

SHOW OPEN



[↪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ↪](#)

Knoxville welcomes DEFIANCE as the Thompson-Boling Arena is hyped for DEFtv 185! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are, well, not as frequent as before but The Faithful are still jacked AF!

DOES OPHELIA SYKES HAVE A BROTHER NAMED JARED? ASKING FOR A FRIEND...
BOOK REZIN VS. KEN JENNINGS, COWARDS
SNS WEREN'T ON CAMERA SO THEY CLEARLY DIDN'T BURN THE BUS [/SEVENS LOGIC]
IF REZIN PLAYS "DOES BRIAN KNOW?" ON THE NEXT DEFtv I AM TAKING LEGAL ACTION
CAN WE GET THIS SIX HOUR SLOWMODE REDUCED, THIS IS OPPRESSION!
THERE ARE SO FEW SIGNS HERE TONIGHT I AM ALMOST GUARANTEED TO MAKE TV

After the pan of the crowd, we go backstage...

ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS

The Faithful cheer as Dex Joy enters the arena in a scene that's captioned "earlier today". As he paces the hallways, there's a small green blur in the upper right corner of the hall, seemingly coming towards Dex at a rapid speed. Sure enough, it doesn't take long for that green blur to be seen as, in fact, a human. Or a player. Or a Player Two. Who has been shouting "DEX!" since the second he saw the big guy.

Dressed in his normal wrestling attire, Conor bursts into the picture, nearly out of breath as he stands in front of a baffled Dex Joy. Fuse takes a moment to put his hand over Dex's shoulder so Conor can lean forward and continue catching his breath.

Conor Fuse: *[gasping for air]*

You know... if I'm not... in the ring... I... kinda get winded... pretty quickly...

Joy looks at Fuse and then sees the hand on his shoulder. He carefully lifts the gamer's arm off of him, trying not to be rude but also clearly expressing a line in the sand.

Dex Joy:

Whoa whoa whoa there. Three feet bubble. You ain't gotta social distance, but you need to give me some space there, Player Dos.

By now, Conor's caught his breath and also caught on that, likely, he overstepped his boundaries. The Power-Up King takes a step back and puts his arms up.

Conor Fuse:

Okay bro, cool. No worries, I hear ya. Look, I know we haven't really had a chance to interact yet and the fans are DYING for it- wait, then again, we did interact two weeks ago, when I saved you from the Comments Section. Totally helped ya out there.

Dex gives Conor another look over and gives him a mock belly laugh before replying.

Dex Joy:

Hoooooo boy, you and I see things a little differently. What you should have paid attention to was me smashing right through Thurston Hunter just cause I could. I appreciate what you might call help, but this close to DEFCON ... NOTHING is stopping me from RSVPing my date to the FIST of DEFIANCE. I don't care if there's one, two, a hundred ... bring me all them forum trolls and I'll kick the spam out of every single one, pally.

Dex Joy steps just a little closer.

Dex Joy:

And I mean anyone associated with them.

Conor nods all the way through Dex's speech, even the end of it... until he catches on.

Conor Fuse:

Ohhhhhh, you don't trust me because I'm still associated with The Comments Section. But I am like wwwaaaayyyy beyond who they think I am- errr, who they're trying to get me to be.

Conor realizes Dex is losing interest and does not appear to be convinced.

Conor Fuse:

Anyway, what's up, dude? Big match tonight huh? I don't have one. You'll have to catch me on UNCUT or maybe not. I dunno. Match limits and shit. What can ya do? But yeah-

Conor realizes Dex has LOST interest.

Fuse pauses. The Biggest Boy shakes his head.

Dex Joy:

Oh trust me bro I know them match limits, too ... that's why I took care of Thurston Hunter so quickly last week. So I can't imagine you wanted our first words together for all these people to see to be about small talk. What's up? The Game Boy behind me with joystick in hand wanting to have another staring contest behind ol' Dexy Baby right now? Cause if he is and you try to jump me when I turn around, I'm gonna be pretty ticked then it's gonna be Game Over for you right now, Con-Man.

Conor's perplexed.

Conor Fuse:

Con-Man? I ain't no Con-Man. I'm the honest good guy here. Which brings me to why I wanted to find you to begin with!

Dex's eyes are about to burst from his head. He grows impatient and starts walking towards his locker room, forcing Conor to walk and talk.

Conor Fuse:

Sooooo I just wanted to apologize for the whole Comments Section thing and I'm looking forward to our one-on-one match at DEFCON. The Faithful want it, clearly. You heard the reaction two weeks ago when we were in the ring together and whatever is going on with those goons who refuse to leave my side, I'll deal with them. I swear it. I'll make sure nothing happens tonight. That's what I wanted to say to you.

Approaching his locker room door, Joy stops.

Dex Joy:

Oh I heard that reaction, pally! I know what this was the second this match was made. People might not call me the brightest bulb sometimes, but Big Dex Energy hears and sees all backstage. You've come pretty dang close to that FIST a few times. So have I. And I ain't going through this life with people thinking Dexy Baby's only good enough to be a bridesmaid. I want it all! The nice tux, the flowers, the "Just Married" sign, the perfect marriage ... the marriage of The FIST of DEFIANCE and Dexy Baby's ever-slimming waist joined in holy championship matrimony!

Joy is all smiles thinking about it, then he's not when he turns back to Conor.

Dex Joy:

I want to trust you, Conor. You've been trying to do good whether or not it's blown up in your face ... but Dexy Baby ain't asking for anyone's help nor do I need it. Whatever you got going on with you and the Comments Section, you better figure that ish out before DEFCON or I'll do the thinking for you.

Conor can understand where his upcoming opponent is coming from but needs to clarify further.

Conor Fuse:

So you're clear, I have NOTHING to do with those BOTS. If I DDDIIIIIDDDD, the vintage Conor Fuse would've found you upon entering the arena, sprinted towards you shouting "DEX, DEX, DEXXXX!" and then tried to explain himself. You know, stupid stuff like "hey I'm a good guy, too" and "those dumb NPCs are trying to find the dark side in Conor Fuse but there is no dark side" and also saying stuff along the lines of "I'll make sure nothing happens toNIGHT--"

Conor catches on.

Dex stares him down.

And Fuse backs away again, arms up, as The Biggest Boy enters his locker room.

Dex Joy:

All right, now you can social distance your ass away from me. I got a match to prep for anyway, but I'll see you at the 'CON, Con.

Dex closes the door behind him.

...Leaving Conor Fuse twiddling his thumbs (literally) and then smacking his forehead. The Ultimate Gamer starts to walk back to where he came from.

Conor Fuse: *[talking to himself]*

Dude, that was a terrible approach! Of course he's not gonna trust you now! Of course he's-

Hard stop, serious face. It's almost as if Conor Fuse is now in the Dex Joy role of not being impressed because there, directly across the way, stands the entire Comments Section of goons. ALEX P., MEE6, Thurston Hunter, Percy Collins and The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

What do ya want now?

Percy Collins smiles a used-car-salesman-like look, rubbing his hands together and approaching the gamer. He also has a Conor Fuse + Nintendo branded mash-up duffle bag hanging on his right arm.

Percy Collins:

We tried to help you two weeks ago, Conor.

In the background, Hunter pipes up.

Thurston Hunter:

Yeah MOTHAFUCKAAAA, we tried to dicksnap that hoe in the middle of the ring but then you came to save him! Like what the fuck man? What the fuck!?

Fuse is about to blow a fuse but he holds back as best as he can while Percy Collins is the one who now places a hand on Conor's shoulder.

Percy Collins:

Short and sweet, Conor. You will see the light. You are one of us.

The Rest of the Comments Section Goons (excluding The Game Boy because, of course, he doesn't speak):

ONE OF US!

The former Tag Team Champion rolls his eyes.

Conor Fuse: *[sarcastic]*

Okay, great talk. I'm one of you. Amazing.

Conor starts walking away.

Conor Fuse: *[rambling on]*

But I'm good, you're bad. You're idiots. You're annoying. You're taking up valuable TV time. You introduced a god damn bigfoot wizard for god sakes. Now it's canon... forever etched in DEFIANCE history. Nonsense! I want nothing to do with any of you. Get in Dex's way tonight, Imma destroy all of ya. Like I told Dex, I promise I will.

Fuse makes his exit while the rest of The Comments Section simply just stands there watching him leave.

TITANESS vs. STRONG AF

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv! We've got our first match on tap tonight as a preview for DEFCON! Titaness of Titanes Familia goes one-on-one with Strong AF of Team HOSS!

Lance:

The match was accepted for DEFCON last week! It will be a special eight-man tag team match with Team HOSS... Strong AF, Aleczander The Great, Angel Trinidad and a mystery partner will take on the team of Titanes Familia... but we don't even know if Minute will be there or who the mystery partner is yet for Team HOSS.

DDK:

The internal conflict between Uriel Cortez and Minute reached a boiling point a few weeks ago when they attacked Angel Trinidad at a BRAZEN show in retaliation for attacks on them and Dan Leo James... but it was former Team HOSS member and BRAZEN Matchmaker Capital Punishment that was attacked by Minute when he tried to break things up. Minute told them he was done with the group.

Lance:

So we don't know what's up at DEFCON if Minute will be even be there. His 30 day suspension will be up before DEFCON, but nobody has heard from him... but we have to get to the action now. Titaness vs. Strong AF... next!

♪ "By The Sword" by iamjakehill ♪

Smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp and out come the monsters, one at a time. Strong AF, flexing his muscles and hitting a pose to show off his massive arms. Aleczander The Great, showing off his own pecs and hitting the pec dance. Behind them, The Big Bad of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad. Angel bumps his fists with Strong AF and then with Aleczander The Great before the trio hit the ring

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington... being accompanied by Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... weighing in at 267 pounds... **STRONG! A! F!**

The Seattle Strongman comes out and the former powerlifter throws his signature chalk up in the air before hitting the ring. He's fired up and looking ready for a fight with a member of the Titans as his music fades.

*This is everything
The Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive
It's BOBBY by the way
Let's get it*

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

The lights flicker back on... and out from the back marches a very game Titaness! Behind her, Dan Leo James and Uriel Cortez with the giants dressed in street clothes behind her. The camera cuts to what has become one of the regular Dan Leo James inset promos.

Dan Leo James:

Aww, crap baskets, we're...

But soon as he starts, he gets dragged out by Titaness and Uriel Cortez by each arm.

Titaness:

Nope... business tonight...

Dan Leo James:

Oh, sorry... let's get 'em, Musc... Titaness!

They leave... but not before Uriel looks at the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

Minute... you're wrong. We need you... I... need you.

--

With those swift but powerful words from everyone's favorite family of Titans, Titaness is close to getting in the ring. On one side, Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great whisper words of advice to Strong AF. On the other, Titaness gets similar coaching from Uriel Cortez and cheering on from Dan Leo James. The Faithful cheer them on as the bell rings...

DING DING

Titaness attacks first and goes right at Strong AF with a running pump kick to the chest! The blow stuns him and sends him into the corner. The Show of Force then runs off the ropes in the corner and comes back with charging elbow smash to the face in the corner! Strong AF is stunned by the sudden shots from the quicker Titaness before he continues to throw a few kicks and tries to stomp a mudhole in The Seattle Strongman early!

DDK:

No feeling out process tonight! Titaness goes right for Strong AF early and trying to throw him off his game!

Lance:

No love lost between either of these teams! We've seen Team HOSS in action three times so far and they have run roughshod over everyone, but Titanes Familia even without Minute right now are on the same page!

Titaness continues to rock him with more forearms and then hits a series of double chops to Strong AF's chest! She pulls him out of the corner and then tries a suplex on the big man, but The Seattle Strongman is able to still shake it off and then shoves her away. The Show of Force catches her footing and then comes right back with another big forearm smash! She stuns Strong AF and then rocks him, then jumps up and hits another big boot! Strong AF is stunned. Titaness runs off the ropes and then swings for the fence early with a spear... but Strong AF catches her in mid-move and then turns it swiftly and deftly (DEF-ly?) into a huge suplex!

DDK:

Out of nowhere, Strong AF counters the spear into that suplex! Titaness is strong, but it's literally in her opponent's name!

Strong AF steps up and then picks up Titaness by the neck. He flashes a grin in the direction of Uriel and DLJ before he picks her up and SLAMS her down with a huge belly to belly suplex! They both shoot him a look, but The Seattle Strongman grins when he goes for a cover on Titaness.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Strong AF perhaps taking a little too long to mug with the rest of Titanes Familia! Allen Fosters has potential in that ring, but he's prone to making these rookie mistakes in his feud.

DDK:

And now he's picking up Titaness! He takes The Show of Force into the corner... ooh! Corner clothesline!

The big corner clothesline rattles the former Unified Tag Team Champion before trying to set her up on the top rope. Strong AF then goes to the middle rope and looks like he wants to try and hit a superplex on the New Yorker, but One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass fights back! She hits Strong AF in the side of the head! Again and again and again to the temple to cheers from The Knoxville Faithful!

DDK:

Titaness fighting back! She hits a huge headbutt of all things! Strong AF gets knocked off the middle rope!

Strong AF is still stunned when Titaness hits the middle rope and comes off with a front missile dropkick that knocks the big man off his feet for the first time!

DDK:

That's a new one from Titaness! Missile dropkick from the second rope and he gets him off the ropes.

Titaness is the first one up as Strong AF tries to get back up in the corner. Uriel Cortez and Dan Leo James act as the cheering section for Titaness while Angel Trinidad and Alecander The Great both yell. She stands up and charges at the corner full speed to hit him with a corner double knees!

DDK:

The flying double knees in the corner! That's a move she learned from... well, Minute!

Lance:

And now she's going to the corner... then hits a running pump kick to the side of the head!

Titaness and then grabs the head before he sets him up on the shoulders! The Faithful ROAR with approval when she manages to get him on the head and then DRIVES him down!

DDK:

Clash of the Titaness! She scores Clash of the Titaness on Strong AF! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

TH... NO!

Angel and Alecander breathe sighs of relief from their side while Uriel and Dan yell at the corner!

Lance:

That was a close one! Titaness having to wear the larger opponent down with strikes before finally being able to score the death valley bomb, but Strong AF kicks out!

DDK:

Titaness trying again! Can she hit another Clash?

She tries to hoist the larger Team HOSS member on her shoulder a second time, but this time he is more than ready for it! He throws elbows to the back of her head and then shoves her forward right into the turnbuckle! She gets the wind knocked out of him before she stumbles right back as he charges off the ropes and runs her down with a big running shoulder tackle and Titaness gets knocked down!

DDK:

Strong AF counters! Now he's got Titaness up!

He hoists Titaness up on his shoulders into a torture rack position, then picks him up and then DRIVES her down with a huge front slam from high in the air!

DDK:

He calls that move the Vulgar Display of Power!

Lance:

Doesn't shock me that Team HOSS are Pantera fans!

Strong AF hooks the arm!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... KICKOUT!

The Knoxville Faithful cheers on the heart on display from Titaness fighting underneath! Strong AF is stunned with the count and then yells back at the official!

Lance:

Strong AF tried to get the win there with that sneak attack, but The Show of Force showing her own tenacity. We have seen her be able to do this against larger opposition!

Strong AF runs a hand across his throat to signal for the end to Uriel and Dan. Uriel tells him to go fuck himself as The Seattle Strongman goes to pick up Troy by the leg. He tries to hoist her up for the Deadly AF chokeslam... but before he can lift, he elbows her way out! Titaness gets the ropes when Aleczander tries to trip her up by the leg! Rex Knox catches it and yells at him! Dan points at him and points with Knox to get them out of ringside!

Lance:

Yes! Get him, official! Aleczander The Great tried to cheat and Rex Knox caught him red-handed!

Knox points at Aleczander and then to Angel... and yells at them to get out of ringside! The Knoxville Faithful explode as they are told to take a powder from ringside!

DDK:

They gotta go... but look! Strong AF trying to close this one out!

Strong AF tries to catch Titaness with a clubbing blow from behind that gets him jeered as Angel and Aleczander head back up the ramp, despite protesting with Knox. Uriel and Dan wave goodbye to the trio, then focus to the action! Strong AF whips Titaness to the ropes and then swings for a lariat, but he misses! He tries an elbow and misses again, then Titaness comes back and finally lands a HUGE spear to Strong AF, knocking him to the canvas before flowing right into a jackknife pin!

DDK:

Titaness counters with the spear! Right into the jackknife!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

Strong AF kicks out a moment too late as Titaness rolls out of the ring as quick as she can to rejoin her husband and

friend at ringside!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **TITANESS!**

Uriel holds Titaness up on his shoulder at ringside with Dan Leo James clapping proudly! Strong AF curses his luck, but looks over to Angel Trinidad and Aleczander who... shockingly don't appear concerned?

DDK:

Titaness scores the win tonight over Strong AF! Finally after weeks of abuse from Team HOSS, Titanes Familia score a small measure of revenge tonight... but what's that look on Angel's face?

Lance:

I don't know, but... Hey! HEY!

The Beast from the Bronx marches over and nearly shoves Lance out of his chair to steal a microphone from the announce booth! Cortez, James and Titaness all cheer for the win with The Tag Partners for Life even flipping the double bird to Team HOSS on the end of the stage, but Angel smiles back.

Angel Trinidad:

Shut that shitty music off! Now!

It quiets down.

Angel Trinidad:

You think you won something here tonight? Sneaking a lucky fucking win tonight? The great Titanes Familia? Oh... wait... you aren't even a full family are you?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

That gets the jawjacking from Titanes Familia to stop. Cortez yells at Angel to say it to his face, but Angel continues from the ramp while Strong AF rejoins them on the ramp, holding his rib cage.

Angel Trinidad:

You hearing me now, ain't you? Minute was smart enough to tuck his tiny tail between his even tinier legs and get the hell out of dodge before we finish the job at DEFCON. It's four-on-three... cause unlike YOU, we got our partner...

He smiles.

Angel Trinidad:

For one night only, you aren't just going to see this new version of Team HOSS, assholes... you're gonna see the ORIGINAL line-up as well! One night only after your little buddy attacked him at a BRAZEN show...

Aleczander points the double fingers at the stage in dramatic fashion. Out from the back comes a familiar face for the more long-time DEFIANCE fans!

Angel Trinidad:

Our partner is the original Team HOSS member... **CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!**

Lance:

WHAT?! Capital Punishment is their fourth member for DEFCON?!

DDK:

NO WAY! He's been mostly retired from the ring to serve as BRAZEN Matchmaker! Now he's gonna ride again... with THEM?!

The longtime DEFIANCE fans are in shock at BRAZEN Matchmaker Capital Punishment when the curtains part. Sure enough, looking in fighting fit condition is the original Team HOSS member, dressed in his black riot squad-styled ring gear he proudly wore as a member of the original Team HOSS! Angel and Alecander both fist-bump their old comrade while Strong AF shoots them a grin.

Angel Trinidad:

I sure hope that Minute shows. cause if your little Familia ain't a full house... then your little Familia is getting torn apart at DEFCON. See you then.

He literally drops the mic on the stage and the gruesome foursome on the ramp each stare down the three members of Titanes Familia on stage. Angel and Alecander each shake hands with Capital Punishment and raise their hands on stage with Strong AF.

DDK:

I don't believe this... after Team HOSS went away and Capital Punishment left the ring, he's been a mostly standup member of our staff. One night only or not, he's gonna team with these monsters?!

Lance:

This is payback for Minute attacking him, Darren! Plain and simple!

Uriel, Titaness and Dan watch them depart with looks of concern as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2023**CARD AS IT STANDS...****FIST of DEFIANCE***Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Alvaro de Vargas***UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS***The Lucky Sevens (C) vs. SNS***SOHER***Henry Keyes (C) vs. Elise Ares***#1 CONDER MATCH FOR THE FIST of DEFIANCE:***Dex Joy vs. Conor Fuse***SPECIAL ATTRACTION***Malak Garland vs. Flying Frenchie***SPECIAL ATTRACTION***Dr. Ned Reform vs. Elon Musk?***LOSER LEAVES***MV1 vs. Corvo Alpha***either MV1 or Lord Nigel**Titanes Familia vs. Team HOSS**Arthur Pleasant vs. Michael Van Warren*

DON'T THROW THEM AWAY

Backstage.

The Dangerous Mix of David Fox and Mushigihara are sauntering about the halls, not dressed for action, but looking poised and ready for anything nevertheless.

David Fox:

Alright. So we got the match at DEFCON, right? And we'll show Klein and Flex what we're made of, and boom. We'll surely be next up for the tag straps.

Mushigihara:

The REAL tag straps, you mean.

The Kaiju scoffs.

Mushigihara:

Can you believe they gave us replica belts?

Fox shakes his head and chuckles.

David Fox:

I feel like we need to throw in a cheap plug for the merch site now, Jesus Christ.

Klein (O.S.):

CHEAP!?

Rushing into frame from just off screen is Klein, box tucked under his arms and standing as if he were a source of authority. Flex, as always, backs him up, letting his pecs do the talking.

Klein:

That was my entire pay for last show!

All three look stunned. Flex taps Klein on the chest.

Flex Kruger:

You still owe me twenty for the gas.

Klein reaches into his pockets and produces cash, which Flex quickly snatches. Klein turns his attention back to the Dangerous Mix.

Klein:

Those replica belts are hand crafted, made from real leather and custom made to one specification, all for the low low price of 249.99 and 9 tenths of a cent.

Flex Kruger:

Like gas?

Klein:

Like gas. Oh, you two, you don't even know how good you had it. You sulk and you woe is me and you wait for your shot.

Klein leans in, and gets into David Fox's face in particular.

Klein:

Just go ahead and take it.

Klein backs off, shrugging his shoulders.

Klein:

Or, maybe, you two just don't want the Tag Team Championships anymore. Had a taste of victory, of pseudo fame... and maybe that was enough?

Flex Kruger:

Klein, that's a bit much.

Klein:

You wanna beat the Dangerous Mix who beat PCP? Or you wanna beat the DM who WAITS for their rematch?

David Fox:

We're not waiting for anything, Boxy Brown, not when we've fighting tooth and nail ever since Mushi and I patched things up to reach for the top again. Now, I get what you were trying to do here. And the gesture means a lot, but we're not trying to be gifted anything here.

Mushigihara nods.

Mushigihara:

We want to EARN our keep, and prove that we're among the best.

Fox nods in agreement.

David Fox:

Right.

Klein:

Good. I only want to see the best of those I deem as friends. And if I don't yet have a match at DEFCon?

Klein nods to Fox and then Mushi.

Klein:

I'm going to bring the best outta my friends by fighting them at the biggest show of the year. So we'll see you there. Just...

Klein reaches out to the fake replica titles that Mushi and Fox aren't even carrying.

Klein:

Don't throw them out? Please? Give 'em to a kid at least.

Klein nods. He pats Flex on the shoulder.

Klein:

C'mon Flex. We've got a lot of tape to watch.

Flex Kruger:

I can lift while we do that, right?

Klein:

Of course. Of course.

And with that, Klein and Flex saunter away. David and Mushi look at each other in silence, before David sighs.

David Fox:

Well, it WAS thoughtful of him.

David looks over at his gym bag.

David Fox:

Maybe we should hang onto them, huh?

Fox looks off to the side as we cut.

RETROSPECTIVE: SNS VERSUS LUCKY SEVENS

Christie Zane sits down live in-studio for the next segment.

Christie Zane:

Hello, DEFIANCE Wrestling and thank you for joining us. After weeks of back and forth following the controversial conclusion of the Lucky Sevens Lucky Gauntlet back on DEF TV 183, the match was made official for DEFCON ...

Quick cut to a moving graphic from both teams for one of the most anticipated rematches on DEFIANCE Wrestling history!

*UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES:
THE LUCKY SEVENS © vs. THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS*

Christie Zane:

I'm about to sit with the Unified Tag Team Champions the Lucky Sevens and talk to them about their current issues with the Saturday Night Specials. I'll touch on their history and we'll talk about the match. Sitting across from me right now are *your* Unified Tag Team Champions, the Lucky Sevens. Max Luck and Mason Luck.

The twin giants sit across from her dressed up from head to toe in fine clothing. Max Luck has on what has become their signature style of dress thanks to being the two highest-paid stars in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Max Luck with the red dress suit, and white buttoned shirt and red sunglasses. Mason Luck with the green dress suit, white buttoned shirt and green sunglasses. They are wearing those sunglasses indoors because who would expect anything else of them ... and they both look like they are going to hurt someone bad.

Max Luck:

Christie ... s'up?

Mason Luck:

Let's get these questions over with.

Christie Zane:

We've also been reflecting upon your extensive and incredibly violent history with the Saturday Night Specials on Uncut so please, fans, check those out as well. We'll start with what's happened most recently. Your bus, The Triple 7 Express, was found in flames to end the show two weeks ago. All that took place after you refused to honor the title match they won by entering your Gauntlet ...

Mason Luck:

... That they had no business being in because they were *barred* from competing for *our* titles! You're leaving a lot of important things out, Christie.

Max Luck:

Whoa ...Yeah, because those pieces of shit, the Saturday Night Specials did it! All because those little assholes can't take no for an answer. They did it to goad us into a match ... and these are the two people that these empty-headed dumb-ass fans want to hitch their wagon to?

Christie Zane:

Which is funny considering what happened to the original Ballyhoo Brew in June of last year. Some would argue that you two didn't deserve the title match you had considering that DEFIANCE Wrestling released you ...

Mason Luck:

You better close your mouth right now, Christie.

She goes silent.

Mason Luck:

We were cleared of any wrongdoing ... but you know what? We aren't going to sit here and beat a dead horse. Ask about anything else. Now.

Things are getting tense so she switches to another line of questioning.

Christie Zane:

After those events, is that what made Tom Morrow and BFTA reverse course on this match originally not taking place?

Mason looks ready to put his fist through the table in between them and Christie but tries to show some restraint.

Max Luck:

Let me be clear ... they don't deserve a title match. They deserve to be put in jail. Apparently they had an "alibi" or some made up bullshit. *That* is part of the reason why we accepted this match, Christie.

Mason Luck:

We're going to do what nobody else is willing to do for the Saturday Night Specials because that's become our thing. For Newbludd and Cassidy, they're not just getting a Five Star Beatdown. They're getting Five Star Vigilante Justice and we're going to *end this* once and for all.

Christie Zane:

Acts of DEFIANCE 2021. Maximum DEFIANCE 2022. This match will be the third time that you two have main evented DEFIANCE Wrestling pay-per-view for the Unified Tag Team titles. The Saturday Night Specials were the 2021 DEFIANTS of the Year. The Lucky Sevens were nominated for DEFIANTS of the Year. You've said two weeks ago that every time you two have met up in the ring, you take a piece of them each time. Talk about that a little with everything you two have gone through.

Max Luck:

That's the truth. Just before Acts of DEFIANCE 2021, we broke Cassidy's arm in a car door. He has a metal plate in his hand to remind him that messing with Mason and Max Luck is bad for your health, but that lesson hasn't truly stuck with them. They won at Acts of DEFIANCE, but they were assaulted. This company did everything they could to keep us from those belts, but we fought our way back up ... then got fired.

Mason Luck is still trying to keep himself calm and composed so he pulls at the coat he's wearing.

Mason Luck:

And we didn't see it at the time, but that ended up being a blessing. They challenged us to the rematch at Maximum DEFIANCE 2022 and we righted the wrong from the year before. After that loss, nobody saw Brock for three months cause he was having PTSD from being in a ring with us. And during that time, we proved that we were worth every penny this company paid to keep these belts. We beat Titanes Familia to get back these titles after we got screwed. We beat Dangerous Mix and Pop Culture Phenoms at the same time!

Max dusts his hands together.

Max Luck:

Clean sweep!

Christie Zane:

And what do you say about those that say the Saturday Night Specials have your number? One of our wrestling statisticians in matches show this. You have two recorded victories over the Specials! A tag team match on DEF TV 151 and Maximum DEFIANCE 2022. They have three including the recent gauntlet ...

Mason isn't trying much longer to keep calm, but Max steps in for him.

Max Luck:

No, let's talk about what your fucking wrestling nerds left out: The first time they beat us? That was by a roll-up and we kicked their asses right after. The second time was the six man tag that led to us being fired. They needed a roll-up *plus* our bitter ex-manager to do it. And this last time? Hiding under a mask for months at a time, praying and hoping we'd pick them to compete for these titles. Let me emphasize that word ... *hiding*. *Hiding because they know* they haven't beaten us definitely ... they've barely survived and I mean literally barely. We don't doubt they want these titles, but after how bad they got beat and how long it took them to come after us again, they're afraid of what we can do to them ...

Max's smile is borderline repulsive. He removes his sunglasses.

Max Luck:

And they should be.

Mason finally is calm enough to add his thoughts.

Mason Luck:

This time at DEFCON for all the marbles we are *done*. We're going to end this and we are going to end *them*.

Christie Zane:

One last question. With your contract affording you certain perks as the defending champions ... can we expect to see that in play?

In a first since the sit down began Mason Luck can finally bring himself to smile.

Mason Luck:

We're gonna answer this question by talking to those little shits directly.

Mason Luck shifts his chair to face the camera along with his brother.

Max Luck:

The contracts that DEFIANCE Wrestling gave us because you two *failed* to stop us give us the power to pick how we defend the titles. If you happen to have horseshoes up your ass, a whole bag of rabbit's feet at ringside *and* The Almighty Himself watching over you and you take these titles from us at DEFCON, you'll be the Unified Tag Team champions. *When* you lose ... tell 'em, Mason.

He slaps his brother's leg to make the announcement.

Mason Luck:

The Saturday Night Specials ... *must* disband. Forever.

Christie Zane looks stunned from this reveal.

Mason Luck:

Me saying that we were going to end you isn't just cute word play. We are literally going to kill the Saturday Night Specials as a team. You'll have to walk these same halls as us, watching us hold our gold and watching us live on as the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE Wrestling history knowing that you both couldn't stop us and that you will never be able to stop us.

Christie lets that reveal soak in. Mason sits up and grabs his titles and Max takes his.

Max Luck:

Good luck interviewing SNS later, Christie. We'll be watching.

The twin brothers leave and that reveal has been put out there for all to hear.

DEX JOY vs. MICHAEL VAN WARREN

One by one in the TD Garden, the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time....

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

A swirl of lightning begins to gather around the DEFIA-tron ... and the power comes back on in a bright flash!

BIG!!! DEX!!! ENERGY!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The lights return to Dex Joy appearing on stage in his new lightning-covered body suit attire!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first ... from Los Angeles California, weighing in at three-hundred and twenty pounds ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JJJJOOOOOOYYYYY!!!

The Biggest Boy gets the blood flow going with a big cartwheel on stage! The agile three-hundred and twenty pound DEFIANCE Wrestling star walks to the ring. He gets inside and then jumps onto the second turnbuckle. The response is huge for the Biggest Boy! He points to the fans all over the Thompson-Boling Arena!

DDK:

One of the most important matches in the career of Dex Joy is right around the corner when he faces Conor Fuse to become the number one contender for the FIST at DEFCON! But Dex as we always know, is not resting on his laurels.

Lance:

He could have taken it easy, but he wants to be in fighting shape for DEFCON! And for his opponent, a bright young star from BRAZEN!

♪ "Upper Echelon (feat. T.I. & 2 Chainz)" by Travi\$ Scott ♪

DDK:

And here he comes! "Mr. Onslaught" Michael Van Warren on DEFtv! After a win over Teresa Ames two weeks ago and taking the fight right to Arthur Pleasant! He means business!

Lance:

The two-time BRAZEN Onslaught Champion looks ready to fight tonight! He has Arthur Pleasant to contend with but this would be the mother of all wins to beat the guy who Arthur troubled with for months.

Standing six-foot five inches tall, the bearded, long black-haired standout of BRAZEN makes his way out from behind the curtain to quite a positive reaction.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent from the Yokota Air Base in Tokyo, Japan, weighing in at 265lbs... Mr. ONSLAUGHT... MICHAEL... VAN... WARREN!!

Clad in a black and blue wrestling singlet with long tights- where the black singlet has a blue trim with the letters MvW on the abdomen- and the legs are blue with the black outline of "crosshairs" all over the legs, MvW makes his way down to the ring. Bumping fists with the Faithful along the way down. Dex Joy watches the young man step into the ring and he looks ready. They size one another up and they are ready to go!

DING DING

The two men don't budge and they are careful enough to make a move.

Dex Joy:

I hate your nephew.

Michael Van Warren:

Me too!

The mutual disdain for Arthur society closes with the Biggest Boy and Mr. Onslaught locking up! Dex switches up with a headlock to keep control of the young BRAZEN star. Michael Van Warren struggles within the hold with Dex keeping things clean and tight. MVW takes himself into the ropes and then uses the forward momentum to push Dex off of him, but comes to regret the decision when Dex hits him with a shoulder block! He takes the shot but he's still on his feet daring him to do it again.

Lance:

Not many people don't go down after a shoulder by Dex!

Dex looks impressed in MVW. He charges and hits him with one, but MVW comes back and hits with one of his own! Dex goes back into the ropes and he hits another that finally takes Mr. Onslaught off his feet! MVW is down when Dex does a cartwheel in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Dex brimming with confidence right now. He'll need every bit of it for Conor Fuse, one of the most talented singles wrestlers today.

Dex goes off the ropes and then goes for another big shoulder block but Van Warren jumps over with a leap frog. Dexy Baby comes back but MVW hits him with a facebuster counter to the knee. Dex gets taken back and Michael Van Warren hits the ropes. He comes off with a big jumping shoulder block and takes Dex down! Now it is Mr. Onslaught's turn to surprise the crowd with a big move and he looks confident in his chances.

Lance:

MVW has been a very special talent in BRAZEN and made the Onslaught Title his title down there. But unlike his time in BRAZEN the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have taken a shine to him.

DDK:

When your opposition is Arthur Pleasant, that's an easy feat!

Dex doesn't know what hit him. Mr. Onslaught goes for a classic whip, but Dex turns it on him and puts him in the corner. Dex runs at him with Van Warren showing off strength by trying to back body drop Dex ... but he jumps over the ropes! MVW can't believe Dex is on the apron behind him and gets stunned with an elbow. Dex jumps over the ropes with a slingshot shoulder block!

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!

"NO ONE!"

DDK:

This match is shaping up to be a game of "top this" in this battle of the big men!

Lance:

And he is not done!

Dex waits for Michael and when he stands he gets another big shocker in the form of a running head scissors from the big man! Van Warren takes the spill and then gets taken to the outside with Dex having a big smile on his face. Dex

points out to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and starts a chant! Dex fans know the one!

"WHOOOOOOOOOAAAA!"

Joy stands up and then heads off the ropes and then flies clear through them with the Whoa-pe!

DDK:

You called it Darren! Whoa-pe suicida wipes out MVW! Mr. Onslaught getting more than he bargained for against the former SOHER and Favoured Saints champion!

Dex picks up Michael and takes him back into the ring. He follows up with a falling headbutt to the chest and then a cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Michael Van Warren kicks out, but he's showing something tonight!

DDK:

Dex going for something big next!

He goes up to take Mr. Onslaught on his shoulders, but when Van Warren senses the danger coming he hits Dex to the side of the head with strong elbows. He gives Dex the slip and then grabs the waist ... then he drops Dex up and over huge with a released german suplex!

Lance:

Holy hecking heck! Van Warren making this crowd pay attention after that suplex!

Dex bounces near the corner and when he's there, Warren is already on him with a big clothesline that catches Dex by the neck. Michael catches the ropes again and then turns around to dim the lights of Big Dex Energy with a powerful samoan drop! The ring shakes with Michael Van Warren sitting up after the mighty impressive feat!

DDK:

Dex gets taken off his feet after the german suplex and then the samoan drop!

Lance:

And he's not done! He's waiting on Dex for something.

Michael Van Warren locks on target and takes Dex off his feet clean using the discus lariat he calls the Wakizashi Slasher! Dex finds himself in the very rare spot of getting wrecked by one of BRAZEN's fastest-rising stars!

DDK:

Well executed discus lariat! That is called the Wakizashi Slasher! And this might be called a huge, huge win for Michael Van Warren if he can pin Dex!

One ...

Two ...

no!!!

Dexy Baby surprises Michael Van Warren with a kick out and that prompts Mr. Onslaught to get to thinking. He strikes the back of Dex's head and works over his neck using a cravate hold.

DDK:

Michael Van Warren isn't just power and boasts a solid technical prowess as well. He likes to work over the neck with neck breakers and DDT's to set up the Limit Breaker submission hold ... but as we saw against Teresa Ames two weeks ago, the Zodiac Spear is in his back pocket as well.

Lance:

Honestly the only thing this kid needs to be successful is time!

The hold works over Dex's neck. Mr. Onslaught hits Dex with knees while he is in the hold, but Dex fights back with back elbows right to the chest. He is trying to break free and struggles.

DDK:

Dex Joy wants out of this submission hold. We can't forget those battles with Corvo Alpha that took a lot out of him. The injuries to the neck that nearly shelved Dex for far longer than he was gone. MVW is probably aware of this!

The Biggest Boy eventually shakes off Van Warren with some more elbows, but a knee follows a DDT! Not just one ... but he picks him up and hits another!

DDK:

He hit three on Teresa Ames last week! Two on Dex tonight! He is hitting that neck with everything he's got!

Then he hits one more for good measure! Dex's neck might be in bad shape and Mr. Onslaught looks to pick up his biggest win of his DEFIANCE Wrestling career!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex fights with a surge of energy but Michael Van Warren gets back to the corner!

Lance:

This is some poise shown by Mr. Onslaught. The DDT's didn't work, but that Zodiac Spear just might!

Michael Van Warren is ready! He runs for the spear!

DDK:

The Zodiac Spear incoming! No! Dex picks him up! He's on the shoulders ... DEX-5!

Dex counters with a fireman carry facebuster and he plants Michael Van Warren with it! Dex is holding onto his neck but he is firing himself up!

Lance:

The Wrecking Crew help fire Dex up!

"WRECK 'EM DEX! WRECK 'EM DEX! WRECK 'EM DEX!"

The cheers and chants refuel Dex when he stands up and then throws Van Warren off his game with a big heavy elbow smash. He hits a second elbow smash to the ribs. He fires a third one! Then a whip off the ropes for a big belly to belly suplex off the ropes!

DDK:

Dex throws his own suplex on Van Warren!

The two-hundred sixty-pound Mr. Onslaught is taking one of his own! Dex goes behind Van Warren and he pulls him in close for a big move, but Warren hits back with a big strike with a back elbow. He tries for a gut wrench power bomb but Dex pulls him away. Van Warren goes off the ropes then Dex goes for a jump off the side for ...

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner! He knocks Van Warren down!

And then Van Warren gets picked up by Dex ... into the DEX DRIVE!!!

DDK:

And that's Dex Joy with the Dex Drive! That will be it!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJOOOOOYYYYY!!!

DDK:

Dex Joy comes away with the win tonight, but you can't take anything from Michael Van Warren! MvW gave him a lot of trouble for a good portion of time, but Dex shows why he's almost impossible to be stopped once he gets going.

Lance:

Well said ... and look!

Dex grabs the hand of Michael Van Warren and then helps Mr. Onslaught to his feet. He shakes his hand and then helps raise it for the fans. He taps Michael on the chest and says something not picked up from the cameras. He climbs out of the ring and then makes his way up the ramp to give Mr. Onslaught the chance to help recover.

Lance:

Dex giving MvW the show of respect tonight!

Dex is on the stage to celebrate his last win before his showdown with Conor at DEFCON ...

ONE OF US!

WHAM!

Suddenly, Dex Joy falls face-first on the stage like he was shot out of a cannon.

Reality is... The Game Boy stands behind him.

DDK:

I saw that! Game Boy just clubbed Dex in the back of the head with a forearm! What a blindsiding attack!

Lance:

I'm afraid the attack is just starting, Keeps...

The crowd boos as Game Boy tilts his neck, loudly cracking it in the process. The Game Boy boots The Biggest Boy in the chest as he was trying to get up and then the hulking henchman proceeds to absolutely unload on Dex, forcing the fan favourite all the way down the ramp and back towards the ring with as many kicks and punches as Game Boy can provide.

Percy Collins, Thurston Hunter, ALEX P. and MEE6 also emerge from behind the FIST logo. Hunter, ALEX P. and MEE6 are particularly eager to get in on the beating. They join Game Boy in pummeling Dex down the rampway, even though it's really The Game Boy doing all the work. It's like a high school science project, one group member is doing the heavy lifting and the others are along for the ride.

Percy Collins slowly marches down behind them holding the Conor Fuse + Nintendo branded mash-up duffle bag he was seen with earlier. Looking like the mastermind behind the attack, Collins rubs his hands together in delight and chuckles like an over-the-top cartoon movie villain.

Dex Joy fumbles into the edge of the ring and apron before Game Boy is about to deliver a promising blow. The rest of the goons back away, all dancing in excitement as Game Boy kneels down and removes his right knee pad.

Thurston Hunter: *[screaming]*

HE'S GONNA WEAPON GET YOU SLUT-HOE-SHIT-BAG!!! Fucking right, get that damn shit, spit that hydro ghetto shit-

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

The crowd erupts as Conor Fuse comes sprinting out from the back. He blows right past Percy Collins but The Game Boy realizes what's happening in the nick of time. The giant BOT sees Conor flying towards the group and Game Boy catches Fuse in mid-air with a bearhug! Conor tries to break free by kicking around but he can't do it. Upon seeing they may not have a lot of time, Hunter smacks ALEX P. and MEE6 on the chest like they have to pick up the slack ASAP. The trio begin hammering away on Dex with real blows now. Hunter shouts to Collins and the Comments Section "therapist" tosses the duffle bag he was holding over to Hunter. Thurston opens the bag and reveals a "new" Paper Championship, this one made out of thicker construction paper, looking identical to the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Hunter perks his head towards Conor, who's still trying to break free but to no avail.

Thurston Hunter:

You're going to love this, Con-Man! Bahahaha!

Hunter reaches into the duffle bag again and reveals a glue stick. As ALEX P. and MEE6 keep beating down Dex Joy (it's much easier after all the initial work Game Boy did), Hunter begins rolling the glue stick over the top of the new Construction Paper FIST Championship.

Finally, it looks like Fuse is about to make the save and break free from Game Boy's clutches when Game Boy HURLS Conor into the guard rail!

Hunter breathes a sigh of relief and then tosses the glue stick into the crowd. Thurston takes hold of the duffle bag once more and pulls out another item. It's a powder blue question mark box, similar to one Conor Fuse used to carry around with him in the OG Fuse Bros. says.

Thurston Hunter:

OH FUCKING DAB, look at how SILLY I am right now!

Hunter giggles with glee, acting like he's vintage annoying Conor Fuse from 2020.

Thurston Hunter:

Let's see what SILLY SHIT is inside!!

Hunter punches the box open and looks inside, although the contents can't be seen by anyone else.

Thurston Hunter:

Ain't no mushrooms in here, bitch!

And with a shit eating face, Thurston proceeds to tip the bag up-side-down, pouring out a ton of thumbtacks onto the Construction FIST.

DDK:

This is not good.

Hunter screams in Conor Fuse's direction.

Thurston Hunter:

LOOK AT HOW FUCKING SILLY I AM. TEEHEE, SO FUCKING SILLY.

For once in his life, Thurston Hunter might actually seem threatening. He tells ALEX P. and MEE6 to lift Dex Joy. The two goons aren't able to do a great job but it's good enough. Meanwhile, Hunter holds the strap in the air by gripping the only area he didn't lay thumbtacks down on. It looks like he's going to whip the strap forward, like a belt, across Dex's back when he suddenly stops and wanders over to Conor Fuse, who's only now coming to.

Hunter presents the belt to Conor and Percy Collins saunters over with an ear-to-ear grin.

Percy Collins:

One of us.

The Rest of The Comments Section (minus Game Boy):

ONE OF US.

Fuse is down on a knee. He looks up at Hunter, then the "construction tack belt" and lastly, at Collins. His face grows sour. Of course, he's not going to take it.

Percy Collins:

One of us!

The Rest of The Comments Section (minus Game Boy):

ONE OF US!

Percy Collins:

ONE OF US!

The Rest of The Comments Section (minus Game Boy):

ONE OF US! ONE OF US! ONE OF US! ONE OF US! ONE OF US!

Collins looks over to Hunter with a demeanor signifying Thurston should go ahead with the plan himself so Thurston marches over to the fallen Dex Joy, lifts the belt across his head-

And Conor leaps into the picture, right past Game Boy and Collins, snatching the cardboard belt from Hunter's mitts! The crowd roars! As this happens, Dex Joy gains his whereabouts, proceeding to throw MEE6 into the steel steps and ALEX P. into the ring post.

DDK:

Dex is loose! Dex is loose! The Comments Section almost got the drop on him after this match with Michael Van Warren, but Dex is fighting back!

Lance:

And look! They're making a retreat!

Hunter, Collins and Game Boy begin to retreat up the rampway!

Joy meets eyes with Conor Fuse... and sees him holding a construction paper title with thumbtacks attached to it. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful realize what Dex might be thinking ...

OOOOOOOOOHHH!

Fuse double takes.

Conor Fuse:

Whoa, wait. I was trying to SAVE you!

Dex Joy:

Get the hell out of my way! Now!

Maybe Joy believes Conor, maybe he doesn't. Either way, The Biggest Boy blows right past Fuse and up the ramp, in pursuit of Collins, Hunter and their oversized bodyguard.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting to Dex Joy]*

Go watch the replays, you'll see!

Joy doesn't stop. By now he's fled behind the curtain leaving Conor Fuse standing there beside a knocked out ALEX P. to his right and MEE6 to his left. Conor looks down at the construction paper title he's holding. He discards it to his left, shakes his head and starts marching up the rampway as DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

RETROSPECTIVE 2: SNS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

Following the quick break, the picture slowly fades in to the DEFtv Studio where Christie Zane sits in the same chair that she found herself earlier when she interviewed the reigning Unified Tag Team Champions, The Lucky Sevens. Looking into the camera, Christie gives the camera a trained smile.

Christie Zane:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen. Earlier this evening, I sat down with the current reigning Unified Tag Team Champions, The Lucky Sevens. The intention was to hear their thoughts ahead of their upcoming championship match... but in the end, we heard a whole lot more. We'll get to that in a second, but joining me now: the challengers for the Unified Tag Team Championship at DEFCON: The Saturday Night Specials.

Sitting across from the stalwart DEFIANCE interviewer, in the same chairs as their hated rivals, is Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy. They're both dressed in jeans and the ever-so-popular "SNS" t-shirt... but the men find themselves in no mood to party. In fact, this may be the most serious we've ever seen the fun-loving tag team. There's no smiles, no happy greeting for Christie... just stone cold glares that betray no emotion.

Christie Zane:

Thanks for joining me, guys.

Pat Cassidy: *[deadpan]*

Our pleasure.

Sitting with his arms crossed, Newbludd simply nods his head and grunts.

Christie Zane:

Well... I can tell by your demeanor that you heard my interview with The Lucky Sevens earlier. There's a lot we have to talk about, but I suppose the biggest item that the people want to know about is their named stipulation for your championship match. The Lucky Sevens informed us that should you fail to win the championship at DEFCON, you will be required to disband as a tag team forever.

An uncomfortable silence.

Pat Cassidy:

Is there a question?

Christie Zane: *[slightly off put]*

Um... I guess, could we get a reaction?

Uncrossing his arms, Brock leans forward towards Christie and smiles menacingly.

Brock Newbludd:

My reaction? My reaction is let's fuckin' do it.

Leaning back and recrossing his arms, Brock rolls his neck in anger.

Pat Cassidy:

What are we supposed to say? *[mockingly childish voice]* "Ohhhh, no... that stipulation has us pissing our pants." I don't give a shit, Christie. Nothing changes. We're still rolling into DEFCON to beat their asses. What happens if we lose doesn't fuckin' matter... cause we're not going to lose.

Brock shakes his head and leans in.

Brock Newbludd:

That's how it is, Christie. We've come too far to fail now...and if we do fail...well, shit, they don't have to worry about us

disbanding because they'll be nothing left of SNS. We plan on giving The Lucky Sevens everything we have...everything Ballyhoo Nation has...once that bell rings and we'll see if they can stop us. I'm bettin' they don't. Either way, it's all or nothin', Christie. All or nothin.

Cassidy motions to the set and the chairs.

Pat Cassidy:

You sat here with those assholes and listened to them spew their bullshit. They've been hiding behind their precious contracts for a year, doing everything possible to make sure we couldn't come back for our belts. And this is their Hail Mary: they parade this stipulation out hoping that we'll back off. Well, fuck you. Bring it.

Newbludd slaps his friend in the back and nods his head in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

Nuh-uh, we ain't backin' off for nothin'. The Saturday Night Specials are going to see this thing through to the bitter end and that's that. Like I said, we're all in, and there isn't a stipulation in the world that could stop us from gettin' what we deserve. And that's a piece of The Lucky Sevens and our rightful shot at the tag title belts.

Christie Zane:

Sounds like a challenge accepted. I guess the next question is...

Pat Cassidy:

No.

Christie Zane:

...excuse me?

Pat Cassidy:

All due respect, Christie. I know you're used a little "ha ha" with us, but it's officially time to put the bullshit to bed.

Cassidy sighs.

Pat Cassidy:

Nine months.

Cassidy suddenly stands, his voice raising into a barely controlled rage. His stool falls backwards due to how rapidly Pat got to his feet.

Pat Cassidy:

NINE GOD DAMN MONTHS! Nine months ago, we lost it all Christie. Ballyhoo Brew. Any hopes at having a relationship with my dumbfuck little sister. And our belts. The Lucky Sevens got away with a felony and then took advantage of a family member stabbing us in the back. They had nothing to do with that. They had nothing to do with earning that victory. They got... get this... fuckin' LUCKY. And what did we have to do?

CRACK!

Slapping his knee in anger, Newbludd jumps out of his stool and it too tips over.

Brock Newbludd:

We did what we had to do, that's what! And it was pretty shitty, let me tell ya. Those dirty fuckers left us in a pretty big hole, there's no doubt about it. Now, they want to come out here and say they gave me PTSD...PTSD!?

Brock puts his hands on his hips and laughs incredulously.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's be clear, Christie. I may have a mullet right now. I may drink a little too much...and I MAY have bad instincts when it comes to girlfriends. I own that! But, underneath all that bullshit, still stands a man who's done about everything you can do in this industry, and then some. And believe me, there's been plenty of bad decisions along the way. But, I'm still fuckin' standing and I'm still taking care of business in the ring. And like always, business is pretty damn good!

Newbludd bumps fist with Cassidy and smirks.

Brock Newbludd:

The fact is, The Lucky Sevens don't have what it takes to break me. More importantly, they sure as shit don't have what it takes to break The Saturday Night Specials. They gave it their best shot but we're too tough to kill and too stubborn to quit. No, all they did was backstab us to take our belts and then they tried to bury us alive underneath a mountain of bullshit. That wasn't enough either. It may have taken nine months, but we dug our way out and now we're coming for em', Christie.

Pat Cassidy:

You want an exclusive? Here's the skinny: we've been dancing this dance with these asshats for the better part of three years. Hell, The Saturday Night Specials originally formed just so we could tell Morrow where to stick it. They tried to pay me off to turn on Newbludd. Fail. They sent Ophelia in to distract me. Super fail. They broke my fuckin' arm - all they did was give me my secret weapon.

Pat taps on his lower left forearm.

Pat Cassidy:

They were right about one thing, Christie. One way or another, this ends at DEFCON. I don't know if they're taking us out, I don't know if we're taking them out... but I can tell you this: I don't care if we have to drag our bloody and beaten carcasses over shards of glass... We're. Taking. Back. Our. FUCKING. Belts.

Brock Newbludd:

And The Lucky Sevens are gon-NUH!

Newbludd is suddenly and violently interrupted by an oversized fist slamming into the back of his head. It happens so suddenly that the announce booth is heard gasping in shock.

DDK:

Oh my! **Brock Newbludd:** has just been devastated by an attack!

Lance:

It's the damn Lucky Sevens!

Before Cassidy can react, he gets struck with a boot to the head from Max Luck! Christie Zane jumps out of the picture when Mason and Max jump over their respective targets! Brock tries to put his guard up, but he can't stop every fist from landing while Cassidy is being stomped on Max!

Mason Luck:

Your fucking belts? *Your fucking belts?*

Mason and Max both grab Brock first and use their combined strength to hurl him violently into the nearby wall! The wall gets busted and Brock falls to the floor. Mason walks over to him and grabs the back of his head

Mason Luck:

They'll *never* be your fucking belts again!

Brock's forehead is now bleeding! Max stands over him and waves his hands.

Max Luck:

Run your mouths now! Talk shit! What you got Brock! You ...

Somehow, Cassidy is back up and he tries to tackle Max! He almost gets one of the twin terrors off his feet, but Mason grabs him first and then applies the Winning Hand to the head of Pat! He hoists him up along with Max helping him ...

SEVEN STARS THROUGH THE TABLE!!!

The table in the middle of the set explodes into pieces after Cassidy gets pitched through it. Mason Luck and Max Luck walk over their bodies. Mason starts to leave, but Max notices the camera still rolling and gets his brother's attention.

Max Luck:

Remember this moment DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Mason Luck:

This will be the last time these two do *anything* as a fucking team!

Max leaves and there is nothing left but a wreckage where a simple sit down interview used to be. Cassidy and Newbludd have been left beaten and the show has no choice but to cut to commercial.

JUST CHATTING W/ DEC4L (EPISODE 1: SGT. SAFETY)

Standing up behind the announce booth is “Downtown” Darren Keebler with the spotlight shining down on him he raises his hands to acknowledge a small cheer from the Faithful.

DDK:

What a treat we have for all of you here tonight in Knoxville! Let us present to you a new talk show here at DEFIANCE starring our own resident streamer “DEC4L” Declan Alexander. Welcome Faithful to “Just Chatting” with DEC4L!

The play-by-play man points to the interview stage where a couple of SecretLab TITAN Gaming chairs are set up across from each other with a table in between sporting a pair of HyperX microphones. A few cups of G-FUEL are waiting for a guest and a triple monitor setup (complete with color changing LED strips that match the same one’s under the table) behind the table completes the setup when the music kicks in.

I just wanna feel... A-LIVE!
♪ “Brachyura Bombshell” by Attack Attack! ♪

Alexander enters the Thompson-Boling Arena to cheers and applause from the Faithful. With his signature “D4” varsity style jacket (still available on DEFshop.com) he makes his way over towards the stage area with his typical navy blue and yellow lighting accompaniment. Once he’s up on the stage, the PogChamp picks up one of the HyperX mics as his video package matching that on the DEFIatron plays on the triple monitors behind him.

DEC4L:

SAAAAAAAAAALUTE DEC4LLION, it’s your boy DEC4L here with the inaugural episode of Just Chatting with the man, the myth, the PogChamp, Declan Alexander!

The Intrepid Influencer takes a bow to a round of applause from the Faithful. He continues on.

DEC4L:

But this show isn’t just about me, it’s only a little about me, and a lot about our guests. A rotating line of your favorite... and sometimes least favorite, wrestlers from across DEFIANCE and BRAZEN. I hope to secure champions and rising stars, hall of farmers and new signings. This is your chance to get to know the people outside of the ring, fam. This is something I always wanted when I was a member of the Faithful, so I decided to bring it to you right here in Knoxville, TN!

He pauses for the cheap pop with a million dollar smile.

DEC4L:

But no one wants to listen to me babble all day long about my talk show dreams, we want to learn about our guest. So let me introduce to you, chat, six foot one inch of superior inspection. Hailing from Chicago, Illinois he is the Prince of Proper Procedure. SAAAAAAAAAALUTE, SARGENT. SAFETY.

♪ “The Safety Dance” by Men Without Hats ♪

Declan’s pop pales in comparison to that of cult favorite Sgt. Safety as he walks out to the thunderous ovation from the Tennessee Faithful. Clasp his clipboard against his shirt he raises his hand to acknowledge the appreciation with a smile. As he takes a step towards the stage the sound of a large train roars across the arena and a pixelated purple train goes across the DEFIatron and the triple monitors on the stage.

DEC4L:

That’s the HYPE TRAIN, chat! Let’s get on our feet to properly greet our guest! We have microphones positioned all across the arena and whichever section cheers the loudest will get a code redeemable on DEFshop.com for \$25 off an order of \$50 or more! So let’s hear those cheers!

Sgt. Safety pulls out the decibel meter and the Faithful have some fun with cheering as Safety soaks up the moment.

Several minutes of crowd cheering with the decibel meter being pointed in several directions happen before a section number flashes up on the screen in victory. Sgt. Safety eventually makes his way to the stage and lays his clipboard on the table and shakes hands with the PogChamp. They take their seats and the chatting begins.

DEC4L:

Welcome to Just Chatting, Sgt. Safety, glad to have you here, bro.

Sgt. Safety:

Glad to be here, Declan. I just finished compiling the results of your audit earlier today and I'm happy to bring you a full report.

DEC4L:

No cap? I should explain! For those of you who don't know, Sgt. Safety has been following me around for the last few weeks on DEFtv and UNCUT to monitor my ability to be safe after it was brought to my attention from Kerry Kuroyama that I was causing problems in DEFIANCE by doing such things as bringing my cell phone and other streaming devices into the ring and playing Mario Kart with our boy Conor Fuse.

The Faithful roar at the mention of Player One. Sgt. Safety stops to let the applause pass before replying.

Sgt. Safety:

After an extensive review of your conduct in the last few weeks, I can assure you that you have less criticals than the average DEFIANCE wrestler. I'd rate your conduct an 83. You have some work to do to promote better safety here in DEFIANCE, but overall I'd say your conduct is improving and could actually be in the higher percentile of workers.

The Intrepid Influencer stands up from his seat and pumps his fist in victory to a cheer from the Faithful.

DEC4L:

LFG DEC4LLION! You hear that, fam, your boy is safe! Thank you so much for your time, bro, I appreciate all the hard work. Just out of curiosity, how would this rank up next to let's say the members of Vae Victis? Specifically the fun police himself, Kerry Kuroyama. How would you rate his conduct?

Sgt. Safety:

Well... there is certainly a lot to be desir-

DEC4L:

Hold that thought, bro. Before you lay out your dank verdict, I want to give chat a chance to participate. On the monitors here behind me and on the DEFiatron is a QR Code. If you open the camera on your phone and look at it, it will take you to a link to participate in a chat poll. I want all of you to select how YOU would rate Kerry Kuroyama's safety. A, B, C, D, or F! Again you need to take out your phones and open the cam-

Suddenly a raid siren interrupts the PogChamp as he's giving instructions and the lights in the arena flash red and a pixelated word "RAID" in red flashes on the screens instead. Alexander's eyes grow wide confused for a moment when a song kicks in.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Kerry Kuroyama promptly steps through the curtain, affording little time for the familiar Vae Victis theme to properly ramp up.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Forgive me if I'm interrupting anything here. I just figured since there was all this discussion happening on the topic of me, that maybe I should be here to chime in a bit on my behalf. On *this*...

Kuroyama gestures vaguely to the monitors and shifting lights on DEC4L's set-up on the interview stage.

Kerry Kuroyama:

“Just Chatting”... right. Because heaven forbid we stick to ‘just wrestling’.

Kerry points down the rampway to the ring.

Kerry Kuroyama:

That right there? That is what I use as a microphone. And the only statement I need to make?

He stamps his foot on the stage beneath him.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Is the sound a body makes when it drops to the mat.

Kuroyama is stone serious, but DEC4L looks like he’s doing his very best to not outright corpse on camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So you want to “just chat”, Declan? Fine... let’s chat. We can chat about my safety, since that seems to be a big enough concern to the two of you, that you have to make a spectacle out of it.

He looks up to the DEFIatron hanging behind him, still showing the QR Code next to a very unflattering photo of Kerry’s face. Poll results are being updated in real time, and the curve is trending very hard toward the ‘F’ option. Kerry shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You don’t need any ‘chat poll’, or some dubious rating from a supposed professional, to know how I am when it comes to safety. I’ll come out and tell everyone, right here and now... I am *not* safe. In fact, I’d go as far as to say I’m downright dangerous. And that’s because I *want* to be dangerous. I *want* to be feared here in DEFIANCE. I’m not here to leech off of this industry, Declan. I’m here to *change* it.

The ‘F’ ratings on the DEFIatron are going through the roof!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Maybe you’re too young to remember this, but there were many times in my career where I was sitting on the sidelines, mending injuries. Literal *years* where I could have been active and jumping on opportunities were stolen away from me, because I was forced to spend just as many years in this place working with amateurs, knuckle-draggers, and headcases.

A sneer crosses the face of the Pacific Blitzkrieg as his head works past resurfacing memories of the Kabal, Tyler Fuse, and a certain cyclops who will remain unnamed.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It’s only when you’ve had to live with the knowledge that your potential was wasted due to negligent, unprofessional pieces of trash that should have never been paid to wrestle in the first place, that you begin to understand something important about this sport. If you aren’t the most dangerous competitor in that ring, then you stand to be eaten alive. Because *no one* out there will think twice about putting you on the shelf.

Kerry shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But what’s the use of trying to tell you any of this, kid? Even now, you’re probably sitting there thinking “okay, boomer”, even though I’m as millennial as they come. But that’s fine... cause like I said, I have other, more preferred ways to make my statements...

Kuroyama pitches the mic and advances toward the interview stage.

DEC4L:

I know you're technically a millennial, Kerry, but "OK, boomer" is literally the only response I can think of right now to all of that. But hey, since you're here, maybe you can shed some light on--ULP!!

Alexander can't even finish his thought before the Pacific Blitzkrieg grabs him by the collar of his jacket and launches him into his own triple monitor, sending the thousands of dollars in equipment sailing off the stage and shattering on the concrete below. Sgt. Safety goes to issue Kerry a citation but the Vae Victis member quickly chops the Sultan of Safe knocking him down into his chair. Before the Sargent can get back up, Kuroyama shoves the rolling chair, sending both it and Sgt. Safety flying off the stage and onto the concrete floor below. DEFmed quickly respond and are already on their way out from backstage.

DDK:

I understand Kerry is probably tired of the harassment from Declan Alexander, but this is a little extreme.

Lance:

Sgt. Safety just fell maybe 10 feet onto the concrete floor, Darren. That chair just shattered under him. There aren't any protective mats or anything out here. It's all production space. This space isn't meant for action.

Kuroyama begins ripping the microphones away from their cords and throwing them onto the concrete floor, breaking everything that he can to send a clear message to Alexander when suddenly DEC4L emerges to his feet behind the Pacific Blitzkrieg and runs past him, leaping into the air and putting Kerry Kuroyama through the table with the Play of the Game! The Faithful roar as Alexander gets back up, with a small trickle of blood coming down his face from the impact with the monitor and ripping off his varsity jacket.

DDK:

DEC4L is fired up, Lance!

Lance:

I think Kuroyama is out! Declan Alexander obviously wasn't looking for a fight tonight, but it does look like he's ready for one now.

Alexander looks down at Kerry and taunts him to get back up to his feet, begging him to come back for more. It's at this moment that DEFsec swarm the stage, pushing the PogChamp back away from Kerry Kuroyama as he continues to taunt the Pacific Blitzkrieg. Security checks on Kerry who then motions for DEFmed below to send some additional support up to the stage to check on Kuroyama. Meanwhile the rest of security keeps Alexander away from Kerry, he continues to yell something at the Vae Victis member but it's muffled under the roars of the Faithful. Eventually they move Alexander past Kuroyama and force him to exit the stage.

-♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! -♪

DDK:

It's going to take a while to get these men checked out and get all this cleaned up so we're going to cut to commercial break soon, but Lance this situation just elevated quickly.

Lance:

Yeah this went from some prodding and joking to violence real fast, Darren. You have to think Kerry Kuroyama isn't just going to let this slide by, but you have to wonder if he's willing to "lower his standards" to take on someone he feels undeserving like Declan Alexander.

DDK:

Well I think this incident may change his mind, but I guess only time will tell.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



NON-TITLE: OSCAR BURNS vs. REZIN

DDK:

We're to our main event of Night One and finally, for the first time since Oscar Burns defeated Rezin with help from the then-debuting Clay Byrd at Acts of DEFIANCE, Rezin finally gets his hands in a wrestling ring on our Favoured Saints Champion and Favoured Saints Creative Consultant, Oscar Burns.

Lance:

I can't believe we're getting this match tonight, Darren! Burns has used his new powers as the Creative Consultant of Favoured Saints to make Rezin's life a living hell since a return. An over-the-top-ropo challenge by Clay Byrd. A violent brawl with Arthur Pleasant ending with him being handcuffed and beaten. He punted punishment of Rezin to Your Uncut Gems who stuck it right back to Vae Victis with a Trivia Contest that did nothing to harm Rezin... and after Rezin trashed Oscar Burns on UNCUT, Burns fired off on social media. And here we are now!

DDK:

We have a rematch from ACTS of DEFIANCE last October! Oscar Burns vs. Rezin in a non-title match... suspect in of itself, but nevertheless! A MAJOR main event just before DEFCON!

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

The opening fanfare plays as it shows very targeted clips: Oscar Burns defeating Rezin in their first singles match. Oscar defeating Rezin at Acts of DEFIANCE. Oscar Burns winning the Favoured Saints Title from Ned Reform... and right into...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns with the Favoured Saints Championship around his waist! He wears a burgundy red and black coat with long black tights with "DEFIANCE" down one leg and in red and "FAVOURED SAINTS" on the other in blue, but both stylized in the familiar DEFIANCE logo. Behind him, Butcher Victorious follows and looks pretty smug!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your main event of the evening! Requesting to enter the ring first due to his status as a former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, current, reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion, The Favoured Saints Creative Consultant and the most winningest wrestler in DEFIANCE today...

The crown groans.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by Butcher Victorious... From Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... **HE IS DEFIANCE... OSCAR BURNS!**

With Butcher in his corner, the two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE and current Favoured Saints Champion approaches the ring! Oscar waits at the steps and looks almost sick of having to be here. Butcher uses a towel to quickly wipe down the steps like an expert pit crew member putting a car back together. When Butcher gives it some fast elbow grease and pats the steps, Oscar slowly walks up the steps. He takes his coat off and hands it to Butcher before wiping his feet and then climbing into the ring.

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

The crowd noise pulls a one-eighty as strobes and smoke obfuscate the entry-way, with a monster pop greeting the wild and unruly Rezin as he tears through the curtain, spliff burning hot in his mouth. He charges back and forth the stage a number of times to work the crowd into a frenzy, before beginning his charge down the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... From Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at 205 pounds... **"THE ESCAPE ARTIST" ... REZIN!**

The Goat Bastard slaps (and stains) many hands of the Faithful as he jogs down the aisle with fervent energy. He practically bounds up the steps, grinning daringly as he wipes his boots on them and ruins the pristine sheen left by the crew on Oscar's orders. Burns scowls at his utter lack of respect, but nevertheless stands his ground as Rezin steps through the ropes and scales a turnbuckle to pose.

Oscar Burns:

GCs! GCs! Some decorum, people! Some decorum!

The music and punk rockery of one Rezin come to a quiet halt. The Favoured Saints Champion has a mic in hand.

Oscar Burns:

On social media, Rezin... I meant every word. You're a stain in this promotion. You're a stain on EVERYTHING I've worked my ass off to build. To make this company something! To make this company profitable! To make this company one of the most respected wrestling promotions in the known world! So that's why tonight, you'll be taking on DEFIANCE Himself! The Favoured Saints Champion! The Favoured Saints Creative Consultant! Me...

He looks over to Butcher Victorious, who sheds his shirt and jeans to reveal he's wearing his awful purple and burgundy wrestling tights!

Oscar Burns:

...AND Butcher Victorious! Get 'em, Butch!

Lance:

What?! Come on! He's trying to stack the deck against Rezin... AGAIN?!

DDK:

I want to be disappointed, but I'm more angry than anything. Favoured Saints trusted Oscar Burns to use his Creative Consultant title for good to help grow our brand... but all I've seen him do with it is use it to settle a vendetta against Rezin!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING DING

Rezin comes out of the corner while Oscar elects Butcher to start the match on his behalf. The two circle the ring for a moment, before Butch suddenly straightens up, flexes his pythons, and ROARS!

BOOOOOO!

Not to be outdone... Rezin likewise pumps his (visibly leaner) biceps and ROARS BACK!

RAAAAAAAH!

Butch FLEXES!

BOOOOOO!

Rezin FLEXES!

RAAAAAAAH!

Soon, both men are contorting and stretching themselves into a seemingly never ending pose-off.

BOOORAAHH!

BOOORAAHH!

BOOORAAHH!
BOOORAAHH!
BOOORAAHH!

Butcher Victorious suddenly charges, laying out the Goat Bastard with a running lariat that puts his back and shoulders to the canvas and his legs in the air. The crowd jeers intensely as Butch unleashes his VICTORY FLEX to the applause of only Oscar! He claps and cheers on his protege, then holds his hands out to tremendous jeering.

DDK:

Of course, NOW he wants to tag in!

The Wrestling Understudy of Oscar Burns holds his hands and gets the tag from Butcher while Rezin is still down. He goes over and tags. Burns doesn't appear to be taking things too seriously as he climbs in to reach over to grab Rezin... only for him to surprise him with a small package!

Lance:

No! Rezin was playing possum!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Oscar kicks out quickly, then scurries away to tag an unsuspecting Butcher back in while a snarling Rezin watches. Burns yells at Butch Vic to deal with The Escape Artist.

DDK:

To think... he was known as driving force of this promotion for years as one of, if not, its top star and to see Oscar resort to the pompous way he acts these days... disgrace.

Burns has climbed back to his corner, but as Butcher protests a little, Rezin isn't going to wait! He launches himself at Burns and knocks him off the apron, then hits Butcher with a inside springboard dropkick on Butcher to knock him out to the floor!

Lance:

If Rezin wants to win this, this is what he has to do! Hit and run! Find an opening and capitalize!

Rezin poses for a ROWDY Knoxville Faithful and then leaps over the ropes. He hits the apron, then JUMPS on top of Butcher with a perfect asai moonsault from the middle rope to the floor! The Faithful cheer as Hell's Favorite Hoosie rolls out of the heap and grins a wicked, wicked grin!

DDK:

Rezin now taking the fight to both Butcher and Oscar! Rezin throws Butcher back into the ring!

The Knoxville Faithful are fully behind Rezin as he picks up Butcher and cracks him with a headbutt of all things to the side of the head! He might have hurt himself, but he shakes it off and then throws Rezin into the ring. He tries to follow him inside while Butcher clings to the arm of Benny Doyle. That allows for Burns to snatch Rezin by the leg!

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

DDK:

Cheap shot by Oscar Burns!

After being laid out on the floor, Burns yanks Rezin up by the arm and then aims him right for the barricade... THUD! The Escape Artist crashes spine-first as Butcher finally stops grabbing Benny Doyle's arm to tell him about a new victory song he's been working on after this match.

Lance:

Oscar opting to take more shortcuts. This vendetta against Rezin goes literally all the way back to the Acts Tournament finals last year. Rezin defeated by Lindsay Troy and then Oscar Burns joining Vae Victis right there by dropping Rezin.

DDK:

And since then, it's been a real problem! And look... ugh, now Burns wants the tag again.

Now deciding to follow the rules, Oscar holds a hand out and waits for a tag from Butcher. Victorious makes the legal tag, then Burns motions for him to be ready. On the outside, DEFIANCE Himself grabs Rezin by the side and then drives him down with a pendulum backbreaker as Butcher slingshots over the ropes with a plancha into an elbow drop to Rezin on the floor! Rezin is almost broken in half by the sickening tandem move and convulses on the canvas while Burns and Butcher both throw their hands up in the air...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Very unique double-team from Oscar Burns and Butcher Victorious! The slingshot elbow to the outside with the pendulum backbreaker! I think they might have this one!

Both men hoist up Rezin by each arm and then both hurl The Escape Artist back inside the ring. As the legal man, Oscar rolls in and goes to pin Rezin with a hook of the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

A DEFIANT shoulder from the former three-time Favoured Saints Champion antagonizes the current title holder!

Lance:

I don't know how he kicked out of that... but look, Oscar and Butcher aren't done!

Oscar makes with his expert ring work and has Rezin in front facelock before tagging Butcher. Victorious climbs in with Oscar SMACKING Rezin under the chin with a stiff European uppercut! He stumbles right back into another European uppercut from Butcher, then right back into an extra STIFF uppercut from the Favoured Saints champ before hitting the ropes. Burns goes back to his corner as Butcher stands on Rezin's back against the middle rope, trying to choke him out!

DDK:

Butcher really isn't that bad of a wrestler in the ring, but Vae Victis treat him like dirt so it's fairly rare he gets to shine like this!

Butcher jumps off his back and then comes back with a rolling senton across the back of Rezin!

DDK:

Victory Landslide by Butcher! Can they beat Rezin in this main event just before DEFCON?

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Another kickout serves only to infuriate the Favoured Saints Champion at ringside. He holds out a hand and wants another tag from Butcher. The toadie of Vae Victis reaches over and makes the tag to the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE. He climbs into the ring and then grounds him with a grounded Cobra Twist submission!

DDK:

Now Oscar trying to rip Rezin apart with that Cobra Twist he likes to use! Not just a regular abdominal stretch, but he's cranking on the neck, too!

Lance:

But listen to The Faithful, Darren! Rezin has been the victim of Oscar's vendetta going back to last year. It's only intensified since buying stock in Favoured Saints and being given this Creative Consultant position.

RE-ZIN! RE-ZIN! RE-ZIN! RE-ZIN! RE-ZIN!

The chants continue to rain down.

Oscar Burns:

TAP OUT! TAP OUT, YOU DRUGGIE BASTARD! THIS IS MY COMPANY, NOT YOURS!

The Escape Artist tries to fight off the larger Burns and escape his clutches, but the hold is locked on tight. But living up to his name... he turns his neck around just so...

Oscar Burns:

!! AM! DEF-AHHHHH! AAHHHH!

... And Rezin BITES OSCAR'S HAND!

Benny Doyle doesn't know what to make of what's happening! Butcher is shellshocked at Rezin BITING Oscar to free himself from the Cobra Twist, but he does!

DDK:

Not that I condone biting, but... well, Oscar deserves it!

Oscar holds his hand in pain and sees the bite mark on his left hand! He furiously shakes his hand and yells at Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

Get him! Don't let him bite you! That bloody ponce might have given me rabies!

Rezin has bought a few precious seconds, but not for too long as he sees Butcher make the tag to Oscar... by tagging Oscar's bitten hand! Burns howls out as Butcher jumps over the ropes! He charges full speed ahead at Rezin, but the former three-time Favoured Saints Champion sidesteps and Butcher goes tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor!

DDK:

And Rezin just might have given himself some more time to catch his breath after that malfunction there by Butcher!

The Goat Bastard leans listlessly against the ropes, holding his neck shaking off the effects of the Cobra Twist with DEFIANCE himself nurses his hand in his corner. A moment later, Rezin resets his sights on Burns. A hungry grin appears on his face as he advances, with Oscar commanding Benny to keep him back.

Lance:

Uh oh... he's got the taste for blood now!

DDK:

Burns just tagged himself out of action, but I don't think the Escape Artist cares at this point! He's seeing red!

While Rezin paws at Burns with an overburdened Benny Doyle between them, Butcher Victorious slowly rallies himself on ringside and slides into the ring. Seeing Rezin with his back to him, he quickly charges...

...only for Rezin to JUKE out of the way at the last second! It's BURNS who instead finds himself on the receiving end of a running axe-handle smash!

DDK:

REZIN SLIPS BY and OSCAR GOES TO THE FLOOR!

Lance:

He must have EYES on the back of his bald spot!

Butch stands stunned in shock and horror in the wake of his blunder. Seeing his window, Rezin quickly takes ahold of his head and uses the turnbuckles to help himself somersault backwards and thread the needle.

INTO THE VOID!!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! REZIN HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE...

Outside the ring, Burns scrambles to his feet...

TWO...

Oscar slides in under the ropes...

...THREE!!

DING DING DING

Oscar POUNCES but is just a second too late, as Rezin rolls off of the stunned Butcher Victorious and slips out of the ring. He celebrates on the outside while the Favoured Saints Champ pops back to his feet and curses with anger.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... "THE ESCAPE ARTIST"... RREEEEZZZZIIIIINNNN!!

DDK:

What a feat! The aerial arsonist's resilience and resourcefulness paid off here tonight with a hard-fought victory from almost IMPOSSIBLE odds!

Lance:

Oscar Burns is steamed about this! Weeks of trying to embarrass the Goat Bastard has led the tables to being turned!

DDK:

Perhaps if he hadn't relied so much on Butcher Victorious to do his dirty work, he might have--

BOOOOOUUUUURRRNNNNZZZ...

Somehow, Rezin has gotten ahold of a microphone, feeding his gravelly voice straight into the PA.

Rezin:

Ya say that I ain't done anything to earn a shot at your Favoured Saints Championship? Well HOW'S THAT FOR YA!? I just beat TWO of ya Vae Vagisil snobs in ONE MATCH!

His grin is ear-to-ear, a face that's all eyes, teeth, and beard. He points daringly

Rezin:

But I ain't done, Ozzie! NAW, I'M JUST GETTIN' STARTED! Because if there's one thing we all know, a DEFCON without Oscar Burns ain't really a DEFCON! And at *THIS* DEFCON, I'm comin' to FREE that strap from your clutches!

Burns fumes in the ring, shaking his head like he has no intention of letting this happen.

Rezin:

But here's the thing... I don't want whatever *this* is... the "Creative Dictator" of Favoured Saints! I don't got NOTHIN' to gain from takin' down a SUIT...

Rezin, daringly, points to him from the outside.

Rezin:

What I WANT from ya, Ozzie... is the GRAPS! The HOOKS! The SHOOTS! The CLUTCHES! I want the TWISTS! I want the TURNS! I want **OSCAR FUGGIN' BURNS!**

He begins stomping his foot on the ringside floor, punctuating his every statement with fiery conviction.

Rezin:

The two-time FIST of DEFIANCE!

Stomp!

Rezin:

The sum'bish who went the DISTANCE with Lindsay Troy in a best of three series!

Stomp!

Rezin:

I want the technical wrestling mastermind that put DEFIANCE on the map!

Stomp!

Rezin:

The one who WASN'T afraid to go into the ring and tear it up, just for love of the game!

Stomp!

Rezin:

The one that didn't need to be involved with an over-hyped circle jerk like Vae Victis to prove, just to prove he's one of

the very best in this sport!

Stomp! Stomp! STOMP! And Rezin finally falls to his knees, practically begging the DEFIANCE legend.

Rezin:

Do me this, Ozzie... this one FINAL FAVOUR! Show me you're willin' to SACRIFICE all the glitz and the glam... and if ya can BEAT ME in this ring clean as a whistle... I will WALK from DEFIANCE, and NEVER RETURN!!

The Faithful can't believe what they're hearing. Burns can't, either, as he hugs the coveted Favoured Saints Championship close.

DDK:

WHAT?! HE'LL WALK AWAY FROM DEFIANCE IF HE LOSES?

Burns does mull this proposition over and waves for a microphone of his own!

Oscar Burns:

REZIN!

He growls and twists his neck.

Oscar Burns:

You want me? DEFIANCE Himself? Favoured Saints Creative Consultant! Favoured Saints Champion... to put my Favoured Saints stocks and my title on the line against YOU? And if you lose, you'll walk away from DEFIANCE? MY organization! MY company! For good! Am I hearing this right, yeah?

Rezin nods.

Oscar Burns:

...

He mulls it over some more.

Oscar Burns:

You don't even belong in MY ring and MY company! YOU'RE what happens when they let someone on that side of the barricade come on over to my side and think that they can do what I do! NOBODY does what I do between these ropes! You are not my equal! You are not on my level and you aren't on the level below THAT! The last time you and I fought one-on-one, I broke you down and sent you out!

Burns continues to fume.

Oscar Burns:

...But for the glory of running you out of DEFIANCE, FOR DEFIANCE a second time... and this time, for GOOD, you stupid ponce...

Oscar Burns looks up.

Oscar Burns:

I ACCEPT!

A thunderous reaction fills the Thompson-Boling Arena!

Lance:

I... I don't believe what I'm hearing! Oscar Burns versus Rezin! It's Oscar Burns' stake in Favoured Saints AND the Favoured Saints Championship... against Rezin's CAREER?!?!

DDK:

I hope Rezin realizes what he's gotten himself into!

The Faithful give Rezin a huge response while inside the ring, Oscar Burns stares him down while holding up the championship, yelling The Escape Artist will never take the title from him!

DDK:

What a massive match with massive stakes! Perhaps the biggest stakes ever in the history of the Favoured Saints Championship! We're done with tonight's show, but join us tomorrow for Night Two on our final stop to DEFCON! For Lance Warner, I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Good night, everybody!

Burns holds the the championship with DEFIANCE Himself and The Escape Artist talking trash to one another from opposite sides of the arena for one final time...

And for one... it may be the last time...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.