

SHOW OPEN

18,500 strong in San Juan, Puerto Rico welcome MAXIMUM DEFIANCE to the Coliseo de Puerto Rico José Miguel Agrelot!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

I CHIMED IN WITH A "HAVEN'T YOU PEOPLE EVER HEARD OF USING THE GODDAMN DOOR"

JANE KATZE BLUE HERSELF

YOU GO AHEAD AND TELL 'EM: STREET BOB SENT YA

BUTTS AND CUTS!!!

KILLJOY HATES SAND

CORVO HAS A DOCTORATE IN FUCKING UP EGGHEADS

GC SECCIÓN

•WAITING FOR DAN RYAN TO START DAN RYANING•

IT'S M4NTRA 4 ME

LUCKY SEVENS = EN FUEGO

BURNS = DEFIANCE

DEX JOY IS STILL THE BIGGEST BOY TO ME

LUCKY SEVENS GONNA SMOKE PCP!

ALPHA > REFORM

PCP > M4NTRA

7S > M4NTRA

I JUST HOPE BOTH DEX AND PUNCHY HAVE FUN

REFORM HAS TAUGHT HIS LAST LESSON

TEAM PUNCHY

EL PCP ES ILEGAL EN ESTE PAÍS. ESTADOS UNIDOS ESTÁ LOCO!

DEX CREW SOUTH

REZIN ES PUNK ROCK

(Holds sign DEFIANTLY)

SAN JUAN ES EL PAÍS DE CORVO

PUERTO PUNK ROCK ATÓMICO
¿DÓNDETA COLE DESERVES THE MAIN EVENT
ESTÁ VÍCTOR VACIO?
BUTCH VIC WIT DA QUICK SICK STICK

To ringside and the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to night one of what is going to be a historic night! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, with my partner, Lance Warner.

Lance:

Thank you for the introduction, Keebs. We've got a great one, let's look at the card.

The match graphics roll through.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. DLJ
DAN RYAN & CONOR FUSE vs. WEIGHTED GRADE
BLOOD DIAMONDS vs. ATOMIC PUNKS
UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: PCP (C) vs. LUCKY SEVENS vs. M4NTRA
SOHER, NO DISQUALIFICATION: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. DR. NED REFORM

DDK:

And, of course, our opening contest...

DEX JOY vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

DDK:

We won't waste more time. You've got a lot to read-- err I mean watch. Let's get to it!

DEX JOY vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

DDK:

WHAT! A! MATCH! We have for the first match tonight at Maximum DEFIANCE! Tonight, the third match in the series between two of the heaviest hitters in DEFIANCE today! On one side, a rookie sensation looking to add to what has been a banner year! On the other side, one of THE BEST to ever do it in DEFIANCE... PERIOD. Punch Drunk Purcell takes on Dex Joy!

Lance:

This issue is mainly of a competitive nature, but one that has been downright PHYSICAL! After making waves in BRAZEN after a number of great achievements, Purcell was given a promotion to the full roster! Purcell defeated Alvaro de Vargas in his debut in order to earn a match against Dex Joy!

DDK:

In their first match on DEFtv 203, Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell beat the hell out of each other, only for the match to end in a double countout after both men went crashing through one of our barricades at ringside. On DEFtv 204, a rematch saw Purcell ALMOST walk away with the victory after scoring with his knockout punch, The Punch Drunk Love... only for Dex to get a foot on the rope! And a second attempt at the same move led to a 300-pound FRAKENSTEINER from Dex to pick up the win!

Lance:

And since then, there's been nothing but bad blood between the two. Dex Joy may have lost the FIST to Malak Garland, but as far as we can sit, he's still the man to beat in DEFIANCE and almost nothing will change my mind. Purcell has done A LOT to warrant this opportunity and even by Dex's admission, he was barely saved, but the mistake has been eating at him. He thinks he can beat Dex Joy, Joy thinks he can win, but only one of these men is gonna be right!

DDK:

Who takes this one? Will Dex Joy go 2-0 over Punch Drunk Purcell and show that he's still the man on top? Or can Punch Drunk Purcell somehow learn from his past mistake and do so far, only Malak Garland has managed to do in a one-on-one setting in the past two years and beat Dex Joy on PPV?

The bell rings as the loud and ROWDY Puerto Rico crowd are out in full force! Darren Quimbey is dressed in his Wednesday best!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for ONE FALL and is your opening match to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! INTRODUCING FIRST...

One by one in the arena... The lights go dark.

The arena lights.

The LED panels at ringside.

The stage.

All black.

The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIAtron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor. The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

ENERGY

Another lightning bolt!

BIG

Another lightning bolt with a word that brings the fans to their feet!

DEX

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The lights flicker on and the words form to create an oldie but a goodie for the people of Puerto Rico tonight ...

**BIG
DEX
ENERGY**

2-0!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The music plays and bathed in red, white and blue lights ... stands Dex Joy, wearing some comically oversized red boxing gloves! He turns around and points to the message that's on the back of his blue body suit with red and white lightning, Puerto Rico colors ...

ONE LAST ROUND!

DDK:

DEXY BABY GOING WITH THE BOXING MOTIF TONIGHT!!! ONE LAST ROUND BETWEEN HE AND PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!!!

Lance:

Dexy Baby having some fun tonight, but rest assured that he knows first-hand what Purcell can do. He's poked fun at Punch Drunk Purcell's loss before, but he's felt that right hand up close. He was still icing his jaw well after that match when they got into a fight later that night!

There's high fives and hugs all around for as many loud fans as possible! The Wrecking Crew are out in full force to kick off the show and Dex stands with a group of fans at ringside with a huge "DEXY BABY" banner! Once he gets done taking quick pictures he steps into the ring. He poses on the middle turnbuckle for the fans and then the music is about to go quiet for his opponent. He takes off the inflatable boxing gloves and then throws them into the audience as some free souvenirs!

Three bells ring, followed by three words appearing on the DEFIatron...

PUNCH.

PIN.

PAY WINDOW.

But instead of his usual theme of "The Sweet Science" by Rasco and Charli 2NE...

Very familiar trumpets start to play! Everyone in the arena knows the theme. Even in the ring, Dexy Baby has a slight grin to himself and starts bobbing his head.

Lance:

Is that... what I think it is?

♪ "Gonna Fly Now" by Bill Conti ♪

DDK:

A boxing theme everyone knows! You know it! "Gonna Fly Now" from none other than one of boxing's greatest icons, living or fictional, Rocky!

The stage doors part... and standing all around are an entourage for Dex's opponent. Several BRAZEN wrestlers -- former BRAZEN Champion and part-time coach, BIGBOSS Batts, young prodigy "The Fresh Prince of Big Air" Antonio Prince, sparring partner Wild Logan Barry, Wes Ingram, and luchador Misil, along with a number of other unnamed security accompanying the group in big boxing entourage fashion and cheers for the entrance!

Lance:

Punch Drunk Purcell made friends with a number of BRAZEN stars and they're here for support tonight!

The group parts in two, allowing for Punch Drunk Purcell himself to walk to the lead of the pack! Wearing a red boxing robe and headband, he taps his MMA gloves together, looks to both sides of his entourage and nods to his BRAZEN friends before they all walk towards the ring. He stops at the front. His wife, a beautiful redhead Evelyn. And his six-year-old triplets, Mitchell, Michael and Morgan!

Lance:

And even his family came out to make the trip to Puerto Rico. This is the first time that his wife, Evelyn his triplets have ever seen him compete live.

DDK:

What an entrance tonight for Punch Drunk Purcell! His last PPV, DEFCON, ended in a not-so-great fashion for him being attacked by Ed White and being out-numbered virtually four-on-one. Tonight, Punch Drunk Purcell looks for his first big victory on a major show... but it's against one of THE BEST in DEFIANCE, full stop. Period. End of sentence.

After hugging his family, he looks up to the ring and lets out a sigh.

Lance:

Despite the entrances here tonight to kick off the show, we know both men are treating this match as serious as a heart attack. For Dex, this win means keeping himself in prime position to perhaps challenge again for the FIST of DEFIANCE down the road. For Purcell, this would be a career-making win so early into his main roster tenure and would be practically unheard of!

Once Purcell reaches the ring, he bumps fists with several of his BRAZEN mates.

DDK:

Some names out of BRAZEN that Purcell became good friends with helping him out here. We know BIGBOSS Batts, formerly Ryan Batts who has been a trainer in BRAZEN! His sparring partner and friend, Wild Logan Barry. The young Antonio Prince, Misil and Wes Ingram, collectively known as The Aerial Artists here for support as well!

The entourage leave as Purcell walks up the steps and then heads into the ring. Dex watches from outside the ring as Purcell sheds the robe, revealing pristine white and blue boxing trunks, white knee pads and blue boots! Punchy THROWS a big right hand...

BOOM!

...Allowing pyro to explode behind him!

DDK:

Punchy making an entrance tonight, but when that bell rings, these two are gonna go at it!

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound is ready to fight and then pops a blue mouthguard into his mouth. After all the pomp and circumstance is over, he comes face to face with Dex Joy. Joy has a serious look on his face and gets ready.

Lance:

Here we go. In the past two matches between these men, Dex Joy has gone 1-0-1 against Purcell. Can he make it two in a row over the upstart or will Punch Drunk Purcell find a way to finally defeat Dex here in our opening match?

Only one referee is big enough for his job - Brian Slater. The largest referee on the DEFIANCE roster calls for the bell.

DING DING

Both big men inch closer to one another and get ready to kick off Maximum DEFIANCE in grand fashion. The two men start having words with one another that only they can hear. Purcell balls up a fist and not-very-subtly tells Dexy Baby that he's going to clean his clock. Dex responds with one index finger up and a zero with the other, indicating he's one-up over Punchy. Purcell doesn't take kindly to his words and **SHOVES** Dex back a couple of steps unexpectedly, garnering a reaction from The Faithful.

Lance:

Uh-oh... things getting volatile right off the bat. The first match between these two was more grounded, but still escalated into violence. Their second match was won by Dex Joy and that was a dogfight as well.

DDK:

And I have no doubt in my mind we're gonna see more of the same tonight!

The smirk on the face of Dex Joy knowing that he's got under the skin of Purcell... well, that stops. Dex **PUSHES** him right back!

Purcell shoves back again!

Now Dex!

Both men look at one another and have the same idea...

THEY CHARGE AT EACH OTHER!

The sound of body-on-body contact is loud and knocks both Joy and Purcell for a loop!

DDK:

What better way to kick off DEFIANCE... than with a good old-fashioned HOSSFITE?!

Joy and Purcell run the ropes again from opposite sides and the resulting collision leads to the same -- both beasts staggered, but still upright. Joy pos the bones in his neck as Purcell looks up at Dex and balls up a fist and bats it into his open palm! They both start to charge, but Dex stops PDP with a boot to the gut. Big Dex Energy charges off the ropes and hits Purcell with a big shoulder block that sends him the ropes, only for Purcell to come back and hit Dexy Baby! The Triple Crown winner in DEFIANCE charges back and hits Punchy with a tackle!

One to Punchy!

One to Dex!

One to Punchy!

One to Dex...

KING HIPPO BODY BLOCK! Purcell gets cheers for scoring the first big knockdown of the match, knocking Dex off his feet!

DDK:

Punch Drunk Purcell is the first one to take the other off their feet with the King Hippo! That running body block of his just envelops his opponents!

Dex is staggered near the ropes when Purcell comes running with a charging clothesline that sends the former holder of the FIST, SOHER and FS titles over the ropes and outside the ring!

Lance:

Purcell has him out of the ring now! And... wait, what's gonna happen? Where's Purcell going?

The former champion boxer climbs through the ropes and he stands out on the apron, leaving The Faithful wondering what's gonna happen next. Joy is trying to get back to his feet on the outside and isn't aware of Purcell taking a stance on the ring apron. He does a quick Hail Mary, then waits for Dex to turn...

FLYING SHOULDER TACKLE OFF THE APRON!

DDK:

OH MY GOODNESS! PURCELL HAS NEVER FLOWN BEFORE... EVER!

Lance:

He was like a missile there!

Purcell has made the landing okay and looks a little surprised himself, but brushes it off when he realizes that he's got the former FIST on the ropes quickly. He looks over to his family at ringside, then goes over to pick Dex up by the back of his head and hurries to get him back inside the ring. PDP follows him inside, then the big man waits on Dex and then delivers a JUMPING elbow drop!

DDK:

Goodness! The flying shoulder block off the apron and then gets butchered with that HUGE elbow drop! The first cover of the match is by Purcell!

Purcell wants to make no mistakes and hooks a leg for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Joy gets the shoulder up!

DDK:

There's a kickout by Joy, but what a series of attacks from Purcell for the early advantage.

Lance:

That close loss to Dex Joy has been bothering him since DEFtv 204 and tonight, he has a chance to learn from his mistakes!

Punchy doesn't leave any room for Dex to recover when he pulls Big Dex Energy to his feet. He delivers a pair of body shots to Dex in the corner and then goes to whip him to the ropes. Dex hits the rope with Purcell right behind him, but Dex manages to jump to the middle rope and then flies backwards with a huge flying crossbody off the middle rope that takes down the big man!

DDK:

Every time Dex Joy wrestles, I have to remind myself he's clearly not human! He's so nimble for a man that size and he just wiped out Purcell!

Lance:

Very true! It's moves like that have helped make Dex Joy so successful!

Joy gets back to his feet after the crossbody and then heads to the ring apron. He slaps the turnbuckle padding and gets the people going before climbing to the top. To his surprise, Punchy is back on his feet, giving Dex the ability to think on the fly and abandon his plan! He LEAPS over Purcell and rolls through the landing to his feet! Purcell charges at him again, but Dex moves behind and TAKES the big man down with a HUGE ring-rattling scoop slam followed by a falling headbutt!

DDK:

What the hell?! He just took Purcell off his feet with that body slam and followed with the headbutt! Cover by Joy!

Joy goes for a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

What a match to kick off Maximum DEFIANCE tonight and it's a slugfest like we knew it was gonna be...

DDK:

And speaking of slugfests, Joy has Purcell upright!

He ROCKS Purcell with one of his nasty elbow strikes, then charges with another for good measure while he's in the corner! Dexy charges and then NAILS him with a succession of back elbows, one from either side, while he's pinned to the corner! He continues to fire them off until Brian Slater orders Dexy to break at the count of four. Momma Joy's Baby Boy walks out of the corner, but as soon as he turns away, he sees a groggy Purcell wincing, but holding a hand up and daring the former FIST to take his best shot.

DDK:

What the...? Purcell asking him for MORE?

Dex looks surprised at the persistence of Purcell, but decides he'll oblige and charges... only to get caught and SLAMMED with a huge release STO out of the corner!

Lance:

What a HUGE slam! There were rumors that Purcell used some of the extra time between shows at the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex doing nothing but studying tape and trying new moves!

DDK:

He MUST have! He's uncorked a few big moves he's never used tonight including that release STO!

Dex is down, but Purcell takes him by the hand and then pulls Dex to his feet. With all the strength he can muster, he violently WHIPS Dex as hard as he possibly can back-first across the ring! Dex falls to a knee, but before Purcell can try to make a cover, Joy rolls out of the ring!

DDK:

Smart move there by Dex to stay away from Purcell before he could get the pin! We know Dex doesn't wrestle like your typical big man and has the in-ring presence of a veteran!

Lance:

I'm honestly shocked that Purcell has managed to control most of the pace for this match so far.

Going after Momma Joy's Baby Boy, PDP climbs through the ropes and goes out to the floor to pick up Dex at ringside. He delivers an elbow to the back of the head and has Dex reeling. He points toward the steel steps and tries another Irish whip...

REVERSED!

THUNK!

And Dex sends Purcell CRASHING into the steel steps at ringside!

DDK:

Good grief! Dex just saved himself from further harm! Punchy goes flying into those steel steps! They just broke apart!

Purcell looks like he's out of it and he's been dropped near the ropes. The Round Mound of Ground and Pound tries to sit up but when he sees The Biggest Boy coming, he gets WRECKED with a running cannonball against the steps!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

That was the *literal* definition of Punch Drunk Purcell being caught between a rock and a hard place!

DDK:

It was! Joy with the cannonball against those steel steps is gonna take a lot out of him! He's gotta get Purcell back into the ring, though, for this to count!

Dex tries to get Punchy up and has some trouble doing so due to size, but eventually gets him up to his feet with a front face lock and gets him back into the ring! Dexy Baby has gotten Punch Drunk Purcell back into the ring, but instead of following him inside, he spins his fingers around and looks like he has a bright idea.

Lance:

What's Dex gonna do? What's he thinking?

DDK:

I don't know, but we've seen Dex having to change up his offense here against Purcell in this match. He's met his match in terms of physical strength, so he's using the aerial game to compensate!

When Dexy gets to the top rope he looks like he's waiting on Purcell to get back up. The Green Eyed Wild Man gets up ... then gets taken down with a diving rolling senton!

DDK:

One big cannonball outside and then another off the top rope! Dexy Baby is going for the win!

Darren Keebler earns his paycheck because Dexy Baby is going for the pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The right arm of Purcell is up off the mat! Dex sits up and he looks in disbelief that the big moves didn't get him the

win.

Lance:

You can feel things escalating quickly in this match! Purcell wants to prove he can defeat one of the top names in DEFIANCE Wrestling! Joy wants to reinforce that he is still the man to beat in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

DDK:

And only one of those things can happen tonight!

Dex get Purcell up and then hits a heavy elbow strike that makes Purcell go cross-eyed for a moment ...

But it's in the same moment that Purcell looks back at him and throws a jab to his rib cage. Dex clearly feels the punch by the look on his face but he fires back with an elbow! Purcell hits him with a body shot!

Dexy elbow!

Purcell body shot!

Dexy elbow!

Purcell body shot!

DDK:

This is crazy! Look at them go! No! Wait! Look at Purcell go!

The big man uses his faster fists and hits a pair of body blows to Dexy Baby. He throws them faster, hits a crossface forearm across his head, and then *rocks* Dexy on his feet with a jab! Purcell is pushing Dexy into the ropes, but when he goes low to hit a back body drop, Dex is able to *roll* across his back to land on his feet behind him! Purcell turns around and catches a left and then a right elbow!

Lance:

The strikes are flying and it looks like Dex is, too!

Dex moves past a stunned Purcell and leaps to the middle rope. He comes back, but Purcell *catches* him and puts him into the mat with a huge power slam reversal!

DDK:

What?!?! Purcell!!! He just caught Dex Joy! He just *caught* Dex Joy and power slammed him into the mat!

Lance:

And he's not done! He should be going for the cover, should he not!

Dex is still reeling from the power slam counter out of mid air but trying to move ... but not for long when Purcell whips him into the corner for a running back splash. Dexy is clocked once, and then clocked again with a spinning lariat out from the corner!

DDK:

Purcell lands what he calls the 1-2 Combo! Will the 1-2 lead to the three?!

Purcell hopes that the one plus two will get the three count as he hooks the legs of the Biggest Boy!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

They're throwing everything that they can at each other and the kitchen sink!

DDK:

We knew this was gonna be power versus power, but it may come down to something extra. Purcell will have to use his striking ability or Dex will have to uncork something he may not have thought of yet in his aerial arsenal!

Purcell looks out at his wife and kiddos in the audience and then he looks down at Dex. He looks ready to end the match with what brought him to the dance.

Lance:

Purcell wants to end this! Dex has been hit with Punch Drunk Love before and the ropes saved him! And I think he learned from that mistake!

He pulls Dex away from the ropes. He pulls Dexy Baby up and he goes for the ride! He comes back ...

DEX CATCHES HIM WITH A HURRICANRANA!!!

DDK:

NO!!! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!!!

The hurricanrana is not as graceful as smaller men that do it, but Dexy Baby gets Purcell over into a cover!

One ...

Two ...

THR --- NO!!!

Dex's eyes bulge wide eyed after the cover after thinking he'd catch Purcell a second time!

Lance:

Not this time! Not this time Darren! Purcell wasn't gonna for the same trick twice!

DDK:

And Purcell is MAD! Look!

Purcell stand up and looks a flummoxed Dex dead in the eyes... then CHARGES at Momma Joy's Baby Boy with a spear tackle that puts the big man in the corner! He goes WILD on Dex with a quick barrage of jabs to the rib cage as the energetic Puerto Rico crowd enjoy the spectacle of the two men beating the heck out of one another to kick off the show! Dex gets CLOCKED with a big hammer fist to the top of his dome and is barely standing!

DDK:

That hurricanrana roll-up set Purcell off! Goodness! He's trying to beat Dex down!

He charges at the corner with a big running back elbow! Dex goes down once and gets rattled, but PDP isn't done going on the attack. He stops mid-ring and then gets another running start to hit Dex with another running back elbow in the corner! Purcell holds up a finger and then calls for one more!

Lance:

I'm AMAZED! There hasn't been a single hold exchanged in this match! It's just two men hitting each other as hard as they can until they're the last man standing!

Purcell charges at the corner one more time ...

DDK:

NO! DEX MOVES OUT OF THE CORNER!

Purcell hits his back against the ropes and stumbles out... then catches a HUGE DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER THAT BLASTS HIM THROUGH THE ROPES!

...

AND THE TOP ROPE BREAKS, LEAVING PURCELL TO TAKE AN UGLY SPILL TO THE FLOOR!

DDK:

GOOD GOD! THE TOP ROPE SNAPPED AFTER DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

Not a single person is seated in the arena after the big fall from Purcell down to the floor! Dex is down on the canvas and hasn't even looked up just yet to see what's happened, but referee Brian Slater goes over to check on Punch Drunk Purcell on the floor!

Lance:

What the hell?! That top rope just SNAPPED from the force of Punch Drunk Purcell getting knocked out of the ring with Dexy's Midnight Runner!

Replays show on the screen of the incredibly chaotic incident. Purcell misses his third consecutive running back elbow and Dex speeds off the ropes before coming back and nailing Purcell with a massive Dexy's Midnight Runner, with the top rope near one section of the ring giving out as he goes out of the ring!

Back in real time and Brian Slater is checking on Purcell who is not even moving!

DDK:

I think Purcell might be out!

Lance:

I think so, too! There's no telling how much damage that fall did!

Dex looks up finally and sees what's happened. Brian Slater has no choice and starts the ten-count!

Brian Slater:

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Purcell is still down and out outside the ring. His wife, Evelyn, and his triplets are all watching the match from the front row!

Brian Slater:

FOUR! FIVE!

DDK:

This would be a down note to end this match on! Can Purcell get back up... SOMEHOW?

The fridge-like figure of PDP starts to get up. Back inside the ring, Dex makes the most out of his brief respite and isn't interfering with the count.

Brian Slater:

SIX! SEVEN!

Purcell FINALLY starts to budge! He looks up and when he realizes what's happening, he starts to climb up!

Lance:

Dex isn't stopping the count, but I know this is not how he wants to take the win!

Brian Slater:

EIGHT!

Hearing The Faithful cheering the action, Punchy tries to quickly move his big self up...

Brian Slater:

NINE! TE... HE'S IN!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAH!

Even The Biggest Boy can't believe it, then jumps right into a cover on Purcell!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

PURCELL KICKS OUT PURCELL KICKS OUT!

Dex sit up, but the realization that this match continues actually brings a smile to his face! He looks up at Brian Slater and can't help but hide his grin!

Lance:

Dex... is he SMILING?

Punch Drunk Purcell looks up and gets to a knee...

He holds up both hands, smiles back at Dex with his mouthpiece still intact, and motions for him to bring it to a HUGE applause from the Puerto Rico Faithful!

Lance:

They... they're BOTH smiling! They want to keep fighting cause they're both two proud, big men!

Purcell is back on his feet and Dexy gets the first shot with a SICK chop to the chest, allowing Punchy to return fire with a left jab to the ribs. Dex fires back with another chop, but Purcell eats it and comes back with a big shot to the gut! Dexy Baby is doubled over when Purcell swings for a clothesline. Dex ducks, then counters back with a bicycle kick!#

DDK:

Punchy back on his feet, but not for long!

Dexy rolls his arm and calls for a lariat ... Punchy ducks and THUNKS Dex upside the head with a nasty discus back elbow!

DDK:

DISCUS BACK ELBOW! HE'S GOT DEXY STUNNED!

With Dex stunned from the surprise headbutt, Purcell tucks his head under the arm of Momma Joy's Baby Boy and then HOISTS him up in the ring to bring him down with a big Olympic Slam that nearly shakes the ring!

Lance:

Where... where did he learn that?!

DDK:

That's another new one from Punchy! Bald Bull and the olympic slam! Is that gonna be enough?!

Purcell hooks a leg by laying across Dex's fallen body!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-- NO!

Lance:What the hell?! How'd he do that? How?! And they are *still* going with a top turnbuckle torn off one side of that ring!**DDK:**

We've seen Dex absorb so much punishment! So much tonight! Purcell, too, but these two aren't stopping! They're fighting like they still have plenty left in the tank!

Dexy Baby is reeling badly, but Purcell knows that if he's got a chance to win this match, then the time is now. Purcell stands behind Dex. He stomps a foot on the mat and yells at the former FIST of DEFIANCE to get back to his feet. The Green Eyed Wild Man wants to make his family proud tonight. He goes for another olympic slam ...

No!!! The Biggest Boy relies on the biggest elbows to fight his way out of a second one!

Lance:

Dex bought himself some time!

Dex turns to the corner that is opposite of the side where he has landed. Purcell charges only to catch an elbow to the face. Dex hits a jumping enziguri to the side of Purcell's head! That blow brings him to a knee but when Dexy Baby gets back up ... he surprises everyone in the arena when he hits a super kick right on the button to the kneeling Punchy! The boxer is now flat on his back!

DDK:

Both of these men have pulled out things I don't think I've seen out of either man! Dex ... hits a super kick?!

Lance:

He's testing that middle rope! He's testing it!

Dex nods to check to see if the turnbuckle is stable. The top turnbuckle is flimsy, but the middle rope is sturdy enough. Dexy Baby is on the second rope and then flies backwards with a moonsault!

DDK:

JOY BUZZER OFF THE SECOND ROPE! THAT TOP FLOOR WASN'T STURDY ENOUGH, BUT CAN THE SECOND ROPE DO IT?!

Dexy Baby with the cover on Purcell!

One ...

TWO ...

THRE --- NO!!!

Purcell is somehow able to get the shoulder up yet again!

Lance:

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE? WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE?!

DDK:

He's not stopping! I thought Punch Drunk Purcell was done for there! That moonsault off the top rope has won him multiple titles in DEFIANCE Wrestling including the FIST itself!

Lance:

But that top rope was ruined! He could have won it there if he had the full height!

Dex sits up and he isn't smiling any more, but neither is Purcell who was BARELY able to kick out!

DDK:

Dex can't believe it, but he does have other moves in his arsenal to end this! He's got the Dex Drive and Dex Drive Dos, but can he get Purcell up for either?

Lance:

If he can, now's the time!

Winded, but still able, Dexy Baby decides that enough is enough and it's time for a change of tactics! Dexy Baby leads Purcell up by the arm and then slashes a thumb across his throat. The ROWDY Puerto Rico Faithful ROAR when he uses all his strength to pick up Punchy over his shoulder...

But he slides out behind him!

Dexy turns as Purcell gets his right hand up! Dex instinctively tries to block... then catches a NASTY left hand from Purcell!

DDK:

WHAT A SHOT! HE FAKED DEX OUT! HE CALLS THAT THE ROPE-A-DOPE!

Dex falls to a knee, but Purcell grabs him by the arm...

He holds Dexy by the arm STILL... then pulls him up...

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! JOY IS DOWN! JOY IS DOWN!

The Faithful ROAR when Dex hits the mat and Purcell literally falls forward into the cover, in the middle of the ring this time!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Gonna Fly Now" by Bill Conti ♪

Lance:

HE... HE DID IT! HE DID IT! NO WAY! THAT'S A **HUGE** UPSET! MY GOD!

Both men are down on the mat, completely spent! Brian Slater goes over to where Punch Drunk Purcell has fallen and goes to hold his arm up!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!**

Lance:

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL... AFTER THREE HARD HITTING MATCHES WITH ONE ANOTHER! EACH ONE MORE VIOLENT THAN THE LAST... PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL HAS SCORED THE BIGGEST WIN OF HIS CAREER!

DDK:

This ring could BARELY contain everything these two men threw at one another! The top turnbuckle on one side of the ring SNAPPED! Punch Drunk Purcell was almost counted out, but he had to empty everything he had into the Bald Bull headbutts and the Punch Drunk Love!

Purcell is barely able to come around when he sits up. Dex Joy is out of it in the middle of the ring and Brian Slater has to help Punchy up before he can stand! Meanwhile, several ringside technicians are quickly out of range of the cameras trying to fix the top rope.

Lance:

What a match. WHAT. A. MATCH.

DDK:

The first match ended in a double count-out! The second match went to Dex Joy! Tonight... the most brutal one yet... Punch Drunk Purcell SCORES the victory!

Lance:

They're now 1-1-1 against one another! Is this ring going to hold up if this goes to a FOURTH match?!

Punchy looks out to his wife and kids in the front row who are cheering him on, but the first thing he does... he walks over to Dex Joy and extends a hand...

Lance:

What's it gonna be? Punch Drunk Purcell said he was gonna be a man of his word and shake hands after this match. And he's doing it.

Dex is finally coming around and looks up at Purcell, nursing his jaw. Joy looks up...

...Looks around...

THEN TAKES IT!

Purcell helps a groggy Dex to his feet!

DDK:

What a win! What a win for Purcell! For the past three months, these men have been brutalizing one another! Purcell learned from his past mistakes tonight to even the score!

Dex leaves the ring, but Purcell does the right thing and helps Dex out of the ring as well. Purcell walks towards his family and helps Dex out before Purcell goes over to hug his wife, Evelyn! The triplets are excited to see dad... but probably Dex more so as all their eyes are on him! His jaw hurts, but he nurses it with one hand and holds out a high-five for each of Purcell's kids!

Lance:

That was amazing that was just match one of tonight's PPV! We still have all of night one AND two to go! And hopefully, our technicians can fix this rope!

DDK:

Coming up next on the show... Butcher Victorious and Dan Leo James! Which we hope to get to in a few moments! We've received word that our technical team has almost finished repairs on that top turnbuckle that came undone during the course of the match!

DDK:

Yeah and... hey, wait...

At ringside, Dex Joy is still hurt, but he motions for a microphone.

Dex Joy:

Hey... OW. Tooth things. Jaw. Ow. I gotta make this fast pallies.

Purcell is visiting with his family at ringside, but he's looking at Dex.

Dex Joy:

A ... a *sellout* of over 18,000 ladies and gentlepallies ... just watched us put the boots to one another. And tonight ... you were the better man. Respect.

Applause all around from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Dex Joy:

And I've felt that damn punch of yours twice, Punchtopher. So ... we're one a piece ...

Purcell looks over at Dex.

Dex Joy:

I know I once said my focus was on the FIST of DEFIANCE ... and that is still a goal ... but one thing I do think ... is maybe I take a detour first.

Lance:

What's Dex talking about?

Dex is still leaning against the barrier. He's taking his time, as is Purcell, who limps over to face him.

Dex Joy:

Maybe it's a concussion talking ... but how about this ... instead of us beating each other up night and night out ... I have a proposal for a couple big lads like us ...

He takes a knee like a literal wedding proposal... but has to steady himself because he might have a literal concussion. Punch Drunk Purcell looks confused as everyone else in the arena who are buzzing!

Dex Joy:

Punchtholomew Intoxicated Purcell ... will you ... be my tag team partner?!

Purcell looks equal parts mortified... and curious?

DDK:

MY GOD! If THESE TWO team together?

Purcell looks around to his wife, who shrugs. His boys all nod with excitement and a loud "SI!" chant echoes through the arena! He finally looks at Dex ...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

LET'S GOOOOOOOO!

Dex holds a hand and Purcell helps him up. Dex then holds the hand up of Purcell, who steadies him up! Punchy says his farewells to his family and then the two head up the ramp to a huge pop!

Lance:

That ... is not the way I expected this match to go! Not at all...

DDK:

But think about the damage Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell could do as a team! Anyway... repairs have been completed on that turnbuckle and we have been cleared to proceed with the show!

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. DLJ

Lance:

Can we take a quick second to talk about the match we just saw! Two men that just beat the absolute hell out of each other... and NOW THEY'RE GONNA BECOME A TEAM?!

DDK:

Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell working together? I pray for whoever draws the short straw and comes up against them in the future... but that's the future and we've gotta focus on the present. For Butcher Victorious, there's no time like the present when the former lackey to Oscar Burns of Vae Victis takes on his newest protege... DLJ!

Lance:

This all started back just before DEFCON, all the way back on DEFtv 200 when Butcher Victorious hit Oscar with what has been called The Headbutt Heard Around The World! After DLJ was practically gifted the spot in Vae Victis under the learning tree of Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver, Butcher had enough and headbutted his way free of the group!

DDK:

But on DEFtv 201 back in March, DLJ took on Butcher Victorious and defeated him -- granted, with help from a distraction by Oscar -- but pinned him nonetheless. Butcher would defeat Oscar Burns at DEFCON in one of the bigger upsets in the history of that show, but since then, he has been in the crosshairs of DLJ. These two men cost each other a chance at the Favoured Saints Championship and have attacked each other at every chance they got! Tonight, they are looking to settle this issue once and for all!

Lance:

Will Butcher Victorious be able to put Vae Victis behind him for good tonight and finally overcome the man who replaced him? Or will DLJ do what he set out to do and take out the head of the Butch Vic Clique? Let's get to the introductions for the next match!

The camera cuts to the extra-dapper Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing fir...

Sonny Silver:

That's enough, that's enough! I got this!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Walking out onto the stage wearing a black silk button-up dress shirt, burgundy-colored dress jeans and black dress shoes, the spokesperson for Vae Victis and Hall of Famer Sonny Silver walks out. He literally throws away the microphone he has and holds his hand up before the OLD SKOOL MIC~! lowers from the ceiling. Once he cups the retro microphone in his hand, he gets ready to present his charge.

Sonny Silver:

I told Butcher Victorious months ago that the second that he did what he did to Oscar Burns - the man who is DEFIANCE INCARNATE - and spit in his hand, then cost him three months of his career after DEFCON, that it was on sight. And tonight, I have the very weapon in the Vae Victis arsenal that's gonna do just that! This man has the height of a skyscraper, and he's faster than a NASCAR racer! HE IS THE FREAKIEST OF FREAK ATHLETES! He is THE FASTEST BIG MAN ALIVE! He is "THE FRONT RUNNER" ...

He smirks and holds up three fingers, one for each initial...

Sonny Silver:

D... L... J!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

VAE VICTIS

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

Out from the back steps Dan Leo James! Wearing his new burgundy and gold thigh-length trunks, red taped fists and brand new burgundy boots with gold laces, James stands proudly on the stage. He has a trimmed red goatee and mustache combo tonight and looks more preppier and douchier by the week. The blue-eyed kid stomps a foot on the stage, sending red PYRO exploding from either side...

BOOM!

The arrogant young athlete then zooms down the ramp while Sonny Silver lets go of the microphone and heads up the ramp.

Lance:

Say what you want about this partnership... you can question Vae Victis recruiting Dan Leo James after he was thrown out of Titanes Familia, but since he has come into Vae Victis, we've seen DLJ really find himself in that ring.

DDK:

Their intentions are never good, but that's what's made Vae Victis so infuriating all the same. They have an eye for talent and they've really helped DLJ. This blend of power and speed he has in the ring. The Godspeed palm strike. He's been unpinned since joining Vae Victis back in March.

DLJ stops at the ramp and looks around. The Front Runner jumps up and then climbs into the ring. Like the freak athlete he is, the 24-year-old runs and bounces off the ropes several times... then stops when a loud chorus is heard over the microphone...

♪ *YOU'RE A BAG BOYYYYYYYYYYY!*
YOU'RE A BAG BOYYYYYYYYYYY!
YOU'RE A BAG BOYYYYYYYYYYY! ♪

DLJ and Sonny scan for the source of the noise...

Lance:

Did... did I just hear a bunch of people sing "You're a Bag Boy!" in unison?

Then a spotlight shines on a section just to the right of the stage where a choir of ten people continue to sing in unison in highly pleasant tones!

DDK:

You sure did, Lance!

♪ *YOU'RE A BAG BOYYYYYYYYYYY!*
YOU'RE A BAG BOYYYYYYYYYYY!
YOU'RE A BAG BOYYYYYYYYYYY! ♪

DLJ pulls the ropes down and starts leaning in, yelling at the choir.

DLJ:

I'M NOT A BAG BOY! THAT WAS THE GUY I REPLACED!

Sonny screams back at them.

Sonny Silver:

THAT WAS THE IDIOT WITH THE MOHAWK!

♪ SONNY TAKES CIALIS!
BUTCH VIC HAD TO PICK IT UP
FOR YOUUUUUUUUU! ♪

Flustered, Sonny now shouts at the choir!

Sonny Silver:

HEY! GO FUCK YOURSELF! THAT'S HOW RUMORS GET STARTED! I...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!

The music gets a BIG ovation from the almost 18,000 strong! He holds out a purple sparking new version of The Stick (aka The Stick™ 2.0) and then raises it to the sky! Dressed in new sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, along with a sparkling purple jacket with fringe on the sleeves, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 226 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butch Vic then reaches into his coat and holds out his new shirt...

"BUTTS AND 'CUTS!"

Lance:

Of all the shirts I've ever seen... that is a Butcher Victorious shirt, all right!

DDK:

And would it shock you to know that pre-orders for it are crazy?

Lance:

Not at all, shockingly!

He throws the new shirt out into the rabid Puerto Rican Faithful who go to catch it! The music fades out as Butcher holds his microphone.

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful chanting along]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK! BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK! AND BUTCH VIC HAS **THIS...**

He points to the choir to the side of the stage!

Butcher Victorious:

LADIES Y COMPADRES, GIVE IT UP FOR THE LOVELY SINGERS OF THE PRSO... PUERTO RICO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHH!

The PSRO choir members get cheers from The Faithful!

Butcher Victorious:

Yeah, Sonny... I DID carry bags. I DID fetch drinks. But tonight, I'm gonna FINALLY end this! Tonight, Dan, BUTCH VIC IS GONNA KICK... YOUR ASS! Then you're gonna be carrying MY bags!

He turns to Sonny about halfway down the ramp.

Butcher Victorious:

And Sonny... don't act a fool, they wasn't singing anything that wasn't true! How many times did you send me to the pharmacy cause you didn't want to go yourself to get boner meds, you dumb boner?

Sonny Silver:

SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

Butcher is at ringside and then laughs.

Butcher Victorious:

It's 2024, Sonny, it's okay! There ain't nothing wrong with BUTCH VIC GETTING YOU PILLS FOR **YOUR**... STICK!

He winks and then enters the ring and by this point, DLJ has had enough! As Butcher gets rid of The Stick™ 2.0, DLJ charges... but Butcher pulls the ropes down and DLJ tumbles over the ropes as Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING

DLJ tries to recover on the outside as he lands on his feet just barely... but the second that he turns, he gets Butcher Victorious FLYING through the ropes at him with a huge suicide dive that wipes out the big man! Butcher gets up, rips off his coat and then throws it on top of DLJ while getting a huge cheer from The Faithful!

DDK:

Butcher is ready! He's had the shadow of DLJ looming over him since March and to truly move away from Vae Victis, he told me earlier today he wants this win almost as much as what many called an improbable victory over Oscar Burns at DEFCON!

After discarding the jacket, Butcher then slides back into the ring. He charges once again to take flight! He makes it through the ropes...

HEADLOCK ON DLJ TO A HUGE CHEER!

DDK:

Puerto Rico loves them some headlocks!

Trying to wrangle the much larger DLJ proves to be more trouble than Butch might have thought possible! DLJ wrenches him off with a roar and shoves him... but keeps himself from going into the ring post! Butcher turns around and sees The Front Runner coming! DLJ stops himself as well, but when he turns around... BUTCHER GETS HIM WITH ANOTHER HEADLOCK!

Lance:

Butcher trying to get under DLJ's skin with these headlocks! Oscar Burns basically took him down to the mat at DEFCON, but those headlocks and headlock variations he used... they've been a very unique weapon befitting of Butcher!

DDK:

That they have, but they can be a double-edged sword!

DLJ angrily tries to shake the admittedly tough grip of Butcher off of him and finally does so! Butcher slides into the ring with DLJ about to follow. As soon as Danny pokes his head through the ropes...

...ANOTHER HEADLOCK!

DDK:

Another headlock! DLJ is in the ropes, though! Rex Knox is gonna make him let go of that hold at the count of five!

The Front Runner points to the side of his head and yells at Knox to make Butcher let go. Knox starts at a count of five and when he gets to the count of four. Butch Vic finally releases his hold and DLJ climbs through the ropes. He starts to charge towards Butcher... but out of nowhere, Butcher goes low with a drop toe hold! DLJ stumbles forward and then lands into the corner! He gets frazzled...

...ANOTHER HEADLOCK!

Lance:

I see what Butcher's doing! He's doing what he did against Oscar Burns at DEFCON. Using this headlocks to get under his skin!

DDK:

And it's working! DLJ is a big kid with a LOT of speed and power at his disposal, but Butcher Victorious spent two years learning under perhaps one of the best technicians that DEFIANCE has ever seen in Oscar Burns.

DLJ is getting angrier by the moment, but Butcher's grip remains tight in the headlock! He tries to lift Butcher up in the air... and he DOES, but Butch Vic thinks quick and kicks his legs off the top rope to aid in a huge headlock takeover, taking Danny to the mat to a huge cheer!

DDK:

I don't think I've seen many people be able to endear the fans to headlocks, but Butcher Victorious has done it!

Butcher continues to grind away at the neck of DLJ in the headlock, now grounded on the mat! James is kicking his leg on the mat and trying to fight his way up, but Butcher won't relent and keeps him grounded! He rolls him into a pinfall!

ONE!

DLJ furiously gets a shoulder up, but Butcher keeps the hold on! DLJ finally shifts his legs around and then rolls over to get back to his feet with Butcher going with him. But before he is able to get back to his feet, Butcher rolls him up on the mat again!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

This match has been all Butcher so far! He's been able to stay one step ahead of James from using that speed and power combination he's been so proud of!

Butcher goes over and tries to slap on another headlock, but James finally has had enough and nails a big punch to the stomach of Butch Vic! He doubles him over and when he's down, James whips Butcher into the corner. The Front Runner measures himself and then charges, but Butcher leaps up. James catches him on the shoulder!

Lance:

Uh-oh, he's got him!

With the Texan over his shoulder, DLJ tries for a snake eyes, but Butcher slips out behind and he crashes into the turnbuckle chest-first! Sonny scowls at him when Butcher runs forward and connects with a huge running uppercut to the chest in the corner! James is rocked when Butcher grabs him with another headlock and then runs out of the corner with a bulldog headlock!

DDK:

Another cover by Butcher! Cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DLJ SHOOTs Butcher off of him and sits up while holding his face in pain, but it's clear that Butcher's actions have really gotten under the skin of the big man!

DDK:

The headlock variations have been working out well for Butcher, but can he keep it up?

When James tries to stand again, Butcher grabs him by the head and looks for Butch Vic's Greatest Hit!

DDK:

Headlock driver coming... no! DLJ pushes Butcher away!

The Microphone Fiend turns, only to get ROCKED with a huge chop across the chest from DLJ first!

DDK:

What a chop! This might be the downside of Butcher relying on those headlocks one too many times. James saw it coming!

Butcher is doubled over and leans against the ropes while Sonny screams out marching orders to James to get his head in the game. Danny nods, then charges off the ropes, only for Butcher to strike him with a forearm. James reels, but he backs into the ropes and runs again. Butcher tries to stop him with a clothesline to the chest, The Front Runner takes the shot and just keeps on going to build up speed! The Texan is reeling when he see DLJ coming like a freight train and BLASTS HIM with an explosive running shoulder tackle that sends him spiling to the floor outside!

Lance:

WHAT A SHOULDER TACKLE! MY GOODNESS! I THINK JAMES PUT EVERYTHING HE HAD INTO THAT!

DDK:

DASH AND BASH BY DLJ! ONE OF THE BIGGEST WEAPONS IN HIS ARSENAL JUST DROPPED BUTCHER!

The Puerto Rico Faithful are awestruck over what's just happened to The Microphone Fiend as he rolls around outside the ring in pain. Sonny gestures to DLJ and points at him to finish the job he started. The Front Runner nods and then climbs over the ropes to get to the outside. He starts lurking and then gets an arm up, waiting for Butcher to get up.

DDK:

And here's what makes Danny so dangerous right here. One of the nicknames Sonny Silver bestowed upon him is the Fastest Big Man Alive and I don't know if I've seen anyone faster at his height!

The 6'7" James waits on Butcher to try and stand before he gets a running start. Just as the Texan gets back on his feet, James BARRELS right into him a second time with another shoulder tackle that sends him flying right into the barricade! DLJ jumps up and down and proud like he's just scored the game-winning touchdown, then goes over to high-five Sonny.

Sonny Silver:

That's it! Show that dumb redneck that you ain't a weak bag boy like HE WAS in Vae Victis!

DDK:

There's Sonny and DLJ crowing over what he's just done to Butcher! This one could be over sooner than later!

Sure as shooting, Butcher is down on the ground writhing around in pain. Sonny follows DLJ's instructions and then

goes over to snatch up Butch Vic by his mohawk. The Microphone Fiend finds himself thrown back into the ring followed shortly by DLJ climbing into the ring and standing to his full height, towering over him.

DLJ:

I'm NOT weak! YOU'RE weak! And dumb. Your tattoos are dumb!

DLJ then picks up Butcher and props him up against the ropes before...

THWACK!

...bringing down another big chop across his chest and crashing back to the mat again!

DDK:

I don't want to give any member of this group much credit, but Vae Victis has really brought out the best in Dan Leo James. They have really helped him find himself away from Titanes Familia.

With arrogance, DLJ even ducks down slightly to give Butcher a free shot by tapping the side of his face. Butcher tries A HEADLOCK... but DLJ pushes him to the ropes and when he comes back, picks him up for a body slam, only to spin and PLANT him into the mat with a huge release facebuster!

DDK:

What a big body slam facebuster by DLJ! And now he makes his first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butcher gets the shoulder up to the delight of the Faithful! DLJ looks annoyed with Rex Knox, but Sonny shouts more instructions.

Sonny Silver:

Don't worry about that short-shit ref. Just beat on Butcher! Beat him down until he can't stand!

Lance:

That Sonny Silver sure is a respectful guy, isn't he?

DDK:

100%. PRIME Hall of Famer, multiple-time former World Champion of several organizations, bastion of goodness... this has been Two Truths And A Lie.

DLJ grabs Butcher again... but Butcher fights back! He nails DLJ with a forearm, followed by an uppercut! The Faithful start cheering the Texan as he fights his way back to his feet, but DLJ counters back with another STIFF chop across his chest! The blow is enough to knock Butcher to his knees! DLJ then starts to run a mock lap around the body of Butch Vic as he gets jeers from the Puerto Rico Faithful.

DLJ:

Boo him! He's the one with the dumb hair and tattoos! AND he's weak!

James picks up Butcher again... but Butcher surprises him by trying to go for a saito suplex!

DDK:

He's gotta stop this and go to something else! James has wised up to this now!

He elbows Butcher to break free of the saito suplex attempt! He pushes him into the corner again to free himself with Butcher not having enough fight in order to block the move. James charges at the corner and Butcher moves... but amazingly, the 6'7" blue chip athlete lands on the second rope and flies backwards, SMACKING Butcher with a flying back elbow off the middle rope to the shock of many!

Lance:

He's agile, too! That was scary, Darren. Where does DLJ get these abilities?

DDK:

He was a three-sport athlete and it shows! Baseball, amateur wrestling, track and field!

James rolls over to make a lateral press on Butcher, hoping to be done with him once and for all.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

RRRRRAAAHHHHH!

Lance:

The Butch Vic Clique are out in full force tonight, but they only be able to get him so far!

DDK:

He said it during his radio interview with Scotty Flash in the lead-up to this match that Butch Vic will not quit, but if this keeps up, that won't be up to him!

DLJ picks up Butcher again in a front facelock this time. He looks out to the Puerto Rico Faithful and then CRACKS Butch Vic again with another extra-stiff chop that sends him back into the ropes. The camera catches a glimpse of some of Butcher's tattooed chest and among the ink, red welts and hand marks from James are present on his skin!

Lance:

How many more of these chops do you think that Butcher Victorious can take? He's gotta find a way to get back in the game. His chest is being chopped apart by the big man!

DDK:

I don't know!

With Butcher staggered near the ropes, he's a sitting duck as DLJ palms the back of his head, hits the ropes with big speed again and then nails a flying clothesline that takes Butcher clear off his feet! DLJ rolls onto the mat...

...THEN KIPS UP TO HIS FEET!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Front Runner was clearly expecting a hero's response for his feat of athleticism, only to met with loud jeering from what has been a very hot wrestling crowd tonight.

Lance:

Does Dan Leo James really think that he's going to be loved after what he's done? He had some sympathy when he got ejected from Titanes Familia back in January, but that all went out the window when he sold out to Vae Victis.

DDK:

That he did.

James picks up Butcher again. Butcher has been beaten down, but STILL tries to fight back! He gets cheers surprising James with a swift forearm before going for a saito suplex a second time, only for DLJ to once again elbow himself free.

Lance:

You're right, Lance! DLJ was being flustered by Butcher's game, but no matter what he's trying now, he's getting shut down every step of the way.

DDK:

It may only be a matter of time!

DLJ grabs Butcher and then whips him into the corner once more before hitting a big running corner splash right behind him! Butcher convulses from the impact, but he doesn't stay too long because The Fastest Big Man Alive has already whipped him across the ring and connects with a second splash. With that, he grabs Butcher by the side of the head and then pitches him out of the corner to where he hits the mat. When he's got Butch Vic where he wants him, Sonny holds up his palm and DLJ does the same.

DDK:

And his time might be up! We've seen DLJ use this running palm strike that he calls Godspeed to true effectiveness. If he hits this, this match is done and over.

Lance:

Butcher himself has felt this move before!

The Faithful are all over DLJ, but the blue chipper tunes them out. Butcher looks like a man that can barely stand while DLJ gets Godspeed palm strike ready. The Front Runner stomps a foot into the ground and signals for his killing blow. When he charges...

THWACK!

HARD OUT HEADBUTT TO THE CHEST!

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

The Puerto Rico Faithful go crazy! The move has taken seemingly EVERYTHING Butcher just had, but he is finally able to find a move long enough to stop the big man and now both men are down!

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT! Oscar Burns' old headbutt passed down to Butcher under his tutelage! Butcher has used that headbutt to literally win the Favoured Saints Title last year and he's perfected it into a powerful weapon!

DLJ is sucking in wind and clutching his chest in pain from running right into a wicked headbutt! Meanwhile, Butcher holds his own head in pain, while using his free hand to scratch and claw towards the ropes in order to finally pick himself back up!

Lance:

He's been run into repeatedly, he's been muscled and chopped around by James, but Butcher means what he says... Butch Vic WILL NOT quit!

BUTCH VIC!
BUTCH VIC!
BUTCH VIC!
BUTCH VIC!

Cheers come out for the former Vae Victis lackey as he slowly crawls up to his feet in the corner while DLJ is holding

his chest, but still trying to get to a knee. He gets to a knee, then barely gets to his full height when Butcher comes running and rocks him with big European uppercut! He fires off a second one and backs him into the ropes. He tries an Irish whip, which DLJ tries to reverse, but The Microphone Fiend catches him with a big elbow smash to stagger him again instead! When he stands on spaghetti legs, Butcher heads to the ring apron and then ascends to the top rope.

DDK:

Is Butcher Victorious about to take flight... he does! Diving forearm smash off the top! DLJ goes down!

After chopping the big man down to size, Butcher crawls over and makes the cover... with a headlock applied!

ONE!

TWO!

NO...

NOISE CANCELER!

DDK:

DLJ kicks out, but Victorious goes right to the Noise Canceler! That bridging face lock is locked in!

Butcher PULLS back on the submission in the middle of the ring, trying to get a submission out of the big man! James is shouting in pain while Butcher yells for the big man to tap out! He pulls back harder on the submission!

Lance:

These headlock variations by Butcher are working again! He's got the big man grounded!

DDK:

He does! He does, but James is a big man! Can he use that size to his advantage to reach the ropes?

Sonny Silver is shouting outside the ring that James better not tap out! James fights and behind him, he squirms and stretches a leg out... then makes the ropes! The Puerto Rico Faithful jeer when The Front Runner forces the rope break, making Butcher finally let go of the submission in the process!

Lance:

James makes it to the ropes! He's got the big man on the back foot, but is he able to follow through?

With DLJ still clutching onto his neck, Butcher grabs on for a headlock and then shifts his body weight to try and connect with the Hot Mic air raid crash. He gets James up on his shoulders and The Faithful CHEER... but DLJ slugs him on his back before he lets go! DLJ pushes him into the ropes and waits for him to come back. He has Butch Vic by the throat!

DDK:

He's got Butcher by the throat! Chokes!... NO! Butch Vic gives him the slip!

He leaps up behind him and rolls him up with a schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DLJ kicks out!

Lance:

No! Kickout by DLJ!

The Front Runner is up and tries a clothesline, but Butcher ducks and then grabs the arm! He tries to bring the big man over in a backslide pin, but James turns his body around and then goes for another clothesline. Butcher uses an arm to latch on and then grabs the other momentum before being able to finally bring the big man down into the backslide pin he originally wanted!

DDK:

Backslide! Butcher trying to sneak the win here!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DLJ is able to roll through!

Lance:

No way! James kicks out!

The Microphone Fiend is back on his feet! He charges off the ropes...

THWACK!

OOOOOOHHHHHH!

But before he can strike, DLJ strikes first and CRACKS Butcher in the chest with the Fastball Chop and knocks him clear off his feet!

DDK:

Fastball Chop! DLJ hurries into the pin!

The Front Runner goes for the cover on Butcher and looks to end his!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Rex Knox holds up two fingers to DLJ, which makes him irate! He slaps the canvas and starts to chastise Knox until Sonny steps in.

Sonny Silver:

DON'T ARGUE! DON'T ARGUE! FINISH THAT BAG BOY NOW!

Lance:

He better listen! DLJ has Butcher on the ropes and Sonny knows it!

Looking out at Sonny, DLJ nods. He reaches down and picks up Butcher by the throat! He hoists him up and then brings him down with a huge chokeslam!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! CHOKESLAM!

DLJ confidently hooks the leg of Butcher and smiles with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The Puerto Rico Faithful ROAR when the shoulder comes up again! DLJ's eyes go wide!

Lance:

Butch Vic does not quit! He's not going to let DLJ get the win tonight, but he may not have anything left in the tank after that kickout!

Sonny tells him to get him again! DLJ nods again and then goes to pick him up by the head... But Butcher snaps to life! HEADLOCK BY BUTCHER... INTO THE HEADLOCK DRIVER!

DDK:

NO! BUTCHER COUNTERS! BUTCHER COUNTERS! BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT!

After SPIKING DLJ head-first into the canvas, He holds onto the head and leg of James as tightly as possible in a pinning predicament!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RRRRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

DING DING DING

The bell rings and The Faithful EXPLODE as Butcher sits up, gritting his teeth!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

DDK:

BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT! HE HITS THE HEADLOCK DRIVER OUT OF NOWHERE AND JUST SNATCHED THE WIN!

Lance:

He found a way! DLJ threw everything he had at Butcher tonight, but Butcher found one opening and he wins tonight at Maximum DEFIANCE as a result!

Limping over the barricade and into the LOUD DEFIANT crowd tonight, Butcher goes to celebrate with the people!

Sonny Silver grits his teeth and screams at Rex Knox!

DDK:

Vae Victis looked down on Butcher Victorious! They treated him like dirt, even after Butcher Victorious defeated Oscar Burns at DEFCON, but tonight, Butcher does his thing again! Butch Vic did not quit and and more importantly... BUTCH VIC GETS THE WIN!

The rowdy Butcher Victorious shouts and parties along with fans in the audience while DLJ holds his head in pain, wondering what the hell has happened and Sonny Silver still protesting the result!

Lance:

He defeats Oscar Burns at DEFCON and tonight, he finally defeats the man that replaced him in the group! Butcher Victorious proves that DEFCON was no fluke and tonight, he gets to celebrate with the Butch Vic Clique!

Butcher grins and he's having the time of his life among the San Juan Faithful, posing with fans! He has The Stick(tm) 2.0 back and turns it on.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS TONIGHT, WE GETTING LIT!

DAN RYAN & CONOR FUSE vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

The match graphic appears and the crowd gives a loud cheer.

Lance:

Conor's had ups and downs over the past couple of years, coming so close to wrestling for the FIST of DEFIANCE on a couple of occasions but ultimately losing those chances. However, he has plenty of positives over the last two years - how about banishing Arthur Pleasant from DEFIANCE forever? That was nice.

DDK:

Agreed.

Lance:

With Dan Ryan's comeback to DEFIANCE, Dan also believes he's "lost an edge", so-to-speak, and now we see an unlikely pairing, Fuse and Ryan, looking to regain their killer instincts they once had. Fuse is a former World Champion, albeit in the minor leagues, and he is hoping to one day reach the FIST like his former friend, Malak Garland. Ryan, already a decorated wrestler in DEFIANCE history, might be looking for one more go.

DDK:

Let's not forget where Weighted Grade are in all of this. Although yet to interact with Ryan and Fuse, they've accepted this match. Three months ago they were wrestling for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships. A victory over Ryan and Fuse would be no joke and might align them for another title shot.

Lance:

Great points. Let's go to ringside!

The scene switches to Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match, like all the others tonight, is for ONE FALL!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

I love it when Darren goes into business for himself.

DDK:

I hear the announcer in PRIME also has a random match here and there where he really emphasis the "one fall" thing.

Lance:

Hmmm, I wonder why.

There's a pause between Keebler and Warner.

Lance:

No, that wasn't sarcastic. I am really wondering.

Anyway...

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the team of TA Horrigan and TA Owens... WEIGHTED GRADE!

The Teaching Assistant Behemoths march out and onto the stage, without TA Cole or, of course, Dr. Ned Reform by their side.

DDK:

Fuse has a history with Ned Reform, of course, but it makes sense for the SOHER challenger to be nowhere near this match as he gets ready for the main event later tonight.

Lance:

Everything is on the line for The Good Doctor.

DDK:

Dan Ryan, however... well this is a DEFIANCE landscape where he's interacted with so few of the talent at hand. I won't lie - I'm very interested to see how this plays out for him. There are some very exciting future match-ups for The Murder Daddy, and I'd say this is an intriguing start.

Owens and Horrigan continue their descent down the rampway, eyes locked on the ring, looking focused and ready to teach their opponents a lesson. Yes, it was too easy to write that comment.

Once in the ring, their theme comes to a close and the Puerto Rico crowd stands with anticipation.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents. First, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-ten pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... he is The Power-Up King... he is CONOR FUSE!

♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪

DDK:

A MUCH smaller man compared to his opponents AND teammate, Conor's going to need to show off that speed as best as he can.

Lance:

And he will. I'd say Fuse is the fastest guy we have in this company - I'd like to see him and Mil throw a match down together, I don't know if we'd be able to call everything.

DDK:

Well, Mil is up tomorrow against Tyler, although that Fuse is much more methodical.

Lance:

No kidding.

Finally, Conor hops out onto the stage sporting Puerto Rico inspired wrestling tights. Gone is the lime green and replacing it is red and white striped tights with a blue bandana. Fuse walks to the center of the stage, then he points towards the TAs and giggles like a mime before his theme song closes.

Darren Quimbey:

His tag team partner... from Houston, Texas... weighing in at three-hundred-five pounds... DAN RYAN!

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The crowd roars in support of the legendary Dan Ryan, who emerges in plain black trunks and black boots. He looks like triple the man beside Fuse as the two of them start walking down the rampway.

DDK:

Ryan hasn't taken his eyes off the TAs in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

We've got a hard hitting match incoming.

Fuse arrives at the bottom of the rampway. He leaps onto the apron and then clears the top rope with another jump, landing perfectly in the center of the ring. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan stomps up the steel steps, walks across the apron to the center of the ring and enters over the top rope.

DDK:

Both parties are ready to go. There's no standoff or anything.

Lance:

Let's get to it!

Fuse and Owens remain in the ring as Hector Navarro finds the time keeper's table and calls for the bell.

DING DING

TA Owens charges towards Conor but Fuse easily slides to his right and steers Owen into the ropes. Conor hops in the air and rifles a spinning kick against the side of Owens's head upon return. Conor hits the ropes himself and flies off them, clubbing Owens with a leaping clothesline and knocking the big man down to a knee.

Fuse claps a couple of times to get The Faithful going, as he fires off the ropes and sends a missile dropkick straight into Roosevelt's jaw. The big man falls to the mat so Fuse leaps in the air and lands a standing splash. A hook of a leg, and a cover.

ONE.

CONOR IS TOSSED INTO THE AIR UPON THE KICKOUT.

The Ultimate Gamer lands on his hands and feet, hunched over on all fours. He looks towards Dan Ryan and then nods to himself before springing upright and sending a strong superkick into Owens' jaw. This staggers the big man but Owens is fighting through the pain and trying to get up.

So Conor sends another superkick into his face.

Fuse smacks his hands together, races around Owens' body and then delivers a backstabber which sends Owens to the mat.

TA Horrigan charges in and knocks Conor Fuse down with a bulldozing shoulder block! Fuse FLIES into a free corner and collapses upon the impact.

DDK:

Hey! Uncalled for!

Lance:

I hate to say it, partner, but it's totally called for. Fuse was rolling and Horrigan had to put a stop to it.

Surprisingly, however, The Power-Up King comes back to life. He kips to his feet, leaps in the air and latches onto TA Owens' head... swinging him to the mat with a tilt-a-whirl, implant Resolution DDT!

The crowd gives a cheer and even Dan Ryan provides a slight nod of the head as if to acknowledge Fuse's toughness. Conor kips up again and this time he shoots over to TA Horrigan's corner, delivering a forearm blow to Bobby.

DDK:

Conor is so quick, Horrigan didn't see him coming.

The gamer runs to his own corner and tags in the legend.

The crowd changes course with their cheering to more of an intense silence as Dan Ryan steps over the top rope and waits for Roosevelt to get on his feet.

6'7" Dan meets 6'6" Roosevelt.

Ryan doesn't look very happy.

But Owens is the first one to send a forearm blow into Ryan's chest... it's just that Dan seemingly absorbs the blow with ease. The legend eases back and then sends his own blow into Owens' chest.

Rosey falls onto a knee.

Ryan delivers a strong boot into Owens' face but this time the TA stumbles into the ropes which helps him gain a vertical base rather quickly. Owens blocks the next forearm from Ryan and then elbows Ryan in the stomach. With Dan hunched over, Owens hits the ropes-

WHAM!

And absolutely eats a ring shaking spinebuster slam for his troubles!

DDK:

There was a TON of force behind that!

Lance:

You think Dan was a little pissed off Owens got the better of him with ONE move?

Ryan rests on a knee but then he leans forward and pulls Owens to a sitting position. The Ego Buster sends a plethora of forearms into Owens' cheek. Over and over and over, Roosevelt's eyes roll into the back of his head before Ryan discards one half of Weighted Grade and rises to his feet-

NO! TA Horrigan is back in the ring. He catches Ryan with a shoulder block, too! It doesn't send the former FIST flying into a corner like it did Conor Fuse but it does stun the big man for a moment.

Bobby looks down and psyches himself up. Horrigan hits the ropes again.

Another shoulder block! This one sends Ryan back a couple of steps.

TA Horrigan hammers his chest. He screams into the rafters and finds the ropes.

Shoulder block number three! This one works Ryan near the edge of the squared circle.

One more should do it. At least, that's what TA Horrigan thinks. Despite Hector Navarro working on a heart attack, demanding Bobby go to his corner, the TA isn't going to.

Now Conor Fuse tries to enter and Hector works on a secondary stroke in addition to the heart attack he was originally going to have because the ref is not going to let Conor into the ring!

Horrigan screams. He hits the ropes-

WHAM!

DDK:

WHAT A SPINEBUSTER SLAM BY DAN RYAN!

The crowd is RAAAAHHH but it doesn't last for long because Rosey exits the ring, quickly snatches something from

underneath it and slides back in.

WHACK!

A wrench to the side of Dan Ryan's head!

Owens struggles to figure out what to do next. He looks to his left, then his right... and finally it's like 'DUH, MORON', throw the wrench away and cover the legend!

So he does.

Hector Navarro spins around and sees the pin taking place. He slides into position. Although Conor Fuse wants to enter, TA Horrigan trips Conor up as Bobby lays on the mat. The count is made.

DDK:

Ryan and Fuse aren't going out like this, are they!?

ONE.

TWO.

STRONG KICKOUT!

Ryan sits forward and Rosey can't believe it. Owens starts shouting at Navarro, who only shouts back, and now it's heart attacks all around!

Meanwhile, Dan Ryan plucks Owens from the mat and pushes him into a corner. The Murder Daddy starts unloading. Shot after shot after shot. Initially, the crowd tries to count the punches but they can't keep up.

Lance:

For a man that doesn't move THAT quickly, I'm having a hard time counting myself.

And then it's the sheer show of strength. With TA Horrigan forced to go back to his corner, Dan Ryan peers into the Puerto Rico crowd for a moment. With all of his might, he lifts the massive Rosey Owens in the air and walks both of them backwards into the center of the canvas.

It's like the mat goes BOOM as they land.

Double underhook piledriver.

Ryan rolls Owens onto his back and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

RYAN MOVES.

...Moves out of the way so Horrigan can deliver an elbow drop into his own partner!

Conor Fuse chimes in with a superkick to Horrigan that follows. Both Ryan and Fuse eject Horrigan out of the ring. But as Conor dusts off his hands, there's a stir from The Faithful. Ryan is about to finish Rosey Owens off...

When TA Cole makes an appearance from out of nowhere. He holds the same wrench in his hands and cracks it across Dan Ryan's back before sliding out of the ring!

Neither Hector Navarro or Conor Fuse sees what took place but once Fuse brings his attention back to the center of the ring, he sees Dan Ryan hunched over and Rosey Owens charging for Conor.

Owens spears Fuse almost out of his boots. Conor rolls to the edge of the ring as TA Owens clubs Ryan with a double axe handle smash to the small of his back. Owens tries for another but Conor pops to his feet and runs towards Rosey.

DDK:

Look out!

As Dan Ryan gets to his feet, he's ready to crush Owens but Fuse is also ready to unleash a world of hurt upon the blubbery TA. The legendary Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse have their wires crossed and in an attempt to both take Owens down they inadvertently bump into each other!

Conor stumbles into the ropes and Ryan seems to have tweaked his back thanks to the earlier wrench shot. On the outside of the ring, TA Cole smiles. He drops the weapon and walks up the steel ramp and back into gorilla. His work is done.

Owens with a clothesline to Conor Fuse. Then he bounces off the ropes and with everything in his power he belly-smashes Dan Ryan.

Owens latches his arms around Ryan and performs a pump handle powerslam!

Owens hooks the leg and a cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

You'd hate to see Ryan and Fuse lose their first tag match on something like that.

Owens pulls to his feet. He hits the ropes and delivers a big splash to Ryan. He looks Ryan's leg again...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Rosey looks at Navarro and pulls at his own face. The TA gains a vertical base and tries another splash again. It connects!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd has caught on. The announcers have caught on, too. The only one who hasn't... is Roosevelt Owens.

DDK:

I think Dan is toying with him. He's wide awake. His eyes are open. The damage Owens is doing, it's not getting it done! Not even close!

Owens hits the ropes again and looks for another splash-

When Dan Ryan shoots to his feet, catches Owens in the air and then performs a ring shaking fallaway slam!

DDK:

The sheer strength it takes to do something like that! Rosey is over four-hundred pounds!

The Murder Daddy glances over to his tag corner and stares at Conor Fuse. For a moment there it looks like the both of them have shrugged off their miscommunication. No harm, no foul.

Ryan grabs his back. He rubs the side of his head. He cracks his neck and collects Rosey Owens from the edge of the ring-

As TA Horrigan appears on the outside, at the apron, with the wrench in hand!

WHA-

No.

Ryan merely grabs Horrigan's arm before the object hits him. Bobby drops it.

And Conor Fuse suicide dives on top of Bobby Horrigan! He leaps over Dan Ryan, landing perfectly on the big man!

Inside the ring, Ryan performs a release German suplex to Owens. Keeping Owens on the mat, Ryan sends a number of knees into Rosey's temple before realizing Conor is back in his corner. Dragging Owens along with him, Ryan makes the tag.

Dan whips Owens into the ropes as Ryan goes low with a chop block, Conor goes high with a spinning heel kick. The move is timed well and Owens hits the mat grabbing his legs with one hand and face with another.

Fuse runs to a corner of the ring. He leaps onto the top buckle, spins around and sees Ryan has Owens set up for a pile driver.

Which becomes a SPIKE pile driver!

Navarro demands Ryan exit the ring, as he begins the FIVE count. Needless to say, the damage looks to be done.

DDK:

That was impressive. Not a stepped missed.

Conor kicks at Rosey's chest as Owens tries to get on his feet. He dropkicks Owens to the mat and then dives towards Ryan, making the tag.

The Ego Buster comes in. He peels Owens off the canvas and lands a belly-to-belly suplex. The second Owens hits on the mat, Conor leaps in the air and adds extra emphasis with a leg drop. Fuse kips up and makes his way over to the corner.

Lance:

These two are working fast and furious.

TA Horrigan starts to stir on the outside of the ring. However, inside Dan has everything under control. No longer feeling the effects from the wrench shots, he's whipping Rosey Owens from pillar to post.

Ryan tags Conor.

Both men are in the ring again as Conor bounces off the ropes, looking for a rolling thunder splash but as Fuse leaps into the air, Ryan catches him and **THROWS** Fuse even higher in the air. Conor comes absolutely crashing down on Owens with a bigger splash than intended!

DDK:

Conor has the leg hooked.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

Ryan goes back to his corner, letting Hector know he should probably calm down and stop screaming so much. It's not like Dan was going to ruin the match and allow the count of FIVE to be reached. Meanwhile, Fuse cracks his knuckles as he struggles to roll Rosey upright and to his feet. Conor sends a hard, stiff knee into Owens' neck before firing up the crowd and hitting the ropes-

Horrigan is on the apron and grabs the top rope. Conor falls out of the ring!

The crowd boos as Bobby reaches his corner. Dan Ryan wants to enter the ring again but Hector Navarro threatens to throw the match out...

Which allows TA Horrigan to enter, give TA Rosey a **STRONG** push towards their corner and then fake the tag by clapping both his hands together.

DDK:

And for the first time in this match, albeit illegally, Bobby Horrigan is the official man.

Horrigan stomps his feet and looks to the outside. He sees Fuse is slowly coming to but doesn't know what's up. He was low-bridged and it sent him for a loop.

Horrigan sneers.

He charges.

Bobby jumps through the top and middle rope as his shoulder **DESTROYS** Conor Fuse in the face! The Ultimate Gamer meets the guardrail while the crowd is in shock. Horrigan gets on his feet and bellows into the bleachers before he snatches Fuse by the head and hurls the gamer into the ring.

Horrigan takes a moment to work his way back. The announcers are stunned as replays show the grace in which the massive man slipped through the top and middle rope. With Bobby back into the ring, he clubs Conor with a clothesline from hell.

Horrigan looks over at Ryan. Bobby says something to Dan along the lines of "I should've had your career" and although it sounds rather nonsensical, a sitdown powerbomb later and Conor Fuse is in deep trouble as Hector Navarro falls into position for a count.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse rolls backwards and leaps towards his corner. He **JUST** narrowly misses Dan Ryan's hand, and then he's pulled

back into a ripcord clothesline via Horrigan, flipping Conor inside and out. Fuse rolls in the air, a complete 360 TWICE before falling to the mat and not moving. TA Horrigan wipes his hands on his tights and shouts that it's "time for a lesson."

He whacks Conor across the shoulders and mumbles "Weapon Get".

...But looking right at Dan Ryan as he does.

Bobby lifts Conor into a standing position and then attempts a rolling elbow. Or, in other words, Dan Ryan's 'Hammer of God.'

MISSED.

Fuse ducks, hits the ropes and springboards off with his own, modified version of a rolling elbow.

Although more like a flying one.

Fuse is running off fumes and the cheers from the crowd. He wobbles over to Dan Ryan and tags him in.

The Ego Buster comes in hot, with a clothesline nearly twisting Horrigan inside out but most certainly having him do a 360 in the air, as well. Bobby crashes to the mat as Fuse knocks the cobwebs out of his head and hops onto the top rope. Dan Ryan snatches Horrigan, in what looks to be a powerbomb position. Ryan lifts Horrigan... Fuse jumps.

But Roosevelt Owens gets in the way! He nudges Ryan, so Dan lets go of Horrigan and as Conor comes leaping off the buckle-

PHEW!

Well, Conor ALMOST crashes into Dan Ryan.

But he doesn't.

Fuse breathes a sigh of relief but not before Rosey Owens hits the ropes. Dan has eyes in the back of his head because he ducks, but Conor sees the shot coming at the last second too and leaps over top of it. Owens fumbles into the next set of ropes and then both Conor and Dan meet Owens there, clotheslining him up and out of the ring.

With the crowd cheering them on, Conor stands toe-to-toe with Dan Ryan in the center of the squared circle. Despite the height difference, Fuse is getting into Ryan's face.

DDK:

Is Conor mad at Dan because they blew the combo move?

Lance:

No, not at all. Look *closer!*

Lance Warner is right. Conor isn't mad at Dan, he's trying to pump him up. He's trying to pump both of them up!

Conor keeps shouting but it's hard to hear exactly what he's saying. What can be seen, however, is he's smiling and nodding along as he does.

Conor shoves Dan!

Conor shoves Dan again!

Fuse takes one step back, raises his left arm...

WHAP!

And smacks Ryan on the back of the head???

Conor Fuse:

FINISH HIM!

Dan Ryan shows a stunned expression. He tilts the side of his head, raises an eyebrow and mumbles “really, you just did that?”

As The Murder Daddy begins to process what happened, TA Horrigan finds a vertical base behind the two of them and hits the ropes.

Ryan’s astounded expression **immediately** snaps into a slight head nod, followed by mouthing the words, “yep, okay.”

BOOM!

SANTA MIERDA!

SANTA MIERDA!

SANTA MIERDA!

DDK:

Ryan just spun around and absolutely CRUSHED TA Horrigan with a forearm!

Conor’s eyes bug out of his head, looking rather cartoonish while Bobby Horrigan falls directly onto his back, his lights completely out.

Hector Navarro could end the match right here but needless to say, Dan Ryan drops down and covers the Teaching Assistant, anyway.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

All while Conor Fuse merely stands there and watches in ‘awe’.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... the team of CONOR FUSE and DAN RYAN!

♪ “Daddy’s Home” by JT Music ♪

DDK:

Well that, at the end, was a STATEMENT.

Lance:

Hell yeah it was!

Conor still can’t believe what he saw. The Ultimate Gamer hasn’t moved an inch... he hasn’t even blinked. Dan Ryan simply dusts himself off, stands up and looms in front of Conor once again. Ryan grins and pats Conor on the chest while mumbling “that’s how it’s done”. Ryan walks past Conor and towards a corner, raising his hands to the cheers of

the fans.

This time it's Fuse who slightly nods to himself, finally able to interpret what happened. He shrugs, smiles and then raises his hands in a show of solidarity.

DDK:

These two are going to be dangerous if they stick together.

Lance:

You think?

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE rolls to a break as the Puerto Rico crowd celebrates and TA Owens enters the ring to check on Bobby Horrigan who hasn't flinched at all.

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

DIR-TY DOGS! DIR-TY DOGS! DIR-TY DOGS! DIR-TY DOGS!

Fission:

Y no sólo te enfrentarás a los Dirty Dogs... estarás rodeado por quince mil boricuas que quieren verte sangrar.

Fission grins and lets out a cackle, before continuing.

Fission:

Será mejor que, mientras puedan, le digan a Edward White que se acaban de meter en una situación de la que el dinero no puede salvarlas, perros.

Gigaton follows up with a bellicose laugh of his own, before he brings it home.

Gigaton:

Y no hay manera de salir de esta isla sin una bolsa para cadáveres, en lo que a nosotros respecta.

Gigaton throws his head back and lets loose a salvo of loud barks, which the crowd joins in on, as the mad science trio departs. Christie Zane smiles and turns to the camera.

Christie Zane:

My Spanish is a bit rusty, but... I don't think it's looking good for the Blood Diamonds. Back to you, Darren and Lance!

BLOOD DIAMONDS vs. ATOMIC PUNKS

The lights slowly begin to dim, as a tune not known to most DEFIANCE Faithful begins to fade in, driving this San Juan crowd into a frenzy.

Attention...

The crowd erupts with a chorus of barking noises and air horns, as if they know exactly what's about to go down...

*Time to put down the Cristal,
Time to take the ice off for a minute...*

*Time to throw a little mud
In this mothafuckaaaaaaaaaaaaa...*

♪ "Let's Get Dirty (I Can't Get in Da Club)" by Redman ♪

DDK:

I'm going to be honest, Lance... I'm scared.

A geyser of mist fills the air, as a pair of familiar silhouettes darkens the light, the pounding intro of "Let's Get Dirty" making the floor shake! The pair step out into the eyes of the adoring public, and the chants start anew.

DIR-TY DOGS!
DIR-TY DOGS!
DIR-TY DOGS!
DIR-TY DOGS!

Lance:

For years, the pair now known as Fission and Gigaton ruled the Puerto Rican tag team scene with iron fists, and although they have new names... the spirits of the Dirty Dogs, Ripper y Mauler, live on!

Indeed, as Lance says this, the neon-painted gremlins storm down the aisle, tagging hands with each and every fan in their way. Flanked by their "creator" Dr. Ayumi Sato, the fifteen-time ELA Deportes World Tag Team Champions receive a hero's welcome to a symphony of airhorns, barks, and Redman.

Fission stops to mean-mug for the camera, pointing at the collar around his neck, bearing his previous nom de guerre, "Ripper." His "hermano" Gigaton rushes in from the side, cutting a mean mug of his own while sticking his tongue out, pointing it down toward his own collar, with the name "Mauler" engraved.

The duo roll into the ring, arms raised and hands beckoning to the crowd to make even more noise, making the arena shake even more!

Lance:

Any louder and this arena might collapse!

The music dies down, but the crowd does not, as the Atomic Punks continue to play to the crowd...

Until the DEFtron comes alive...

A close up shot of The Associates "The Submission Siren" Jane Katze and "Il Giudice" Nicky Corozzo. The sight of the two Blood Diamond aligned hench-people causes the CLEARLY pro-Punk's PR crowd. Jane Katze sneers down from the big screen as Nicky stands over her shoulder sort of curiously looking around whatever room they're in backstage.

Jane Katze:

It's touching that all these people remember your "good ol' days" slumming it on this sad little island, like so many washed up and never was wrestlers before them. Truly. But lets get down to brass tacks gentleman. You aren't the Dirty Dogs anymore, are you? Ripper and Mauler were dead and buried the minute you aligned yourself with that ridiculous woman you've hitched your struggling careers to. "Doctor" Sato...

The camera pulls back revealing the Associates are backstage in Sato's lab!

Nicky starts picking up beakers full of liquids and tossing them casually over his shoulder.

Sato is immediately incensed.

Jane Katze:

Tell me, what's left of a FAKE scientist if you break all their cute little props? Let's find out.

Jane turns and joins Nicky in the destruction, KICKING OVER SATO'S LAB DOOR!

DDK:

We've got a rumble in the lab, folks! I'm... I'm not even sure we have a referee scheduled for this madness!

Lance:

Don't exactly need one, Keebs! NO RULES!

The glass door falls off its free standing frame and shatters on the cement floor.

Without a word needing be spoken between them Dr. Sato, Fission and Gigaton all three pail from the ring and rush back up the ramp, back towards their precious lab. The scene on the tron continues, Nicky hoisting up one of those big buzzing electrical things you'd see in like Franenstein's lab and just HUCKS it across the room. The huge metal contraption exploding into shrapnel against a far wall actually starting a small fire on a nearby table full of yet even more beakers full of random colored liquids.

Lance:

We've got guys with fire extinguishers back there, right?

DDK:

Beats me, partner! Strap in folks!

Jane storms over and starts pulling huge fistfuls of paperwork and blueprints out of what looks to be Sato's filing cabinet, tossing the evil doctor's life's work all over the room with a laugh. Before she can move onto the second drawer she's absolutely clobbered by Gigaton!

In the background we see the big seven footer Corozzo stumble across the frame with Fission's arms clamped around the big man's neck, Yoda-ing off his back like a backpack.

Nicky Corozzo:

GET OFFA ME YA' DAMN MOSQUITO!

Fission:

GET OUT OF OUR LAB, YOU BIG GREASY GOON!

Mysteriously absent from the scene is Sato herself.

Gigaton's running spear sent he and Katze back into a huge pile of boxes and other lab detritus. As the big man shakes the cobwebs he's met with high heel assisted superkick right across the temple sending the huge grappler to his knees. Jane stands over him with a bloody lip, her hair falling slightly out of her bun. She slips off her shoes,

retaining one... flipping it around in her hand.

Jane Katze:

So you two are some sort of big bad brutal tag team, huh? Let me show you brutal, tubbo...

Katze DIGS the heel of her shoe into Gigaton's eye causing him to scream out in agony. Fighting through the pain he grabs Katze's wrist and just FLINGS her with all his might across the room where she crashes into Corozzo... still trying desperately to free himself from Fission, still clutched onto his back.

All three go stumbling back into the previously mentioned now VERY on fire table full of lab equipment! Fission is the first out of the pile slapping away flames now lapping up his arm.

Fission:

Watch it, man! Yikes!

Gigaton shrugs as he holds his bleeding eye socket.

Nicky gets to his feet like Jason fucking Voorhees, small flames lapping up the sleeves of his suit jacket. He shucks the coat before leaping after the two men. Fission manages to slip away from the monster's violent grasp, Gigaton isn't so lucky. Corozzo leaps on the portly grappler and DIGS his thumbs into his already aching ocular region.

Gigaton:

AGAIN WITH THE EYES! JAYSUS!

Fission looks on in horror. Completely distracted and oblivious to the pain machine getting to her feet behind him. Jane Katze deftly whips her legs up and around Fission's neck, crushing his windpipe between her deadly, talented thighs.

Lance:

World class financial mind and one of the deadliest women to ever grace DEFIANCE's roster!

DDK:

Jane Katze is never to be underestimated, partner!

As Jane attempts to choke the life out of Fission, Gigaton and Nicky push one another around the lab causing even more wanton destruction. The lab now a fiery mess of broken glass, fluttering smoking paperwork, spilled mysterious multi-colored lab liquid, and probably some poor Dr. Sato's dreams come to think of it.

Fission saves himself from dream street by reaching over and tossing a handful of broken glass and lab detritus right into Katze's face. He slips from the hold and struggles to his feet and lay some boots to the now blinded Submission Siren.

The camera catches up with the two behemoths slamming into one another like two bull elephant seals. Gigaton manages to get the better of the bigger yet much older Corozzo, doubling over the massive Italian bodyguard. The bigger of the two Atomic Punks in a feat of colossal strength hoists Corozzo up in a sloppy but effective powerbomb and lays the big man down across the broken glass, wood and metal that WAS their laboratory door!

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd reaction from out in the arena says it all as Nicky Corozzo rolls around in complete agony as he clutches at his now certainly bleeding back.

DDK:

Gigaton showing us something here!

Lance:

That HAD to hurt!

Jane stumbles over still half blind and starts to help her tag team partner to his feet.

"MUAHAHAHA! EAT FOAM, FOOLISH MORTAL!!"

Dr. Ayumi Sato finally enters this absolute mess strapped with what looks like... well, remember that thing they used in Ghostbusters 2 to fling the slime around the inside of the Statue of Liberty? A backpack apparatus that looks a lot like that. Jane has about enough time to hold up a hand and utter one or two wordless syllables before she and a still bleary Nicky Corozzo with a metric shit-ton of thick, soapy GREEN FOAM!

Lance:

Oh my God!

As Sato clearly runs out of "ammo" she makes a little frowny face.

Dr. Sato:

Awwwww, should have loaded up more gunk.

Jane Katze comes barreling out of the mound foam looking like She-Hulk, emerald green and furious. She takes a single step toward Sato.

Jane Katze:

You evil little... bi... bitch.

The leggy Associate slumps down onto her face, just suddenly dead-ass out cold.

Dr. Sato:

Perfect timing on that sedative, though. Gigaton, tell your sketchy friend he did well!

The Atomic Punks both step back into frame, flanking their dear doctor.

Gigaton:

THANKS, DOC.

Dr. Sato:

LET'S DO THIS, GENTLEMEN! Wash off and retrieve the sleeping Italian giant from the foam! I'll grab this one. TO THE RING, BOYS! TO THE RING!

The camera cuts back to the commentation station.

Lance:

They're coming back out here, Darren!

DDK:

What in God's name did Ayumi Sato just DOSE Edsward White's Associates with?!

Lance:

I'd hazard a guess but I wouldn't want to get Gigaton and his sketchy friend in trouble.

DDK:

Hold that thought, partner! Here they come!

Gigaton and Fission are first through the curtain with Nicky Corozzo's enormous green frame draped between the two men. Dr. Sato pushes through the curtain with Jane Katze in a fireman's carry over her shoulders. The Atomic Punks

and their dear doctor all make their way down the ramp to an explosive ovation from the fans in attendance. Nicky and Jane are thusly deposited under the bottom rope and finally into the ring.

Lance:

Wait... was there even a referee involved in this mess at any point?

DDK:

Come to think of it, no, no I don't think so.

Lance:

Then how exactly...

Warner gets his question answered in the form of Dr. Ayumi Sato rolling under the bottom rope, whipping off her lab coat revealing a DEFIANCE referee's shirt!

She taps the side of her head with her index finger, the universal sign for "I AM VERY SMART."

Gigaton and Fission both roll under the bottom rope, slide towards the still snoozing Associates. Jane and Nicky finally start to blink away the green sleepies only to be greeted with The Atomic Punks smiling faces. Frustration, anger, whatever it is Jane Katze screams a primal sounding scream and straight up HEADBUTTS the wide forehead of Gigaton!

Lance:

SHE'S ALIIIIIVE! Get it, because she's green, Darren. Bride of Frankenstein?

DDK:

Oh we got it.

DING DING

Jane gets to her feet, slapping Nicky all the way awake as she does so. It's not long before Jane POUNCES on Gigaton and Nicky is going full bore and chasing Fission through the ropes and out to ringside.

Lance:

There's got to be a Lou Ferrigno joke in here somewhere, Darren! Because he's green. And Italian.

DDK:

I'm begging you to stop. Are you acting out because Angus has been teasing you the last few weeks?

Lance:

How about we just call the match, Darren, geeze.

The much quicker Fission outpaces the lumbering Italian giant. Deftly leading Corozzo around the ring towards the ringsteps. A quick side step and deft, simple drop toe hold later Nicky Corozzo's enormous head is meeting the corner of the ringsteps with a sickening thud. Fission is back under the ropes in a flash to help drag an incensed Jane Katze off a besieged Gigaton.

Lance:

Just in the nick of time! Jane Katze was just seconds away from locking in something, top be sure.

DDK:

The ring IQ of Ed White's Submission Siren is never to be underestimated, but neither should the tag team acumine of The Atomic Punks!

Gigaton is quick to his feet, popping off a few quick lefts and rights before cracking off a stiff body slam leveling Katze.

Fission begins stomping a mudhole in the Financial Backbone of Edward White allowing Gigaton to stomp his feet and bounce off the nearby ropes!

DDK:

The big man is revving up, folks!

Referee Dr. Sato claps to herself in giddy excitement, the picture of impartiality.

Gigaton keeps bouncing off the ropes in a surprising display of cardiovascular endurance as the Puerto Rican Faithful cheer him on at the tops of their lungs.

Fission rolls away just as his partner rebounds off the ropes one last time and leaps into the air!

DDK:

ATOMIC SPLASH ON JANE KATZE!

Fission playfully leaps atop his tag team partner who's atop poor Jane Katze.

Impartial DEFIANCE referee Dr. Sato slides in like a pro and the crowd counts along...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOUUUUUR WINNERS! THE ATOMIC! PUNKS!

♪ "Let's Get Dirty (I Can't Get in Da Club)" by Redman ♪

The Punks are back on their feet in a flash, they each scale opposite turnbuckles.

Dr. Sato stands proudly on the second rope between her two victorious charges.

A humiliated Jane Katze rolls out to ringside where Nicky Corozzo is already hanging his bloody, green head in shame at the debacle they just voluntarily put themselves through.

remains on stage. With a microphone in hand, Oscar Burns motions for the theme to cut. The music is replaced by raucous noise from the Puerto Rico Faithful as the New Zealander paces and smiles.

Oscar Burns:

LADIES AND GC'S... I'M BAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

He's met with a torrential downpour of jeers! The booing seems to irk him a little bit when his eyebrow begins to twitch... but it quickly rolls off his back as he continues.

Oscar Burns:

I missed you, too, GCs, I really did. And that booing you're giving me? I deserve that. I absolutely do. Go ahead and get it out. I'll wait.

He stands patiently and waits for the sound to hit him.

B0000000000000000!

He pauses for a moment and lets the people get it all out. We're live on a PPV (only a cop would call it a PLE) and Oscar knows he has the time. Once they're done, he moves on.

Oscar Burns:

By now, you know all about me on account of me making sure you never forget my accomplishments, ad nauseum. You know my story. You know what I've done. I've wrestled for this company since 2016. Eight whole years with only ONE break in action that wasn't my doing - a throat injury will do that - but other than that until these recent three months, I've NEVER asked for time off. NEVER asked for a break. ALWAYS been in that ring. ALWAYS wrestled to the best of my ability in this ring. ALWAYS worked through any nagging injuries I had.

Something in his facial expression changes. Like a gear may have turned. The glasses come off and he tucks them in the collar of his shirt.

Oscar Burns:

It's been a long, winding road, eh, GCs? You went from cheering me for five years to booing me for the last two and a half. Whether I was just getting started, helping out the fans, saving this promotion from being folded, putting on the best matches of the night, whether I get a huge introduction simply to feed my own ego, whether you cheered me, whether you booed me, I have ALWAYS been here for this roster. I have ALWAYS been here for my peers. I have ALWAYS been here to entertain. I have ALWAYS been here for bloody all of YOU...

RRRRRAAAAAAHHH!

Oscar Burns:

No, I don't deserve that. Stop. Don't cheer... not for the things I've done.

Now Burns speaks with less gusto in his voice and the cheers die down as people start to listen.

Oscar Burns:

First things first... as reported, I have indeed signed a brand-new contract with DEFIANCE. I... thanks.

More cheers!

Oscar Burns:

Look... we got a lot of time on this PPV that's for the performer, so I appreciate it but I'm gonna move along.

Contemplating his next words, Oscar continues.

Oscar Burns:

I LOVE what I do for this company and what this company has done for me in return... but I would be lying to you if I said that I wasn't doing a disservice to both myself and to this company for the past two-and-a-half years with my actions and the reprehensible things that I've done...

He continues.

Oscar Burns:

I... I need to be real with you all now. I needed these last few months. I've been... I've been doing things the wrong way and it took me these last three months off to see it. I needed to look back at what I've done. What kind of a monster I've become. What kind of a ruthless tyrant I've been. I've spent the last two-and-a-half years telling everyone that *I* and nobody else is DEFIANCE all the while trying to bring up competition to my level. I've been trying to tell myself all this time that it was my job to bring everyone up to my ridiculous, and at times, hypocritical standards.

Firing up, Burns points out to the DEFIANCE logo on screen.

Oscar Burns:

So when DEFIANCE was gracious enough to re-sign me, THIS is when I realized that I needed to treat this opportunity as a fresh start. THIS new contract was exactly what I needed to hold up a mirror to myself to see the truth! And the truth is... Oscar Burns IS NOT DEFIANCE...

He looks out with a determined look.

Oscar Burns:

Oscar Burns...

Grins.

Oscar Burns:

...is **BIGGER THAN DEFIANCE!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful realize they've been had as a wide smile forms on Oscar's face.

DDK:

Damn it...

He's biting his lip with glee, really believing his own hype.

Oscar Burns:

OSCAR BURNS ISN'T **JUST** DEFIANCE! OSCAR BURNS ISN'T **JUST** FAVOURED SAINTS! OSCAR BURNS IS PROFESSIONAL BLOODY WRESTLING!

More booing overtakes the arena but Burns continues to plead his case.

Oscar Burns:

GC's, hear me out, hear me out! The problem WAS me. I didn't lie about that. I mean it when I say that I've spent the last two-and-a-half years telling everyone that *I* and nobody else is DEFIANCE all the while trying to bring up competition to my level. I've been trying to tell myself all this time that it was MY job to bring everyone up to my ridiculous, and at times, hypocritical standards. And I realize now... the only thing I need to be elevating are the number of zeroes on my checks! So when DEFIANCE both BEGGED AND PLEADED for me to sign again to make sure other promotions in their PRIME... wink, wink... didn't try to steal me away, I shook 'em squibs down for every last penny I deserved and they bloody GAVE IT TO ME!

Lance:

This is absurd! I thought it wouldn't be possible for Oscar's ego to get any larger... but my God, this time off made him WORSE.

Oscar Burns:

I asked for and got everything I signed for in my contract starting with this... DEFIANCE's name is in all caps, but this entire time that I proclaimed Oscar Burns was DEFIANCE... my name was just normal. My name was like any other name. But you and I all know the truth. My name is NOT like any other name. My name is THE name in this company and it DEMANDS and COMMANDS respect! So from now on, you will no longer refer to me as Oscar Burns like it was some common wank's name like John Smith on the street. Now... put it up on the DEFIatron for me...

The name appears moments later on the Tron:

Oscar Burns

Oscar Burns:

So from now on... you can refer to me as...

The graphics change to:

OSCAR BURNS

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

OSCAR BURNS:

That's bloody damn right! OSCAR BURNS! All caps! When you say my name, you'll put some BASS on it! When you see my name in the marquis, you will REALIZE its importance! This is just one of several new perks that you'll all come to find out after I re-upped! DEFIANCE is a part of OSCAR BURNS! You, the OSCAR BURNS Faithful, will be a part of something more! So I wish to welcome you all cause you are now all apart of...

Another graphic appears on the DEFIatron:

OSCAR BURNS:

...THE **GC UNIVERSE!**

DDK:

What the hell is THIS?

Oscar..., er, OSCAR continues with his speech.

OSCAR BURNS:

The GC Universe is MY new branding! Anything in or around the GC Universe will only get better! Anything in or around the GC Universe will only get stronger! And another perk of my new contract... I reached out to a certain someone who will no doubt help us steer DEFIANCE where we need to be and in the weeks to come, you're going to find out a lot more about me. NOW...

He smiles.

OSCAR BURNS:

Darren Quimbey, tell these squibs that OSCAR BURNS is leaving the bloody building!

The camera cuts over to Darren Quimbey and shrugs.

OSCAR BURNS:

DO IT!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... Oscar Burns is leaving the building!

OSCAR BURNS:

WRONG! WRONG! WRONG!

Oscar marches down the ramp and then storms towards ringside.

Lance:

What is the meaning of this?! Come on!

OSCAR is now in Darren Quimbey's face and shouts at him through his own microphone.

OSCAR BURNS:

SAY IT! VERBATIM! IN MY GLORIOUS KIWI ACCENT OR WE'RE GONNA DO THIS ALL OVER AGAIN!

Darren Quimbey shakes his head, lets out a hefty sigh, then pulls the microphone up again. BURNS whispers something in his ear and then Quimbey sighs again.

Darren Quimbey: [in as best a New Zealand accent as possible]

LADIES AND GCS... OSCAR BURNS IS LEAVING THE BUILDING...

OSCAR BURNS:

BLOODY BUILDING! TELL THEM I'M LEAVING THE **BLOODY** BUILDING, GCS!

Quimbey is tired and just wants to move on with the show.

Darren Quimbey: [again, in as best a New Zealand accent as possible]

OSCAR BURNS IS LEAVING THE **BLOODY** BUILDING... GCS!

OSCAR reaches out and shakes Darren's hand.

OSCAR BURNS:

Wonderful! Bravissimo! Splendid job!

He holds out his microphone.

OSCAR BURNS:

GOOD NIGHT, GC UNIVERSE!

The All Caps-ed OSCAR BURNS nods and then takes his leave, waving to the booing Faithful on his way up the ramp and backstage.

Lance:

How... how did he get worse?

DDK:

I don't know, but with Oscar Burns... and I'm saying that in regular caps... the only thing we know is that now that he's back, nobody in that ring is safe!

REZISTANCE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we need to provide an update on one of our scheduled matches this evening, but before we get to that, we are right now getting word of a disturbing scene unfolding backstage!

Lance:

'Disturbing', you say? That... doesn't sound good.

DDK:

We have our bravest camera man breaching the scene as we speak! Let's go to the back and get to the bottom of this!

The feed goes to a handheld POV moving beyond the curtain to the production area beyond... and the sight is *indeed* disturbing.

The room is poorly lit. A thick veil of mist covers the floor. Smears of red liquid can be seen splashed against the walls. Several unconscious bodies are strewn across the floor and production equipment. SpoOOOoky music is playing in the background.

Then... *THEY* appear.

A hulking, horned beast looms over the camera, guiding it further into the slaughter with a wave of its battle axe. An impish, skittering shadow slinks by our view, leaving a creepy chuckle in its wake.

Far off in the distance, two identical figures stand at the end of a hallway, looking like the twins from the Shining. Slowly, menacingly, they approach us.

Then, a hideous, haggard woman with a menthol Pall Mall hanging from her cracked and wretched lips comes crawling out of a doorway, and approaches a glowing, curved object staged in the middle of the floor.

Is it an urn? A vase? A lamp with no shade? Can't really tell from this angle.

By now, the bravest cameraman in all of DEFIANCE spots the ringleader himself, appearing like a black devil through a wall of smoke, reddened eyes peering from beneath the brim of an elongated stovepipe hat.

All six figures converge in the center of the room around the glowing figurine. The camera operator -- again, dude deserves a medal for just walking into a murder scene and still rolling -- moves in and gets them all into frame while they stand together in perfect arrangement, looking like a carnival troop out of David Lynch's worst nightmares.

The man with the hat, standing front and center, reaches down and picks up the glowing vase thingie.

No, wait... that's no glowing vase; that's a glowing BONG!

Suddenly, the lights pop on.

Fully unveiled to the world, the gaggle of ghoulish characters stand in stunned, awkward silence for a moment, suddenly looking a lot less spooky than they did a minute ago. The camera swings around to reveal Chris Trutt with his hand on the lightswitch.

Chris Trutt:

What the heck is going on back here? Who's been playing around with the lights?

The junior reporter assesses the scene somewhere between bewilderment and skepticism.

Rezin:

DAMBIT, TRUTT!! You're ruinin' our REVEAL!

Trutt balks. Who ELSE could mastermind something this absurd?

Chris Trutt:

Rezin?! What's the meaning of this?

Rezin:

Ahhh, to hell with it--HAHAHAHAAA, TRUTT!! FEAR for your LIFE and QUESTION your SANITY... for the REZISTANCE has FINALLY ARRIVED!

Trutt doesn't seem to hear him. He's nudging at one of the bodies on the floor with the toe of his shoe.

Chris Trutt:

What the--did you... MURDER all these people?!

Rezin:

What? NO! I mean, originally, we--look, I picked up this tranquilizer crossbow thingy from the Reeves estate liquidation auction, so trust me, they're FINE! They'll be poppin' up and movin' around in like an hour or ten, tops! I mean, I think, I ain't really tested it out yet...

Chris Trutt:

Why is there blood on the walls?!

One of Rezin's crew clears his throat and steps forward.

Chris Chickentenders:

Look, man, I don't know if you know this, but there's like an unwritten rule when it comes to eating hotdogs, and if dude, if you try coming at me with a bottle of freakin' *ketchup* while I'm eating a hotdog, like just mowin' down on a footlong, dude, bro, dude, we're gonna have problems, like I can't be held responsible for my actions or whatever, because it's a total insult to me, know what I mean? But anyway--

Rezin:

Look, nevermind all that, the point here is that WE--

Chris Trutt:

Did you get those mood lights from the stage? And who's back there using the fog machine? That fluid is expensive, you know!

Rezin:

DAMBIT, Trutt! Aren't you totally FREAKED OUT right now? You're SUPPOSED to be totally freaked out!

Chris Trutt:

...what? Why would I be freaked out? This is a wrestling show! If there was anything serious happening back here, the police would put an end to it in an instant!

The two look-alikes in Rezin's posse suddenly look flustered.

Carlo Amaretto:

Oof... the police?

Gomez Amaretto:

Monsignor Rezin, I don't believe we mentioned our outstanding warrants...

Rezin:

Guys, would ya let me handle this?! Shucks, I knew we shoulda done Final Fantasy VIII...

Suzie:Eight was the woist... (*puff puff*)**Rezin:**

Point, but if I'm gonna get a trend goin', I figure I should--

Trutt impatiently clears his throat.

Chris Trutt:

Okay, might as well get to the bottom of this... Rezin, who is this rag-tag gang of misfits you've assembled here?

Rezin:

Uggghh, well, okay, guess I'll do the rundown...

He clears his throat and motions his way through the line.

Rezin:

Chickentenders here ya already know.

"El Gallo Blanco" Chris Chickentenders pops his collar.

Chris Chickentenders:

Yo, sup dude, you're Chris and I'm Chris and that's like WHOA, MAN, how do we tell--

Rezin:

Same with Carlo and Gomez.

The Amarettos theatrically flourish.

Carlo Amaretto:

AVANTI!

Gomez Amaretto:And ASYLUM! **PLEASE!!****Rezin:**

Then of course, by extension, their not-so-lovely assistant, Suzie. Say hi, Suzie.

Suzie blinks once and puffs indifferently off her cigarette.

Suzie:

Nah.

Rezin:

And the big guy here is our muscle. Allow me to innerduce ya to Olvir Arsvinnar, the Pornstar Viking.

The blond-bearded muscular giant with the horned helmet and purple silk robe throws his head back in boisterous laughter.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

HA HA HA HA!! The Great Olvir has at last come to consensually fornicate and pillage DEFIANCE!

Rezin:

Last but probably also least, we got Rocko hangin' around. Kinda like as the coach and spiritual leader--slash--esoteric bullshit artist.

Setting down the fog machine, Rocko Daymon uncomfortably clears his throat and joins the group.

Rocko Daymon:

When the way of survival becomes insurmountable, but the conviction inside you grows uncompromising, then... then... ah, fuck it. Nevermind.

Rezin:

Thanks, Rock! But as ya already figgered, Trutt... we *are* just a bag-chad pang of fishtits! The OUTCASTS! The CAST-OFFS! The FORGOTTEN! The frail FEW who were apparently too pathetic to get BOOKED or find proper ARC PARTNERS! So I decided to in-house, and form my own lil stable of sickos and psychos! Now, NOBODY can overlook us... because together, we are...

Group pose.

Rezin:

THE REZISTANCE!!

The Goat Bastard removes his tophat and takes a graceful bow. Only mildly impressed, Trutt arches an eyebrow.

Rezin:

And if ya ain't freaked out NOW, Trutt, then I GUARAN-GOT-DAMB'D-TEE YA we'll get your funny-hole thoroughly FREAKED when we run roughshod all over DEFIANCE!

Trutt nods.

Chris Trutt:

'Run roughshod'... right. Which means, what exactly...?

Rezin:

...huh?

Chris Trutt:

I mean, do you have any stated goals? How will any of this transfer to in-ring competition?

Rezin:

Look man, ya can't see the forest for the WEEDS here! We pop up randomly, spooky shit goes down, some light teleportation, maybe some sprayin' and ejectin' of bodily fluids here and there as needed... and that's it! Whaddya need to know more than that? We're fixin' for a huge MAXDEF debut here! Here's REZIN and the REZISTANCE, and we're gonna set the ring ABLAZE! I mean... figuratively. Well, okay, *literally* also. Depends on how much I got left in the jerrycan...

Chris Trutt:

Well, Rezin, as it just so happens, I was sent to inform you that nobody has seen or heard anything from your scheduled opponent tonight.

Rezin:

Shucks! We seriously gotta work on our retention rate, know'm'sayin'? More importantly tho... SHUCKS!! Are ya tellin' me this ol' Dopesmoker ain't gettin' his MAXDEF moment!?

Chris Trutt:

Sorry, Rezin. That may unfortunately be the case. I mean, maybe if there's time, we can convince Scott Hunter to put on a bald cap and stand in between a couple sparklers. We'll call him "Scottberg". Just watch the kick to the head.

Behind him, the other members of Rezin's squad seem to wilt in disappointment. The promise to a grand debut has devolved into a complete letdown.

But the Goat Bastard himself is *not* having it. He unleashes animalistic snarl to go along with a furious shake of his head.

Rezin:

It's a CRIME, I tell ya! A ROBBERY! A TRAVESTY! A... a...

He freezes. The left eye begins to twitch.

Rezin:

aa... aah... AAH... AAH!... AAAAHHH!!.....AAAAAA-**CHOOOOOO!!!**

He sneezes. Everyone in the room recoils as if he'd dropped a grenade at his feet. The effluvia hits the concrete with a heavy and wet splat.

Rezin snuffles and groans, wiping his nose with the back of his wristband.

Rezin:

Damb... I was holdin' that in forever!

Trutt suddenly blinks when something on the floor catches his attention.

Chris Trutt:

Umm... Rezin?

Rezin: *[horse snorting to clear his sinuses]*

Uhh, Trutt?

Chris Trutt:

I don't mean to alarm you, but it appears as though something... *came out of you*, just now.

Rezin shrugs.

Rezin:

That ain't anything new to me, Trutt. Things are fallin' outta me all the time, from pretty much erry bodily orifice.

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, but...

The interviewer unpockets a handkerchief and briefly squats below view. When he stands back up, held there in the middle of his hankie is an unusually round, metallic object.

Chris Trutt:

This almost looks like some sort of electronic device. And it has a red flashing light. And I'm pretty sure it's emitting a high-pitch frequency. If I had to guess, I'd say this was some sort of transmitter, or communicator, or...

Rezin's eyes bulge wildly.

Rezin:

...a probe.

Crash zoom on his face as he puts on the HARDEST Nic Cage face of incredulity.

Rezin:

A NASAL PROBE!!

Tearing off his top hat, his hand slaps his bare pate. His crew look to one another in utter confusion.

Rezin:

SHUCKS!! How long have I been walkin' around with my head uncovered like this?!

Chris Trutt:

I don't know... a few weeks, maybe? To be honest, I kinda forgot about that. Figured the tinfoil hat was another one of your short-lived hair-brained shenanigans. Like the Wheel of Gimmicks, and that one time your nose was bandaged up.

Rezin:

Oh my Sagan, they found me... I dunno how, but they found me! RUN FOR IT, TRUTTY!

Chris Trutt:

Who? WHO?!

Rezin:

WHO DO YA THINK?! THE ALIENS!!

Rezin bolts in the blink of an eye, screaming and raving incoherently as he scrambles down the hallway. Trutt watches him with a look of utter confusion, along with the other members of “the Rezistance”.

Carlo Amaretto:

Um... is this part of the bit?

Gomez Amaretto:

If it is, then we didn't get the memo.

Olvir Arsvinnar:

You guys get memos?

Chris Chickentenders: *[scoffing and shaking his head]*

You dudes are such amateurs...

Rezin bursts through an exit to the parking lot, sending its double doors swinging open.

The minute he walks out onto the asphalt, a spotlight illuminates him from above...

Rezin: *[slowly looking up]*

Oh... SHUCKS!!

A strange, mechanical trilling noise can be heard just as the doors swing shut. A second later, bright, blinding lights comes streaking around the cracks outlining the doorway, while a loud, otherworldly whirring noise booms from someplace outside.

Rezin:

SSSHHHUUUUUUUUuuuuuuuuuuuuuu...

The light suddenly disappears. Trutt and the Rezistance suddenly snap into action and storm through the doors...

...only to find NOBODY on the other side.

Chris Trutt:

What the... Rezin? REZIN!?

Olvir Arsvinnar: *[glaring at the Amarettos]*

By the Gods, what witchery is this?

Carlo Amaretto:

Hey, don't look at us!

Gomez Amaretto:

I mean, we deal in teleportations yes, but we have no fucking clue what's going on here!

Suzie:

Christ, I need a drink...

Rocko Daymon:

I need a better job.

Chris Chickentenders:

A mystery is afoot, gang. Which means this must be a job for...

El Gallo Blanco slaps a noir-era fedora onto his head.

Chris Chickentenders:

Chris Chickentenders... *Private* Investigator, huehuehuehuehuehue...

The doors slam shut.

Trutt slides a broom through the handle to prevent any possible reentry. With the Resistance safely now on the other side, the reporter turns to the camera and shamefully shakes his head.

Chris Trutt:

Ladies and gentlemen... may we all forget the unspeakable things we've witnessed this evening. Let's... just get on with the show.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: PCP (C) vs. LUCKY SEVENS vs. M4NTRA

As the next match is set to begin, Lance Warner and “Downtown” Darren Keebler provide voiceover as the camera catches a set-up of the ring. Hanging above the ring are DEFIANCE Wrestling’s Unified Tag Team championships! All along the perimeter of the ringside area are closed ladders for usage in the next match with two propped ladders on either side of the stage.

DDK:

We have a match that promises to be completely chaotic! For weeks, we’ve seen the Unified Tag Team champions, the Pop Culture Phenoms, have issues with the rising tag team of M4NTRA and a team they have had numerous battles with over the years, the Lucky Sevens. Both challengers have been trying to put themselves in position for a title match, and nothing could be settled until this three way dance!

Lance:

For weeks nothing was settled until management decided to allow all three teams to settle their issues! Elise Ares won a triple threat match against Max Luck and DEC4L to pick this stipulation – we have a three-team trios ladder match!

DDK:

All three members of all three teams will be in the ring at one time! PCP: Elise Ares, The D and Klein are the defending champions. The Lucky Sevens: The seven-foot twin terrors, Mason and Max Luck and their cousin Lonnie! M4NTRA: Nathan Eye, DEC4L and their manager, Makayla Namaste!

Lance:

In this type of match careers can be either changed *or* shortened. Sometimes both! But for the Unified Tag Team titles, for these three teams, it’s worth it!

Inside the ring Darren Quimbey is introducing the participants with the camera showing the titles.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a three-team trios ladder match and it is for the Unified Tag Team championships! The first competitor to make it up the ladder to retrieve those titles for their team will be declared the winner and champions!

Quimbey stops and hears the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheering.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number one ...

The voices of the Luck brothers can be heard.

Max Luck:

This next match is your MAIM EVENT OF THE EVENING!

Mason Luck:

And it’s gonna be ...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

Huge pillars of red and green-colored pyro erupt on stage!

Mason, Max & Lonnie Luck:

... FIRE!!!

LUCK DYNASTY

2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions

2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
&
Now DEFIANCE's Hottest Trio!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Red and green-colored fire explodes from both sides of the stage! With their backs to each other, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE both point at the ring, with Mason wearing black trunks with green flames and Max wearing black trunks with red flames.. And now standing in front of them ... "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie Luck wearing white trunks with black clubs and spades down the left leg and red hearts and diamonds down the right side.

DDK:

They were the first team along with the Saturday Night Specials to main event DEFCON with the Unified Tag Team titles! They were the first team to win two-time DEFIANTS of the Year! They are already former two-time Tag Team champions! And the last time they were involved in a triple threat with PCP, it was Madison Square Garden and the Sevens won that match! Can they do it again?

Lance:

This time, they have their cousin, Lonnie Luck, fighting for respect and fighting for his place among this successful trio. Can tonight make them three-time Unified Tag Team champions?!

Mason Luck is the picture of seriousness while his brother holds a hand to his ear and encourages more cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as they make the long walk down the ramp and to the ring. Lonnie is the only one of the trio who is giving out high-fives, but tries to keep up with his cousins. Once they reach the ring, the signature sunglasses of the Lucky Sevens come off and get thrown into the audience. Lonnie slides under the ring and Mason/Max both step over the top rope. The Twin Terrors and their Cousin Terror all pose in ring and they wait for the other teams to make an entrance.

They, of course, don't wait for long.

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathaniel Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste. White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses. Behind her Declan and Natty come out M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. DEC4L and Eye do title motions around their waists as Makayla poses for the audience.

DDK:

There is something a little different about the demeanor of Makayla Namaste tonight, would you agree, Lance?

Lance:

She looks as beautiful as ever but she seems a lot less eager to get down to the ri-

DDK:

And there she goes!

Almost as if on cue, Makayla turns around and begins rushing towards the backstage area but is grabbed by Nathan and Declan. Alexander rubs his hand up and down her back to reassure her as Natty gives her a pep talk and the trio make their march down towards the ring wearing matching third eye sunglasses.

Lance:

At least the Lucky Sevens are getting a good laugh at this in the ring.

DDK:

To catch up those at home who may not know, Makayla Namaste believes she was forced into the match against her will and Tom Morrow's legal team was fighting to get her out of this match until a few days ago where a verdict was finally rendered against her.

Lance:

Her stance was that she was contracted to DEFIANCE as an on-air personality and not an on-air talent, so therefore it was unlawful for her to be forced to wrestle despite the Pop Culture Phenoms picking that specifically as the stipulation.

Using their copies of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* in self-defense, Declan Alexander and Nathaniel Eye protect Makayla Namaste as she sheepishly enters the ring behind them. Max and Mason can't help but share a chuckle as the typically vocal InstaFamous prefers to use her two teammates as a shield.

The lights go out, and two strobe lights light up the entrance way with lavender and sky blue thin spotlights.

♪ *"Man in Finance (G6 Trust Fund)" by Girl on Couch & Billen Ted* ♪

The opening monologue plays over the system as more and more light colored spotlights start adding to the eclectic mix. Yellows and oranges and light red mingle with all the other colors of the rainbow.

As the repetitive chorus fades, we hear a motor engine rev and PCP's traditional music overtakes.

♪ *"Live for the Night" by Krewella* ♪

All of the various independent streams of light focus on the entranceway as emerging from the back is none other than a low riding El Camino. Elise Ares sits on the hood as if she's a car model from the 60s, dressed in her finest Havana themed attire. Large colorful and frilly dresses with a large head wrap. The D has one arm off the driver's side door, smoking a cigar, as Klein cheerfully waves to everyone from the backseat. The D pops a button and the car starts hoppin' on hydraulics, as Elise uses this opportunity to hop off the hood and tear off the flowy garment to reveal tight wrestling attire with the same Havana theme underneath. The D exits the car, takes an inhale of the cigar and wraps his hand around Elise. Klein, like an excited child wearing a straw hat on top of his box, walks behind them and waves.

DDK:

And here is PCP, getting the hometown welcome from the Cuban Faithful!

Lance:

Tonight, this is Elise Ares country.

The trio explode down the ramp and toward ringside. The D is handing out cigars to people of age in the front row as Elise Ares waves to her people. Klein is the first to reach ringside, with the D following up closely behind. Here, The D and Klein hold the ropes open for Elise, who twirls as she enters. She hops onto a turnbuckle, and the D climbs up on the opposite side.

DDK:

PCP enter without the belts, you can see them hanging from the rafters Lance. The first time to gather them from that hook will either retain or gain the DEFIANCE Unified Championships.

Lance:

Both the Lucky Sevens and PCP have been in big time tag team title matches on Pay Per View before, they've been in ladder matches and have reached the apex of this sport... M4NTRA may have a bit of work cut out for them.

DDK:

Considering they're essentially playing handicap. The Sevens have Lonnie, PCP have Klein, and M4NTRA?

Lance:

They've got Vibes.

The D tosses the cigar at Darren Quimbey's time keeper table and blows him a kiss, just as Elise does to the general Cuban audience. Both members hop off the buckles and head to their respective corners.

The ring is full of bodies now! The Lucky Sevens look ready to fight. The D, Elise and Klein look ready for whatever comes their way, discussing strategy as Klein gently places his box in the corner. The D shouts at Darren Quimbey to keep it safe, as Darren brushes him off, now taking a drag off of the D's discarded cuban cigar..

Nathan Eye holds up his metal-plated copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* like a weapon and DEC4L starts putting on a brave face for Makayla Namaste who is hiding behind them.

DING DING

All heck breaks loose when Mason Luck goes right after PCP! Mason Luck jumps right at the current Unified Tag Team champions and Max Luck sees DEC4L coming and lands a big uppercut! Makayla shrieks!

Makayla Namaste:

Taking several seats!!!

She rolls out of the ring! Natty Eyce turns around to check on their manager, but she isn't there! When he spins around Lonnie Luck runs right into him with a shot gun drop kick!

Lance:

We weren't kidding! This match is already starting fast!

Mason Luck grabs The D's throat and pins him to the corner, but Elise Ares and Klein try and deal with the monster! Natty Eyce goes after Max Luck and swings with the book but Max grabs his wrist. He knocks the book out of the Golden State Guru's hands and locks him in a Winning Hand iron claw in the corner that gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful jumping!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are ruling one side of the ring right now! Max has that Winning Hand on Natty Eyce!

Lance:

Mason Luck is trying to take on *all* of PCP!

Klein goes low on Mason with a chop block aimed at his left leg! The Maim Event Monster buckles and then Klein tackles the seven foot monster in the corner. He takes a knee and Elise jumps off the back of Klein to hit a spinning heel kick on Mason!

DDK:

PCP are showing us all why they've been holding the gold as long as they have with some patented Culture relevant double teams in the corner!

Lance:

They've got Mason!

Lonnie climbs up to the top rope and then with DEC4L getting up on the floor, he jumps to the top rope and already takes flight on DEC4L using the Slow Roll!

DDK:

There's Lonnie taking the very first big move of the match! M4NTRA has been taken apart since Makayla Namaste left ... did you see where she went?

Lance:

I did not! Look in the ring!

Klein hits another splash on Mason in the corner. He and The D each take one of Mason Luck's arms and they whip him to the opposite end of the ring. The Box Man hits a second splash on Mason. He moves in front of Mason and allows The D to jump and hit With Everything on the big monster off his back!

DDK:

PCP taking control here on Mason Luck!

Elise gets ready and Klein acts as a launching pad in front of the stunned Mason Luck. Elise charges at him ...

MAX INTERCEPTS WITH A CROSS BODY!!!

DDK:

What the ... Where did Max Luck come from?!?!?

The D jumps in fear for his tag team partner but he turns to Mason and sees a chance for another free shot. He jumps on Mason...

But Mason catches him and then slams The D on top of Klein!

Lance:

What a move! Things are going bad for PCP right now!

Mason and Max reunite in the ring and then pick up The D off the mat first. They both take a side of the ring and then hold him up in a double suplex then toss him across the ring!

DDK:

Max and Mason take control and hit The D with the Coin Toss!

Klein is next. He stands up and the Box Man starts throwing shots at both twins! Quick stiff strikes at the shoulder joints and the lower ribs. He has the Twin Terrors stunned. Klein runs for the ropes, but when he comes back, Klein leaps for a shoulder tackle only for Max to smack him with a knee lift. Max spins him around into a standing side kick by Mason Luck!

DDK:

Klein gets wiped out next! Suited and Booted by Mason Luck!

As the twins stand tall, Lonnie rolls back inside! All three of the Luck Family pose by holding out the Winning Hand and the fans all hold the hand gesture up in unison as well!

Lance:

PCP tried to keep the giants off their game but the Lucky Sevens are just sheer forces of nature in that ring!

DDK:

And I think we're finally going to see someone use the ladder!

Mason and Max give Lonnie the chance to go outside of the ring to secure a ladder. They make sure to stand guard and make sure that nobody else tries to get into the ring. Lonnie gets the ladder and pushes it into the ring. Mason grabs the ladder and helps his cousin prop it up!

DDK:

This might be the best chance for the Lucky Sevens to get up that ladder! Playing defense so Lonnie can make it up the ladder!

Lance:

They could do it!

DDK:

They've got that ladder propped up!

The Pocket Ace of the Lucky Sevens has his eyes on the prize ... not Nathan Eye's silly book, but the titles hanging far above the ring. The Lucky Sevens each take a side. Nathan Eye comes into the ring, but Max Luck charges and he lands a big drop kick to knock him off the apron!

DDK:

There's a drop kick by Max Luck?!?!?

The Box Man is back up as well and he slides in the ring to try and catch Mason Luck in his blind spot. He attacks the big monster from behind and they start to fight it out. Lonnie stops watching his cousins and goes up the ladder!

Lance:

No! No! Lonnie is close! We're gonna see the titles change hands!

DDK:

Wait!

But to the shock of everyone it is DEC4L who shows off his famous youthful agility! He leaps from the top rope and then lands directly on the other side of the ladder opposite Lonnie! Max is contending with Nathan Eye and Mason Luck is doing the same with Klein and now The D coming back to try and help pull Mason over the top rope!

DDK:

DEC4L IS ON THE LADDER! DEC4L IS ON THE LADDER!

DEC4L slugs Lonnie with a punch! He follows through by attacking his fingers to try and get Lonnie off the rungs! He swings again ... but Lonnie grabs his hand and bites it! DEC4L is screaming in pain!

Lance:

That's one way to save yourself!

DDK:

All these bodies to keep track of! I apologize if we miss anything, folks, but we are gonna do our absolute best to cover the action here!

As the two men are fighting on top of the ladder, Mason Luck is being restrained by Klein and The D, who now has his Choking It submission locked in around the neck of Mason! Mason fights against the pair but ends up being dragged out of the ring by Klein and The D!

Lance:

Klein's out of the ring!

DEC4L breaks his hand free and then nails Lonnie with a right hand before knocking him off the ladder! Lonnie is knocked down on the ground!

DDK:

DEC4L has a free path! He's all alone!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are booing the life out of the former BRAZEN champion when he makes his attempt to climb to the top of the ladder ... but the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful see Elise crawl back into the ring and try to get up the ladder!

DDK:

Elise Ares is back! She got wiped out earlier by Max Luck but she's back in action and she's meeting DEC4L at the top of the ladder!

Lance:

These are some amazing athletes in this ring! All to be the Unified Tag Team champions!

Elise waves at DEC4L who responds by trying to swat the South Beach Starlet off the ladder. She ducks and then leaps up to deliver two fingers to the eyes of DEC4L to blind him! She reaches over and then pulls his head into the top of the ladder twice! DEC4L hangs on!

DDK:

DEC4L AND ELISE ARE FIGHTING ON TOP OF THE LADDER ... NO! WAIT!

Max Luck, having just tossed Nathan Eye over the top rope in the background, grabs the ladder and shoves it over! He basks in the cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! DEC4L has fallen crashing to the outside ... but Elise has not! She balances herself landing her foot on the top rope and then kicks the ladder and herself back into place! It almost tatters the other way but with extreme precision and balance, Elise stabilizes the ladder directly underneath the tag team titles.

Lance:

Max Luck better turn around! If I didn't see it, I wouldn't believe it either Darren!

DDK:

Elise is trying to sneak her way back to the gold!

Max turns and then the giant goes into a frenzy to climb the other side of the ladder. Elise uses her speed to try and get up the ladder as quickly as she can, but Max reaches to the other side and grabs Elise's leg!

Lance:

Max almost has her ... He's got Elise in the Winning Hand!

He pulls her off the ladder and has her up for the Winning Hand ... until The D comes in and nails him with a Dick-Punch-Ah!

DDK:

If there is any equalizer that can stop even a monster like the Lucky Sevens in their tracks, this would be it!

The D looks up at Elise and nods, and then positions himself between Max's legs. Elise tries to protest but the D eggs her on, begging her. From here, the D yanks at Max's tree trunk legs.

There's little movement.

The D tries again, and Elise finally relents, climbing another step up and then leaping, slamming both her boots into Max's chest as The D finally pulls him off the ladder, sending him rocketing down in a ring shaking powerbomb. Elise tumbles from heightened Extreme Makeover, as Max lies crumpled in a pile of bombs!

Lance:

Did...

The D throws both arms skyward with a wide grin and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go crazy!

Lance:

Did the D just powerbomb one of the Lucks?

DDK:

If I didn't see it, I wouldn't have believed it!

The D quickly gets Klein to stabilize the ladder as he directs traffic. Elise pulls herself up in a daze as the D climbs. Klein holds the ladder steady at the base. Suddenly, Elise is pulled underneath the bottom rope and then flung face first into the steel turnbuckle post. Nathan Eye slides into the ring, and takes a wild shot at Klein, denting the boxhead with his 251 manifesto.

DDK:

Nathan Eye is out there doing the only thing his book is good for – trying to help him win matches!

The D shouts from midway up the ladder down at Nathan, telling him it's too late. Natty Eyce, however, quickly climbs and meets the D at the apex. The D gulps, just as Nathan hooks him and leaps.

DDK:

Rise and Grind off the top! Both men come CRASHING down!

Lance:

They just barely missed Klein on the freefall! Lonnie! Springboard!

Klein catches Lonnie's springboard into an inverted atomic drop, and then hits him with a discus clothesline taking the young man out of his boots. Klein nods down at Lonnie with a bit of respect, before turning.

DDK:

Mason! WINNING HAND!

Mason locks Klein in the winning Hand, and in reaction, tips Klein up and over the top and to the outside! Mason stands tall, and looks at the rocked fallen ladder. He grabs it with ease and sets it dead center in the ring. He slaps a rung to make sure it's steady.

DDK:

DEC4L, WAIT! Mason just caught him in the Winning Hand!

DEC4L springboards trying to attack, but Mason grabs him mid-air! Elise tries the same, and Mason uses his free hand to lock HER in the Winning Hand too. The two kick and scream and even hold hands for a moment before Mason lifts BOTH up and iron claw slams them into the canvas to wild cheers.

DDK:

DOUBLE WINNING HAND SLAMS TO PCP!!! THE MAIM EVENT MONSTER IS BACK!

Mason recovers and surveils the carnage!

Lance:

This is bedlam! There's been so many bodies flying everywhere it's been hard for anyone to get up that ladder!

DDK:

And they aren't done!

Mason looks to the ladder, but before he can do anything, Natty Eyce slides in and slams a steel chair into his back! Mason winces and turns, furious, as Nathan Eye tries to protest. Then, from the otherside, Klein slides in and strikes Mason with his OWN steel chair. The brute falters, before both Nathan and Klein conchairto Mason between them with curdled and torn apart steel chairs. Mason luck falls, leaving Klein and Nathan to stare one another down!

Lance:

More strange bedfellows doing what they can to stop these monsters! Natty Eyce and Klein take down Mason, but

now they stare down!

DDK:

Oh, this could get interesting. 251 pounds of pure perseverance versus the Heart of PCP, Sir Reginald Boxington the Third.

Lance:

Esquire.

Nathan takes a moment and slams his steel chair into Lonnie Luck, who was climbing back in on the apron. He turns and sees Klein folding up the ladder and shoving it into a neutral corner.

DDK:

What, what are they doing?

Klein turns, and challenges Nathan into a strong man competition. He points to the fallen D, and then Klein lifts a groggy DEC4L to his feet. Before DEC4L can fight back, Klein lifts him onto his shoulder and starts to spin. Klein nods toward Nathan, who smiles. He grabs the D and hooks both of his legs. The D awakens and shouts.

The D:

What are you doing? NO. Klein! Stop him! AI-EE!

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize and I can spin anyone I want!

Nathan Eye begins to swing the D in the giant swing, while Klein airplane spins DEC4L. And the two compete at spinning!

DDK:

What are we seeing here?! We have Nathan Eye swinging around The D!

Lance:

Phrasing!

DDK:

We have Klein airplane spinning DEC4L!

The crowd, of course, loses count and vastly overestimates the rotations. After about twenty seconds, Nathan Eye tosses the D aside to a thud. Klein, victorious, tosses DEC4L off his shoulders and INTO Nathan Eye, sending both members of M4NTRA sprawling out of the ring to a huge round of applause!

DDK:

KLEIN JUST WIPED OUT M4NTRA!

The D quickly stands to his feet, and tries to yell at Klein. He can't stay upright, wobbles dizzily to his knees and then falls through the ropes and completely out of the ring. Klein turns and can't react quick enough because of the giant seven footer flying at him!

DDK:

Check-Raise by Max Luck on Klein! The D kind of inadvertently distracted Klein there, and now Max is all alone!

Lonnie Luck is also on the apron, and he looks at Max who's standing alone in the center of the ring.

Lance:

The Sevens have another chance at the titles! Lonnie has been used and abused, but Max is gonna help him get up!

He reaches up. The belts are at least 8, 9 feet up. He looks over as Lonnie, and Lonnie springboards into the ring, directly into Max's hands. Max then shot puts Lonnie skyward, and the velocity is unexpected for the younger Luck cousin. He smacks into the belts and tries to reach out to grab hold, but can't. He falls back down and lands back into Max's hands. So... Max tries again!

DDK:

He's shot-putting his cousin up there! He's literally trying to *throw* Lonnie Luck up at the titles! That would be the most crazy way to win this match!

And this time, Lonnie Luck grabs onto the steel hook holding the tag team championships aloft fifteen feet above the ring, just barely with his fingertips and the possibility of a dislocated shoulder. Lonnie, hanging above the ring at Max's encouragement, reaches to unlatch the tag straps.

From the corner, Elise Ares steadies the ladder, and then lets it timber, before leaping off just at the apex.

CRACK!

DDK:

Amethystation into Lonnie Luck! From the teetering ladder! Max catches Lonnie but the young lad is out cold Lance!

Elise rolls through, and catches a glimpse with a furious Max. Max charges with large bear claw rights and lefts, which Elise barely dodges and slips underneath the legs, baseball dropkicking an unconscious Lonnie. Max charges to grab her, and Elise keeps rushing and slides out of the ring. Max reaches over the top to grab her and just barely latches onto her hair. Elise protests, only for Klein to grab Max! Elise grabs Max's neck on the apron and leaps down to drop his neck across the apron!

DDK:

Cuban Necktie by Elise!

Klein then aids his tag team partner with the biggest German suplex on Max Luck!

Lance:

German suplex on Max Luck! Klein's power has always surprised me!

But Klein does not have time to celebrate for long because his twin brother is back! Klein frantically waves as he gets taken back up!

DDK:

And Mason just surprised Klein. Belly to back suplex!

Lance:

Klein is down! Klein is down!

Mason sits up and then has a chance to get to the ladder, but Elise jumps back up and gets on the Maim Event Monster's back with a sleeper hold!

DDK:

Elise is doing everything she can to take down the big man!

And The D slides back into the ring and tries to go for the leg of Mason!

Lance:

Now *both* Elise and The D are trying to stop him! The Sevens aren't gonna be stopped! They want those titles!

Mason reaches up and throws Elise Ares off of him! Then he grabs The D and hits a knee lift that stops Mason! The

Maim Event Monster starts to stand tall, but then out of nowhere ...

CRACK!!!

M4NTRA are both back into the ring and they hold each end of a ladder that rams right into Mason Luck and sends him over the ropes to the outside!

DDK:

M4NTRA ARE BACK! M4NTRA ARE BACK!

Lance:

AND THEY JUST TOOK OUT MASON LUCK!!!

Nathan Eye and DEC4L both throw the ladder outside the ring, but they aren't finished with what they are doing. Nathan points at DEC4L and he nods at whatever the instructions are. Elise and The D both see what's happening. Nathan points to them.

DDK:

Wait ... is there gonna be an alliance here?!

Lance:

Fighting against each other hasn't helped with the Sevens!

Mason Luck tries to get back up when Elise Ares and The D hit the big man!

DDK:

Drive-by At The Roxy!

But before Mason falls down after the double team finisher of the Pop Culture Phenoms, Nathan grabs Mason and then he powers him onto his shoulders!

Lance:

EYE HAS MASON UP ON HIS SHOULDERS!!!

Nathan spins and then releases Mason into the jump from DEC4L to strike with Play of the Game!

DDK:

M4NTRA Code!!!

They hit the Fireman carry release into the jumping cutter on the floor!

Nathan, DEC4L and PCP each grab ladders and throw them on top on Mason Luck one by one!

Lance:

They've hit everything and the kitchen sink on Mason Luck and now they're burying him under those ladders!

The unlikely pairing continues their alliance by throwing multiple ladders from all around ringside! After about six or seven ladders are down across the body of Mason Luck, Natty Eyce and DEC4L look at Elise Ares and The D and celebrate a job well done ...

DDK:

I think Mason Luck could potentially be out of this match for good ... NO WAIT!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are trying to warn The D! He and Elise see the reaction and when they hear it ...

SSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Makayla Namaste has a fire extinguisher and blasts The D in the face with it!

Lance:

MAKAYLA IS BACK IN THIS MATCH!!! WAS SHE UNDER THE RING ALL THIS TIME?!

DDK:

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN!

Elise jumps! With The D blinded, DEC4L grabs him by his trunks and throws him into the post as he is blinded. Nathan boots Elise in the gut and then sets the FACE of DEFIANCE up! Nathan hits her with a Side-Eye pounce and sends her flying right into DEC4L's grip!

DDK:

THAT WAS THE SIDE-COMBO BY M4NTRA!!! ELISE MAY BE DONE!!!

Lance:

Elise is down! The D is down! M4NTRA are finally in control, uninterrupted!

Makayla points at the ring and then goes back to hiding! DEC4L and Nathan shrug and then grab another ladder! The Faithful are booing at a fever pitch that they enlightened duo are the only ones left in this match standing at the moment!

Lance:

M4NTRA helped take out Mason Luck! They just took out PCP completely! Is there anyone left to stand between them and the Unified Tag Team Titles!

DDK:

This would be the biggest win of their careers if they could defeat two tag team legends in DEFIANCE in the same night!

Nathan tries to get a ladder up and two ladders are up side by side!

DDK:

Are both men about to climb?

Lance:

Why not? I don't think there's anyone left to stop them!

Nathan and DEC4L make the climb ...

But one pair of hand stops DEC4L!

Lance:

I think we spoke too soon Darren!

Nathan sees him and tries to climb ... But another pair of hands grabs Nathan!

DDK:

I think we *definitely* spoke too soon!

A determined Max Luck has Nathan Eye's leg! Klein has the legs of DEC4L! They both pull the M4NTRA members off from halfway up simultaneously and they take a big spill on the mat to big cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

DDK:

Max Luck and Klein are still in this! Two powerhouses against the members of M4NTRA!

Lance:

They got him!

Max Luck picks up Nathan Eye in a suplex and Klein does the same! The two men are held up in stereo stalling suplexes! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful count!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

Then both big men drop their respective opponents!

Lance:

M4NTRA almost had the advantage there, but Max Luck and Klein take over!

Max sits up, Klein sits up!

DDK:

This match has been outrageous! Everyone is brutalizing each other just for a chance to even get to a ladder tonight!

Lance:

Is Klein going to be able to hit the airplane spin on Max?

Klein boots Max and then sets him up for an airplane spin ... but Max elbows and then lands behind him. He gets ready for the Winning Hand ... but Klein tries to block it! They fight and he kicks Max back to the ropes, until Klein runs at him and the two big men take each other out with a huge cactus clothesline!

DDK:

Klein and Max Luck fighting on the floor! But who is left?

Lance:

Wait ... wait, Nathan is back up!

Nathan Eye rallies DEC4L back up to his feet and then runs over the ropes to hit a tope con hilo over the ropes to wipe out Max Luck and Klein all at the same time!

Lance:

That was crazy! Nathan Eye is six-four and two-hundred and fifty-one pounds as he likes to tout! He just took out Max and Klein and now its up to DEC4L to climb up the ladder!

DDK:

And look! There's Makayla!

Makayla peeks out from under the ring just enough to yell at DEC4L from outside the ring by clapping and cheering as he tries to get up.

Makayla Namaste:

YOU GOT THIS, DEC4L! IT'S TIME FOR SOME MAIN CHARACTER ENERGY NOW!!!

DEC4L nods and then grabs a ladder to set it up. He props it up in the middle of the ring and then looks to go up the ladder.

But the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful start to rise!

Lance:

DEC4L DOESN'T SEE LONNIE LUCK!!!

When DEC4L spins around to see what's behind him, Lonnie Luck kicks him between the legs and then springs off the ladder to drop him with the Pocket Ace!

Lance:

LONNIE WITH THE POCKET ACE!!! HE'S ALL ALONE NOW!

Suddenly it's Lonnie Luck who finds himself in the ring all alone and the Caribbean Faithful cheer on the diminutive member of the Lucky Sevens. The most unlikely of the group slowly ascends the ladder looking up at the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships hanging high above his head. This match has been a war crime, but the light at the end of the tunnel pushes the unlikelyest of heroes towards the goal as he reaches the top. Camera lights flash all around him as he reached up and grabs one of the championships above hi-

DDK:

Where did she come from?!

Lance:

Are you KIDDING me?!

Out of nowhere Elise Ares springboards off the top rope and lands on the opposite side of the ladder from Lonnie Luck, wavering the ladder and breaking his concentration. He immediately tries to shove the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE away from his moment but she hangs on by a single hand, leaving the other to swing back with an elbow right against the side of Lonnie's skull staggering the would-be hero. Grabbing a handful of hair, Elise jerks Lonnie towards her, bashing his head into the ladder before leaping up and over the top!

DDK:

SHE'S GONNA KILL HIM!

Both wrestlers go flying off of Lonnie's side of the ladder, but Elise lands her foot directly on the back of Lonnie's skull with an Extreme Makeover off the top of the ladder.

Lance:

OH MY GOD!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style grabs her knee and screams out in pain as Lonnie lays face first into the canvas motionless. The San Juan Faithful have the arena shaking as Ares falls down to one knee trying her best to get herself together. Limping her way back to the ladder, she positions it just so and begins to hop on one leg to the top of the ladder as her fellow Caribbeans cheer her on. Surrounded by corpses, Ares looks into the hard cam grimacing in pain before pointing to herself and trying to scream something over the raucous Faithful. They only grow louder as her hand extends up and grabs her DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship. She points to herself with her other free thumb and jerks down to the title, shifting it on the bar before-

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP

Elise Ares can't help but be interested in a nice slow clap, loudly broadcasted over the PA system, and turns her attention to the top of the entrance way.

DDK:

Is... that's Archer Silver!?

Lance:

Nephew to Sonny Silver, one fourth of the legendary BRAZEN quartet Les Enfants Terribles. What the hell is he doing here?

DDK:

Elise has this thing won! She should focus on remaining the tag team champions!

Archer milks the room, and then raises a microphone. He takes a deep breath inward.

The Faithful gasp as they see a quick blur leap from the barricade onto the ring apron. Before anyone can track him, the man's already springboarded off the top rope and landed on the ladder, climbing quickly to meet the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE.

High Flyer IV. Jack Harmen's son.

Elise tries to yank the belts off the hook, but HFIV just clocks her with a stiff elbow shot to the jaw. Elise timbers like a ton of bricks off the ladder.

Archer just clears his throat into the microphone and makes his way to ringside.

DDK:

What the hell... are Les Enfants trying to steal the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships?!

Lance:

They aren't in this match, Darren! It wouldn't hold!

Archer reaches ringside and loots under the ring, tossing three steel chairs inside. HF IV grabs one and clocks Klein off the apron. Meanwhile, Archer looks around the far side of the ring, and beckons Makayla out from underneath the ring. Makayla cautiously exits from under the ring, an extreme look of worry on her face.

Until the vibes are just right and she smiles a mile wide.

Archer holds his hand out for Makayla to grab as an anchor to lift her back into the ring. HFIV takes a steel chair to Lonnie Luck, who tumbles outside. Here, Nathan and DEC4L get to their feet, and each grab a loose steel chair. They turn to HFIV, chairs raised, before they each turn and clock both Max and Mason Luck off the aprons.

Makayla enters, as HFIV leads her to the ladder. Nathan Eye and DEC4L each hold one side. The San Juan Faithful erupt into boos as InstaFamous begins climbing the ladder with nothing to stop her. She reaches up into the air and starts unhooking all 5 belts, tossing one down to DEC4L, Nathan, and then even Archer and HFIV. She unhooks the last belt with a smirk, and places it onto her own shoulder..

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING DING DING

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No ... no way ...

Lance:

There's no damn way ...

Makayla holds the titles up high!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match ... and NNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWW Unified Tag Team Champions ... M4NNNNNNNNNTTTTTTRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Both men are limping into the ring, but Nathan Eye and DEC4L quickly grab Makayla with the title and then get out of the ring as quickly as they possibly can. Archer Silver and HF IV join them on the middle of the ramp.

DDK:

WHAT ... what is the relationship here between M4NTRA, Archer Silver and High Flyer IV?

Lance:

I can only speculate! All these men were some of BRAZEN's biggest success stories! Archer and High Flyer IV were BRAZEN Tag Team Champions several times! Nathan and DEC4L are both former BRAZEN Champs ...

A defeated Lucky Sevens are picking up the pieces with Lonnie helping them outside with the wounded PCP doing the same. On the ramp, M4NTRA successfully hold the titles up for all to see before Makayla disappears backstage ... barely avoiding a thrown beer cup.

DDK:

MAKAYLA was legally in this match that she didn't want to be in and ended up being the one to get the titles *for* M4NTRA! Eye and DEC4L never even laid a hand on those belts on that ladder!

Lance:

Like you said, she was legally in the match ... and oh, what is this?!

Makayla comes out with a silver platter from backstage and hands out five green shots. Archer Silver, High Flyer IV, Nathan Eye, DEC4L and Makayla each grab a glass and clink their shots together.

Nathan Eye:

We did it, Tommy! We *run* the Tom Morrow Division now! This one's for you, buddy! Specialty-made wheat grass shots!

He holds out his glass.

Nathan Eye:

To Tom Morrow!

DEC4L, Makayla, Archer Silver, HF IV:

To Tom Morrow!

They clink their shots and pour them on the ramp in unison! The Cuban Faithful boos ring out and echo throughout all of Cuba at this point.

DEC4L:

We're pouring one out for you! This victory is for you, Tom Morrow! No cap!

DDK:

Oh God. They're going to be even more insufferable.

Lance:

I didn't think it was possible...

SOHER, NO DISQUALIFICATION: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. DR. NED REFORM

The shot returns to a wide angle of the entire arena, the square ring as its centerpiece. There is a hanging moment of tension as Darren Quimbey steps into the ring and the house lights slowly dim.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is the MAIN EVENT of the EVENING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

Here we go!

Darren Quimbey:

This match will have NO DISQUALIFICATION... and is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

Introducing first: the CHAMPION!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

The restless crowd starts a rhythmic clapping that overtakes the arena.

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

The clapping falls right into the gallop of the beat as the spotlight finds Corvo Alpha in the crowd, standing atop one of the arena's tiers of concrete steps. On either side of him, all the way down to the ring, fans have painted their faces yellow. Some have even chosen to go shirtless and have a thick red clay smudged across their chest. They are in an excited frenzy, cheering wildly.

DDK:

Corvo's animal's are in the building!

Alpha surveys the crowd with an untamed smile, his wide eyes eager to take it all in.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Untold and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and sixty three pounds...

Stomping down the steps with a purpose, he slaps a wet yellow hand across the title plate of his championship belt, lumbering towards the ring. He stops at the railing, his shoulders and back being clapped and patted by the surrounding fans.

Darren Quimbey:

He is the reigning and defending DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion! Call him-

He leaps over the rail.

Darren Quimbey:

CORVO! ALPHAAAA!!!

Alpha slides into the ring and scurries up a turnbuckle, having learned some time ago that holding his prize overhead in this spot would elicit a favorable response. The Puerto Rican Faithful don't disappoint. He seems to consume the moment.

The lights dim in time with the music and instinctively the animal snaps his head and his attention back towards the top of the entranceway.

The house lights turn purple.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The fans begin to boo as from the back steps the challenger for this contest: The Sage on the Stage, The Pedagogue of Pain, The Good Doctor, and The Mad Gadfly himself: Ned Reform. Sporting his usual look of purple singlet and yellow scarf, if Reform is nervous at all he ain't showing it. He stops at the edge of the ramp, smirking and clicking his tongue as he takes in the entirety of the hostile arena.

Darren Quimbey:

And the challenger... from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at two hundred and thirty-six pounds... NED!! REFORM!!

You know what Ned says by now, I'm sure. With that, he begins a slow walk to the ring - he's not in a hurry, he needs the time to taunt the front row fans, and most of all: he wants to make Corvo wait.

DDK:

Ned Reform putting on a brave front for a man about to challenge Corvo Alpha to a match with no rules.

Lance:

Let us not forget that in a no DQ match, Reform's three lackeys... er, "pupils"... have free reign to help their mentor. Corvo Alpha is a beast, but I'm not sure even he is a match for four men.

Reform pauses on the apron, turning back to cast one last disappointed glance at the Faithful before entering the ring. He removes his scarf and tosses it to a ringside aide - all the while not taking his eyes off Alpha as his music fades out. Crouched in a corner across the ring from the challenger, the champion evaluates his quarry with keen interest. Reform uses these final moments, this tense calm, to stretch in the corner, his own studious attention never straying far from his opponent. Doyle issues him instructions.

Lance:

Ned Reform "earned" this match by, to put it simply, allowing his student TA Cole to do all of the heavy lifting. Cole captured the Favoured Saints Championship back in early May and went on to secure three successful defenses of that championship against Dan Leo James, Aaron King, and Rezin. His last "match", if you can call it that, was against that man: Dr. Ned Reform.

DDK:

That "defense" was a mockery, of course, with Reform allowing Cole an easy fourth win, thus earning a championship opportunity for the SOHER. It was then that Cole shockingly DONATED his championship opportunity to his "friend and mentor," Ned Reform.

Benny Doyle steps forward, the SOHER proudly raised overhead.

Lance:

And so here we are.

DDK:

Here we are.

Lance:

For his part, Corvo Alpha spent his spring fending off the villainous advances of JJ Dixon and securing solid wins over the rising Felton Bigsby and Conor Fuse. But I have to say... here in San Juan, Puerto Rico... this is the hottest this early summer has been for Corvo Alpha. He might fancy himself the top predator in DEFIANCE but... Right here, right now facing a Ned Reform who in the last 16 months has redefined himself as perhaps the promotions smartest, perhaps the promotions DEADLIEST creature... This isn't your typical "prey".

Alpha rises, snarling. Reform grins, offering a confident head nod.

DDK:

The hunt is on!

DING DING

Reform circles and Alpha follows suit, measuring each of Reform's steps – working to decipher each move, to spot a weakness. The crowd starts up their Corvo-centric rhythmic clapping and Alpha takes note. As does Reform, who dismisses the support for his opponent, and the fans who share it, with a flick of the hand in their general direction.

DDK:

This San Juan crowd is not at all shy at letting these athletes know whose corner they are in, are they, Lance?

Lance:

Not at all!

Finally, the pair locks up – Reform snaps the lock, Alpha snatches. They tussle before Alpha **SHOVES** Reform down to the mat unceremoniously. Reform glares at Corvo with indignance before insisting Doyle back the monster up so Reform can properly use the ropes to regain his footing.

Doyle reminds Reform there are no rope breaks in a no disqualification match as Reform huffs upright.

They circle once more.

DDK:

This time Corvo just **GRABS** Reform! He **CLUBS** him across the back of the head and neck! **AGAIN** across the back! Alpha **HURLS** Reform into the corner and starts throwing knees! More forearms and elbows!

Lance:

Reform is exposed! Can't seem to cover up! The ref can't save him!

Alpha plucks Reform by the back of his skull and **AGAIN** throws him, ass over tea kettle, across the ring. Reform scoots back into the corner, both hands up – pleading.

DDK:

The Good Doctor appears to be begging for a reprieve in the early going!

Lance:

I don't expect him to get one!

He doesn't.

DDK:

Alpha whips Reform into the ropes but he holds onto them, putting on the brakes!

Lance:

Reform desperately wants to dictate and control the pace of this match. He isn't going to let Corvo Alpha pick him apart. He's not going to let Alpha steamroll him!

Smirking, Ned wipes moisture from the side of his mouth, briefly checking to ensure there's no blood smeared now on his hand. They circle once more.

Reaching out, Alpha works Ned into a crude side headlock. He grinds away, one hand clasping his other wrist. Ned flails for a moment before shooting Alpha off of him and into the ropes–

DDK:

OH! This time it's Corvo who grabs the top rope to put on the brakes!

Alpha sneers back at Reform.

DDK:

Reform is asking for a test of strength now. Is that wise, Lance?

Lance:

These men are of a comparable height, to be sure. But there is a considerable weight difference. About forty pounds, I'd hazard. Alpha has what I would wager is a fair strength advantage.

That advantage proves out from nearly the moment the "test" commences. Reform is powered down to one knee before surging back to his feet, clearly frustrated.

Ned pries a hand free long enough to PUNCH Corvo square in the nose. Alpha staggers backwards into the ropes.

DDK:

That closed right hand is legal in this no DQ championship contest!

Annoyed, Ned flicks a fleck of canary yellow warpaint off of his right fist before following that punch to the nose up with a kick to the same nose. Alpha spills through the ropes, out of the ring and to the floor.

Deftly stepping through the ropes to the apron, the Mad Gadfly runs and leaps to the floor, leveling Corvo with a flying double ax handle to the top of his head.

Lance:

Reform is pouring it on now! Whips Corvo HARD face-first into that steel ringpost! That's gonna ring your bell no matter who you are!

Lance:

No doubt about it! Look out! REFORM WITH A CLOTHESLINE, taking Corvo over the guardrail and into the front row!

The Sage of the Stage is quick to follow, clubbing and kicking Alpha deeper into the throngs. Benny Doyle gives chase. A trickle of red from Corvo's nose mixes with the yellow of his face paint.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Corvo is incensed, he charges – HIP TOSS BY NED REFORM!

Lance:

A devastating impact on that unforgiving concrete floor! And now Reform just LAYS in the boots! Showing he is as savage as he is scholarly!

Corvo fights back to his feet and suddenly the pair are brawling deeper into the crowd, fans surging all around them. Reform grabs a handful of Alpha's long hair and THROWS him face first into the arena's back wall.

DDK:

Dr. Reform – hooks Alpha – SNAP SUPLEX! AGAIN on that concrete!

Corvo clutches the small of his back, thrashing in pain. Following the big move, Reform remains in a seated position, smirking and saying something tauntingly to the people around him. The Good Doctor climbs to his feet, but before Ned can act to keep the heat on – a seemingly full cup of soda is seen careening in the air and SPLOOTS across the back of Reform's bald dome.

Furious, Reform spins around, an accusing finger in the faces of the fans around him, frantically seeking the offender.

In the meantime, a leviathan stirs...

DDK:

Fans, we can not endorse the throwing of objects at our performers, but...

Lance:

It's a big but.

Before Reform can complete his investigation, Alpha is upon him.

DDK:

CORVO WITH A SUPERKICK! Almost took Doc's head off!

Lance:

A lobotomy we ALL could get behind!

After scraping Reform off the asphalt, Corvo Alpha puts him right back down on it with a spine-busting bodyslam! Alpha stands over his prey while Ned cries out in pain and holds his back. Looking for any respite, Reform begins to crawl away from the angry SOHer, but - shockingly - he finds that the Puerto Rican Faithful aren't exactly eager to get out of the way so he can make his exit. Corvo grabs him by the back of his singlet, slowly turning him so that the champion and challenger are face-to-face.

DDK:

And again... there is the man who says he's so much better than all of us... seemingly begging for his life!

As Ned throws up the hands and profusely apologizes, Alpha's expression does not soften. Instead, he rears back for a big right hand...

BOOOOOOOOOO!

When OUTTANOWHERE, TA Cole leaps from the surrounding sea of fans! He body checks Corvo, and both the SOHer and Cole crash down to the ground in a heap - leaving Ned Reform still standing. For a moment, he's frozen in his begging off pose... but slowly he breaks free and realizes his good fortune. A smug smirk breaks out across his face as he laughs and does a little twirl. He turns to The Faithful, pointing at his big brain and laughing...

Lance:

I'd turn around if I were you!

...while behind him, Corvo knocks Cole silly with a superkick! The man from Parts Untold stands behind the oblivious Reform with murderous intent! Ned, still taunting the Faithful, slowly begins to understand that they're all pointing behind him and cheering. Without turning, he flashes a quick "I'm screwed, aren't I?" look before turning right into a big right hand to the delight of the crowd!

DDK:

And Corvo unleashing on The Good Doctor! Reform trying to backpedal but Corvo is not letting up!

Alpha smacks Ned around all the way back over the barricade and to the ringside area. Showing his strength, he lifts Reform up onto his shoulder with Ned's head facing outward. With a primal yell, he charges forward, fully intent on driving Reform's professed giant brain into the unforgiving steel post... but at the last second, Ned slips backwards off Alpha and The Good Doctor pushes forward, using Corvo's own momentum to send him flying right into the steel!

DDK:

What is Reform doing?!

Jerking the ring apron aside, Reform drops down and crawls half-under the ring. When he reemerges, he does so with a folded wooden table in tow.

Lance:

Looks like the Doctor needs a work space.

After quickly setting the table up beside the ring, Reform turns and walks directly into another boot to the gut by Alpha, doubling him over. Alpha spots the table and eagerly hooks Reform. He hoists Reform into the air...

DDK:

POWERBOMB!?

Lance:

Reform is fighting out of it!

Dropping off Corvo's shoulders, Reform peppers the berserker with a series of right hands. Alpha ducks one of the punches and Reform DECKS the steel ringpost. Smarting from the misfire, Reform rolls back into the ring, wringing his hand out – painfully working the feeling back into the nerves.

Corvo circles the ring and slides in in an attempt to cut Reform off.

DDK:

CHOP BLOCK by Alpha! Took Reform off his feet!

Corvo mounts him and just starts swinging – landing stiff punches targeted at Reform's face/forehead area. One after another, raining down with abandon. Each one a direct hit. After the eighth or ninth strike, Doyle spots two shoulders in contact with canvas and drops into position.

ONE!!

TWO!! KICKOUT!!

Lance:

Reform had the wherewithal to will his shoulder off the mat in time! But.... oh... oh my...

The floor camera zooms in on Reform's dazed face as several trickles of blood start trailing down it. A gash across the crown of his forehead grossly pulses gore.

DDK:

The effects of this brutal no disqualification match are beginning to show themselves! Both of these men are likely to leave Puerto Rico CHANGED!

Lance:

But only one of them can leave with the SOHer in their possession!

Using Reform's purple singlet to pull him vertical, Alpha powers him up and onto his shoulder. He makes the exertion look effortless as he shifts the weight and turns.

DDK:

RUNNING POWERSLAM!

Lance:

With AUTHORITY! Alpha hooks the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR- NO!

Corvo, undeterred, gets off his opponent. He stands over The Good Doctor and looks down menacingly at the bleeding challenger. Ned doesn't get off his back, but he does throw up a couple of hands and pleads with Corvo to let up. In response, Corvo reaches down and grabs Ned by the neck, bringing him back to his feet!

DDK:

Wait - Cole is back!

Levi Cole, taking full advantage of the NO DQ rule, is back up on the apron

Lance:

It's bad enough that Cole handed Ned this title shot on a silver platter, but now he wants to gift him the championship too!

But before Cole can enter the ring, Corvo Alpha darts at Reform's prized pupil, nailing him with a big forearm - and sending Cole flying backwards and through the table!!

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

And just like that, Levi Cole has been neutralized!

With the fans in a fury, Corvo Alpha sloooooowly turns (in a very movie monster way) back around to stare daggers at Ned. Reform, still standing and with the blood dripping down his face, instantly drops to his knees and begins to beg Corvo to reconsider.

Lance:

I think Ned Reform is fearing for his life!

With every slow step of Corvo Alpha toward him, Ned shakes his head more frantically. Finally he begins to scoot backwards until he's backed totally in the corner - still in a seated position. Corvo takes a moment to let the anticipation build... before unleashing on Ned with a series of stiff stomps that snap The Good Doctor's bald head back and forth! The crowd counts along with each stomp... they get to twenty-seven (or veintisiete) before Alpha lets up, allowing Ned to crumple to the mat as a beaten man.

DDK:

This one may be over, Lance. I'm not sure Ned has anything left in the tank after the onslaught.

Grabbing Ned's ankles, Corvo drags The Sage on the Stage to the very center of the ring. While everyone seemingly expects a pin... he has other plans. Surprisingly... Corvo mounts the second rope!

Lance:

This is not something we see very often out of Corvo Alpha!

The SOHer takes just a moment to measure Ned before leaping forward with a second-rope diving headbutt...

...but Ned rolls out of the way!! Corvo's head meets canvas!

Lance:

And both men are down!

Normally, with both competitors down, this is where the referee would begin a ten count - but not in a no disqualification match! Instead, it is the Puerto Rican Faithful who begin to stomp in unison as if to will their face-painted favorite to get back to his feet and put an end to this. And even though the missed headbutt did stun him, Corvo does stir before Ned. Reform, who at this point has lost a lot of blood, continues to lay prone.

DDK:

Corvo's back in it! He reaches down for Ned...

Lance:

NO! Flash pin by Reform!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! Corvo powers out!

The two men scramble to their feet and charge at each other... but thanks to the crimson mask, Alpha is just a hair faster and gets the advantage. He slips behind Ned...

DDK:

Looking for the Alpha Clutch!

Lance:

NO! Ned with a backwards heel kick into Corvo's nether regions!

DDK:

It's no DQ! There's nothing referee Benny Doyle can do!

Clearly, Alpha's assault is brought to a momentary stop... and Reform takes advantage with a well-placed boot to the gut followed by a Fameasser that drives Corvo's yellow paint into the mat! Ned nearly falls over while stumbling back to his feet, and he stumbles/falls around the ring as he heads towards the ropes, clumsily and slowly climbs onto the apron... and then begins to climb to the top rope!

DDK:

In the physical condition in which Ned Reform finds himself, I'm not sure going to the top rope is a bright idea!

Still, he makes it. Ned Reform stands on the top turnbuckle - his face pure crimson and his purple singlet stained by his own blood. One has to imagine time stands still for The Good Doctor as he looks around at the Puerto Rican Faithful... and even though his eyes are very glazed, he does manage one very rude gesture to the fans before he leaps off...

...and connects...

DDK:

Scholar and Elbow!! Right into the heart of the champion!

Lance:

This might be it!! He might do it!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...NO!! At 2.999, Corvo charges a shoulder into the air!

DDK:

The champion is still alive!!

Reform falls with hands on his bloody skull in disbelief as he curses his misfortune. When he pushes himself back up, he leaves a pair of bloody handprints on the canvas. Still on shaky legs, he manages to get the SOHer up and drag him toward the nearby turnbuckle. He then lifts Corvo up enough to prop him on the top in a seated position.

DDK:

Ned appears to be setting up for a superplex... we're coming down to the wire in this contest, ladies and gentlemen... pretty soon, something has to give here!

The Sage on the Stage climbs up, indeed hooking Corvo for what appears to be a superplex attempt... but we'll never know, because the SOHer fires up! He fires several shots to Ned's bleeding face and then shoves Reform off the turnbuckle to the canvas below! Surprisingly, Ned manages to land on his feet, albeit groggily. He doesn't stay there for long, though, as Alpha launches off the top...

DDK:

CORVO! CUTTER!!!

Lance:

OFF THE TOP!

The people are standing... Ned is dead... Corvo wills himself up and he turns over with a grunt, draping an arm across the challenger's chest...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...NOOOO!! Ned just barely gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

My God!

Lance:

Say what you will about Reform's behavior, or cowardice, or whatever... but that kick out just took some legit toughness!

DDK:

Toughness... that I think is about to be severely tested, Lance!

Indeed - Corvo doesn't protest the near fall. He doesn't stress. Instead, he rolls under the bottom rope and marches roughly up to a seated Darren Quimbey. Aggressively tossing the iconic DEFIANCE ring announcer aside, the SOHer gets his hands on his real goal: the steel chair. He folds it up and returns to the ring as the crowd begins to buzz.

DDK:

With these no DQ rules, he can do whatever he wants!

Lance:

Doyle might want to think about stopping this one... Ned has lost so much blood, I'm a little worried about what a steel chair might do here to his long term health...

BOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wait... here comes the calvary!

TA Horrigan and TA Owens - the duo known as Weighted Grade - are running (well, gently jogging) down the ramp to save the leader of the Honor Society! Thanks to their sizeable girth, Corvo Alpha has plenty of time to see them coming and prepare himself, and just when Horrigan enters the ring...

WHACK!!!!!!

Shot to Horrigan! He stumbles but doesn't go down!

WHACK!!!!!!

Chair to Owens! Likewise, he's groggy but on his feet!

WHACK!!!!!!

Horrigan!

WHACK!!!!!!

Owens!

WHACK!!!!!!

Horrigan!

WHACK!!!!!!

Owens!

WHACK!!!!

Finally, Horrigan falls!!!

WHACK!!!!!!

Likewise for Owens!!

DDK:

Wait... TA COLE IS BACK! HE'S IN THE RING...

WHACK!!!!!!

Lance:

AND DOWN GOES COLE!!!

DDK:

It's a massacre!

With the entire Honor Society destroyed at his feet, a murderous Corvo Alpha turns to give Reform the same treatment...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...but he's caught off guard with a swift kick to the junk!!! A low blow!!!

In pain, Corvo drops the chair!! Ned capitalizes, swiftly moving in, hooking Corvo for his finish, and before people can truly process what's happening, Ned lifts the SOHer up and drives him headfirst into the mat (and partially on the discarded steel chair!) with his patented brainbuster he calls...

DDK:

THE SYLLABUSTER!

Lance:

I think Corvo's head caught part of that chair, Lance!

DDK:

It's all legal!

Corvo is down. Reform, bleeding, panting, and still quite dazed, just barely manages to roll over and slowly drape an arm over Corvo's chest...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Oh my God!

Lance:

He did it!? He did it!!

The crowd goes dead silent for about two seconds before the massive wave of jeers erupts. Benny Doyle has the SOHer belt in hand, but around him is nothing but a pile of bodies: Corvo, Ned, Cole, Horrigan, Owens. For lack of better options, he simply lays the belt over the broken Ned Reform, prompting a fresh round of boos and even a piece of trash or two to be thrown by the passionate Puerto Rican crowd.

DDK:

I can't believe what we've seen here tonight... after perhaps the cheapest way to get a title shot in the history of this company, Ned Reform has somehow managed to steal the SOHer right out from under Corvo Alpha...

Lance:

And he may be champion, but if anyone in the back hears this: I highly suspect Ned Reform might need medical attention.

As if he can hear Lance, the bleeding Reform begins to stir. He opens his eyes, blinks. He hears that it's his music that is playing. He looks down to see the pink strap of the SOHer draped over him. Although his eyes are still glossy, he seems to put two and two together as a smile breaks out over his crimson face. The camera man gets brave and gets in close to Ned as Quimbey makes it official..

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... and NNNNNNEEEWWWW Southern Heritage Champion... NED! REFORM!!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

With the camera so neabry, Ned sits up and scoots forward. Gets so close that his bloody face fills the frame. He gets pelted in the head with a fountain soda cup, but he no-sells it. Instead, he speaks directly into the camera. And although his eyes suggest his bell has been rung, he manages to speak with conviction...

Ned Reform:

That's. DOCTOR. SOHer.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.