top just as Brock turns to face her. Wrapping her legs around his head, the FIST twists her body and sends Milwaukee's Beast flying towards the ropes.

DDK:

Flying headscissors by Troy! Newbludd's sent through the ropes and down to the outside floor!

Rolling through the rough landing, Newbludd manages to pull himself up by the apron just in time to see Troy soaring over the top rope. Twisting herself in mid-flight, LT crashes into Brock and sends him back down to the floor with a beautiful corkscrew plancha.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy turned herself into a human missile and scored big with the plancha!

DDK:

The action has spilled to the outside floor and both competitors are down. Check that, Troy's getting back to her feet. She's got that evil look in her eye again, partner.

Inside the ring, Benny starts the count as LT drops down to a knee and begins to hammer Newbludd in the face with rapid-fire right hands.

ONE!

Lance:

The Queen is unleashing her fury on the challenger. Brock's EATING those unprotected shots!

TWO!

Keeping his distance, Pat Cassidy watches anxiously as LT finishes her barrage off with a stiff forearm that slams the back of Brock's head into the floor. Dragging the dazed challenger to his feet, the Harbinger of War whips him towards the guard rail. Fatigued and battered, Newbludd fails to stop himself from colliding face-first into the hard steel.

DDK:

Oh my! Newbludd's been busted open!

Lance:

There's blood in the water, partner, and DEFIANCE's deadliest shark smells it!

THREE!

Grabbing onto the top of the guardrail, the shell-shocked Newbludd manages to pull himself up to his knees to reveal a fresh wound on his forehead. The sight of it on the DEFtron causes the Faithful to let out a collective gasp as blood begins to run freely down Brock's face and the fans seated directly in front of him literally jump out of their seats in shock. Looking absolutely pleased with herself, Troy smirks as she limps towards Brock.

FOUR!

DDK:

Troy's got Newbludd by the back of the head and...don't do it, Lindsay! No!

With both hands firmly gripping Newbludd's head, Troy smashes his face back into the guardrail. Boos fill the air as she does it a second time...then a third... and a fourth.

FIVE!

The FIST smashes Brock's face one more time and then applies an inverted facelock. Yanking him away from the guardrail, Troy drives Newbludd into the floor with a snapping inverted DDT.

Lance:

A vicious DDT by the FIST! There's padding around the ring folks but it's not made to absorb an impact like that.

DDK:

This is not good at all, Lance. There were some questions about Brock's status due to a head injury sustained earlier tonight at the hands of Lindsay Troy's Queen's Gambit. There is no question now. Brock Newbludd is in bad, bad, shape.

SIX!

Slowly rising back up to her feet, the Queen of the Ring spreads her arms wide and soaks in the people's admiration.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

SEVEN!

Cassidy glares at LT and shakes his head in disgust as he watches her scrape his beaten friend off the ground. Throwing one of his limp arms over his shoulder, she guides Newbludd back to the ring and muscles him up on the ring apron. She gives him a hard push and Brock rolls underneath the bottom rope to reenter the ring.

EIGHT!

Lance:

She could have just left him on the floor and been done with it.

DDK:

You're right on that. But, you gotta believe that she's not going to pass up the opportunity to end things in the ring. It's adding insult to literal injury.

Troy leaves Brock on the ring apron and slides back into the ring, ending Doyle's count. After pulling herself up with the ropes, the fatigued champion puts her hands on her knees and winces in pain.

Lance:

For what it's worth, Brock Newbludd made the most of this championship opportunity and put up one hell of a fight.

DDK:

Both the Saturday Night Specials did, partner. The odds were stacked against them from the get-go and in the end, they couldn't overcome them.

Standing up straight, Troy wipes her brow and spits over her shoulder. Cassidy has to jump out of the way at the last second to avoid being hit by it and he angrily yells up at Troy. Ignoring him, the determined FIST picks Brock off the mat and sets him up in the piledriver position.

Lance:

Thy Kingdom Come...

The disgruntled crowd silences as Troy begins to lift Milwaukee's Beast up for her patented package piledriver. A half second later they roar in surprise when Newbludd starts kicking his feet and the FIST is unable to keep her bigger opponent up. The instant Brock's feet touch the mat he lets out a pained roar and powers Troy up and over!

DDK:

Thy WON'T be done! Newbludd back body dropped the Queen!

Stumbling forward, the bloodied challenger bounces off the ropes while Troy angrily pushes herself off the mat. She makes it up to a knee and snaps her eyes up just in time to see Newbludd's knee screaming towards her.

Lance:

Face Melter!

DDK:

The shining wizard hits home! The FIST is laid out!

With the FIST sprawled out on the mat behind him, the gassed challenger crawls to the ropes and pulls himself. Milwaukee's Beast eyes go wide as he gazes out to the now chanting Faithful.

NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD!

Shaking his head, the battered challenger moves on unsteady legs to the nearest corner and begins to climb up.

Lance:

Milwaukee's Beast wills his way to the top and he's got Lindsay Troy zeroed in!

Newbludd shakily rises to a standing position and cups both of hands around his mouth...

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAALLLYYY!

He leaps off!

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

And he scores!

DDK:

Ballyhoo Elbow! Make the cover, Brock!

Using whatever bit of adrenaline he has left inside of him, the wild eyed Newbludd lets out a roar and pulls down the straps of his singlet. Crouching slightly, Brock begins to circle around Troy as she begins to stir.

Lance:

He's feeding off this energy, DDK! Brock's going to try and hit the Shock and Awe to secure the title!

DDK:

Everyone is standing! Can Brock pull off the dragon suplex!?

The cheers of the Faithful immediately turn to boos as Oscar Burns, Kerry Kuroyama, and Clay Byrd all storm through the curtain and make a beeline for the ring.

Lance:

Oh come on, not this again!

DDK:

Not so fast, partner!

Pat Cassidy has had about enough of Vae Victis' fuckery, though. He grabs a chair from a fellow Ballyhooligan in the front row and stomps to the bottom of the ramp to meet the trio.

Lance:

Black Out's got a weapon!

DDK:

Oh, but look at Sonny Silver!

The Silver Lining is rushing behind Cassidy to try and grab the chair from him, which distracts Pat enough to take his eyes off his targets. He and Sonny engage in a tug of war before Pat wins the battle and threatens to make Silver wear the chair like a necklace.

Lance:

Sonny's begging off like a coward and OH!

CRACK!

A monstrous boot from Clay Byrd hits Cassidy right between the eyes. Pat drops the chair as he crashes to the mat and Oscar, Kerry, and Clay start stomping away. Benny Doyle is shouting for Vae Victis to get away from ringside as Troy wobbles up to her feet. Brock is just about to make his move when a sharp whistle pierces his eardrums.

DDK:

Henry Keyes! Wait, where did he come from?

Lance:

I don't know, Darren. Through the crowd, maybe? I didn't see him before!

Newbludd turns his attention toward the noise and spies The Kraken up on the apron. He dashes toward Henry, hoping to take his head off with a lariat, but Keyes drops off the ring to safety before Brock can do any damage. Furious with the mind games, the Innovator turns his attention back to his quarry, but the momentary distraction that Keyes provided is enough for the Queen to capitalize.

WHAM!**DDK:**

Reverse STO, right into the Divine Right!

Lance:

Troy has the Koji Clutch locked in tight; can Newbludd find a way out of this?!

Sonny Silver shouts for Benny Doyle to pay attention in the ring, and when he does he immediately drops down to the mat to check on Newbludd. The Queen has him dead to rights in the middle of the ring, and with no other recourse he taps out!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Another outstanding title match ruined by outside interference from Vae Victis. Just shameful.

Lance:

And Lindsay Troy isn't letting go of the hold!

Indeed, the High Queen DEFIANT is squeezing the Innovator for all she's worth, and Newbludd is starting to turn a concerning shade of purple. Benny Doyle tries to get Troy to release the hold but she refuses!

BOOOOOO—!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

And here comes the calvary, finally!

Conor Fuse sprints down the ramp like a bat out of hell. Before Oscar, Kerry, or Clay can get a hand on him, Fuse leaps onto the apron, springboards off the top rope, and connects with a dropkick to the Queen's head that forces her to release Newbludd!

Lance:

Conor Fuse to the rescue!

DDK:

But watch out for Keyes!

As soon as Conor gets to his feet, he's speared right out of his boots by a furious Southern Heritage champion! The impact sends the Power Up King and the Hand of the Queen crashing to the canvas, where Keyes starts waylaying Fuse with heavy rights and lefts.

Lance:

Everything has broken down, we need DEFSec out here!

DEFIANCE's security squad doesn't appear...but Malak Garland does!

RAAAAHHHHHHH!

The Keyboard Warrior starts walking down the ramp with the roar of the Faithful behind him. He's halfway down the incline when he abruptly stops.

DDK:

What's he doing? Why did he stop?

Lance:

Come on, Malak...Conor, Pat and Brock need you!

A look of terror crosses the face of the Snowflake Superstar and he doesn't move another inch, the sheer numbers disadvantage and a fear of injury taking hold. Malak slowly shakes his head, muttering "no, no, no" to himself, unable to be the hero that Conor Fuse wants him to be. He heads backwards up the ramp, shaking his head furiously...

WHAM!

...and is struck from behind by a DEFY-wielding Butcher Victorious!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious with the cheap shot to Malak Garland, and look at him celebrating like the fool he is. Pat Cassidy is out cold outside the ring, Brock Newbludd's unconscious inside of it, and Conor Fuse has been mauled by Henry Keyes!

Lance:

And Vae Victis is standing tall once again. Dammit!

Sonny has retrieved the FIST from Darren Quimbey and hands it to the Champ, who is slouched, exhausted, in a corner. Keyes walks over to his Bestie and checks on her, while Kerry, Clay, and Oscar slide into the ring. Butcher walks the rest of the way down the ramp, whooping it up as trash starts flying both at him and into the ring.

DDK:

This isn't the way we'd hoped to end the year, folks, and we still have one more DEFY to hand out for the DEFIANT of the YEAR. We're going to take a quick break and then go back to Jamie at Ballyhoo Brew.

The scene lingers on a celebrating Vae Victis in the ring before heading to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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****DEFIANT OF THE YEAR****

Coming off the final commercial break back at the Brew, the crowd is in a drunken stupor. Perhaps, maybe, Jamie Sawyers is a little tipsy himself.

Jamie Sawyers:

And now DEFIANT of the YEAR. The finalists are...

DEFIANT of the YEAR

Henry Keyes ([bio](#))

Lindsay Troy ([bio](#))

Rezin ([bio](#))

Jamie Sawyers:

And the winner is...

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE, it feels like the Brew is going to fall down.

Jamie Sawyers:

LINDSAY TROY!

There are major groans and also lots of cheers. It's likely Jamie could've said anyone and there would have been *some* support in the crowd. No one is paying attention to the name, just the process.

And now the scene switches as a wave of BOOOOOOOOs from inside the Wrestle-Plex overwhelm the smattering of cheers from The Faithful in both venues once the DEFIANT of the Year is announced. The scene cuts backstage near the Guerilla position where all of Vae Victis are gathered following the conclusion of the main event. All the boys in VV save for Butcher Victorious, who throws his arms up in the air and does a victory lap around the group, let out a roar and pat the Queen of the Ring on the back.

Lindsay Troy looks exhausted; the adrenaline from her battle with Brock Newbludd has begun to wear off. She manages a cocky smile while throwing an arm around her right-hand man, Henry Keyes. With the crook of her finger, she beckons the camera closer.

Lindsay Troy:

I told you so.

The smile grows wider.

Lindsay Troy:

I told you this was the No Apology Tour. I told you that I was coming for heads to place on pikes. And week in and week out since July 2021, I've done *EXACTLY* that, both with these guys by my side (*motions to Vae Victis*), and all on my own. I **am** your FIST and your ACE of DEFIANCE. And I'm going to continue my warpath all the way through 2023, because all your hate and jealousy does is feed my hunger to keep tearing the meat from DEFIANCE's bones...

She throws her other arm around VV's advocate, Sonny Silver.

Lindsay Troy:

...until there's nothing left.

The DEFYs fade to black with a final, sinister chuckle from the FIST of DEFIANCE echoing through the black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

AWARD WINNERS RECAP

2022 WINNERS

DEFIANT of the YEAR

Lindsay Troy ([bio](#))

DEFIANTS of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))

FACTION of the YEAR

Vae Victis ([bio](#))

BREAKOUT of the YEAR

Corvo Alpha ([bio](#))

ROOKIE of the YEAR

Teri Melton ([bio](#))

MATCH of the YEAR

Two out of Three Falls: Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE ([match](#))

SEGMENT of the YEAR

Henry Keyes turns to the dark side ([segment](#))

SHOCK of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens burn Ballyhoo Brew ([segment](#))

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR

Conor Fuse in The Comments Section

BRAZEN of the YEAR

Declan Alexander ([bio](#))

REVIEWER of the YEAR

Chris Chickentenders