

**SHOW OPEN: DEFCON 2024 - NIGHT ONE**

Our view is drifting through an astral sea of stars.

In every visible direction, the cosmos stretches out into an infinite void.

A countless myriad of celestial bodies surround us, thrumming with unfathomable amounts of heat and radiation.

The song of the universe drones on with a divine impunity.

From this view of the star-filled heavens, we fade to a face...

A rather crude and whisker-lined face, to be exact. With eyes that are clenched shut and lips burbling incoherently. And a trail of liquid trickling off its forehead.

The camera pulls back slowly, revealing the face as belonging to DEFIANCE's resident Goat Bastard, unsurprisingly having himself a snooze. The liquid is revealed to be originating from a stray dog that has inexplicably chosen that spot to micturate upon.

When the dog finishes, it lowers its leg and scampers off. Our sleeper slowly stirs awake and comes to take in the strange new dimension he finds himself within.

**Rezin:**

Uhhhhmmmm...

Wiping the strange, smelly dampness he discovers on his forehead, Rezin shambles to his feet as the camera continues pulling back. He finds himself in a narrow alley, nestled among bags of trash. Still groggy, he shuffles toward the waning daylight where the alley opens up into the street.

["Opening - Bombing Mission" by Nobou Uematsu](#)

He shields his eyes as he steps out into the evening light. The street is wide, and bustling with tourists and street

performers alike.

**Rezin:**  
WHOA...

Blinking in astonishment, he finds himself on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, right outside the Grauman's Chinese Theater.

**Rezin:**  
Dang... I can't help but think there's someplace I really oughta be right now...

The music begins to crescendo. The shot swiftly rises from the street, as though carried by a drone. Setting a lasting image of looking skyward with a dumbfounded expression on his face, Rezin slowly shrinks into the size of an ant, along with the other pedestrian, as the view rapidly climbs higher over the buildings.

Faster it rises. The city of Los Angeles begins to take shape. Finally, as the music reaches its dramatic climax, the view comes to rest outside of the Crypto.com Arena, brilliantly lit up in red, yellow, and blue spotlights.

*♪ "Enemies" by The Score ♪*

We fade to the inside of the arena itself. A hanging drone camera drifts over twenty-thousand screaming DEFIANTS while pyrotechnics of all colors explode on the stage and from the rafters. The sweeping arena angles get plenty of views of the Faithful exercising their First Amendment rights:

*PUSH AARON KING  
M4NTRA RAY SECTION  
MARK SHIELDS IS THE SHITS  
#GETBENTDEC4L  
I WANT TO PLAY FOR COACH B  
GO NUTS, SCOTT DOUGLAS  
MV1 WRONGED SOMEONE IN A PAST LIFE  
WHEN IT COMES TO DR. NED, I WANT A SECOND OPINION  
BOXWOOD = FOXWOOD*

DR. SATO ACTIVATES MY ATOMIC JUNK  
 I REFUSE TO CHOOSE A FUSE  
 MALAK TOTALLY COOL IF YOUR STORY DOESNT FINISH  
 #FIGHTAKIDINAMCDONALDS  
 PROUD MEMBER OF THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE  
 CAN GEORGE R.R. MARTIN WRITE MALAK'S STORY?  
 #IBELIEVEINPCP

The stage for DEFCON consists of two columns of rectangular OLED boards with one large video screen overarching everything. The left hand side of the stage is flooded under sky blue lights. The video panels on that side show Malak Garland style snow gently falling. The right side of the stage falls under an intense yellow lighting and the video panels on that side reveal Dex Joy inspired electricity shooting up and down. The contrast is quite unique as lasers and lights project outward from the gaps between the video boards. There's a central LCD FIST opening where the wrestlers can walk out from and the ramp is raised at its usual height.

The shot eventually falls on our trusty ring announcer, Darren Quimbey, smiling broadly into the camera while standing in ring center.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Los Angeles...

He throws his head back.

**Darren Quimbey:**

*THIS... IS... DEEEEEFCOOOOOONNN!!!*

*RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!*

Additional fireworks explode across the stage. The drone cam flies over to the commentary station, where the impeccably dressed duo of Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sit behind the table.

**DDK:**

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the premier professional wrestling event of the year! "Downtown" Darren Keebler here, with my partner as always Lance Warner! We are live at the Crypto.com Arena in the City of Angels, and this is DEFCON!!

**Lance:**

This building is LOUD right now, Keebs! I don't think there's a single person out there sitting down!

**DDK:**

I can't say I blame them, Lance! What a road it's been to get here! Let's see what we have in store for the first night of this monumental event!

A sequence of overlays cross the screen showing as every contest is introduced by the commentary team.

**DDK:**

In tag team action, we'll see a battle of magic and science when Carlo and Gomez of the Amazing Amarettos accept the challenge from Dr. Ayumi Sato's Fat Man and Little Boy, the Atomic Punks!

**Lance:**

Also in tag action, the savage Scotsmen duo of Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood -- popularly known as BOXWOOD -- will seek to earn their pound of flesh from Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames of the Comments Section!

**DDK:**

Friends become foes, when the erstwhile Sky High Titans collide tonight! Mil Vueltas, backed by longtime manager

Thomas Keeling, will for the first time face off with his former tag partner, Uriel Cortez!

**Lance:**

But that's not all the trouble in the Family, Keebs! Because later on, Titaness and Killjoy of Titanes Familia will meet the Unified Tag Team Champions in the ring! The reigning champs Elise Ares and The D of the Pop Culture Phenoms put the belts on the line once more tonight!

**DDK:**

And in a match that has gained quite a bit of attention as of late... SCOTT DOUGLAS finally returns to the DEFIANCE ring, all for the purpose of bringing "The Good Doctor" Ned Reform to terms with his recent insults and antics!

**Lance:**

And in our main event... the SOHER Championship will be on the line! Corvo Alpha seeks to avenge his longtime associate, Masked Violator #1! But across the ring, Madame Melton's protege JJ Dixon

**DDK:**

Well without further adieu, let's kick things off with our first contest... although, one moment, I'm being told there's something happening out in the parking lot as we speak!

## REZIN vs. SCOTT HUNTER

We cut to the parking lot. DEFSEC scatters as a double-decker bus with “Hollywood Star Tours” decals running down the side comes careening toward the building. It slams to a sudden stop.

Diving off the upper level, a la Cloud Strife, with a bond strapped to his back in place of a buster sword, Rezin comes flipping off...

...and SPLATS face first into the concrete.

**Rezin:**

*BLEGHK!!*

He scrapes himself up and cranks his shoulders a few times, painfully working out the kinks. Then he waves back to the bus.

**Rezin:**

That's for the lift, Busey!

A head pokes out of the driver-side window. It's either Gary Busey, or a deranged lunatic who looks like Garey Busey. Hard to tell, to be honest.

**Gary Busey:**

Anytime, Gandalf! And just remember what I told ya... Pray for the best, expect the worst... here come the hobbits!

**Rezin:**

...wait, what?

**Gary Busey:**

The HAVE-TO is WHAT YA USE when YOU'RE AFRAID!!

With that, the veteran actor pulls down on the shifter of the tour bus and reverses it out of the parking lot like a runaway freight train. Rezin audibly winces at the sounds of crashing, screams, and explosions that follow after it.

**Rezin:**

Goddamb, this city is weird...

Suddenly, from further in the arena...

♪ “Quitter’s Fight Song” by Whores. ♪

Rezin quickly recognizes the muffled beats to his entrance music.

**Rezin:**

Hey, sick riff! This album dropped just this week!

He grooves for a moment, until it hits him.

**Rezin:**

Wait a sec... that's MY SICK RIFF!! SHUCKS!! I'M ON!!

He looks around frantically for the entrance.

**Rezin:**

I GOTTA GET TO THE RING!!

The access tunnel leading into the building T's off into two possible directions. Rezin stalls, unable to decide which path to take.

Hanging on the wall at the intersection is a large DEFCON banner, keeping to the arena's dual-sided design. On the right, a lightning-saddled DEX JOY, with the opulent FIST of DEFIANCE resting on his shoulder. On the left, a frost-ensconced MALAK GARLAND sneers back at him.

**Rezin:**

Big Dex Energy, DON'T LEMME DOWN!!

Rezin darts down the right tunnel.

As he does, he kicks up a wind that blows the banner aside. Behind it, we can see that the facilities have a sign painted on the wall.

>

We cut to Rezin blindly fumbling his way through a series of black curtains, stumbling over heavy power cables and around pieces of production equipment.

**Rezin:**

Where the heckin' is the damb orangutan position!?

He finally breaks through the other side... and suddenly finds himself teetering at the edge of a twenty-foot drop-off.

**Rezin:**

OH SHUCKS--!!

His arms windmill in an attempt to balance himself, but the momentum is too much, and he topples over! Frantically, his arms grab for anything to hold onto, and somehow his hands find a cable hanging from the rafters...

**Rezin:**

*(Wilhelm scream)*

Back out in the arena, from off the side of the stage, REZIN suddenly comes swinging through the curtains partitioning off the backstage area, dangling precariously from an electric cable attached to the arena ceiling.

**Rezin:**

AAAAAHHH!!

**DDK:**

Well... that's one way to make an entrance.

**Lance:** *(likely tapping his temple with his forefinger)*

Can't trip down the rampway if you don't *use* the rampway, Keebs.

Despite his panic, the Faithful greet the Goat Bastard with a resounding cheer as he comes swinging in over the heads like Tarzan (or *Strawrzan*, if you will). Coming over the ring, Darren Quimbey has to duck before having his resplendent perm hairstyle buzzed by the four-time former Favoured Saints Champion.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, our first contest this evening will be a singles contest scheduled for one fall!

Swinging by for another pass, Rezin releases the cord and drops into the ring. Graceful as always, he sticks the landing... using his face.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first, now in the ring... hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... making his RETURN to the DEFIANCE ring...

The dopesmoking daredevil sits up, looking somewhere between confused and concussed.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The ESCAPE ARTIST... RRRREEEEEEZZZZZZIIIIIIINNNN!!!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

♪ "Unbalanced" by Jon Jimston ♪

A chugging, generic guitar riff blasts through the PA. Through the entry-way appears a yellow and blue blur that immediately begins charging down the rampway in a sprint. The Faithful jeer the moment they recognize Scott Hunter... who for tonight, has colorful tassels around his arms and boots, along with complimentary facepaint in two "V" shapes.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the opponent, coming to the ring! Hailing from Parts Unknown, Florida, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-five pounds... he is the UUUUUULLLLLLTIMAAATE HUNTERRRRR!!!

**DDK:**

What is going on with Scott Hunter tonight? Certainly has a bit of pep to his step...

**Lance:**

He looks foked tonight, Keebs.

**DDK:**

What?

**Lance:**

Foked. Like, you know... focused?

**DDK:**

That's the dumbest thing I ever heard.

Rezin is only just getting his bearings in the ring when Scott slides in, pops to his feet, and sends him careening across the mat with a running lariat. Rezin ends up in a twisted heap in the corner while Hunter incessantly shakes the ring ropes. Johnny Fastcountini quickly cues for the bell...

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

There's the bell to begin the first match of DEFCON, but Rezin, caught off guard by Hunter's unfathomable energy, looks to have already been knocked into next Wednesday!

**Lance:**

Talk about starting things off on the wrong foot. Rezin barely had time to prepare himself.

**DDK:**

Although if we're being fair here... you could probably give Rezin a week to prepare, and he'd still show up late.

**Lance:**

Good point.

Rezin's eyes are rolling around in his head as he struggles to pull himself back to his feet using the ropes. By the time he's back up, he walks straight into a scoop slam where Hunter puts him to the mat with another gusto to give him a bounce off the canvas. The Escape Artist rolls over onto his knees, his mouth and eyes wide open in an expression of agony, only for Hunter to hoist him back up with a waistcoat.

**DDK:**

ATOMIC DROP by the Ultimate Hunter!

The Goat Bastard staggers on his tiptoes, clutching his posterior.

**Rezin:**

AAHH!! MY PROBE GOT KNOCKED CROOKED!!

**Lance:**

His what?!

**DDK:**

Hunter into the ropes now with a head full of steam... ANOTHER RUNNING LARIAT!! Rezin bumps off the canvas and scrambles up... THERE'S ANOTHER!!

Scott ping-pongs himself off all four sets of ropes, arm extended and connecting with the discombobulated Escape Artist on every pass with a stiff-armed clothesline that sends him careening wickedly off every devastating impact. Hunter caps off the offensive flurry by throwing himself into the air for a jumping shoulder block that sends Rezin twirling into the corner, bouncing violently back to the mat after his chest crashes into the turnbuckles.

**DDK:**

Scott Hunter is completely routing Rezin in his in-ring return to DEFIANCE!

**Lance:**

I think it's safe to say he wasn't expecting the POWER of the Ultimate Hunter here tonight!

Hunter takes one more bounce off the ropes and crashes down on Rezin's ribs with the HUNTER SPLASH!

**Rezin:**

*BLEHGK!!*

With one final wild spasm of pain, Rezin goes limp. Hunter climbs up to his feet, parks a boot onto the Goat Bastard's chest, and triumphantly pumps both arms.

**DDK:**

Hunter with the pin! Don't tell me that's it...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!! MY GOD, THAT IS IT!! Scott Hunter just DESTROYED Rezin in a completely one-sided battle!

**DING DING DING**



**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... THE UUUUULLLLTTTIMAATE HUNTERRRRRR!!!

Chunking guitar riffs play over the PA once more as Hunter continues to tear across the ring and pump his arms into the air with unstable levels of energy. When the celebration is over, he leaves the ring and charges back up the rampway, disappearing as suddenly as he arrived. In the ring, Rezin continues to lay spread out and unmoving.

**Lance:**

I don't think Scott Hunter ever stopped running for even a second during the whole time he was out here.

**DDK:**

He's definitely enthusiastic about tonight. On the other hand, "The Escape Artist" Rezin's long-anticipated return to the DEFIANCE ring comes with a whimper instead of a bang. And once more, he's failed to get a win over Vae Victis. Could it be ring rust from taking time off to recover from an injury?

**Lance:**

More like brain rust, Keebs...

**DDK:**

The DEFMed crew are assisting Rezin back to the locker room... hopefully he'll get the help he needs. Meanwhile, DEFCON is only getting started! Tag team action coming up next!

## BRONSON BOX & GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. CYRUS BATES & TERESA AMES

### Lance:

Up next, folks, it's a tag match that has been brewing for some time now! We all remember when Malak Garland fought none other than Bronson Box in a hellish WARCHAMBER match not too long ago, right?

### DDK:

Well since then, Malak has gone on to chase for FIST, despite everyone's disdain for that man but something really interesting developed from his pursuit. It has left the remaining Comments Section members, namely Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames to toil against the fearsome duo of Gage Blackwood and The Wargod himself.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

### Darren Quimbey:

This contest is a tag team match! Introducing first, from Fort Worth, Texas and Joliet, Illinois respectively, THE TEAM OF CYRUS BATES AND TERESA AMES!

Ames and Bates walk out on stage. They salute the left side of the entrance video screens, you know, the side showing all the CGI snow falling because they are hella loyal like that before linking arms and trotting down to the ring like the best friends they are or at least pretend to be.

### DDK:

Look at Teresa Ames. Such wasted talent, right Lance? I mean, the people once loved on her and she turned them down quicker than a hiccup.

Ames looks over to Darren Quimbey. She licks her lips and winks his way. The ring announcer is truly shaken as he points to his wedding ring in the most unprepared way possible.

### Lance:

I'd run for the hills if I were Quimbey.

### Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, from Scotland, GAGE BLACKWOOD AND BRONSON BOX! BOXWOOD!

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

The Faithful are hot as the Scotmen match down the rampway, dressed in their usual attire.

### DDK:

Nothing fancy about this DEFCON entrance, they've come to fight!

Ames and Bates wait in their corner but it doesn't take long for either Box or Blackwood to enter the ring.

Box, in particular, wants the bell to ring RIGHT NOW. Then again, so does Gage.

### DDK:

I think we're going to see Blackwood start against Ames here, in flashbacks of prior DEFCONS.

### DING DING

Blackwood takes off for Teresa Ames but she has second thoughts, racing back to her corner and making a tag to Cyrus Bates.

Bates' eyes go wide. He looks at Teresa and then back at Blackwood. It's as if he doesn't want a part of the angry Scotsman, either!

**DDK:**

It WAS Cyrus who drugged Gage Blackwood, causing Malak Garland of all people to score an easy victory against the former FIST of DEFIANCE.

**Lance:**

Well Gage is seeking revenge on the guy who drugged him or seeking revenge on his ex-wife. Man, talk about win-win.

**DDK:** [lightly chuckling in agreement]

Stop.

Ames DEMANDS Bates enter the ring so Search Party Cyrus shows himself by placing one foot through the ropes, while keeping his eyes on Blackwood who's rubbing his hands together.

Bates gets through the ropes but in a surprise move Bronson Box tags Blackwood on the back. Box races in and absolutely clobbers Bates to the mat, unloading shot after shot after shot. Meanwhile, Gage stands in the exact same spot. At first it looks like he was a little rattled by the whole thing but then seeing Cyrus get what he deserves... well, it eventually warms his heart.

Because Bronson lifts Bates and tosses him over to Gage Blackwood.

**WHAM!**

Hard, left forearm shot.

Down falls Bates to the mat like he's been TKO'ed.

Box doesn't cover. Instead, he shows his sheer power and hoists the massive Bates in the air with a fireman's carry and subsequent slam to the mat. Box KICKS Bates frequently in the back and promptly dusts his hands off, walks to the BOXWOOD corner and tags Blackwood in.

Gage shoots over the ropes with a missile dropkick straight into Cyrus' face. The Royal Tattoo leaves an imprint on the side of Cyrus' cheek as Blackwood pulls the Comments Section member to his feet and goes for a vertical suplex.

**DDK:**

Holy hell, the power!

Blackwood slams Bates to the mat but he doesn't go for the cover, either.

**Lance:**

I don't think these two care about winning right now. I think they want to inflict as much damage as possible.

**DDK:**

One-hundred-percent. This is also a direct message TO Malak Garland, they are coming for him next. Specifically Bronson Box who lost to Malak in WARCHAMBER.

**Lance:**

Gage has a score to settle, as well.

Blackwood with hard backhand chops to Bates puts the Search Party in a free corner of the ring. Gage Irish whips Bates across to the other ropes and RIGHT as Cyrus hits the buckle he's met in the back with a clothesline from Blackwood. The Noble Raider pushes Bates to the mat below as he props himself up on the second buckle and leaps off with an elbow into the heart.

Mark Shields slides onto the canvas and starts counting for a pinfall... except Gage wasn't pinning, he was merely lifting Cyrus up.

**DDK:**

What the hell is Mark doing?

**Lance:**

I don't know.

Shields realizes at the count of TWO there's no pinfall so he says "my bad" to all parties, as if it matters, and goes back to calling the action.

Blackwood pops Bates in the mouth. Once. Twice. Thrice. Four times. Bates starts to bleed from the bottom of his lip. Blackwood hurls Bates into the ropes and then knocks him under the jaw with a spinning roundhouse kick.

With The Bellicose Brawler on the mat, Blackwood mounts him and reigns down shot after shot after shot, BUSTING that bottom lip open even further.

**DDK:**

I don't think these are legal blows.

Full blown, closed fist punches into Bates' face, only for Gage to look across the ring, at his ex wife.

**Gage Blackwood:**

YER' NEXT YA BAW JUGG-

Bates is trying to crawl away but this time, not on Gage's watch.

BAM!

Solid knee to the side of the head.

Blackwood stomps over to his corner and tags in Box. Both of them collect Bates and go for a double suplex. Finally, Blackwood races towards TERESA AMES in the hopes he catches her off guard-

NO! Ames was ready! She drops off the apron and Blackwood stumbles out of the ring. Unfortunately for Gage, replays show he also hits his head on the ring post as he raced over in a fury.

Bronson Box watches, concern spreading across his face. He goes back to hammering Bates with punches while also trying to peer over the apron and see if his partner is okay. He isn't able to figure out what's going on.

Coy and clever as hell, Ames grins as she realizes an opportunity to strike is at hand. She slides off the apron and sees Gage Blackwood on his knees, rubbing the side of his head before realizing the Princess of Persistence stands before him. She grabs him by the chin.

**Teresa Ames:**

I LOVED YOU! WHY DO YOU PUT ME THROUGH SUCH HELL!?

She smacks the taste right out of his mouth but doesn't get any time to celebrate. Instead, she realizes she's floating. Yes! Finally! Ames is flying!

**DDK:**

Box is lifting Ames by her hair onto the apron!

Ames realizes she doesn't have magical powers and looks to lower her weight. The only thing is, in comparison, she's about as heavy as a feather to The Wargod, so dropping down and trying to pull Box across the top rope fails miserably.

**DDK:**

What's Box going to do!?

He winds up and swings for the fences but misses with a clothesline. The arachnid-like Ames weaves her web of despair as she jumps on Box's back and locks in a crucifix with the ropes tangled between them. All this action gives Bates enough time to recover, who notices Box is caught up in the witch's webbing.

**Lance:**

Bates with a shoulder thrust into Box's exposed ribcage!

He delivers a few more shots until the last one jars Ames from Box's muscular body but the job is done. Box is left doubled over in pain as Ames and Bates tag each other in. Ames prances her way around the ring as Box keeps a keen eye on her. She can't be trusted.

**DDK:**

I don't think this is going to work out well for Teresa, despite her being in full command at the moment.

**Lance:**

No doubt. Bronson Box looks like an ANGRY beast.

The Wargod pounces, but misses once more. Ames reaches back and catches Box with a super kick! It doesn't take him off his feet. Box turns, faces Ames fully and calls for another one. She delivers and Box barely takes a step back. He asks for one more. She obliges. He catches the foot mere inches before the heel connects with his nose. The fans know Teresa is in deep doo doo.

**DDK:**

Bates is trying to get in the ring but Gage has him by the ankles!

Box wags a finger to The Cute N QWERTY Gurl before flinging her up for a thunderous running powerslam! The apron flaps upon impact! Box isn't done, either. He gorilla press slams Ames from as high as his reach can go! Ames stumbles into the corner and is met with a fierce barrage of uppercuts, elbows and a leg sweep combo finale!

**Lance:**

Bates is in!

Gage runs back to his corner and Box sees his untagged foe coming. Box ducks, allowing Bates to run head first into Ames!

**DDK:**

GERMAN SUPLEX TO BATES!

Cyrus' head bounces off the canvas as Box rolls Ames into a package suplex!

**Lance:**

Bronson Box is UNLOADING on The Comments Section and it's about damn time!

After a leg drop to Ames, Box tags Blackwood in who wastes absolutely zero time. He grips Ames around the arms and throws her backwards, nailing a nice release tiger suplex! Gage doesn't stop there as he notices Bates and he runs into him with a low shoulder tackle!

**DDK:**

Each man getting in their much awaited shots on Ames and Bates!

Hurting, Cyrus scrambles back to his corner and Ames is reaching for thin air. Gage runs off the ropes and hooves Teresa in the hip!

**Lance:**

German suplex by Gage!

Ames is flying around the ring and not for the right reasons. Cyrus tries reaching out for a tag but he's too far away. He looks and sees a confident Bronson Box on the opposite apron and pulls his hand back just an inch or two. Meanwhile, Blackwood pummels Ames around the ring with a DDT and then a deadeye backdrop!

**DDK:**

Ames needs to tag out bad! She's taking a beating!

Disoriented, she reaches around, trying to grab something before Blackwood latches onto her hair. He lifts her up and holds her there for the longest stalling suplex of the night!

**Lance:**

I don't care if she's tiny! Holding a wrestler up like that for this amount of time is insane!

All the blood rushes to her head, for once as the crowd counts the seconds that tick by with her raised high in the air.

**DDK:**

I don't think Gage has any intention of letting her down easily!

Blackwood holds her up with no issue. In fact, he walks over to his corner and tags Box in. He hands her to Box on a silver platter. Box keeps her held high. Heck, he holds her even HIGHER!

**Lance:**

The show of strength! The fortitude! It's almost as if Box and Blackwood are playing a game with each other!

Box not only lifts Ames higher but longer than Blackwood did before tagging him back in. Cyrus Bates is left helpless on the sidelines due to fear of getting his teeth getting kicked in so he watches two men take turns on manhandling Teresa Ames, not unlike what happens in many of her sick and twisted dreams.

TAG!

In pops Box.

TAG!

In pops Blackwood until FINALLY, Gage jumps backwards!

WHAM!

Ames' body smashes the mat as the fans applaud the longest stalling vertical suplex witnessed by an audience in the modern era!

**DDK:**

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Teresa somehow stays in the fight by darting her shoulder up. Gage looks to continue fighting until Bronson Box tags himself in. Gage looks at Box for a second before getting out of the way.

**DDK:**

Did Box just tag himself in!?

**Lance:**

It looks like it!

Ames gets twirled up into a powerbomb before Box throws her into the turnbuckle!

WHACK!

**DDK:**

Box nail Ames with the BOMBASTO Bomb!

Instead of pinning his prey, Box throws Teresa to her corner. Bates looks down with a worried look on his face. Bronson dares Cyrus to tag in.

**DDK:**

Look at this! Box had Ames dead to rights and is basically allowing Bates to tag in.

Cyrus takes a second before gently slapping Ames' back, enabling his legal entry into the contest. He comes in swinging and for the most part, Box absorbs the shots if he doesn't dodge them. Gage returns to his spot and watches as Box exudes WARGOD MODE and grabs Bates' swinging fist out of thin air. Bronson smirks as he pinches Bates at the wrist. Cyrus twinges in pain before being on the receiving end of a BOMBASTO Bomb of his own!

**Lance:**

Utter domination!

Bates falls to the canvas and Box hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING! DING! DING!**

The realization that Bronson Box just destroyed two of the more impressive Comments Section members sets into the arena. Everyone is very impressed to say the least, including Gage who just looks on as if he really did witness two devastating BOMBASTO Bombs. Bates and Ames end up in a heap as Box gets his arm raised in victory.

**Darren Quimbey:**

FAITHFUL, HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS, BOXWOOD!!!!!!!!!!!!

Bronson Box looks over to Gage and nods approvingly.

**DDK:**

BOXWOOD gains a shred of retribution over The Comments Section here tonight!

**Lance:**

Don't bury the lead either, Darren! Gage had this match in complete control and Bronson Box came in and took it to a whole other level with a pair of BOMBASTO Bombs that put things away.

Blackwood jumps off the apron and walks up the ramp, slightly ahead of Box as Bates and Ames collect themselves in the ring.

## THE ROAD TO DEFCON: Uriel Cortez vs. Mil Vuelas

A split screen opens up to the next segment. On the left side, the back of Mil Vuelas as he zips up his body suit. On the right, Uriel Cortez putting the finishing touches on his own ring gear, also turned away from the camera.

Voiceovers are heard from Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

### DDK:

The next match tonight? A very personal one. FOUR YEARS in the making! A battle between best friends and brothers that we thought we would never see is about to happen before our very eyes, Lance. Up next... the leader of Titanes Familia, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez, takes on his ex-tag team partner, ex-best friend... might as well be an ex-brother... Mil Vuelas.

### Lance:

Mil Vuelas -- formerly known as Minute -- came together with Uriel Cortez just before DEFCON 2020 to form The Sky High Titans. Over time, they evolved to become Los Tres Titanes with the inclusion of Titaness, then Titanes Familia with Dan Leo James. The names have changed, but for four years, the bond was thought to be unbreakable.... But how wrong we were.

### DDK:

Two reigns as Unified Tag Team Titles together. Facing and defeating some of the best teams to ever do it in DEFIANCE. The Stevens Dynasty. Fuse Bros 360. Team HOSS. The Lucky Sevens. Pop Culture Phenoms. Through bad times and good, Uriel Cortez and Mil Vuelas were best friends... until DEFtv 198 when Uriel Cortez showed his true colors and threw all of that out the window. Let's have a look back at the road to this next match.

### Lance:

And a special thank you to The Siege for the use of their single, "Arise" with the video you are about to see...

And to the DEFIAtron we go...

♪ Remember back in the day  
When you taught me to live and I taught you to pray?  
We went into battle together  
No matter the weather, we never delayed ♪

### DEFCON 2020

**March 10th, 2020**

After the three-count Minute rolls off of the massive body of George Stevens and holds his ribs in pain! Uriel leans back and punches the air with excitement! Uriel runs over and throws Minute onto his shoulders!

### DDK:

THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! WE HAVE NEW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! URIEL CORTEZ AND MINUTE HAVE BOTH WON THEIR FIRST MAJOR CHAMPIONSHIPS IN DEFIANCE!

♪ You gave me commands, I always obeyed  
I never let you go astray, I  
Never thought I'd see the day that  
You would come up to betray me ♪

### MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2020

**June 3rd, 2020**

### Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... AND NEW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... URIEL CORTEZ AND MINUTE... THE SKY HIGH TITANS!



**DDK:**

THEY'VE DONE IT! FOR THE SECOND TIME, THE SKY HIGH TITANS HAVE BECOME THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY FINALLY TURN BACK THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS!

♪ Sick of playing silly games, you  
Never loved me anyway, you  
Should not have let me get away, 'cause  
Now I'm hunting for my prey, I'm  
Bigger, I'm better, my mind is a weapon ♪

**DEFCON 2021****April 29th, 2021**

The aftermath of The Sky High Titans and The Saturday Night Specials vs. The Stevens Dynasty and Lucky Sevens! The Titans and SNS are victorious, thus earning five minutes alone with their hated enemy, Tom Morrow.

Uriel Cortez DRIVES Morrow into the mat with the industry Standard slam! Followed by Minute hitting the Springboard 450 splash!

♪ I won't ever let it be cheddar  
Break me down and I'ma just get up  
They ask me how I did it  
I'ma just tell 'em I rose up ♪

**DEFtv 153 Night Two****May 27th, 2021**

Minute is handed the championship and holds it close as a frustrated Jack Mace holds his chest and rolls outside the ring, shoving away a trainer in process as he takes a deep breath. The camera then pans toward the ring again where Uriel Cortez and Titaness are coming down to celebrate with their friend.

**DDK:**

What a whirlwind month it has been for Los Tres Titanes! They vanquish Tom Morrow at DEFCON, Cortez defeated ADV on UNCUT in a brutal Falls Count Anywhere match tonight... Minute becomes the new Favoured Saints Champion!

Titaness helps Minute up and Cortez motions for the Favoured Saints Title. Minute Titaness now helps a beaten and sore Minute up while the massive Titan of Industry needs to get to a knee level to be able to put the belt on Minute's waist for him. After some work, Minute wears the title proudly and can't hide the smile beneath his mask. He poses with the championship as Titaness flexes behind him and Uriel does the same behind her, creating a photo-op for The Faithful!

♪ I'm a survivor (I'm a survivor)  
Fight for my life (fight for my life)  
Coming back stronger (coming back stronger)  
I will arise (I will arise) ♪

**BRAZEN: Clash of the BRAZEN****July 29th, 2022**

Dan Leo James knocks Killjoy out of the Ascension Battle Royale, thus earning a spot on the main roster! He is handed a t-shirt.

Just after this... the Titans become "Titanes Familia!"

♪ I'm a survivor (I'm a survivor)  
Fight for my life (fight for my life)

Coming back stronger (coming back stronger)  
I will arise (I will arise) ♪

### **Acts of DEFIANCE: Night One** **October 5th, 2022**

Uriel Cortez and Titaness defeat The Lucky Sevens to win the Unified Tag Team Titles! Moments later... a wrestling shotgun wedding officiated by Thomas Keeling! Minute is Uriel's best man with Dan Leo James being the ring-bearer!

#### **DDK:**

Well... this is not how I pictured us ending tonight's show.. at all... but here we go! Uriel Cortez and Titaness make history tonight! Married AS the Unified Tag Team Champions!

Titanes Familia celebrate on the stage for the first time as husband and wife!

♪ Staring at you from afar  
Analyzing every scar  
Asking myself how we got here  
Remember this is who we are ♪

### **DEFIANCE Road: Night One** **January 25th, 2023**

Favoured Saints Six-Way Fray

Ned Reform © vs. TA Cole vs. Teresa Ames vs. Uriel Cortez vs. Titaness vs. Minute

#### **DDK:**

Minute breaks up the pin and saves Reform's title!

A collective "OHHHHHH" rises up from the New York Faithful as Uriel angrily gets to his feet... and gets in the face (or at least as close as he can) of his long time tag team partner! Minute, despite the size difference, doesn't back down an inch.

#### **Uriel Cortez:**

I HAD HIM! HE WAS DONE! HE'S BEEN FUCKING WITH US FOR MONTHS!

#### **Minute:**

NO! Every man for himself! YOU don't get to decide who wins!

♪ I am not here for revenge  
I did not come to make amends  
I'm not here to repent for my sins  
I just came here to win ♪

### **DEFtv 191** **August 23, 2023**

Moments after Jestal attacks Uriel Cortez's mother...

Slater goes nose to nose with the larger Cortez, who starts to back down...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Then CHOPS Slater so hard, he falls to the mat!

**Lance:**

Uriel Cortez has lost it!

**DDK:**

Don't do this! Don't do this!

The Devils Circus looks on from the rampway only Jestal and Morrow are laughing, Ali'i has a stone cold glare into the ring. Uriel grabs Slater as the crowd gives a decidedly mixed reaction... then POWERBOMBS him into the mat!

♪ I just came here to end  
I just came here to fight  
Show you everything you said I couldn't be  
I became overnight ♪

**DEFIANCE Road: Night One**  
**January 17th, 2024**

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!

He rips the shirt off Dan!

♪ This for the blood, this is for the tears  
This is for my pen and my plight  
Two walked in, but only one of us is  
walking out of here tonight ♪

**DEFtv 198**  
**February 15th, 2024**

The night that Uriel Cortez welcomed Killjoy into the group... and Mil kicked out. Titaness SPEARING Mil Vueltras! Followed by Killjoy picking Mil and THROWING him off the interview stage through a table on the outside of the ring! Uriel Cortez standing back and watching the orders he gave being carried out!

♪ I'm a survivor (I'm a survivor)  
Fight for my life (fight for my life)  
Coming back stronger (coming back stronger)  
I will arise (I will arise) ♪

**DEFtv 200**  
**March 13th, 2024**

Mil Vueltras and Uriel Cortez face to face, making their match at DEFCON official... followed by Mil Vueltras catching Uriel Cortez with a low blow as retribution for what he did! He flees the ring with Thomas Keeling!

♪ I'm a survivor (I'm a survivor)  
Fight for my life (fight for my life)  
Coming back stronger (coming back stronger)

I will arise (I will arise) ♪

**DEFtv 201**

**March 27th, 2024**

Thomas tries to get away, but Uriel PLANTS a foot firmly down on his hand to make sure he can't get away. He slowly starts to reach around his pants and undoes his belt buckle... then starts to quickly bundle it up...

**Lance:**

No, no, no, no, no, don't do this!

Thomas struggles against the giant...

**WHACK!**

...and Uriel STRIKES him across his back with the belt! Over and over and over again!

**WHACK!**

**WHACK!**

**WHACK!**

**WHACK!**

**DDK:**

WE NEED SOME HELP OUT HERE! THIS HAS GONE WAY TOO FAR!

**WHACK!**

**WHACK!**

**WHACK!**

Lance:

THIS HAS TO STOP! NOW!

Following the heinous attack on the man that brought him into DEFIANCE in 2018, the music comes to an end as Uriel Cortez and Mil Vuelas now come face to face in a graphic.

**DEFCON 2024**  
**URIEL CORTEZ VS. MIL VUELTAS**

## URIEL CORTEZ vs. MIL VUELTAS

Following the conclusion of the video package, the opening bell rings for the next match to come!

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first...

A ticking clock is heard...

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

♪ Two thousand on thermometers  
Two thousand surroundin' us  
Travel two thousand kilometers to hang out with us  
What's up, danger? (Danger)  
What's up, danger? (Danger) ♪

But nobody appears on the stage. Instead... a spotlight shines all over the arena. Scanning The Faithful all over across the Crypto.com Arena, its light traverses the scope. From floors to mezzanine, it continues to travel, then makes its way back up as three words flash on the DEFIatron

**JUST.  
LOOK.  
UP.**

With an arrow pointing in the direction of where the spotlight rests in the upper levels!

♪ Ayy, didn't know they doubted us  
Makes it that more marvelous  
Sign 'em up, 'cause ominous vibes and I get synonymous  
What's up, danger?  
Ayy, don't be a stranger ♪

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

### DDK:

OH, MY GOODNESS! LOOK, LANCE!

### Lance:

WHAT'S HE THINKING?!

Wearing a red and black variant of his "Just Look Up" gear in the colors of Miles Morales Spider-Man, The Faithful roar as Mil Vultas stands stoically from one of the upper levels of the Crypto.com Arena! He points down towards the ring...

THEN HEADS DOWN TO THE STAGE VIA ZIP-LINE!

### DDK:

LISTEN TO THE OVATION FOR MIL VUELTAS!

♪ 'Cause I like high chances that I might lose (Lose)  
I like it all on the edge just like you, ayy  
I like tall buildings so I can leap off of 'em  
I go hard wit' it no matter how dark it is ♪

After his dangerous descent, The Man of a Thousand Flips sticks the landing on the center of the aisleway! He undoes

the harness, then points to either side, then to the ring. He charges forward, leaps up and ROLLS through the ropes to land belly-first, then does a front flip up to his feet in the middle of the ring! He shouts as loudly as he can and points all around the arena as he prepares to flip with each nickname announced!

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first... and if you want to see him, just look up... weighing in at 168 pounds... He is The Ace of Space! The Dynast of the Dive! The Sultan of the Shooting Star! The GIF That Keeps on Giving! The Man of a Thousand Flips...

He finally stops!

### **Darren Quimbey:**

**MIL VUELTAS!**

### **Lance:**

Mil Vueltas looks determined tonight. When this all started with Mil being thrown out of Titanes Familia, I never thought things would go as far as they have. Uriel and the Familia not only did what they did to their best friend... Uriel took that belt and whipped Thomas Keeling! A man that in many ways, was like a father to Uriel and Mil! He's the one who brought them together in the first place!

### **DDK:**

Indeed. I never thought I'd see the day, but we have to realize this is happening whether we want it or not. Mil Vueltas is not going to stand idly by and let a man he once thought of as a brother get away with all that he's done, no matter the size difference.

Mil clears the ring and gets himself ready -- both physically, as well as mentally -- as his theme fades out, giving way to that of the man he never thought he'd be facing until recently.

Pitch black.

The lights darken all throughout the arena... then gold laser lights begin to shine all across the stage...

*♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal  
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia  
Father, father, could you bless his soul?  
He talking crazy, I may lose control  
It's always trouble when they go too far  
Nobody mess with my familia ♪*

*♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪*

One gold spotlight begins to shine on the stage, revealing the TITANIC form of one Uriel Cortez. Wearing golden rounded sunglasses, a brand new black singlet and pants with gold trim, he turns around and points a thumb to the words on the back of his vest: "Papa's Home."

### **Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... from The City Of Industry, California, standing at seven-foot one and weighing in THREE-HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE POUNDS... he is **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE"... URIEL CORTEZ!**

Booing fills the arena still lit only by a gold spotlight as The Man of the House slowly marches towards the ring. With a cold stare through his gold-tinted sunglasses, Cortez inches closer to the squared circle.

### **DDK:**

The last time that Uriel Cortez competed in Los Angeles with his home town nearby of the City of Industry, he not only won the Unified Tag Team Titles in the main event with Titaness, but they were MARRIED soon after with Thomas Keeling officiating that very wedding.

**Lance:**

Mil... Dan Leo James... Thomas Keeling. All these men were much like FAMILY to Uriel.. But if THIS is how he treats people that he once considered family... I worry for the safety of Mil Vultas.

The Man of the House sheds his vest and tosses it to the floor. He snatches the top rope and pulls himself up, then steps over the ropes to enter the ring. He looks down at Mil and the camera catches a close-up of the reflection of a vengeful Mil Vultas staring back at his former tag team partner and best friend.

**DDK:**

Mil is going to need to use that speed advantage any way he can if he wants to overcome Uriel Cortez. Cortez has been part of DEFIANCE for the past six years, but this is the most dangerous I've ever seen him.

**Lance:**

Both men so different, but very similar career paths! Both these men are multiple-time Unified Tag Team Champion... Mil with two, Uriel with three reigns. Two of those with each other. Both men are former Favoured Saints Champions.

Uriel slowly removes his gold-tinted sunglasses and what has become his signature red Ojo bracelet on his right arm. Once he's ready in his ring gear, he stares down Mil...

***DING DING***

Neither the fastest man in DEFIANCE, nor the largest competitor in DEFIANCE move from their spots right away.

*JUST LOOK UP!*

*JUST LOOK UP!*

*JUST LOOK UP!*

**DDK:**

This is near Uriel's hometown, but these people are FIRMLY in Mil's corner tonight!

The chants ring out, but Mil shuts them out. Uriel flashes Mil a confident smile and waves at his hand to take his best shot. When The Man of a Thousand Flips doesn't take the bait, Uriel decides he's going to do so instead. He slowly stalks his former best friend in the corner, but when he gets there... Mil slips to the side! Uriel hits the corner and when he turns, he feels a sharp kick against his leg! Uriel barely winces and looks down at Mil, who realizes he's gotta do quite a bit more to try and chop down the monster.

**DDK:**

The first shot is officially fired by Mil! I can tell, he wants to jump in there after what happened to Thomas Keeling, but bumrushing Uriel Cortez may not work because he might expect it!

**Lance:**

Yeah, good call. Mil has to be careful. He can run circles around the giant, but Uriel only has to catch him ONCE!

The Man of the House starts to approach Mil Vultas, but Mil sidesteps him once again and goes for a low dropkick to the knee! He gets back up and fires off one! Two! Three! Several big kicks to the leg tag Uriel, but Papa Tez gets his other leg up, puts a boot in his chest and SHOVES him backwards across the ring! Mil is left blinking up at the lights on the mat while The Faithful are gasping in shock at how far he's kicked!

**DDK:**

GOODNESS! MIL GOT LAUNCHED! THAT WAS JUST A PUSH KICK WITH THAT BOOT!

**Lance:**

And look at Uriel!

Smirking proudly, Uriel gets his foot up and mimics brushing dust off the bottom of his heel before he checks his other

leg. Mil Vueltas holds his chest in pain and tries to roll back to his feet. Uriel tries to inch over and starts stalking his former best friend. He goes towards him...

**PFT!**

...And the fans CHEER as a splotch of what looks like spit hits Uriel square in the chest! Cortez looks down at Mil and

**Lance:**

What is Mil Vueltas thinking? He just SPIT at Uriel!

**DDK:**

The last time Mil Vueltas took a cheap shot at Uriel Cortez to save himself... Thomas Keeling got whipped like a dog with his belt. What does Mil think is going to happen to him?

The blood in Uriel's body starts to boil over, but before The Man of the House can even react, Mil has already rolled out of the ring and he dares Uriel to come after him. Cortez takes the bait and then steps over the ropes to chase Mil on the floor!

**DDK:**

Oh! I think this has to be some kind of gameplan! We have seen Uriel's notorious temper come out from time to time over the years and Mil is taking a gamble messing with that.

**Lance:**

And Uriel's going after him! He BETTER start running!

The Man of the House charges forward after Mil Vueltas like the monster in a horror movie that Mil wants no part of. He keeps on waving for Uriel to come get him and then slides into the ring... but stops when he feels a pair of hands grab him by the leg!

**Lance:**

Oh, no... Uriel's got him!

Uriel YANKS Mil out of the ring with one hand and pulls him out of the ring before pulling him against the guard rail! The Ace of Space has very little space now between himself and the patriarch of Titanes Familia standing in front of him. Uriel stands over him and then has a look on his face that indicates that he only has bad intentions in mind.

**DDK:**

That might not have been smart...

And Darren is proven right...

**THWACK!**

...as Uriel SMACKS him with one solid chop to the chest that knocks Mil all the way flat to the floor! He kicks his legs frantically in pain and he holds his chest.

**DDK:**

Good GOD! The gamble did not pay off at all!

Uriel takes a moment to revel in the fact he just chopped the living daylights out of Mil. He shakes his hand and then quickly fits his huge body under the bottom rope, then goes back outside the ring in order to reset the official's count.

**Lance:**

Smart by Uriel to reset the count. All the more to dish out more pain on Mil!



He puts a boot on Mil's chest on the floor and PRESSES DOWN!

**Uriel Cortez:**

You're gonna pull THAT crap? On ME?! You're going to spit on me? Like you spit on your friendship?!

**DDK:**

What is THIS nonsense? Uriel is the one who turned his back on Mil! Dan! Thomas Keeling! All of them in favor of Titaness and Killjoy!

The Faithful JEER Uriel as he holds up his hands and then picks up Mil from the ringside floor. He goes to pin Mil up against the ring post with a hand. Mil tries to struggle, but a boot catches The Man of a Thousand Flips in the chest. As he's doubled over in pain, Uriel gets another chop ready...

**CLANG!**

...that MISSES!

**DDK:**

Uriel misses! Uriel misses the chop against the barricade! He caught the hand!

**Lance:**

And Mil has a chance now!

Mil slips back into the ring while Uriel Cortez holds his hand in pain! He waves it frantically and growls under his breath. When Mil Vultas finally has a chance, he uses it by running towards the corner and then catching Uriel's hand with a running baseball slide kick through the ropes! The Man of The House holds his hand in pain!

**DDK:**

And now Mil going for the hand! That might be a great way to take down the Titan!

Uriel curses out loud and shakes his head, leaving him completely unguarded when Mil ZIPS through the ropes and then manages to connect with a head-first suicide dive through the ropes that catches Uriel in the chest!

**DDK:**

Vultas is chopping him down! He's chopping him down!

**Lance:**

And you know that Mil Vultas is full of heart! He'll throw himself at Uriel full speed as many times as it takes before he chops him down!

The Man of the House is now holding his chest in pain when Mil heads back into the ring. Once again, DEFIANCE's Fastest Man launches himself across the ring and then once more, ZIPS through the ropes, this time with a HUGE cannonball-style suicide dive catching Uriel in the chest once more! Mil miraculously flops back and lands on his feet out of the dive just barely! Cortez is in pain up against the guardrail.

**DDK:**

Those dives of Mil's are so spectacular. He can come at you from any angle he chooses and he's only limited to his imagination, but he's using speedy attacks to keep Uriel at bay!

**Lance:**

He is... but Uriel is on his feet STILL!

Sure enough, he is as Mil Vultas waits on Uriel to get back inside the ring. Cortez is still disoriented and then slides back into the ring... but a 540 kick from Mil catches the downed Uriel upside his head! Now Uriel favors the back of his head as The Man of a Thousand Flips goes back to his feet. When he stands up, Mil runs off the ropes again...

**THWACK!**

...but a second chop from his OTHER hand drops him back down to the canvas! Mil spins mid-air before hit hits the canvas!

**DDK:**

I don't believe that! Mil hit Uriel with everything he could for the past minute or two, but in just one move... ONE MOVE... a chop from the good hand turns the tide once again!

Uriel is still shaking his right hand, but now he stands up to his full height over Mil Vultas and then looks out to The Faithful. He soaks in the jeers, then he grabs Mil's hand!

**Lance:**

What's he doing?

Uriel looks out, then STEPS down on Mil's hand! Mil is howling in pain as Uriel stands over him and talks trash to the luchador.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I'll tell you what I told MV1, Mil! Do unto others in this house!

The Titan of Industry finally moves his boot off Mil's hand, leaving the luchador shaking his entire arm in pain!

**DDK:**

The way he is, I hate to give Uriel Cortez credit for anything... but that being said, he has really improved his in-ring work. Not just using his size, but applying pressure where he needs. When Vultas grips those ropes for his springboard moves, he might have a hard time doing so.

**Lance:**

And that's if Uriel will even let him!

Mil is hurt when Uriel grabs him by the arm and then whips him into the corner. The young luchador is hurt, but it gets even worse when Uriel CRUSHES him in the corner with a big running back splash in the corner! Mil is hurt, but Cortez hangs on to him before he falls. He THROWS Mil out of the corner with a huge biel throw!

**DDK:**

GOODNESS! Did you see how far Mil Vultas got thrown across that ring?!

The replay shows on the DEFIAtron for those not watching Uriel delivering this punishment! One shows Mil in slow mo being hurled across the ring before bouncing off the mat!

**Lance:**

Oh, no... and you know what I noticed?

**DDK:**

What's that?

**Lance:**

No pinfalls in this match by Uriel Cortez at all. I think he's living up to his word. He's here to HURT Mil Vultas tonight.

**DDK:**

You're RIGHT!

With the advantage on his side and seemingly in no hurry to rush his progress, Uriel now towers over Mil Vultas, who has no idea which way is up.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I warned you, Mateo. I warned you!

He goes over to hit a jumping stomp... but Mil moves! He rolls out of the way and quickly springs back up to hit a huge kick to the left leg as before! The Faithful cheer loudly as he gets up and fires off another kick! He fires off another!

**DDK:**

Mil's trying to fight back against Uriel, though! Anything he can do to try and chop him down, he's trying to do!

**Lance:**

Uriel tries a chop... MISSES!

The Man of a Thousand Flips rolls under the chop and then comes back up to clip the left knee with another dropkick! The Man of the House stumbles around as Mil tries to spring back to his feet. He checks his hand and shakes the pain out before he takes flight to the nearby ropes! He leaps off the middle rope and follows through with a springboard inside dropkick to the leg! Cortez holds his knee and is finally brought down to a knee!

**Lance:**

Mil Vueltas chops him down! He's got him down to a knee! Can he follow?

**DDK:**

The Faithful are cheering him on!

Vueltas rolls back to his feet, then tries again...

But he gets caught...

INVERTED CHOKESLAM!

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!

Mil gets SQUASHED with the big slam into the mat! The Ace of Space finds himself clutching at his chest while an angry Uriel stands up.

**DDK:**

Is Uriel Cortez about to put this away?!

The Man of The House pushes him over on his back and then puts a boot on his chest!

ONE...

But then Uriel stops and puts BOTH boots on Mil Vueltas, trying to crush him further! Mil Vueltas shouts in out in agony once more as Uriel steps over him and then checks his left knee again.

**Lance:**

No cover at all. Each time Mil Vueltas tries to get anything going, Uriel stops him and punishes him even more.

**DDK:**

I can't believe any of this. Think about everything these two have been through at DEFCON since coming together as a team. DEFCON 2020, they won the Unified Tag Team Championships together. 2021, they came together and finally got revenge on Tom Morrow. 2023, they had some issues then over the Favoured Saints Title, but they smoothed those out when they fought together against a returning Team HOSS.

**Lance:**

Just unreal, Darren.

With The Faithful completely jeering against him, Uriel grabs Mil and holds him up on the corner! He holds him...

Five seconds...

Ten seconds...

Then DRIVES him into the mat with a huge delayed body slam!

**DDK:**

Cortez smashes into Mil once again with that delayed body slam! He's taking his time trying to break Mil in half.

**Lance:**

How much more of this can he take? He's targeting that back and midsection with these attacks!

*BOOOOOOOOOO!*

Uriel smiles and then talks some more trash to Mil.

**Uriel Cortez:**

It didn't have to be this way! It really didn't! You could have been part of the winning team!

With Mil still down, Uriel goes for what looks like a big running senton! He leaps forward...

MISSED!

...but Mil moves and barely saves himself from punishment!

*RAAAAHHHHH!*

**DDK:**

NO! NO! THAT COULD HAVE ENDED THINGS, BUT MIL MOVES OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT SENTON!

After the bad landing, Cortez punches the mat and shouts out loud that he missed his big move. The Man of The House is cursing up a storm while Mil Vueltas is doing anything he can to make space by rolling away!

**Lance:**

Uriel Cortez took a calculated risk trying to leave his feet and it didn't pay off! This might be Mil's last shot at stringing together some offense, Keebs!

**DDK:**

That it might be!

Uriel tries to get on his knees, but The Man of a Thousand Flips comes out of literally nowhere and STRIKES him upside the head with a basement dropkick to the jaw! Uriel get stunned by the running dropkick as Mil makes it to his feet. When Mil rolls to his feet and then charges off the ropes and SMACKS Uriel with a big handspring gamengiri kick to the face! That blow is enough to send Uriel Cortez staggering over against the middle ropes as Mil gets up and feeds off the energy being given to him by The Faithful!

**Lance:**

He's got him! He's got him! Where's next?!

Mil has Uriel on the ropes and goes for another charging move...

LARIAT BY CORTEZ!

**DDK:**

ONCE AGAIN! ONCE AGAIN, URIEL CUTS MIL OFF WITH ANOTHER POWER MOVE!

Cortez crawls over and finally goes for a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Mil defiantly (pun fully intended) uses his legs to kick out of the cover! Uriel holds his jaw and he stares down Rex Knox.

**DDK:**

Vueltas kicks out! I think Uriel is starting to realize that drawing this out and punishing Mil Vueltas instead of trying to win is a mistake!

**Lance:**

Yeah! And look at that death stare by Uriel Cortez to Rex Knox... he better be careful. He got suspended for over a month for powerbombing Brian Slater!

Now standing up to his full height, Cortez grabs Mil and then drags his prone body to the corner, then STEPS on him once again! Uriel continues working over his former best friend and this time, he's keeping the pressure on until Rex Knox has to count!

**Rex Knox:**

ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...

Uriel finally backs off of the steps and walks around Mil, who is using the ropes to try and keep upright.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Stop surprising me, Mil. Stay down!

He hooks Mil by the head and then hits a big suplex. He holds him high up in the air and then brings Vueltas down gut-first across the top rope! Mil is sucking in wind and bounces off the ropes, but Uriel holds his arm and keeps him trapped on the middle rope. He then delivers a HARD kick to the ribs, sending Mil bouncing down to the ring apron and then falling to the floor in nasty fashion!

**DDK:**

Good lord, what a drop! Mil Vueltas might just want to take the countout and live to see another day!

**Lance:**

But we both know he won't. We both saw with Oscar Burns how Mil won't take disrespect. He's not going to bow down and take demands... he's gonna fight.

Rex Knox starts calling for the countout as Mil remains on the floor. Uriel sighs and leans forward into the corner.

**Rex Knox:**

ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...

Mil starts to stand up again and he grits his teeth, trying to pull himself up!

**Rex Knox:**

FIVE... SIX... SEVEN... EIGHT...

Uriel looks angry when Mil stands up!

**DDK:**

He's back up! He's back up!

**Rex Knox:**

NINE! T...

But before he can get to ten, he waves off! Mil is on his feet in the corner straight across from his ex-best friend.

**DDK:**

Uriel doesn't like that! He's trying to do something about it!

Right away, he charges at the corner for the second running back splash he crushed Mil with earlier... but this time, he misses! At the last possible second, Mil rolls out of the corner and does what he can to create separation from Cortez! The Man of The House holds his back staggered in the corner when Mil is ready to try and fight back!

**DDK:**

Mil has one last shot to make this count! Can he do it? Can he finally find a way to chop Uriel Cortez down to size?

Mil charges off the ropes and hits a tiger feint kick through the bottom rope to CLIP the leg of Uriel's knee! Uriel flinches and hobbles way from the corner. Mil looks up to the corner and then starts to climb to the top rope while Uriel is staggered. The Man of a Thousand Flips gets back up to the top rope and then RUNS across the top rope to deliver a STIFF penalty kick to the side of Uriel's head! Uriel holds the side of his head in pain! The Faithful are on their feet trying to rally around Mil Vueltras' quest to defeat Cortez!

*JUST LOOK UP!*

*JUST LOOK UP!*

*JUST LOOK UP!*

**Lance:**

That's insane! Vueltras is still alive in this and he's running those ropes to deliver targeted offense like that!

**DDK:**

Vueltras is on the ring apron now! He's got something on his mind!

He jumps with a springboard and hits a front flip dropkick to the back as Uriel is stumbled over! Uriel has been knocked to his knees when Mil comes back up to his feet! The Man of a Thousand Flips hears the insane cheers of The Faithful!

**Lance:**

Stay on him! Tonight's your chance, Mil!

The Faithful have reached a fever pitch now when Mil comes off the middle rope and spins around to collide with a springboard 540 kick that FINALLY gets Uriel Cortez to the mat! The Los Angeles Faithful EXPLODE!

**DDK:**

MIL HITS THE COME-UP! THE COME-UP FINALLY KNOCKS URIEL FLAT ON HIS BACK!

Mil is on the ring apron one last time and has to catch his breath for all the punishment he has taken. He looks out and then takes his best shot! He makes another leap to the top cable, then FLIPS the opposite way to CRASH down onto Mil Vueltras with his signature springboard phoenix splash!

**DDK:**

GOOD GRIEF! SPRINGBOARD PHOENIX SPLASH! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

The Man of a Thousand Flips connects with perhaps one of his most spectacular maneuvers and then tries to pin Cortez as tightly as he can!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE... NO!

CORTEZ SITS UP, STILL HOLDING ONTO MIL!

**Lance:**

NO! URIEL BACK UP! HE'S BACK UP!

Mil tries to fight and squirm, but a PISSED-OFF Cortez rolls backwards to make it back to his knees! He stands up to his full height, then lifts Mil up...

JACKKNIFE POWERBOMB!

**DDK:**

THAT WAS CRAZY! WE THOUGHT MIL HAD HIM DOWN, BUT URIEL JUST PICKED HIM UP AND GOT HIM WITH 218! THAT'S IT!

Mil is SPIKED into the canvas, but Cortez is not done! He grabs Mil by his leg and rolls him back to his feet. Angrily, he picks him up a second time and then HOISTS him up again...

JACKKNIFE POWERBOMB!

**DDK:**

AND ANOTHER ONE! URIEL ISN'T MESSING AROUND!

The Faithful jeer Cortez, but The Man of The House ignores them all and focuses solely on punishment for Mil.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Mil... stay down!

Mil barely moves. He tries to get his arms up...

**DDK:**

This has gotta end!

When Mil refuses to stay down...

Uriel pulls him up!

JACKKNIFE POWERBOMB!

**DDK:**

ANOTHER 218! THAT'S IT! THIS ONE IS DONE! THIS ONE IS DONE!

Uriel angrily kneels down finally and still favors his knee, but he pulls him up...

JACKKNIFE POWERBOMB!

For the fourth consecutive time, Uriel delivers the 218 to his former best friend. He turns to the official.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You better stop this or I will... and I ain't stopping.

He checks on Mil... weakly, but still trying to fight, Mil STILL rolls to his side. Looking disappointed in the resistance of the luchador, he grumbles...

JACKKNIFE POWERBOMB!

**Lance:**

He has to stop this! Rex Knox needs to do something.

Knox realizes he has a decision to make when Mil isn't moving...

He calls for the bell...

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Uriel cracks his neck after the bell and rubs a hand through his goatee. He looks down at Mil and shows what looks like a hint of concern... Then turns to Rex Knox. He gestures a hand out and then points to Cortez, telling him to raise his hand now. Knox does as he's threatened, but Uriel can't take his eyes off him.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner as a result of referee stoppage... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

**DDK:**

Cortez scores the win tonight. Mil Vueltas gave it his all... he really did. He tried everything he could by attacking the hand, the leg, using his speed... but the power advantage for him was just too much.

**Lance:**

It was. But... what's this look about?

Mil has not moved after suffering three of the powerbombs called the 218 by Uriel Cortez. The Man of The House simply stands over Mil.

**Uriel Cortez:**

YOU made ME do this, Mil. We're done.

He turns to Rex Knox.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Get him some help, you idiot.

Cortez steps over the ropes and leaves the ring. He collects his vest and sunglasses from ringside and then leaves up the ramp to the loud jeers of The Faithful. Rex Knox goes to check on Mil Vueltas, still not moving and then waves for medical to attend to the young luchador!

**DDK:**

This new meanstreak on display by Uriel Cortez. Whatever he decides to do next... nobody in DEFIANCE is safe.

**Lance:**

We'll try and get you an update on Mil Vueltas as soon as we possibly can... but can Titanes Familia make it two for two later tonight? Later tonight, Titaness and Killjoy will look to follow up on weeks of physical domination over the Pop Culture Phenoms to try and bring home the Unified Tag Team Titles back to the Familia!





## ATOMIC PUNKS vs. AMAZING AMARETTOS

### DDK:

So far, ladies and gentlemen, this first night of DEFCON has turned out to be everything we expect, and so much more! Next up, more tag team action, as the tantalizing twin tandem of Carlo and Gomez Amaretto are set to face off against the debuting Atomic Punks, headed by the enigmatic Dr. Ayumi Sato!

### Lance:

It's the age old rivalry of magic versus science. The Amazing Amarettos have been earning their sealegs in the DEFIANCE ring in recent months, but can the newcomers Fat Man and Little Boy upstage them tonight?

The house lights dim as spotlights in violet and gold begin circling the stage in wide figure eight patterns. A majestic voice begins speaking over the public address system.

"Laaaaaddiiiiiiiiieeeeeess aaaaaaaaand geeeentllllllleemeeeee of Los An-guh-leees!

A second voice joins the first, although it is uncannily similar both in pitch and pomposity.

"Prepare to be... AMAAAAAZZED!!"

Bright spotlights hit the top two corners of the DEFIATron, where twin explosions herald the appearance of twin plumes of purple smoke!

KA-POOMF!!

♪ "Abracadabra" by The Steve Miller Band ♪

When the violet mist clears away, CARLO and GOMEZ AMARETTO are perched at the top of the screen, proudly posing and beaming smiles ear to ear like natural showmen. For the DEFCON event, they've fitted themselves in brilliant white sleeveless tuxedos, studded collar to cuff in twinkling rhinestones.

### Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAVAAAAAANNNTIIIIII!!!

Then, to the AMAZEMENT of the capacity crowd, and millions more watching at home, the Amazing Amarettos DIVE OFF the DEFIATron...

...but they never hit the ground.

### DDK:

THEY'RE FLYING, LANCE!!

### Lance:

Amazing, Keebs! Absolutely amazing!

Suspended from the rafters by cables (strawbviously), the brothers Amaretto gracefully float in zig-zagging patterns over the stage, then separate into gliding arcs that pass over the ringside fans in attendance. Their tophats are held out, and their wands dance through the air. Faint trails of golden glitter drifts off their wake, raining onto the crowd.

Quick disclaimer: Favoured Saints Financial is not liable for any allergic reactions to that stuff. Send all inquiries to the Magic and Wizardry Commission of Greater Las Vegas. Closed on Tuesdays.

### Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following is a tag team contest scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Las Vegas, and weighing in at a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-six pounds... "The Evil Abra" Carlo Amaretto... "The Killer Kadabra" Gomez Amaretto... the AMAAAAAZZIIING AMARETTOS!!!

During the spectacular show of levitation, their not-so-lovely assistant Suzie has unceremoniously entered the ring the old-fashioned way. Carlo and Gomez converge their flight paths toward the ring, clearing the ropes and touching down on the mat at either side of their assistant. They triumphantly hold out their hats while Suzie, dead-eyed and puffing her cigarette with zero mirth or enthusiasm, unhooks their cable rigs.

**Carlo & Gomez:**

aaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAZZZZIIIIIIIIINNNNGGG HAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAAA!!!

A hush falls upon the former Staples Center, as the Amazing Amarettos pace about the ring and wait for their mysterious new opponents; a hush swiftly shattered by the cheerful, sing-songy call of three simple words...

“GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!”

The Faithful come abuzz as the entrance curtain parts, making way for one self-proclaimed Mad Science Queen herself.

**DDK:**

So this is the one and only Dr. Sato...

A microphone in one of her purple-gloved hands, the aspiring villainess is all smiles as she looks at her surroundings through her dark-tinted goggles, grinning with EVIL~! As she continues on.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Denizens of DEFIANCE... it is I, the brilliant, brutal, and bedazzling **Dr. Ayumi Sato**, and I have ARRIVED~! To DEFCON to usher in a NEW AGE of professional wrestling!

The crowd seems receptive, as the scientist lifts the goggles onto her forehead, revealing a pair of almond brown eyes glimmering with excitement and ambition. And of course, EVIL~!

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

Bear witness as my creations lay to waste the cheap parlor tricks of these... Amarettos, and make their first BOLD STEP... towards professional wrestling DOMINATION!

Dr. Sato points towards Carlo and Gomez and chuckles deviously, as her free hand clenches into a fist.

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

So, without further adieu... the time has come for THE ATOMIC PUNKS to make their presence known, seen, and felt! LITTLE BOY! FAT MAN!

Dr. Sato grits her teeth a moment, before dramatically throwing her head back and screaming into the sky...

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

**ARISE!!!**

♪ “Atomic Punk” by Van Halen ♪

The lights cut out around the stage, save for a few dim neon glimmers as the late Eddie Van Halen provides that opening “scratching” effect, as two figures slowly emerge from the ground beneath Dr. Sato’s feet, in towers of smoke and neon light. As the proper riffs of the tune begin, the ground lights up around the debutants, revealing their true forms as David Lee Roth begins to belt it out.

*I am a victim of the Science Age  
A child of the storm, whoa, yes*

On our left; a leaner man with dark hair cut into a fauxhawk, his dark eyes staring daggers from his painted face. He

grits his teeth and strokes his pointy goatee as the light bounces off his neon-colored singlet.

*I can't remember when I was your age  
For me, time's no more, no more*

And on our right, a much larger, beefier specimen looking into the lens of a camera posted at his side, as his eyes get big and wide, and he makes a big grin from which his tongue wags. Like his counterpart, he is in a singlet that evokes imagery of nuclear fire.

*Nobody rules these streets at night but me!  
The Atomic Punk!*

And in between them, the luminous insidious Dr. Sato herself, who gently adjusts the lapels of her perfectly clean white lab jacket before waving her men forward.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And their opponents... from Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania! Weighing in a combined THIRTY-SIX KILOTONS... accompanied by Dr. Ayumi Sato... LITTLE BOY! FAT MAN!

THE!

ATOOOOOOOOOMIIIIIIIIIIIC...

PUUUUUUUUNKS!!!

The Punks stampede their way to the ring, practically leaving their creator in the dust, but she nevertheless keeps her focus on the ring and the opponents inside it. She points at the Amarettos, before snapping one of her gloves as an intimidation tactic.

**DDK:**

Dr. Ayumi Sato, of course, having hacked DEFtv signals these past few weeks, has made good on her promise to debut her new tag team at DEFCON, but now we'll see if they have what it takes!

Little Boy and Fat Man make it to the ring and stare down the Amarettos before tapping fists among themselves and getting to their corner. Dr. Sato eventually reaches them, and stares both at the Amarettos, and at the hapless Suzie.

**DING DING**

The match starts with Little Boy and Carlo Amaretto across from each other on either corner, with Gomez cheering his brother on, and Fat Man standing stoically. Carlo smirks at Little Boy, who simply states wild-eyed, before the two rush in for a collar-and-elbow...

**BOOOOOOOOOO!!!**

...only for Carlo to sidestep his opponent and pose for the jeering crowd!

**DDK:**

Boy, is Carlo Amaretto trying to stall for time against the debuting Little Boy!

**Lance:**

And the Faithful do not like it one bit!

Little Boy doesn't seem to enjoy it either, as he grits his teeth and looks over his shoulder with a fierce snarl at Carlo. He turns around and lunges for another attempt at a tie-up, but once again, Carlo dodges it and saunters towards his brother!

**The Amazing Amarettos:** (in unison)

AHHHHHHHHH-MAAAAAAAAAAAAY-ZIIIIIIIIIIING!!!

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!**

**Carlo Amaretto:**

Alright, alright, we'll let our participant try once more!

**DDK:**

Oh, brother, he can't be serious, right?

**Fat Man:**

C'MAAAAAH-N, REFEREE. THIS. HAS TO BREAK. **SOME KIND.** OF RULE. RIGHT?

Hector Navarro shrugs his shoulders as Little Boy and Carlo line up for another attempt at a tie-up...

doink

**Carlo Amaretto:**

AUGH! MY EYES!

...only for Little Boy to get some fingers into the eyes of Carlo Amaretto! The illusionist doubles over, holding his face in pain, while Little Boy goes on a rampage, unleashing a flurry of forearms and fists to the sides of his head... at his size, they don't really do much damage, but the intensity and speed at which he lands them is enough to rattle Carlo, who plops to the mat to escape the Punk's fury and make his way to his brother at the corner, where a tag is made!

**Little Boy:**

Naaaaaah, man, come GET SOME!

Gomez Amaretto is game, as he weathers the assault long enough to get his mitts on Little Boy, before whipping him into the ropes...

Tag!

Where Fat Man manages to get his own mitt on his tag team partner and become the legal man! He slowly steps between the ropes, keeping his deathly gaze upon Gomez Amaretto until he stands at his full height and makes a "bring it" gesture... though his eyes and nose seem to twitch a little all the while. He stares daggers at Gomez, who bounds off the ropes and tries to shoulderblock the big man, only to smack right into him and drop to the mat!

**Lance:**

Looks like Fat Man is bringing some serious physical presence to DEFIANCE!

Dr. Ayumi cackles from ringside, egging Gomez Amaretto on as he staggers back to his feet, and bounces off the ropes, only to crash into Fat Man and drop onto the mat again! After a brief delay, Gomez returns to his feet, and does it again...

**BOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!**

...only for him to go low, and clip the knee! Fat Man goes down, and Gomez starts on a spree of stomps to his back and head, in which Carlo rushes the ring and joins in! Fat Man yells in a mix of pain and frustration, as Little Boy tries to jump in, but Hector Navarro cuts him off, giving instructions in clear Spanish as the Amazing Amarettos continue their onslaught!

**DDK:**

The Amazing Amarettos taking advantage of tag team rules to get the upper hand here, and it does not look good for

the debuting Atomic Punks!

Dr. Sato is barking in frustration as she turns to Little Boy and yells at him to do something! In a fit of anger, he dashes across the ring apron and climbs up the ropes, before leaping off...

**WHAM!!!**

...and hitting nothing but canvas.

**BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!**

The Amarettos manage to get out of his way, just in time for Little Boy to eat it. The magical duo get up from Fat Man and gloat to the jeering audience while making their way to his fallen partner and softening him up with a few more stomps before they look at each other and shout...

**The Amazing Amarettos:** (in unison)

THE AMAZING! ATOM! SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHER!!!

**Lance:**

Well, how fitting would THIS be, Keebs, using that double elbowdrop to “smash” these nuclear-themed newcomers?

**WHAM!!!**

And sure enough, that’s exactly what they do, dropping a pair of elbows on the chest of the seemingly-frail Little Boy. He’s not the legal man, but it wouldn’t matter anyway, because something strange starts to happen...

**DDK:**

What the... is Little Boy getting a second wind? Third, fourth, fifth?!

As Keebler says that, Little Boy shoots back up to a sitting position, and he looks PISSED. In the background, Dr. Sato is grinning as she tries to hide her delight, and Little Boy slowly powers up and gets back to his feet! The Amarettos look stunned, and as they try to make sense of things, they turn not to Little Boy, but to the still-supine Fat Man, as they walk over to him and look at each other once more...

**The Amazing Amarettos:** (in unison)

THE AMAZING... atom... (pause) ...smasher?

**WHAM!!!**

And like before, their elbows plunge into the chest of their opponent, who ALSO shoots up to a sitting position, and roars defiantly into the sky!

**Dr. Ayumi Sato:**

YOU FOOLS! Do you even know what happens when you smash atoms?! You unlock their power!

The Atomic Punks rise up in unison, roaring defiantly as the crowd goes wild! Fat Man gets back on the offensive, rocking Gomez with a nasty forearm before whipping him HARD into the turnbuckle, while Little Boy tackles Carlo between the ropes and out of the ring! Dr. Sato laughs maniacally as Fat Man gets back on the offensive, approaching Gomez and unleashing a volley of fists to his midsection, before pulling him out of the corner and suplexing him to the mat!

Fat Man rises to his feet, and stares at Dr. Sato, who cackles and gives a thumbs-up in approval, as Fat Man bounds off the ropes!

**DDK:**

This could be the killing blow!

And sure enough, Fat Man drops down on Gomez Amaretto, driving him to the mat with his fearsome Atomic Splash! Dr. Sato cackles in triumph as Hector Navarro drops in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEE!!!

**DING DING DING**

**Darren "DQ" Quimbey:**

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS! THE! ATOMIIIIIIIC... PUNKS!

As "Atomic Punk" kicks in again, Hector Navarro raises Fat Man's hand, and then Little Boy's as he rolls into the ring. Dr. Sato steps in and poses with her men, cackling mightily as the new team celebrates a victory.

**DDK:**

Impressive debut by the Atomic Punks, and fans, I am sure there will be more wins to come!

## THE BRAIN OF DEFIANCE

Backstage. Christie Zane, all done up for the occasion, stands in front of a “DEFCON: LOS ANGELES” banner. She, naturally, has a mic in hand. Next to her stands Ned Reform. Reform wears a black t-shirt - his new one in fact - and has his “AUTOS ALPHA” yellow graduation scarf hangs around his neck. Reform’s trademark smirk isn’t present - he looks very focused.

### **Christie Zane:**

Ned - we are moments away from what some are calling the biggest match of your career, I wonder...

### **Ned Reform (*interrupting*):**

That’s because it IS the biggest match of my career, you dolt. For three years, I have been on a crusade against this cesspool of a company. And now - FINALLY - I will stand across the ring from the very man who personifies everything wrong with DEFIANCE. Tonight, I fight this company - and its knuckle-dragging fanbase - in human form. This is as close as I will ever get to physically punching DEFIANCE in the head, Ms. Zane, and to say I am prepared is an understatement. One might say... I was born for this.

### **Christie Zane (*trying to contain a smile*):**

Well, it was just one year ago that you executed the pure charade that was the Elon Musk publicity stunt. An act that saw a returning Gage Blackwood pin you in ten seconds. I wonder if that’s on your mind, and how you plan for this to be different?

Reform clicks his teeth and rolls his neck before responding.

### **Ned Reform:**

You try to mock me. Throw me off my game. Dynamite journalism as always, Ms. Zane. Integrity is your strong suit. But the joke, as the kids say, is on you. For you see, I remember that incident very well. And it fuels me. I’ve thought about it every day since. Tell me, Ms. Zane, in the three hundred and sixty-five days since I was blindsided by the cowardly Gage Blackwood, what have I done?

Christie goes to answer, but Ned doesn’t give her a chance.

### **Ned Reform:**

Do you see MV1 on the card tonight? You do not, because I figuratively took him to school in the squared circle and physically he has never been the same. I sought my revenge - and achieved it - on Mr. Blackwood. I faced down the absolute brute that is Bronson Box, and I shoved his very own spike in his face and pinned his broken body. I out-smarted and out-wrestled the longest reigning FIST of DEFIANCE this company has ever bore witness to in Micheal Unlikely. In case you’ve been asleep, Ms. Zane, this has been MY year... and now I cement that fact by humiliating Scott Douglas in front of his Faithful. When this night is over, no one - not you, not the people, not the wrestlers, not the internet pundits, not the Favored Saints, and certainly not the fans - will be able to deny that Doctor Ned Reform is the greatest professional wrestler this industry has ever seen. Put that on the record, Ms. Zane.

Christie goes to speak, but she is again interrupted - this time by figures walking into the shot from off-screen. All three members of Ned Reform’s honor society - TA Cole, TA Horrigan, and TA Owens - walk into the frame. Reform grins widely.

### **Ned Reform:**

Gentlemen! Your support means more to me than I can say.

### **TA Horrigan:**

Yeah, Doc. We just wanted you to know we’ll be right by your side out of there if things go sideways.

### **Ned Reform:**

That’s DocTOR, Mr. Horrigan. And while I appreciate the sentiment, I have to politely decline.



The Honor Society share some confused looks.

**Ned Reform:**

I do not wish there to be even a question of what happens in the ring tonight. No asterisk, no rumblings about which of us was the better man. You will remain back here tonight for the duration of the bout.

**TA Cole:**

But Doctor Reform...

**Ned Reform:**

Ep bep bep bep bep! Not another word, Levi. You will respect my wishes. Now watch! Watch my moment of triumph over DEFIANCE once and for all!

Reform slaps his hands and then rubs them together.

**Ned Reform:**

Let us begin.

And he walks off screen leaving Christie and The Honor Society.

## SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. NED REFORM

Cut to a video package.

♪ ["Approaching The End" - Gothic Storm Music](#) ♪

Slow-motion clips of Dr. Ned Reform heading the ring during a previous DEFtv.

Cut to a close-up of a crowd member expressing his distaste for reform and the Faithful surrounding him scream and jostle about.

Cut to a close-up of Ned Reform's face and deviously smug smirk.

**Lance Warner:** *[dramatically echoing]*

... Ned Reform has made an absolute mockery of DEFIANCE...

Cut to a sweeping crane shot of the ever-confident Ned Reform standing in the center of the DEFIANCE ring. The footage speed-ramping up and then back down to a near standstill as his clipped audio echos ...

**Ned Reform:**

... DEFIANCE was born from a decrepit landfill full of ignorant swamp-folk!

Cut to a barrage of quick clips from the past two DEFtv's...

**Ned Reform:**

This is it, children.

... inner cut with one another showing Ned Reform destroying and humiliating the Stalker ...

**Ned Reform:**

... I've embarrassed Stalker ...

... and Scott Douglas imposters.

**Ned Reform:**

... I've exposed Scott Douglas...

The music quiets for a moment and the light sound of thunder rolls as we cut to the empty DEFtv rampway. Then suddenly the rhythm picks up and the camera hustles toward the entrance curtain, with the footage sped up, as "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas returns for DEFtv 200, interspersed with shots of the Faithful blowing the roof off of the storied Wrestleplex.

**DDK:** *[dramatically echoing]*

OH MY GOD!!! IT'S SCOTT DOUGLASS!!! SCOTT DOUGLAS!!! THE GENUINE ARTICLE!!!

Cut to inside the ring, Reform falling backward in his office chair, in slow motion.

**Lance:** *[dramatically echoing]*

THIS IS NOT WHAT NED WAS EXPECTING AT ALL!! "DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON!"

Cut to Scott Douglas sprinting toward the ring.

Lance Warner: *[dramatically echoing]*

Careful what you wish for!

Cut to Douglas in the ring but Reform gives him the slip.

*SUB POP SCOTT*

*SUB POP SCOTT*

*SUB POP SCOTT*

Cut to Douglas with a microphone.

**Scott Douglas:**

You come out here, week after week, and run down DEFIANCE ... !

As the music lulls once again, cut to the following night. David Danielson in the ring.

**David Danielson:**

Tonight, we celebrate not only the 200th episode of DEFtv, but we celebrate the passion, the dedication, and the sheer excellence of every ...

The audio is cut short for effect as the screen cuts to booing fans before revealing Dr. Ned Reform coming out from behind the curtain and headed to the ring.

**Ned Reform:**

I apologize for the intrusion ...

**Scott Douglas:**

You had the chance to talk last night ...

**Ned Reform:**

... if I'm being honest... all I see... and pardon the crass colloquialism...

Reform pauses for effect.

**Ned Reform:**

...is a loser.

As the music builds the tension ...

**Ned Reform:**

...Stalker was right about you all along.

Then all at once, the quick clips and fast cuts highlight the chaos that would ensue that night as Douglas shoves Reform, DEFsec swarms to keep the peace but in the end, it's Chairman of the Board, David Danielson, who takes the hit and crumbles in the ring. On impact, the music stops and all that be heard is the "OHHHH" of the Faithful in attendance and the uncomfortable silence that followed. Fade to black.

Returning from black, we get a truncated version of David Danielson's DEFtv201 announcement, in quick clips and soundbites.

**David Danielson:**

What was supposed to be a celebration of a DEFIANCE milestone was unceremoniously crashed by Ned Reform ...

The music begins to ramp up once again, as clips of Ned Reform and Scott Douglas mixed with TV static transitions and the footage of Danielson.

Cut to Ned Reform driving the spike into Bronson Box's head.

**David Danielson:**

... goading "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas - a DEFIANCE legend invited by myself personally ...

Cut to Scott Douglas climbing the ladder and pulling down the SoHer and the UTA HoHer.

**David Danielson:**

... In the ensuing melee, Mr. Reform struck me.

Cut to Ned Reform wrenching the Ad Hominem on an unconscious MV1.

**David Danielson:**

... tonight I announce that with the full support of the Favoured Saints... "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas will return to action to face off with Ned Reform at DEFCON 2024!

Cut to Scott Douglas beaten and bloodied but still fighting in the WAR GAMES against the invading UTA.

**David Danielson:**

... ONE ...

Cut to Ned Reform locking in the Ad Homienm on Mikey Unlikely as the music makes its final build.

**David Danielson:**

... NIGHT ...

Cut to Scott Douglas, hit with the Roll Credits and defeated by Mikey Unlikely as the music fades out as the Faithful from that night three years ago can briefly be heard chanting "Please Don't Go!"

**David Danielson:**

...ONLY ...

Cut back to the arena.

**DDK:**

Lance, neither one of us ever thought we'd see Scott Douglas back in DEFIANCE and now the time is upon us!

**Lance Warner:**

Very true, Darren but also I don't think *anyone* thought we would see a day when Ned Reform would have become such a dominant force in DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

Touche. Well, let's go to the ring.

To the ring, where Darren Quimbey stands with mic in hand.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... Mr. Cole Rolland!

The lights in the arena go out, save for a single spotlight shining directly in front of the entrance. In the center of that spotlight is a mid-30's looking guy with a guitar in hand. He holds the guitar, but doesn't play it.

♪ *Fur Elise - Ludwig Van Beethoven* ♪

The opening piano keys of Beethoven's classic echo over the speaker system. This goes on for about ten seconds, and just when the song begins proper... Cole Rolland hits the guitar!

♪ *Fur Elise - Cole Rolland* ♪

Now, the rock version of the song is played live, and dozens of large purple music note-looking spotlights begin to

flash all around the arena and onto the booing Faithful. The single spotlight on the guitarist morphs into an epic-purple light show. And then, from behind the curtain, steps Ned Reform. Ned is dressed to compete with his purple singlet poking out under his black "DNR" shirt. Around his neck is a yellow Honor Society graduation scarf. The jeering intensifies as Reform stops at the very top of the ramp. He takes a deep breath, looks to the sky... and then his trademark punchable grin spreads over his face and he looks around the packed arena at all the Faithful.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, hailing from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 226 lbs... NED! REEEEEEEFORM!

Reform, still smirking, raises a single finger into the air. You don't need to be a lip reader to figure out what he says...

Ned Reform (mouthing):

That's DOCTOR Ned Reform.

And the arm comes down as he begins a slow saunter to the ring.

**DDK:**

We're looking at a man who, in my opinion, is about to face a reckoning.

**Lance:**

I wouldn't be too confident, Darren. You heard Scott Douglas on DEFRadio. Even he admits that it would be a mistake to take this man lightly. For all his bluster, he is undoubtedly on the roll of his career.

**DDK:**

He's had some big time wins, no doubt. But this moment - here at DEFCON against a man who has been borderline mythologized in the DEFIANCE canon - is the real moment of truth for Ned Reform.

Reform stops on the apron to dramatically wipe his feet. He leans back on the ropes and looks out into the Faithful before entering the ring. He removes his scarf and hands it off to a ringside attendant. Then the shirt comes off and that gets tossed out of the ring. Ned heads to a corner and begins testing the ropes/stretching as his music fades out.

There is a moment of silence as Ned continues to warm up and The Faithful begin to buzz in anticipation until...

♪ Smiling and Dyin' - Green River ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Green River, once again, reverberates through the arena at DEFCON. The Faithful roar from the opening notes. Smoke billows from beneath the stage, swirling around the steel gates like ghosts of DEFIANCE past. The dim lights cast long shadows across the stage, as Scott Douglas steps through the curtain.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Clad in his signature attire of faded jeans shorts and a sleeveless black t-shirt adorned with the iconic Sub Pop Records logo, Douglas exudes confidence and grit. The roar of the crowd echoes in the air, a symphony of adoration and respect for the returning DEFIANT. With a nod of appreciation to the Faithful, Douglas begins his descent down the aisle, each step purposeful and deliberate.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent from Seattle, Washington... weighing in tonight at 226 pounds... he is DEFIANCE's FAVORITE SON... He is ... "SUB-POP"... SCOTTTTTT... DOUUUUUUUGLAAAASSSSSS!!!

Reaching the ring, Douglas pauses for a moment, taking in the electric atmosphere that surrounds him. He wipes his combat boots on the ring apron before slipping between the ropes. Inside the ring, he stands tall, his gaze fixed on his

Ned Reform with unwavering focus. The two men ready themselves as an undeniable big fight feel hangs in the air. Carla checks with them both before signaling...

**DING DING!**

**DDK:**

And here we go!

The crowd is BUZZING as the bell rings to begin Scott Douglas' first DEFIANCE match in three years. Both men make their way to the center of the ring... but they don't lock up. Instead, they begin to jaw jack with each other. We can't hear what they're saying, but it gets progressively more heated until...

**BOOOOOOOOOO!**

Reform pie-faces Douglas away. Scott's head snaps back up, eyes full of fire, as Ned smirks and taps his chin as if he's offering to give him the first shot.

**DDK:**

We might be seeing Ned's strategy here. Throw Douglas, who hasn't been in the ring in some time, off his game. Let his emotion get the better of him.

**Lance:**

...but Douglas is not biting!

He is not. Ever the wily vet, Douglas shakes his head, not in anger but more disappointment... and calls for a lock up! Ned frowns but moves in to comply. The two lock up and begin to jockey for position. Reform gets the first advantage, moving to the side and extending and twisting Douglas' arm. Scott almost immediately reverses, switching positions and controlling Ned's arm. Douglas transitions into a hammerlock, wrenching back. Ned tries to swat at Douglas, but his position is too strong. The Good Doctor is brought down with a headlock takeover. Now on the mat, Douglas tightens the hold as Ned claws at his bicep.

**DDK:**

Far from being goated into being sloppy, it appears Douglas hasn't missed a step!

Reform is able to battle to his feet, but Douglas maintains the headlock until breaking it to sweep the leg of the Sage on the Stage! Reform hits the mat and Scott Douglas covers!

**ONE!**

Ned kicks both feet up to escape. Both men scramble to their feet, but Douglas continues to dictate the pace when he AGAIN slips behind Reform with the hammerlock. Like before, he turns that into a headlock. However, this time, instead of taking Ned down to the mat, Reform is able to power DEFIANCE's Favorite Son forward and into the ropes. Douglas rebounds off them and when he heads back to Reform he ducks a clothesline. Off the ropes again, and on the way back Ned is there to meet him with a back body drop... or he would be, if not for Douglas leapfrogging over The Good Doctor! One more bounce of the ropes results in Ned turning around just in time to eat a stiff Scott Douglas elbow to the mush!

**Lance:**

Douglas picking up the pace!

Reform is back up but walks into a hurricanrana that pops the crowd! Instead of getting back up and maybe suffering the same fate again, Reform rolls under the bottom rope to the "safety" of the outside. Not very safe, though, as when he rises to his feet he turns into a Scott Douglas baseball slide that sends him flying backwards into the barricade! Ned is down as Douglas gets back to his feet. Referee Carla Ferrari moves to stop him from going outside, and Douglas seems okay with that. As Ned tries to clear the stars from his eyes, The Faithful let the returning Douglas

know how they feel....

*YOU'VE STILL GOT IT! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)*

*YOU'VE STILL GOT IT! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)*

*YOU'VE STILL GOT IT! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)*

**Lance:**

The Faithful are impressed with Scott Douglas, and I have to concur!

**DDK:**

This is not the way Ned Reform wanted this contest to start.

Carla begins a ten count as on the outside, Reform sneers at the chanting fans in contempt. He slowly shakes his head "no" as if he disagrees with their assessment. Douglas, meanwhile, sits on the middle rope as if to invite Reform back into the ring. Ned demands Douglas back up and DEFIANCE's Favorite Son obliges. Ned slowly and cautiously re-enters the squared circle just as Ferrari is at the count of eight. The two men again circle each other, this time with Ned Reform being a little more cautious. Finally, the two collide in the center, again pushing back and forth and jockeying for position in a lock-up.

**DDK:**

Douglas with the go-behind... looking for a German suplex!

But no! Reform dodges backwards, swinging behind Sub Pop and locking in an attempted German of his own. Douglas, thinking quickly, powers himself back and sends Ned into and off the ropes. On the rebound, Douglas once again looks to leapfrog the charging Good Doctor... but as Douglas leaps into the air, Ned suddenly stops his momentum! Scott hits the mat... and is met with a stinging SLAP right across the face! The sudden strike causes Douglas to recoil, and Reform takes advantage by school boy'ing him from behind! Carla moves into position!

*ONE!*

**DDK:**

No! Douglas powering out.

**Lance:**

Gotta give it to Ned... he had Douglas scouted there!

Both men are back to their feet, and Reform is the quicker of the two when he drops Scott Douglas with a clothesline. The fans voice their displeasure as Reform stands over Douglas, uses his hands to open his legs, and delivers a stiff kick to what could generously be called the gut by many suspect was somewhat... lower. Carla admonishes The Good Doctor but Ned ignores her, instead pointing to his brain and grinning at the Faithful.

**DDK:**

Ned can't spend this bout jawing with the fans... he'll find out rather quickly that it's a mistake when you're in there with someone like DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Reform brings the ex-Defiant into the corner before raising his white boot and driving it into his neck, using the top rope to increase the leverage as Douglas flails his arms in an attempt to get free from the illegal maneuver. Carla counts Ned down and Reform breaks right before she gets to five. Switching tactics, Reform grabs Douglas' head and places it over the top rope, again pressing down and driving his neck into the unforgiving cable. Once again, he releases right before the five count disqualifies him.

**Carla Ferrari:**

Knock it off!

**Ned Reform:** *[waving her off]*

Don't concern yourself with me, high school diploma.

Douglas struggles to his feet after the onslaught against his airway, and Reform follows up by grabbing him by the scruff, getting a running start, and leaping OVER the top rope and driving him AGAIN into the rope with a top-rope guillotine-like maneuver! Reform lands on the ringside floor while Douglas hits the mat, holding his neck in pain. Ned turns to the Faithful and slaps his chest with pride as the people let him have it.

**Lance:**

This is not what Douglas wanted to happen, Darren. Reform took advantage of one mistake and now is dictating the pace of this contest.

Entering the ring, Reform drops Scott Douglas with a back suplex and that rocks the ring. The Sage on the Stage pulls himself up into a seated position and claps for himself, cause nobody else sure as hell is doing it.

**Lance:**

What's he going for here... Reform lifting Douglas up and locking in the corner in the tree-of-woe position!

**DDK:**

Scott Douglas in a very vulnerable state here...

In the corner opposite the one in which Douglas is hanging upside down, Reform takes position. The Good Doctor charges across the ring... but we'll never know what he had planned, cause Douglas is able to free himself and slip under the bottom rope to the outside. Ned continues his momentum, but instead of colliding with the turnbuckle, he instead leaps UP to the top and flies high into the air outside the ring and lands on Douglas on the outside with a reckless-body check-like maneuver! Despite their hatred of the man, the unexpected nature of that move does draw a subdued positive response from The Faithful!

**Lance:**

You don't see high risk moves like that out of Ned Reform very often!

**DDK:**

It's DEFCON, Lance... this is where people pull out all the stops.

Ned Reform takes a break from talking trash to the front row long enough to drop Douglas over the barricade before sending him back into the ring. Reform follows and immediately hooks the leg deep!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

Nope! Douglas powers out of the pin attempt.

**Lance:**

Ned Reform doesn't seem phased by the kick out... he seems pretty confident that he's in control! And now he locks in a chin lock!

The deadliest move in wrestling history has been applied in the center of the ring as Ned Reform cranks back with an evil smile. Douglas hands shoot out in the air looking for a reprieve but finding none. Ned adds a little mustard on it with a knee to the small of the back. Reform barks for Carla to ask him if he submits, so she does... and Douglas emphatically shakes his head no. Reform locks it in tighter, but he again refuses to give up. The fans, sensing that Douglas is in a tough spot, begin a chant. It starts softly, but steadily grows in intensity until it rocks the Crypto arena...



*SUB POP SCOTT!*

*SUB POP SCOTT!*

*SUB POP SCOTT!*

And as The Faithful let Scott Douglas know they believe in him, it seems to ignite a new fire under the former SOHer. His fist clenches and his expression becomes more... well, defiant. Reform's eyes bug out in panic as he realizes what's happening, and he tries desperately to double down... but before he knows it, Douglas has made it to a knee! The fans come alive as Douglas fires several elbows into the gut of the Sage on the Stage. Sensing that this is about to go sideways, Ned breaks the hold and instead grabs Douglas by the hair - roughly tossing him over the nearby top rope! Reform turns his back on Douglas and makes a big show of sweeping his hands together as if he just tossed out the trash. But little does he know... Douglas has caught himself on the top rope!

**DDK:**

Douglas didn't go over and Ned has no idea!

But Ned finds out when he turns back around... and is caught by a forearm to the head by Douglas from the apron! Reform is stunned and becomes even more so when Douglas grabs his head and drops down, driving The Good Doctor's neck across the top in a move that is payback for earlier! Douglas readies himself, jumping up onto the top rope and then into the ring with a crossbody! Carla moves in to count and The Faithful count along!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

NO!

**DDK:**

And just like that, Scott Douglas is back in control!

Not letting up, Douglas brings Reform back to his feet before bringing him right back down with a patented Side Russian Legsweep! Not one to play to the fans, Douglas instead gets right to it: he heads to the apron before climbing up the turnbuckle! The Faithful sense something big coming and they rise to their feet. Ned is planted perfectly face up as Douglas steadies himself on the top rope. If cameras were still a thing, the flashbulbs would surely be going off as "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas turns back the clock one more time and FLIES off with a picture perfect moonsault....

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

...but at the very last second, Reform rolls out of the way and Douglas hits nothing but canvas!! Reform leaps to his feet and charges at Douglas, catching the rising wrestler with a floatover neckbreaker that plants him back to the mat! Ned covers and the people seemed VERY concerned....

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*THREE - NO!*

To the relief of The Faithful, Douglas is able to power out.

**DDK:**

Personal feelings aside... it is clear that Ned Reform has done his homework, and for the second time in this match, he appears to have lured Douglas into a trap!

**Lance:**

The price of being a staple of the company is there are years of tapes for your opponents to study.

**DDK:**

And look at this!

The fan's booing intensifies as Reform picks up Douglas and locks him in a Cobra Clutch set-up before running across the ring and planting him with a bulldog.

**DDK:**

That is a vintage Scott Douglas maneuver! There's no way that isn't Ned just rubbing salt in the wound!

**Lance:**

And again proving he knows Douglas' moveset and tactics quite well.

Instead of covering, Reform ignores Carla's warnings and tosses Douglas over the top rope... and this time, he doesn't catch himself. Ned drops down and rolls under the bottom rope. As the fans shower him with... colorful language... Ned again gives Scott Douglas a taste of his own medicine when he hits a Side Russian Legsweep of his own... but this one into the steel barricade! Douglas' head meets steel before he reaches up and grabs it in pain and sinks down to the floor. Reform quickly rolls back under the bottom rope and back into the ring. He turns to Carla with a smirk and points.

**Ned Reform:**

Count.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

We saw this at DEFtv 201! Reform incapacitated Lonnie Stone on the outside and then proudly took the count-out victory! He wouldn't do this here, would he?

**Lance:**

It looks like he would!

Carla, not a fan of this poor sportsmanship, attempts to buy Scott Douglas some time, but she is also a professional and she starts the ten count.

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!*

Douglas just barely manages to roll out of his seated position against the guardrail. Reform takes a seated position on the top rope so he can emphatically count along.

*FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!*

Douglas rolls over and plants a fist and tries to push himself up.

*EIGHT!*

Douglas is on all fours!

*NINE!*

Douglas puts a single arm on the apron!

*TEN!!*

NO!!! Douglas manages to roll under the bottom rope JUST before Carla hits the final number!

**DDK:**

There is still life in Sub Pop Scott Douglas!!

Reform, still sitting on the top rope, makes a show of looking surprised and mock impressed. He even offers Douglas a polite golf clap before jumping down back into the ring. Ned savors the moment, slowly sauntering over to his downed opponent and really riling the fans up. With a smirk, he reaches down to pick Douglas up...

...and gets caught with a FLASH SMALL PACKAGE PIN!!!

*ONE!!!*

*TWO!!!*

*THREE!!!! - NO!*

Ned just barely manages to escape!!

**DDK:**

Ned Reform isn't the only one who can set a trap!

Trying to not let this one slip away from him, Reform hooks Douglas for another back suplex... but this time, Scott Douglas lands on his feet!! He hooks the waist of his opponent before driving The Good Doctor onto his neck with a good German Suplex!! Both men are down and the people are RUMBLING!!

The fans continue to chant their support as both Scott Douglas and Ned Reform get back to a vertical base. Douglas is just a hair faster when he hooks and drops Ned with a SECOND German Suplex! Now it's the returning Scott Douglas who is firmly in control!!! He looks down at Ned, who holds his neck in pain, before flipping him over, grabbing his legs, and turning him BACK over into a Half Boston Crab! Reform cries out in AGONY as life shoots back into his eyes and he desperately reaches out for some sort of relief.

**DDK:**

The submission is locked in and Reform has nowhere to go!

Reform feels miles away from the rope as he reaches out. Douglas grits his teeth and cries out in intensity as he leans back and applies more pressure. Carla moves in to check for the tap out, and while Reform is frantically shaking his head in pain, no submission comes. The Faithful offer their own opinion with a chant...

*TAP! TAP! TAP!*

*TAP! TAP! TAP!*

*TAP! TAP! TAP!*

But despite the fan's wishes, Reform does not submit. In fact, he actually shows a little bit of moxy when he plants both his fists and pushes himself forward! He does that a few more times before is able to reach out a hand and barely get a finger around the bottom rope! The fans boo as Carla tells Douglas he has to release the hold. He does, but doesn't let go off Ned's leg, instead dragging him back to the center of the ring where he lifts him up. He hooks Reform in the

Cobra Clutch position, and gets a running start hitting a Cobra Clutch Bulldog!!

**DDK:**

That's how you do it!!

Ned is down, but Douglas doesn't go for the cover. Now moving a little more gingerly than before, Scott again heads to the apron and climbs up to the top rope. Again, The Faithful (the ones who had sat back down after the submission spot anyway) get back to their feet. Douglas takes a little longer than before to steady himself before he leaps off the top, extending his elbow for a top rope elbow drop...

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

...but again, Reform moves out of the way!! Douglas' elbow meets the ring as he cries out in pain! Clearly in pain, he pulls himself back up... but he turns into a flying headbutt from Reform! A move he calls the Equivocator! Douglas is rocked and now it's Reform's turn to stand over him. Instead of covering, Ned - also now moving somewhat slowly - follows suit and heads to the apron before climbing to the top rope. Much like Douglas - in fact, almost exactly like Douglas - Reform steadies himself on the top and extends his elbow!

**DDK:**

Ned might be ready to answer Douglas' elbow attempt with his own! He calls it the Scholar and Elbow!

And indeed he does, as Ned leaps off the top, looking to drive the point of the elbow into the very heart of DEFIANCE...

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

... but this time it's SCOTT DOUGLAS who moves out of the way!!! The fans come alive as Reform grabs his elbow and screams out in pain as he brutally bounces off the squared circle. Douglas uses the ropes to pull himself up, and then uses those same ropes to bounce off of and take Ned back down with a flying forearm smash!! Ned is down and Douglas pulls himself up! The former SOHer takes a moment to look around at the Faithful who are showering him with praise, perhaps taking in this moment because it's been so long, before pointing to Ned and motioning for an all too familiar move!

**Lance:**

I think Scott Douglas is looking for the Sub Pop Suplex!

**DDK:**

It's been three years since Scott Douglas has felt the energy of the Faithful at DEFCON, and it might be time for him to right the injustice of 2021!!

Douglas waits, standing in position over Ned, as the Sage on the Stage begins to stir and pull himself up. The energy of the fans builds every second as Reform climbs back to his feet. Finally, The Good Doctor has made it, and he turns right into a boot to the gut!! Douglas hooks him for this patented Fisherman's Buster....

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

But Reform gets a kick into Douglas' nether regions!!!

**DDK:**

I don't think Carla was at an angle where she could see that!!

Douglas grabs his... little Sub Pops... in pain, and this allows Reform to slip behind... and lock on the AD HOMINEM!!!!

**Lance:**

Ad Hominem!! Ned Reform's version of the Crossface Chickenwing!!

**DDK:**

We've seen this move put down so many others... most notable MV1 at this year's Maximum DEFIANCE!!

The arena seems to deflate as the implications of this submission hold sinks in to the audience. Again Douglas flails as Reform grits his teeth and bears down on the extremely painful move. Reform ragdolls Sub Pop two and fro as he tries to keep him off his game and more importantly away from the safety of the ropes.

**DDK:**

Douglas has to make something happen here... you cannot last long in this hold! I don't care how tough he might be!

As if he can hear Keebler, Douglas makes a last second desperation play as he shifts all his weight suddenly, causing both himself and Reform to tumble forward... and into the ropes!! Carla immediately moves in to tell Ned to break the hold, but of course he doesn't until right before she hits five. Reform unlocks his arms and stands up, looking down at Douglas who is frankly kind of a mess and trying to catch his breath. Breathing heavy himself, Reform presents Douglas to the fans as if he's Vana White on Wheel of Fortune and they respond in kind with jeers.

**Lance:**

He didn't get the submission like he wanted, but Ned might have just choked the last remnants of resistance out of Scott Douglas!

In fact, Douglas can barely stand as Reform lifts him back up. A boot to the gut, Douglas doubles over... and Reform drives him head first into the mat with a FAMEASSER! Reform covers as the people clearly begin to panic...

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*THREE!!!*

...NO!!! Douglas kicked out!!!

Reform is visibly rattled by this. He frowns at Carla and holds up three fingers but it doesn't get him anywhere. Ned gets back to his feet and puts his hands on his hips as he walks around the ring in annoyance. He walks to the corner and leans against it for support as he appears to be plotting his next move. The camera moves in close so we get a very clear shot of his face... as it morphs from exasperated to devious.

**DDK:**

Uh oh... I don't like that expression.

**Lance:**

Reform moving in close...

Ned lifts the lifeless Douglas back up... and he hooks him for a very familiar move!!

**DDK:**

Reform is about to his Scott Douglas with the SUB POP SUPLEX!!

**Lance:**

NO! ... Douglas can't have come back just to lose this way...

As the fans boo their hearts out, Reform lifts Douglas up and DRIVES him head first into the ring with Douglas' own SUB POP SUPLEX!!! Ned hooks the leg DEEP as he rolls on top of Scott Douglas and looks to crush his DEFCON comeback...

*ONE!!!!*

*TWO!!!!*

*THREEEEEE!!!!*

...NOOOOO!!!! At 2.99999, DOUGLAS GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!!! The arena comes UNGLUED!!!!

**DDK:**

Scott Douglas LIVES!!! DEFIANCE LIVES!!!

Reform leaps to his feet and stumbles into the corner where he falls into a seated position with both his arms on his bald head! His mouth is permanently open in shock as he looks over at Scott Douglas in disbelief. He looks to the sky and shakes his head. Douglas is barely moving as Carla checks on him.

**Lance:**

This is fantastic, Darren. This is a moment!

**DDK:**

Can Ned Reform defeat this man!?

With Douglas still down, Reform lifts himself up in the corner... and then keeps going, climbing all the way to the top. Reform stands erect on the top rope, looking down at his opponent. Time seems to stand still as the people wait for his next move. The Good Doctor points down at Scott Douglas, saying something that the camera isn't close enough to pick up, but when he's finished, he seems to put all his energy into pushing off and flying nearly halfway across the ring, elbow extended....

*SCHOLAR*

*AND*

*ELBOW!!*

**DDK:**

He did it! Reform said he was going to destroy the heart of DEFIANCE, and he just drove his elbow right into it!!

**Lance:**

No shame in what Douglas has done here tonight... No shame at all!

Sighing, Reform rolls over on top of Scott Douglas...

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*THREE!!!!*

...NO!!! Reform was so caught up he wasn't paying attention to ring positioning, and Douglas was able to get a foot up and onto the nearby bottom rope!!!!

Ned Reform's head explodes. Not really, but sorta. The man is up, stomping up and down in the ring like a toddler and he jumps around in a full circle with his eyes bugging out and his face turning red.

**Ned Reform:**

NO! NO! NO! NO! NOOOOOO!!!

He kicks the bottom rope for good measure. The fans give him hell and he SCREAMS back at them, spit flying everywhere. He turns to look back at Douglas, and he quickly covers again!

*ONE! TWO! NO!*

He covers again!

*ONE! TWO! NO!*

Again!

*ONE! TWO! NO!*

The fans applaud as Ned pounds the mat in frustration. He covers again... but this time, with both feet propped against the middle rope for extra leverage... Carla sees it and refuses to count! Reform breaks the pin and gets right in Carla's face!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

It's not her fault you can't put him away, Ned! Leave her alone!

Carla has faced down her fair share of angry wrestlers, but the pure venom in The Good Doctor's eyes causes her to back into the corner. He follows. He has her cornered as he holds up three fingers and berates her. For her part, she tries her best to give it right back to him. While the camera focuses on Ned's tirade, we faintly hear the sound of the crowd popping... and we find out why as Ned moves out of the way at the last second and Douglas crashes into Carla like a runaway train! Carla is squashed in the corner and crumples! Scott, still clearly hurting, is with-it enough to realize what he's done and he looks down in shame at Carla. This distraction allows Ned to hit him from behind... hook him... lift him up... and drop him with the brainbuster that he calls...

**DDK:**

The Syllabuster!! Douglas driven head first into the mat!!

The fans boo as Ned, exhausted, lays backwards onto his opponent... except Carla is down and there is no ref. You can see the frustration in Reform's eyes as he lays looking up at the arena lights.

**Lance:**

The irony. If Ned hadn't gone off on Carla like that, he likely would have just won this match!

The Faithful, taking advantage of a lull in the action, fill in the silence with their own opinion...

*THIS IS AWESOME! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)*

*THIS IS AWESOME! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)*

*THIS IS AWESOME! (clap, clap, clap clap clap)*

Reform sits up, sweat running down his head and eyes somewhat glazed. He looks over to Carla Ferrari, who still lays on the canvas. Instead of getting back to his feet, he rolls under the bottom rope. He gingerly walks over to a part of the ring apron, throwing back the "DEFCON" apron and reaching under the ring. He searches around for a second before bringing out a weapon that he holds high into the air...

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

A spike!! It's almost exactly the same type of spike that he used to defeat Bronson Box at ACTS of DEFIANCE!!

**Lance:**

And with no referee, he is free to do whatever he wants!

Still moving like a man who has been through a car accident, Reform takes the spike and rolls back into the ring. Taking the time to catch his breath, he readies the dangerous weapon and stands over Douglas like a predator measuring his next meal. Reform is no hurry, and he lets the anticipation build among the crowd as he waits for Douglas to slowly... slowly... slowly... struggle back to a vertical base.

**DDK:**

Turn around Scott! Watch out!!

Douglas turns... Reform lunges with the spike...

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

...but Douglas gets his hands up!! Douglas stops the momentum mere inches from his face!! For a moment, time stands still as the two warriors jockey for control of the weapon, with Ned trying to push it forward and Douglas trying to repel it! Finally, the stalemate is broken when Douglas allows Ned's force to push forward but to the side and the weapon spikes the mat. Ned goes for a right hand, but Douglas ducks and Ned's momentum carries him right into a Scott Douglas BELLY-TO-BELLY!!!!

The place comes unglued!!!

...but that quickly turns to boos. And we see why when the camera shifts to the ramp, where TA Cole is SPRINTING toward the ring!

**DDK:**

TA Cole! Ned Reform told the Honor Society to stay out of this match!!



**Lance:**

Is he defying the order, or was it all a plot by Ned to lure Scott Douglas into a false sense of security!?

Cole slides under the bottom rope and charges at Douglas with a clothesline, but Scott Douglas is able to duck. Cole bounces off the ropes and charges again, but Scott Douglas is ready for him with a crisp dropkick! The kick stuns Cole and sends him back across the ropes, and Douglas charges and clotheslines the Honor Society member over the top and to the floor! Douglas turns... right into a Ned Reform clothesline! Douglas is down and Reform nearly collapses in exhaustion. Ned sees Carla getting back to her senses, so he quickly kicks the spike (that was still sticking straight up in the canvas) out of the ring before she can see it. He grabs Douglas by the hair and pulls him over toward the corner!

**DDK:**

What can Ned Reform do to keep this man down? Is it even possible?

**Lance:**

We're about to find out!

Ned pulls himself up to a seated position on the turnbuckle (facing out toward the ring) as he brings Douglas with him by maintaining a hold on his hair. Not letting go, Reform positions himself on the top rope while bringing Scott along for the ride. He slips his arms down, and hooks Douglas for what appears to be...

**DDK:**

Oh no! Reform is looking for a turnbuckle Syllabuster!!

**Lance:**

If he drives Scott's head into the pad, he could break his neck!!

There isn't a soul sitting in the arena as Ned takes his time getting himself and Douglas into position. He has him hooked for what appears to be a brainbuster off the top... but when he goes to drop the former SOHer, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son clamps down tight on the ropes and blocks the move! The fans cheer as Ned tries again with the same result! Now Douglas with some shots to Reform's midsection! Ned's grip loosens!! More shots by Douglas - this time to the head! Now Reform lets go of the hold altogether... and Douglas wastes no time reaching up and locking in a move of his own!!! Douglas pushes off backwards, now bringing REFORM for the ride with HIM as the two sail down toward the canvas!!!

**DDK:**

TOP ROPE SUB POP SUPLEX!!!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!*

Reform's head is DRIVEN into the mat!!! Both men crumple....

...but Scott Douglas, out of pure exhaustion, drapes an arm over Ned Reform's chest!!

*ONE!!!*

*TWO!!!!*

*THREEEEEEEE!!!!!!*

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

**DING DING DING!!**

**DDK:**

HE DID IT!!!! SOMEHOW, SCOTT DOUGLAS DID IT!!!

**Lance:**

AFTER A DESPERATION TOP ROPE MOVE, SCOTT DOUGLAS HAS RETURNED TO DEFIANCE TO PIN NED REFORM!!!!

**DDK:**

Reform picked this fight, and now he bit off more than he could chew!!

♪ Smiling and Dyin' - Green River ♪

As Douglas' music plays over the PA, The Faithful are up - cheering, high fiving, and hugging. Both Douglas and Reform are still laid out, and on the outside, TA Cole runs his hands through his hair in shock.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your WINNER..... SUB! POP! SCOTT! DOOOOOOOOGULASSSSSSS!!!!

The music begins to play as slowly, slowly, ever so slowly, both men begin to stir.

**DDK:**

My God... what a roller coaster!

**Lance:**

Scott Douglas has shown us all that he still has what it takes... and you might say he just made right the injustice of 2021! This is how we deserve to see this man go out!

**DDK:**

And you really can't take anything away from Ned Reform... we've NEVER seen him as good, as vicious, and as smart as we saw him tonight. He might not have won, but it pains me to admit that the man has proven to me he belongs at the top of the card!

Douglas has pulled himself up in his corner. In the opposite corner, Reform has done the same. Carla walks over to hold up Scott's hand in victory. We cut to Reform, who is very clearly crying as he can barely hold himself up. Douglas is also emotional as he takes in the applause of The Faithful and even hugs Carla briefly.

**DDK:**

Good things happen to good people, Lance. Douglas has been here since the days of the UTA Invasion. He's seen DEFIANCE through good times and bad. And he deserves this moment.

Cut to both Warner and Keebler, who are standing and applauding along with the Faithful.

Curiously, Scott locks eyes with Ned Reform. Reform does the same. Things get quiet as the people don't seem to know what to expect. Reform, holding his side, does not look angry. In fact, he looks... emotional? He takes a step forward, still teary eyed, and stands in the middle of the ring. He wipes the sweat from his brow as he... extends a hand for a handshake!?

**DDK:**

Oh my!

**Lance:**

Is it possible? Is this a side of Ned we've never seen?

**DDK:**

I'm gonna say it: these two just ran away with the show, Lance. It's battles like this that can give birth to the embers of respect... even in someone like Ned Reform!

Douglas seems unsure as he looks at the extended hand. He takes a few steps forward. He looks Ned in the eye. They stare for a bit.

**DDK:**

The question is, after everything Ned has done and said, does Scott Douglas feel the same respect?

Finally, Scott seems to reach the conclusion that this is genuine. He takes Reform's hands and they shake!!

The fans applaud in respect. Reform grabs Douglas' hand and raises it into the air, pointing at him and turning him around for The Faithful to see.

**DDK:**

I never, in a million years, thought we'd see...

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

And then, to the shock of all, Ned Reform punts Scott Douglas in the nuts as hard as he can!!! Douglas falls, mouth agape in shock and pain, to his knees. Reform pie-faces him so he falls the rest of the way.

**DDK:**

[BLEEP]ing come on!!!!

The heat is NUCLEAR in the arena. Garbage starts to pelt the ring. And Ned Reform... scratch that, DOCTOR Ned Reform... does something very unlike him when he raises two middle fingers and spins in a circle to share them with The Faithful!!

**Ned Reform:**

[BLEEP] YOU!!!!

**Lance:**

Unbelievable. What a child.

Reform rolls under the bottom rope and gingerly walks to the back. He is hit in the face with a fountain soda cup, but he doesn't sell it. In the ring, Carla begins to check on a stirring Scott Douglas.

**DDK:**

What should have been a crowning and heartwarming moment... ruined by the tantrum of a loser. Yeah. I said it. Loser. What a disgrace...

Scott Douglas struggles to his feet with the help of the ropes and Carla Ferrari, still in obvious pain. He manages to have his arm raised by Ferrari before dropping to the mat and rolling out of the ring. He heads up the ramp way, slowly, trying his best to acknowledge the Faithful as he goes.

**DDK:**

Scott Douglas put on one hell of a performance here tonight, only for Ned Reform to sully the moment in the final seconds. I, much like many of you out there, hate to see him go but regardless of Reform's tasteless act, Scott

Douglas leaves DEFIANCE this time ... victorious.

## UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: POP CULTURE PHENOMS (C) vs. TITANES FAMILIA

**DDK:**

Two matches to go here at DEFCON Night One, Lance! And up next, the first of tonight's two major title matches! The Pop Culture Phenoms defend against the POWERFUL challengers... Titanes Familia.

**Lance:**

The feud between PCP and the Titans goes back several years! When Uriel Cortez and Mil, formerly Minute, were a team, they and PCP traded the Unified Tag Team Titles back and forth! They battled in a two-out-of-three falls match and even had the honor of sharing the first time the Unified Tag Team Titles main evented in a Match of the Year Contender in 2022 with Saturday Night Specials... but PCP have never been up against this iteration -- "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness and "The Good Son" Killjoy.

**DDK:**

For the past few weeks, it seems like the challengers have had PCP's number since launching an attack to close out our Seattle show on DEFtv 199 that saw Titaness put Elise through a table and Killjoy throw The D into the audience! On DEFtv 200, Uriel and Killjoy played distraction so Titaness could sneak in the ring and cost Elise a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE against Dex Joy! And on 201, in a singles match, it was Titaness who scored the biggest singles win of her career over Elise Ares!

**Lance:**

But one thing that you can always count on the Phenoms... they NEVER back down from a challenge, even when they are outpowered by their competition. Flex Appeal, Rain City Ronin and The Honor Society have all fallen to PCP in this amazing run, but will Titanes Familia be the team to end it all tonight?

**DDK:**

We'll find out... NEXT!

The opening bell rings to acknowledge the start of the next match.

The lights darken all throughout the arena... then gold laser lights begin to shine all across the stage...

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal  
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

At the sound of the first set of lyrics, one golden spotlight shines on the left side of the ramp. The form of Titaness can be seen with her figure hidden behind what looks like a big gold flag.

♪ Father, father, could you bless his soul?, he talking crazy, I may lose control  
It's always trouble when they go too far, nobody mess with my familia ♪

At the sound of the second set of lyrics, a second golden spotlight shines on the right side. The MONSTROUS form of the 6'10" Killjoy can be seen standing on the ramp, back to the ring, fists balled up, then turning his head to face the ring.

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

As the music kicks in, the challenging duo are met with LOUD jeers from the Los Angeles Faithful knowing that they are in enemy territory tonight. Leading the charge of the duo, Titaness opens her arms wide, revealing a black sleeveless body suit for her chosen attire and a golden cape attached to both of her outstretched arms. On the left leg, "Pretty" runs down in cursive, "Powerful" on the right. And on her face...

A pair of dark LED shades not unlike what Elise Ares would wear. With a smile on her face as they head towards the ring, Titaness gestures to the scrolling ticker...

"NEXT. TAG. CHAMPIONS."

**DDK:**

That's a shot across the port bow if I've ever seen one.

**Lance:**

That it is. Clear as day. And that confidence has been riding high. All the momentum is on the side of the Familia tonight.

**DDK:**

In short order, we have seen Titaness and Killjoy just destroy the opposition and form a dominant team. Titaness and Elise Ares fought in a great main event marred by Killjoy using that gold weightlifting chain as a weapon to lock The D and Klein in their locker room.

Titaness removes the shades and throws them off to the side. The cape goes next and then she poses on the apron, flexing her arms while Killjoy put his crossed arms up while standing on the floor. Once done, Titaness climbs into the ring, then Killjoy steps over the ropes to enter the ring behind her. Titaness and Killjoy get ready to fight as they wait for the ring for the arrival of the champions. They don't have to wait long as the lights go out and the Faithful roar.

A low buzz vibrates around the arena as a bright yellow spotlight shines down from the rafters. Below it is... a goat with a box over its head met with a loud ovation. Suddenly a second green spotlight kicks on illuminating a goat with the letter D on it's back. Then a purple spotlight blazes down between the two, highlighting a third goat with a pair of LED sunglasses on that read "GET. FUCKED."

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Suddenly the Crypto.com Arena is enchanted by rolling lights of green, purple, and gold. The Los Angeles Faithful are on their feet as a massive "G.O.A.T." themed Carnival float covered in intricate fabrics of green, gold, and purple Gigantic stylized goat heads face on the sides and the front, each representing a member of the Pop Culture Phenoms. A goat with a box on its head, a goat with LED sunglasses that simply read "GOAT" and a goat with a D on its forehead. On top of the float are a half-dozen paid actors wearing full goat costumes and the Pop Culture Phenoms heaving around giant confetti bazookas.

Elise Ares and The D stand on opposite sides of the float blasting gold, purple, and green confetti into the LA Faithful as the GOATs around them dance to the music. Klein stands front and center of the float wearing his trademark cardboard box with the eye holes cut out of the "O" and the "A" of the word GOAT in all caps.

**DDK:**

The Pop Culture Phenoms have a mission tonight, and it appears that mission is to put to rest any conversation of who is the Greatest Tag Team of All Time.

**Lance:**

Wouldn't that be "GOATS"? Or "GTTOAT"?

**DDK:**

Or maybe they just really like goats, but one thing has been for certain and that's as of late this team of Titaness and Killjoy have had their number.

**Lance:**

It feels like another huge DEFIANCE PPV, another battle for the Pop Culture Phenoms against monsters. Most nights I leave wondering how they survive, much less win these battles. This one feels different though, Darren. This feels even more insurmountable than usual.

After The D, Elise Ares, and Klein dismount the GOAT Float in their carnival style green, yellow, and purple ring attire they stand three wide on the apron staring across at Titaness and Killjoy who refuse to leave the ring and make room

for the champions. Ares and The D hand the Unified Tag Team Championships over to Rex Knox in the ring and Titaness tries to call him over to hand her the championships but she's ignored as he lifts them in the air for everyone to see. As he does Elise points out her LED sunglasses that match the goats in saying "GET. FUCKED." before tossing them towards the challenger and entering the ring three wide.

DEFIANCE official Rex Knox then stands in their way, halting the champions from causing a fight with himself and Darren Quimbey caught in the middle. The music fades. The pomp and circumstance is over and all parties are now in the ring, the lights of the Crypto.com Arena go dim all except for in-ring to start the introductions.

#### **Darren Quimbey:**

The following match is a tag team contest set for one fall and it is for the Unified Tag Team Championships!

The nifty graphics appear on the screen as The Faithful go nuts.

#### **Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first, the challengers... at a combined weight of 557 pounds... they are the team of **"THE GOOD SON" KILLJOY... "THE PRETTY POWERFUL" TITANESS... TITANES FAMILIA!**

Killjoy remains stoic with arms folded while Titaness runs a thumb across her throat and then gestures towards the titles.

Over to D and Elise, as the D discusses strategy and Elise stares daggers across the ring. Almost looking straight through the D as he continues his unheard pep talk.

#### **Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents, they are three time DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions. At a combined weight of None of Your Business, from HOLLYWOOD, California! "The Director of DEFIANCE," THE D, and "The Leading Lady," ELISE, ARES!

Both the D and Elise climb nearby turnbuckles and pose for the Faithful, camera bulbs flashing.

#### **DING DING**

The D stands between Elise and their opponents, as Elise shouts and points at Titaness. Titaness slaps Killjoy on the chest and Killjoy looks to start, which doesn't please Elise. She shouts and demands Titaness, but The D raises a palm and tries to calm her down. Elise refuses, so the D raises a fist. Reluctantly, Elise and the D play a quick game of rock paper scissors. The D's rock crushes Elise's scissors, as the D ushers and "shoos" Elise out. This only infuriates her further.

The D turns and looks up at the massive Killjoy standing before him. He turns around, contemplating tagging Elise in anyway, but then steels his resolve. The two circle each other, collar and elbow tie up, but Killjoy just grabs the D by both of his arms and flings him across the ring so he lands with a thud on his stomach. The D winces in pain and recovers. He starts to circle the Good Son, trying to suss out the proper course of attack. Killjoy raises one palm, asking for a test of strength.

#### **DDK:**

The D doesn't back down from anyone, but he'd be wise to back down from a test of strength with Killjoy.

#### **Lance:**

The D can rise to any occasion, except this one.

The D laughs in his face. He shoots off the far ropes and then hooks them so he doesn't ACTUALLY rush toward Killjoy. This action gives the D some info as Killjoy lifts a boot to plant it into the D's face. So D bounces off the flexible ropes and then charges back toward Killjoy as KJ plants his boot back into the mat. The D grabs Killjoy's hand and spins behind into a hammerlock. The D stands confidently, shouting "THIS IS WRESTLING!" as Killjoy reaches

behind him. Official Knox shouts at Killjoy to watch the hair. Killjoy leans forward, as if trying to touch his toes. This causes the D to keep the hammerlock held, but he leaps onto Killjoy's back to keep it held. This allows Killjoy to snap and fall backwards into a neutral corner, squashing the D. The D's air goes out of his chest, as Killjoy turns and clocks him with a thick right to the jaw that almost sends him completely out of the ring.

Then, a knife edge chop that turns the D's chest into red raw mince meat.

**DDK:**

Oooh, boy, I heard that up here.

**Lance:**

Killjoy's name is never more apropos here tonight as he looks to dismantle the partying trio of PCP. There's many reasons LET was one of the most dominant groups BRAZEN ever had, and Killjoy was reasons 1 through 4.

Killjoy proceeds to smash and squash the D in the corner with body blows and back elbows. Just mugging the D in the corner. Rex Knox gets involved and issues a count, which Killjoy relents only at 4. It's not for long before KJ grabs the D by the side of his cranium and chucks him across the ring like he was nothing but a diva.

The D faceplants on the mat, and looks up both in pain and a "you got me" face. Killjoy looks over to his corner, to see Titaness with her hand extended, and then tags her in. Titaness hits the ring quickly, so the D rolls and DIVES, tagging in Elise.

**DDK:**

Here we go! Elise Ares may finally get some sense of vengeance for her singles loss to Titaness at DEFtv 201!

Here, Titaness quickly tags back out to Killjoy. KJ says nothing, and has no qualms immediately re-entering the ring to stare across at Elise. The Faithful boo this display of cowardice.

**Lance:**

Or not.

**DDK:**

This isn't about Titaness not wanting to face Elise, this is all about infuriating the Cuban Sensation.

**Lance:**

And it's working all too well. Klein, while it IS the time for breathing exercises... I don't think Elise is paying attention.

Elise yells at Knoc to get Titaness back in, but he just claps above his head. Killjoy and Elise circle each other. KJ goes for a collar and elbow, but Elise slips through with a baseball slide between the legs. As she recovers, she charges.

**DDK:**

AMETHYSTATION! She just took Titaness CLEAN off the apron!

**Lance:**

But don't turn your back on the legal man Darren...

Killjoy hooks Elise from behind in a full nelson. Her shocked wide eyes tell the complete story.

**Lance:**

... no matter how satisfying that punch may be!

Killjoy goes to lift Elise for a suplex, but Elise racks the eyes. Freeing one arm, Killjoy lifts Elise up for a modified half nelson, but Elise uses her positioning and leverage to spin completely, lucha-defying gravity before arm dragging Killjoy OFF HIS FEET across the ring.



In a daze, the monster climbs to his feet, angry. He stumbles and keeps himself upright from the top rope, before seething across the ring to the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE.

**DDK:**

An amazing exchange there from Elise...

**Lance:**

But long term? It might have been a BAD MOVE Darren.

Killjoy charges for a shoulder block, which Elise dodges and rushes off the far side. Elise comes back to KJ and leaps for a cross body.

**DDK:**

Caught!

Killjoy turns toward the PCP corner, and doesn't realize the D is already on the top turnbuckle.

**Lance:**

High cross body by the D!

**DDK:**

Oh my God! He just caught them both!

Indeed, Killjoy is stomping around the ring with both members of PCP held in his arms. With a quick flick of the wrists, Killjoy sends both PCP members up and over his head in a fallaway slam. The D slips completely out of the ring as Elise lands with a thud on her back. Killjoy smiles and places his palm onto Elise's face.

Rex Knox rushes into position, looks a bit confused, but counts.

One.

Two.

Elise gets a shoulder up.

Killjoy decides here to grab each of Elise's arms. With Elise facing Titaness, Killjoy digs his knee into Elise's back and yanks both of her arms back, holding onto her wrists. Elise screams in pain as Titaness mocks her from the Familia's corner.

**DDK:**

Oh, there's no way Killjoy didn't plan this. Elise Ares is in clear view of Titaness, who's taunting her with every moment!

**Lance:**

It's almost as if the pain of seeing Titaness jaw jack her MIGHT be worse than Killjoy's physical punishment.

**DDK:**

Might.

**Lance:**

Keyword Darren.

Killjoy keeps this submission hold in for a while, as Rex Knox gets in the way of Titaness's view. Knox keeps asking Elise if she gives, and Elise have various expletives to provide him to his question.

The D climbs back onto the apron and starts slapping the top turnbuckle and stomping the apron. The Faithful respond in kind, cacophonying their cheers in echo fashion for Elise. As she feeds off their strength, Elise somehow slips her knees under her body, allowing her impressive leg strength to push her to her feet. With Killjoy no longer having the positioning advantage, Elise tucks forward in a front roll, kicking Killjoy under the jaw as she does. KJ back peddles, as Elise charges off the far side.

**DDK:**

AMETHYSTATION.

**Lance:**

Killjoy just TOOK it!

Elise looks shocked. The D does too. Killjoy looks at Elise as if it was gnat that just buzzed in his face.

And then he swats her down with a HUGE overhand palm strike straight to the chest.

**DDK:**

The Pop Culture Phenoms are going to have to adjust their strategy quickly or we could be looking at new Tag Team Champions!

Killjoy reaches down and grabs Elise by her face, and just starts squeezing. Elise's legs kick the mat with every tough squeeze. Rex Knox is right there, ready to call for the bell if Elise taps out. Elise however, appears to fight back and refuses. She kicks her legs up and leg scissor's Killjoy's arm. So KJ just lifts her with one hand and powerbombs her into the center of the ring.

One.

Two.

The D comes in and kicks the back of Killjoy's head. It barely registers with the monster, but it registers with Knox as he calls for the break in the count.

Knox ushers D out of the ring as Killjoy tosses Elise into the Familia's corner. Titaness raises her hand and KJ slaps it, tagging her in.

**DDK:**

Oh, now Titaness is ready to face Elise.

**Lance:**

And she's fist to face with Elise, and a few stomps thrown in for good measure.

Titaness grabs Elise by the arm and looks to whip her across the ring into the PCP corner, but changes direction to a neutral corner. As Elise's back slams into the buckle pads, Titaness collides her boot with Elise's face.

**DDK:**

Brutal corner big boot, into a bulldog. And then Titaness just pulls back in a face lock, digging an elbow into Ares' back and using her own flexibility against her!

**Lance:**

Elise, screaming, desperately reaching out for the D.

Titaness is just enjoying herself as she wrenches further back on Elise, turning her into a teeter totter. Elise reaches back and tries to grab at Titaness' hair and eyes but Rex Knox is right there to threaten the disqualification. Knox asks Elise and she shakes her head no. Titaness pulls her back further and her screams of pain ring out Los Angeles. Again, she refuses. So Titaness releases the hold, and just as quickly leaps and drops an elbow square in the lower

back.

Lifted to her feet, Elise can't react before Titaness scoops her in a snap powerslam. Off the far ropes and Titaness slams into a seated Elise with a nice sliding clothesline. She slides all the way over to the D's side, and delivers the old fangul.

**Titaness:**

Gone limp, D?

The D tries to enter the ring and Rex Knox is there to stop him. The D is shouting about how people can't yell at him during a wrestling match. Titaness pulls Elise up by the hair and drags her into the Familia's corner. There, Killjoy enters, as both Killjoy and Titaness put the boots to Elise's midsection. Then Killjoy just starts choking Elise, as the D finally relents in the opposite corner. Titaness exits as Knox rushes over to the challenger's corner, starting his count on Killjoy's choke. Again, Killjoy doesn't relent until a count of 4. Elise gasps for air as Killjoy only relents to the law. Titaness continues to try and manipulate things.

Titaness: [mockingly]

Elise! (clap-clap) Elise! (clap-clap) Elise! (clap-clap)

**DDK:**

Classy move by Titaness... but we have to talk about Killjoy! He has been very impressive since being called up from DEFIANCE.

**Lance:**

Killjoy has been impressive since his signing Darren. Two time BRAZEN champion, the monster of LET, Killjoy has been nigh indestructible.

Killjoy lifts Elise up and drops her face first on the top turnbuckle pad. The D shouts at Rex Knox about the face hit being "Uncool," from his corner as we seen Klein react in sympathetic pain on the outside. The Good Son hooks Elise in a front headlock, and lifts her up.

Then he holds her.

He holds her again.

And then instead of falling with her, just drops her with his version of a release vertical suplex.

Killjoy stands and notices Klein has hopped onto the apron. Rex is there to intersect, but Klein points and mimes animatedly at Killjoy.

**Lance:**

I... I think Klein is trying to tell Killjoy that he stole his move.

**DDK:**

Since when did you become a person to box mime translator?

Killjoy takes a wild swipe at Klein, who hops off the apron just in time.

But Elise rolls through and dives, tagging the D, who's already on the top turnbuckle while holding the tag rope. As Killjoy turns, the D flies.

**DDK:**

With Everything! It staggers Killjoy but doesn't take him down!

The flying crescent kick hits its mark but it's not enough. The D recovers and charges, only to duck underneath a

Killjoy back elbow. Off the far side, D returns and hits a SECOND one, sending Killjoy down to one knee now. He recovers quickly, nods at Killjoy and then charges off the neutral side. Upon returning, D spins again.

**DDK:**

A third one's the cha-

**Lance:**

No! Killjoy caught him! He's repositioning!

Killjoy takes the D and rushes toward the PCP's corner, tossing him over the top rope and into Klein's awaiting arms on the outside. Klein catches the powerbomb'd D as best he can, but Killjoy's bombs show no mercy and their velocity is unmatched as both men crash to the outside.

**DDK:**

GOOD LORD! If Klein hadn't been there for The D, that could have been BAD. He's already thrown The D in the crowd in Seattle! He threw Mil Vueltas off a stage!

The Faithful jeer and boo as Killjoy methodically turns his attention to Elise Ares, pulling herself to her feet in the corner for the first time since making the tag. Elise blows him a smooch. Killjoy reaches out to grab her, and Ares hooks Killjoy and drops his throat across the top rope while falling off the apron. This stuns the beast and sends him staggering back. Elise reaches over to the Disposable Heroes and lifts The D out of the wreckage of Klein. She slaps him twice, regaining his attention like a war veteran using smelling salts on a dazed combatant. She slaps him once on the ass and tosses him in under the bottom rope.

The D turns on his knees and sees the Monster Killjoy standing overtop of him.

**DDK:**

Back up D! You don't want to be there!

The D puts both hands out, trying to mime a truce. Killjoy only takes steps closer and closer until.

The D takes the air out of Killjoy and puts it back into the arena.

**DDK:**

DA-DICK-PUNCH-CHA!

**Lance:**

Rex Knox is not happy!

Indeed, Rex threatens the D with disqualification as finally, Killjoy not only falls to his knees, but to his...

But to his...

I said he falls because of the low blow...

No. Killjoy refuses. He absolutely refuses to go down. He just kneels in front of a kneeling D. His emotionless SWAT mask staring back at the D, giving no inclination of discomfort or contentment. The D's eyes go wide as Killjoy's giant paw wraps around his throat. D swats at the wrist, once, twice.

But then gets lifted.

Thankfully, the D sprung with the lift, clearing the tall Killer and landing behind him. The D grabs one wrist as Killjoy turns. The D grabs the other before he can react, and the D drops, shoving both of his boots into The Good Son's jaw.

**DDK:**

A-Lister from the D! I think that really rocked Killjoy Lance.

**Lance:**

Still hasn't taken the monster down yet Darren.

The D seems exacerbated at trying to take down Killjoy. He decides to leap off a neutral middle rope, spinning with a drop kick that sends Killjoy staggering. The D rushes to a neutral turnbuckle, and hops off Bret's rope with another, which sends Killjoy further stumbling backward, into the PCP's corner. The D charges in and dives with his Stinger Splash.

**DDK:**

D in your face! Big splash in the corner, and here come the boots!

The D starts booting Killjoy in the chest, and tags out to Elise. Elise enters and joins him, and the two put the boots to him. Over, and over again, the two tag in and out. At least ten exchanges for five double teams before the two of them just look at each other in confusion.

While usually, the opponent slowly slinks down until they're in a seated position allowing for much better leverage and bigger damage...

Killjoy just stands there.

**DDK:**

It's like kicking a brick wall over and over.

**Lance:**

I mean, he's stunned, but not falling. It's amazing.

Elise takes a few steps back, and charges. As she leaps and hits Killjoy with her Amethystation (Superman Punch), the D splits like Johnny Cage from Mortal Kombat and hits a proper Da Dick Punch-Cha (Split assisted low blow).

Finally, Killjoy falls to a seated position in the corner. The Faithful cheer wildly.

**DDK:**

The Monster is Human!

**Lance:**

Careful! It hears you!

Having had enough, Titaness charges into the ring to boos. Klein jumps onto the apron to tell Knox but instead takes Knox's attention away from the action in the ring. Titaness clotheslines Elise off her feet and then doing the same to the D, turning him inside out. Rex Knox has lost all control as Klein finally hops off. He turns back to see Titaness trying to help Killjoy to his feet, only to turn around and eat a double drop kick from both members of PCP. She stumbles back into the ropes and catches herself, only for Knox to eject her from the ring. He also turns to the D, shouts about the low blows, and ejects him from the ring. Leaving Elise alone with the pissed off irate Monster.

Elise backs off as Killjoy stalks her. Elise realizes Killjoy backed her into his corner, and Killjoy charges. Elise slips between Killjoy's legs as KJ hits the corner. Elise then charges toward, leaping with a dropkick.

But somehow, Killjoy slips between Elise's legs and just catches her on his shoulders for a powerbomb. Here, Titaness tags herself in, climbs to the top rope and leaps, hitting Elise with a massive neckbreaker.

**DDK:**

Wow! A Killjoy assisted Lady Lariat from Titaness on Elise Ares! I think this could be it Lance!

One.

Two.

Elise barely gets a shoulder up before three. Knox shouts three and Titaness can't believe it, slamming her fist into the mat and shouting 3 toward Rex. Rex holds up 2 again.

**DDK:**

I thought that was it! I thought we just had new Unified Tag Team Champions!

**Lance:**

This is what has made PCP arguably the top tag team in all of DEFIANCE history! Eight years on top, at their worst, they're hilarious. But at their best, they overcome!

Killjoy sees The D just ahead of him and Titaness shouts at The Good Son to intercept! The beast charges towards the corner, but The D tugs down as hard as he can on the top rope, sending Killjoy spilling over the top and then diving down to the floor!

**Lance:**

The Director of DEFIANCE outsmarts the monster!

The D looks out to The Faithful as Titaness struggles to get Elise up in the ring for a suplex. She tries to go for broke...

ELISE COUNTERS INTO A STUNNER!

**DDK:**

AND ELISE TAKES OUT TITANESS!

The D leaps off the apron...

GUILLOTINE CHOKE ON KILLJOY!

**DDK:**

THE D HAS KILLJOY! THE D HAS KILLJOY! HE'S CHOKING IT!

**Lance:**

PHRASING!

He has the "Choking It" Guillotine choke locked in on Killjoy! The Good Son struggles with trying to get The D's grip to loosen!

**DDK:**

This is one way to stop a giant! Any one of any size needs to be able to breathe!

Killjoy makes an audible grunting sound as he realizes The D won't let go...

He charges towards the barricade...

BUT THE D TWISTS HIS BODY AROUND...

**BOOM!**

**DDK:**

OH, MY GOD! KILLJOY AND THE D JUST WENT THROUGH THE BARRICADE TOGETHER! KILLJOY WAS TRYING TO BREAK THE SUBMISSION BY RUNNING AT THE BARRICADE, BUT THEY'RE BOTH DOWN!

A THUNDERING “Holy shit!” chant erupts through the arena and the fans applaud as Elise Ares and Titaness are left all alone.

**Lance:**

The D and Killjoy have been wiped out! The Unified Tag Team Titles hang in the balance right now between these two women!

Titaness is in the ring, still feeling the effects of the stunner while Elise reels back. She reels back and CRACKS Titaness in the leg with a big superkick, bringing her down to a knee! Elise rolls backwards and gets back to her feet, then follows THAT up with another Amethystation punch! The blow rocks Titaness!

**DDK:**

Elise on the verge of defeating Titaness! She’s got her groggy!

Elise charges towards Titaness and goes for a tilt-a-whirl...

**DDK:**

SUNSET STRETCH! PASSED DOWN BY OSCAR BURNS **YEARS** AGO WHEN THEY FOUGHT ON THE SAME SIDE!

Elise CRANKS the hold in on Titaness! The Pretty Powerful tries to struggle in the submission... and TWISTS her way out of it! She has Elise on her shoulders and then runs before SPIKING her down!

**Lance:**

THAT’S IT!

Titaness goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Elise KICKS out and Titaness can’t believe it!

**Lance:**

So close! We almost had new champions! But look! Titaness has another arrow loaded from the quiver!

**DDK:**

She’s in the corner! That Pretty Striking spear got the win over Elise!

Titaness tells The Faithful it’s over! With a running start, she charges for the spear... but catches a HUGE superkick from one-half of the Unified Tag Team Champions first!

**Lance:**

Elise counters! She counters!

Titaness is stunned when Elise looks out to The Faithful and tries something... she ducks... and she SCOOPS Titaness up... TO LOUD CHEERS!

**DDK:**

ELISE HITS HER OWN DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! TITANESS IS DOWN! TITANESS IS DOWN!

Directly after spiking her with the Death Valley Driver, Elise holds her back, but she’s upright! Titaness cradles the

back of her head in pain... then charges and STOMPS Titaness into the mat face-first with the double-footed Curb Stomp!

**DDK:**

EXTREME MAKEOVER! EXTREME MAKEOVER!

Elise QUICKLY rolls over and hooks the legs as The Faithful erupt loudly!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are your winners... and STILL Unified Tag Team Champions... **THE POP! CULTURE! PHENOMS!**

**Lance:**

WHAT A NAILBITER! THIS ONE CAME DOWN TO THE WIRE, BUT ONE OPENING AT THE NEED WAS ALL THAT PCP NEEDED TO FINALLY OVERCOME TITANES FAMILIA!

**DDK:**

For weeks, the challengers overpowered the champions! In only the SECOND tag team match of Titaness and Killjoy, they dominated much of this match, but at the end of the day, the titles stay with the champions!

Klein goes to help The D out of the wreckage at ringside and carries him over his shoulder so he can enter the ring and be a part of the post-match victory celebration with Elise! Rex Knox hands the group their Unified Tag Team Titles and hold them proudly!

**DDK:**

I think this has to be the closest they have come to losing the gold, but PCP continue their amazing run here tonight!

Killjoy finally pulls himself out of the mess that used to be a barricade, limping slowly and going over to help Titaness. Meanwhile in the ring, Elise, The D and Klein embrace (while The D complains about ribs) and bask in the glow of championship victory!



## SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. JJ DIXON

In a darkened concourse tunnel, a brutish silhouette blocks out the light. With a determined, purposeful march, the monster approaches, then passes the camera, stepping out of the shadowy tunnel and into the arena and its bright lights and booming sounds.

The announcers don't speak through the cacophony, rhythmic clapping sweeping through the Crypto.com Arena. No music to trumpet his arrival, Corvo Alpha stands atop two tiers of concrete steps, surrounded and encircled by screaming, raging Faithful. The pink leather strap of the SOHER is mottled with smears of red and yellow, its gold glimmering under the lights, draped as it is over his right shoulder. A fresh mask of yellow paint shimmers on his face, gnarled into his beard and a bright, clumpy gash of crimson spreads across his bare chest. He is "dressed" for war.

A deranged smile creeps across the beast's face as he stomps down the steps, pausing only to aggressively high five some fans along the way, clapping red and yellow paint across that section of seats.

### DDK:

Our Southern Heritage Champion has ARRIVED!

Striding down the second tier of steps, the pulse of clapping has slowly morphed into a steady chant.

*COR-VO! COR-VO! COR-VO!*

### Lance:

Consider the journey this man has had in the last three years. Tortured, twisted and broken by the machinations of an evil master, he not only broke free but earned the love and respect of the harshest critics in the sport: the DEFIANCE Faithful! He not only earned their support, he captured one of the most storied and revered championships in professional wrestling; the SOHER.

### DDK:

And tonight, on the sport's biggest stage, he faces a monumental challenge – a demented upstart that might be considered a shattered mirror image. A champion in his own right... under the sway of a malevolent vixen.

Alpha leaps over the guardrail and slides into the ring, slinking into a corner, like a panther. Laying the championship on the mat before him, his eyes glare at it as the rhythmic clapping and chanting turns into one long ovation.

The lights go out and the cheers melt into something more uncertain. Then a spotlight beams near the top of the entrance ramp. A woman wearing a pillbox hat with a black funeral veil over it, along with a sliver dress, stands behind a cello. She starts with a version of "Cello Concerto in d minor" and it starts getting more out of control, her eyes unblinking throughout as the sounds dissolve into a horror movie backing track. Then with a pause, she plays the rhythm line of

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

An even bigger spotlight comes at the top of the entrance ramp revealing Madame Melton. She looks resplendent, her silver flapper curls tended to by only the finest salon, with silver jewels in a netting making an aura literally appear over her, silver eye shadow crowning her eyes, silver lipstick, dangling silver earrings and don't forget the silver necklace that dips below her neckline with a single gold amulet that hangs just above the top of her bust. She's wearing a Valentino silver gown tailored perfectly to every inch of her curvy body, with a little cut away at the hem of her dress, as she clutches her \$10,000 Birkin Bag of Tricks. And draped on her left shoulder is the Favoured Saints title.

Melton's giant eyes look around what was once Her Adoring Public. She then points with her left hand as the lights reveal an all-female ten piece string orchestra playing the entirety of the 80s alt-rock anthem (all dressed the same as the cellist) Then she points to the right, and reveals an all-female choir (all dressed the same as the orchestra.) She then steps toward the ring.

*I am the heir  
To the son...  
Of a shyness  
That is criminally vulgar*

**DDK:**

And here comes the woman behind the rapid ascent of The Most Precious Gems over these past few months, or what she has entitled Madame Melton's March!

**Lance:**

We have seen Madame Melton's plotting led to JJ Dixon's title victory over Dan Leo James. They put their so-called friend MV1 on the shelf. She engineered four of the cheapest successful title defenses you will ever find for the Favoured Saints title -- go as far as taking a low-wage, custodial job at for weeks just to gain access to the dressing rooms so she could force a disqualification win over Mikey Unlikely, leading to a vicious feud with The Hollywood Bruvs!

She makes her slow walk to ringside, without "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon in tow.

*I am the heir  
Of the son...  
Of nothing in particular...*

**DDK:**

And along the way, she went out of her way to play massive head games with our SOHER champion, Corvo Alpha! She slapped him in the face. She taunted him about the torture he endured at the hands of her former lover Lord Nigel! They decimated MV1 -- Corvo's former tag partner and estranged friend in The Masked Violators. Then they set a trap at the last DEFtv that ended with Corvo Alpha being placed in the same cage he was kept in by Lord Nigel -- a despicable and dehumanizing act!

**Lance:**

And all done to goad Corvo Alpha into challenging JJ for the SOHER -- meaning that they did not even have to cash in the Favoured Saints title for tonight's match! It is nothing short of a coup attempt if The Most Precious Gems hold both titles!

**DDK:**

And "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon is nowhere to be found, possibly setting up Corvo Alpha for one of The Gems trademark sneak attacks using Melton's mastery of parlor tricks to their advantage!

*You shut your mouth  
How can you say  
I go about things the wrong way?*

Melton stands at the foot of the ring apron and holds the title up with her right hand, with a devilish smile at Corvo Alpha in the ring. The orchestra stops, leaving the choir to sing without any instrumentation.

*I am human  
And I neeeeeeed to be loved  
Just like everybody else does!*

The crowd buzzes as the music stops, and Madame just continues to glare at the ring with her grin of evil intentions. The DEFiatron shows a close up of her face. The Los Angeles crowd says it along with her as it's still a catchphrase, no matter who is saying it.

**Madame Melton:**

MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Right after she says that, Melton snaps her fingers and the house lights go on...

Revealing that right behind her at ringside is the same cage The Gems beat Corvo Alpha into at the last DEF TV -- roughly 10 feet high and six feet wide, six feet deep... with JJ Dixon (mask, black tank top, jeans, boots) inside kneeling, with his hands held out wide, screaming all kinds of nonsense. The crowd gasps as they realize what they see as Melton opens the cage door!

**DDK:**

And right up until the very last second of the match, Madame Melton and JJ Dixon are playing their head games! This is just absolutely cruel! Did that just lower to the ring from the ceiling in the darkness?!

**Lance:**

Corvo Alpha has torn through DEFIANCE like very few ever have in the history of this promotion. Yet Madame Melton and JJ Dixon, in their delusional and ruthless quest for power, are doing what nobody else has dared to do before -- toying with Corvo's entangled emotions in hopes to gain the upper hand!

**DDK:**

They are poking an absolutely vicious bear... and they'd better hope they can back up what they're doing!

Quimbey steps square in the center of the ring, casting a wary glance at a seething Alpha in the corner.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And now, for our Night One main event... presenting the challenger!

Madame Melton opens the cage to let JJ out, but Quimbey can say no more. Corvo Alpha shoulders past the ring announcer, who stumbles backwards into the ropes. Corvo sprints to the other side of the ring. Referee Benny Doyle tries to step in the way, too. But Corvo trucks him while screaming. Corvo then leaps between the middle and top rope and into JJ, sending JJ flying back into the cage!

**DDK:**

I don't know if we've ever seen Corvo Alpha this crazed! He's slugging away at JJ Dixon, who I don't think knew exactly what he was getting into!

Corvo is in the cage, punching JJ before ramming his head into the back of the cage! And a second time! Then Corvo whips JJ out of the cage into the ring post face first.

**Lance:**

This is an absolute onslaught! I think JJ and Madame Melton may have bitten off a lot more than they can chew! If you're going to talk a big game, if you're going to conduct all of these heinous mindgames, you'd better back it all up -- especially in the main event of our biggest Pay Per View of the Year!

Corvo continues to punch JJ in his head, followed by some kicks, before ramming JJ face first into the exterior of the cage! And then a second time! Now Corvo rakes JJ's forehead across the cage (the only part of his head not covered by his mask), and blood starts to trickle across his forehead. Madame Melton, beside herself, screams something at Corvo, who screams right back!

**DDK:**

JJ with a kick to Corvo's midsection with the distraction caused by his manager! Now JJ is scaling the exterior of that cage!

**Lance:**

It's the only escape route he has!

JJ is about halfway up the cage!

**DDK:**

And now Corvo is right behind him!

*COR-VO! COR-VO! COR-VO!*

**DDK:**

JJ is now at the top of the cage! Corvo's leaning over the top to get to JJ, who stomps on the mad man! JJ underhooks Corvo's arms -- Double Arm DDT!

The top of the cage rebounds under the sheer weight of JJ falling down, smacking Corvo's head into the steel. JJ now stomps on Corvo's arm.

**Lance:**

JJ slammed the cage door on Corvo's left shoulder at the last DEF TV, and that arm has been a problem for Corvo in the past! No doubt The Gems have that eyed up as a target!

JJ continues to stomp on the arm. He then sits on Corvo's back and grabs the left arm and pulls back with his submission finisher straightjacket crossface!

**DDK:**

A STREETCAR NAMED RETIRE ON THE TOP OF THAT RINGSIDE CAGE!

**Lance:**

I don't think this match has even started!

JJ is screaming like mad, but then Corvo pushes up on his other arm. JJ remains on Corvo's back, as Corvo gets on his knees, and then squats. JJ is shaking his head "no" violently back and forth as Corvo hooks one of JJ's legs, now standing up on the top of the cage! The crowd is screaming as Corvo takes a few steps back -- and there's a crash landing!

**DDK:**

CORVO AND JJ JUST FELL OFF THE TOP OF THAT 10-FOOT HIGH CAGE THROUGH DARREN QUIMBEY'S RING TABLE!

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

**Lance:**

I have never seen anything like this at the very beginning of a main event! Corvo Alpha has just absolutely dominated JJ Dixon from the very second Madame Melton tried to send JJ from that cage they used to taunt Corvo!

**DDK:**

It's one thing to main event episodes of Uncut. Or to win the Favoured Saints title. But being in the main event against Corvo Alpha, the most fearsome competitor arguably in DEFIANCE history, AT DEFCON, is another thing altogether!

Benny Doyle, shaking cobwebs from his face, now makes his way to the carnage at ringside. He points to the time keeper and tells him to ring the bell. The timekeeper, also seated with Quimbey, has to pick up the ring bell and hold it as he strikes the bell.

**DING DING**

**Benny Doyle:**

I'm giving both of you until the count of 10 to get into the ring!

Melton is stomping mad, threatening Doyle. The crowd counts along with Quimbey.

*Oneeeeeeee!*

*Twooooooooo!*

*Threeeeeeee!*

**DDK:**

Corvo is the first to move, on all fours as he gathers himself while The Fatal Attraction remains motionless. JJ Dixon and Madame Melton may not be ready for this level of spotlight!

*Fooooooooo!*

*Fivvvveee!*

But then, JJ... KIPS UP from the floor, not even looking at Corvo. Madame Melton's mouth drops in absolute disbelief. As does Doyle's!

**Lance:**

WHAT THE HELL?

JJ then takes a running step and hops up onto the apron without assistance. Then he springboard somersaults into the ring, just as he does his normal ring entrance. The crowd has no idea what to make of it, as JJ kneels and holds his arms wide open, blood all over his face, screaming at Corvo to get in the ring.

The crowd is making a lot of noise, but it's a noise of just utter disbelief. Corvo, now kneeling, also looks on in absolute shock, peering through flaking yellow battlepaint.

**DDK:**

I HAVE CERTAINLY NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS! JJ DIXON HAS SHAKEN OFF THAT PLUNGE FROM THE TOP OF THE CAGE THROUGH THE TABLE!

**Lance:**

JJ these past few months has described himself as a monster! I only thought he was using that to describe his new vicious side... but... but what we are seeing is absolutely inhuman!

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

Madame Melton takes a few steps right to Corvo, a wild smirk on her face. She points to the ring as Corvo gets to his feet.

**Madame Melton:**

That cage isn't your only nightmare! HE IS!

**DDK:**

And... I am starting to think I have to eat my words! The only other man I can think of who could shake off that level of damage is Corvo Alpha himself!

**Lance:**

It looks like The Fatal Attraction is more than ready for this match! Because it looks like Corvo Alpha is now in for the fight of his life!

JJ is beating his chest. Corvo snarls, and only knows one speed. He slides into the ring under the bottom rope, as JJ immediately clocks him with a running knee to the jaw.

**DDK:**

A kamikaze mission for Corvo to get into the ring, and The Fatal Attraction is taking advantage!

JJ rips Corvo up, with Corvo swinging back. But JJ gets the advantage with an eye rake, followed by a shot-arm whip

to the corner with JJ hitting a nasty back elbow. JJ quickly turns around —

**DDK:**

JJ kicks off the middle rope with a tornado DDT that spikes Corvo's head off the mat!

JJ then bounces off the opposite ropes right into a shotgun dropkick. Dixon then fires up immediately and bounces off the middle rope with a rebound leg drop!

**Lance:**

JJ's explosiveness is at a level we rarely see in a professional wrestler!

He does not go for a pinfall. Instead, he rolls over on top of Corvo and starts firing his 400 Blows forearms.

**DDK:**

And the combination of that athleticism with this viciousness makes Dixon a truly dangerous individual!

**JJ Dixon:**

WHY! DID! YOU! MAKE! ME! HURT! MIV!1!

JJ keeps on with his forearm assault, with guttural screams accentuating each one. Corvo connects through with some wild right to JJ's jaw, and then gets up with another right and sits up.

**DDK:**

CORVO IS NOW BITING JJ!

**Lance:**

Right on that cut forehead!

JJ screams. Corvo gets up without hesitating, slugging at that cut. JJ returns —

**DDK:**

JJ NOW BITING CORVO!

**Lance:**

This is not a scientific battle by any means but that is an effective counter!

JJ now punches Corvo in the zone of where he bit on the forehead. And a second. A small cut is clear. A third measured punch opens it up a bit more.

**DDK:**

But Corvo now fighting back with punches! JJ firing back! These two men are just pounding each other!

**Lance:**

This is not a wrestling match! It is a barroom brawl! There is nothing but absolute hatred between these two men!

Doyle yells at both men to stop as they continue to punch, scratch, claw and choke.

**DDK:**

Benny's lost control of this one!

**Lance:**

Has he ever HAD it?

*FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!*

**Lance:**

This is an intensely personal, raw feud! JJ and Madame Melton spent weeks dehumanizing Corvo, reminding him of the torture Lord Nigel put him through! Corvo finally snapped after The Gems' brutal assault on MV1!

They continue, bouncing and brawling off the ropes.

*FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!*

**Lance:**

JJ Dixon and The Most Precious Gems believe they have been wronged by this promotion in their warped logic and quest for power, fueled by what JJ sees as Corvo Alpha's betrayal of MV1, whom JJ still claims to love!

Doyle pulls himself free before accidentally getting stuck in the middle.

**DDK:**

But Corvo finally backs JJ into the corner!

**Lance:**

Corvo is considered to be on the shorter side of our roster but is one of the most powerful men you will ever see! An incredible core with that low center of gravity!

Which he then used to toss JJ over his head in reckless suplex/beal/attempt at murder.

**DDK:**

But JJ gets right back up with a lariat that sends Corvo out of his boots with a 360!

The crowd is in shock when Corvo gets right back up to charge JJ who catches Alpha with a thumb spike right to his Adam's Apple.

**Lance:**

JJ not hesitating with a second and a third thumb strike right to the throat!

Corvo rolls to the ring apron to take a breath.

**DDK:**

Melton is pounding on the mat and Dixon rolls out!

On the apron, Dixon measures Corvo, who uses the ropes to pull himself upright and find his own footing.

**DDK:**

Ohhhhh! CARTWHEEL DEATH VALLEY DRIVER!

**Lance:**

On infamously the hardest part of the ring!

But even that does not lay Corvo out, as he goes and falls on top of the ringside guard railing. JJ rolls back into the ring  
—

**DDK:**

JJ off the ropes—

Dixon DARTS through the air, illuminated by brilliant flashbulbs – a fast moving missile.

**DDK:**

—with a tope that sends Corvo right back into the guard rail!

Dixon turns, slides back into the ring and in a sprint, hits the far ropes and dives through the opposite set AGAIN!

**DDK:**

And now JJ with a SECOND TOPE! Where are these two finding this energy from?

**Lance:**

It is because both of these men are so damaged emotionally! They do not want to do anything but hurt each other, and both know they cannot relent for a second! Both know the other will go to any length, to every extreme, to defeat the other!

**DDK:**

And she knows that too!

Melton stalks, shoving Corvo face first into the cage. And then she rakes his face across the cage, opening up the ever deepening cut on his forehead even more as Dixon distracts Doyle.

**Lance:**

You knew she would not resist a cheap shot!

But Corvo turns to her with murder (and now a lot of blood of his own) in his eyes. Madame backpedals in fear —

**DDK:**

What is JJ doing?

Dixon springboards from the top rope ONTO THE CAGE and the crowd erupts as he does some kind of completely out of control spinning flip thing right as soon as his feet hit the cage, crashing down onto Corvo from 12 feet above!

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

**Lance:**

And finally... finally... both men are spent from this incredible, insane brawl! This is the one of the most damndest things I have ever seen in my career!

Doyle is out to check on the two bloodied car wreck victims laying on the floor....

*RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!*

**DDK:**

Benny is letting these two go—

**Lance:**

This is DEFCON!

**DDK:**

AND BOTH MEN ARE GETTING BACK ON THEIR FEET!

JJ gets up just a little bit before Corvo and whips him chest first into the ring railing, with Melton just dodging at the right time. Dixon charges —

**Lance:**

Corvo just threw a chair face first into Dixon! Dixon now down —

**DDK:**

BUT MELTON NOW ON THE RAILING CLAWING AT THAT CUT WITH HER WELL MANICURED FINGERNAILS!



But Corvo reaches up and holds her in a gorilla press position —

*COR-VO! COR-VO! COR-VO!*

And he throws her toward JJ, just getting up. JJ catches her, but Corvo charges and spears JJ while holding Melton!

**DDK:**

OH MY GOD! WHAT AN IMPACT!

**Lance:**

The back of JJ's head just cracked against the cage!

Corvo jumps over Melton to lay some punches on Dixon —

**DDK:**

CORVO GOING FOR JJ'S PROTECTIVE LEATHER MASK!

*COR-VO! COR-VO! COR-VO!*

**Lance:**

Few know the importance, the significance, of a mask in wrestling quite like Corvo Alpha... a once and former Masked Violator!

Alpha pulls the mask down, revealing the battered lower half of The Fatal Attraction's face — toothless, surgically repaired palate scars, completely crooked nose, scarring under his orbitals.

**DDK:**

CORVO NOW LEANING IN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO SQUEEZE JJ'S UNPROTECTED FACE INTO THAT RINGSIDE CAGE!!!

JJ is screaming in absolute horror but catches Corvo down low with a reverse kick that sends Corvo to all fours. Melton picks herself back up and lords over him as he's crawling. Dixon is arguing with Doyle about who knows what.

**Madame Melton:**

You dog! You dog! You animal!

Corvo gets up, enraged at her cruel words, and the Starlet once again has a panicked look on her face. She stumbles back into the cage, suddenly realizing she is trapped.

**DDK:**

Melton is cornered! Alpha sees it!

Eyes batting, face flushed, Melton scrambles backwards on her seat. She is frantic.

Alpha opens the cage door enough to slip inside and—

**DDK:**

BUT JJ RUNS OFF THE RING APRON WITH A SOMERSAULT PLANCHA INTO THE DOOR!

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

**Lance:**

All of JJ's momentum just crashed the cage door across Corvo's left shoulder, which the Gems ravaged using the same cage door just a few weeks ago!

In the lower right, a box shows the replay; a masked lunatic leaps, flipping, crashing into a cage door that pins a beast's limb in it.

**DDK:**

Dixon has stopped caring at all about the health of his body as long as he gets a chance to hurt Corvo Alpha!

Crashed and shattered on the floor, JJ stirs, holding his right hip. But he sits up with a sinister laugh.

**DDK:**

And it looks like this was a plan of attack from this diabolical, twisted mad woman! She lured Corvo into that trap!

**Lance:**

Truly another Oscar worthy performance from she of the silver screen!

She's up, cackling, her eyes closed as she pantomimes conducting her BitterSweet Symphony! The Fatal Attraction then slams the cage door on the shoulder, followed by a second time. Corvo is yelping in pain as JJ drags him by that hurt arm forward, with Madame stepping out of the cage.

**DDK:**

Senior Official Benny Doyle is imploring both of these men to finally get back in the ring! Their faces are crimson masks!

**Lance:**

JJ thinks this is his chance!!!

JJ rolls Corvo into the ring and leaves him face first, before he crawls over and hooks the arm for A Streetcar Named Retire!

**DDK:**

NO! CORVO DUCKS THROUGH EVEN WITH THAT INJURED SHOULDER!

**Lance:**

ALPHA CLUTCH!

JJ screams, but he kicks the middle rope with his right foot and rolls over for a counter!

*Onnnnne!!!!*

*Twooooo!!!*

*Threeennnnnnnooo!!!*

**DDK:**

Corvo Alpha just got the shoulder up! He just found enough in that damaged shoulder to get the shoulder up!

**Lance:**

And can you imagine the irony if JJ Dixon won this match in this fashion?

JJ is catching his breath from nearly being choked out. He picks up Corvo with a knee —

**DDK:**

Springboard moonsault press —

But the crowd gasps as Corvo, grimacing with the hurt shoulder, somehow catches Dixon, his face dangling under Corvo's torso. Melton can barely look, covering her eyes dramatically!

**Lance:**

Sit out Piledriver by Corvo Alpha! SPIKES him!

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

**Lance:**

Necks are not supposed to bend at that kind of angle!

**DDK:**

And, mercifully, this one is over!

Corvo immediately crawls over, pulls Dixon halfway up before quickly applying the Alpha Clutch once more!

**Lance:**

LOCKED IN!

JJ without any hesitation TAPS immediately! Corvo, completely drained, let's go of the hold as he hears —

***DING DING DING***

**Lance:**

Was that a victory? Or was what we just witnessed SURVIVAL on the part of Corvo Alpha?

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match... and still—

Releasing the hold, Dixon flops over and out of the ring. Corvo stands up, wobbling, as Doyle hands him the title belt.

He raises Alpha's arm to a roar from the crowd.

But the camera catches Melton, ringside, with a deranged look on her face. JJ slinks outside the ring, cold steel held in his hands.

JJ slides in with Corvo not looking and wraps the chair around his skull!

*CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNGGG!*

**DDK:**

No! No! This is absolutely uncalled for!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!*

JJ continues the hellacious beating with the chair, swinging it down on Corvo's body. And again. And again. And again!

**Lance:**

What absolutely disgusting behavior from JJ! He just gave Corvo all he could handle and more! Why!

Now another chair shot. And another. And another. Melton picks up the Favoured Saints title and storms over to Doyle. JJ drops the chair on the mat and stands right behind her!

**Madame Melton:**

I always have a plan B! We're cashing in our four wins NOW!

**DDK:**

Wait, is this even allowed?

**Madame Melton:**

Ring the bell or I sick JJ on you!

JJ moves forward, and Doyle is quick to point towards Quimbey —

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... JJ Dixon will be cashing in his Favoured Saints title in exchange for his contractually obligated shot at the Southern Heritage title... right now!

The crowd is buzzing!

***DING DING*****Lance:**

Of all the cheap, manipulative things I have ever seen! JJ tapped so quickly! Now we know why! This was an absolute set up.

Madame Melton moves to the ring apron, her eyes wide and her hands out in expected triumph.

**DDK:**

JJ measures Corvo — full Nelson!

And he falls face forward with Sunset Boulevard right onto the chair! The crowd is booing for the inevitable.

*One!!!!*

*Twooooo!!!*

*Threeeeennnnnooooo!!!*

**DDK:**

WHAAAT!?!?!?

*COR-VO! COR-VO! COR-VO!*

Melton and Dixon cannot believe the backup plan failed! Dixon berates Benny... a leviathan rises behind the antagonist.

**Lance:**

ALPHA CLUTCH! HE'S GOT HIM AGAIN!

Corvo wraps it on as JJ falls, but Madame Melton has the presence of mind to quickly fall to the mat and pulls JJ half out of the ring to just barely escape. Benny slides out to admonish Melton. Corvo comes charging out, too.

**DDK:**

JJ and Corvo are on the floor, pounding at each other once again!

Their combined momentum causes them to bump into Benny as well as Madame. Both fall to the floor, as the two bloodied monsters continue to punch and claw as they make their way around ringside.

**Lance:**

They're headed back towards that damn cage! That damn cage only fit to hold a zoo animal!

The brawl continues until JJ gets enough of a claw to the eye to gain advantage.

**DDK:**

JJ just rammed Corvo face first into the side of that cage! Now he has him in a full Nelson and is doing the same!

The flesh is almost falling off of Corvo's near unrecognisable forehead. JJ spins Corvo around.

**Lance:**

He wants to hit Sunset Boulevard on the floor! But Corvo instinctually backs JJ hard into the cage!

The crowd screams as a deranged Madame Melton was laying in wait for the right moment!

**DDK:**

Melton has the cigarette holder!

She charges, holding it like Norman Bates —

**DDK:**

CORVO DODGED! MELTON JUST JAMMED JJ WITH THAT SHARP IMPLEMENT RIGHT WHERE HE HAS BEEN BLEEDING FROM ALL NIGHT!

Melton goes to tend to JJ but Corvo grabs her by her famous silver flapper curls.

**Lance:**

HE JUST THREW MELTON INTO THE CAGE!

Melton rebounded off the back of the cage from the force of Corvo's toss. But she gets on her hands and knees and turns to see —

**DDK:**

AND CORVO HAS LOCKED HER INSIDE!

She's screaming like the mad woman she is, tears and outrage coming down her face. She hopelessly pulls at the metal bars, seeking an escape that isn't there.

*COR-VO! COR-VO! COR-VO!*

JJ staggers into the apron and rolls into the ring with Alpha in close pursuit. Corvo wheels JJ around so that Madame Melton has a good view —

**DDK:**

ALPHA CLUTCH!

Corvo grapevines Dixon, pulling them both to the canvas with a crash. Doyle takes a knee, leaning in to check on JJ, but with the blood loss and insanity of the evening, he's out —

**DING DING DING**

Exhausted and more than bloody, Corvo shoves Dixon off of him and rolls aside.

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the winner of the match... and STILL Southern Heritage Champion!!! Call him... **CORVO!!! ALLLPHA!**

DEFMed does not hesitate, sliding in already. Madame Melton is on her lap, sitting in the cage screaming and crying. Meanwhile, the fans clap along to the gallop of the song's beat.

**DDK:**

Madame Melton thought she had it all figured out! She degraded Corvo Alpha as she and Her Most Precious Gems

tormented him, reminding him of the horrors of the cage he was kept in by Lord Nigel! She thought she even had a fool proof Plan B!

**Lance:**

And it nearly worked! JJ Dixon gave Corvo Alpha all he could possibly handle!

Dixon is still being tended to as Corvo, title gripped, slips to the apron, DEFMed helping him up as his eyes remain fixated on Dixon. Pushing DEFmed off of him, Alpha positions the SOHER on his wounded shoulder and back pedals backwards up the ramp, staggering.

**DDK:**

This was an all out war! The only man alive who could have survived JJ Dixon's onslaught is that man right there.

Collapsing at the apex of the stage, Alpha is again swarmed by DEFmed.

**Lance:**

What a night! And night two LOOMS!

**DDK:**

I can't wait! Thanks for joining us! We'll see you tomorrow night!

The final shot is that of Alpha once more pushing DEFmed off of him, pushing up to his feet. He hoists the SOHER overhead with an injured wing to ear-piercing accolade.

**THIS.**

**IS.**

**DEFIANCE!**