

SHOW OPEN



The scene begins inside the Mercedes-Benz Arena in Berlin, Germany as fireworks explode from the top of the ramp. A massive LCD FIST in German colors sits in the middle of the entrance around the “Autobahn” and an LCD big screen hovers above the FIST logo, too. There are numerous highway signs scattered across both sides of the stage and down the rampway, such as the exit to the city, tourist streets and arena, as well as the Autobahn speed limits (there are none) and the main Autobahn signs. Two black DEFIANCE branded Mercedes-Benz cars sit on the edge of each side of the stage. The rampway is also one LCD image of a highway leading to the center of the ring. The ring ropes are blue and the canvas is blank as always.

The broadcast pans the crowd. Signs are everywhere. Lots of German ones, but some English.

ICH BEIN EIN AMARETTOS
MADAME MELTON IST BEIREIT FUR IHRE NAHAUFNAHME
FDJ FOR PRESIDENT öÿ†°öÿ†.
CREEPY J NEEDS TO FINISH THE STORY
DEFROAD NEEDS TO BE LiTtTtTtTt
ERIC DANE JR OWES ME MONEY FOR WEED
THE LUCKY SEVENS AND FIRE - NAME A MORE ICONIC PAIRING
^ REZIN AND FIRE
^ GVP AND FIRE(D)
^ DR. SATO AND FIR— OH GOD THE LAB IS ON FIRE AGAIN
FIRE FOREVER
I SOLD CYRUS BATES' TEETH ON EBAY
PRAYER CIRCLE FOR MALAK GARLAND
THE BEST WAY TO FIGHT THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS IS WITH FIRE

The match graphics roll through night one's lineup.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. CALAMITY?
THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. DEVIL'S CIRCUS
NED REFORM vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY
WARCHAMBER: BRONSON BOX vs. MALAK GARLAND
FAVOURIED SAINTS: JJ DIXON vs. DAN LEO JAMES

SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. URIEL CORTEZ

The scene switches to the top of the stage!

MAKAYLA'S MUSINGS: THE GEMS

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing tonight's host... with thousands of social media followers she is one of the internet's fastest rising stars. Her KAYNASTE brand is sold in hundreds of stores across the US and western Europe. Her book "The Fitness Protection Program" is available in bookstores worldwide. Welcome Makaaaayla Naaaamaste!

SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESH!
♪ "Sheesh!" by Surfaces & Tai Verdes ♪

The Berlin Faithful give a mixed reaction that can only be accurately described as apathetic. Walking out comes a gorgeous girl in her early twenties. Long wavy styled light brown hair with bleach blonde highlights. She wears a mud brown dress that shows her midriff and accents her Ferrari-esque body. Holding a microphone in her hand she waves it around in the air trying to get the Faithful going with little to no success.

Makayla Namaste:

Berlin! Look at you! So happy to be here! My name is Makayla Namaste and I am your hostess with the mostest but most importantly I'm here to welcome all of you to DEFIANCE ROAD!

She waves her arms up trying to get more of a rise out of the audience. Her pandering seems to work on the younger members of the Faithful and those who are more... hormonally driven.

Makayla Namaste:

That's fantastic, Berlin... but the vibes aren't quite right. This here is a good vibes only zone. Let me hear you scream. Aren't you all ready to have a good time?!

She's tried twice and has gotten more of the same. Her face makes a visible wince before she continues.

Makayla Namaste:

We have such a bussin card tonight! We've got Bronson Box taking on Malak Garland in the warchamber! That sounds gnarly. How about Corvo Alpha defending the Southern Heritage Championship against Uriel Cortez?!

She holds the mic up and gets a little bit more reaction as she begins to read off the card.

Makayla Namaste:

We have all of your DEFIANCE favorites like the Lucky Sevens, Arthur Pleasant, Mikey Unlikely, Ned Reform and mo-

The lights in the arena go out, and the Berlin audience buzzes. Finally, the turn back on, and Makayla Namase is surrounded by the members of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems. Behind her are Raiden (snarling demeanor, black mullet, white sleeveless T-Shirt with a giant fist and the words I CAUSE CONCUSSIONS underneath) and Reeves (smug countenance, pretentious long brown hair parted down the middle, an even more pretentious mustache, tailored blue sportscoat even though he has no shirt on underneath, sniffing a yellow rose).

In the foreground to the left is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon -- his brown hair curly and unkempt, his dark brown leather mask covering his face except for some of his forehead and his mouth/chin, a black tank top that reads in blood red the words "LEARN TO LOVE ME!" And to the right is Madame Melton, with her silver flapper curls tightened by the finest salon Berlin has to offer (HaarWerk Berlin by CenK Auth), a silver tiara, silver lipstick, silver dangling earrings, a silver necklace, a silver designer Valentino ballgown, a silver shawl, and possibly even more silver in the infinite amount of accessories clad on her curvy Olde Hollywood pin-up girl frame. And, oh yeah, the silver cigarette holder she holds in her left hand (with silver fingernail polish.)

JJ Dixon:

Makaylah Namaste, I have to say that I am honored -- TRULY HONORED -- to be the first guest of the hostess with the mostest! I have been a huge fan of yours, starting from your days as an outside hitter for the University of California-Santa Barbara women's volleyball team where you, as a second-team All Big West Conference performer, too the Gauchos to unprecedented heights! And how could any of us forget the amount of Good Vibes you brought to

this world during your live Insta story you did at Coachella where you informed us all about the devastation the rainforests in Belize endure because of our nation's addiction to vegan food waste! You, Ms. Namaste, have changed the world!

Makayla's jaw drops and she waves herself off a bit with a grin.

Makayla Namaste:

You flatter me... JJ, is it? I could talk for hours about the global impact of unnecessary raising and killing of animals and the positive effects veganism would have on the world as a whole but unfortunately Germany hasn't sold out this arena to talk about that, have you, Berlin?

A faint cheer rises from the Faithful.

Makayla Namaste:

They'd much rather see you, and all your friends here, play a game with me!

That cheer quickly turns into a boo as InstaFamous reaches into a bag conveniently left on the side of the stage for her as the Gems look on curiously from behind her. Out of it she pulls a white poster board with a string attached to it. Quickly, like the Division I athlete she is, she throws the string around her neck and puts on a pair of big brown sunglasses. The poster board hanging from her neck reads as follows:

"THE FIRST PERSON TO BRING ME A DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP WINS A PRIZE"

JJ Dixon:

Why, Ms. Namaste -- you have already shown yourself wise beyond your years! Because in just a few short minutes me, JJ Dixon, THE FATAL ATTRACTION, is indeed battling against his opponent to win the Favoured Saints championship! And it's going to be an uphill battle. I am entering into a hornet's nest! My opponent tonight has set television ratings everytime he takes the screen. He's captured not just the hearts of America BUT THE DAMN WHOLE WORLD! Tonight, I might as well be wrestling in Hurricane, Utah because I'm expecting to hear 19,000 Berliners screaming D-L-J! Like he's one of their own!

The crowd does instart say that. Reeves leans over and cups a despondent Melton's ears, which just makes the chants louder.

D!L!J!

D!L!J!

D!L!J!

As the chants continue, the Goddess of Good Vibes continues to stand with her hands in her pockets, waiting stoically for someone to bring her a DEFIANCE Championship.

JJ Dixon:

But I have bad news for you, Berlin! Because tonight I HAVE TO BREAK YOUR HEARTS! TONIGHT I HAVE TO BREAK DAN LEO JAMES'S HEART! Because I am a very hurt, very broken individual and the only way that I can begin my personal healing journey is by becoming the Favoured Saints champion! And to do that means that I... I don't just have to beat Dan Leo James. I have to make sure that his life is upended forever!

This doesn't phase Makayla at all, who continues her gimmick of waiting patiently for someone to bring her a championship. Madame Melton looks her up and down before blowing her off and stepping directly between Namaste and the camera.

Madame Melton:

They call me crazy. They call me insane. They call me MAD! All because I... I see and hear things that others apparently can't! Like when I close my eyes and see myself conducting the BitterSweet Symphony that is the soundtrack to the demise of Dan Leo James and his precious Familia! But I'm not mad. No. Because what I envision

always comes true at the end! Maybe the crazy old lady you've TYPECAST ME as is instead... a visionary ahead of her time! And just one year ago, I TOLD YOU ALL that one day Madame Melton would be clad in her favorite shade of color... A BRILLIANT HUE OF GOLD! That day, my darlings, has arrived! Victory of Dan Leo James is not just imminent... but so is the DEMISE OF THE FAMILIA! And soon, my darlings... soon you'll come to do as I know you will... and that's kneel before me in awe, veneration and FEAR as you accept that I -- DEFIANCE'S IRON LADY -- rules over your lives WITH HER IRON FIRST!

JJ falls to his knees.

JJ Dixon:

You'll learn to love us as much as we love you... BECAUSE THERE WILL BE NO ONE ELSE LEFT FOR YOU TO LOVE!

Madame Melton:

And you'll all see why... MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

FAVOURED SAINTS (VACANT): JJ DIXON vs. DAN LEO JAMES

DDK:

Welcome one and all to the first of two nights for DEFIANCE Road! The last major stop before the stars of DEFIANCE embark on the last trip we have coming... DEFCON! And tonight, we kick things off for the now vacant Favored Saints Championship between "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems and Titanes Familia member Dan Leo James!

Lance:

The previous champion and the leader of Titanes Familia, Uriel Cortez, made four successful defenses of the title, allowing him to cash in later tonight for a chance at the Southern Heritage Title against the unstoppable Corvo Alpha! Dan Leo James looks to follow in the footsteps of a man that's helped guide his young career for the past two years!

DDK:

This all started back at DEFtv 194! The Most Precious Gems and Teri Melton had turned their back on the fans, singling out Dan Leo James as someone the fans loved more than them! They attacked Dan, as well as Uriel Cortez's wife, Titaness on a number of occasions until JJ Dixon's former tag partner, Jun Izuchi, helped even the odds! In six-man tag team action at the UNCUT Year End Awards, James got the win for his team over the Gems, leading up to tonight's match!

Lance:

Both of these men were proud BRAZEN standouts and graduates and for one person, it will be their first taste of gold in DEFIANCE! Tonight, we are guaranteed a brand new Favored Saints Champion and that will kick off the show! Let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring to start the introductions.

The camera moves to Darren Quimbey inside the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your OPENING MATCH of DEFIANCE ROAD! This is a singles match set for one fall and it is for the FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

At ringside, a carefully-placed pedestal remains at ringside that highlights the championship that both young stars will be fighting for.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

Three loud guitar riffs kick off things as The Faithful start to cheer! After each riff, a spotlight shines! Titaness in the first one! "Extended Familia" Jun Izuchi in the other. And in the center... just in front of the special LCD FIST for tonight's theme!

Stands tonight's challenger!

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The Faithful roar their approval as blue and gold lights flood the arena and they head down the highway-themed LCD ramp! The wife of Uriel Cortez and the "son" of Titanes Familia march to the ring and high-five fans on either side of the ramp, looking for payback tonight. The massive Dan Leo James heads towards the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Titaness and "The Texan Dragon" Jun Izuchi... from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 267 pounds... he is **"THE YOUNG TITAN" DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

With JJ Dixon no doubt having Madame Melton, JP Reeves and Raiden in his corner, James doesn't waste time having seconds of his own. He looks to the camera.

Dan Leo James:

Gonna make you proud, Papa Tez!

James climbs up the apron, then pulls onto the rope to leap over the ropes and land feet-first in the ring! After showing off a little bit, the fast-moving powerhouse raises his taped chokeslamming hand (his words) to the sky and gets ready for the match.

DDK:

Dan Leo James has been on the roster for over a year and a half~ He's big, he's young, he's powerful... but he might be a little out of his depth tonight as he's primarily been a tag team wrestler. This is his first singles match on PPV!

Lance:

Very true and compare that to JJ Dixon, who has already rubbed elbows with the best of the best. He once defeated Oscar Burns one-on-one! He wrestled Masked Violator #1 in a hard fought singles match and won! He took Lindsay Troy to the limit when she was the FIST of DEFIANCE! The size that Dan has on Dixon, he more than makes up for with that high-level singles experience.

Dan Leo James breathes deeply with Titaness and Jun Izuchi both offering their full support at ringside.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie 80s alt-rock staple plays as the lights in the arena go dim. The DEFiatron shows an old filmstrip countdown starting from 10.... 9...8...

Darren Quimbey:

Now introducing, being accompanied to the ring by Madame Melton with Her Most Precious Gems in Raiden and "The Five Star Child" JP Reeves...

7... 6... 5...4

Darren Quimbey:

He now makes his residence in the Grand Victorian Melton Mansion alongside Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, California...

3... 2... 1...

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Fatal Attraction" J! J! Dixon!

The filmstrip reaches zero and makes an unwinding effect.

DDK:

And here comes the chaos!

The lights come on, and JJ tackles DLJ and begins to swing his 400 Blows forearms. Madame Melton, flanked by Raiden and Reeves, is screaming Bloody Mary, waving her cigarette holder like a baton before placing it on the mat next to the corner.

DING DING

DDK:

We have seen Dixon use the cover of darkness provided by The Gems' unique entrance in the past!

Lance:

But Dan Leo was prepared for it!

DLJ has covered up his face with his forearms, keeping JJ from getting connecting with any force.

DDK:

James with a chop to JJ's neck! And another!

The crowd roars as DLJ gets advantage and picks JJ up in a waist lock.

Lance:

What incredible strength from this 6'7" wunderkind from Utah!

DDK:

Now he throws Dixon into the corner! And Dixon is not some tiny cruiserweight, folks!

James charges with an avalanche in the corner.

DDK:

You could almost feel the ring shifting!

Lance:

Dan Leo James has incredible explosiveness! He came out ready to bring the Favored Saints title back to the Titaness Familia — his family!

DLJ now picks JJ up over his shoulder and looks around the arena who know what to scream with him.

DLJ (w/crowd):

YEEET!

DLJ quickly rises and pumps his fist like Tiger Woods. The camera shows Melton pointing to Reeves and Raiden and screaming "Now!"

DDK:

Madame Melton sends the troops!

Raiden and Reeves charge around each side of the ring, but the former Massive Cowboy slugs Reeves with a right punch and Titaness does the same to Raiden!

Lance:

The swarming style of The Most Precious Gems has not worked at all against The Familia — not tonight and not in their 3 on 3 match at the Awards Ceremony!

DDK:

RUNNING SENTON FROM DLJ! COVER!!!

One!

Two!

Threee—

NO!

DDK:

The Fatal Attraction just got his shoulder up and rolls out of the ring!

Lance:

A very wise move!

All of The Gems are on the floor as a furious Melton screams something at Titaness! Massive Cowboy pounds on the mat.

D!L!J!

D!L!J!

D!L!J!

Hector Navarro is telling JJ to get back in the ring. Reeves makes the "Time Out" gesture as The Iron Lady huddles The Gems up.

Madame Melton:

Stick to the plan! An eye for an eye! We know they're good. But we are better! An eye for an eye! Stick to the plan!

JJ slides into the ring as Navarro backs DLJ up. They go for a lockup.

DDK:

JJ just suckered James in with a kick to the stomach! He now rebounds off the ropes with a clothesline!

The Fatal Attraction leans down with some punches on DLJ, before he drops down and bites his opponent around the left eyebrow as Navarro threatens with a DQ!

DDK:

Is this part of Melton's plan? For JJ to resort to biting?

Lance:

The Gems have turned into a truly deranged outfit these past few months! Plus, this whole feud started when Madame Melton blew poisonous smoke in DLJ's eyes! She no doubt thinks that's a weakness for JJ to exploit!

JJ picks DLJ up by his hair and whips him hard into the corner. He then follows with a running leg lariat!

DDK:

JJ shows off his own explosiveness!

Dixon whips DLJ into the corner and charges again. But The Young Titan dodges.

DDK:

DLJ once again YEEEEETS Dixon well across the ring!

The Hurricane From The Beehive State winds up for the Fastball CHOP! The chop ECHOES throughout the entire Halle!

DDK:

Dixon damn near fell out of his boots!

DLJ now bends over and lassos JJ's right arm!

Lance:

La Magistral Cradle! He learned this from his good friend Minute, now Mil Vueltas!

One!

Two!

Three—

NO!

DDK:

Dixon just barely rolls out and survives!

Lance:

But I'm not sure he's going to survive this!

DLJ hooks his large paw around JJ's neck while glancing to the crowd. Jun Izuchi again pounds on the mat as James prepares for The Titan's Orbit running chokeslam!

DDK:

JJ just raked DLJ's eye on the way up!

JJ lands on his feet but immediately flips over into a Hollywood Destroyer! With a cover!

One!

Two!

Three— No!

Lance:

JJ's athleticism is a counter to any hold. He is truly dangerous when you add in his viciousness!

JJ takes a deep breath before rolling back up to his feet.

DDK:

And he's not done yet!

JJ runs and rebounds off the middle rope and spins with a leg drop —

DDK:

But the big man rolled under the top rope and out of harm's way!

Melton's eyes pop up. She starts flailing her arms like an air traffic controller.

Madame Melton:

Apron! Apron!

Reeves and Raiden go into action. Raiden snatches a chair and runs towards the opposite corner, throwing a chair towards Izuchi. Raiden hops on the apron next to him, which causes Navarro to head over to intervene in whatever they are doing. This allows Madame Melton, with a snarl on her face, to rip the ring apron curtain out from DLJ's feet just as he rises.

DDK:

JJ just about decapitates James with a sliding dropkick with The Young Titan trapped between the curtain and side of the ring!

Lance:

Pinpointed directly to DLJ's left eye! The Silver Vixen is crazy like a fox! That was a designed play from the 2023 Manager of the Year — who is proving herself again to be one of the most cunning and ruthless tacticians we have ever seen!

Melton smiles wildly, taking a bow to the booing fans. Raiden walks back talking trash as Reeves does a Fargo Strut on the floor in celebration of their successful decoy.

DDK:

Dan Leo James is still trapped in the ring apron! JJ is peppering him with unprotected jabs to that left eye he's been targeting!

Hector Navarro is out on the floor, admonishing JJ to get it back in the ring.

Lance:

Hector's calling a loose match tonight because he knows the DEFIANCE Faithful wants to see a match with these stakes -- with both of the top young rising stars in this promotion vying for their first title in the big leagues -- settled in the ring and not via a countout!

JJ is arguing with Hector, who has his back turned to the still-trapped Dan Leo James. This lets Melton rake his left eye with her long fingernails. The Familia are fuming and want to charge, but Hector warns them to back off.

Lance:

You can just tell that The Texas Cowboy and Titaness are going to snap at any second!

JJ now sprints --

DDK:

Big running boot across the face -- and pinpointed to that left eye!

Lance:

Going after a man's eye is absolutely savage! It's not just a way to win a match. It can really take away from a competitor's livelihood!

DLJ falls to the floor and Melton waits for him to wobble to his feet. She closes her eyes and pantomimes conducting her BitterSweet Symphony, boxing him into the railing with her ample, curvy rear while JJ hops up to the ring apron.

Madame Melton:

Everything! Everywhere! All! At! Once!

She pirouettes out of the way as JJ springboards off the middle rope with a moonsault!

DDK:

We have seen JJ use this death defying move these past few week

Lance:

And it's usually followed by theatrics, but you can see JJ's urgency!

DLJ is trying to push himself up on the ring steps, but JJ charges with a running knee. DLJ's skull crashes into the ring steps, and JJ flips over in a car crash, holding his knee..

DDK:

The Fatal Attraction with reckless abandon and harm to his own body just to inflict pain on Dan Leo James!

Lance:

And even though he moved with the wildness of a train derailment, his knee clocked Dan right in that left eye he has been targeting throughout this match.

JJ shakes off his knee and begins to roll DLJ into the ring. The Hurricane starts to stagger up as JJ meets him and, while struggling, picks him up on his shoulders, before tumbling over in a Cartwheel Death Valley Driver!

DDK:

Incredible strength and agility!

Lance:

JJ is as elite an athlete as it gets in professional wrestling!

One!

Two!

No!

DDK:

And now JJ is going right back to how he wanted to start the match!

Lance:

And going back to targeting the eye!

JJ reigns down his 400 Blows of forearm smashes on DLJ's face..

JJ Dixon:

WHY! DON'T! THEY! LOVE! ME!

Navarro reprimands JJ who does not care, who continues to fling his forearms at DLJ's head.

JJ Dixon:

AS! MUCH! AS! THEY! LOVE! YOU!

JJ is huffing air and Dan Leo James is barely functioning on the mat, with his hands moving to his clearly injured left eye.

Lance:

JJ's emotional outburst might have taken away just a little bit more energy than he can spare right now!

Madame Melton has a furious look on her face, pounding on the mat and screaming for her charge to finish him. Even through his mask, JJ's wicked smile appears.

DDK:

JJ hooks the arm — A STREETCAR NAMED RETIRE!!!

Lance:

No one has survived this Straightjacket Crossface since JJ started using it!

DLJ screams in pain as JJ wrenches back.

DDK:

You can't blame him if he taps out to this vicious hold!

Izuchi pounds the mat and the crowd joins in. Titaness also leads the charge behind him!

*D!L!J!**D!L!J!**D!L!J!***DDK:**

He has one last gasp of energy!

Lance:

He's trying to reach the ropes, but you can't help but think his depth perception might be off because of the attack to his left eye throughout the match!

DLJ grabs the middle rope as Jun screams excitedly, Titaness remaining stone faced. The camera shows Madame Melton, on the opposite side of the ring, beside herself as she throws herself into Reeves's arms in disbelief.

DDK:

The reach of the 6'7" superstar just saved him right there!

JJ gets up first and goes to whip DLJ into the ropes, but it's reversed as Dan CLOBBERS The Fatal Attraction

DDK:

The torque from the lariat from Dan just sent JJ flipping backwards nearly 180 degrees!

Dan crawls and drapes an arm over The Fatal Attraction! The crowd counts along —

One!

Two!

Threeeenooooo!!!!

DDK:

JJ just got the shoulder up!

Lance:

All of Berlin just senses that this is his evening!

The Modern Day Cowboy pounds the mat and the crowd follows as Titaness looks on, rooting for her tag team partner!

D!L!J!

D!L!J!

D!L!J!

DDK:

He grabs JJ by the neck — TITAN'S ORBIT!!! HE HITS IT!!!

The crowd screams the count as DLJ puts both arms over Dixon.

ONE!!!!!!

TWO!!!!

THREENOOOOO!!!

At the last second, Madame Melton drapes JJ's leg on the bottom rope.

BOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Damn it! We just were about to have a new champion!

Lance:

I have said it before — the former Teri Melton has a ring awareness on par with anyone I have ever met, despite not being an athlete or wrestler herself!

DDK:

And Titanes Familia has finally had enough!

Jun and Titaness both run on opposite sides of the ring, where they meet Reeves and Raiden respectively. Melton, with fear in her eyes, rolls into the ring and back to the floor, scampering past the Titaness and Raiden brawl — inconspicuously rolling the cigarette holder forward a few inches..

DDK:

JJ rolls up DLJ! With a hook of the tights!

ONNNNEEE!!!

TWOOOOO!!!!

THREENOOOO!!!

DDK:

Big Tech kicks off the middle rope with that long frame of his to reverse!

ONNNNEEE!!

TWOOO!!!

THREENOOOO!!!!

Lance:

Dan Leo James is one of the smartest young wrestlers here in DEFIANCE, despite what his good natured and goofball ways would make you think!

Both men get up at the same time and charge —

DDK:

DLJ just trucked Dixon with a shoulder block that sends JJ flying!

With The Faithful behind him, DLJ bounds off the near set of ropes, and then past the wobbly Dixon to the other, with JJ having one hand down on the mat, slyly grabbing the cigarette holder.

DDK:

Dash and Bash!

But as DLJ bounces off the other ropes, there's a loud noise as Reeves gets the better of the former MASSIVE Cowboy with an overhead toss into the ring barricade. At the same time, Raiden cracks Titaness with his Suddenly Last Slumber spinning backfist that also sends her into the ring barricade. Hector Navarro is momentarily distracted, allowing --

DDK:

JJ JUST SPIKED DLJ IN THE EYE WITH THAT CIGARETTE HOLDER OF MELTON'S! HE GRABBED THE CIGARETTE HOLDER AND SWUNG IT LIKE THE MAIN CHARACTER FROM PSYCHO!

Lance:

THEY JUST LAID THE PERFECT TRAP!

JJ tosses the cigarette holder behind his back and out of the ring. Madame scrambles to grab it and tucks it into her bra to hide the evidence. DLJ holds his eye as JJ hooks the Full Nelson —

DDK:

SUNSET BOULEVARD!

Lance:

No! Not like this!

Dixon hooks the legs tightly and hopes it is finally enough!

ONNNNEEEEE!!!!

TWOOOO!!!!

THREEEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

Melton hops up and down at ringside, her eyes bulging with madness!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... AND NEWWWW Favored Saints Champion... THE FATAL ATTRACTION... JAAYYYY!
JAAAYYY! DIXXXONNNN!!!

Hector Navarro has the title in the ring. Melton stomps into the ring and snatches it from his hands, before she grips it with all of her might, falling on the mat and rolling around with it like Madonna in the "Like A Virgin" video. Raiden and Reeves are walking backwards up the mat, supporting the limping new champion.

DDK:

The Gems just stole that title right from Dan Leo James and The Familia!

Lance:

It is one thing to cheat - to hook the tights or put a foot on the ropes. But to jab a sharp object into an opponent's eye is absolutely sick! That could scar someone for life! JJ Dixon is truly deranged, if we didn't have enough evidence to prove us that already!

Madame Melton joins the trio at the top of the ramp. She slams the title into JJ's chest, as his eyes bulge -- tears clearly welling. He falls to his knees, looking at the title in his hands.

DDK:

I am getting the foreboding sense that the madness The Most Precious Gems have brought to DEFIANCE these past few months -- all led by that evil mastermind Madame Melton -- is just going to get even wilder!

JJ, still on his knees, now holds the title over his head, looking up and screaming! Madame takes the title from him and dangles it in her hands over his left shoulder. The camera zooms in on her beaming face, her eyes clearly showing the wheels of machination already turning.

Madame Melton:

We thank you for the invitation to the dance! Buckle up... it's going to be a bumpy night!

She cackles as they all turn to leave.

Lance:

And your heart has to break for Dan Leo James who by all rights should be the Favored Saints Champion right now!

James is being checked on by the referee and now a trainer at ringside, pointing at his eye hurt. Titaness hobbles over to check on him with Dan Leo James with Izuchi doing the same as the show moves on to the next match.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. DEVIL'S CIRCUS

DDK:

What an opening we just saw and we have a new Favoured Saints champion! And up next, \$100,000 is on the line! Back at our UNCUT 150 special, Tom Morrow put out a bounty on his ex-clients, the Lucky Sevens. Over time, we have seen the popularity of this once-hated tag team just skyrocket in their self-made campaign: #NoTomorrowForTomMorrow.

Lance:

And it has truly been wild seeing Mason and Max Luck – two of the most despicable men in our promotion - turn a corner in their careers after being screwed over by Tom Morrow in favor of M4NTRA. His enforcers, the Devil's Circus, have been trying to protect Morrow at all costs when Max and Mason Luck have attempted to attack Tom Morrow. They destroyed his limo. There was rumored involvement in them burning down a rental car, but it could not be proven.

DDK:

Either way, after two other teams have failed to collect the bounty, the Devil's Circus are going to take a stab at it! Last month, Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i jumped Max Luck and attacked his knee. We understand the knee is not at 100% but Max has had a few weeks off to recover for tonight and has been cleared! We have the two time DEFIANTS of the Year the Lucky Sevens against the Devil's Circus!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is sequenced for one fall...Introducing fi...

Tom Morrow:

Oh my God, Quimbey, who the hell cares?!

Tom Morrow appears - with an extra large security detail walking through the crowd. He sits on the other side of the barrier in the front row with a seat specifically reserved for him. One member of the security detail is holding a black briefcase.

DDK:

And here he comes to wreck the dayyyyy ...

Lance:

And we'll probably be seeing more of him. This is the first of two matches he will be here tonight. He will manage the Devil's Circus and then manage M4NTRA against the Rain City Ronin later tonight ... that is, if he can somehow avoid the Lucky Sevens ...

Tom Morrow has a seat in a section by himself. The security member holds up the suitcase.

Tom Morrow:

You people might be looking at Tom Morrow and wondering "was ist das?!" Well, my fine German fans, I'll tell you ... I bought a special ticket with my own security personnel and got myself a front row seat to the demise of Mason and Max Luck tonight! These idiots burned my limo and ...

Morrow has to stop when the fans cheer that!

Tom Morrow:

No! Shut up! Shut up now! There's nothing funny about arson! I could have lost my life! These ... these *fire-breathing savages* need to be stopped! And tonight, I've got just the men that will stop them dead! Tonight, the two men that injured little Maxie Luck's knee are gonna finish the job tonight and then they are going to collect this ...

Morrow then grabs the briefcase.

Tom Morrow:

The one-hundred thousand dollar bounty for injuring these giant fire-bug psychopaths! *EVERYONE* is gonna pay their respects in the Tom Morrow Division - even the Lucky Sevens!

Morrow points behind him in the crowd.

Tom Morrow:

Weighing in at a combined weight of 585 pounds! They are the team of "THE JESTER OF JESTERS" JESTAL!!! "THE SUAVE SAVAGE" BIG KAHUNA ALI'!!!! THEY ARE THE DEVILLLLLLLLLL'S CIRRRRRRRRRRCUUUUUUSSSSSSSS!!!

No music is played, but his boys head to the ring in their usually ring attire, parka coats and their ring attire, which appears to be red for Ali'i and Lime green for Jestal. Loud booing is the only thing people hear for "music". The two reach the barricade and hop over it and enter the ring and await their opponents. Ali'i and Jestal shed their colorful parkas and then they bump fists together.

DDK:

The Devil's Circus have more than earned their keep. They attacked Max Luck. They helped M4NTRA with a last-second switcheroo against Rain City Ronin and scored a big win there!

Lance:

Don't let Jestal's outward appearance fool you. He and Ali'i are very dangerous men!

Tom Morrow is surrounded by his security detail near his front row seat. He leans back in his chair ...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

He nearly jumps out of his skin in the front row when a huge burst of red and green-colored pyro erupt on stage! The voice of Max Luck can be heard speaking over the PA!

Max Luck:

Tonight ... will not just be your MAIM EVENT OF THE EVENING ... TONIGHT ... IT WILL BE ...

And words flash on the screen!

2x Unified Tag Team champion
2x DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team (Allegedly)

Then one more that makes Tom Morrow jump again!

#NoTomorrowForTomMorrow

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Once the guitar riffs hit, the entire arena glows with red lighting and the twin terrors walk out from the back to a big reception from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Both Mason and Max are wearing their new long black tights, each with bright green and red flames respectively! They both have on their new special 2x DEFIANT of the Year t-shirts with the flaming DEFY Awards trophies. Mason rips his shirt and Max pulls his off over his head and casually throws it into the audience for someone to catch.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ... they are a combined weight of six-hundred twenty-five pounds and stand at a combined height of fourteen feet tall! They are the two-time DEFIANTS of the Year! They are Model Employees and they are DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team ... Allegedly ... MASON AND MAX LUCK ... THE LUCKY SEVENSSSSSSSS!!!

DDK:

What an entrance! A new theme that's pretty apropos to their current situation and the men that DEFIANCE voted the first-ever two-time DEFIANTS of the Year! They joke, but arguably there may be no hotter tag team right now than the Lucky Sevens!

The Devil's Circus watch Mason and Max outside the ring. Max is about to climb into the ring, but Mason tugs on his arm and points at Tom Morrow. Mason smiles, then Max laughs. They both point towards Morrow who is sitting out in the open in the front row with security around him as the Devil's Circus are in the ring! When Tom Morrow realizes what's happening and the twin terrors he screwed over are coming his way, he bolts up and hides behind security!

Lance:

Look out! We're supposed to be having a match, but Mason and Max are going right for Tom Morrow!

The Devil's Circus panic when they realize that the space left between them and Tom Morrow is wide enough for the Lucky Sevens to attempt an attack! Security tries to stand in the way! Mason punches the lights out of one member of the team while Max applies the Winning Hand at another! The Faithful are cheering loudly!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens just made their move on Morrow's security detail!

Morrow bolts out of sight back into the audience as his security gets taken out! The Devil's Circus scatter out of the ring and start to go after the Sevens when Mason has one of the detail pressed over his head! He sees Jestal and the Jester of Jesters ends up with a full-bodied man thrown at him!

Lance:

This place is electric right now! It's chaos out here, which is guaranteed when the Lucky Sevens come out here!

DDK:

Like 'em or hate 'em, they are as advertised! Maim Event Monsters!

Big Kahuna Ali'i turns Max around, only to catch a shot to the face! Ali'i returns fire and ends with The Beast of the Bright Lights and the Suave Savage exchanging punches near the ramp! Meanwhile on the other side of the ring, Mason grabs Jestal and puts him over his shoulder. He turns and he rams the Jester of Jesters back first into the ring post! Jestal cringes in pain and Mason throws the clown under the ropes and into the ring. Mason takes a moment and acknowledges the crowd. He waves a hand and that gets the Faithful going!

DDK:

What a match!

Big Kahuna Ali'i strikes Max Luck with a headbutt and that knocks Max backwards into the barrier. He charges, but Max pulls a member of security into his way and he gets body checked by Ali'i! The Best-Dressed Beast realizes what he just did but falls victim to a big boot from Max Luck that knocks him smooth off his feet!

DDK:

Tom Morrow turned tail and disappeared into the crowd after the Lucky Sevens just attempted to make a move on him, but right now, things are crazy out here!

Two trainers appear near ringside to check on the security detail and inside the ring, the official finally calls for the bell when Max goes to the corner of the Sevens and Mason is alone in the ring with Jestal!

DING DING**Lance:**

What a way to kick off this match! Bodies flying everywhere, Tom Morrow running for his life and the Lucky Sevens in complete control of the Devil's Circus!

Jestal tries to pick at the leg of Mason when he least expects it, but Mason lifts his leg up and drops it to hit a facebuster on Jestal! The Mad Prince of BFTA gets stuck by the knee and ends up in a corner. Mason holds out his hand and then pins Jestal to the corner. The clown tries to get away but he can't ...

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!

Four consecutive brutal open handed chops to the chest stun Jestal and now the clown is on his knees hunched over in pain with Mason Luck all ready to scrap tonight with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheering him on.

DDK:

Four of a Kind by Mason Luck! Let's see how the Devil's Circus do tonight when they've got their opponents in front of them.

Lance:

Several wrestlers have made a play at this bounty, but no one has been successful. There was an attempted hit and run by someone on Mason Luck last month and we don't know who did it, but I have to assume it was one of the Devil's Circus?

DDK:

It could have been!

Mason punches Jestal in the gut and he picks up the Jester of Jesters into the scoop slam position. He is parading around the ring with him now and gets cheers for his strength. Mason goes and tags Max. The Beast of the Bright Lights gets his elbow ready when Mason plants Jestal with a scoop slam in the center of the ring. The Mad Prince is hurt but things go from bad to much, much worse when Max hits the ropes and comes back with a big gut wrenching Box Cars elbow drop!

DDK:

Ouch! He's gonna be feeling this probably through next week! First the Four of a Kind and then the Box Cars elbow drop!

Max makes a cover with his elbow pinning Jestal's chest.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Jestal kicks out under the cover!

Lance:

That was a relatively light cover there by Max, but I don't think they're trying to win just yet. Max wants to *punish* Jestal for that two-on-one assault by the Devil's Circus. They attacked his knee repeatedly using ... I can't believe I can ever say these words ... that loaded rubber chicken, Clucky.

DDK:

Long time weapon of Jestal from his Toybox days!

Max seats Jestal up and he tries to get away to his partner in the corner with Big Kahuna Ali'i. The security detail are being helped away by medical personnel when Jestal tries to get away with them, but Max grabs his legs.

Max Luck:

Nah, you're going to the morgue, Juggalo!

The Beast of the Bright Lights boots Jestal in the side of his head and then props him up. Max scores for the ropes a second time and he hits a very low drop kick right on Jestal!

DDK:

Seven foot drop kick by Max! Jestal gives up some size to both of these giants who have become huge successes in DEFIANCE Wrestling for their ability to cut the ring in half!

Lance:

And Max's scary agility of a man that size certainly helps as well!

Jestal is clutching his jaw and making sure he still has working teeth. Max tags Mason Luck back into the ring and they keep the action going. Max pulls Jestal up by the side of his head and then whips him right into a knee strike from Mason. Mason snatches the doubled-over Jestal and then throws him right into a big boot by Max! They hit their move called Ka-ching, but shout out something different today ...

Mason and Max Luck:

HASHTAG! NOTOMORROWFORTOMMORROW!

DDK:

There's the Ka-ching with a twist, I guess! Now Mason with a cover on Jestal!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Big Kahuna Ali'i has climbed into the ring and he plants his taped foot firmly between the shoulder blades of Mason. Mason is wincing and Big Kahuna Ali'i helps Jestal out while he can.

Lance:

Good strategy by the big man!

Big Kahuna Ali'i finally has the chance to tag himself into the match. The Suave Savage climbs inside and charges at Mason Luck as he gets full on his feet. He rams into Mason Luck, but the big monster doesn't go down. Ali'i stops in his tracks and he shouts at Mason to hit the ropes and try his luck. Mason turns around ...

Then he spins back around and the big man catches Big Kahuna Ali'i with an eye gouge! Tom Morrow's jaw drops and the Faithful cheer at the sleight of hand pulled off by Pretty Face Mase.

Mason Luck:

Nah we ain't doing that shit!

Mason grabs the head of Big Kahuna Ali'i and leads him over to the corner of Max with a face full of turnbuckle and smacks him with a right hand. Max gets into the ring and the twin brothers send the three-hundred twenty-five pound Ali'i across the ring. They knock him down with a wicked double shoulder block on the way back, followed with Max hitting the ropes and then dropping a big leg drop across the throat brother!

DDK:

Another double team maneuver by the Sevens!

One ...

Two ...

A big kick out by Big Kahuna Ali'i shoves Max off! Max is taken aback from the strength of Ali'i.

Lance:

That is scary strength! It took both brothers to overwhelm him with that double team move but just kicked out of Max's leg drop!

Max decides that he's going to go high risk now and he starts to go to the apron. He stops when he sees Tom Morrow starting to pop up from his seat. The two lock eyes and Max starts to climb down and head towards Morrow.

DDK:

Tom better have a change of clothes! Max is right there!

The Faithful go into a frenzy when Max grabs Tom by the collar! The Beast of the Bright Lights has his eyes on Morrow when out of nowhere, a sharp pain hits him in the back of his leg!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Jestal has Clucky in hand and attacks the back of the same knee that the Devil's Circus attacked just a few weeks ago! Mason is pissed off and points at the outside of the ring, but Big Kahuna Ali'i is drawing the official's attention by pointing at his neck as if something is wrong.

DDK:

No! Jestal takes out the knee of Max Luck! The Jester of Jesters showing wrestling isn't always a big man's game when you can chop them down to size!

Lance:

Oh, no, look at Big Kahuna Ali'i!

He suddenly springs up and tells the official that he's fine after all. The six-foot five Ali'i goes outside to the ring apron and just as Max is trying to get up the big man comes running off the apron and wipes out Max Luck on the outside with a wrecking ball-like diving shoulder block! Max is down and Big Kahuna Ali'i is up on his knees letting out a loud cheer for himself at what he's just done! Tom Morrow adjusts his collar and points at Big Kahuna Ali'i.

Tom Morrow:

YOU DON'T TOUCH TOM MORROW, YOU HEAR ME?! I CHARGE FOR PEOPLE WHO WANNA TOUCH GREATNESS!

Big Kahuna Ali'i takes Max and wheels the seven foot monster into the ring. When Big Kahuna Ali'i gets inside the ring, he waits for Max. He is able to *powr* Max onto his shoulder and drop him with a samoan drop to lay him near the corner!

DDK:

Ali'i follows up that diving shoulder block off the ring apron with a samaon drop back in the ring! Max is in a bad spot!

The Suave Savage tags Jestal. The Jester of Jesters goes to the second turnbuckle and then simply throws himself off the ropes with a seated senton on the same leg he attacked moments ago!

DDK:

The Devil's Circus are now working over Max Luck! We knew the leg was not 100% coming into this match and now they've found a rare weakness for these monsters.

Mason is furious and wants to get inside, but the Devil's Circus are keeping him far away for their scheme to work! Morrow is barking orders from the other side of the barrier and telling them how to go after the knee. Now the Devil's

Circus are making with quick tags. Big Kahuna Ali'i gets a tag from Jestal with Max fighting to stand up. His knee is in a lot of pain but now so his jaw courtesy of a running boot from Ali'i.

Lance:

Just when Max tried to get up, Big Kahuna Ali'i kicks him right back down!

DDK:

Yep and right into a cover by the big man!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Max with the shoulder and the Faithful are arms up!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are one of the toughest teams I've ever seen in DEFIANCE, but I'll be damned if the Devil's Circus aren't making trouble for them right now.

Lance:

Max being dragged to the corner! Where is Ali'i going?

The Suave Savage puts all his weight down to a boot trying to strangle Max Luck up against the corner. The official gives him until the count of five and with Morrow ordering him to stop at four, BKA does just that. The Suave Savage uses his weight and presses his foot down on Max's knee! Max is shouting out in pain and trying to fight the massive Hawaiian man off of the leg, but he keeps the weight on. The official is once again giving him until a count of five when Ali'i breaks away from it. The tag is made to Jestal.

DDK:

And here comes the clown!

Big Kahuna Ali'i holds a foot down on Max's knee so Jestal is free and clear to hit a running hip attack on Max while he is in the corner. He goes off to another corner and comes back with another one. Max is dazed when Jestal comes back and hits a third one. The tag is made yet again to Big Kahuna Ali'i and he jumps in and puts the final exclamation point on the attack with a big running hip attack of his own!

Lance:

Right on the money!

DDK:

They call that sequence of moves the Carousel of Pain! And that could be a hundred thousand dollars richer if they are!

Big Kahuna Ali'i pulls Max out from the corner to make a pinfall!

One ...

Two ...

Thr - NO!!!

Max once again kicks out! Tom Morrow jumps up from his seat.

Tom Morrow:

ONE! TWO! THREE! YOU HEAR ME, REF?! EINS ZWEI DREI! WANT ME TO SAY IT IN A LANGUAGE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND?! THAT WAS THREE!

The official throws up two fingers at Big Kahuna Ali'i and then at Tom Morrow. Mason Luck can't take his eyes off Morrow from his side of the ring, but he has to keep an eye out on his brother.

DDK:

You can tell this is driving Mason Luck insane. The Lucky Sevens certainly have a sarcastic streak to them, but they're monsters at the end of the day.

Lance:

All they've wanted since Morrow turned their back on them was to get their hands on that parasite on two legs, but if he does, he won't be there for his brother.

Mason tries to keep himself calm and watches for any chance for his brother to fight out. Big Kahuna Ali'i continues to pick away at Max Luck... but he's fighting back now! Big right hands from Max Luck catch Ali'i in the side of the face! Max continues fighting and even throws a stomp in to his foot before socking with a straight right hand that puts him to the corner. The knee slows Max Luck down but it doesn't completely stop him!

DDK:

After these two joined up with Tom Morrow did you ever think you'd see the day that they'd be cheered by the Faithful again? After all they did?

Lance:

I really never thought so but here we are!

Max goes for the ropes, but Jestal pulls on the bag leg as he gets the ropes. That stops Max long enough for Big Kahuna Ali'i to charge at Max and then hit him with a big back splash up against the ropes!

DDK:

Once again, the Devil's Circus are able to cut off all momentum before the Lucky Sevens can do anything to get going! They really have come together not just as a great team but they've also come together as the perfect hitmen for Tom Morrow and the Tom Morrow Division!

Lance:

I hate that he calls it that ... but you can't deny his track record with tag teams. Sky High Titans, Team HOSS, Lucky Sevens ... now M4NTRA and the Devil's Circus!

Big Kahuna Ali'i hits a few mongolian chops to Max as he is pinned near the ropes and then picked up in the arms of the Suave Savage. The tag is made to Jestal who goes up top. He jumps off the top rope onto Ali'i and their combined force brings down Max Luck with a twist on one of their bigger moves, the 35-Deep!

DDK:

Aided front slam with Jestal's body weight added! 35-Deep might spell the end for the Lucky Sevens!

Big Kahuna Ali'i moves out of the way after crushing Max Luck and Jestal goes for the cover on the Beast of the Bright Lights!

One ...

Two ...

Kicked by Mason Luck!

DDK:

Mason makes the save with that big kick to Jestal!

Mason tries to go after Jestal and keeps stomping on the Jester of Jesters but the official tells Mason to get back into his corner. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are booing!

Lance:

That was about to be a mugging by Mason, but he got stopped in his tracks there by the official!

Jestal checks his ribs quickly and then goes for Max's leg with a knee lock! He punches at the leg of Max to try and keep him from getting anywhere further. Tom Morrow shouts over and over again for Max Luck to tap out. Jestal cackles like a mad man with the knee bar cranked on.

DDK:

Despite his size and overall demeanor, Jestal has always been a very skilled technical wrestler, too.

The Jester of Jesters cranks back on the hold. Max Luck grabs him by his hair, but Jestal pulls back even further on the leg to make him let go. The official asks if Max is going to tap ... but instead, Max reaches his hands out ... and applies THE WINNING HAND TO JESTAL!!! Jestal is trying to hold on to his hold, but the iron claw on Jestal's head is squeezing down on him tightly! He then slams the head of Jestal down to the mat repeatedly! Over and over again until he finally let's go!

Tom Morrow:

NO!!! NO!!! NO!!! TAG THEM!!! TAG THEM IN DAMN IT! ALI'I, STOP HIM!

Lance:

That's one way to counter a good leg lock! The Winning Hand passed down from their grandfather!

DDK:

Max is free! And he's got a chance to tag to his brother!

Tom Morrow's head is about to explode when Max reaches over. Jestal is holding his neck and he follows the sound of Big Kahuna Ali'i's voice to get the tag! Big Kahuna Ali'i is in ... but so is Mason Luck and the German Faithful are ready!

DDK:

THE FAITHFUL ARE FIRED UP!!! PUN INTENDED!!!

Mason Luck smashes right into Big Kahuna Ali'i with chops! Ali'i fires back! Both of the big man are trading some brutal shots in the center of the ring! Big Kahuna Ali'i hits him with a mongolian chop and runs at Mason but when he comes back, Mason hits a standing drop kick that takes the Suave Savage off of his feet! Mason sits up and then gets back to his feet!

Lance:

That standing drop kick from Mason Luck gets the better of Big Kahuna Ali'i!

The drop kick knocks Big Kahuna Ali'i and sends the Suave Savage right into the corner. Mason Luck lines up across the the ring straight from his opponent and then charges at him like a freight train and hits him with a big running splash in the corner. Mason takes off again and he sees Jestal trying to enter the ring, but a big boot knocks Jestal outside and falls right in front of Tom Morrow.

Mason Luck:

You're next, you ass hole!

DDK:

Tom Morrow's lifetime of horrible misdeeds is flashing before his eyes right now!

He charges again at Big Kahuna Ali'i but he gets nailed with an elbow by the Best-Dressed Beast! Ali'i tries for the irish whip on Mason Luck but Mason grabs him ... and HOLDS HIM UP!!! He walks him around the ring and plants him with a walking scoop powerslam that shakes the ring!

DDK:

Big Kahuna Ali'i just got scooped up and dropped with that walking scoop powerslam by Mason Luck!!!

Mason Luck grabs the ropes and SHAKES THEM!!! He shakes the ropes so violently that they rattle all over the ring!

Lance:

Now they're *literally* fired up! Nothing alleged about this!

The Winning Hand is out and Mason is waiting on Big Kahuna Ali'i to get to his feet for the Winning Hand slam! The Hawaiian gets up and Mason locks in the claw! He's about to take him up, but Jestal comes back to also hit a chop block! That stops Mason and Ali'i follows up with the Big Kahuna Kick!

DDK:

Jestal saves his partner! And Big Kahuna Ali'i just kicked Mason Luck's lights out! Is that gonna be it?!

Ali'i covers Mason!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Mason sits out of the cover! Big Kahuna Ali'i can't believe it and Tom Morrow has now jumped out of his seat and is screaming and cursing the official that it should have been a three count!

Lance:

No! Ali'i and Jestal were almost a hundred thousand dollars richer off that kick!

DDK:

He got all of it flush in the face, but Mason and Max aren't going to stop until they've made Tom Morrow pay for what he's done!

Big Kahuna Ali'i goes back to the corner and tags Jestal. They are both cornering Mason as he's back up and they are trying to set up another double team move ... but Mason pushes Big Kahuna Ali'i aside ... right into a Check-Raise clothesline by the returning Max Luck off the top rope! Max checks on his knee, but the risk was worth it!

DDK:

Max Luck is there!

Jestal realizes he's now alone with Mason Luck and goes for the leg again, but he gets struck first with a knee to the face! Mason grabs Jestal for a Winning Hand! Max gets up and helps his brother with a hand around the throat!

DDK:

SEVEN STARS!!! SEVEN STARS!!!

The Winning Hand-Chokeslam combo rattles the ring! Mason hooks the leg and makes a cover and looks right out at Tom Morrow!

Lance:

I THINK THAT'S IT!!!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING*♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪*

Mason looks right at Tom Morrow in the front row next and he looks horrified!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are the winners of the match THE LUCKY SEVENS!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

No bounty for the Devil's Circus! No security detail! The only thing left between the Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow is air and opportunity!

Lance:

And I think they realize it, too!

Their music stops! Morrow is petrified when Mason Luck leaves the ring. Struck with fear, he grabs the briefcase and tries to run away ... but Mason grabs him by the neck with both hands! Morrow is shrieking loudly!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens have him! The Lucky Sevens have Tom Morrow right where they want him! He's finally gonna get what's coming to him!

Morrow gets picked up and thrown right into the ring at the feet of Max Luck, who waves slowly at Tom. Morrow's gone ghostly white!

Lance:

Tom Morrow has screwed over so many people since Better Future Talent Agency came into existence!

The twin terrors of DEFIANCE now tower over Morrow ... but now Morrow looks ...

Happy?

Then DARKNESS!!!

The lights have gone out completely and nobody can see a thing.

DDK:

What was that look Tom Morrow was giving the Lucky Sevens?! What's going on?

Lance:

I don't know, but we gotta get these lights back on! The show needs to go on and Tom Morrow was just about to get his!

The lights are back on! Morrow is still prone on the mat, but he laughs when Mason Luck gets spun around...

AND TAKES A BRIGHT FIREBALL TO THE FACE

FROM **ALVARO DE VARGAS!!!**

Lance:

NO WAY!!! ALVARO DE VARGAS! SUPERNOVA CUBANA IS BACK!!! THE FIRST EVER CLIENT OF BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY IS BACK!!!

Mason has fallen to the mat with his face being hit with the signature weapon of Alvaro de Vargas that has burned former world champions and Hall of Famers alike! Max is in shock, but before he can even react, he gets a chair to the back courtesy of Big Kahuna Ali'i!

DDK:

WE HAVEN'T SEEN ALVARO DE VARGAS IN MONTHS! LOOK AT HIM! HE LOOKS LIKE A BEAST!!!

Supernova Cubana has been away since July of last year and has a noticeably more chiseled physique, buzzed hair, but the same violent attitude! The massive Cuban stands over Mason! Jestal is joining in on the assault and he holds the knee down of Max Luck as Big Kahuna Ali'i lifts a chair ... then drives it down onto the knee!

Lance:

NO! NOT THE KNEE OF MAX! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH, BUT THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS PUT A CHAIR TO THE KNEE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

THE LUCKY SEVENS ALMOST HAD TOM MORROW, BUT HE CLEARLY HAD A PLAN B TONIGHT! AND NOW THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS AND ALVARO DE VARGAS HAVE JUST WIPED OUT THE LUCKY SEVENS!!!

Alvaro stands over Mason Luck and is frothing at the mouth!

Alvaro de Vargas:

NOBODY STEALS **MY** FIRE, PENDEJO! EVEN THE HOTTEST TAG TEAM DOESN'T BURN AS BRIGHT AS SUPERNOVA CUBANA!!!

Tom Morrow finally stands up and grabs a microphone! He points to Jestal who retrieves the briefcase! Mason and Max Luck are both down and out!

Tom Morrow:

You think ... you think I don't have a backup plan?! OF COURSE I DO! I'M TOM MORROW! NOW... ALVARO ... JESTAL ... ALI'I ...

He grabs the briefcase.

Tom Morrow:

THIS MONEY IS YOURS!!!

Supernova Cuban takes the briefcase and then holds it up to loud jeering! He opens it up and then starts spreading the bounty cash to Jestal and Ali'i who might have lost the match, but both look like big winners right now!

DDK:

This is awful! Tom Morrow was right in the crosshairs of the Lucky Sevens, but he found a way out like he always does! He's a cockroach in human form!

An entire mob of medical professionals finally go to check on the Lucky Sevens laid out across the ring with Max clutching his bad knee after being struck with a chair and Mason Luck who took a direct fireball to the face!

Lance:

We'll hope to update you on the status of the Lucky Sevens, but this isn't good. Better Future Talent Agency are back at full strength with Alvaro de Vargas making his shocking return and the Devil's Circus sharing the bounty!

Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i leave the ring counting their share of the cash with Alvaro de Vargas holding the briefcase half full of money and raising it high up. Tom Morrow saunters out of the arena.

DDK:

And we still have to see this scum bag later tonight. He manages M4NTRA against the Rain City Ronin later tonight, but he's not gonna have the Lucky Sevens breathing over his shoulder!

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. CALAMITY

DDK:

We have a very interesting contest coming up. Arthur Pleasant has been... challenged to a match.

Lance:

At least we think it's a match. [During the End of Year Awards Show](#), Pleasant was told to "report" to the Mercedes-Benz Arena where he will be challenged. I can only assume it doesn't mean this person intends to play cards, chess or hopscotch.

DDK:

In this industry, who knows. Let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... Arthur Pleasant!

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Pleasant slowly strolls out, a carefree look on his face, although he is dressed for battle, sporting his typical blood and barbed wire tights. He walks down the rampway, almost as if he knows something... or understands what's about to happen. The confidence across his face, the eyebrows high, his lips curled, his shoulders back. It all suggests he knows exactly what the outcome will be.

DDK:

Since returning to DEFIANCE from injury, Arthur Pleasant IS undefeated.

Lance:

Don't remind me.

AP rolls underneath the bottom rope. He finds one of the far corners and collapses on the padding, staring at the entrance way.

Darren Quimbey:

And now... introducing...

Quimbey's voice trails. The ring announcer realizes he doesn't know what to say.

Nothing happens. The entranceway is empty, the PA system isn't cued. The crowd can only sit in silence and wait. So the Faithful begin to make their own noises. Some cheer, some boo, most of them are chattering amongst themselves. Pleasant, too, eventually removes himself from the corner. He yawns, strolls over to the ring announcer and tussles his hair, as if to say "good try" and he's going to catch everyone later, back in North America.

The second Pleasant steps one foot out of the ring ropes, as his boot touches the apron-

The lights shut down.

The Faithful cheer.

DDK:

I think we have an answer!?

The crowd starts chanting, in the belief of who they think it's going to be. Even though the lights are off and the PA hasn't switched on... the fans think they know who's coming.

The chants get louder and louder still. Due to enough cell phone usage, Arthur Pleasant can be seen, still with that same boot out of the ring and the rest of his body inside. Slowly, he begins to pull back his left foot through the ropes. His lips curl upright again, he's slowly displaying a wicked grin, as if he's going to play along.

And he likes it.

Lance:

Silence but darkness... it means someone or something is coming, right?

DDK:

In this industry...

Finally, before Keebler is about to finish his thought, a fog develops on the top of the rampway. Then a chime of bells.

The DEFIANCE LCD FIST logo starts to display various images of blood while the large LCD screen above it shows close ups of carnage, blurred images of a man beating down another, in what looks to be the center of the squared circle. There's a piledriver. A fireman's carry facebuster. A brainbuster. A number of them.

And more.

Blood splatters across the screen. The images stop. The LCD screens are completely covered in red.

The music shuts off. The arena is once again in darkness.

And then the colour red, which is definitely not 97... changes to a dark green.

But that's it. The crowd is left waiting. Arthur Pleasant shakes his head in disgust.

DDK:

I guess no one is coming?

Lance:

C'mon, Keebs. It's the slow play here.

Thirty seconds pass. Then the blood slowly drips off the screen... over and over... revealing one word.

CALAMITY

It flashes across the screen numerous times, as a new theme song surfaces.

CALAMITY

CALAMITY

CALAMITY

...

And then, 1:14 into the theme...

**CALAMITY
CONOR**

The German Faithful give a ROAR as the mist from behind the entranceway rolls in harder and harder, flooding the entire stage, as a lift from underneath the stage appears and a man is standing on it. His upper body is covered in dark green, white and black paint, as if a symbiote has attached itself to his body. His wrestling tights are dark green, with a white stripe running down the left side of his leg.

He wears a dark green shooting sleeve on his left arm.

And he sports a dark green bandana across his forehead.

He raises his head. He opens his eyes.

Conor Fuse.

The gamer's face is covered in dark green paint as well, with white stripes underneath his eyes and black streaks running across his chin and neck, Fuse looks consumed by this *entity*. He stares down the rampway, past the fans and Autobahn signs, through the ring ropes and straight to the middle of the squared circle.

Directly at Arthur Pleasant.

The man who took Conor Fuse out of action for a prolonged period of time... well, he simply stares back. Gone is the smile of confidence. Nor does Arthur suggest a look of concern, either. He merely waits at the edge of the ring as Conor Fuse starts marching down the rampway.

DDK:

Conor's here! We thought it might be him, the message wasn't *too* cryptic but now we know for sure!

Lance:

Conor Fuse, -or Calamity Conor as I guess we are calling him right now,- this is the first time we're seeing him since he left High Octane Wrestling. The first time since he was destroyed at the hands of Arthur Pleasant on November 15th of last year!

Fuse marches down the rampway with only one thought and sight in mind. His new theme song plays, the fog continues to build on the apron and the lights switch between dark green and turning off entirely.

Fuse arrives at the edge of the apron. Inside the ring Arthur Pleasant takes a couple steps back.

Conor leaps onto the apron and then he slingshots himself over the top rope. Landing on his own two feet, he tilts his head back into the rafters.

And screams as loudly as possible.

The lights shut off, the theme music comes to a close but the crowd stays white hot...

Referee Mark Shields races down the rampway. Darren Quimbey is long gone, he wasn't sure what to announce to the fans in attendance.

DDK:

A do believe a match has been agreed to. I'm being told Conor signed a contract only moments ago and Pleasant put

his name to it before he walked out here.

Standing across from one another, Conor Fuse takes a hard step to the middle of the ring. He waves Arthur Pleasant forward, asking the former FS Champion to meet him there. Calamity Conor's eyes remain locked on Pleasant, with no facial expressions to provide. Conor, as if he was channeling something from his inner Tyler Fuse, doesn't even blink. He remains fixated on his upcoming opponent.

Pleasant steps forward.

The two stand nose-to-nose.

...Until the bumbling and baffling Mark Shields fumbles into the ring and accidentally bumps into both men.

Mark Shields:

THAT'S THE BELL! LET'S GET IT ON, MOTHER FUCKERS!

DING DING

Without waiting any further, the two start to unload on each other as the house lights return. The roar of the crowd is deafening, nobody has taken their seats. The German Faithful are 100% behind the gamer.

And he is gaining the upper hand.

Fuse delivers left blow after left blow. He absorbed the punches from Pleasant and now it's all on his side of the offense. Fuse works Pleasant into a corner. He mounts the second buckle and reigns the shots down. One, two, three, four, the crowd tries to count along, in German of course, but the FISTS are coming in so quickly no one can keep up.

Fuse switches to forearm shots. Landing his arm square across the jaw of Arthur time and time again. Shields doesn't administer a five count because he's useless... but just in case he was ever going to, and Calamity Conor would be lost to the blinding rage he's presenting, Conor jumps off and walks to the center of the ring.

Meanwhile in the corner, Pleasant rubs the back of his right arm across his lower lip.

Blood.

Arthur emerges from the corner and Conor Fuse comes sprinting in like a flash of lightning, perhaps the quickest Fuse has ever looked before. The Ultimate Gamer leaps in the air and Calamity Conor catches Pleasant under the jaw with a wicked running knee strike.

Blood FLIES out of Pleasant's mouth as he crashes to the canvas in a heap of pain!

Lance:

Conor came to play!

DDK:

Pun and all.

Pleasant, however, won't be embarrassed. He shoots to his feet and scans the canvas to find the whereabouts of the gamer.

But he can't find the guy.

...Because Fuse is behind him.

Conor spins Pleasant around and pops him under the jaw with a left forearm. Fuse Irish whips Pleasant into the ropes

and then races over with him, clotheslining Pleasant out of the ring at the EXACT second Arthur's back meets the ropes.

Fuse leaps onto the top rope in the middle of the ring. He springs off, flips in the air and catches Pleasant's head on the way down with a wicked looking tilt-a-whirl DDT!

Fuse kips to his feet. He screams into the rafters once again and tosses Pleasant into the ring. Conor hops onto the apron, leaps back onto the ropes and this time jumps into the ring. He clubs Pleasant with a flying forearm blow to the side of the head and then proceeds to mercilessly unload punch after punch after punch!

DDK:

Conor is wrestling with an intensity I've never seen before!

Lance:

He's used aerial attacks, yes. But not in his normal flippy kinda way. These jumps have just meant to unleash a harder blow, pack a harder punch, if you will. And now Conor is literally punching Arthur to death!

Shields finally does his job and asks Fuse to move away from Pleasant, since AP has worked himself into the ropes. Fuse looks over at Mark and, for a brief moment, seemingly suggests the idiot referee might be knocked out himself. Nevertheless, Fuse simply grabs Pleasant by the legs and drags him into the center of the ring.

Arthur tries for a rollup when Conor escapes without a pinfall attempt!

DDK:

Was that a desperation move by Arthur? Trying to get out of this match?

Lance:

I think so! For someone so confident a short time ago, Pleasant sure doesn't look like it now.

Blood trickling down his mouth and jaw, Arthur rises to his feet and sees Conor Fuse getting on his feet across the way. Pleasant sneers. His bloodshot eyes lock on its target. He races towards Calamity Conor...

And eats a powerful superkick under the jaw.

Without hesitation, Conor lunges forward and snatches Pleasant's head. He crushes Arthur in the temple with an elbow, then another, and then a roaring, spinning back elbow smash. Fuse drags the wobbly Pleasant's body towards him and hoists him up for a suplex.

But Conor keeps AP in the air.

Holds him.

Holds.

HOLDS.

HOLDS!

The Faithful cheer as Fuse shows a strange display of power and strength.

SLAM!

DDK:

Conor drops Pleasant into a brainbuster.

Pleasant's body suggests the pinfall might be there for the taking but Calamity Conor has other ideas. He rises to his feet, cracks his neck and rolls his shoulders forward. The Ultimate Gamer, still with almost a perfect paint job on his body, which shows the amount of damage he has taken (absolutely zero), works Pleasant into another suplex position.

Out of nowhere, Arthur Pleasant picks Conor up on his shoulders...

AND DROPS HIM WITH CALAMITY PAIN!

DDK:

NO!

Lance:

OH MY GOD!

The air is immediately taken out of the arena, as a desperate and hungry Arthur Pleasant hooks Conor's leg and Mark Shields slides into position.

ONE.

TWO.

STRONG KICKOUT!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Pleasant's shocked! His jaw drops, his eyes nearly fall out of his head! Meanwhile, Calamity Conor is awake, upright and slamming the mat with his left hand.

Calamity Conor:

SHOULD'VE KICKED OUT AT *EINS*!!!!

Pleasant tries to pump himself up. He starts hitting his own head as he gets on his feet and hears Conor working himself into a vertical position. Pleasant spins around, kicks Conor in the chest and tries for Calamity Pain again.

It connects!

DDK:

This has to be over. Conor just can't beat Arthur Pleasant no matter what he tries!

Pleasant covers.

ONE.

TWO.

STRONG KICKOUT!!!

Another roar of the crowd!

Lance:

You were saying, Keebler?

DDK:

I was saying Arthur can't do it! He can't keep Conor down!

Lance:

How's that for CALAMITY!?

Pleasant's on his feet. There's just one problem.

Conor is ALREADY on his.

Fuse DRILLS the former FS Champion in the face. It might have broken Pleasant's nose as more blood trickles out of AP's face, this time his nostrils. Fuse whips Pleasant into the ropes and on return Calamity Conor delivers a vicious looking slingblade that also chokes Pleasant on the way down, since Conor didn't let go of Arthur's neck.

Fuse kips to his feet. He screams into the crowd and calls on Pleasant to rise.

Conor kicks AP in the chest. He raises Pleasant onto his shoulders.

Calamity Pain!

DDK:

Fuse isn't done.

The Power-Up King delivers a second Calamity Pain!

The German Faithful are losing their minds as Conor Fuse STILL ISN'T DONE and there's no way Mark Shields knows how to call for a referee stoppage. Fuse drags a lifeless Arthur Pleasant to his feet and delivers a sickening brainbuster suplex!

Lance:

The same move that took Conor out of action for the past two months!

The gamer... who hasn't been on DEFIANCE television since November 15th, cracks his knuckles, his arms and finally his neck before he takes his left index finger and runs it across the dark green symbiote painted on his chest.

It's the first bit of damage his paint job has taken.

Fuse's eyes shoot open, as wide as they possibly can. He peels the DOA Arthur Pleasant off the mat and then delivers his own modified version of Calamity Pain, leaping in the air as high as he can while tossing Pleasant off of his shoulders in the process.

WHAM!

Pleasant lands back first in the middle of the canvas.

Fuse slowly marches over, drops to his knees and hooks a leg for good measure.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

He did it!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CALAMITY CONOR!!

♪ ["Beginning of the End" \(Final Village Battle Cut\) by Chris Redfield](#) ♪

DDK:

"The best kept secret", and I use that term loosely, DID come back to DEFIANCE and wins in strong fashion!

Lance:

Outside of the two moves Arthur Pleasant connected with, this match was never in doubt. And while Pleasant landed his finisher, *Calamity* Conor never took more damage. It was an easier kickout, regardless.

Shields raises Conor's hand as the younger Fuse walks to the edge of the ring and stares into the crowd while Arthur Pleasant lays motionless in the exact spot he was pinned. Conor rolls out of the ring and walks up the apron. He doesn't slap hands with the fans, he doesn't even acknowledge what he's left behind.

DDK:

Conor Fuse is back!

Lance:

This might be Fuse's best form, Keebs. It certainly was on this night. He avenged his two previous losses to Arthur Pleasant. We know he wants to climb the DEFIANCE ranks for real. Let's see what he can do now...

DEFIANCE Road fades to commercial as a fog at the top of the rampway rolls back in. Conor walks into it, finding the platform from beneath the stage, the same one he took to arrive. Soon after, Calamity Conor slowly vanishes as the platform goes back to where it came from, with him standing on top of it.

DON'T

Just leaving Iris Davine's office, the camera focuses on Dan Leo James - now with a bandaged eye being helped out by both Titaness and Jun Izuchi.

Titaness:

You did good out there, Dan. Iris wants us to get you to the hospital as soon as we can.

Dan sighs... then the massive kid throws a fist at the wall.

Dan Leo James:

I'm... I'm sorry, Titaness, I...

Titaness:

Don't. Don't, Dan... what happened wasn't your fault... I should have been there, but Reeves and Raiden...

She looks ready to explode herself, but Jun tries to be the level head in this situation.

Jun Izuchi:

You did your best out there, kid... you had Dixon out there. You'll get another chance soon as you heal up. You'll...

All the talking stops instantly.

Standing in front of all of them is the leader of Titanes Familia, Uriel Cortez. Dan looks up at Uriel.

Dan Leo James:

Papa Tez...Uriel... sorry.

Uriel stops Dan and reaches forward to pat him on the back, then pulls him in for a hug. Dan even looks taken aback since he has never been the touchy-feely type ever. Uriel backs up.

Uriel Cortez:

No... I'M sorry, Dan. I'm... I've... I've been awful to everyone around us...

Titaness:

You think?

The Titan of Industry winces.

Uriel Cortez:

I had that coming... but I stand by what I did to Corvo. I mean it... tonight, I'm RIPPING that title from his hands, then when I do, I'm willing to do whatever I need to do to get us back to where we were before. All of us.

He turns to Jun.

Uriel Cortez:

Jun... I'm sorry. You've been nothing but good to T and Dan. I owe you a lot. I'm sorry for how I've been acting towards you, too.

Jun puts up a hand.

Jun Izuchi:

Thank you.

Uriel then turns to Dan.

Uriel Cortez:

Trust me, I've got this. Let's go to the locker room and...

Dan Leo James:

Uriel?

Uriel Cortez:

Yeah?

Dan looks up at his mentor.

Dan Leo James:

You... Titaness... Mil... you guys helped me up here. You've helped me when I didn't have any confidence in me to be on the main roster. And I always told you guys that if I could do anything in return, I would... and I feel like right now, I need to help you, too. I'm sorry about what happened to Titaness... I am... What happened to me earlier...

He looks up at Uriel with his one good eye.

Dan Leo James:

But if you win... do it on your own. You don't need to do what you've been doing. Show him and show everyone you can win. You can beat him! There's a lot of bad people in DEFIANCE already... and I don't want to see you do this any more and be one of them.

Uriel only responds with a pensive grunt. Dan grabs him by the arm.

Dan Leo James:

Please. Don't.

Cortez looks at the rest of his Familia.

Uriel Cortez:

That's a promise I don't know if I can keep, Dan... I gotta go get ready. Get to a hospital for your eye and I'll meet up with you after the show.

The massive family man leaves and heads backstage. Titaness shakes her head at her husband's behavior.

Titaness:

We'll go after the show, okay? Iris said it was okay to wait.

Dan Leo James:

Yeah.

Jun and Titaness help Dan as the scene heads back to The Commentation Station for introductions of the next match.

NED REFORM vs. MIKEY UNLIKELY

Gentle fade to the commentator's station.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, this explosive first night of DEFIANCE Road is just getting started. Up next, the return of a star we thought we'd... likely... never see compete in a DEFIANCE ring again.

Lance:

It was four months ago when Mikey Unlikely, the man who was FIST of DEFIANCE for a whopping 499 days, made a surprise return at ACTS of DEFIANCE to confront Ned Reform. And now we are just moments away from a clash that one could view as a meeting between two "eras" of DEFIANCE history.

DDK:

It's undeniable that Ned is on a roll with a recent victory over Bronson Box in a bloody war. But for all Reform's cleverness, he is about to meet a man who held onto the FIST of DEFIANCE for over a year by hook or crook. I don't know if Ned is ready to compete at that level. This isn't Bronson Box, a blunt-force object. Mikey is the very definition of a crafty vet.

A quick pan of the German Faithful holding their signs before heading to Darren Quimbey in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes Remix" by Oasis/Kerstell ♪

The fans come unglued as a single spotlight hits the stage. The formerly signature red carpet unrolls from behind the curtain. Mikey Unlikely steps into the light wearing a new ring jacket and gear adorned in gold and white. He smiles as the theme song picks up and slowly scans the crowd.

DDK:

He looks to be in great shape! This is classic Mikey Unlikely!

Walking he moves from one side of the stage to the other. The fans get loud whichever way he looks. Mikey then heads for the ring. He stops to slap a few hands on the way down. He rolls into the ring and springs to his feet quickly.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, hailing from Burbank, California. Weighing in at 225 pounds, He is The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer...And the host of "The E-Spread Podcast!"... MIKEYYYYYY UNLIKELYYYYYY!

Mikey climbs to the second rope in each corner and poses for the fans. Clearly having missed the feeling of feeling of having the screaming FAITHFUL. The cheering stops abruptly when...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights begin to swirl a deep purple as the rock remix of Beethoven's classic begins to echo throughout the arena. The fans, naturally, begin to boo - but there's no sign of the Good Doctor. And then... still no Ned. The fans' boos begin to wane somewhat - likely out of curiosity more than anything else. The music continues to play until... finally... Reform steps through the curtain. Wearing a purple robe with black and gray glitter designs, he saunters onto the stage with that special brand of arrogance that comes from profound self-assurance bordering on delusion. Pausing at the top of the ramp, Reform smirks slightly as he pans his head around the arena, nodding as if he's the only one in on some sort of inside joke. Behind him, wearing a suit and tie, appears a focused TA Cole.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from New Haven, Connecticut... weighing in at 226 pounds... NED! REFORM!

Ned turns to the left, looking slightly downward into the camera that is closest to him.

Ned Reform:

Doctor. Doctor Ned Reform.

And he's off with a slow stride to the ring. As he walks, he makes sure to glance at the fans along the barrier who are booing him. He doesn't acknowledge them per say, but he gives them just enough of his attention to let them know how little they matter. Behind him, Cole matches the pace of his walk.

DDK:

Is it just me... or does Ned Reform appear... how to put this? More focused than usual?

Lance:

On an international stage against one of the biggest superstars DEFIANCE has ever known... if Reform has even close to the level of intelligence he says he does, he'd better be taking this seriously.

The Sage on the Stage pauses on the apron, turning to face the Faithful before he steps into the ring. Staring directly into the masses, he undoes his robe and tosses it down to the ringside floor where it is caught by TA Cole. One more smirk before Ned wipes his shoes on the ring apron before entering the ring. He heads to his corner and begins testing the ropes as his music fades out.

DDK:

The people are on their feet... this is a big fight feel!

Mikey and Reform stand on opposite sides of the ring... both looking focused as Rex Knox signals for the bell.

DING DING

BOOOOOOO!

...and Ned immediately does a flat back bump and rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring. Mikey, no stranger to mind games, shakes his head in mild amusement as Ned marches back and forth on the ringside floor. Knox yells over the top rope, seemingly to demand Reform return to the ring, Mikey does the same, but The Good Doctor does not acknowledge his demands in the slightest, instead opting to walk over to Levi Cole for a quick strategy session.

Lance:

Ned knows Knox is unlikely to count him out this early, and he's never one to pass up on playing head games.

The fan's jeers pick up in intensity, finally drawing the ire of Reform who pulls away from his protegee. Annoyed, he marches over to the timekeeper's table, manhandling a mic out of the hands of a seated Darren Quimbey.

Ned Reform:

I ask for some respect.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Perhaps a translation error. Language barrier, yes? *[LOUDER AND SLOWER]* I... SAID... BE... QUIET... OR... I... WILL..

BAM! We'll never know what Ned was going to do, as Mikey has had enough! A clubbing blow sends the mic sprawling out of Reform's head as Mikey grabs him by the back of the head and roughly rolls him under the bottom rope and back into the ring. Reform scrambles to his feet, clutching a turnbuckle and pointing at the man who "savagely assaulted him." Mikey enters the ring as well, calling for a lock-up. Slowly and deliberately, Ned peels himself out of the safety of the corner.

DDK:

Finally standing in the ring opposite his opponent Ned Reform looks ready to engage.

Both men circle one another, keeping an eye on the other. Slowly they reach out their hands looking for an opening.

Lance:

Here we go, Darren!

Mikey drops down and rolls out of the ring. Storms over to the ring announcer's table with giant steps. He puffs his chest as he grabs the mic from Quimby...gently.

Mikey Unlikely:

Shut the hell up Ned!

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH

He tosses the mic back to Darren Quimby with a chuckle. Inside the ring Ned Reform points in disbelief as his eyes nearly bug out of his head. He complains to Knox about the obvious disqualification for unsportsmanlike conduct.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely giving Ned Reform a taste of his own medicine!

Lance:

And he doesn't like it one bit!

The former FIST slides under the bottom rope but this time Ned Reform jumps on him with some stomps before he's able to get to his feet. A fresh Mikey fights through the onslaught and gets up, but Ned backs him into the ropes. Ned goes to chop Mikey in the chest, but Unlikely is able to duck underneath. They turn one another around, and Mikey goes for the chop. This time Reform is able to block it and spin Mikey around once again. Reform rears back for a shot and Unlikely cuts him off with a quick gut shot to stop his momentum. Mikey moves away and irish whips Ned Reform, who slides under the bottom rope, and looks directly at Unlikely.

Both men raise an eyebrow at one another. Almost a sign of mutual respect, but Ned's brow furroughs quickly.

Once again he confers with Cole, this time keeping an eye on Mikey the entire time. The fans start chanting at The Honor Society contingent, who get upset at the vulgar language being slung their way. Ned covers his ears with his hands, and starts walking up the ramp shaking his head.

DDK:

What's happening here? Ned Reform doesn't want to hear it from the faithful, but is he... is he leaving?

Approaching the stage he and Cole start waving off the crowd and the ring.

Lance:

It's looking that way, Darren! He doesn't want any part of this.

Mikey races up the ramp, ending up behind the duo. With a crash, he sends TA Cole sprawling to the ground. A shocked Reform doesn't have time to react before Mikey strikes him with a big right hand across the head. Ned drops to a knee for a split second before popping back up. Unlikely grabs him behind the head and starts directing him back to the ring.

DDK:

He's not getting away that easily, the Mikey we used to know would have taken the easy count-out win here Lance... But there seems to be something different about the man we see today.

As they near the ring Mikey picks up speed and sends Ned Reform sliding into the ring. Ned rolls and stands up, he's backed up against the far ropes opposite the way he entered. As Reform sticks his arms out and shakes his head no, Mikey stands up from his slide with momentum and hits him with a clothesline that immediately sends Ned right back to the outside of the ring. He hits the floor with a thud and the fans lose it as Mikey celebrates the move in the ring.

After a moment The Good Doctor is able to get back into the ring. As Mikey goes to move in on him, Ned counters and slaps on a side headlock on the former FIST. He wrenches away which pulls Mikey to one knee, yelling out in pain. Unlikely reaches out towards Reform but each time he gets ahold of him, Ned wrenches away at the head and neck.

Lance:

He's got Mikey trapped here, we know how effective Ned Reform can be. Very often he can turn an everyday hold into a legitimate submission hold. He's got a level of intensity you don't see too often here.

Ned sneers and snarls as he wrenches the hold. He muscles Mikey closer to a cameraman who is on the apron in order to be close to the action. Maintaining the hold, The Good Doctor looks into the lens.

Ned Reform:

I believe, as they say, he is ready for his close... ARGH!

Before Ned can finish the "witty" snide comment, Mikey finds a burst of energy! Without Ned breaking the hold, Mikey powers up and his momentum allows him to lift Ned into the air for a moment before bringing him down across the top rope crotch first! Ned's little reforms are in a world of hurt as he breaks the headlock and cries out to the rafters in pain! With Ned still on the top, Mikey turns to the crowd to ask them if he should do what he's about to do... and when they reply in the affirmative, Mikey grabs the top rope and bounces it up and down! Reform is in for a world of hurt as his nether bits go up and down over the unforgiving rope before he finally... slowly... almost comically... falls sideways and back into the ring.

DDK:

Mikey may have turned over a "new leaf" as it were, but never forget he still knows how to be one of the dirtiest players in the game.

Mikey brings Ned back up and plants him back down with a bodyslam. Off the ropes for some momentum and Mikey drives an elbow into the heart of the Good Doctor. He covers.

ONE!

Ned with a quick kick out.

Not to be deterred, Unlikely sends Ned into the ropes and looks to meet him with a clothesline on the rebound, but Reform is able to hang on to the ropes and stop his momentum. Mikey charges, but Ned thinks quickly and pulls down the top rope spilling Unlikely to the outside. Ned sends Mikey into the guardrail with a quick baseball slide dropkick. Reform, now also on the outside, takes a minute to jaw jack with the front row fans and point at his big brain.

Lance:

For all his recent success and tooting of his own horn, it's easy to forget Reform is a relative newcomer to the business. This is wasting time and a mistake.

Reform rolls his opponent back into the ring. Back inside, he drapes Mikey's neck over the bottom rope. He then stands on Mikey's back, using the top rope to steady himself and driving all of his weight into Unlikely's neck. Mikey's arms flail as Rex Knox warns Reform and starts a five count, with Ned breaking at four. Knox takes a moment to admonish Reform for his cheating, but in doing so he takes his eyes off the ball and TA Cole takes advantage of the distraction, kicking Mikey right in his exposed head! Knox turns around and is suspicious but can prove nothing - he warns Levi Cole anyway. Firmly in control, Ned saunters over to his downed opponent and kicks him in the head.

Ned Reform:

Thought you could return at my expense, did you!?

Another kick to the head.

Ned Reform:

This is not Hollywood!

Another kick.

Reform grabs Mikey's arm and prepares to attempt an armbar, but before he can fully lock it in Mikey immediately gets his leg up and into the ropes!

Lance:

And there you have it - that's the ring awareness that can only come with years of experience!

Frustrated, Reform switches tactics, Irish whipping Unlikely into the corner. Mikey doesn't make it all the way, however. Halfway across the ring, he suddenly cries out and crumples, grabbing his knee. Reform moves in to take advantage, but Knox gets in the way and orders Ned to go to the other corner.

DDK:

I'm not sure what happened here... Mikey just went down and he appears to be holding that knee.

Lance:

This isn't good, Darren. The way he fell is reminiscent of a torn quad.

The match has come to a halt as Knox kneels down to check on Mikey. Reform, meanwhile, shows how concerned he is by loudly complaining that they have to finish the match. The crowd boos him for his lack of sympathy.

Rex Knox:

What is it?

Mikey Unlikely: *[straining]*

It's my leg... I can't put weight on it...

Knox signals to the back for some help. Reform has lost all his patience as he marches over. Knox gets back up to meet the Good Doctor:

Rex Knox:

Ned, he can't continue. I'm going to have to call this.

Reform's eyes bug out.

Ned Reform:

Like THE DICKENS you are!!

Ned suddenly **SHOVES** Knox aside (no small feat, he's a big dude) and charges after Mikey!

DDK:

Come on! The man is hurt!

Mikey cries out in pain as Ned drags him to the center of the ring and extends his leg in a figure four set up!

Lance:

This is enough!

Reform grins like a Cheshire Cat as he prepares to lock in the hold... but the crowd comes alive as instead, Mikey grabs him and pulls him downward in a small package!! Knox is stunned for a second but then he drops in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! Reform powers out!

Ned scrambles back to his feet, but Mikey is there to meet him with a clothesline! Ned tries to scramble back up, but this time Mikey hits a DDT that drives Reform's bald head into the canvas! Mikey leaps back to his feet. Grinning a wicked grin at the Faithful, he hops up and down on his "injured" leg!

Mikey Unlikely:

It's a miracle!

Lance:

Mikey showing off those acting skills!

DDK:

What he's really showing, Lance, is that if Ned wants to play dirty he needs to re-think that approach because he's in there with the master!

Seemingly outraged at this turn of events, TA Cole jumps onto the apron to complain. Knox turns to him to tell him to get down. Mikey brushes off Levi's poor attempt at getting involved and goes back to The Good Doctor. As he lifts Reform's body, however, this time it's Ned's turn for a surprise as he strikes with a LOW BLOW right into Mikey's two unlikelys! The former FIST goes down!

DDK:

Unbelievable! It's like they're playing a game of "can you top this?"

Lance:

Poor official, Knox, has no chance.

That was a somewhat desperate shot, however, and despite Mikey being down it takes Ned an additional few seconds to get back to a vertical base. Cole, sensing his work is done, gets off the apron. Ned makes sure to get Knox's attention before he goes through the ropes and begins to climb to the top. The Faithful also get up, sensing something critical is coming. Reform steadies himself on the top, measures how far away Mikey is, and then leaps with an admittedly pretty flying elbow right into his opponent's heart!

DDK:

Scholar and Elbow! Ned hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Mikey is able to get the shoulder up!

Reform protests the slow count, but Knox is sticking to his guns. The Good Doctor then locks in a very academic chinlock on Mikey, demanding that Knox move in to ask Unlikely if he gives up. Mikey shakes his head no despite the obvious pain, but this only prompts Ned to lean back and sync the hold in tighter. As Knox again asks Unlikely if he's going to give up, a chant starts in the arena. A chant with a noticeable German accent, but a chant nonetheless...

LET'S GO MIKEY! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

LET'S GO MIKEY! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

LET'S GO MIKEY! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)

DDK:

Did you ever think we'd ever hear this!?

It seems to take Ned by surprise, too. Keeping his hands locked, his eyes bug out of his head as he swings it back and forth telling the people to be silent. The chant seems to invigorate Mikey, however. He begins shaking his arms. Ned begins to panic, shaking his head "no" in disbelief - but he can't stop it as Mikey powers up to one knee!

Lance:

The German Faithful are rallying Mikey Unlikely!

Ned decides to shut that shit down. Not allowing Mikey to fully power his way out, The Good Doctor whips him toward the turnbuckle. Reform charges after him... but he runs right into Mikey's extended boot! Reform is dazed and stumbles as he turns right into a charging Mikey who explodes out of the corner with a clothesline! Reform is turned inside out as he spins in mid-air before falling to the canvas. Mikey takes a minute to point to his own big brain, mocking his opponent to the crowd's delight.

DDK:

And Mikey looking for a submission of his own... he's locked on an Abdominal Stretch!

Lance:

But he's reaching for the ropes!

Mikey, sly as ever, reaches his arm out as soon as referee Knox kneels down to check on Reform. He grabs the top rope and wrenches on it, as Ned Reform suddenly starts screaming out in pain. Knox gets a concerned look on his face and asks Reform if he wants to give in. Meanwhile, Mikey is smiling to the crowd and pulling the rope.

DDK:

All that leverage has got to be a killer on the rib cage of Ned Reform right now!

The official stands up to get a better look at the hold and Mikey with a keen eye, lets go of the rope at the same time. He asks Mikey if he's pulling the rope, making a very dramatic pulling motion in the process. Mikey holds up his free hand and shakes his head before making the Boy Scout symbol. Convinced, Knox begins to check on Ned again. Mikey reaches out and yanks the top rope one more time. Pulling a bit more might this time. Once again Reform goes from pain to absolute agony. He screams out for help.

Ned Reform:

COLE! CEASE YOUR USELESSNESS AND HELP!

TA Cole jumps up on the apron again. Mikey lets go of the top rope just as Official Rex Knox looks up. TA Cole runs down the apron at Mikey Unlikely as Knox tries to yell him off. Mikey ducks the strike while holding onto the abdominal stretch. TA Cole turns around and Mikey pokes him in the eyes. The fans laugh as TA Cole falls back to the arena floor, However, it was just the distraction Ned Reform was looking for. With a quick twist of his hips he's able to reverse the hold into one of his own!

Lance:

What a reversal here by Ned Reform, but watch out. He's near the ropes too! You talked about turnabout is fair play earlier, here we see it in reverse!

Ned locks on the abdominal stretch, wincing a bit himself. Once he's got it locked in, he uses his free hand to rain down several quick shots to the ribs of Mikey. Helpless, he has to take them as he cries out and shakes his head no to Knox who's now checking on him.

Ned looks out to the crowd and smiles now. He points to his head and then reaches for the ropes. The only thing he forgot to do was keep his eye on the official. Rex Knox sees the hand on the ropes, and brings his arm down across it to break Ned's illegal hold.

A surprised Ned Reform reels trying to regain his balance, and Mikey Unlikely is able to power him over with a big hip toss into the middle of the ring. The fans erupt as Reform hits the mat. Ned gets up holding his back and runs right into a Mikey Unlikely dropkick that sends him right back down. The Good Doctor starts grabbing the ropes and pulling himself to his feet. Mikey walks over to the corner turnbuckle, and begins to untie it...

DDK:

What's he doing? He's in full view of the referee? Mikey Unlikely is a known cheat, but he's usually very smart about it. This is....well it's BLATANT!

Lance:

I don't know what he's doing but here comes Rex to stop him!

Rex Knox steps in between Mikey and the turnbuckle with an angry look on his face. He backs Mikey out and scolds him for trying to get the pad loose. Mikey puts both hands up and apologizes. He backs away and Rex Knox moves to tie the turnbuckle pad back up. When he does, Mikey turns right around and runs over to Reform and in one movement sends a kick right into groin region.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Rex hears the crowd react and immediately knows something is up, but when he turns around, both men are down on the ground holding their groin and groaning in agony.

DDK:

Mikey took the dive! He's playing possum with the official!

Lance:

From Rex's perspective, he doesn't know who hit who!

Both wrestlers are down and the official is utterly confused. Slowly both men start to make their way to their feet on opposite sides of the ring. Mikey is giving an Oscar-worthy performance as he holds his unlikelys. They meet in the middle of the ring and unsurprisingly Mikey Unlikely is able to react first. After a few forearm strikes, Mikey scoops the arm and suplexes Reform in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Wait, Reform's foot just hit Rex Knox in the face! He's not down but he's hurting for sure.

The official puts his hands over his face and tries to rub his eyes but he's in a world of hurt.

Sensing his moment, Mikey Unlikely moves to the turnbuckle.

DDK:

What's he going to do here, he's not going for that pad again, is he?

Unlikely begins to climb...

Lance:

No, he's going up top!

Mikey gets to the top rope and is hunched over. He looks down at the mat and shakes his head. A look of fear crosses his face. He turns around and faces the ring from the second rope. Reaching right into his tights, he pulls out a foreign object and fixes it in his hand so that his next strike will do the trick.

DDK:

Wait! He's holding something! Is that a roll of quarters!?

Lance:

I sure hope so! It looks like he's going for the FIST Drop!

Mikey dives for the move...

DDK:

MIKEY UNLIKELY DIVING THROUGH THE AIR!

He crashes into an empty mat. Quarters fly everywhere.

Lance:

HE MISSED!

Reform rolls to his feet as Mikey holds his wrist with his other hand clearly in a lot of pain from the missed attack. He gets up to one knee and shakes his arm but that's when Ned jumps on his back and yanks the hurting arm behind Mikey's back. He whips his other arm around the throat of the Hollywood Superstar.

Lance:

AD HOMINEM! NED REFORM HAS GOT IT LOCKED IN!

The cross-face chicken wing leaves both men lying right in the middle of the mat. Mikey reaches for the ropes with what little free arm he's got left, but he's short by a country mile. He panics and tries to reach with his feet, but again he's way too far away.

DDK:

Mikey is desperately trying to fight out but Ned is cinched in and isn't going to relinquish the hold unless Mikey gives up.

Lance:

Unlikely is doing everything he can, he's fighting from underneath, trying to find a way...

Mikey screams one last time and tries to break the hold... He can't.

DDK:

Rex Knox is calling for the bell. Mikey nodded at the tend. He gave up!

DING DING DING

The bell begins clanging at ringside but Reform won't let go. He's yanking and yanking until finally, Knox is able to free an arm of Mikey. Reform lets go before pushing Mikey to the ground in disgust.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by submission! NED REFORM!

Lance:

Oh my! In two consecutive Pay Per Views, Ned Reform has managed to defeat Bronson Box and Mikey Unlikely back to back.

DDK:

Reform's star continues to shine bright, proving tonight he can defeat even the craftiest of veterans! Mikey Unlikely is the longest-reigning FIST in company history, and Ned Reform just tapped him out in the middle of the ring. WOW, WHAT A MATCH!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

TA Cole rolls in the ring and stomps on Mikey once for good measure, finally getting him back for the multiple strikes from earlier. He moves over to Reform whose adrenaline is still pumping. He's got sweat dripping from his bald head. Reform literally jumps up and down in the ring like a toddler, pumping his fists and crying in triumph. He begins to yell at the ringside fans, the smile permanently plastered on his face.

DDK:

Two things I know are true after this bout, Lance. One is that Mikey Unlikely unquestionably has still "got it."

Lance:

And the other?

DDK:

We are NEVER going to hear the end of this.

MAKAYLA'S MUSINGS: CORVO ALPHA

The camera looks down a long, empty hallway just over the shoulder of someone so close in the foreground it's hard to discern. Changing spots, the camera steps around the person standing in the forefront and pans around to show none other than DEFIANCE Road host Makayla Namaste still standing perfectly still wearing a pair of big brown sunglasses and a sign hanging from around her neck that reads:

"THE FIRST PERSON TO BRING ME A DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP WINS A PRIZE"

Suddenly a footstep echoes through the corridor taking the cameraman by surprise. Around the corner steps none other than Southern Heritage Champion Corvo Alpha with the SoHer displayed proudly over his shoulder. A fresh coat of yellow face paint drips into his dark, tangled beard. Curiously the champion marches towards the InstaFamous as the Faithful react with a delayed cheer as the footage is shown on a small delay on the DEFIATron. Makayla takes a big gulp as Corvo looks down and reads the sign hanging from around her neck. He looks back up at her with a terrifying glare.

Makayla Namaste:

Eh... ah... um... congratulations Mr. Alpha! For your eh... contribution... today you have won a prize! Just let me, uh...

The Goddess of Good Vibes reaches down on the floor and picks up a handbag and nervously begins rummaging through it, shaking as she tries to keep herself under control. She brings out a small object wrapped in her fist that she goes to hand to Corvo but he ignores it entirely.

He narrows his gaze at her before surprising her with a yellow-paint-smudge "boop" on the very tip of her nose. He smiles a twisted, broken smile as she bristles.

Makayla Namaste:

Well. Okay. It was... nice? To meet you? But I think I need to be going somewhere else. Literally anywhere but here. Good... luck tonight Mr. Alpha.

Makayla quickly shoves the wrapped gift back into her handbag and cowers as she passes the Southern Heritage champion and books it as fast as an influencer in 3-inch heels can down a tile hallway. She can be seen furiously smearing the paint off of her nose with annoyance. Corvo regards her uncomfortable exit down the corridor with something like amusement and snarls before adjusting the pink strap on his shoulder and soldiering on down the wide corridor.

SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. URIEL CORTEZ

The camera sweeps the arena before swinging to a gliding rest at the Commentation Station.

DDK:

We still have the brutal WARCHAMBER later on tonight in our Main Event, but first... a battle of a different kind for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

The very nature of how the Favored Saints Championship works breeds fierce competition and elevates the stakes for everyone involved. With nothing like it's kind in any other sport, the Favored Saints Championship almost forces its holder to "put up or shut up". It's very inherent nature puts its holder on a collision course with the Southern Heritage Champion.

The crowd cheers in anticipation.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez captured his first singles title at UNCUT 148 and quickly earned consecutive defenses over Eric Dane Jr, Klein, TA Cole, and finally Oscar Burns. Up until DEFtv 197, on paper, this match might have been strictly a business transaction. One simply of challenger and champion. But, at that event, when Titaness bled, ...Uriel Cortez "saw red".

We cut to black and white footage from DEFtv 197. Titaness has answered Alpha's open challenge for the SOHER. She puts up a valiant fight, powering Corvo around the ring with dramatic flair. Suddenly, her head bulldogged onto the ring steps, a bright red streak explodes across the screen. The Show of Force is felled.

And a Titan sought vengeance. A blazing bully of fury, Uriel Cortez powerbombs Corvo Alpha to the canvas with a thunderous, screen-shaking-effect impact. Once. Twice. A third, ruinous time. Red ominously seeps down and across the screen graphic.

DDK:

Tonight, for Uriel Cortez, it's never been more personal.

Lance:

For our Southern Heritage Champion...

Cut to a stock black and white image of Corvo Alpha stomping down concrete arena steps, his canary yellow face-paint standing out starkly as the mottled fandom surges around him.

DDK:

Our tour through Germany has been such an incredibly rewarding experience for everyone involved, but few performers have been embraced along the way quite like Corvo Alpha. You're going to feel it in a few moments when he is introduced...

Back to DDK & Lance. Keebler flashes a bright smile.

DDK:

...these people love our Southern Heritage Champion.

Lance:

They love the spirit, they love the FIGHT! His has been a sometimes sordid story of a man rediscovering who he truly is. It's been a long road with, I'd hazard, a long way still to go but this man has FOUGHT and WILL fight! We've seen it so many times!

One lasting stock image of Alpha standing perched on a turnbuckle, pink leather strap held triumphantly overhead. In the arena, house lights dim.

♪ "My Name is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

Lance:

But Corvo Alpha has never had to "fight" an absolute mountain of a man in Uriel Cortez!

Stomping out from the back, the camera peeks up at the largest active competitor on the DEFIANCE roster going currently. Standing at 7'1" (and a half!) and weighing in at close to three-hundred and forty-seven pounds, the man affectionately known in Titanes Familia as Papa Tez turns to the giant LED FIST on stage, then turns to look down at the ring. Wearing a brand new blue and gold wrestling singlet and pants with "FAMILIA" on the front in cursive, he heads down to the ring.

DDK:

A more determined, focused, and DANGEROUS giant you will not find in this sport. You can see it etched on his face, sense it with his every movement. Despite what happened to Dan Leo James to kick off the show in the Favored Saints Title match, Uriel looks extra motivated tonight for the group to not leave empty-handed tonight.

Lance:

He's made it clear these last few weeks and months that he will deal with anyone who stands in the way of his ability to provide for his family... and he certainly made it clear at the latest DEFtv that he sees Corvo Alpha as one of those obstacles.

Referee Benny Doyle checks in with Cortez as, in a far corner of the arena, the Faithful stir with excitement. The hard camera swivels and pans out before finally focusing on the spotlight trailing down one of the aisles. Fans surge towards the beacon as a squat yet hulking figure descends the steps towards the ring. The metal slung over his shoulder glistens under the beam of light.

In the ring, the Titan of Industry quietly seethes at the sight of the man who made his wife bleed. Darren Quimbey steps between the ropes with a microphone in hand, ready to make the "big time" match introductions.

DDK:

Buoyed by these jubilant fans in attendance, Corvo Alpha is riding this wave of support all the way to ring!

Leaping over the ringside guardrail, Alpha peers up at Cortez with restrained hostility - nostrils flared and teeth bared. He pauses long enough to shift the SOHER from his right shoulder to his left, knuckles white against the pink leather. Up the ring steps Corvo goes to the apron before looking over his shoulder to glare challengingly at the Faithful. He howls maniacally at them, emphatically slapping the red streak of paint on his chest with his hand. They roar back at him.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH—OHHHHHHH!!!!

Suddenly, just as Alpha turns back to face his opponent, that same opponent is in his face - a FURIOUS Running Boot BLASTS Alpha across the cheek and jaw, launching him off the apron and CRASHING into the guard rail. The air is sucked out of the arena at once.

DDK:

URIEL CORTEZ IS IN NO MOOD TO WAIT!

Lance:

You can see his absolute RAGE on full display!

Cortez defies his size by streaking under the bottom rope to the outside and, with one hand clenched on Alpha's black trunks, he LIFTS Corvo's shocked body up and onto the apron. Clapping a forearm down onto Alpha's chest, he rolls him into the ring and is close behind him.

An already frustrated Senior Referee, Benny Doyle, steps in to check on Alpha before signaling for the bell. Quimbey

nearly trips over himself trying to stay out of everyone's way and dip out of the ring

DING DING

DDK:

Forget about building to a moment, let's just dispense with the pomp and circumstance! This match is off and running and... I thought we saw Uriel Cortez at his angriest a few weeks ago! But he is truly a house of fire here at DEFIANCE Road!

Eyes narrowed and blazing with wrath, Cortez BIELS Alpha clear across the ring. Stomping after him and grabbing him, Cortez HURLS Alpha again, end-over-end, from one corner of the ring to the other.

Alpha gasps to catch his breath as Uriel wrenches him back up, one-handed, by the back of his trunks. Planting a meaty hand under his throat and another on his thigh, Uriel presses Corvo overhead with a scream!

Lance:

Who in DEFIANCE can match Uriel Cortez's pure power?!

That over-head press is unceremoniously released and Alpha is dropped head first across the top turnbuckle, leaving a yellow smudge running down it.

DDK:

The tallest Snake-Eyes in the world has Corvo Alpha REELING! And Cortez pours it on! MASSIVE CLOTHESLINE in that corner! The big man throws a back elbow! Knee to Alpha's midsection!

Lance:

Oh MY! ANOTHER THROW!

Cortez biels Alpha across the ring once more and this time, Corvo goes skidding into the far corner. Eyes wide and bewildered, feet fighting to get under him, Alpha is upright long enough to eat another HUGE running BOOT in the corner from Cortez!

Cortez measures Alpha after helping him halfway up to his feet... and then the chops begin.

DDK:

OVERHAND CHOP BY CORTEZ!

The flashbulbs illuminate the sweat and paint spraying through the air on impact. Cortez presses Alpha back by his chin with his left hand and rears back-

Lance:

AND ANOTHER OVERHAND CHOP!

Chuckling to himself as he points out the massive red handprint in the center of Alpha's red warpaint, Cortez reaches back again.

DDK:

BACKHAND KNIFE-EDGE CHOP!

Alpha slowly starts to melt to the mat but Cortez stops him, propping the Southern Heritage Champion back up.

DDK:

A SECOND backhand chop!

Lance:

Since Corvo Alpha was reintroduced to DEFIANCE Wrestling by Lord Nigel Trickelbush nearly four years ago, through all of his trials and tribulations since–

A THIRD knife-edge chop. A low-groan rumbles somewhere deep in Alpha as he slumps to the canvas.

Lance:

–I can say with absolute certainty–

The Giant pulls the brute up.

Cortez BASHES Alpha across the jaw with a forearm, grasps him with both hands, and PITCHES Alpha up into the air and across the ring. Corvo lands on his neck and left shoulder in a grotesque jolt on the canvas.

Lance:

–we have NEVER seen anyone ever manhandle the monster like we are seeing right here, right now!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez came into this match HOT and has dialed it up even HOTTER! He hasn't given Corvo Alpha a moment to catch his breath!

Cortez puts a boot across Corvo's throat and barks in his face, eating up every last bit of Benny's five-count before showing mercy.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez is as locked in and is as intense as we have ever witnessed... and the Southern Heritage Champion is in trouble!

Cortez lifts Alpha up for an Atomic Drop but instead sets Alpha seated backwards on the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Cortez just CLUBS Corvo across the back! MULTIPLE strikes!

Corvo just falls backwards, legs hung up in the turnbuckle, precariously hanging upside down in the corner.

Cortez smiles before laying in two knees to the prone, upended Alpha. He gives a little separation and then launches himself, bounding at Alpha!

Lance:

Cortez goes to lay in a running knee – but Alpha gets a leg free and CATCHES Cortez with a kick to the temple!

Alpha flops down to his feet, his personal-bell still ringing in his head. Shaking out the pain, Corvo turns just in time to eat a BRUTAL shoulder block from Cortez who, with that impact, dashes whatever hope of a momentum shift may have momentarily glimmered.

DDK:

Cortez, showing EVERYBODY he's the "Man of the House", taking care of business!

Lance:

But will the former Favored Saints Champion be bringing home BIGGER gold to his Familia tonight?

Cortez reaches down and, in one motion, powers Alpha upright and SHOVES him back into a corner. He throws himself at Corvo, but Corvo shows a flash of precognition and DUCKS out of the way and out of the corner.

DDK:

ALPHA BLASTS Cortez with an elbow of his own! Throws a kick low!

Cortez staggers out of the corner, sensing trouble himself, as Alpha scampers through the ropes and, in a blur, up to the top rope!

DDK:

CORVO with a WILD LEAP off the TOP! FLYING BULLDOG!!

Lance:

NO!! Cortez put on the brakes! POWERS ALPHA UP!!

DDK:

WAIT!

Alpha rolls backwards off of Cortez's shoulder and down to his feet! He LEAPS UP onto the giant's back!

Lance:

Is it-?! He's going for the ALPHA CLUTCH!!

But Corvo immediately encounters difficulty locking on that modified katahajime, unable to bolt his hand to his wrist. That delay, that struggle, is the only opening Cortez needs. He reaches over his shoulder and SHRUGS and POWERS Corvo overhead into a REVERSE PILEDRIVER position. He LEAPS!

DDK:

Cortez SPIKES Corvo in the center of the ring! Shoulders pinned!

But before the count starts, Benny Doyle quickly points out Alpha's right leg under the rope.

Lance:

NO PIN!

Frustrated, Cortez reaches and sweeps the leg in, hooking it.

DDK:

There it is!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-

Alpha SHOOTS a shoulder up. Cortez smacks the canvas before standing up and hauling Alpha up. His right hand clenching Corvo's long hair, his left the back of his trunks, Cortez SPINS and SLINGS Corvo head first into the middle turnbuckle, where his shoulder BASHES into the post with a *RATTLE*. Cortez stays on him, pulling Alpha out of the corner with a front headlock. Slowly, the big man spins, lifting Corvo off the ground as he wheels around...

DDK:

WHAT THE- HEADLOCK GIANT SWING!

The crowd counts along in german. On the tenth revolution, Uriel releases the hold, sending Alpha careening across the ring. He tumbles through the ropes and out of the ring.

Lance:

I don't think I've ever seen that before!

DDK:

Don't say that often!

Cortez follows Corvo outside and Doyle leans through the ropes, cautioning the big man. The official begins his ten-count.

Lance:

Cortez catches Corvo at the ringsteps!

Uriel SMASHES Corvo's head into the steel steps with a *CLANG*.

Lance:

Remember that it was a maneuver on the ringsteps by Corvo Alpha that made Titaness bleed at DEFTv 197! Clearly, Uriel Cortez is sending a message here.

CLANGGGG!

Another heads-first smash into the ringsteps sends Corvo staggering and face-planting into the metal guardrail at the front row Faithful's feet. When Cortez peels Alpha's head up from the floor mat, his yellow face paint has been almost entirely obscured by his own gushing blood from a cut over his eye.

DDK:

Message; received. It's an eye for an eye when you're dealing with La Familia! Corvo Alpha is busted wide open!

As Doyle nears an eight count, Cortez ducks under the bottom rope long enough to break the count and then rolls back out to restart it, much to Doyle's annoyance.

Cortez bludgeons Alpha with a right hand then grabs him, irish whipping him towards a set of folding chairs – only Alpha REVERSES it, sending Cortez's three-hundred-plus-pound frame flying into the seats and crashing into the guardrail.

DDK:

What an impact!

Half-seated on a folding chair and dazed, Cortez never see's Alpha's superkick coming - but it strikes true – just under his chin – propeling Cortez off of the now-collapsing folding chair.

Lance:

This could be Corvo Alpha's opportunity to take control of this contest!

Bleeding badly, Alpha catches his breath leaning against the ring apron. His weary eyes glance up as Doyle holds seven fingers in his face for the mandatory count. Pulling himself up by the middle rope, Alpha makes the apron before Cortez is on him. Uriel SUPLEXES Alpha overhead into the chairs before slowly rolling himself back into the ring.

Seated half in, half out of the ring, Cortez catches his breath, eyes trained only on a stirring Alpha. As he slides back under the rope and out of the ring, Cortez offers Doyle a wordless glance as the veteran official reminds the giant where the match, and the championship on the line, can be won.

DDK:

Cortez, grabbing Alpha by the hair, pulling him back towards the ring–

But Alpha drags a steel chair behind him. Blood-blind, with one hand, he SWINGS the chair like a wounded animal.

Lance:

Cortez DUCKS!

CLAAAAAANNNGGGG!

The chair SLAPS the corner ringpost and it FLIES out of Alpha's hands, spinning up and through the ring ropes and into the ring.

DDK:

A desperate, unrestrained act by a desperate, unrestrained Southern Heritage Champion!

Lance:

Cortez ducking might have saved a concussion... saved Corvo a disqualification!

DDK:

Certainly no one wants a match like this to end like that!

Cortez BRAINS Alpha with a big boot, grabs him back the back of the head, and throws the monster under the bottom rope and back in the ring!

Lance:

Certainly Uriel Cortez knows exactly what's at stake! He's been SO dominant! He has to regain full control, to do that he HAS got to get this match back in the ring!

Doyle doesn't have much opportunity to check on Corvo's cut before Cortez is snatching the champion off of the mat.

DDK:

CORVO WITH A RAKE OF URIEL'S EYES!

Enraged, Cortez SHOVES Corvo hard into the far ropes. He hits back-

Lance:

CORVO CUTTER! That running cutter, center of the ring! The Southern Heritage Champion hooks the leg!

ONE!!

TW-KICKOUT!!!

DDK:

STRONG kick out by Cortez!

Alpha works to keep the pressure on, yanking Cortez up - but again, Cortez SHOVES Corvo off of him - Alpha inadvertently PANCAKES Benny Doyle into the corner and the Faithful GROAN. Benny sinks to the mat in an agonizing heap.

One step ahead of Alpha, Cortez is somehow quick to BLISTER Alpha with a stiff LARIAT!

DDK:

DOYLE IS DOWN! Cortez can't win this match without a referee!!

The giant fumes. He shakes the ropes in a frenzy before turning back to Alpha, still on the mat. The camera slowly follows the Titan's eyes to the metal folding chair at his feet. The tension mounts as the Seven Foot Titan reaches down to pick the chair off of the mat. In time, Alpha begins to shift on the canvas. Cortez eyes the steel chair in hand with a morbid curiosity. He feels the metal in his hands, tightening and adjusting his grip on the chairs legs.

DDK:

No! Not like this!

Lance:

We've seen Uriel Cortez use some less than sportsmanlike tactics in his Favored Saints Title matches! Is he going to do it here, too?!

Cortez cocks the chair back to strike Alpha down. It casts a trembling shadow across the champions back as the voices of the Faithful rise in disapproval. The sound catches Cortez's attention and he wilts slightly, lowering the chair. He nods at the fans before regarding the steel chair in his hand for a long moment - and ditching it behind him.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

Lance:

Thank god!

Uriel goes to check on Benny when he spots Alpha moving in the corner of his eye. Cortez goes to Alpha and pulls him up-

Lance:

This might be just as devastating as the chair might have been! He's setting Alpha up for the 218 Powerbomb!

DDK:

He hit Alpha with THREE of them at 197, Lance! One more just might Corvo Alpha's run with the SOHER a SHORT one!

Cortez cinches Alpha before eying the crowd once more to a mixed, but incredibly vocal, reaction.

Lance:

HERE IT IS! 218!!

BUT! At the move's apex, Alpha puts on the breaks! LAYING IN RIGHTS!

Uriel, holding all of Alpha's weight up and taking these blows, staggers backwards - he bounces off the ropes-

DDK:

UP TOP! WHAT THE-?! HEADSCISSORS BY CORVO ALPHA?!?

Lance:

He just took those three hundred pounds over and DOWN to the mat! Too ugly to be a frankensteiner, too beautiful to ignore! Corvo Alpha just pulled that one outta NOWHERE!

DDK:

I can't believe that but, hang on- Cortez might be rattled but he isn't out! WAIT! ALPHA GOES UP!

Corvo scrambles to the top rope and slowly finds his balance, standing to full height on the turnbuckle with wide, wild eyes staring out from a blood flecked mask, taking in the raucous crowd. He LEAPS!

DDK:

FLYING BULLDOG!!!

CLAAAAANGG!

Lance:

RIGHT ONTO THAT STEEL CHAIR! Cortez hit that chair FACE FIRST! He's GOTTA be OUT COLD!

DDK:
BENNY!

Lance:
Benny is ALIVE! He's moving!

DDK:
CORVO HOOKS URIEL'S FAR LEG!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

Lance:
Corvo Alpha has SURVIVED!

DING DING DING

Alpha rolls off of Cortez, exhausted. He slips under the bottom rope and collapses off the apron onto the ringside floor.

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match by pinfall and STIIIIIIIIILL DEFIANCE Wrestling SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!
CALL!! HIM!!!! CORVOOOO!! ALLLPHAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

The timekeeper hands Alpha the belt at ringside as an exasperated Doyle slides out of the ring to raise Alpha's arm.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

The timekeeper helps Alpha to his feet, using the guardrail for support, before Alpha throws a leg over it and gets pulled into the crowd by the Faithful.

DDK:
Corvo Alpha has just been through the absolute ringer... but his reign will live on to see another day even as the sun sets on this tour of Germany, where these fans have embraced him!

Quickly, Alpha is swallowed up by the surging fans and he disappears into the cheering masses, bloody-faced and victorious.

Lance:
That was a VIOLENT match we just saw. Bell to bell, straight up brutality.

Uriel starts to come around, still holding the side of his face in pain. He starts to sit up very slowly, then realizes what's happened. Doyle tries to check on the big man, but Uriel wants no sympathy from Doyle. Finally coming down to the ring is Titaness, as well as Dan Leo James with a bandaged eye and following the attacks from JJ Dixon that resulted in the Favored Saints Title leaving with The Fatal Attraction.

DDK:

Here comes the rest of Titanes Familia. Dan Leo James really SHOULD have that eye looked at, but I imagine he wanted to stay here to see how this match went.

Lance:

Indeed. It's been a tough night for them, but they'll endure. They always do.

Titaness looks at her husband, still only seated and looking extremely dejected with himself that his promise to bring the Southern Heritage Title was a broken one. Dan offers a hand to help Uriel to his feet. Uriel looks up...

Then takes it as Dan tries to help Uriel to his feet.

DDK:

Things have been rocky with Titanes Familia for the past few months, but they always come together when they need to. They did it for Mil Vultas last year and they'll do it for Uriel when he needs it, too.

Titaness goes to help him as well and the three start to leave the ring and then head up the ramp with The German Faithful ready to get to the main event of tonight!

Lance:

And we're just about to get to the main event here in a few moments. It will be Malak Garland FINALLY having to answer for his constant insults, belittling and disrespect of DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Bronson Box and this match is gonna be in none other than the deadly WARCHAMBER! Right now, we've got staff starting in the ring to get it all ready.

Now fully on the ramp, Uriel Cortez is still being guided by Dan. He stops when Titaness gives him a kiss for his efforts, then Dan goes in for a quick hug. Uriel wraps his massive arm over Dan's shoulder.

THUNK!

THEN THROWS DAN FACE-FIRST INTO THE LCD FIST ON STAGE!

DDK:

OH, GOD!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL?!

Titaness nearly jumps out of her skin and lets out an uncharacteristic shriek! There's static on the LCD FIST display where Dan's head struck! Darren and Lance are still trying to process what the hell is happening when Uriel grabs Dan and PULLS him up by the shirt!

Uriel Cortez:

YOU LITTLE SHIT!

Titaness is horrified as Uriel continues berating Dan.

Uriel Cortez:

I SHOULD HAVE **NEVER** LISTENED TO YOU! THAT TITLE WAS **MINE!**

He RIPS the Titanes Familia shirt off Dan's back and then THROWS it away from ringside as deafening jeers from The Faithful!

DDK:

No... Uriel, STOP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Titaness grabs Uriel by his arm and snaps on him.

Titaness:

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?! URIEL, STOP NOW!

Uriel pulls his arm away from his wife, then points at downed Dan.

Uriel Cortez:

I'M MAKING SOME FUCKING CHANGES, THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING! STARTING WITH THIS... **HE... AIN'T...
FAMILIA!**

Without another word, the booing THUNDERS down as the giant storms off and disappears into the backstage area. Titaness goes to check on Dan, barely moving as the medical team comes out to check on James.

DDK:

I'm... wow. Lance... what the hell did we just see?

Lance:

I don't know... I don't have any other answer... other than Uriel Cortez being pushed to his breaking point.

Titaness stays next to Dan's side, then with medical staff now doing what they can to check on Dan, she nods at them and then leaves quickly to go after her husband backstage. Medical staff are checking on Dan and try to help him up and get backstage. The camera fixes back to the Commentation Station to go over the main event.

WARCHAMBER: BRONSON BOX vs. MALAK GARLAND

The arena lights dim, a vignette starts to play on the big screen.

With "You're Dead" by Norma Tanega as the soundtrack clips from Malak Garland's DEFIANCE career flicker by-faded slightly, in a sepia tone like some sort of old news reel. The temperature of the room changes as dim pulsating flood lights illuminate the very top of the arena- where the WARCHAMBER begins to lower from its place suspended in the rafters of the arena. The lights strobe in a way we don't get a full and complete view of the structure- only slips and glances.

*Don't sing if you want to live long
They have no use for your song
You're dead, you're dead, you're dead
You're dead and out of this world*

Every wrong, every slight, every vicious attack- it's made plain by the selection of misdeeds silently flickering by on the tron Malak Garland and his associates over the years have caused nothing but pain and misfortune.

A force creating nothing but frustration and pain for those caught in their crosshairs.

A constant smear of nastiness across the face of DEFIANCE.

*You'll never get a second chance
Plan all your moves in advance
Stay dead, stay dead, stay dead
Stay dead and out of this world*

The WARCHAMBER cell drops snugly around the ring posts, ringside attendants proceed with securing the hellish structure to the ring-frame. The cage has a rusty, almost post-apocalyptic look to the chainlink. Secured in each corner with zip-ties are literal arsenals of pro-wrestling related weaponry from several steel chairs, barbed-wire bats, lengths of chain, several ominous looking bags heavy with what we can only imagine- a veritable cornucopia of potential violence.

*When you smile and it tears your face
It's time for the inhuman race
You're down, you're down, you're down
You're down and outta this world*

Malak's unceasing villainy is laid out in front of us- clip after clip- his forcing of the Fuse Brothers to never be able to tag again, cheating to beat Flying Frenchie by having Siobhan Cassidy make him tap out when in the FOMO camel clutch, spiking Mil Vueltas with his lucha mask, leading to his victory- not one redeemable act, not one kindness to anyone.

Irredeemable? Maybe, maybe not. Hated full throated by the DEF Faithful- so much.

*Now your hope and compassion is gone
You've sold out your dream to the world
Stay dead, stay dead, stay dead
You're dead and out of this world*

"You're Dead" concludes as do the seemingly endless clips of Garland's wrongdoing. The dim lights cast on the cage still pulsate and flicker, giving the Faithful but glimpses of the cage.

Silence- just the buzz of the fans- then.

THRUM

“You can run oooon for a long time- “

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

Hooooooooo-boy here we go Keebs!

♪ “God's Gonna Cut You Down” By Johnny Cash ♪

DDK:

Haven't heard this tune in a tick! It's business time, partner!

The dark arena is lit for a few moments by several huge plumes of fire that erupt from the stage as the man in black croons and his driving guitar harken the arrival of the Original DEFIANT. It's not long until the man himself stomps out onto the stage, nearly taking the entrance curtain with him he erupts with such force from backstage. Marching from one corner of the stage to the other, bathed in the dim orange glow of the plumes of flame still erupting from the stage around him.

Darren Quimbey:

MAKING HIS WAAAAAAY TO THE RING- from the gloomy shores of Banff, Scotland- weighing in tonight at 17 stone- he's a two time FIST of DEFIANCE and a member of the DEF HALL OF FAME! Ladies and gentlemen- THE STARMARKER, THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT himself- a true-blue DEFIANCE Icon! The Bombastic BRNSOON BOOOOX!

He marches down the ramp and looks up at the cell he created so many years ago-

DDK:

The rules of WARCHAMBER slide and shift depending on the competitors involved- long story short, tonight anything goes. Once inside the cage and the door is locked the only way out is by pinfall or knockout- no submitting, no quitting, no running away-

Boxer makes his way up the ring steps and turns sideways to slip through the small door at the nearest corner of the cage being held open by the official for this evening- *Mark Shields*.

Lance:

How in all that's holy did that corrupt little dud get assigned to this match?! Wasn't Brian Slater assigned to this match as early as yesterday?

DDK:

Scuttlebutt backstage is after Cyrus lost his match- and his teeth- to Box on the last edition of Uncut, Malak's wheels started turning in overdrive scheming and plotting via his sources and contacts “upstairs”- I think Shields getting assigned as referee at the last minute is the result of those machinations- sadly.

Bronson's bloodshot brown eyes scan Mark Shields so intensely the referee physically recoils as the Wargod passes by and makes his way into the cell. The two-faced referee looks several different shades of pale as the legend does so.

Lance:

I think it's dawning on him just now that he's going to be *inside* the cell with Boxer for this match-

The lights go out. A solitary blue light shines down at the top of the ramp.

♪ “Tap In” by Saweetie ♪

Out walks Malak Garland into the light. He looks scared. Nay, terrified. Reluctance oozes from his shaking limbs.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the KEYBOARD KING, he is the SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR, MALAK GARLAND!

Ever so slowly, Malak strolls down the ramp with the spotlight following him. Shrouded in the darkness, Malak's gaze goes everywhere BUT Bronson's eyes. Upon arriving at Mark Shields and the WARCHAMBER door, Malak takes a deep breath. Shields swings the door open but Malak doesn't budge. Why would he?

Malak Garland:

I'm not going in there.

Mark Shields playfully nods his head inwards, inviting Malak to enter the fray.

Malak Garland:

This is your fault. You didn't do your job and not only did Bates get hurt but now I am expected to enter this mess?

Mark Shields:

Come on, Malak. Jump in. Let's get this match started.

Malak shakes his head no as an enraged Bronson Box stomps around the ring like he owns the place and rightfully so.

Malak Garland:

Nah, I'm good. I only stepped out on stage to be seen and collect a paycheck. I think I am going to dip on this match though.

Garland tentatively places a boot on the first step. The fans cheer, thinking he's about to enter the chamber but then he quickly rescinds his foot which obviously sends everyone into jeers.

Malak Garland:

You owe me huge for this, Mark. This is silly donkey droppings.

Boxer just eyeballs Malak the entire time. He eventually settles, standing in the center of the ring, focused as all non-essential personnel exit the structure.

Mark Shields:

Are you going to enter the chamber or not?

Malak Garland:

I ALREADY SAID I WASN'T, MARK! WHOSE PAYROLL ARE YOU ON, ANYWAYS? I AM IN DEEP CONTEMPLATION RIGHT NOW.

The Keyboard King turns his back to the open door and chamber. He stares up the ramp he just walked down as his theme song dies down and the house lights return back to normal. The fans are hot over everything and Malak has barely moved an inch.

Malak Garland:

I can't. It's just too much. This chamber is overwhelming. I don't think I can do this.

Box is like a caged animal almost suffering from rabies at this point, licking his lips in anticipation. Garland turns back to the structure and his menacing foe within it.

Malak Garland:

This sucks. Hard. I can't unpack here. My feelings are all shot. I think I need to re-enter witness protective services again.

Malak snatches the microphone from Darren Quimbey to address everyone in the arena.

Malak Garland:

I can't do this. Bye.

He drops the mic and begins to walk away. Bronson Box is having none of it as he explodes out the open door and sprints to meet Garland.

DDK:

Box grabs Malak by the hair!

Lance:

German suplex on the ramp!

Garland folds like a cheap tent as his body rolls down to the base of where the ramp meets the floor mats. Box jumps on Garland immediately and hammers away. The crowd ignites with passion as Box unloads on the Grammar Grappler.

DDK:

Bronson Box is DESTROYING Malak Garland in front of our very eyes!

Lance:

I don't think Malak will have a choice about participating in this match!

Acting with urgency, Box throws Malak head first into the exterior of the unforgiving WARCHAMBER! Garland's tender head bounces off the steel as he crumples down to the mats like a ragdoll. Box is far from done as he gorilla presses Garland high into the air, holding him up for the spectacle.

DDK:

WHERE IS BOX GOING TO DEPOSIT GARLAND?

Into the front row, that's where. Box throws Garland over the guardrail and into a clearing between all the fans. Malak smacks the pavement concourse with force as Box climbs over the rail. A few fans pat Box on the shoulder before The Wargod pummels Garland throughout the crowd.

Lance:

Garland is in a world of pain now!

They eventually spill back over the barricade and back to within arms reach of the chamber. Mark Shields knows it's probably safest at this point to enter the ring so he does. Box tosses Garland in as well and once the door to the construct is securely locked, the bell rings to signify the start of the match.

DING DING**DDK:**

We're officially underway but Bronson Box has already dealt quite a bit of damage to Malak Garland! It's time he finally gets his hands on that irritating little pipsqueak for all the cheap talk and cheap shots he's endured for the last few months!

With rage surging through him, Box digs his nails into the scalp of his opponent. Literally trying to rip Malak's hair from the top of his head, Box throws Garland into the chamber siding. He doesn't even relinquish his grip upon impact. Instead, Box tried to grab more hair each time before tossing Malak's body into the chain link repeatedly.

Lance:

The Faithful are loving this! It's the skewering of Malak Garland live on pay per view!

Bronson winds up one last time and with all his might, he heaves Garland into the chamber wall face first. Blood begins to flow down the face of the Social Media Savant like a breakage in a dam. Drowsy, Malak latches onto the closest bottom rope. He runs his free hand through his blood stained silver hair and realizes he's probably dying.

DDK:

I think reality is finally settling in for Malak Garland. He's finally pushed the wrong buttons on the wrong person and paying for it. Bronson Box is no joke. He is THE original DEFIANT! This ring practically belongs to him. This is the company HE built.

Lance:

And WARCHAMBER is his realm. Malak just has a visitor pass in it for now.

Box stares out towards the Faithful. Many wave. Many cheer. Many indulge in the torture and punishment he's handing out. The Wargod looks down at a pitiful Malak Garland. Tears are running down his face which mixes with his blood. Garland looks up at the imposing figure. He reaches up. Weakly.

Lance:

Box grabs Malak by the wrist! He's pulling him up!

THWOMP!

Garland plunges his shin into Box's groin.

DDK:

LOW BLOW!

Both men are on their knees as Malak calls Mark Shields over. Mark tends to Malak, providing him with a mini bottle of Gatorade.

Malak Garland:

Mark, you owe me so bad for this. Quick, give me the keys.

Not wanting his friends to think any less of him, Mark is quick to pull the chamber keys out of his pocket. He reaches to give them to Malak so an escape can be made, however another hand interjects.

RAHHHH!

DDK:

Not so fast!

Bronson Box squeezes Mark's hand and the keys fall to the canvas. Malak is a bit blood-blind so he can't quite figure out where they are. Box plants the heels of his boot on the top of Malak's hands!

Lance:

I've never heard a shriek so loud!

Box lets go of Mark, who is counting his blessings as he retreats back to a corner for safety. Garland pulls his hands out from under the tread of Bronson's boots and begins swinging WILDLY. Like, completely out of control.

DDK:

I guess this is what happens when a snowflake gets forced into a corner! Fight or flight!

Garland's form is ugly but he does manage to connect a few shots on Box. Noticing the separation, Malak wipes his eyes and locates the keys. He swipes them and heads over to the door, laughing with relief that he's about to get out of it with only superficial scars to this point.

Lance:

Is Garland seriously going to get out of this!? He better act FAST!

His hands are shaking but he somehow finds a way to flip the key into the lock and jar the door loose. With the way clear and the door wide open, Malak can smell the freedom. He looks out to the crowd who are booing and calling him all sorts of baby soft as he thinks about exiting. He looks back and sees Bronson Box clutching his jaw so it's now or never. Malak reaches a leg out the door.

DDK:

Not so fast!

Box grabs Garland by the shoulder, preventing him from going any further. Bronson turns his foe back inside the cage, wagging a finger like how dare you. A rise comes from the crowd though as Teresa Ames sprints into the chamber with a kendo stick in hand!

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

DDK:

Teresa Ames has run in, making use of the open chamber door!

She whacks the stick across Bronson's back multiple times but with each passing shot, it feels as though Box gets TOUGHER to the point where the Faithful start a time tested cheer!

*YOU F*CKED UP!*

*YOU F*CKED UP!*

*YOU F*CKED UP!*

Ames eventually stops hitting Box as she's frozen in fear. Box snatches the kendo stick and breaks it over his forehead. Malak slips out of view and begins climbing up the inside of the chamber. Teresa pleads for her life as Box stalks his prey.

Lance:

I bet Ames regrets running in now!

With both hands up, Ames tries to promise Bronson the world until Mark Shields is within grabbing distance.

DDK:

Teresa threw Shields at Box, allowing her to escape! Wow!

That's not all. Malak is perched atop the chamber girder, looking down. Box turns and down comes crashing the bloodiest snowflake known to the man!

DDK:

SNOWFALL FROM THE TOP OF THE CHAMBER! MALAK CONNECTS WITH HIS FAMED FALLING HEADBUTT! MY GOODNESS! HE GOT ALL OF IT SET UP THANKS TO TERESA!

Mark Shields SOMEHOW avoids contact altogether but both Garland and Box took a ton of damage.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

I can't believe Malak jumped off the top of the chamber!

Garland seizes control by dragging Box over to where the chamber hugs the ropes. He shoves Box's face up against the chain link and proceeds to press his boots against the back of Bronson's skull.

DDK:

Now it's Bronson's turn to taste the steel!

A red tinge sets in on Bronson's face as the fencing is literally wrapped around his eyes, nose and mouth. Suddenly, Siobhan Cassidy comes walking down the stage next.

DDK:

What is this? Another one of Malak's goonies.

Cassidy claps her hands as she points to her man. She doesn't bother getting into the structure but rather, she walks around to where Malak has Bronson's head squeezed between his boot and the chamber wall. She points and laughs at Box.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Bahahahaha, you suck, old man! How does it feel to get DESTROYED in your own creation? Maybe after this you'll retire and go back to the old age home!

Malak uses the ropes for leverage for a couple last moments before finally removing his boots from the back of his opponent's head. Box instinctively brings his hands to his face as a camera zooms in on where his face was against the chamber. Remnants of Box's mustache are pinched between chain links.

DDK:

Malak was applying so much pressure that a few mustache hairs got pinched off Bronson's face! Wow!

Garland cinches in a front headlock and delivers a few knee strikes forward. He then turns the headlock into a bulldog and pulls back with all his might. The Keyboard King eventually goes back to the front headlock and delivers a swinging neckbreaker to The Wargod.

DDK:

He looks so happy with himself.

Malak rises to his feet with his arms out to his side. Siobhan is loving it. The Faithful, not so much. Garland blows a kiss her way and she naturally reciprocates which irritates everyone.

DDK:

Even though Box is down, momentarily I might add, it might not be too smart for Malak to waste time showboating to the fans and maybe he should think about staying on the attack.

Garland decides now is the best time as any to try and show off. He regains a front headlock on Bronson and drapes his arm over his neck.

Lance:

Is Malak going to try to lift Box!? I'm not sure he'll be able to suplex The Wargod!

He tries mightily to lift but Bronson is dead weight. Malak can't do it. He looks over at Mark and wants his help to pull off the feat.

Malak Garland:

Mark! Help me lift Bronson Bag over my head!

Shields rubs his shin.

Mark Shields:

Ahhh sorry man. I hurt my pinky toe a while ago. I better not get hands on here.

Malak Garland:

Fine, I'll do it myself!

Garland pushes Box to the turnbuckle where it takes some finessing but both men work their way up to the top turnbuckle. Malak uses the chamber walls for support before locking in a vertical suplex attempt once more!

DDK:

This isn't looking good for either competitor!

Malak pulls back with all his might and IMPRESSIVELY overhead throws Box to the canvas! The entire structure shakes at the point of impact!

Lance:

Malak just SUPERplexed Bronson Box off the top rope!

Garland laces an arm over Bronson's chest as Mark Shields slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Box shoves Malak off of him. Garland looks infuriated towards Shields.

Malak Garland:

At least count faster! Or is your pinky toe hurting you there too?

Feeling the momentum slipping from his grasp, Malak puts the boots to Box but with each passing stroke, it seems to do less and less damage. Bronson breathes heavily and his lips bulge from under his iconic stache. Before everyone knows it, he's on his feet and absorbing every chop Malak can throw at him!

WHACK!

DDK:

DOWN GOES MALAK WITH ONE FELL RETURN SWOOP!

Lance:

Malak delivered many chop shots to Box's pectorals and all it took was one MASSIVE hand back from The Wargod to down the Snowflake Superstar!

Riving in pain, Malak pulls at Mark's pant leg for salvation. Oh dear shit stirrer, the only salvation heading your way is in the form of a monstrously cut two hundred and forty five pound crushing machine.

Bronson Box:

Up.

Malak looks terrified at his opponent.

Bronson Box:

I SAID GET UP!

DDK:

It might be time for Box to take Malak 'round the woodshed!

Malak Garland:

No! Please stop! I only continued to fight because I got the upper hand but now you're all pissed off and stuff! Just let me go home and watch some shows!

Box raises his right hand skyways before plunging it into Malak's trapezius muscle!

Lance:

Box has God's Fiery Right Hand cinched in!

Malak squirms around like a fish out of water as the fans rise to full throat, expecting him to give up at this juncture.

DDK:

Malak's legs are flailing! Could this be it? Box withstood Malak's best shot, adrenaline, a second wind, call it whatever you want but it kicked in for The Wargod and now he's ON TOP of Malak, literally squeezing the life out of him in the WARCHAMBER! There's nowhere to go now!

Malak's vision begins to get blurry. Darkness creeps from the corners of his eyesight as his breathing and oxygen intake slows. This only forces Box's grip to tighten! Veins pulsate through The Wargod's arms as he's applying all the pressure in the world to the vice grip hold!

Lance:

Is he out!? Mark needs to check on him!

The blood begins to dry on Box's forehead as sweat takes over. Shields slides in and observes a close to comatose Garland.

DDK:

He's not out quite yet but getting there! He's struggling to reach for the ropes but that won't do him any good in this match!

Garland tries every trick in the book. An attempted low blow, wriggling out of the situation, heck he even tries to BITE Box's fingers off but it's all to no avail. Bronson Box wants to kill Malak Garland in the middle of the ring by force.

Until.

SMACK!

The air is let out of the arena!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL! IT'S CYRUS BATES!

Bates smiles as Box falters off his opponent after being smashed in the back with a steel chair but where did Bates come from?

Lance:

LOOK!

The camera pans out to show a hole cut out of the ring canvas, presumably where Bates was hiding the entire time. Again, Cyrus smiles for the camera, showing off his new golden grill and some canvas remnants in the sides of his mouth.

DDK:

Did he? DID HE CHEW HIS WAY THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE RING?

There's a hacksaw on the mat but yes, Bates also did use his teeth for some of the digging. Box tries to stand but Bates winds up once more.

Cyrus Bates:

THIS IS FOR DESTROYING MY TEETH OF PEARLY WHITES!

SMASH!**DDK:**

DOWN GOES BOX! COME ON!

Lance:

Malak has literally had a helping hand FROM EVERYONE in this match!

Bates holds the warped-beyond-repair chair up before discarding it. He promptly leaves the chamber and heads to the back. Both men lay soaked in their pain as it's anybody's game. Slowly, ever so slowly, they rise.

DDK:

Malak is delirious from oxygen deprivation and Box just endured TWO hellacious chair shots! Yet they are both battling on! UNBELIEVABLE!

The crowd half sits on their hands and half claps up a chant as Box smacks Garland across the face! Malak stumbles backwards until Box kicks him in the gut. Malak finds himself doubled over. Box pulls Garland's head between his legs, looking to finish things off.

DDK:

BOX LIFTS GARLAND UP! HE COULD BE LOOKING FOR THE BOMBASTO BOMB!

But the chair shots have done their damage and Box's back gives out, allowing Garland to escape. Noticing his opponent's tender back, Garland jumps on top of Box and locks in his FOMO camel clutch!

Lance:

FOMO! FOMO! THIS IS HOW MALAK DEFEATED FLYING FRENCHIE!

Garland yelps to the moon as the Faithful beg and plead for Box not to give up!

DDK:

CAN HE DO IT!? CAN GARLAND MAKE BOX TAP OUT!??

Box claws his fingernails into Garland's hands and it takes a GREAT effort before he's able to stand, holding Malak in a piggyback position before barreling back first into the turnbuckle!

THUD!**DDK:**

FOMO IS BROKEN!

Garland crumples down and Box swivels to lock in his own camel clutch, otherwise known as The Boston Massacre! The crowd chants 'TAP!' in hopes Malak will give up!

Lance:

THIS HAS BEEN BACK AND FORTH! BOTH MEN EXCHANGING THEIR ABSOLUTE BEST MOVES HERE! WHO

WILL GAIN THE UPPER HAND AND PULL OUT THE VICTORY?

Box screams as loud as he can as he's fighting the back pain for as long as he can. Malak's nose starts to bleed as it begins trickling through Box's interlaced fingers, making the grip difficult to keep.

Mark Shields:

MALAK! DO YOU QUIT! YOU'RE NOT SHOWING ME ANY SIGNS OF LIFE!

DDK:

WHAT'S MARK SHIELDS GOING TO DO? IS HE GOING TO CALL FOR THE BELL!

Mark stands there in deep contemplation before turning to the timekeeper's desk. He raises his right arm before looking back one final time.

Mark Shields:

I'm going to call for the bell. This match is over. I'm sorry, Malak.

The Faithful encourage it but at that very moment, Box's hands part, releasing the hold and everyone's energy in the arena.

Lance:

MALAK SURVIVED THE BOSTON MASSACRE!

Box reaches for his spine as it's clear something is wrong.

DDK:

Cyrus Bates did too much damage to Bronson's back! He wasn't able to hit the BOMBASTO Bomb nor hold The Boston Massacre long enough to secure the victory because of those two very vicious, ruthless chair shots!

Moving like an inchworm, Malak somehow crawls to his feet. His face is covered in blood as he notices Bronson Box is in a bad way. It's now or never so Malak walks over to the hole Bates left in the ring and pulls out a magical bag. From the bag, he retrieves a squeezable vial of gorilla glue. Everyone watches oddly as Malak coats his knee pad in the liquid.

DDK:

What the hell is he doing?

Meanwhile, Bronson Box is willing himself to his knees. Malak knows he has to hurry as he pours the bag's remaining contents on his glue laced knee.

THUMB TACKS!

SHIT.

A primal roar surges through the crowd as Malak's left knee becomes that much more lethal. Box begins to put his fists up in front of his face, albeit rather groggily.

Malak Garland:

I'M GOING TO END YOU!

BAM!

DDK:

I TRIGGER!

Garland strikes so fast. He blazes by Box and slices him with his thumb tacked glued knee! He's not done though. He comes back the other way and hits another one from behind, on the back of Box's head. Blood is everywhere and it's anyone's guess whose it actually belongs to.

DDK:

My heavens. Malak Garland has gone insane!

Realization and hope for Box to get up once more rushes through the crowd. Garland smiles, although he's quite out of it too. He nails one more I Trigger for good measure.

Lance:

No. Just no!

DDK:

Malak NEEDS to hit this many in order to keep Box down. He knows. Everyone in this arena knows it!

Garland peels off a few blood soaked tacks from his knee before laughing and holding them up for the crowd to see. Finally, he walks back to Bates' hole once more and pulls out a red brick.

DDK:

Okay, now THIS is enough! Mark needs to step in.

Bronson Box, on all fours, looks up at Malak. Box still looks as menacing as he's ever but he can't quite defend himself after enduring all this punishment by cheating.

Malak Garland:

Goodbye, Bronson Box. I'm about to send you back to where you came. The early days of DEFIANCE. I DID THIS ALL BY MYSELF! DO YOU HEAR ME!?

Box spits in Garland's face before receiving a spinning back fist, or rather spinning back BRICK delivered squarely to the jaw by the Snowflake Superstar. Box crumples.

DDK:

Dear lord. No.

With Box on his back, Garland falls on him immediately. Mark Shields slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!!

DDK:

Kick out. Please.

Lance:

Please.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The beats to Malak's entrance theme play but neither man moves. Mark Shields wipes the sweat from his own brow as everyone sits there, stunned out of their minds.

DDK:

Malak Garland has just defeated Bronson Box.

Lance:

In a WARCHAMBER match, no less.

Shields looks genuinely concerned for both men as he begins to peel Malak from Box. Again, blood everywhere.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, MALAK GARLAND!

Lance:

Malak has defeated the likes of Flying Frenchie, Mil Vueltas and Bronson Box in his last few pay-per-view appearances. Wow.

Mark holds Malak up by slinging Garland's arm over his shoulder. Tears roll down the Keyboard King's emotion filled face. He looks outward to the fans he hates with a passion so deeply.

Malak Garland:

I did it. Again. I keep proving I can do this.

Then.

Garland breaks away from Mark Shields to stand on his own, even though he's hobbling.

DDK:

What's he doing?

As DEFmed storms the ring to tend to Bronson Box who put up more than a valiant effort, especially dealing with all the baggage that comes along with Garland, everyone watches as Malak makes one very iconic, very simple hand gesture around his waist.

Malak Garland:

Me. It's all about me. It's my time now. It's my time to unpack. It's my time for titles. I am the greatest.

The DEFIANCE signature pops up on the pay-per-view broadcast as Malak makes his destiny known to anyone caring to watch him. That he considers himself to be the next in line to challenge for the richest prize in all of wrestling.

The FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for watching! That's all the time we have for DEFROAD NIGHT ONE but be sure to come back TOMORROW NIGHT for what promises to be just as, if not even more epic. For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler. Goodnight, Faithful!

The last image shown is that of a bloodied and battered Malak Garland, moving his hands around his waist, signifying that he wants it all. He wants DEFIANCE to crumble at its knees. He wants to be **him**.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.