

SHOW OPEN

LIVE from the Toyota Center in Houston, Texas, there are lots of screaming fans as pyro explodes from the top of the rampway, showcasing a FIST marked with an X behind it for the entrance. The camera pans to one particular fan wearing a Houston Astros hat with the name 'Brunk' stitched into the brim. But anyway, we start to pan across even more fans with lots of signs in hand!

WEBSITE'S DOWN

HEY DEF MANAGMENT: *(literally just an ad for SquareSpace)*

PAT CASSIDY HAS A DRINKING PROBLEM

WHERE IS DDK

SCORING WEAK BLOW BEHIND THE ARENA

I HOPE ITS NOT CUT WITH TYLENOL

DONT TAKE IT

ACE OF TAG TEAMS!

MALAK GARLAND WALKED SO HEADMASTER BLACK COULD RUN

ONE MATCH DOWN WILL OUR HERO FINISH A SECOND OR WILL HE DISAPPOINT EVERYONE???

M4NTRA RAY SECTION

REMEMBER WHEN THE 7S WANTED TO ALLEGEDLY LIGHT TOM MORROW ON FIRE? THOSE WERE SIMPLER TIMES

I ASKED MASON LUCK TO LIGHT ME ON FIRE AND ALL I GOT WAS AN STD

We go to the announce booth at the top of the stage, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to the TENTH ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Hence the X across the FIST logo? That's a nice entrance!

DDK:

It is, indeed. We've got a hell of a show tonight. FAVORED SAINTS and SOHER Titles on the line! So much more, let's look at the card!

OSCAR BURNS vs. MIL VUELTAS
PAT CASSIDY vs. TITANESS
HEADMASTER BLACK vs. LEVI COLE
HANDICAP MATCH: THE MASKED VIOLATORS vs. CORVO ALPHA
FAVORED SAINTS: LONNIE LUCK (C) vs. JACK HARMEN
SOHER: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

But to start off, we'll see BOTH ACE of TAG TEAM SEMI-FINALS!

ACE of TAG TEAMS SEMI-FINALS:
M4NTRA vs. KILL OR BE KILLED
&
TRIPLE SEVENS vs. THE ATOMIC PUNKS

Lance:

It's going to be a great night!

ACE of TAG TEAMS SEMI-FINALS: M4NTRA vs. KILL OR BE KILLED

DDK:

What a great match we have coming up next for you to kick off Acts of DEFIANCE! The former Unified Tag Team Champions, M4NTRA, take on the DANGEROUS tandem from Titanes Familia - the team of Kilgore and Killjoy aka, Kill or Be Killed! Our other semi-final match of The Triple Sevens and The Atomic Punks will be a DEFCON rematch right after this, but we kick off two nights of great action in an Ace of Tag Teams semi-final!

Lance:

Both teams have everything they need to be the first-ever Ace of Tag Teams! M4NTRA are one of the top teams in the division based on all of their accomplishments! Former Unified Tag Team Champion with a number of victories over the best of the best this division has ever seen! The Lucky Sevens, Pop Culture Phenoms, just to name a few! And now that they have broken out as fan favorites, M4NTRA have turned their

DDK:

To the other side of that, Kill or Be Killed have gone a perfect 3-0 since becoming a team and to get to this match, they defeated the super-team of the current Southern Heritage Champion Brock Newbludd and one of the toughest men in this company, the former Southern Heritage Champion Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

Kill or Be Killed take on M4NTRA in the semi-finals of the Ace of Tag Teams and the winners compete tomorrow for the \$250,000 cash prize as well as a shot at the Unified Tag Team Titles at their choosing! Now that you know all about the stakes, let's get to it with Darren Quimbey at ringside to kick off the show!

The camera cuts to the ring with DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey ready to introduce the teams!

DDK:

The following tag team match is your opening match of Acts of DEFIANCE! This match is set for one fall and is a semi-finals match in the Ace of Tag Teams Tournament! Introducing first...

M A N T R A

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste's new theme, sampling "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick, Astley! 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 DEC4L and Natty Eyce come out in matching blue leather shorts with gold third eye patterns. DEC4L is wearing gold third-eye sunglasses while the advanced master of enlightenment, Nathan Eye, has on four lens on his sunglasses! Both men are M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. The response is crazy as they all M4NTRA Ray Dance on the stage with the people doing the same!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number one ... they are accompanied by "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste! At a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-two pounds of pure perseverance ... Declan "DEC4L" Alexander ... "Natty Eyce" Nathan Eye ... THIS ... IS ... M4NTRA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Makayla Namaste, Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander hit three different sides of the Toyota Center in the audience with the house lights flickering a shade of blue! The lights start swaying and some fans in the audience shine their phones out and start flashing lights of gold! Nathan, DEC4L and Makayla all pull out a new set of lights and put them on their fingers to start shining to the sky which gets the crowd to start shining their cell phones in the blue light of the arena! Some fans in attendance already have their own Vibe Detectors out and shine them as well!

DDK:

The Vibe Detectors are out! As I was told to read in a joint statement from M4NTRA: "When life has you down and the

vibes are low, use your Vibe Detectors to find negative auras killing your vibes! They light up when the vibes are right and turn off when someone's low key salty and killing the mood. Use your Vibe Detector to improve your vibe in everyday life! They may also find missing car keys under your couch!"

Lance:

Customer testimonial from me: "It worked! I found my car keys with a Vibe Detector before I hit the airport!"

The party continues! Nathan Eye is dancing in one section of the arena and dancing with some fans. He takes off his four-lens sunglasses and hands them over to a young kid in the audience happy to walk away with a souvenir! On another side, DEC4L takes off his own sunglasses and then gives them to another young fan to take home, then gets the kid into his live stream.

DEC4L:

Chat, are Kill or Be Killed cooked?!

Makayla jumps into the shot.

Makayla Namaste:

Yes! M4NTRA are master chefs and tonight, they're cooking up and serving these giant frauds!

DEC4L:

BET!!!

The Good Vibes Only Party continues back to ringside and back into the ring! Makayla Namaste and Nathan Eye standing in corner on the apron and DEC4L on the turnbuckle to celebrate!

DDK:

The celebration is about to end in a hurry! M4NTRA have to be locked in tonight!

♪ "War (Viking Chant)" by Peyton Parrish ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges two shadows: Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Not far behind, the half-Native American monster, Killjoy, adorns a brand new black and red mask obscuring his entire face.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS... they are the team of "The Good Son" Killjoy... "The Attack Dog" Kilgore... **KILL! OR! BE! KILLED!**

Showing some solidarity matching his mask's colors with Kilgore's face paint, the two giant brutes stand side by side. Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. The Kills - both -Gore and -Joy, share a nod. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore and Killjoy slowly walking behind her.

DDK:

These monsters mean business. They've been instrumental in carrying out the Familia's bidding. Kilgore himself? Unpinned since joining the roster last year and aligning with Siofra. Killjoy? He's picked up victories over a number of big names in DEFIANCE! The former FIST of DEFIANCE, Kendrix! He won the Familia Feud Rules match at DEFCON for the Familia! Butcher Victorious, Corvo Alpha and others!

Lance:

They've looked unstoppable and have gelled really well as a team, but M4NTRA have the experience and dare I say, the chemistry to take them all the way! But can they overcome these beasts like they did to Money Talks in the first round of the tournament?!

Once the trio reaches the ring, Siofra is lifted by both Killjoy and Kilgore onto the ring apron. With a sadistic smile, she watches as both monsters both step onto the apron and head into the ring. The two monsters hold out their arms and tap them together with Siofra posing in the middle. The entrance fades away and both teams get ready to etch their names in history.

DDK:

The Ace of Tag Teams is underway! M4NTRA! Kill or Be Killed! Now!

Lance:

Nathan Eye is going to start things off for M4NTRA! Kilgore for Kill or Be Killed!

251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance gets ready to face off with the 300-pound Attack Dog of the Familia.

DING DING

Kilgore goes right on the attack with a running clothesline in mind, but Eye ducks under and then fires off a chop to the chest of Kilgore! The blow only seems to make the monster angrier as he charges towards Eye and pushes the Golden State Guru back into the ropes! Brian Slater tells Kilgore to back off and Siofra has to tell him to do the same. Kilgore only snarls at Nathan Eye and backs off.

Lance:

Starting things off fast... Whoa! Killjoy just tried to attack Nathan Eye from the apron!

The 350-pound Familia Beast tries to also take Nathan's head off with a lariat from the apron, only for Eye to move! He taps his forehead but when he turns around, he gets knocked right off his feet courtesy of just one shoulder block from Kilgore! The Houston Faithful jeer the monster as he stands over Eye, shocked that he got checked from one shot!

DDK:

This is truly going to be an uphill battle for M4NTRA! They have the athleticism and the experience, but these monsters can run roughshod over any team they want!

Siofra tells Kilgore to follow up on the attack and he does! He picks up Nathan and levels the former Unified Tag champion with a NASTY chop across the chest that sends him into the corner. Makayla Namaste looks worried for the well-being of one of her guys as he clutches his chest!

Lance:

Nathan Eye isn't a small man! Six-four and two-fifty one as he proudly boasts, but The Killers dwarf even him!

DDK:

That they do! If M4NTRA want to make to the finals, they'll have to do what they did to get past Money Talks in their opening round match! Outrun their competition and keep them off their game somehow! Use what brought this team to the dance!

Kilgore picks up Nathan Eye and holds him up with a body slam attempt, but Natty Eyce sneaks out the back door to land on his feet behind The Familia's Attack Dog! The wild monster turns and catches some jabs from The Inspirational One and then tries a whip, but Kilgore reverses the whip! He ducks down for a back body drop, but Nathan Eye does his best track and field and leapfrogs clear over the monster and comes off the ropes with a HUGE running dropkick!

DDK:

He's got Kilgore off his feet! Tag to Declan Alexander!

The M4NTRA Rays are out in full force in Houston and cheer as he climbs the top rope, then flies off with a picture-perfect missile dropkick that knocks the stunned Kilgore off his feet! DEC4L does a kip-up to make it back to his feet! The two men both single out Killjoy in the corner when DEC4L charges forward at him and hits a dropkick at the left

leg of the beast, followed by Nathan Eye CLOCKING him in the jaw with a running bicycle kick that knocks Killjoy off the apron!

DDK:

Great strategy here! They'll have to use quick tags and double-teams against these beasts!

With Kilgore on the floor, the legal man DEC4L springs into action and Nathan Eye makes the tag behind him as he runs. The Intrepid Influencer rocks The Attack Dog with a quick tope suicida through the ropes! He gets knocked back to the barricade, but things go from bad to worse for him when Natty Eyce beautifully cruises right through the ropes to wipe out Kilgore with a HUGE tope con hilo! The M4NTRA Rays show them some love when Nathan gets back to his feet! After he and DEC4L help one another up, both men jump onto the apron and hit the M4NTRA Ray Dance to a big ovation!

DDK:

Beautiful tandem offense from M4NTRA! Both men are so athletic, but they're burning daylight here!

Lance:

Agreed! I don't know how smart this is to be taking a dance break in the middle of this match like this! LOOK!

DEC4L yells at Natty Eyce to look out to see the larger Killjoy coming at him! Killjoy tries to pick the leg of Nathan Eye with a chop block, but Nathan jumps over it and DEC4L catches the big man in the mouth with a running penalty kick from the apron! Killjoy clutches his chest and then eats a thrust kick from Nathan Eye as well, knocking the monster back! Siofra looks stunned while both men once again resume the M4NTRA Ray Dance!

Lance:

I think they lured Killjoy in with those shots!

DDK:

M4NTRA laid a trap for them and the monsters took the bait!

They both resume the action by picking up Kilgore and throwing him back into the ring. The monster tries getting back to his feet. DEC4L and Natty Eyce charge again with Kilgore already trying to swing for a double clothesline that misses, but both men stand behind him and land stereo flying forearm smashes to the big man! They knock him down and then both simultaneously kip up again to big cheers from the audience! Nathan Eye grabs his own partner next and then hits the Trust Fall Exercise!

DDK:

M4NTRA is really taking great usage of these quick offensive flurries! Kill or Be Killed haven't had an answer for this fast-paced offense yet!

Lance:

Nathan Eye goes for the win on Kilgore! Hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kilgore SHOVES Nathan off him and gets back to his feet with a snarl on his face! This shocks both members of M4NTRA, but Nathan has no choice but to try and Taylor Swift things and shake it off. Nathan waits on Kilgore to get back to his feet and then tries what looks like a DDT when Siofra gets on the apron to get his attention. She starts mocking the M4NTRA Ray Dance!

Lance:

Pretty sure that's not how you do it!

DDK:

And I'm pretty sure she needs to get off the apron because we have a match he... oh, wait!

Before he can do anything else, Kilgore POWERS right back up and THROWS Nathan Eye up and over head with a release back body drop! Eye hits the canvas and when Kilgore spots his partner on the apron, he tags Killjoy!

Lance:

Here comes trouble!

The second that Killjoy gets the tag, The Future of the Familia climbs out of the ring and DRAGS Nathan Eye with him!

DDK:

THERE GOES NATHAN!

THUD!

And he gets LOBBED directly into the steel steps!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD!

The force of the throw is so great that the top half of the steps almost gets knocked over! Nathan Eye is laying in a heap next to them, but not for long as Killjoy picks up Nathan by the throat and hoists him to his feet.

Lance:

Uh-oh! Here we go again!

Killjoy silently motions to Siofra to move and she does, allowing The Good Son to Nathan to drag him across the ringside area...

CLANG!

DDK:

KILLJOY IS TRYING TO BREAK NATHAN EYE IN TWO!

Siofra tells Killjoy to get him back in the ring after she starts noticing Brian Slater making with the ten-count! Killjoy nods and then grabs Nathan Eye before throwing him back into the ring. Killjoy then pulls himself up using the ropes and steps into the ring. Declan Alexander and Makayla Namaste are beside themselves as Nathan Eye is in a pile on the mat desperate to try and fight to his feet

Lance:

This is exactly what M4NTRA didn't want to happen! These men did everything in their power from the beginning of this match to stick and move, but once Kill or Be Killed get their hands on you, they don't let go!

DDK:

They've shown their effectiveness as a team since these two came to be and what a duo they've made with Siofra leading things!

Siofra gestures to Killjoy to make the tag to Kilgore as he forces Natty Eyce into the corner. He throws Nathan Eye into the corner...

THWACK!

...And doubles him over with a NASTY chop!

DDK:

No! And here comes the tag to Kilgore!

The Familia's Attack Dog climbs into the ring and holds Nathan up by his throat. He holds a hand back...

THWACK!

...And DRIVES another nasty chop to the chest!

DDK:

I don't think there's a member of Titanes Familia that doesn't know how to use those deadly chops!

Lance:

True enough! And we're gonna see them in action throughout the night in some big singles matches! Titaness takes on Pat Cassidy, Mil Vueltas answers for his past betrayal when he takes on OSCAR BURNS, and then in our main event, The Southern Heritage Title is on the line when Brock Newbludd defends against "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez!

Kilgore grabs Nathan Eye out of the corner and hoists him over his shoulders before he CHARGES forward and shoulder tackles him into the corner with a brutal shoulder tackle! Nathan falls to his knees, but he's not there for long as Kilgore brings his foot down into his neck in the corner! He continues to ferociously choke him until Brian Slater counts!

Brian Slater:

Come on! Break it off! Now!

Kilgore doesn't do it and Siofra has to run towards him at ringside to get him to stop! The Attack Dog finally does so, but starts sizing up Slater showing he's not intimidated of DEFIANCE's largest active official!

DDK:

These savages have just controlled the pace here! And if they can keep this up, they'll be looking for an easy path to the Ace of Tag Team Finals, which will be our opening match tomorrow for Night Two!

Lance:

Kilgore back on the attack...no! Nathan fights back!

Despite the punishment taken, Natty Eyce fights back and stops the big man in his tracks with some right hands! He manages to get back to his feet, but before he can throw another swing, Kigore CRACKS him with a surprise throat thrust to the jaw followed by a NASTY short-range lariat that knocks Nathan back to the canvas, earning a collective wincing from the Houston Faithful! Kilgore stands over Nathan and gets jeered as he surveys the scene and takes in the noise.

DDK:

Kilgore just shut down Eye's comeback!

Lance:

That might not have been wise by Nathan Eye! He should be sticking to what brought he and DEC4L to this dance. Using athleticism and not trying to stand and fight against these brutes!

Kilgore pulls up Nathan by his hair and once again lobs him towards the corner of Kill or Be Killed. Kilgore pins him to the corner and starts unleashing a nasty volley of back elbows that catch Natty Eyce upside the head! He then holds a hand out and makes the tag to Killjoy who climbs back into ring. After the elbow barrage, Kilgore holds him in place. He finally moves so Killjoy can run in and CRASH right into Eye with a nasty body avalanche!

DDK:

OOOH! What a combo from these beasts! And Killjoy doesn't look like he's finished!

After the big move in the corner, he hooks Nathan by the neck. A helpless DEC4L and Makayla Namaste can do little but watch the brutality when Killjoy grabs him with a vertical suplex, only to spin him around and SLAM him down with a standing falcon arrow-type slam!

DDK:

And he finishes the combo with that release falcon arrow slam! Here comes Killjoy for the win!

Siofra gestures at Killjoy to pin Eye and he goes with a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Nathan kicks out using the lower half of his body, which sets Killjoy off. The Good Son looks at Brian Slater with no doubt a look that could kill behind his mask!

Lance:

I don't know how the hell Nathan Eye kicked out of that! He's been abused in the last few minutes!

DDK:

And what makes this worse is again, the winner of this match will have to compete again tomorrow night! It's going to be incredibly important to find the sweet spot between conserving energy and when to go all out!

Killjoy once again pulls Nathan up... but Nathan fights back again! The M4NTRA Rays come alive when he catches the big monster with some body shots! He throws some rights and tries to get his way past Killjoy, but The Good Son cuts him off first with a knee lift! He follows up with a stiff clubbing forearm to the back, followed by a headbutt that once again knocks Nathan flat!

DDK:

How much more of this can Nathan Eye take?! These monsters have just taken control and I think they're singling out the back!

After leading him up by his feet, Killjoy HURLS Eye into the corner and then follows up with a big body slam! After the first one, he makes the tag to Kilgore! The monster climbs into the ring...

BODY SLAM!

Then another tag to Killjoy!

BODY SLAM!

Then another tag to Kilgore...

BODY SLAM!

DDK:

Good GRIEF! Between those quick tags and body slams, there won't be anything left of Nathan Eye after this match!

Kilgore makes the cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

DECLAN MAKES THE SAVE WITH A BASEMENT DROPKICK!

DDK:

DEC4L THERE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

Kilgore gets knocked away! DEC4L gets up and claps towards Nathan Eye to get up and make the tag before he jumps back to the corner at Brian Slater's insistence! Nathan Eye cradles his back and tries to get up as Kilgore tries to stand up.

DDK:

He has a chance to get to the corner!

The stunned Kilgore is then hit with a dropkick by Eye! Eye still holds his back and he's hurt and needs to get to his corner as quickly as possible! Makalya starts leading the Toyota Center in a wide M4NTRA Ray Dance with Declan getting them going too!

Lance:

Can he get to DEC4L?! He needs to get that tag NOW!

MAN-TRA! MAN-TRA! MAN-TRA! MAN-TRA!

Nathan is making an army crawl to his corner ...

He is almost there ...

Kilgore grabs his leg!

DDK:

No!

Kilgore turns Nathan over but Eye gets his other foot up first and kicks Kilgore in the temple until he lets go! He turns and rolls to his corner ...

RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

And Declan is in!

The POG Champ climbs to the top rope as fast as he can with Kilgore still stunned from the kicks and is able to knock the giant back using a big flying forearm smash off the top! DEC4L keeps taking the fight to the La Familia member and throws shots to try and get the big monster down! Declan runs from the ropes and tries knocking him off with a clothesline, but that doesn't work! Alexander keeps things going and lands another clothesline to keep the monster off his feet. Kilgore absorbs the shots but he still won't go down!

DDK:

How the heck is he still standing?

He tries another shot, but Kilgore stops him using a knee. He throws Declan at the ropes and misses a lariat but DEC4L does not miss using a drop kick off the ropes aimed at the knee! Kilgore is hobbled around when Declan runs at him and then hits him square in the face with a big enziguiri!

DDK:

Declan with the Red Line! And now Declan with the pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Kilgore is still able to kick out!

Lance:

That was a great series of moves, but we have called just how unstoppable Kill or Be Killed seemed to be as a team!

DDK:

Declan looks ready though! I think he's calling for the Play of the Game!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are cheering Declan for a move that once slayed Oscar Burns! Declan is waiting on Kilgore to turn around. He leaps for his signature jumping cutter ...

But Kilgore stands his ground and neither he nor Declan fall! Kilgore shoves the young streamer into the ropes.

Lance:

Blind tag by Nathan Eye!

DDK:

Is that smart though? After everything Nathan Eye suffered earlier from these two?!

Kilgore catches Declan for a power slam off his shoulders but Declan moves. A drop kick hits the big man in his knee. Nathan's back is clearly been compromised, but he says screw it with Kilgore up against the middle rope! Nathan runs across the ring and swings his legs through the ropes to land a tiger feint kick to the face of the monster!

DDK:

2-5-1 to the eyes *from* Nathan Eye!

Kilgore is staggered on his feet when Declan then hits him with the GGEZ!!!

DDK:

That's some teamwork from M4NTRA!

Kilgore goes down and gets rolled up by Nathan Eye with a school boy!

One ...

Two ...

THRE—NO!!!

DDK:

NO!!! KILGORE KICKS OUT AGAIN!!!

Lance:

How is he doing this?! These monsters just won't stop coming!

Nathan has panic starting to set in on his face, but decides that he's had enough as he goes for the corner to make another tag to Declan Alexander! Nathan and Declan both run towards Killjoy in the corner to keep him from interfering when they both hit running elbows on the big beast of the Familia!

Lance:

M4NTRA have isolated Kilgore ...

Or so they think! They turn around and Kilgore is not only already back on his feet, but he takes them both down using a double lariat! Kilgore screams like the monster that he is and Siofra looks super-giddy to see it on the outside. Makayla Namaste is about to panic!

DDK:

Kilgore already back up?! That might have been M4NTRA's last chance at heading to the finals! They threw almost everything at these two but they just don't stop!

Lance:

We might be looking at the end here for M4NTRA!

Killjoy is already back on the apron and Siofra gives Kilgore the order to go in for the kill. The massive Viking grabs Declan and then pulls him right into a short-arm version of a huge boss man slam right in the center of the ring!

DDK:

Did you see that ring shake?! Declan might be done for!

Kilgore looks to secure their chances for the finals with a cover on Declan!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Nathan Eye shoulder rushes Kilgore in the nick of time to major applause from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

DDK:

And this is just the opening match! We've got big action like this ready for you for these next two nights!

Lance:

What do M4NTRA even have left against Kill or be Killed?!

Nathan Eye goes right towards Kilgore and hits some blows off the side of Kilgore's head but the Viking fires back with one elbow to Nathan and then one towards Declan! They are both stunned as Kilgore attempts another double clothesline. They both are ready for it this time and then smack into him with a double jumping knee!

DDK:

Double knees from M4NTRA ... but Killjoy makes the tag!

Lance:

And M4NTRA are oblivious to it!

With Kilgore stunned, Nathan tries to get Kilgore on his shoulders, but Killjoy runs in and hits a big boot to Nathan first!

DDK:

No! They never saw it coming! Killjoy just stopped them from using the M4NTRA Code!

Declan tries to help his tag team partner, only to catch a big shoulder block from the monster as well! Killjoy has both members of M4NTRA down at his feet and Siofra points to Declan to tell him that he's the legal man!

DDK:

Killjoy and DEC4L are legal! And I think that Declan is about to take this match for Titanes Familia! That Freefall finishing move of his has put away everyone that he's used it against!

Killjoy gets ready to pull Declan into the Freefall power bomb ...

...

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

COUNTERED INTO PLAY OF THE GAME!!!

DDK:

WHERE DID DECLAN COME FROM WITH THE PLAY OF THE GAME?!?! HE COUNTERED!

Not a single person is currently seated after the counter! Declan rolls up Killjoy!

ONE!!!

Kilgore tries to stop him ...

TWO!!!

But Nathan Eye grabs the legs outside the ring!

THREE!!!

Killjoy kicks out ... just a second too late!

Lance:

WAS THAT A THREE COUNT?!?! WAS IT?!

DING DING DING

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

As soon as that three hits, Declan gets while the getting is good and leaves the ring with Nathan Eye! Kilgore rushes into the ring to try and catch up to M4NTRA, but they're already outside the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match and advancing to the finals of the Ace of Tag Teams ... M4NTRA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance:

That's as official as official gets! What! A! Finish!!!

DDK:

M4NTRA walk away with the dub as they like to say! And after our next match, we'll know who they'll be facing when they take on the winner of the Atomic Punks and the Triple 7s!

Kilgore and Killjoy both get up and corner the referee ready to hurt him! Siofra tries to get the monsters away from doing something that's going to get them fined or suspended! The party continues on the ramp when M4NTRA celebrate!

Nathan Eye:

EYESTEIN'S THEORY OF DUBABILITY SAYS M4NTRA EQUALS DUBS INFINITY!

DEC4L:

WE GOING TO THE FINALS, BABY!!!

Nathan will surely need an ice pack for his back but M4NTRA still celebrate with Makayla Namaste heading to the back!

DDK:

Declan Alexander's Play of the Game was the true difference maker tonight! Reversing Killjoy's Freefall into the cutter in mid-motion and catching him for the flash pin and tomorrow ... a cash win!

Lance:

Kill or Be Killed showed whey they are a true force to deal with taking on a top team like M4NTRA, but M4NTRA are just one win away from the \$250,000 from Favoured Saints and the Unified Tag Team title match! Who will they face tomorrow in the finals? We will find out after this next match!

ACE of TAG TEAMS SEMI-FINALS: TRIPLE SEVENS vs. THE ATOMIC PUNKS

It's back to Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner on commentary for the next match!

Lance:

A spot in the finals of the Ace of Tag Teams is on the line in the next match! The Triple 7s take on the Atomic Punks and this is not just important to both teams! This is a DEFCON rematch!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks beat the Lucky Sevens at DEFCON 2025 earlier this year and one could argue that this set off the chain of events! Max and Mason went on a four-match losing streak against several tag teams! They got back to their winning ways at Maximum DEFIANCE when they rejoined Tom Morrow and brought their brother in law, Mark Luck along for the ride!

Lance:

The Triple 7s beat the Masked Violators in a rematch of a prior bout as well to get this spot in the semis! The Atomic Punks beat Les Enfants Terribles in order to meet them on the other side! Will the Punks have their number or will the Triple 7s avenge DEFCON?!

Lights out.

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

The stage takes on a glow of saffron orange and neon yellow, and a pair of familiar irradiated figures storm out just in time for the familiar riffs of Eddie Van Halen to blare through Houston! Not too far behind of course, is the cackling genius herself.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a semi-final bout for the Ace of Tag Teams Tournament, scheduled for one fall! Making their way to the ring accompanied by Dr. Ayumi Sato, from Three Mile Island, PA, at a total combined weight of 495 pounds... FISSION! GIGATON! THE! ATOMIIIIIIIIIC... PUNKS!

The camera follows the semifinalists as the Mad Science Queen sprints past them and glares into the camera, carrying on about her Punks' destiny, and capping things off with a delightful cackle!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks have had a hard road to get this far, but they have some familiarity with their opponents, having defeated them at DEFCON 2025! Will their winning ways over the Triple Sevens continue tonight, or will the Lucks punch their tickets to the finals?

Fission is the first to roll into the ring, climbing the turnbuckle and slapping his chest and howling with fury as Gigaton stands pat, arms crossed at his chest, looking as intimidating and vicious as ever.

The action starts off ... with thunderous BOOING!!! Tom Morrow walks into the stage with a custom blue leather business suit. On the back he turns around to show off the new "Tom The [bomb emoji]" logo!

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... This is an official announcement from ... ME!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Super Agent that you all know, revere and respect!

That just welcomes even more booing.

Tom Morrow:

This match is personal! It's so personal to my Triple 7s, that I'll even give the Atomic Punks a spoiler ahead of time!

They'll be facing Max and Mason Luck! They did *not* forget that you beat them at DEFCON! And tonight, on our way to the finals tomorrow night, they will have the *heads* of Giga-Bum and Pissin' or whatever that little goblin's name is!

The booing is louder from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Tom Morrow:

And Doctor Ayumi Sato, you will have to get a *new* Masters in biology just to put your Punks back together! Cause Max and Mason are gonna *dissect* your little science experiments tonight!

Morrow spins around.

Tom Morrow:

Introducing the three-headed monster and the Gods of the Tom Morrow Division! Max The Jacked! Mark The Spark! Mase the Headcase! Led by ME!!! TOM THE BOMB!!! The man that pulls the button ... CLICK ... and DETONATES the bomb that's going to destroy everyone in our way!

The Houston Center lights fade completely. Tom Morrow speaks in the darkness.

Tom Morrow:

THE!!! TRIPLE!!! 7S!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The sounds of angry heavy metal pump through the PA! When lights return, there are three giants standing on stage, wearing matching black leather hooded vests and black pants, all kissed with green, red and orange flame designs. All three have their backs turned to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and hold the Winning Hand up.

DDK:

Look at these beasts!

Lance:

And here comes Max and Mason! This match is personal to these monsters but the Punks aren't going to roll over! They've beaten these giants before!

Booing rains down for the Triple 7s when they reach the ring. Tom Morrow stands in front of the ring and on the other three sides, Max, Mason and Mark all climb over the ropes easily. Tom The Bomb makes it inside and he poses in front of all three giants. They toss up the Winning Hand as a giant logo lowers from the ceiling behind the ring in the shape of a "7" before it and the arena lights up with red and orange to simulate flames! After all this fancy pomp and circumstance, The 7 display goes away and Mark leaves the ring. Mason Luck and Fission get to start!

DING DING

And Fission charges right at Mason with a front drop kick!

DDK:

Fission is starting this one fast! And for good reason! Both teams are having to win this match as quickly as possible since the winner will have to wrestle tomorrow night in the finals!

Lance:

Fission's going at Mason with everything he has! There's another front drop kick!

Fission hits another big front drop kick on one of the Seven Foot Savages! Mason is in the corner with Fission running at him to land another front drop kick against the corner!

DDK:

Fission and Gigaton are going to need to take these monsters off their game by combining the technical ability and power they possess. If the Triple 7s take control, it's hard for anyone to get it back!

Three big front drop kicks leave Mason vulnerable. Fission grabs the leg and he tries to use a dragon screw to the knee but the Maim Event Monster is too strong and he biel tosses him to the other side of the ring to loud booing! Mason picks up Fission and another whip leads to a huge elbow to the face that knocks Fission down.

Mason Luck:

Ain't gonna be a repeat of DEFCO, little man!

He turns to Gigaton in the corner.

Mason Luck:

YOU! DUMB! BIT ...

But the wide open attack leads to Fission having an opening to hit a chop block on the back of Mason's knee!

Lance:

Mason Luck makes a huge mistake! He got too cocky there!

Mason falls to one knee and Fission tags in Gigaton! Fission runs at the ropes and Gigaton throws his own partner right at Mason with an aided drop kick to the face! Mason is down on his back but when he tries to sit up, Gigaton comes charging in with a basement cross body to the Maim Event Monster!

DDK:

Gigaton makes the first pinfall of the match!

One ...

Two ... Mason kicks out!

Gigaton stands up.

Gigaton:

GIGATON. HATES. LAME. TRASH TALK!!!

Gigaton unloads some punches towards Mason when he tries to get to his feet and then grabs the arm of the seven foot Sin City monster. He controls the arm by twisting it around and gives Fission another tag with his free arm. Fission goes onto the top rope and jumps off with a double foot stomp that hits the arm!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks are controlling the pace really well! If they cut that ring in half, their chances of winning this are looking good!

Max Luck tells Mason Luck to look behind him when Fission attacks the leg by kicking the side! Mason swings with a punch but Fission crouches and tries to chop the leg down with more shots. Fission goes for the ropes away from Tom Morrow and Mark Luck. Mason throws Fission in the air only for him to counter with a mid-air drop kick to the face! Mason is stunned when Fission launches himself at Gigaton one more time and Gigaton comes into the ring to hit a clothesline to Mason that knocks him over the ropes!

DDK:

Great teamwork by Fission and Gigaton! They've got the Triple 7s off their game!

Lance:

Max is in the ring!

Max the Jacked tries double clotheslines for both members of the Atomic Punks, but they both duck and then they work together and use clotheslines of their own to get him out too! Mark Luck and Tom Morrow are stunned that the Punks have gained control! Gigaton tags Fission again and they go after the 7s on the floor!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks are in the heads of the Triple 7s here tonight! Could we see these giants in the finals!?

Fission goes after Max while Gigaton after Mason. Gigaton throws punches at Mason's face and then tries to scoop slam him outside the ring. Mason slips out behind him and then pushes him right into Fission! Max gets up and both men go to double team Gigaton on the floor by picking him up and then throwing him at the barrier! Mark Luck and Tom Morrow are cheering at ringside while Doctor Sato looks concerned for the well-being of her experiments!

Lance:

What a throw that was! Max and Mason had to double team Gigaton to get rid of him and now they are back to Fission!

The smaller member of the Punks is picked up by Mason and Max and then gets dropped with a double belly to back facebuster onto the edge of the ring apron!

DDK:

The Sevens have taken over!

Gigaton gets back up and comes to the aid of his tag team partner with shots for both Max and Mason outside the ring. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer Gigaton on but ends up eating a head butt from Max in return! Mason follows with a head butt of his own. As the monster is stunned, Mason and Max both nod at each other and then shock the entire arena when the Seven Foot Savages both hit drop kicks of their own onto Gigaton on the floor to take him out!

Lance:

THAT IS CRAZY!!! THE TRIPLE 7S JUST PULLED OFF DROP KICKS ON GIGATON!!!

Tom Morrow yells at a distraught Doctor Sato.

Tom Morrow:

Hey Doc! Cram *that* into your little formulas!

When the twin monsters get up, they hurry to grab Fission with a double press and then pick him up to throw him back in the ring! Max climbs in after him as the legal man and then puts a boot on Fission's neck. Mason Luck poses on the apron and they hold up the Winning Hand. Tom Morrow and Mark Luck stand outside and hold them up too!

Lance:

This match started off so well for the Atomic Punks but just like that, these brutes have taken over!

DDK:

And with a third brute at ringside at all times? How the heck is anyone supposed to compete with that?!

Mark cheers on his twin brothers in law from the outside. Max goes to throw Fission at the ropes and puts a boot on the back of Fission! He presses down until the referee gets in to make him break up the choke. Max Luck gets in his face and with the attention diverted, Mark Luck throws a cheap punch in when the referee can't see it! The booing is loud when Mark talks some trash!

Mark Luck:

THIS IS OUR DIVISION!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Max Luck slaps his elbow and goes at the ropes to drop the big running jumping elbow drop!

DDK:

Box Cars elbow to the chest! Max makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

With everything that's on the line tonight and tomorrow, I have to question that weak cover from Max. He should have hooked a leg there!

DDK:

That he should have, or he could be forcing Fission to exert energy too with these kick-outs.

Max gives the tag to Mason and then takes Fission by his neck and then gets the tag from his brother. Mason and Max size him up and then put Fission into the corner. Mason gets a hand ready and uses his left hand to keep the Atomic Punks member trapped ...

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!

DDK:

Four of a Kind! Mason Luck stole that move from his mentor, Adam Roebuck! Currently a trainer down in BRAZEN!

Mason Luck waits on Fission to hobble out of the corner when he eats a colossal size-seventeen big boot to the face!

Lance:

Mason and Max are taking apart these twins! There's the cover by Mason Luck now!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mason looks up at Max with a look of "what the eff?" Fission has welts on his chest from the big Four of a Kind chops but he's still able to show off his toughness!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks have been involved in some of the toughest and most gruesome fights in their time in Puerto Rico! I'm not shocked Fission kicked out of that, but the Triple 7s – any combination of these monsters – can dish it out like no other team!

Lance:

Who can forget the absolutely violent trilogy of matches with the Saturday Night Specials leading to them being the first tag team feud to main event DEFCON!

Mason and Max continue the punishment on Fission. Mason grabs Fission and then goes for a snake eyes in the corner. The Maim Event Monster hopes to chuck Fission at the corner quickly, but somehow Fission is able to get his legs free and slip through the cracks. Mason gets the wind knocked out of him when he lands in the corner!

Lance:

And there goes Fission! He has a chance to make it to this corner, but Gigaton is now just now coming back!

Gigaton is back to his feet after being attacked on the floor by DEFIANCE's Twin Terrors! He climbs up the steps and Doctor Sato cheers him on to get Fission to his corner. He is about to make the tag ...

But Max Luck is there first to cut off Gigaton with a big boot first!

Lance:

What the heck! I didn't even see Max Luck get the tag! Where did he even come from?

The replay on the screen shows that Max Luck got the tag shortly after Mason Luck hit the empty corner. Max goes to pick up Fission, but a jaw breaker halts his progress first! Max Luck gets hit at the knee next from Fission and then jumps into a inside cradle on the big monster!

DDK:

Surprise inside cradle!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Fission is unable to keep the large monster down! Fission charges to try another roll-up, but Max is able to block it now that he knows it is coming. He scoops Fission onto his shoulders and then hits the tilt-a-whirl power slam!

DDK:

Max Luck counters that rollup move with the Catch Perfect!

Lance:

At DEFCON, it was Fission who was able to pin the giant to win that match! Max hasn't forgotten! And Max Luck is going to try and take the Triple 7s to the finals!

Max covers Fission!

One ...

Two ...

Gigaton jumps with a running jumping elbow to the back of Max's head!

DDK:

Now it's Gigaton's turn to make the save! Where'd he even come from?

Gigaton is able to come to the rescue of his partner! Gigaton returns back to his corner with Mark Luck and Tom Morrow shouting at the referee like unwanted soccer coaches.

Tom Morrow:

Get that big bum outta there! Come on!

The referee ignores and urges Gigaton to get back. Fission is about to get the tag, but Max Luck tags Mason!

DDK:

Fission needs to be careful! Mason is in the ring!

Mason runs at the corner that Fission is in with a big boot but Fission moves! Mason's leg is hung up on the ropes so Fission grabs the other leg and hits a dragon screw! Mason is clearly hurt from the move and slips over the ropes!

Lance:

That's the chance Fission needs to get to Gigaton!

DDK:

The Triple 7s have controlled the last bit but if Gigaton can make that tag he'll have a chance!

While Mason Luck is checking on his knee Tom Morrow tries to warn him! But's too late!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

Here. Comes. Gigaton.

Gigaton sees Mason still favoring the knee from the dragon screw. . He crouches under the clothesline and then flies back at him with a running football tackle to the left leg! Mason is taken clean off his feet by the massive monster. Gigaton shakes the ropes with a lot of force and then comes off the ropes for running and then hitting Mason while he is down with a running cross body that knocks him flat!

DDK:

How much force was in that running cross body to a seated Mason!? He almost got crushed!

Gigaton looks out of the corner of his eye and spots Max trying to get back inside. as he tries to put a stop to the momentum he is building. He kicks Gigaton and then he looks for the chance to hit a power bomb.

DDK:

No way that he's going to be able to hit this power bomb on Gigaton!

With some strain, the Beast of the Bright Lights has Gigaton up for a power bomb, but when he runs forward he is shocked by Gigaton being able to change his direction and turn it into a hurricanrana in the middle of the move!

Lance:

I ... I ... what did I just witness, Darren?!

DDK:

DEFIANCE Wrestling's biggest hurricanrana that's what!!!

Just after he takes Max out of the ring, Mason is back his feet and then he hits Gigaton with a big boot. The left leg is slowing him down but he grabs Gigaton and then an Irish whip sends him towards the ropes. Mason Luck grabs him up for a running power slam. He is on the shoulders of Mason but Gigaton forces some elbows to the head to get him out. Gigaton lands behind him and then he sends Mason into the ropes and then hits him with a clothesline over the ropes!

DDK:

How is he doing this?!

Lance:

I dunno but with a spot in the finals tomorrow for the Ace of Tag Teams there's no holding back!

The big bruiser is on the apron now and sees Mason about to get up when he charges across the apron and does an impression where Mase The Headcase is Indiana Jones and Gigaton is the boulder!

DDK:

Rolling senton clean off the apron! Three-hundred plus pounds landing full force on Mason Luck!

Gigaton climbs over and Mason ends up back into the ring. He follows the rolling senton outside with a big spinning wheel kick! Doctor Sato is fully approving of the action and looks at Tom Morrow while holding her fingers together cackling like the evil genius she is!

DDK:

The Atomic Punks are about to make it to the finals!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mason launches his arm off the canvas almost clinging for dear life to a chance to avenge their DEFCON loss! Gigaton is shocked by the count!

Lance:

Mason Luck kicks out! I don't know how he did it, but he did it!

DDK:

This is no time to give the Triple 7s any breathing room though! Gigaton has to end this soon!

Dr. Sato tells Gigaton to end it at ringside. The nuclear-fueled monster goes for the Atomic Splash and the fans know that the end may be coming! He hits the ropes and then off the other side to put more momentum behind it, but Max grabs his ankle outside first! He trips up Gigaton and Mason sits up. Gigaton is up and gets knocked clear off his feet by a standing spin kick!

DDK:

Mason hits that Suited and Booted spin kick!

Lance:

The Triple 7s are going to the Ace of Tag Teams finals!

He kneels down and he hooks Gigaton's leg.

One ...

Two ...

Max enters the ring, but Fission jumps off Mason's back to not only stop the cover, but catches Max by the head and plants him with a flying tornado DDT! Doctor Sato throws up her arms like the local team scored the winning goal and

Tom Morrow and Mark Luck look like they're both about to have heart attacks!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

WHAT A SAVE!!!

DDK:

Mason almost took the win, but Fission hit a stomp off Mason's back and then just took down the monster with that tornado DDT!

Lance:

The Punks are determined to not be denied tonight!

Fission is trying to get back to his feet on the corner and Mason Luck gets up! He sees the little man and tries to land a shot off the apron but Fission hooks the neck in a stunner type of move and drops him off the corner and that leads to Gigaton getting back up to hit a samoan drop on Mason!

DDK:

One more time! The Atomic Splash!

This time Gigaton connects with the big splash!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! THAT IS ALL SHE WROTE!

Gigaton hooks the leg ...

But Tom Morrow is on the apron catching the ref's attention first!

Lance:

Ref, turn around! Come on! That was a three!

Gigaton sees this and stands up to head towards Tom Morrow! He almost knocks the referee aside and grabs Tom by the neck!

Tom Morrow:

AHHHH!! GET HIM OFF ME!!! GET HIM OFF ME!!!

The referee being almost shoved when a big round house kick from Mark Luck called the Kicker!!!

Lance:

Hey! Mark Luck hit the Kicker! The referee didn't even see it because Gigaton almost knocked him out of the way!

The seven foot round house kick lands upside the back of Gigaton's head and the referee doesn't see it! Mark Luck leaves ringside as quickly as he came which is kind of quick for a man his size! Fission runs over to try and cut Mark off but Max grabs him off the apron first! Fission slams him into the post!

DDK:

Three-on-two! Just like we saw happen to the Masked Violators in their match with the 7s, too!

Max is back in his corner with Mason Luck making the tag to his brother! Gigaton is out of it when Max helps his brother up! Mason is going to be feeling sore ribs in the morning but both twins have Gigaton up ...

Lance:

SEVEN STARS!!!

Max gets the pin on Gigaton!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

One ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... and moving on the finals in the Ace of Tag Teams ... THE TRIPLE 7S!!!

Booing showers the Triple 7s, but they don't care one lick about they got to the finish line. All they care about was that they got there! Mason Luck is going to be feeling sore ribs for a while after the Atomic Splash but he is still in enough of a mood to celebrate with Max, Mark and now Tom Morrow in the ring!

Lance:

This was a highway robbery! The Atomic Punks should have made it to the finals, not ... not these three! But Max and Mason Luck avenge the loss from DEFCON to the Punks and they go on to the finals!

DDK:

This Triple 7s Rule ... it's unfair! It's a complete bull but we've seen Tom Morrow work up some crazy things in fine print before! And this is more of that!

Doctor Sato goes over to help the disappointed Fission and Gigaton try to regroup outside the ring from the damage done.

DDK:

The Triple 7s make it to the finals! And I feel bad for whoever meets these behemoth on the other side. If they switch things up and use Mark Luck tomorrow in whatever combination they use, that's a fresh man that's going to be in the match while the other team has wrestled tonight!

Lance:

The finals are locked in! Tomorrow night it will be M4NTRA seeking revenge for Tom Morrow turning their back them three months ago when they face the Triple 7s!

Mark Luck is there to congratulate the twins for their "hard fought" win. Tom Morrow tells the people watching in TV land with three fingers up!

Tom Morrow:

Two down ...

Morrow puts two fingers down.

Tom Morrow:

One to go!!!

OSCAR BURNS vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

Revenge is the name of the game in this next match! OSCAR BURNS is out for blood when he takes on the man that cost him a victory at Maximum DEFIANCE to Uriel Cortez and betrayed the GC Universe in the process! OSCAR goes one-on-one with the treacherous luchador that used to be a part of his group... Mil Vuelas!

Lance:

The history between these two men actually goes back over a year. These two fought in some singles matches, including last year's DEFIANCE Road, but that was under completely different circumstances. After Mil Vuelas was kicked out of Titanes Familia after DEFCON 2024, OSCAR took in Dan Leo James and eventually, Mil Vuelas as part of his group, The GC Universe.

DDK:

Mil and DLJ were both very successful as important pieces of that group, with both men winning the Favoured Saints Title at two different points in their tenures. When OSCAR BURNS and the GC Universe ran afoul of Titanes Familia after OSCAR got involved in their business, Mil and DLJ's loyalties were tested. Uriel and Titaness were the ones who kicked them out of the original Familia, only to promise that OSCAR would be selfish. They would welcome them back if they decided to do so.

Lance:

Then, the unthinkable happened at Maximum DEFIANCE... Mil Vuelas and DLJ returned to the Familia! During a lumberjack match between OSCAR BURNS and Uriel Cortez with the Familia and GC Universe serving as lumberjacks, Mil would strike OSCAR in the back with his own Golden Shovel and cost him the match! They would attack OSCAR and Sonny Silver in the process! Eventually, other GC U members Aaron King and FLEX were put out of action by Mil and DLJ respectively!

DDK:

OSCAR made a shocking return after taking some personal time off at DEFtv 224 and kept Mil from interfering in a SOHER title match between Brock Newbludd and DLJ! And since then, OSCAR has gone after Mil when he could! Now tonight, nowhere to run and nowhere to hide for Mil Vuelas, who fancies himself a hero!

Lance:

Let's not mince words... OSCAR BURNS is no saint. He has arrogantly spent the past four years driving everyone insane with his high ego, including Vae Victis who kicked him to the curb! He has made enemies and it was only going to be a matter of time for this to happen... but now, OSCAR finds himself on an island alone with no allies. Tonight, he goes it alone against The GLOAT, who will no doubt have DLJ and Brooklyn Rivera, aka The Familia's Golden Children in his corner!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... He is DEFIANCE! He is FAVOURED SAINTS! He is PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF! And most importantly, he stands at the VERY CENTER of the GC UNIVERSE... He weighs in at 245 of the most important pounds that have ever been measured in the history of his company...

Dramatic pause.

And... CHEERS?!

Darren Quimbey:

OSCARRRRRRRRR.... BURRRRRRRNNNNNNNS!

Worlds flash all across the screen and all across the LED boards...

TWO-TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE

FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION
HE IS DEFIANCE
HE IS FAVOURED SAINTS
HE IS PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF
ALL GRAPS
ALL CAPS

All of these words flash across the screen until they settle on just two...

OSCAR BURNS

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The symphonic rock starts to play and alone on the aisle, being lowered from a platform just off to the stage. Wearing a green cape draping behind his back, brand new green and white tights with green boots and white wrist tape... and holding the Golden Shovel in hand to a massive ovation!

DDK:

FLEX and Aaron King are both on the injured reserve after the Familia put them out of action! Sonny Silver has been MIA himself since Acts of DEFIANCE! Tonight, OSCAR BURNS is the last man standing of his own GC Universe!

Lance:

It was Maximum DEFIANCE where OSCAR BURNS was defeated in a Lumberjack Match by "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez, thanks to an assist by two men he THOUGHT were loyal to him. Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James. It was Mil Vueltas who would strike OSCAR with that very Golden Shovel to cost him the match and rejoin Titanes Familia!

Sparing no expense for his entrance as usual, OSCAR BURNS receives a MASSIVE pyro pinwheel behind him as he basks in the lighting! Pyro goes off like a 4th of July fireworks show behind him as he continues to hold the Golden Shovel up high like King Arthur wielding Excalibur. Once the spectacular miniature fireworks show on stage ends, The All-Caps Grappler heads to the ring in shining green and white wrestling gear, along with his signature green cape!

DDK:

The look on that man's face. As serious as a heart attack.

When OSCAR finally hits the ring, he nods to Darren Quimbey to open the ropes for him. Rolling his eyes, Quimbey does so and sits on the ropes, allowing OSCAR to climb inside. Receiving a huge positive response, OSCAR gets ready to greet the DEFIANCE/OSCAR BURNS Faithful. Once the music dies, OSCAR lets go of the Golden Shovel and cape. He hands off the shovel, folds up his cape neatly, then hands it off to a ringside attendant as his music cuts.

Drum roll...

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Josey Scott ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Standing on the stage, wearing a white fur coat with his head down, Mil Vueltas stands on the stage arms out wide with his back to OSCAR!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent. Representing Titanes Familia... from Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 180 pounds... He is The Greatest Luchador of All Time! He is the Tio of Titanes Familia! He is DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero! And the man who proclaims to be the Slayer of the GC Universe...

OSCAR growls at the last call.

Darren Quimbey:
MIL VUELTAS!

Still with his back turned, DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero holds his arms out as a new pinwheel pyro goes off behind him on stage!

DDK:
Mil Vueltas REALLY soaking in this new entrance of his!

Eventually having seen enough, The Center of the GC Universe brushes right past Benny Doyle and then heads out of the ring to start speeding up the ramp!

DDK:
OSCAR's not even waiting for this entrance to end!

OSCAR is already halfway up the ramp with the weasley Mil Vueltas standing up on the stage with his back turned. He charges all the way up the ramp...

POW!

...and SMACKS Mil Vueltas in the back with a huge running knee, sending him to the ground and cutting off his music!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Lance:
The match hasn't even STARTED yet and OSCAR BURNS is already taking the fight to Mil Vueltas!

DDK:
After Mil Vueltas tried to have Dan Leo James and Mil Vueltas take him out beforehand two weeks ago! Can you blame him?!

OSCAR grabs Mil by the fur coat and tucks it up over his head before taking the fight to him on the stage, hockey style with upwards knee strikes! He then grabs Mil...

OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX ON THE STAGE!

Lance:
DID YOU SEE HOW FAR MIL VUELTAS JUST GOT SUPLEX!

DDK:
HE WENT FAR... Wait... Lance... who is that?!

OSCAR looks up and the crowd reaction that was just LOUD moments ago, starts to turn into murmuring and confusion. He looks over...

The man he just suplexed on the stage has his mask halfway tattered and torn...

But it's clearly NOT Mil Vueltas that's been beaten and splattered on the stage!

Lance:
WHAT IS GOING ON?

DDK:
I don't know, but... HEY! HEY!

OSCAR rushes over to grab the mask off the man who appears to be somebody different. For one, this is not a Mexican luchador, but one probably bought off the local independent circuit.

OSCAR BURNS:

WHERE IS HE?! WHERE THE BLOODY SHIT IS HE?!

OSCAR turns around...

And gets BLASTED from a jumping bicycle knee strike to the face, courtesy of the REAL Mil Vueltas from just behind the curtain!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The GLOAT stands on the stage, in a white and gold mask, fur coat and gear! He hears the boos!

Mil Vueltas:

Those boos are for YOU, cabron! Your stranglehold over DEFIANCE ends HOY!

DDK:

There he is! He hired some... I dunno, impersonator, I guess? Somebody that clearly wasn't him so he could distract OSCAR long enough to sneak attack him!

OSCAR is clutching the side of his head on the ramp and Mil moves out of the way. Running straight through the entrance is none other than Dan Leo James, who CRASHES right into OSCAR BURNS with a massive spear on the ramp!

DDK:

And here comes DLJ with the Gold Rush!

Lance:

OOOH! This match hasn't even started yet!

Behind them, Brooklynn Rivera completes Titanes Familia's Golden Children! She measures up OSCAR as he tries to get back to his feet, only to run towards him and land an extra-STIFF punt kick to the side of the head!

Lance:

Ooohhh! That shot was nasty! Right between the eyes!

DDK:

This was a set-up! Mil Vueltas knew that OSCAR BURNS was out for blood and they used that to their advantage!

As OSCAR is hurt halfway down the ramp, Mil points at DLJ and Brooklynn Rivera and the trio head towards one of DEFIANCE's biggest names going!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

With BURNS still disoriented, DLJ and Brooklynn both force OSCAR up and try to pull him towards the ring.

DDK:

Where are they taking him?! This match hasn't even officially started yet!

DLJ throws OSCAR towards the ring. He tries to push him under the bottom rope...

But OSCAR throws an elbow to the face!

Lance:

NO! OSCAR'S FIGHTING BACK!

He lands another big elbow on DLJ's temple, then lands another big uppercut against Brooklynn Rivera! He goes to fight back...

SHOTGUN DROPKICK INTO THE STEPS FROM MIL VUELTAS!

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

The GLOAT hurts taking the move on the floor, but it's very clear OSCAR's gotten the worst of it!

Lance:

The three-on-one is just too much here!

DLJ is checking his jaw to make sure it still works after the elbow from his former GC Universe leader, then Mil tells DLJ to get him into the ring. Danny nods and Chico de Oro follows him by dragging OSCAR up before he slams him back first on the ring post! Not done yet, the giant Utah native repeatedly rams OSCAR's back against the apron before finally ragdolling DEFIANCE Himself into the ring!

DDK:

Come on! This... this has to stop!

Brooklynn Rivera goes up top first with DLJ and Mil both inside the ring holding OSCAR down. La Angelita dives off the top rope and delivers a HARSH diving double foot stomp into the rib cage of Burnsie!

DDK:

She calls that dive Angel Voladora! They're picking him apart! And after all that OSCAR has done in his last four years... there's no allies to help him!

BURNS writhes around in agony, but it's not over yet! DLJ holds OSCAR now and Mil poses as he goes up top...

MOONSAULT DOUBLE FOOT STOMP TO THE CHEST OF OSCAR!

DDK:

GLOATED! This has to stop!

BURNS yells out in pain, but the damage STILL isn't done as DLJ climbs up to the ring apron now.

Lance:

WHERE THE HELL IS DEFSEC?!

DLJ gets up to the rope rope...

DIVING SPLASH OFF THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

AND THERE'S DLJ WITH THE GOLD STAR! TWO-HUNDRED SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS DROPPED ACROSS HIS CHEST!

Chico de Oro holds his hands out and grins! Mil

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Finally, medical team and some members of DEFSec swarm the ring along with head referee Benny Doyle. It's very

clear the Kiwi is hurt now, and remains prone on the match clutching his ribs as Mil Vueltas, Dan Leo James and Brooklynn Rivera stand over him to loud jeers!

DDK:

This is repulsive! Mil Vueltas doing everything he can to NOT get into a match with OSCAR BURNS after he had the stones to do what he did at Maximum DEFIANCE!

Vueltas and The Golden Children all leave the ringside area and then head back up the ramp while medical staff are attending to OSCAR. The GLOAT waves farewell and then heads back up the ramp and behind the curtain...

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Josey Scott ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

What... What the heck is this?!

The theme kicks in a second time! Walking out from the back first, Mil Vueltas meanders from from the back with arms around his back, strut-dancing to the music as if he's doing so for the first time ever! Two members of medical are still attending to the fake Mil Vueltas when the real Mil looks over.

Mil Vueltas:

Buen trabajo, Manny! I'll get you that BRAZEN spot... you know...when you're out of the hospital!

DLJ empties his wallet and throws what looks like a crumbled twenty down at the fallen body of the Fake Mil Vueltas.

DLJ:

Yeah, thanks, Manny. He's such a good dude.

Brooklynn Rivera:

The shit's a Manny?

Mil shrugs, then goes back to posing!

DDK:

Why's Mil Vueltas even coming out here?! There's NO WAY that we're seeing a match after what these three have done!

To his left, DLJ and to his right, Brooklynn Rivera. Mil Vueltas holds his arms out and falls to his knees and for the second time, fire and pyro erupt for his entrance!

DDK:

This is ridiculous. There's no way in hell OSCAR BURNS is in any condition to be competing in a match right now! He could have damaged ribs or worse after taking all those aerial moves from this trio!

Mil stands up and gestures to the ring as the trio head back to ringside. In the ring, medical staff are still attending to OSCAR BURNS, but he starts shoving them away! He falls to his knees, but looks straight up at Mil Vueltas up the ramp and lunges out towards Darren Quimbey just outside the ring and steals his mic.

OSCAR BURNS: *[between pained breaths]*

TURN... THAT SHIT... OFF!

A rage-filled, but still hurt OSCAR looks up at Mil. Still on his knees, he seethes.

OSCAR BURNS:

That... that the best... YOU GOT, GC?!

He turns to Benny Doyle in the ring.

OSCAR BURNS:

YOU! I'M HERE! HE'S... HERE... START... THE GODDAMN MATCH!

Benny Doyle:

No! You're CLEARLY in no condition to compete! DEFIANCE'S medical team won't clear you...

OSCAR BURNS:

!! AM! DEFIANCE! I DEMAND... YOU RING THAT... BELL!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

OSCAR drops the microphone and stares down the men who backstabbed him, and their new accomplice. Mil does look a smidge surprised under his mask, but he looks at DLJ and at Brooklynn, then the ring when he realizes the opportunity before him. He starts slowly sliding his fur coat off his body and then hands it off to DLJ. He then heads towards the ring! Seeing that neither man is going to back down, the medical team clear ringside, but remain on standby while Mil DASHES towards the ring with the quickness and Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING

Mil jumps into the ring and flies right at OSCAR before he can fully get to his feet, rocking him with a rolling wheel kick that catches him upside the head!

DDK:

No! This is where Mil Vueltas' uncanny speed is going to be a true blessing! He just landed that rolling wheel kick before OSCAR could really get ready to defend himself!

With Burnsie down, The GLOAT starts raining down stomps to what has to no doubt be an injured midsection after all the damage done by the three of the Familia members!

DDK:

This isn't how we thought this match was going to go at all! Mil Vueltas, Brooklynn Rivera and Dan Leo James laid a trap for OSCAR that he fell right into and now there may be no coming back from this!

Mil Vueltas continues stomping the life out of OSCAR up against the ropes! As he tries to get up near the ropes, Mil CRACKS him with multiple round kicks to the midsection! Each shot feels like fire to his ribs and it gets worse when Mil jumps up and stands on OSCAR'S back in the ropes. He uses the ropes for leverage to press down on the back further until Benny Doyle counts to five!

Benny Doyle:

Break it up! Break it up now! One! Two! Three! Four!

Before he can make it to five, Mil backflips off the back of OSCAR and lands on his feet in the middle of the ring. He takes a bow for the audience.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

There's no telling what kind of damage could be done to OSCAR. And Mil has a chance to do more!

With OSCAR still leaning in the ropes, The GLOAT slingshots over the ropes and SMACKS the former two-time FIST

upside the temple! OSCAR is knocked back into the ring while Mil reaches over and then gets a high-five from Dan Leo James. He reaches one for Brooklynn, but La Angelita leaves him hanging. Mil shrugs and then looks out to the Faithful. He jumps up and balances himself perfectly on the top rope...

DDK:

Incredible balance by Mil... OOOH! Delayed slingshot senton into the midsection!

OSCAR sits up and writhes around in pain some more as Mil pops back up immediately, hits the ropes and kicks him right between the eyes with a sliding dropkick! OSCAR is flat on his back and Vueltas seamlessly rolls into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

BURNS shoves Mil away from him, shocking The GLOAT!

Lance:

How the heck is he going to call himself a hero and do all this! If he was such a hero, he'd challenge OSCAR one on one!

DDK:

These two men have had a few matches in the past and it's OSCAR two, Mil zero! Will tonight be the night that Mil Vueltas finally gets one over on OSCAR in the ring?

Mil stands up and then pulls OSCAR up to a seated position. He bounces off the ropes and comes back with another basement dropkick, this time to the back! OSCAR shouts out in pain and thrashes around the mat!

Lance:

How much more can OSCAR take here?! And there's nobody to bail him out of this situation!

With OSCAR down near the corner, Vueltas casually jumps to the second rope and then takes flight with a HUGE second-rope phoenix splash directly on top of BURNS' midsection! Again, BURNS howls out in pain and is on his side, kicking his legs frantically in pain!

DDK:

Phoenix splash off that middle rope! That's gotta do it! This one is done!

Once more, DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

BURNS throws the shoulder up and the Houston Faithful are cheering him on!

BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!
BURNSIE!

Lance:

Do... do my ears deceive me?! There's... there's CHEERS for OSCAR BURNS! We haven't heard the Burnsie chants in YEARS!

The oldie, but goodie of a chant continues, shocking Mil.

Mil Vueltas:

NO! CHANT FOR ME! MILLY! MILLY! MILLY! MILLY!

Dan Leo James is the only one at ringside who does it with him.

DLJ:

MILLY! MILLY! MILLY! MILLY!

Brooklynn puts a hand on his arm to silently and mercifully tell him to stop.

DDK:

Mil Vueltas had the advantage coming in, but OSCAR BURNS is hellbent on payback! And for the first time in quite some time, these people are WITH him!

Deciding that enough is enough (and it's time for a change), Mil Vueltas jumps over OSCAR and looks for another one! He jumps to the middle rope, then to the top. He waves both hands out...

DDK:

VUELTAS LOOKING FOR GLOATED... NO! BURNS MOVES OUT OF THE WAY!

OSCAR dodges with what little strength he has left while Mil rolls through the landing! He gets back to his feet, but when he charges at OSCAR, he gets caught...

EXPLODER SUPLEX INTO THE TURNBUCKLE!

DLJ nearly jumps out of his skin on the floor and Brooklynn finally registers worry for the first time in this match!

Lance:

OH, MY GOODNESS! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!

DDK:

MIL JUST WENT CRASHING INTO THAT TURNBUCKLE WITH THE EXPLODER! BUT WAS THAT ALL THE OFFENSE OSCAR COULD MUSTER?

OSCAR himself slumps over and falls to his back, still holding onto his midsection with both men down! As for his opponent, The GLOAT is still slumped over halfway upside down in the corner blinking quickly as he's looking up at the lights!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

BURNSIE!

Benny Doyle checks on both men with neither technician, nor luchador moving.

Lance:

OSCAR has a chance to rally a comeback! What a comeback victory this would be for OSCAR if he could pull this out!

Very slowly but just as surely, OSCAR rolls over onto his stomach and slowly push himself up to his feet. Mil tries to

pick himself up and get himself out of the corner, but The All-Caps Grappler gets to him first and snarls. Mil shakes his head frantically...

STANDING OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

DDK:

GOOD GRIEF! OSCAR JUST SENT MIL FLYING WITH THAT SUPLEX WITHOUT LEAVING HIS FEET!

Mil gets thrashed around a second time and OSCAR chases after him! The Houston Faithful are in full support of OSCAR for the first time in a while when he picks up Mil and shoots him to the corner, then follows up with a running high knee! He's hurt badly when OSCAR grabs him by the jaw and then starts uppercutting Mil! The Faithful count along!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

Vueltas slumps over in the corner and the Houston Faithful have come unglued!

Lance:

I'd never thought I'd see the day that OSCAR BURNS has the people in his corner again!

DLJ and Brooklynn watch as OSCAR then grabs Mil and puts the boots to him... and this time, the people go with it!

OSCAR BURNS:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

And the people clap as he stomps Mil in the chest five quick times in the corner!

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP-STOMP STOMPSTOMPSTOMP!

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP-STOMP STOMPSTOMPSTOMP!

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP-STOMP STOMPSTOMPSTOMP!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

There's no doubt he's still very much in pain, still favoring his ribs. But OSCAR looks all around to the DEFIANCE-slash-OSCAR BURNS Faithful and shouts to them all before he points towards Mil in the corner!

Lance:

He's gotta be running on sheer adrenaline at this point! OSCAR got beaten down by the Familia, but he's STILL going!

He goes to the corner and grabs Mil by his arm.

DDK:

Are we gonna see it? Universal Acclaim coming up!

He hoists Mil Vueltas up off the canvas for the Universal Acclaim... but Mil rolls out of the ring and heads towards DLJ and Brooklynn.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Come on! This little coward starts this fight, but he can't finish it!

DDK:

Hiding behind his taller cohorts, too!

Mil is ducking behind the 5'11" Brooklynn and 6'7" DLJ now at ringside and breathing a sigh of relief. He laughs to himself as OSCAR turns around climbs out onto the apron.

Lance:

They don't even see OSCAR!

The Golden Children finally turn around when they hear a noise... the noise of OSCAR BURNS flying right off the apron!

DDK:

FLYING CROSS BODY OFF THE APRON FROM OSCAR BURNS! HE JUST TOOK DOWN ALL THREE FAMILIA MEMBERS!

A risky move for sure as OSCAR gets up and still holds his ribs, but tries to gut through the pain to grab Mil Vueltas out of the pile of bodies at ringside! He grabs Mil and SLAMS his face into the steel steps before he chucks him back into the ring!

Lance:

Despite what Mil and the Golden Children did to start things off, OSCAR may be closing in on the victory!

Vueltas tries to crawl away to the other side of the ring and almost gets there, but OSCAR has him by the ankle! He locks in an ankle lock on Mil Vueltas!

DDK:

Ankle lock! Ankle lock! If there's ANYONE who knows their way around a submission, it's OSCAR BURNS!

Lance:

I think Mil might be seconds away from tapping!

He tries to pull Mil away, but he has his hands on the apron skirt and he drags it along with him when OSCAR pulls him to the center of the ring! Doyle gets it away from him and Mil uses the opportunity to roll up and kick OSCAR with his free leg right where the sun doesn't shine!

Lance:

Low blow! Low blow from Mil Vueltas!

The GLOAT hobbles to his feet while OSCAR is doubled over, then rushes forward and drives both feet into his stomach with another shotgun dropkick! The blow doesn't knock Burnsie all the way over, but another shot to his injured ribs is the last thing he needs right now. OSCAR staggers around and then gets drilled into the canvas by a running sling blade from Vueltas!

DDK:

BURNS IS DOWN!

Mil takes a moment to stay on the ground... then does a kip, and then a completely unnecessary front flip forward to his feet! Mil winces when he lands on the ankle, but he shrugs it off as if he meant to do it! He looks behind him, then heads up top...

DDK:

THIS IS A BAD SPOT FOR OSCAR! MIL IS UP TOP... OOOOOOHHHHH! GLOATED! RIGHT TO THE RIB CAGE!

As if he wasn't before, GLOATED connects for the first time in this match and second of the evening overall! OSCAR screams in pain as he's doubled over, but Mil grits his teeth and jumps over OSCAR to go to the top rope a second time...

Lance:

Not another one! He's trying to end OSCAR BURNS tonight!

DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero is perched on the top rope and for good measure...

DDK:

GLOATED! SECOND IN THIS MATCH, BUT THE THIRD TIME HE'S FELT THAT MOVE! THIS HAS TO BE IT!

The deflated Faithful ring down the jeers as Mil Vueltas hooks both legs of OSCAR and demands that Benny Doyle count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING***BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Josey Scott ♪

Mil immediately jumps off of OSCAR's body like even he can't believe he's just done what he's done! He jumps up to his feet in pure elation and shock, then holds out an arm to demand that he raise his hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"THE GLOAT" MIL VUELTAS!**

Dan Leo James and Brooklynn Rivera are able to pick themselves up after OSCAR's earlier attack and rejoin Mil in the ring to celebrate!

DDK:

He did it... it took a beating by three members of Titanes Familia before this match and two more GLOATED moonsault stomps... but he did it.

Lance:

And you know that we're not going to hear the end of this, right?

DDK:

Unfortunately.... Oh, no.... Check out OSCAR.

Things look bad for the DEFIANCE legend on account of him coughing up blood on the mat! Mil points at DLJ and at Brooklynn, then they notice they have the three-on-one advantage again when now DEFSec and medical start to come

out towards ringside with Head of Security Wyatt Bronson heading things.

Lance:

Thank goodness we have DEFSec out here! We've seen enough of Mil Vueltas and the Familia's delinquents!

Wyatt Bronson:

You need to move! Now!

DLJ:

Okay, okay, okay! We're going, all right?!

Brooklynn Rivera:

We're done!

The trio leave the ring and head towards the back with OSCAR BURNS being attended to by DEFSec.

DDK:

We've had enough of this! These three are finally being tossed out of here!

The GLOAT leads The Golden Children away from ringside and they start heading up the ramp....

ONLY FOR MIL AND DLJ TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP AND HEAD BACK TOWARDS THE RING! MIL GRABS OSCAR'S GOLDEN SHOVEL AND SLIDES INTO THE RING WITH IT!

DDK:

GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!

DLJ gets back into the ring and he starts climbing the top rope while Mil jumps in and starts kicking security away with the Golden Shovel in hand, ready to strike if they get in Danny's way! DLJ climbs to the top rope and for added measure, flies off the top and DRIVES his weight down with a huge splash off the top rope on OSCAR!

DDK:

GOLD STAR FROM DLJ! OSCAR ISN'T A BASTION OF GOOD, BUT THEY ALREADY WON!

After being rocked by another diving splash from the big man, DLJ gets yelled at by security and now promises he's going to finally leave! Brooklynn Rivera grabs OSCAR's cape and slides it into the ring! With OSCAR down and crumbled in a heap, she and Mil grab the cape and drape it over his body! They all pose over the body of OSCAR!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

GET THEM OUT OF HERE, DEFSEC! DO YOUR DAMN JOBS!

Finally, DEFSec get some sort of security in order when The GLOAT and The Golden Children finally take their leave from the ring! DEFSec members escort them out as they head back up.

DDK:

These no-good SOBs! I hate to say this, but they did it. They've spent the past few weeks getting rid of the remaining members of the GC Universe... and tonight, they just did it.

DEFSec throws off the cape that Mil Vueltas and company placed on him. DEFSec remain on standby to go to check on OSCAR, but things aren't going well as he coughs up more blood.

Lance:

Titanes Familia have been out of control tonight! And I'm worried what else we're going to see here!

DDK:

Same here... we'll be back in a moment for our next match!

PAT CASSIDY vs. TITANESS

DDK:

Up next... we have what's become a very personal battle between former friends, though one side seems to believe the friendship is still hunky-dory. Later on tonight, one-half of the Saturday Night Specials, Brock Newbludd, will defend the Southern Heritage Championship against "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez! But before we get their, former friends collide when Brock's tag team partner, Pat Cassidy, takes on the matriarch of Titanes Familia, Uriel's wife, Titaness!

Lance:

The issue between these two individuals has been nothing short of personal as well! When this issue started with Newbludd and Cassidy being attacked by the Familia during their third consecutive match for the Southern Heritage Championship, Titaness seemingly singled out Pat Cassidy for his part in things.

DDK:

That's right. Constantly taking shots at Pat's recent woes. Getting arrested for drunk driving after his loss to Brock at Maximum DEFIANCE. Insulting him repeatedly as a man, a brother AND as a father with Pat's own sister, Siofra -- formerly Siobhan Cassidy -- at her side. Pat could only take so much from the woman that calls herself Pretty Powerful.

Lance:

And that's what brings us to tonight! Pat has promised he's going to gun for the Southern Heritage Title after La Familia cost him a shot at the championship. To do that, he's looking to shut Titaness up when they go one-on-one up next!

DDK:

And let's not forget the Pat Cassidy we've seen as of late... the happy-go-lucky scrapper has been replaced by a young man crumbling under the weight of expectations. Pat's journey into fatherhood has damn near broken him mentally.

Lance:

His failure to capture the SOHER has only compounded those issues... and Titaness rubbing salt in the wound didn't make things any better. Tonight, does he go further down the rabbit hole of his own mental break? Or is this the start of turning things around?

DDK:

Let's move the action to ringside from one Darren to another! Hall of Famer ring announcer, Darren Quimbey, with introductions!

The camera then closes up on Darren Quimbey in the ring for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The lights drop out to pure darkness.

♪ "Angel" by Massive Attack ♪

One spotlight shines at the edge of the stage with Siofra, front and center.

Lance:

What is this?

The Fury of the Familia turns and puts her hands into a praying motion. She smiles, then turns to the screen behind her as the LED lights around the stage start to light up and cover the arena in colors reminiscent of a stained-glass window. Then a new image appears on the screen... Then in the center of the stage, Titaness stands with her back to

the ring, arms flexing with her name displayed on the front, also in a stained-glass window logo!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia and being accompanied by Siofra... she has been asked to be referred to for her recent actions in bringing families together... she wishes to be referred to as "The Patron Saint of Suplexes"... "Strength From The Heavens"... "Her Swoliness"... "Mother T"... but you may call her... **TITANESS!**

DDK:

What families has SHE brought together? She's been trolling Pat Cassidy for weeks now!

Siofra leads the much taller Titaness to the ring and when she gets there, she moves to the side and watches The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia walk up the steps. The hood and sleeveless jacket she's covered in come off, revealing brand new black top and leather pants with various sparkling red, blue, yellow and green lines. She gets booed by The Faithful as she heads to the corner.

Lance:

A new look and entrance for Titaness tonight!

DDK:

But after weeks of mind games, insults and assaults, will she be able to stop Pat Cassidy who will no doubt be out for blood tonight?

Titaness looks up and at least for the moment, she seems ready for whatever may come her way as she stands arms folded and ready to get down to business. As she - and the Faithful - look toward the entrance-

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Where did Cassidy come from!?

Lance:

I think he hopped the barricade!

Although the camera misses his appearance, Cassidy has spun a surprised Titaness around and begun lighting her up with right hands! She is rocked back into the corner where Pat continues to unload and Siofra screams in anger from the outside. Johnny F, the official for this contest, is as caught up in the fervor as anyone and he frantically signals for the bell!

DING DING

Titaness covers up as she continues to be pummeled into the corner. Fastcountani tries to pull Pat off, but he is promptly shoved on his ass in response!

Lance:

Now he's putting his hands on officials...

DDK:

Look at his eyes, Lance. The bags are pronounced. They're bloodshot. I've watched this young man's entire career and I've never been so concerned.

The crazed Cassidy continues to pummel... until Siofra jumps onto the apron. She yells at her brother who turns to her with rage in his (literally) red eyes. The camera gets a good shot at him: it looks like he hasn't trimmed his beard in weeks. He reaches out savagely and grabs Siofra by the hair!

DDK:

We have yet to see Cassidy get physical with his sister Siobhan, but in his current state I wouldn't put it past him!

It appears he IS ready to do so...until he's taken out by a chop block by Titaness that sends him to the mat! Titaness immediately capitalizes by pushing a powerful arm into the back of Pat's head and choking him against the bottom rope. Fastcountani moves in to give her the (normally paced) five count, and she releases at four to profess her innocence. This gives Siofra enough time to continue the choke from the outside!

Lance:

It seems Siofra has no qualms about getting physical with HER family!

Before she releases the hold, Siofra shrieks:

Siofra

I FOUND MY REAL FAMILY!!

Fastcountani, naturally, missed it all. Titaness brings Cassidy back to his feet and plants him with a big Gutwrench Suplex. She stands up and smirks at the jeers from the fans. She looks down at Cassidy, mock-lovingly.

Titaness

We're doing this for YOU!

She looks to the outside and outstretches her arms toward her new "family member."

Titaness:

And for YOU!!

Siofra makes a heart.

DDK:

This is sad.

Lance:

Think of all Siobhan has been through in DEFIANCE. It's no surprise she'd fall under the influence of someone promising a place to belong.

CHOP!**DDK:**

Titaness taking a page out of her dear husband's playbook with those deadly knife-edge chops!

Cassidy's white chest turns red as Titaness chops him all the way from the center of the ring to the corner. With his arms draped over either side of the ropes, she rears back and unleashes another one RIGHT to the raw spot.

CHOP!**Lance:**

Titaness with the irish whip into the opposite corner. She charges... and Pat moves out of the way!

Cassidy hits the ropes to run at the dazed Titaness... but the matriarch of La Familia is not so stunned as to not duck his clothesline attempt. On the rebound, the Boston native runs right into a crisp AS hell snap powerslam! With a beaming smile toward Siofra, Titaness covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Cassidy kicks out!

DDK:

Titaness not about to ease up on the pressure as she pulls Pat into a suffocating chin-lock.

Lance:

With arms that toned, such a simple move can become something pretty deadly in a hurry!

DDK:

...I see what you did there.

Titaness flexes - to show, increase the pressure, or a little both no one can say for sure - and Cassidy's arms flail as he desperately seeks air. Sadistically, Siofra moves so that she is directly in his line of sight and smiles and waves at her old brother as he fights for his life.

Lance:

Despite his recent change in attitude, the Faithful are still behind Pat Cassidy to escape this hold!

DDK:

Who among us hasn't gotten a little stressed under pressure, Lance? I think the people understand what that does to a person.

With the Faithful stomping and cheering, a red-faced Cassidy is finally able to take a stand- figuratively AND literally. He powers his way up the shock of both Titaness and Siofra. In a last ditch effort, he spins Titaness around and plants her with his Green Monstah Bomb!

DDK:

Still signs of life in "Black Out" Pat Cassidy!

Both competitors are dazed as Siofra bangs on the apron, urging Titaness to get up. When they both begin to stir, Titaness does indeed work to get back to a vertical base, but Cassidy opts for a different approach: he rolls under the bottom rope and outside the ring.

DDK:

Cassidy is a brawler at heart, and he's often just as comfortable OUTSIDE the ring as he is inside!

True to Keebler's words, Pat roughly RIPS off the protective red mat from the floor-exposing the unforgiving concrete!

Lance:

Okay, this could get danger - WOAHH!

We'll never know what Cassidy had planned, as he is taken out by a Titaness suicide dive outta nowhere! Both of them crash into the barricade, but Cassidy takes the brunt of the punishment. Titaness is up first, looking down at Cassidy with mock pity. She grabs him by the chin and forces him to look up into her eyes.

Titaness:

That's how you "Crash Out," sweetie.

And she SLAPS the taste right out of his mouth!

DDK:

Disrespect.

Lance:

More than that, Darren. It looks like she has something truly heinous in mind!

Standing over the exposed concrete, Titaness places Cassidy between her legs in a set-up for either a piledriver or a powerbomb. Considering the placement, it's likely the later.

DDK:

This could end the man's career!

Lance:

And look at Siofra! She's LAUGHING! She has truly lost it!

Titaness wraps her arms around Pat's waist in preparation for the powerbomb... but HE powers out!! Titaness' eyes go wide as she gets back dropped into the concrete!!

DDK:

Oh my God! Her back!

Siofra's hands go to her head as she's frozen in shock- but the Faithful are going nuts. The old Cassidy might have showboated a bit for the people here, but this maniac has no time for such things. Instead, he picks Titaness up... and whips her back first into the steel steps!!

CLANG!!!

Lance:

There's a LOT of frustration Cassidy is getting out right now... Titaness just happens to be the person in front of him!

DDK:

It's not quite that clear cut. Titaness HAS been needling him for months now. This is at least a little personal.

Lance:

That's right, Darren.

Johnny Fastcountani, having lost total control of this contest, leaps outside the ring to check on Titaness. Cassidy, meanwhile, takes a second to flip his sister the bird (to the delight of the fans) before rolling back into the ring. He approaches a turnbuckle and begins to furiously untie it.

DDK:

The punishment will continue it seems!

Lance:

Were I Pat, I'd keep at least half an eye on the entrance way... I don't think La Familia will allow this much longer.

Johnny Fastcountani apparently won't either, as he re-enters the ring and attempts to stop Cassidy from removing the turnbuckle padding... and he gets SHOVED on his ass in return! Seconds later, the turnbuckle pad goes flying into the Faithful!

DDK:

Wait! Titaness from behind!

Lance:

Low blow!

Cassidy goes down as Titaness gets her bearings.

DDK:

The fact that she's even able to be standing is a testament to her resilience...

Lance:

That's one thing both these Defiants have in common: they've been known to take a beating and keep coming back for more. The question is: which one can out "stubborn" the other and win this?

Titaness hooks Cassidy for a suplex. She lifts him into the air. And she holds...and holds...and holds...

DDK:

Titaness allowing all the blood to run to Cassidy's head!

Lance:

And she drops him, turning into a cutter on the way down! Cutter From Another Mother!

DDK:

Appropriate...

Titaness covers, and Fastcountani is in there like swim wear.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Cassidy kicks out!

Lance:

Like I said, partner-resilient.

Siofra urges Titaness to finish this and she seems to agree. As Cassidy slowly gets his bearings, she stalks him with a wry smile - a smirk mirrored by Siofra.

DDK:

Like a jungle cat ready to pounce on her prey...

Lance:

She may regret giving Pat Cassidy this time to recover...

Cassidy is up, and Titaness makes her move. Hitting the ropes for momentum, she charges toward the Saturday Night Special, looking for a spear... but finds herself greeted with a kick to the head instead!!

DDK:

Titaness is stunned! Here's Pat's chance!

Big right hand! Another! Another! Another! Titaness gets sent into the ropes, back elbow to the mush! Shen stumbles and lands so that she is draped over the middle rope, and that invites Pat to hit the opposite ropes and come crashing down on the already targeted back with a leapfrog body guillotine!

Lance:

The momentum has shifted!

DDK:

And he's setting up Titaness in the corner... and taking point into the opposite corner... I think we might be in for a Splash of Jameson!

Cassidy does indeed measure Titaness for his running splash when...

Siofra:

Wait!

A confused Cassidy—as well as the crowd—focus on Siofra, still outside the ring, but now with a mic in her hand. Her face, only so full of rage, now appears soft and pleading.

Siofra:

Pat... don't-stop this! Look at yourself!

Cassidy's bloodshot eyes narrow.

Siofra:

I... I don't want this! I don't want little Erin to not know her Auntie. I want her to know her family, Pat! Just...

She points to the DEFiatron.

Siofra:

...like...I...

On the screen, an old photo: two people standing and posing near what appears to be an inner-city backyard. One of them is a young Siobhan Cassidy—couldn't be more than fifteen— smiling for the camera. She has her arm around another person, taller and older, and wearing a Red Sox jersey. It's clearly Pat...except over his face is a badly photoshopped image of a smiling Titaness.

Siofra: *[evilily]*

...do.

Cassidy's face turns beet red with rage as he lets out several curses. He resumes his mission for the Splash of Jameson, rushing with rage toward Titaness... but he took his eye off the ball for too long, and instead he runs headlong into PRETTY STRIKING!!

DDK:

That spear turns Cassidy INSIDE OUT!

Lance:

True to form, Titaness had an ace in her hole: more mindgames!!

Titaness hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

She did it!! Titaness is victorious at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

A sign of things to come? Could a similar fate befall Pat's tag team partner in our main event?

♪ "Angel" by Massive Attack ♪

Siofra jumps into the ring and right into Titaness' arms! Holding the newest addition to her family, Titaness parades the young girl around... and over the crumpled body of her older brother!

DDK:

We saw an unhinged Pat Cassidy come at this match like a freight train tonight... but to her credit, Titaness wrestled a smart match. She weathered the storm.

Lance:

And used her chief headgame–Siofra–to her advantage.

The mutual admiration between Titaness and Siofra continues up the ramp. When they reach the top, the duo turn to look once more back toward the ring. Cassidy is using the second rope to pull himself up, his face full of rage. Smirking, Titaness puts her arm around Siofra and pulls her in for a motherly kiss on the head. The two ladies laugh as they disappear behind the curtain. Cassidy, meanwhile, appears ready to commit murder.

DDK:

I shudder to think what this match will do to Pat's headspace. He was already fretting multiple losses to Brock Newbludd, and I don't think this is going to improve things much.

Cassidy remains in the ring, leaning on the top rope and looking toward the entrance in a combination of fury and disbelief. All around good guy Johnny Fastcountani–despite how Pat treated him during the match–moves in to check on the trouble Defiant...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

AND CASSIDY LEVELS FASTCOUNTANI!! WHAT THE HECK??

Lance:

You do NOT put your hands on a DEFIANCE official!

But not only did he slug him... but Cassidy actually climbs on top of him and CONTINUES to fire shots into the referee's unprotected head!

DING DING DING DING DING DING!

DDK:

Someone get out here! He's lost it!

Fastcountani tries futility to cover up as a trickle of blood now stains his forehead and Cassidys' fist. Pat, however, doesn't stop. His eyes tell the story: we can't even be sure if he knows who he's hitting, but months and months (years?) of frustration are pouring out into the person who just so happens to be in front of him.

DEFsec emerges from the back, charging the ring en masse. Cassidy leaps off Fastcountani as the first of them enters the ring... and he clocks them too!! He throws right hands at another!! He snarls in frustration as Wyatt Bronson hooks the legs and destabilizes him long enough for the other security members to pile on and attempt to subdue the wild animal.

Lance:

This is not an image I thought we'd see tonight... Pat Cassidy appears possessed.

DDK:

I don't know what the future holds for Pat Cassidy, Lance. Once heralded as a sure-fire young FIST in the making, I have to imagine his DEFIANCE future is in jeopardy. You do not put your hands on an official–no excuses.

Moving as if they're under one hive mind, DEFsec slowly shift so that they can get Pat on the edge of the apron without getting off him. When they try to transfer him to the floor, he has one more brief flurry where he catches one of them with some stiff kicks to the head, but his legs are then locked and he's again got nowhere to go. That doesn't stop him from raging and cursing as he is carried to the back.

DDK:

Well, this show will need to move on...all I can say is, whatever happens to Pat Cassidy, I hope he gets the help he needs.

Lance:

I'm getting word from the back that he is to be IMMEDIATELY ejected from the building. If I'm Brock Newbludd, staring down La Familia later tonight, I have to not be feeling good about losing my backup...

HEADMASTER BLACK vs. LEVI COLE

DDK:

What a show thus far, partner.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. And it is far from over!

The graphic fills the screen: Levi Cole (w/Sweet Saunders) vs. Headmaster Black (w/The Honor Society).

DDK:

It's rare we see a star made in front of our very eyes, but one Levi Cole has that opportunity right here tonight! Cole was the founding member of Ned Reform's Honor Society, and the first one to resist the new regime of Headmaster Black.

Lance:

Although Cole initially helped Black oust The Good Doctor, he soon grew to regret his actions and turned his back on the Honor Society with some help from Deliah Saunders. AND he overcame a gauntlet match featuring the entire group just for a chance to get his hands on Black tonight!

DDK:

Cole's tenure in DEFIANCE has been long, but not exactly storied... he has a chance to fix that tonight. But on the flip side, Lance: let's not count out Erik Black. While the former Rezin has kept his... eccentricity... he's seemingly leveled up in cunning. The man orchestrated a coup against Ned Reform right under his nose, and he's proved to be an efficient-if somewhat unkind-ringleader.

Lance:

I'd never look past him, and I'm sure Cole isn't either.

♪ "Born in the USA" by Bruce Springsteen ♪

Levi Cole, dressed in his stars and stripes singlet of old, marches through the curtain and he's PUMPED UP. He roars to the crowd as he leaps into the air and makes his way with the intensity turned up toward the ring. Behind him, in a similarly themed star spangled outfit, is a smiling Deliah Saunders.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska and weighing in at 265 lbs... LEVI! COOOOOLE!

His reaction from The Faithful is respectable if not arena-shattering. Cole continues his intense charge to the ring, leaping up onto the apron in an impressively athletic display. He shakes them briefly to hype himself up some more before effortlessly leaping over the top rope and into the ring.

DDK:

That's what you call a heck of an athlete right there.

Lance:

He has all the tools. But is his natural talent and righteous cause enough to overcome The Honor Society's scheming?

As if to answer Warner's question...

The lights come down.

Music suddenly blares forth as the lights come up. A row of showgirls, dressed in white and purple, excitedly dance a choreographed routine across the stage, going through a high-energy routine.

Professor Olvir Arsvinnar is standing in the center of the stage, wearing a sleeveless tuxedo top and plucking an upbeat line. Off to one side of the stage, Professors Owens and Horrigan of Heavy Artillery are grooving with saxophones. Across from them, the Academic Amarettos are pointing trumpets up at ridiculously high angles.

Finally, Headmaster Black comes strutting out to the music, wearing a purple pants and vest get-up to go with his white frilly dress shirt. He has a mic in hand and immediately busts into lyrics with the dancers doing their routine in the background.

♪ "Stand Back" by Erince BlacMahon ♪

Headmaster Black:

"I WAS JUST A BOY, EVERYBODY TOLD ME
"WHAT I SHOULD DO AND WHO I SHOULD BE!"

He runs to the edge of the stage and points into the crowd.

Headmaster Black:

"I GOT SOME ADVICE I FINALLY HAVE TO SAY!
"STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!) STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!)"

He runs the length of the stage, snapping his fingers to the time of the beat, swaggering without a care to how he might look.

Headmaster Black:

"THEY NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE KIND OF MAN I AM!
"I DO MY OWN THINKING GOT A LOT OF BIG PLANS!
"STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!) STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!)"

The Sacred Lamb spins around, bends over, and shakes the goods.

Headmaster Black:

"FOR ALL OF YOU WHO WANT TO BRING DOWN, I HAVE NEWS!
"STAND IN MY WAY, I PROMISE YOU'LL LOSE!
"STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!) STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!)"

Black grooves in line with the dangers during the music break, matching them move for move.

DDK:

...what the HELL are we being subjected to, Lance?!

Lance:

Never let it be known that Erik Black hasn't jumped a shark a time or two.

DDK:

Jump a shark? He dove into the water and PUNCHED the damn thing!

Headmaster Black:

"I'M NEVER GOING TO BE JUST AN ORDINARY GUY!
"I'M ALWAYS PUSHING HARDER, REACHING FOR THE SKY!
"STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!) THAT'S A FACT!! (STAND BACK!)"

Black points to the Viking Valedictorian for the bass solo, though it's clear that he's just playing along to a backing track.

Headmaster Black:

"I'M A MAN, RUNNING WILD, HEADING FOR THE TOP!
"NEVER SLOWING DOWN, AND NEVER GOING TO STOP!
"ALONG THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT OF MEN DROP!
"BABY, WON'T YOU DROP -- BABY!! BABY!!
"HEADING FOR THE TOP, SO STAND BACK!! (STAND BACK!)"

The Headmaster slides toward the front of the stage on both knees, with the dancers leaning in from both sides as he takes the musical number home.

Headmaster Black:

STAAAND BACK!!

The song ends. Everyone on stage stands huffing and puffing with their arms held out, ready to take in the ovation.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Well, that went over just about as well as expected...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, coming to the--

Headmaster Black:

SHUT UP, QUIMBEY!! THE HEADMASTER HIMSELF will make this SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT for the STUDENT BODY!!

Quimbey throws up his hands in defeat and leaves the ring. Mic in hand, Headmaster Black makes his way down the rampway while the dancers and the Honor Society shuffle off the stage.

Headmaster Black:

LADIES and GENTLEMEN... making the PROCESSION to the RING... hailing from the GREAT CITY of INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, and weight in at a HIGHLY INTELLECTUAL TWO-HUNDRED and FIVE POUNDS! The SACRED LAMB!! The BASTION of HIGHER LEARNING!! The ICON of REFORM!! HEEEEAAADMAAASTEEERRR BLAAAAAAAACCKK!!! **YYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHH!!!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Black sides into the ring and soaks up the reaction. As he continues to flaunt and perform for the fans, Levi Cole and Rex Knox exchange a brief look. Seeming to pick up what he's putting down, Knox happens to turn around to check the tightness of that turnbuckle pad one last time.

As he does, Cole launches himself across the ring and BLUDGEONS Black out of his socks with a running Polish Hammer!

DDK:

Levi Cole not even waiting for the bell! He's right on the attack!

The ref turns around in "surprise", and signals to the timekeeper to start the match.

DING DING

As the contest begins, Levi Cole literally beats Black around the ring, unloading with STIFF clubbing blows that put the Headmaster on the backfoot, but Cole is right there the whole way to keep up the pressure...and the shots to the skull. With nowhere else to go, Black finds himself seeking protection in the corner, but it has none to offer. Cole instead switches to stomps, driving his boot over and over again in the sternum of the Sacred Lamb.

DDK:

It's clear that Black is giving up a lot of pounds--and a lot of power--to Cole in this one, and if he allows himself to become a punching bag I don't like his chances.

Lance:

He's no stranger to being a punching bag, partner, but that's never stopped him before.

Finally, Knox gets between Cole and Black, instructing Cole to take this out of the corner if he wants to continue. Black, seeing a chance, turns and tries to dart to safety through the middle rope...but he's CAUGHT when Cole's hands hook his bodysuit and pull him back in! Black turns to his captor, throwing his hands up in surrender.

Headmaster Black:

Hey... Levi, old buddy, old pal, old chap... let's remember the OLD TIMES here, yeah? YEAH??

But that doesn't get him very far... well, it does, but not in the sense he wanted... it gets him far across the ring via an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

DDK:

He folded Black in half with that move!

Lance:

And these people are LOVING IT!

The Faithful are indeed going bananas. After hitting the mat and doing a little half spasm-half roll...thing... Black again seeks safety outside the ring, but again Cole is there to stop him. Black manages to get onto the apron, but Cole grabs him from behind by the hair (extensions?). Maintaining his grip, Cole pulls him into position for a vertical suplex before bringing back into the ring the hard way.

Lance:

ALL Levi Cole in the opening minutes of this contest!

Not looking to let up, Cole reaches down and attempts to bring the Headmaster back to a vertical base... but a quick (and undetected) thumb to the eye causes him to cry out in pain. Quick as a hiccup, Black springs up and wraps Cole in a pretty textbook (heh) small package! Knox moves into position!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Cole escapes!

Black doesn't seem impressed with that kickout. He's even LESS impressed when he isn't giving a chance to get back to his feet...instead he's swept down and instantly wrapped into an STF!!

DDK:

And there's the ring pedigree of Levi Cole!

Black's eyes bug out as Knox moves into position to hear a verbal submission. The Headmaster is wily--he is not in the hold for very long until he manages to grip the bottom rope with a single finger.

Lance:

And Cole, ever the sportsman, releases the hold immediately. A lesser competitor would have milked the five count.

This is Black's opportunity to finally create some space, and he takes it when he rolls under the bottom rope and to the floor. He lands on all fours and remains there, breathing heavily and attempting to re-group.

Inside the ring, Knox begins the count, but Cole grows visibly impatient--instead, he exits the ring and heads to the floor!

Lance:

Black sees him coming... he's off like a shot!

DDK:

And Cole gives chase!

Like a Tom and Jerry cartoon, the two men sprint around the ring in circles: Black frantically crying for help and Cole focused and determined. Finally, something clicks in Cole's mind, and he stops running. He turns in the other direction and waits for Black to circle around. The Headmaster unwittingly heads directly for him.

Headmaster Black:

Not gonna get me, Mister... I wasn't born yester--*BLLLLLERRGRGHH!!*

Lance:

BELLY TO BELLY ON THE OUTSIDE!! MY GOD!

Black lands in a sickening fashion, comically springing to his feet after the crash until his eyes roll back and he lands flat on his back on the ringside floor. Cole marches over to him, effortlessly deadlifting him up and rolling him under the bottom rope and back into the ring. He follows and dives on Black, eagerly hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!!

Lance:

You can hate what he's become, but you can't pretend Headmaster Black still doesn't have that trademark resilience...

Cole YANKS Black back up to his feet. The quick go-behind... back suplex! He covers again!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

Cole is WELL aware what a win over this man would do for his career.

Black is sent into the ropes, only to be met with a big spinebuster on the rebound! Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO!

DDK:

And what we're seeing here, ladies and gentlemen, is the weakness in Cole's game. He's an athletic freak with heart for days... but he can be lacking when it comes to in-ring gameplans. He's hitting big moves, sure, but he doesn't mean to have a strategy.

Lance:

Some might argue that hitting big moves IS a strategy.

DDK:

Sure, but compare this Cole to when he had Reform directing traffic. A world of difference.

After a boot to the gut, Cole hooks Black for a powerbomb. He lifts him into the air, but Black takes that moment to strike, reversing the move into a tight hurricanrana! When Cole's back hits the mat, his legs fly up, and Black grabs them both, sitting back in a pinning predicament!

Headmaster Black:

COUNT!

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

Cole escapes!

Both men scramble to their feet. Cole hits the ropes, bounding at Black with a lariat attempt, but the Sacred Lamb is ready for it, working with Cole's momentum and wrapping him in a crucifix! Using his weight, Black brings Cole down to the canvas. Cole's legs kick as he desperately tries to escape!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Last second escape!

DDK:

See what I mean? At some point, a wily opponent—such as Erik Black—will take advantage of your barrage of power moves.

Black hits the ropes, rebounding at Cole who lowers his head for a back body drop. As gracefully as someone like him can, Headmaster Black leaps over Cole's back and hooks his sides for a sunset flip attempt.

Lance:

Cole refuses to go down!

DDK:

Instead he drops down knee first... into a mounted position! Big shots to Black!

Cole is ON FIRE with the barrage of mounted punches as Black tries in vain to cover up. Knox moves in, pulling Levi off his helpless opponent, and again Black uses this brief respite to hit the floor.

DDK:

Black on the outside... and look! I think he's had enough!

Throwing his hands up in a “forget this” motion, Black begins to march up the ramp. The fans give him hell, but he waves them off dismissively.

Headmaster Black:

Retreat is an effective strategy. You BUFFOONS simply don't understand the depth of my - AWWWWWWW SHIT!

The crowd ROARS as Cole, who sprinted up the ramp at record speeds, grabs the Headmaster from behind. Playing to the cheers of The Faithful, Cole runs Black down the ramp at full speed and rockets him under the bottom rope and back into the ring.

Lance:

For Headmaster Black, there will be NO escape tonight!

DDK:

That's the first time in a long time we've heard Erik Black utter a profanity!

Cole rolls into the ring... but he's immediately assaulted by a frantic Headmaster Black! Black throws everything he's got into this frenzy, throwing kicks and stomps and strikes in an attempt to keep the bigger man down. Cole weathers the blows—they hurt like hell, but he fights through them—long enough to grab Black and whip him into the corner.

DDK:

Cole charges... NO! Black leaps up and off the turnbuckle and wipes him out with a REHAB-sault!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

A cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Cole barely gets a shoulder up.

Black pops back to his feet and makes with the kicks, stomping and punting Levi from every angle to keep him from getting off the mat. The Faithful boo vehemently. Every hard kick is accompanied by an angry exclamation from the Sacred Lamb.

Headmaster Black:

YOU! SHOULD! HAVE! TRUST! ED! ME!!

The Headmaster presses his heel down over Cole's throat, blocking his windpipe and choking the life out of him. This further angers the crowd, as well as the official, who practically manhandles Black as he pulls him off.

DDK:

Black with a blatant choke, and Knox has no choice to intervene!

Lance:

And now Black is playing innocent as the official verbally reprimands him!

Headmaster Black:

NO! You DON'T UNDERSTAND! There was this BIG, NASTY SPIDER on his neck, and I was SQUISHING IT, cause it LOOKED POISONOUS!

DDK:

Rex isn't dumb enough to fall for that tripe! He warns Black that if he keeps it up, he's throwing this match out!

Lance:

Somehow I doubt he'll heed that warning...

Knox gets stern with Black who waves him off dismissively. Deliah Saunders pounds on the mat as Cole gets back to his feet, trying to shake the cobwebs away. Before he can get his bearings, Black is there to meet him with a sudden spin kick that nearly takes his head off.

Headmaster Black:

COUNT!

Knox, despite his personal feelings, does as he's told.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Black is up in a second - and he's in Knox's face.

Headmaster Black:

It's ONE, TWO, THREE.

Knox doesn't back down. While keeping his eyes on the defiant referee, Black hooks and drops Cole with a one-handed facebuster!!

DDK:

Cole's face just got SPIKED!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!! SHOULDER UP!!

The fans are on their feet and Saunders wipes a bead of sweat from her brow. Black is AGAIN in Knox's face, and this time he takes it a step further by **SHOVING** the official into the ropes... but Knox's momentum takes him off the ropes and he bounces back with a mightier shove that sends Black on his educated ass!

Lance:

That's entirely warranted! Far too much official abuse tonight...

Black looks up at Knox in disbelief. With Knox still scowling at him, he rolls out of the ring and reaches under it. He produces an overly sized cardboard sheet drawn on to look like a piece of paper. He holds it up so the camera can read the heading: "Referee Report Card."

DDK:

It looks like Rex might not be making the Headmaster's grade...

Black back in the ring, eyeing Knox up and down with disdain and marking up the "report card" with a comically oversized red pen.

Headmaster Black:

Slow reaction time... bad posture... breath to be desired...

Knox tries to remain professional, but this display has him fuming. Finally, he's had all he can stand and he can't stand no more. He aggressively reaches to snatch the objects out of Black's hands when...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Unbelievable! That pen just shot red ink directly into Knox's eyes!!

DDK:

It will be framed as an "accident," no doubt.

Knox swears in frustration as he tries to wipe the red goop from his eyes, but he plants his ass in a corner as he tries in vain to see. Black eyes the blinded referee with a sinister smile before he again exits the ring.

DDK:

Rex Knox can't see a thing and Black is AGAIN reaching under the ring for something...

His search complete, Black holds what he was searching for high into the air as he smiles widely: it's his trusty disciplinary paddle!

Lance:

I don't like where this is headed...

The Sacred Lamb makes a big show of slowly entering the ring, slapping the paddle against his free hand. Knox is still trying to clear his eyes, and Cole is on his knees trying to get his head back in the game. Saunders yells out a warning to Cole but it appears to go unheeded.

Black stands over the former collegiate athlete, smacking the paddle against his palm menacingly.

Headmaster Black:

This is GONNA hurt you MUCH more than me, Cole... sometimes a Headmaster has to show tough love...

Black winds up like no one has ever winded up before. Cole gets to his feet, shakes his head one final time, and turns right into the mighty swing of the leader of the Honor Society...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Swing and a miss!!

Black's momentum from the missed shot causes him to spin all the way around in a circle twice before stopping and walking right into an EXPLODER SUPLEX by Levi Cole!!

Lance:

The people are behind COLE!

Black hits the mat and stumbles back up. He drunkenly sways before tumbling outside the ring... or he would, had he not gotten tangled up in them.

DDK:

Black's head is wedged between the top and middle ropes! That has to hurt, and it's some really bad luck.

Lance:

Some might call it karma...

Black's limbs flail as he strains to raise his neck and relieve the pressure from the unforgiving ring ropes.

Headmaster Black:

HEY! C'MON! KNOX! BE A PAL! HELP A GUY OUT!

Cole looks to the trapped Black... and then his gaze slowly moves downward to the paddle sitting on the mat. As he does this, the crowd begins to buzz in anticipation. Cole looks to the Faithful who urge him to do what's on everyone's mind.

DDK:

You want karma? THIS is karama!

Cole has the paddle and he points to Black who sputters an attempt at talking him out of it, but no luck. Cole unloads on Black's backside!

WHACK!

Headmaster Black:

NO!

WHACK!

Headmaster Black:

WHY??

WHACK!

Headmaster Black:

I JUST!

WHACK!

Headmaster Black:

WANTED TO!

WHACK!

Headmaster Black:

HELP!!

Lance:

Supreme payback for Levi Cole!!

SMASH!

DDK:

And the paddle smashes into a million pieces!! How hard was he hitting him?

Black finally frees himself from the ropes, only to fall to the canvas clutching his aching ass. On the other side of the ring, Saunders has given Knox a towel and he uses it to finally clear his vision.

DDK:

Knox is back in the game, and Cole is looking to end it!

Black begs off as Cole stalks him. He throws his hands up and scoots into the corner.

Headmaster Black:

HEY! You wanna lead the HONOR SOCIETY?? IT'S YOURS! HEADMASTER COLE! Nice ring to it?? HUH?? HUH???

Undeterred, Cole roughly grabs Black by the scruff and deadlifts him to his feet...and then over his own head! He bends Black's spine around his neck and begins to bounce as Black's limbs flail!

DDK:

LETTER JACKET! Cole's version of the Torture Rack!

Lance:

Black is being bent damn near in half and has nowhere to go!

Black cries out in agony. Knox, sending a submission incoming, moves into position to be able to hear the verbal surrender. As he does, Black's arm shoots out and "accidentally" rakes the official's eye!!

DDK:

Come on!

With Knox momentarily distracted, Black does the same to Cole, shoving his thumb directly into the All-American Grappler's eyes!! Cole cries out and drops Black, his hand shooting up to his face.

Lance:

And look at Black... LOW BLOW! Dammit!

Knox turns his attention back to the action just as Cole goes down. Black covers Cole. Knox, suspicious off the "accidental" rake to the eye, takes just a moment before he decides he's professionally obligated to count...

ONE!

DDK:

Black's feet on the ropes!!

TWO!

Lance:

Saunders is altering Knox!

Knox stops the count, spotting Black's attempt at cheating. He stands up and angrily kicks at Black's legs, dropping them off the rope. Black again angrily gets in Knox's face.

Headmaster Black:

I don't KNOW where those ropes came FROM!

Their mini argument is interrupted by Cole attacking from behind!!

DDK:

Cole looking for the Red, White, and Blue Thunder!! This will be it!!

Lance:

NO!! BLACK COUNTERS!!

DDK:

INTO THE LIGHT!!! HE PLANTS COLE IN THE MIDDLE!

Exhausted, Black sprawls out on top of Cole. Knox, despite his better nature, has no choice.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

Black immediately pops to his feet, running a victory lap and pumping his fists like he'd just scored the game-winning goal for the World Cup. Knox shakes his head in disgust, knowing something about that last exchange was amiss, but lacking the visual confirmation to do anything about it.

DDK:

Unbelievable... I have no words...

Headmaster Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Headmaster Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match by pinfall...

HEEEAAADMAAASSTEEERRR BLLLAAAAAAAACCKK!!

Headmaster Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

This capacity crowd is letting their feelings be heard, and I don't blame them! Levi Cole was on the cusp of victory, but the underhanded tactics of Headmaster Black proved to be his undoing!

Lance:

But Levi Cole has nothing to be ashamed of here tonight. This performance he put forth in this match is proof that he is a legitimate contender, through and through.

DDK:

I'll agree with you there. Let's hope there's some success in this tenured DEFIANT's future. Until then, Acts of DEFIANCE 2025 moves on. Next up, we'll be seeing--

As Cole sits up in the ring, Black KICKS him right in the chest!

DDK:

HEY, what the HELL?!

Black punishes Cole with additional stomps to the head and shoulders, finally picking him up and throwing him through the ropes to the floor!

Lance:

What's the meaning of this? The match is over!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Blind with rage and vengeance, Black hops to the floor and further assails Cole with additional kicks. Rex Knox attempts to intervene... only to earn a SPINNING HEEL KICK for his efforts!

DDK:

Down goes Rex Knox! ANOTHER official assaulted tonight!? We need some help out here! Headmaster Black is out of control!

Lance:

Levi Cole overturned all his carefully laid plans, and apparently, beating him in this match was not enough.

DDK:

That doesn't justify an attack like this! Where is DEFSec?!

Lance:

I think they're just recovering from the Pat Cassidy incident...

Rather than seeing DEFIANCE's regular security crew, the other members of the Honor Society come charging down the ramp. Sweet Delilah Sanders jumps on Black's back in an effort to stop his assault, only to be pulled off by the Academic Amaretto brothers.

Lance:

Now the Honor Society are here to join in!

DDK:

This has gone from bad to worse! We need help for Levi Cole!

Restrained by the Amarettos, Sanders desperately tries to pull free, but cannot. Black steps back as the heavyweights Professors Horrigan, Owens, and Arsvinnar peel Cole off the mat and club him from every angle.

DDK:

This is horrendous!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Cole's face is bruised, bloody, and puffed up. Horrigan hooks his arms from behind as Owens goes to work on his midsection. When he's laid in his hits, Horrigan throws him to the Viking Valedictorian who smashes the All-American into the ringside floor with a powerslam!

Headmaster Black:

YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHH!!

DDK:

NO! This has gone too far!

Lance:

Levi Cole needs a miracle right now.

The three powerhouses stomp Cole while he's down while Black boisterously cackles and dances a jig. Then he snaps to a halt the moment a wad of EFFLUVIA hits him smack in the face.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

SWEET DELILAH SANDERS JUST SPAT IN HEADMASTER BLACK'S FACE!!!

Still trapped between the Amaretto brothers, Sanders DEFIANTly glares at the coward in white. Black's face morphs into a scowl of unfettered rage. He steadily approaches Delilah...

DDK:

No... he can't SERIOUSLY be considering... NO!!

Black threateningly RAISES HIS HAND...

...until ANOTHER HAND suddenly grabs him by the wrist!

DDK:

WHO--?!

Black's head whips into a double-take as he looks to the individual who grabbed him by the arm.

The pissed-off glare.

The well-groomed beard.

The shiny, dome-like head.

Headmaster Black:

...aw, shucks.

And in perhaps the most surprising moment of the night so far, The Faithful erupt in cheers as...

NED FREAKIN' REFORM lays out Black with a steel chair driven into the gut!!

Headmaster Black:

BLEGHK!!

DDK:

NED REFORM!! We haven't seen him since Maximum DEFIANCE!!

Lance:

And he's here to... save the day!?

CRACK!! Professor Horrigan gets a well-aimed chair to the dome!

CRACK!!! His partner Roosevelt Owens gets the same treatment!!

Reform swings for the Amarettos, but they have just enough magic left in them to disappear and scurry away from the Good Doctor's steel weapon of justice. In the melee, Saunders and Cole have re-entered the ring, with the confused woman kneeling over a vertical and stunned Levi Cole. Having scattered the Honor Society but now facing a snarling Arsvinnar, Reform also rolls into the ring. He gets back up and readies his chair, daring the Viking Valedictorian to enter the ring and try his luck.

DDK:

This is unbelievable... the former leader of the Honor Society returns after months in isolation, and he seemingly is here to prevent further harm from Cole and Saunders!

Lance:

Is he, though? Or was this just a good time to get some payback on the man who usurped him as leader of the Honor Society? The Ned Reform I know isn't exactly a knight in shining armor...

Reform clutches the steel tight. He is talking some crap, but we can't make out what it is. Headmaster Black stumbles back to his feet and urges Arsvinnar to step back.

Headmaster Black:

Re-TREAT! Re-TREAT!

As the stunned Headmaster of the Honor Society herds his charges up the ramp, Reform never takes his eyes off them. The Faithful have gone quiet—seemingly unsure of how to respond to this turn of events. Cole is in no position to have any idea what's going on, and while Saunders looks questioningly at the Sage on the Stage, he doesn't acknowledge her presence—focusing solely on his former team mates—breaking his gaze only long enough to procure a mic from a ringside attendant.

At the top of the ramp, Black's eyes seem ready to bug out. With his minions licking their wounds in a huddle behind him, he steps forward to the center of the stage. He raises his fist high in fury and shakes it vigorously.

Headmaster Black:

REEEEEEFFFFOOOOORRRR-

Ned Reform: *[interrupting]*

ERIK!!!!

Ned's voice, usually so smarmy, carries with it the unmistakable tenor of a disappointed dad. Black stops, mid-curse. Reform, stone-faced, leans forward on the top rope and as he looks into the eyes of his old ally.

Ned Reform:

...that's DOCTOR REFORM.

The crowd, still unaccustomed to this but also appreciating moxy, gives a somewhat positive response to this.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... it would appear that Ned Reform is back... and that his sights are set on his former stable!

HANDICAP MATCH: THE MASKED VIOLATORS vs. CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

Continuing on with Night One of the 10th Annual ACTS of DEFIANCE, it's the culmination of a rivalry that has spanned the last half decade!

Lance:

"Culminate", Darren? Are you certain? You're SURE this issue ends tonight?

DDK:

Fair point. It's the feud that will not die!

Lance:

Just when you think Corvo Alpha has finally settled his long-standing score with Lord Nigel Tricklebush, when you think that maybe – just maybe – Corvo Alpha and MV1 might reunite, when you wonder if Corvo might put the mask back on... There's another twist! Another jagged, razor-sharp turn. One year ago at ACTS '24, we saw the unwelcome return of Lord Nigel Tricklebush to DEFIANCE–

DDK:

That's a whole other story.

Lance:

–and since then, Tricklebush turned it all on its head when he unveiled a second MV2–

DDK:

Or the first?

Lance:

Or the first.

DDK:

This is complicated.

Lance:

It's an absolute mess! Tonight, Corvo Alpha is going to take on his oldest friend, a friend who now stands side-by-side with a masked man who has claimed his identity. It would seem as though the odds are as stacked against him as they have ever been, but he is coming into the Toyota Center as confident as he has ever been! Meanwhile, Lord Nigel bring his troops into this battle with his OWN reason to strut. The Violators instantly cemented their threat level with wins over the Sevens and Saturday Night Specials!

DDK:

Corvo's presence aided in the Masked Violators losing their bid in the ACE tag tournament!

Lance:

Who knows how far they might have gone? Imagine what damage they could do, the carnage they might wreak, with Corvo Alpha finally removed from the board of play! That is precisely what Lord Nigel is banking on.

Quimbey steps into a spotlight at center-ring, eyes sweeping the crowd as he raises a microphone to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a **HANDI-CAP MATCH!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Without hesitation, the fans start clapping. Slow at first. Deliberate and plodding, but in unison. All as one, slowly the clapping picks up pace until it becomes a cantering call.

The camera slowly zooms out from Quimbey just as a second spotlight finds the arena's middle tier, directly behind the ring announcer. Fans part just as a lumbering figure appears, shoulders heaving, wet long hair spraying water as it whips around. The man's wild white eyes scan the building, he feeds off of the energy.

Darren Quimbey:

From Parts Untold... he weighs in tonight at two-hundred and fifty seven pounds! Call him FEROCIOUS!

Stomping down the steps, the surging Faithful around him pump fists and slap his back.

Darren Quimbey:

Call him SAVAGE!

The camera pulls back, charting Alpha's long path down towards the ring. His face is swathed in thick, clumpy streaks of red, blue & yellow, bleeding down into his knotty beard. He pauses mid-way down the steps and raises both arms over his head, revealing a black "X" sloppily painted on his chest where his heart might be.

Darren Quimbey:

Call him... **CORVO... ALPHA!!!**

His head bobs along with the clapping for a moment before continuing his march. Surrounded by cheering onlookers, he is buffeted by their support.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha looks ready for absolute WAR! And he better be! As dangerous as he is, taking on BOTH of these Violators, and with Lord Nigel in their corner, isn't going to be easy!

Lance:

Once again, you are spot-on, Darren! Corvo Alpha has to-

DDK:

Wait, what's going on?!

The hard camera shakes as it zooms in, a mess of humanity... suddenly parted as a melee is clearly ensuing!

Lance:

Alpha is being attacked!

DDK:

It's the Violators!

The brawl explodes among the mass of fans, security scrambling to push back the throngs. I love that word. "Throngs". MV1 hammers down with clubbing shots across Corvo's shoulders, while MV2 drives a knee deep into his ribs, momentarily folding the monster over a merch table. In the background, Lord Nigel Trickelbush can be seen, grinning darkly.

Lance:

Clearly the strategy here is to double-team Alpha before the match begins! If they can press this advantage... well, this might be over before it even begins!

Corvo roars upright, his chest heaving as he absorbs a forearm across the jaw from MV1. Corvo snatches a handful of MV1's mask and RAMS him head-first against a thick concrete wall. The crowd erupts, a wave of noise spilling out as Corvo fires off two massive right hands, each one cracking across the #1's jaw and sending him stumbling.

DDK:

The Monster won't be stopped! He keeps coming!

MV2 dives in, fists flying, only to be muscled sideways. Corvo flings him over a row of chairs, bodies scattering in every direction. The Violator pops up again, wild and flailing, but Corvo is already on him. The painted savage wades through the wreckage of seats and fans, head snapping back with every blow, refusing to slow.

DEFsec manages to carve a narrow path, desperately waving for the wrestlers to make their way towards the ring. Instead, Corvo grabs MV2 by the scruff of his mask and bulldozes him through the opening, half-dragging him toward ringside. MV1 recovers, leaping from behind with a double axe handle that crushes Corvo against a barricade.

The three men tumble through the bodies of security and fans, a storm of fists, boots, and guttural shouts spilling toward the ringside mats.

DDK:

Look! Hector Navarro, the official assigned to this contest, is on the scene!

Lance:

Good luck getting these men to cooperate!

The melee surges upward through the crowd, chairs toppling and fans scattering as the three men slam and scrape their way UP the concrete steps.

DDK:

Where the heck are they going?! The ring is THAT way!

Lance:

These masked men have malicious intent, partner!

Corvo swings heavy fists, but the numbers catch up to him. MV1 and MV2 RAIN down shots, driving him higher and higher into the tiered seating.

DDK:

Up to that second level now, the battle rages on!

A forearm staggers him, but Corvo suddenly bursts back to life, NAILING MV2 with a stiff kick south that doubles him over. With a guttural bellow, he hoists MV2 up and crashes him down spine-first against the unforgiving concrete!

DDK:

POWERBOMB ON THE CONCRETE!

The impact echoes, a sickening thud that leaves MV2 writhing in agony, his mask twisting as his body arches. He rolls aside, clutching his back.

Lance:

Look out, Corvo!

DDK:

MV1 strikes back with a KICK to the back of the savage's head!

A hard knee lifts Corvo against the second-tier railing, fists pistoning into his face and ribs. Corvo lurches forward, staggering under the barrage, as MV1 drives him back. Seemingly disgusted with Corvo ALpha's existence, MV1 spits on Alpha, which elicits a nuclear reaction from the Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

What a revolting act by Masked Violator #1! He has fallen so far, so quickly! It's incredibly tragic in so many ways.

Lance:

A year and a half ago, he was a HERO to these fans! A role model for children! Now? He's a slave to the machinations and manipulations of Lord Nigel Trickelbush!

The cameraman finds Nigel slinking against the second tier's back-wall, observing with smoldering interest & concern. Shouldered by DEFsec on either side to keep the unwashed at bay, he removes his bowler cap and tucks it under his arm – barking at MV2 to get up. And quickly.

Meanwhile, Alpha claws his way up the second-tier guard rail, shielding his eyes from the half-dozen spotlights. Navarro does some barking of his own; at MV1 in this case, urging him to get into the ring so that the match can officialyl commence.

DDK:

Alpha is fighting to stay in this!

He is. Absolutely detonating up from one knee, Alpha BLASTS MV1 with a powerful clothesline. Both men stagger to their feet, Alpha uses a chair to help.

DDK:

OH! ALPHA'S GOT THAT STEEL CHAIR!

THWACK

Lance:

Just a HORRIFIC shot to the SKULL of MV1!

MV1 staggers, backwards this time, into the second-tier guardrail. IN fact, he contacts it and SPILLS backwards OVER it!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! MV1 is TANGLED upside down by that guardrail! He's DANGLING thirteen feet up in the air above the arena floor!

Lance:

His KNEE got caught in the railing!

DDK:

Caught up by his knee-brace! That's his twice-surgically-repaired knee!

Recognition of this development spreads across Alpha's painted face. The crowd cheers as he raises the chair high overhead.

CRACK!

DDK:

An EXPLOSIVE shot on that knee!

CRACK! SMACK! CRACK!

Lance:

Three more!

MV1's knee brace is now twisted and broken, falling and splintering off of his awkwardly bent knee. #1 flails and screams, reaching up to clutch his knee. Corvo HOWLS!

CRACKKKK!!!

DDK:

ONE MORE!

MV1 shrieks now, clutching at his knee... until he suddenly goes limp.

Lance:

My god... has MV1 passed out from the pain!?

His body sags, his knee gives way as the last piece of brace gives in and he FALLS straight down, landing on his head in a heap on the concrete floor below

Lance:

Get that man some help!

DEFsec is immediately there, with DEFmed not far behind. Above, Corvo peers down at the carnage. Another shot; this one of Nigel looking on in abject dread.

DDK:

This handi-cap hasn't even begun and it seems that we MAY have ourselves a singles-match... if this match ever gets started!

Lance:

I'm having serious doubts!

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

MV2 shoves himself upright, staggering but dangerous. His back arches in pain, yet his eyes lock onto Corvo with fury. He barrels forward – Corvo turns just in time – and catches the painted savage with a RUNNING FOREARM SHOT that smashes him against the guardrail MV1'd just tumbled over. Corvo lurches along the railing, staggering down the near-by concrete steps. MV2 stays on him, stalking him down the steps.

Corvo turns and eats a series of fists – he TUMBLES down the steps, ass over goddamned tea kettle.

Lance:

Goodness gracious! Corvo might be in trouble here! But... at least they're getting closer to the ring!

DDK:

Ever the optimist!

On the arena floor now, DEFsec pushes fans back, allowing MV2 to lead Corvo towards the ring by his tangled hair. He stops along the way to CLUB Alpha between the shoulders a few times. Corvo fires back with a wild haymaker, but MV2 ducks and drives his shoulder into the midsection, pinning him against the cold steel of the ringside guard rail.

DDK:

RUNNING CLOTHESLINE BY MV2!

They spill over the rail together, crashing onto the ringside mats. Fans lean in, hands outstretched, as MV2 rains down fists across Corvo's chest and jaw.

Cutting to a shot elsewhere on the arena floor, DEFmed carefully load MV1 onto a stretcher. Standing over him, Lord Nigel is fearful and terrified, his grip on the situation loosening slowly before his very eyes.

DDK:

It appears MV1 has regained consciousness, but it's clear by the expression on his face that he is in a BAD way!

Lance:

It's also clear that he is OUT of this match!

DDK:

The bell hasn't rung yet, Lance! WHAT match?!

Back at ringside, MV2 pulls Corvo by the hair, slamming Corvo's face into the apron, then again for good measure. He peels him off and whips him spine-first into the barricade. Corvo rebounds for a moment before MV2 clobbers him with a clothesline that nearly upends him back into the crowd.

The Violator soaks in the jeers for a moment before muscling Corvo up by the beard and trunks. With a grunt, he hurls him under the bottom rope and follows, sliding in after him. A relieved Hector Navarro signals for the bell as MV2 stomps down hard on Corvo's chest, finally dragging the chaos into the confines of the squared circle.

DING DING**DDK:**

Here we go! Card subject to change, folks! It's Corvo Alpha and MV2 ONE on ONE!

Lance:

I don't think you'll hear any complaints from this crowd! Corvo Alpha, by taking MV1 out, has leveled the playing field!

Between the ropes, MV2 leans into his advantage, stomping Corvo into the canvas and grinding a boot across his throat. He jerks him up by the hair, whips him into the corner, and follows with a charging knee that crushes ribs against turnbuckles. Corvo slumps, arms draped over the ropes, but when MV2 reaches in, Corvo lashes out with a desperate rake to the eyes.

Cutting to the rampway, we see MV1's stretcher being gingerly wheeled up and through the curtain. Lord Nigel appears torn; does he go with 1? Or stay and support 2? He doesn't consider it for long.

DDK:

Lord Nigel is heading down to ringside, Lance!

Lance:

You have to believe he wants to witness – or perhaps even INFLUENCE – how this newly-made singles contest is going to go!

DDK:

I wouldn't put it past the son of a bitch!

In the ring, MV2 has reeled away, clutching at his face. The rake to the eyes having found its mark, He grimaces, blinking and shaking it off. Corvo explodes out of the corner with a clothesline that drops him flat. The crowd surges as the painted savage pounces, dragging MV2 up and ripping at the laces of his mask.

DDK:

HE'S GOING TO UNMASK MV2 TONIGHT! HERE AND NOW!!

Corvo wrenches hard, twisting the fabric, drawing panicked thrashing from his foe.

MV2 breaks free, swinging wildly, but Corvo ducks and plants him with a snap powerslam. He floats over, raining down forearms before again clawing at the mask, fingers DIGGING into the eyeholes. MV2 yells out, struggling against Alpha

Lance:

We still don't know who MV2 really is, Keebs! But I believe in my soul that he isn't the TRUE MV2! I believe Corvo Alpha!

DDK:

But we've never SEEN the original MV2 unmasked... would seeing his face prove anything? Would it MEAN anything?

Lance:

It certainly looks like it would mean something to Alpha!

#2 scrambles, trying to tear free. Corvo rises with him, boots MV2 in the gut, and SPIKES him with a sharp DDT that bounces the masked-man's head off the mat.

The fans roar as Corvo sits up, wild eyes flashing beneath the paint, his hands already back on the mask, tugging at the seams as though determined to tear it away piece by piece.

DDK:

LOOK! NIGEL!

Trickelbush scampers up onto the ring apron awkwardly, panicking. He screams at Corvo, at MV2, at Navarro, at anyone.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Stop that! Stop him! STOP HIM!

Alpha hears him and slowly turns to face him – Nigel's face goes somehow a shade paler.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

Alpha just SNATCHES Nigel by his jacket! BIELS HIM OVER THE TOP ROPE AND INTO THE RING!?

Nigel is splayed across the mat. He crawls towards MV2, but Corvo GRABS him by an ankle and jerks him towards the center of the ring.

Lance:

Referee Hector Navarro is trying to talk sense into Corvo but... no ones been able to do that yet!

Alpha kneels, pulling Nigel up by his jacket lapels and SNARLING viciously in the old man's terror-struck, wrinkled face.

Behind them, there is a blur–

DDK:

RUNNING BACK ELBOW to the BACK of Corvo's head!

Lance:

I've never seen either he OR Corvo pull that out of their hat before but... MV2 came from out of absolutely nowhere and nearly decapitated the savage!

DDK:

And now he's... he's going up top?!

Lance:

He is!

He is. MV2 scowls as he reaches the top turnbuckle and doesn't stay there long.

DDK:

WHAT A SENTON SPLASH?!

Lord Nigel, wide-eyed and shook, pushes himself backwards – scooting into a far corner, to relative safety. Meanwhile, MV2 hooks Corvo's far leg.

ONE!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!

DDK:

WHAT?!

DING DING DING

Lance:

I can't believe it?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout... by pinfall... **MASKED VIOLATOR... #2!!!**

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Lord Nigel collects himself, glacially registering what has unfolded before him. His dread melts into shock, into gratification, into a sick, twisted grin.

Lance:

Make no mistake about it... the winner here is THAT man. Nigel Trickelbush.

DDK:

But at what cost?! Corvo DESTROYED MV1's knee and he got carted out of the Toyota Center! Yes, MV2 won this battle... but is the war truly won?

Navarro raises MV2 arm as he sneers down at Alpha, crumbled on the mat. Nigel glides to his side, raising his other arm as the crowd's disdain blooms. Alpha stirs, wincing.

Lance:

Like we said when this all kicked off, Darren... I don't know if there's any REAL end in sight.

DEFsec smartly hits the ring, herding MV2 and Nigel out of it and up the aisle.

DDK:

Touche, partner. Touche.

DEFRADIO: DEFROW - OCT 18**DDK:**

Folks, before we move on, let's talk about what's shaping up to be one of the most ambitious and potentially most uncertain events in DEFIANCE history. I'm talking about DEF ROW, scheduled for October 18th, live from inside Bellehome Prison.

Lance:

That's right, Keebs. A live wrestling event and broadcast from inside an active Louisiana state penitentiary. You heard me... Only in DEFIANCE. But now we're hearing the whole thing might be in jeopardy after a five-day lockdown inside Bellehome that just ended this morning.

DDK:

Back up, old buddy. I have it on good authority -- and am happy to announce officially -- that the event at Bellhome Prison WILL take place on the 18th!

Lance:

That's a relief! Although I understand you won't be able to make it, Darren.

DDK:

I will not, but have zero doubts that you'll represent this broadcast team, along with Chris Trutt, with professionalism in... a potentially stressful environment!

Lance:

I won't let you down, old chum.

DDK:

It's all part of DEFIANCE's commitment to community outreach. I'm told that DEF Radio's Joe Stats will be on site, talking to inmates and wrestlers impacted by the justice system. It has the potential to be transformational and inspiring!

Lance:

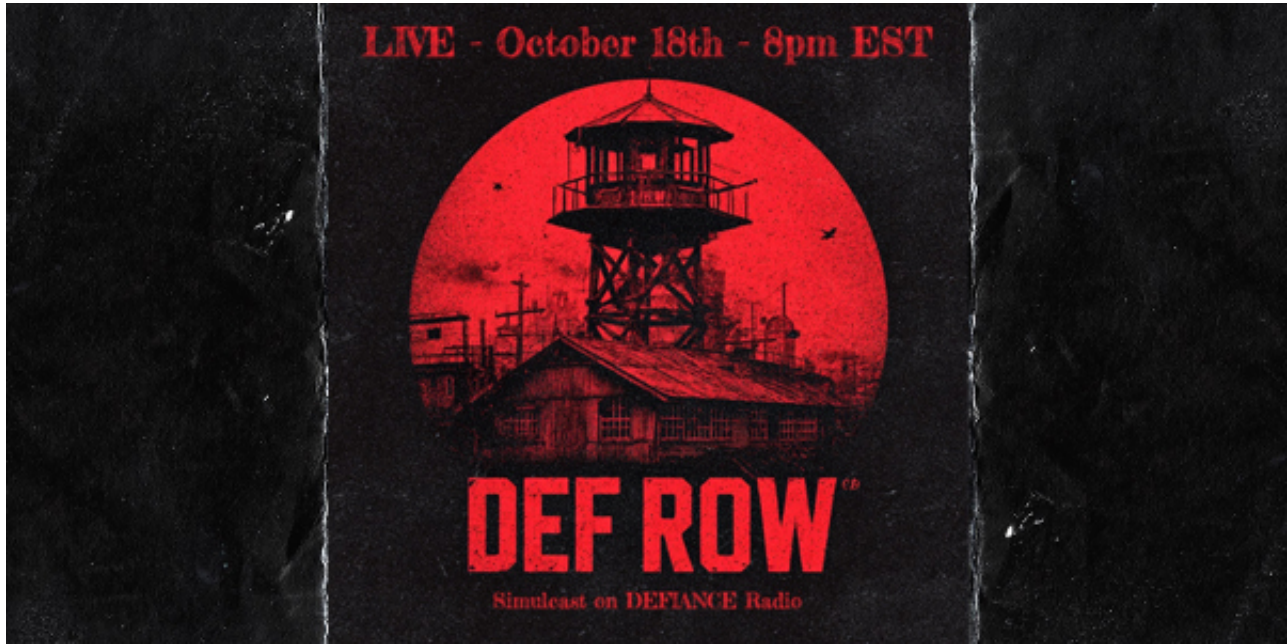
It has the potential to be something , that's for sure.

DDK:

Tomorrow night, I am told that we will learn what the MAIN EVENT of DEF ROW will be! Don't miss Night 2 for that ews!

Lance:

Not for anything, partner! And don't miss DEF ROW, LIVE on DEF Radio on Saturday, October 18th!



FAVORED SAINTS: LONNIE LUCK (C) vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

Folks, we are at our penultimate match of night one, as the Multi-Man Master, Lonnie Luck, defends his Favoured Saints Championship against the rabid Lunatic, Jack Harmen.

Lance:

The two have battled across 2 DEFtvs as of late, and Harmen himself was involved in both multi-man matches at DEFCon and MaxDEF respectively. Jack certainly has had his fair share of opportunity at the FS title, will he finally be able to wrest the championship onto his shoulders, or does Lonnie's luck continue?

DDK:

You may be selling him short with that framing Lance. Lonnie has shown exceptional skill and ring awareness during his reign as FS champ. If he continues tonight, luck won't be the only reason.

Lance:

But when you're in there against a ring veteran like Jack Harmen, you can use all the luck you can get! Let's take it to ringside.

In the ring, Darren Quimbey stands with his finest three piece suit.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is scheduled for one fall with no time limit, and is for the Favoured Saints Championship!

There's a light pop from the Faithful. Then...

"ALL ABOARD~! AH HAHAAHAHA!"

♪"Crazy Train by Ozzy Osbourne"♪

Stepping out of the locomotive inspired fog, parting the seas is Jack Harmen. He raises his devil horn taunt high to the Faithful, and is wearing his new DEFIANCE branded "LAST STOP ON THE LOCOMOTIVE EXPRESS" t-shirt. He slaps the fans hands as he storms his way to the ring.

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring with a white coat on. With a laser focused look on his face Lonnie hastily sprints to the ring like his life depends on it! He slides right on inside the squared circle and when he gets up to his feet, he greets the crowd by taking his coat and popping it open to reveal the Favoured Saints title wrapped around his waist! Lonnie Luck looks out to the people and he gets the Houston fans fired up by waving his hands as loud as he can!

DDK:

Just one win away. Lonnie Luck is closing in on one more win. He has defended this title five separate times during this one reign but he wants the fourth and final defense of this title to be what it needs to be and that's without controversy.

Lance:

I respect that. I think the Faithful do as well. We have seen other people take shortcuts to get to that prize of a Southern Heritage title shot. But Lonnie has yet to get over the hurdle of beating Jack Harmen definitively. Tonight he needs to find a way!

Lonnie is done with the pomp and circumstance of his entrance. Now it is all business!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger, hailing from Los Angeles, California. He weighs in tonight at two hundred twelve and one quarter pounds... he is Your Friendly Neighborhood Lunatic, the Incomparable Snow Man... JACK, HARMEN!

Harmen doesn't react, but just stares across the ring at Lonnie and his FS title.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent ... hailing from Sin City, Nevada! He weighs in tonight at one-hundred seventy five pounds ... he is The Son of Sin City! He is the Lonn Dart! He is ... LONNNNNNNIIIEEEEE LUUUCK!!!

Lonnie looks at the title and then takes a moment to reflect on the moment. He throws it up high and then hands it over to the match official.

DDK:

Both men have agreed the people need to see a winner! Tonight, does Harmen finally get his first title or does Lonnie make it to four successful defenses?!

DING DING

Harmen charges right out of the gate looking for the Locomotive, but Lonnie charges and slides underneath the rising boot, just barely missing it's mark. Harmen licks his chops and stares back across the ring at Lonnie, who grabs at his head to make sure he didn't get clipped. Harmen starts to circle Lonnie and Lonnie obliges, before the two lock up in a collar and arm tie up. Harmen with an arm wringer, into a hammerlock. Luck tries to swipe behind at Harmen's head, before switching into his own go behind. Hammerlock into a waist lock, Harmen hits the ropes, grabbing the top so Luck rolls back off when attempting a pin. Harmen rushes in for a soccer kick but Luck rolls out of the way. Harmen is relentless, looking for a stomp so Luck just rolls himself completely out the ring to regroup.

DDK:

Harmen wastes no time here tonight Lance. He's got Lonnie back peddling.

Lance:

Luck with a veteran move to slow the pace and return this match back to its starting point.

DDK:

If Harmen lets him!

Harmen quickly springboards to the top rope and flies with a shooting star press, taking both him and Luck out on the outside. The 49 year old steadies himself to his feet, grabs Luck, and tosses him back under the bottom rope. As Luck returns to his feet, Harmen springs to the top again and hits him with a Lou Thesz press off the top rope, complete with a flurry of punches that are reprimanded by our official.

DDK:

Harmen hitting some of his greatest hits here in the early going!

Harmen sizes up Luck again. As Luck recovers, Harmen charges. Luck side steps and rolls Harmen up in a schoolboy, avoiding another Locomotive attempt.

One.

Kickout. Harmen and Luck fight to their feet but Luck is first to take advantage, catching Harmen with a drop kick to his left knee. Harmen falls face first onto the mat, allowing Luck to take advantage. Luck grabs Harmen and hits a quick twisting neckbreaker. Luck hits two quick elbows and then a standing double stomp to Harmen's gut, before falling on top for another pin.

One.

Two.

Harmen powers a shoulder up. Luck grabs Harmen and shoots him off the ropes, drop down by Luck, off the other side, leap frog by Luck. Harmen returns and Luck drops down again, only for Harmen to just flip and hit a shooting star press onto Luck's back. Harmen rolls him onto his back and hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Lonnie powers out. Harmen reaches down and synches in a side headlock, keeping Lonnie grounded on the mat. Luck's leg lightly lifts up and down, slamming into the canvas.

DDK:

Harmen started this match fast and now he's slowing down the pace. He's really been commanding the tempo of this match and Luck's been on his back heels most of it.

Lance:

Luck had a great flurry there but Harmen was able to catch Luck napping. I think Lonnie wanted to tire Harmen out in a forever irish whip, but the Lunatic is too smart for that.

Harmen grabs Luck off the mat and irish whips him into the corner, but no, reversal. Luck charges and catches Harmen in the face square with a dropkick. He's quick to rush back and then run in for another, sending Harmen down to a seated position. Luck bounces back and rushes in for a final dropkick, this time, basement, square into the Lunatic's face.

DDK:

Triple Barrel straight to Harmen's face! Luck's fired up here Lance!

Lance:

He better stay on top of the wiley veteran or this may be short lived.

Li'l Lon stands over his foe as the Faithful cheer him on. Luck pulls Harmen out of the corner and sets him up. He climbs the nearest turnbuckle, and flies.

DDK:

Super Satellite! The height and angle on the moonsault is very impressive!

Lance:

As the Master of the Moonsault, Harmen may have some choice words for that.

Luck is right on top with the pin.

One.

Two.

Harmen gets a shoulder up. Luck grabs Harmen and tosses him into the nearest corner, before hitting a chest popping scintillating knife edge chop. Harmen sells it like he's been shot but a lawn dart. Luck exposes his chest again and hits a second one, sending Harmen almost curdling into a fetal position while holding himself upright with the top rope. Luck exposes Harmen's chest again and sizes him up. This time, Harmen ducks underneath and Luck finds himself in the corner. Harmen lights him up with rapid rabid knife edge chops of his own, hitting six in a row before grabbing Luck's head and sending him tumbling in a forward roll. Harmen leaps up to the top rope, looks between his legs, and flies, flashbulbs lighting up the arena.

DDK:

Jack Harmen with his patented Flying Moon Shot! Even at 49, it's just as impressive as it was at 23. Jack Harmen stands over Luck and nods to the young lad, as if to say that's how you do it.

Lance:

But that's not how you win the FS title Jack! You gotta cover your opponent! Not teach them lessons.

Harmen dives on top and hooks both legs.

One.

Two.

Luck barely gets a shoulder up. Harmen slams his hand into the mat in his own frustration, knowing his lollygagging cost him the three count. Harmen just decides to cover Luck again, this time shoving his forearm into Luck's face and not hooking the legs.

One.

Luck kicks out. Harmen scoffs, stands, and starts stomping Luck's head, then his hands, then his shoulders, then spins with a stiff soccer kick to the chest of a sitting Lonnie Dart.

Harmen stands over Luck and throws up the Metalhead devil horn taunt, and then places a boot on Luck's chest.

One.

Luck easily kicks out.

DDK:

I think Harmen's trying to play some mind games with Luck here.

Lance:

Better to get into your opponents head than they in yours Keebler.

Harmen reaches down and just palm shoves Luck's face back down to the canvas as he fights to his feet. Harmen does it again, and then the third time, he uses his foot to boot him back. Jack shouts standing over him with a wide legged base.

Jack Harmen:

What are you willing to do to keep your title Lonnie? Are you gonna kick me in the balls?

Harmen looks down at his wide stance, and then back at Luck, who's foot is directly underneath. Luck just shakes his head no, as Harmen leans in to attack. Luck hooks his head and shoulders into a inside cradle.

One.

Two.

Harmen kicks out, shocked at Luck's last minute counter. Both men to their feet, Harmen charges in anger and Luck shoots him off. Luck rushes for a basement dropkick and it looks like he might have hit it as Harmen forward rolls over him. But in fact, Harmen barely avoids the kicks. Both men turn to the other, and Harmen looks for his Locomotive for a third time, only for Luck to drop back. Harmen's legs get caught in the ropes, and Luck grabs Harmen in a $\frac{3}{4}$ headlock. He rushes to the corner, climbs up the first and second ropes.

DDK:

POCKET --

Lance:

Harmen just chucks Luck over the top out of the Pocket Ace and Lonnie splats back first onto the floor! I could hear that impact here Darren!

DDK:

I think Luck had him dazed enough Lance, but a wide eyed weary Snowman stands in the ring, shocked and worried for this close call.

Harmen in the ring is exacerbated, pulling at his own hair as he stares at a fallen Lonnie Luck on the floor. The official in the ring starts the count, as Harmen backs off, trying to regroup from almost being hit with the Pocket Ace. By the time the ref gets to six, Luck hasn't moved, and Harmen notices.

DDK:

Jack knows he can't win this via countout Lance, and he said he'd do whatever it took to become champion.

Lance:

And he's not going to let this end that way.

Harmen slides out and lifts a groggy Lonnie Luck to his feet. Lonnie mimes for a low blow, that Harmen prepares for shocked. But Luck stops his attempt and instead grabs Harmen's head, hitting a bouncing jawbreaker. Harmen backs off, stunning, as Luck charges and hooks Harmen from behind.

DDK:

Running bulldog ONTO the steel steps! Wow, what a use of the environment from the Multi-Man Match Master!

Lance:

Luck might have caught Jack on the edge of those steps. Oh yeah, There it is. We've got some blood shed here Darren.

DDK:

A small gash developing above Jack's right eye. We'll monitor it and see if it requires attention, but for now, this match continues.

Lonnie hooks Harmen and tosses him in under the bottom rope. He climbs onto the apron, and waits for him to get to his feet. When he does, he springboards off the top and hits a flying clothesline, wiping both men out. Luck then dives on top for the pin.

One.

Two.

Jack instinctively gets a shoulder up. Lonnie dives on top with a sliding double ax handle and then starts laying in with blows from side guard. Harmen tries to cover up but the blows just exacerbate the cut above Harmen's eye, causing blood to seep in and vision to be obscured. Luck stands to his feet and grabs Harmen by his hair. Lonnie off the far side, into a tilt-a-whirl, into a wheelbarrow headscissor followed gracefully into a reverse STO.

DDK:

Burn Card! Harmen fought to stay close to the ropes, and Luck pulls him closer to the center!

One.

Two.

Harmen barely gets a shoulder up. Luck slams his hand on the mat, and grabs Harmen, tossing him into the corner.

Lance:

If Lonnie didn't have to adjust Harmen's position, he might have had this one Darren.

DDK:

You're right, but that's why Harmen is the wily vet, able to position himself just right to give himself whatever advantage he can take.

Lonnie grabs Harmen by his head and spins him, going toward the corner for his Pocket Ace. Harmen has it scouted, shoving Lonnie chest first into the turnbuckle. When he bounces off, Harmen hooks him in a rear and hits a snap german suplex with a bridge.

One.

Two.

Lonnie snaps his arms at Harmen's ribs breaking the bridge. Harmen shakes the cobwebs loose as he fights to his feet. His hands reach up and he notices the blood from his gash staining his hands. This is enough time for Lonnie to hit the ropes, spring with an asai moonsault. Luck lands on Harmen's shoulders, as Harmen spins him to face the main camera.

DDK:

Bluff Catcher! Center of the ring! Harmen is out! This has gotta be it.

One.

Two.

No! Harmen barely gets a shoulder up. Luck can't believe it, running his hands through his blonde hair.

Lance:

Lonnie Luck has hit Jack tonight with everything except the Pocket Ace. Perhaps it'll take that to end the Lunatic's quest for the FS title!

Luck grabs Harmen and throws him face first into the turnbuckle. Harmen, in a daze, just grabs the top ropes with his back to the ring. Luck tries to pull him out, but Harmen won't let go, so the official gives Luck a five count to back off. Luck finally does at four, but protests. While he does, Harmen starts fiddling with the top turnbuckle pad to jeers from the Faithful. He's not able to get it complete off, but it does loosen, before Luck charges in with a diving clothesline in the corner. The Lonn Dart monkey flips the Lunatic halfway across the ring, as Harmen's hand rips the turnbuckle pad clean off. Padding goes flying through the air as Harmen flies before landing in a thud.

Lonnie looks back to the corner, and then back to Harmen, before charging and hitting a standing double stomp to Jack's chest. Luck dives on top for another cover.

One.

Two.

Harmen barely gets a shoulder up. Lonnie dives on top and just starts biting at the open wound of Jack Harmen. The Faithful cheer as Lonnie breaks his bite. Harmen backrolls out, shaking his head and causing a few drops of blood to splatter. He reaches up, smears the blood around his eyes and just smiles across the ring toward Luck.

Then charges like a bat out of hell.

DDK:

Loco-no! Harmen baited him! Luck sidesteps but Harmen just stops, kicks Luck in the gut... Hypothermia! That old school double underhook brainbuster has such snap even at the age of 49!

Lance:

Harmen playing all the hits tonight. Jack climbs up that turnbuckle that he removed the padding on... oh! He slipped!

Harmen's footing slipped on the metal rod, causing him to crotch himself on his own turnbuckle exposure. Harmen straddles the top, as Luck quickly ascends, and hits a top rope hurricanrana.

Both men are down in the center of the ring, as the official starts a ten count.

DDK:

These two have left it all on the line tonight here Lance. Whoever wins, it'll be by the skin of their teeth. The loser has nothing to be ashamed about!

Lance:

But neither man wants to walk out of here without that Favoured Saints championship. When it comes down to the nitty gritty, we'll see just who really wants this more!

As the official gets to six, the Faithful begin to boo.

DDK:

Oh what is he doing here!?

Slowly descending to ringside is none other than the latest member of the Luck Dynasty, the seven foot Blonde God, Mark Luck. Mark takes a moment to jaw jack at the front row at a particular fan whose vitriol is acidic.

Lance:

Lonnie Luck has told the Sevens he wants no part of them, so what the hell is Mark Luck doing out here!

Benny Doyle is busy asking Mark the same question, but then rushes to count as Lonnie has draped his arm across Jack's chest.

One.

Two.

Jack barely gets a kickout at the last second. Mark reacts shocked on the outside, as Lonnie crawls to his feet. He notices Mark there, who starts cheering him on and smacking the mat to encourage the Faithful. The Lonn Dart gives him side eye, and cautiously lifts Jack to his feet. Irish whip into a back elbow to the gut by Lonnie, before his arm swings up for a back hand to the jaw, and then a $\frac{3}{4}$ facelock. Lonnie rushes to the nearest corner, but Harmen holds his ground and shoves Lonnie chest first into the buckles.

The exposed top buckle digs into Lonnie's chest and almost causes the youngster to think he was having a heart attack. Luck turns...

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! Fourth times the charm! Lonnie is down like a ton of bricks.

Lance:

And look at Harmen, taunting Mark on the outside!

Harmen turns to Lonnie and just places a single boot on his chest.

One.

Two.

Three...

NO! Luck kicks out, swatting the leg off his chest. The Faithful explode, as Harmen's eyes bug out of his skull. Mark starts laughing at Jack, as Lonnie crawls over to a different corner without the exposed buckle. Harmen starts yelling and screaming at Benny Doyle that he counted slow and needs to go back to remedial math class. Harmen shouts are so aggressive he pushes Doyle into a neutral corner.

Mark Luck rushes over to Lonnie, handing him a steel chair from ringside. Mark nods to Lonnie, and tells him to strike Harmen. Then, Mark rushes around the ring to the other side. He climbs onto the apron and starts yelling at Jack, defending Benny Doyle. Harmen turns his attention to Mark, and sniffs out the plan. While Benny is distracted by Mark on the apron, Jack turns to face Lonnie, who holds a steel chair in his hand.

Harmen throws his hands out to his side, and raises his head to expose his jaw.

Jack Harmen:

C'mon! DO IT IF YOU'RE GONNA DO IT!

Lonnie looks at Jack, at the chair, and then takes one last look to the time keeper and the FS title. He grits his teeth...

And he can't do it.

He just drops the chair on the ground between him and Jack. Harmen nods, and brings Lonnie in for a big hug. The faithful cheer.

DDK:

LOW BLOW! BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX! On that steel chair!

Lance:

This is despicable!

Mark tries to protest on the apron but Benny keeps telling him to drop down. Harmen licks a bit of his bloody stream from his upper lip before picking Lonnie back up to his feet. He grabs him by his neck, and hits his elevated planting DDT.

Lance:

Cold Snow! Also on the chair! And now he's getting rid of the evidence!

Harmen slides the chair out of the ring away from Benny Doyle's side. He then turns around.

Lance:

Locomotive to Mark sends him flying off the apron onto the guardrail!

DDK:

Harmen has pushed himself into a new gear here. He's like ten years younger! Jack leaps to the top rope, spins... Five and a half star frogsplash! Into the cover! Hooks the leg!

One.

Two.

Three!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Lonnie did everything he could tonight, threw everything he had at Jack, but Harmen just had too many tricks up his sleeve.

Lance:

Jack has crossed a line here tonight. He convinces Lonnie not to use the chair and then used it himself to secure the victory!

DDK:

It may be a lesson for Lonnie in the long run. Your opponent is never as chivalrous as you, and a line you may not cross is not necessarily a line your opponent won't.

Harmen snatches the title out of Benny Doyle's hand and starts scurrying up the rampway, shouting "I'M FINALLY YOUNG AGAIN!" He turns to the Faithful and throws his hands and the title up to jeers.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, and NEW, FS Champion.. Jack! Harmen!

As Darren Quimbey announces the winner, Lonnie Luck recovers and looks up to see his title escape with his opponent. He sees Mark recover on the outside, clutching his jaw, and just shaking his head in disappointment.

Yet, no one is more disappointed than Lonnie himself.

If only there were two more opponents, I'm sure the Son of Sin City woulda had this...

Lonnie Luck is hurt but Mark Luck is now heading back into the ring.

DDK:

What is this bully doing now?

There's little that Li'l Lon can do when Mark Luck grabs him by the skull with the Winning Hand! He picks up Lonnie ...

WINNING HAND SLAM!!!

Lance:

What is the meaning of this?!

Mark Luck isn't done with just one! He grabs the beaten Lonnie ...

WINNING HAND SLAM!!!

DDK:

Enough!

And a third time!

WINNING HAND SLAM!!!

This finally forces DEFsec's hand and the security team finally has to step in to usher Mark The Spark away from ringside!

Mark Luck:

You're done with us, Lonnie? We're done with *you*! Future Ace of Tag Teams ... OUT!!!

Mark Luck laughs off security and walks to the back after having made his point! Trainers follow security to try and help out Lonnie Luck ...

DDK:

Mark Luck unleashed this unprovoked attack on Lonnie Luck! Luck made his choice a few weeks ago that he wanted to go his own way, but I guess that wasn't the answer the Lucks wanted to hear!

Three Winning Hand Slams later ... but Lonnie tries to still brush off any help. He rolls out of the ring under his own power, but shortly collapses! Trainers try to follow the brash now former Favoured Saints champ to the back.

Lance:

This is awful. We hope to have a medical update available for Lonnie Luck soon but as regrettable as this is we have to move to the main event for the Southern Heritage title coming up next!

SOHER: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

The mind games are over. The talk is over. The action is now. Up next... the Southern Heritage Title is on the line when the defending champion, Brock Newbludd, defends against someone he once called a friend long ago... "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez.

Lance:

At DEFCON 2021, it was Uriel Cortez, Mil Vueltas -- then called Minute -- and Titaness who together, worked with Saturday Night Specials against The Lucky Sevens and The Stevens Dynasty to save Ballyhoo Brew and get five minutes alone in a ring with Tom Morrow. Nowadays, though, the Familia are far removed from the fan favorites they used to be!

DDK:

Since Brock Newbludd's issues with his own best friend and tag team partner, Pat Cassidy, have grown out of hand, it was Titanes Familia and Uriel Cortez of all people that stepped in shockingly and attacked both men during what was Pat's third consecutive attempt to win the SOHER from his friend! Since then, Uriel Cortez and his wife, Titaness, have interjected themselves into the conversation leading to Cortez claiming he's taking the gold to help them out!

Lance:

Indeed. And that leads us to now. Titaness defeated Pat Cassidy one-on-one earlier tonight with some help from his own sister, Siofra, formerly Siobhan Cassidy. Now, can the Familia go two-for-two against the Saturday Night Specials? Any pick for the winner, Darren?

DDK:

It's hard to say. Brock Newbludd has been on the tear of his career. He defeated Ned Reform in a steel cage to win the gold! He's defended it against the likes of Reform, TA Black, former FIST Malak Garland, his own tag partner, Pat Cassidy and recently, Dan Leo James! But on the other side, Uriel Cortez is as dangerous as I've ever seen him. He's got huge wins over the likes of the top stars of DEFIANCE such as Scott Douglas, Dex Joy, Elise Ares and even OSCAR BURNS! If there were a time to be ready... tonight is it.

Lance:

Now that you're caught up to speed... let's get to the entrances for our competitors!

The entire arena goes dark...

And a single gold spotlight shines. The TOWERING Titan standing in the spotlight has his arms wide open! He turns to face the ring and shows off all new gear... a black singlet with with gold trim as his regular single, along with additional blood-red trim, covered by a black vest! He walks and opens the vest to reveal a specific message written across the front of the singlet in dark red:

NEWBLUDD'S NEW DAD

Uriel then turns around to point to the back of the singlet. Also in red:

J/K MAY THE BEST DAD WIN

♪ "Big Poppa" by Notorious B.I.G. ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Looking smug, Uriel points to the back of the singlet so it's nice and clear for The Faithful in attendance and at home to read and then heads towards the ring brimming with confidence.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez JUMPED Brock Newbludd twice during and after matches! And he's STILL acting like they're besties?!

DDK:

What a manipulator. Brock and Pat haven't bought into this garbage from either he or Titaness, so I don't understand what this is.

Lance:

Familia mind games.

The lyrics belt out as Cortez makes his way to the ring. No other Familia members accompany him to the ring at this time as he starts singing along with the lyrics.

♪ *To all the ladies in the place with style and grace*
Allow me to lace these lyrical douches in your bushes (Uh)
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamsis?
The back of the club, sippin' Moët is where you'll find me (What?)
The back of the club, mackin' hoes, my crew's behind me (Uh)
Mad question askin', blunt passin'
Music blastin', but I just can't quit ♪

Sauntering to the ring bathed in a gold spotlight, Uriel Cortez rocks a brand new pair of gold-tinted round sunglasses and cups a large hand near his ear, getting MORE jeers as he reaches ringside. Cortez smirks and then reaches for the top rope to pull himself up onto the apron. The Man of the House pushes the ropes down and clears right over them as he steps inside.

Uriel Cortez:

May the best dad win, Brock! From NewDad to Papa Tez, let's get it!

The giant throws his arms out and takes in the overwhelming negative response from the Houston Faithful!

DDK:

I'm shocked that he doesn't have any other members of the Familia out here with him. Granted, they've all had their own battles to fight.

Lance:

That they have!

Uriel Cortez walks over to his corner and leans back calmly. He starts even clapping along and getting the crowd fired up, ready for the arrival of the Southern Heritage Champion!

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ *"Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot* ♪

The iconic opening to Quiet Riot's suddenly cuts out, giving the floor to The Ballyhooligans...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Another explosion of pyro erupts from the stage in sync with the music kicking back in, and the crowd erupts as the Southern Heritage Champion makes his way out with the title held high above his head.

Lance:

The Toyota Center has come alive! Listen to this ovation!

The fired-up SOHER throws a fist up to one side of the arena and runs across the stage to give the other side some love. As Brock keeps his fist raised, the camera circles behind him to focus on the back of his sleeveless leather jacket and the air-brushed portrait of his alter-ego "Brock Van Patton" standing triumphant with the SOHER held high above

his head...and a foot planted on a bloodied Uriel Cortez's chest.

DDK:

The champion arrives looking as confident as ever for what has to be the biggest challenge to date as the Southern Heritage Champion.

Lance:

It's going to take every he has to take down the seven-footer tonight, DDK. But, they don't call him The DieHard DEFIANT for no reason.

With the SOHER hanging off his shoulder, Brock slaps hands with fans on both sides of the aisle as he makes his way towards the ring. Sliding into the ring, Brock struts right by Cortez and climbs the closest corner to him. Newbludd raises the title and soaks in the cheers a final time, glancing down at the challenger as he does so. Dropping down to the mat, the SOHER hands the belt to Benny Doyle, and the veteran ref makes his way to the center of the ring. He raises the belt above his head, and the crowd lets out a cheer.

DDK:

That's what it's all about! One of the most coveted titles in the sport, no doubt about it.

After taking in the custom design on his jacket, Uriel snarls in the direction of the Southern Heritage Champion.

Lance:

We know both men are fans of playing mind games with their opponents, but Uriel in particular didn't look like he enjoyed Brock's artwork!

Once both men are in the ring, the lights go down real low for the championship announcements!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your main event of the evening! And it is for... the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The graphic for the coveted high-level championship spins on the screen!

Darren Quimbey:

In the corner to my left, introducing the challenger! Representing Titanes Familia, from The City of Industry, California... he stands at SEVEN-FEET ONE AND A HALF! He weighs in at THREE-HUNDRED FORTY-ONE POUNDS! HE IS THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY... HE IS PAPA TEZ... HE IS DEFIANCE'S SELF-PROCLAIMED LANDLORD... **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez holds his vest in his hand and throws his arm up to VERY LOUD jeers. He smirks behind his sunglasses and turns to Brock.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... representing the Saturday Night Specials... from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, weighing in at TWO-HUNDRED FIFTY-NINE POUNDS! HE IS THE DIEHARD DEFIANT! HE IS MILWAUKEE'S BEAST! He is the reigning and defending SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! **BROCK NEWWWWWWWWWBLUDD!**

Brimming with confidence, the defending champion holds the title out and raises it up high over his head! He pats the title once in front of him and flashes it towards a man he once called a friend. Cortez's eyes don't leave the championship behind his shades as he hands the title over to the official. Once he holds the title out, he makes for the bell...

DING DING

Milwaukee's Beast suddenly catches Uriel's vest being thrown at him! He moves the vest out of the way, only to eat a

HUGE incoming clothesline from the challenger at the start!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Hey! What was the meaning of that?!

DDK:

Winning the Southern Heritage Title at all costs!

The official yells at Uriel Cortez for the cheap shot to start, but Uriel backs up and argues.

Uriel Cortez:

I WAS TRYING TO PLAY CATCH WITH MY FRIEND FOR OLD TIMES SAKE! GEE-TEE-EFF-OH, SMALL!

The Tall-Father takes a moment as Brock tries to get back to his feet after being blindsided from the fast-moving giant. Once Cortez sees that he's about upright, Papa Tez comes off the ropes and CRASHES right into Brock Newbludd with a running shoulder tackle so nasty that Brock spins before hitting the canvas!

DDK:

And there's another huge shot from Cortez! We are not screwing around tonight! Uriel Cortez is a three-time Unified Tag Team Champion! He's a former Favoured Saints Champion! But tonight, it is all about the most coveted prizes in DEFIANCE history! The main event-worthy Southern Heritage Championship!

With Brock still reeling from the prior cheap shots, Cortez quickly springs into action and grabs Brock before he sends him for the ride across the ring. Once he gets there, Cortez lines him up and charges full speed ahead at the corner, CRUSHING Brock in the process with a massive running back elbow! The big blow is enough to drop even a big man like Milwaukee's Beast to his knees in the corner. Uriel looks down at the fallen Newbludd behind him and to be an asshole, grabs his hand while he's down.

Uriel Cortez:

MAY THE BEST DAD WIN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Cortez is a monster in every sense of the word. A beast in that ring to be sure, but also a manipulative, insulting human being... and again, a monster! Look!

Keeping the pressure on the Southern Heritage Champion, Cortez puts both feet into the chest of the monster and then PRESSES all his weight down on Brock's chest! The official starts to count down Uriel when he refuses to move

Benny Doyle

BREAK IT UP! NOW!

When Uriel refuses, Doyle keeps count!

Benny Doyle:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Cortez steps off him just before the five-count not wanting to risk one of the biggest matches of his career! The Houston Faithful serenade The Man of the House with booing but he ignores them to put his attention back on Brock.

Lance:

Darren, as the play-by-play, what should both men be doing to win or retain that title!

DDK:

For Uriel Cortez, exactly what you're seeing now! Uriel Cortez has to do everything he can to keep that pressure on a big-match wrestler like Brock! For Brock, he needs to find some kind of opening and exploit that to the best of his advantage! Find a way to wear Uriel down!

The Titan of Industry picks Brock up and then gets ready to deliver a signature chop. He holds his hands out...

MISSES!

But Brock doesn't with the right hand! He catches the big man with a volley of big right hands in the corner that have Cortez teetering!

DDK:

And there's the opening!

Brock climbs to the middle rope with Cortez in the corner and doesn't waste any time raining down shots!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

He pauses...

TEN!

Cortez stumbles out of the corner and goes cross-eyed! Brock quickly tries to dip behind The Man of The House and tries to suplex him!

DDK:

No way! Is he gonna suplex Uriel Cortez?!

He tries... but Cortez is still too fresh and **THROWS** Brock off of him with a side throw!

Lance:

No! Cortez is just overwhelming Brock at every turn! And I think he's about to do it some more!

The Man of The House is already on top of the Southern Heritage Champion. He grabs onto the arm of Brock and then **LAUNCHES** him across the ring with a massive hammer throw into the corner! The impact is so great that it sends shivers up Brock's spine as he collapses to his knees after the powerful Irish whip!

DDK:

This is brutality right here on display in our main event! Cortez is coming at Brock Newbludd with everything he has... in the name of... ugh... friendship.

Lance:

Brock is a solid two-sixty and still gives up almost a foot in height and eighty-pounds to this monster! Cortez is making this beating look easy!

The Faithful start making noise as Brock Newbludd tries to pull himself up to his feet in the corner, but once more, Cortez pulls him from the corner! Brock fights back with a big shot to the gut! Then another! Then another! The Houston Faithful rallying behind Milwaukee's Beast, Brock tries a third shot, but Cortez brings a knee lift into his chest! Brock gets doubled over and then hoisted up over the shoulder! Cortez then drops him with a brutal body slam!

Lance:

Cortez working over that back! Is he gonna go for another one?

The answer is an empathic YES as he **DROPS** Brock with a second body slam mid-ring! The Last Action Hero writhes

around in agony before he goes to pick him up again... He has the Southern Heritage Champion up over his shoulders, but has the fans gasping as he holds him with one arm over his right shoulder!

DDK:

No way! How is this kind of strength possible?!

And Cortez finally lands the third and final delayed body slam! Shivers are sent up the spine of Brock when Cortez goes for a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO...

NO!

Lance:

First cover of the match! But we are seeing sheer domination on the part of Cortez!

Uriel calmly gets up and grabs the arm of Brock before he whips him again into the corner. The Man of The House calls his shot across the ring by pointing towards the champion. Said champion is finally able to pull himself up just as Cortez comes charging like a tall-ass freight train...

THUD!

...only to hit the corner!

Lance:

Ooh! Brock got out of the way of that move in time!

With Uriel rocked, Cortez is wide open for Brock to charge at him with a big running clothesline that only rocks Papa Tez briefly. Seeing another chance to strike, he comes off the ropes and then goes for another clothesline from the opposite side. The blow knocks Cortez back again, but Brock isn't done. With the Faithful still willing him forward, Brock hits off the ropes a third time...

THWACK!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD!

With just one LOUD chop, Brock goes down to the canvas! Brock is reeling and Cortez shakes the feeling and lets out a howl!

Uriel Cortez:

WHOO! I FELT THAT ONE, BUDDY! YOU OKAY, AMIGO?

Lance:

Come on with this! We've seen how he treats his enemies, but this is how he treats his FRIENDS, too?!

While Milwaukee's Beast is still stunned, Cortez then grabs Brock by the neck and drags him up to his feet before he charges forward and dumps him out of the ring! The Titan of Industry watches him fall and then climbs out over the ropes to head to the floor.

Lance:

I'm honestly shocked! Since the first cheap shot from Uriel Cortez to start the match, Brock has just had any attempts to comeback stopped cold!

Uriel takes Brock and hoists him up over the shoulder. He gets ready to hit him with a lawn dart into the ring post...

THUD!

...But only Cortez goes right into the ring post! Brock gives him the slip right away and lands to his feet behind The Man of The House in order to buy himself some time.

DDK:

Brock has a chance now! He's got a chance to fight back! Can he do something with this opportunity!

He gets on the ring apron and looks around to the Houston Faithful and then RUNS off the apron to smack Cortez with a flying shoulder tackle that sends his massive body crashing into the barricade!

DDK:

There we go! Brock pulling a page of out BVP's book and just throwing himself right into danger with that flying shoulder tackle!

Lance:

I wonder how many pages that script was!

Brock is back up to his feet and then gets back into the ring.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's go, Dad! Get in here and take this ass-whooping like a man!

Hearing this, Cortez is reeling but now showing anger. He grits his teeth and pulls away from the barricade and tries to slide under the ropes. Still reeling, but able to catch Uriel just as he tries to get into the ring, he DRIVES the big man down with a big snap DDT!

DDK:

The trash talk works both ways! Brock baited Uriel back into the ring and right into that DDT!

Brock is still feeling the effects of the action and tries to get Cortez over onto his shoulders, then right into the cover!

ONE!

TW... KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

Lance:

No way! He kicked out just before two!

DDK:

It's been a good while since Uriel Cortez has tasted defeat in a singles match and that's part of the reason why! So overwhelming!

Brock is not deterred and measures up Cortez as he tries to get back to his feet! He has him locked in and charges...

DDK:

Brock with the Face Mel... Oh, no! NO! Cortez caught him by the neck first!

Before he could connect with the Face Melter shining wizard, Uriel's hand wraps around Brock's throat! Cortez then lands a NASTY headbutt that rocks Brock! The DieHard DEFIANT then gets scooped up onto the shoulders of The Man of The House before he's dropped neck-first into the top rope with snake eyes! As Brock stumbles around on his feet, Cortez hits the ropes and comes back to SMACK Brock upside the jaw with a massive running big boot to the head! Brock hits the canvas with a thud and has a glassy-eyed look as he collapses to the canvas!

DDK:

What a combination! Uriel calls that the Family Chain! Will the snake eyes and big boot combo result in a new champion!

For Uriel's first time, he ducks down and goes right into the cover on Brock!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Brock gets the shoulder up, stunning Cortez in the process!

Lance:

That was a close one! Brock has just not been able to keep the pressure on so far! Each time he gets anything going, Uriel is able to take the match back by size and strength alone!

The Man of The House is on his feet and talking more talk to the defending Southern Heritage Champion!

Uriel Cortez:

JUST FORFEIT, BROCK! YOU LET ME TAKE THE TITLE OFF YOUR HANDS, YOU CAN HELP FIX PAT'S PROBLEMS WITHOUT THAT TITLE BURDENING YOU!

Still sprawled out on the canvas, but upright, Brock tugs at the boot of Cortez to pull himself upright to give him a counter...

Brock Newbludd:

You're... a shit dad...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Cortez is silently fuming just above him and nods. Then DRIVES Brock's face into his knee with a facebreaker knee smash! Brock is stunned on his feet, allowing Cortez to palm the back of his head and CRACK him in the chest with a huge Big Business chop that brings him back to the mat!

Lance:

Cortez took that personally!

DDK:

He didn't ! And Brock got the business end of that Big Business overhand chop to the chest! That title could be coming home to The Familia!

Cortez goes for the cover and counts along with Benny Doyle as he does it!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Another kickout and another shoulder for Brock NewDad!

BROCK!

BROCK!

BROCK!

BROCK!

Cortez looks angry with Doyle's last count, but tries to play it off and stands up over the battered champion! Cortez looks out to The Faithful and puts his hands up with them.

Uriel Cortez:

B-V-P! B-V-P! B-V-P! B-V-P!

But much to his surprise, Brock is still very much in the game and looks up with grim determination towards his giant opponent!

Lance:

How the heck is he doing this? I thought that was it!

DDK:

I thought it was, too!

Cortez goes to pick up Brock again and has the wrestler/action star up on his shoulders... but Brock slips partially free and wraps both hands around Cortez's neck with a sleeper, sending The Man of The House into panic mode with the Houston Faithful cheering on Milwaukee's Beast!

DDK:

Brock finds a counter! He's got that sleeper hold locked in tight!! It doesn't matter if you're six feet, seven feet, eight feet! You need air in your lungs and this could be the key to overcoming this Titan!

Flailing his arms around and trying to get Brock's grip loosened, he stumbles around the ring! He charges back into the corner and slams Brock into it, but The DieHard DEFIANT won't go quietly into that good night! He keeps the hold on again which has Uriel in a panic! He continues to try and shake Brock NewDad off of his back, but the Born Over star refuses to take no for an answer like other wrestlers whose last two initials are VP!

DDK:

Cortez slams Brock into that corner again! It took two tries, but he's shaken him off!

Lance:

No! No he hasn't!

Brock once again goes for the German suplex he attempted earlier! He gets Cortez up and off his feet, which has the fans going!

DDK:

No way! Is he gonna do it?! Is he going to suplex The Man of The House?!

He ALMOST takes him over, but Papa Tez tries for a back elbow. This time, Brock is ready! He ducks the back elbow and then SHOVES Cortez into the ropes with all his might! The recoil sends the giant back into his grip...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

...BROCK SCORES WITH THE RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX TO THE SEVEN-FOOT ONE (AND A HALF!) CORTEZ!

Lance:

GOODNESS! HOW THE HELL DID HE DO THAT?!

DDK:

THE TOYOTA CENTER JUST SHOOK UNDER OUR FEET! HE'S **FINALLY** GOT THE CHALLENGER OFF HIS FEET, BUT WHAT DOES BROCK HAVE LEFT?!

With the entire Toyota Center cheering on the Southern Heritage Champion, Brock looks out to the people and starts firing himself up to feed off their energy! With Cortez still down, Brock reaches into his boot...

Lance:

What's he doing now?!

Brock grabs for something... then has something in his hands! He pulls a strap of some kind over his head...

AN EYE PATCH!

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

CORTEZ CHANTED EARLIER FOR B-V-P! AND I THINK HE JUST GOT HIM!

Lance:

HE'S GONNA SHOW THESE PEOPLE, DARREN! HE WAS **BORN** OVER!

The SOHER waits on The Man of The House to start getting back to his knees and once he's ready, Brock Van Patton goes right towards Cortez and CLOCKS him with a big running forearm to the side of the head! Cortez is rocked by the shot, but only briefly as Brock comes back with another running forearm smash! With Cortez now stunned, Brock runs towards the corner. An angry Cortez comes charging, but The Last Action Hero gets his boot up first and clocks him in the head!

DDK:

I was going to say, I don't know how wise it is for Newbludd to be playing these games in such an important match, but he's finally got the big man on the ropes!

Brock heads to the top rope and then flies off with a HUGE sledgehammer blow upside the head of the giant!

Lance:

The Man of The House is stunned! Once BVP showed up on the scene, he's been able to stay one step ahead of the monster!

He goes right towards the legs of Cortez carefully before throwing a few quick kicks at the massive leg! Cortez winces, then tries to throw a clothesline when the Born Over star ducks it and hits the ropes! BVP comes off the other side while ducking under a back elbow from the Titan of Industry, then goes low by picking the leg with a running chop block that has Cortez hobbling! As the Titan has been dropped, The DieHard DEFIANT gets to his knees and ROARS to The Faithful!

DDK:

He's got Uriel Cortez down! Can he take down the Titan once and for all and retain the Southern Heritage Title?!

Cortez is near the ropes and trying to check on his leg! He fails to see BVP coming right him and when he looks up...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

...

...

RUNNING SPEAR THROUGH THE ROPES THAT TAKES BOTH MEN TO THE FLOOR!

Lance:

THAT... THAT WAS INSANE!

DDK:

NO, THAT WAS BROCK VAN PATTON!

The replay catches the impact! Uriel Cortez is BLASTED clean off the ring apron while Milwaukee's Beast eats shit with a rough landing of his own!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

There's clearly a method to this madness, though! Brock had to come up with something BIG for this unstoppable goliath! Cortez has been dominant from the outset with Brock having to chip at him little by little! Has he finally turned the tide to where he needs to go?!

Lance:

And I think that Brock is done playing around, too!

The eyepatch comes off and he throws it in a nearby corner! He turns back to see The Titan of Industry trying to stand!

DDK:

That running spear took a lot out of both men! Cortez can barely get up!

The big man is finally back in the ring and Brock is finally with him! As Cortez limps up, he grabs the neck of the big man and then runs forward to SMACK him directly under the chin with a jaw-shaking superkick! The blow sends Cortez into the ropes while on his feet, but when he bounces forward slowly, Brock CRACKS him with a second one right under the jaw that sends The Man of The House tumbling slowly to the canvas!

Lance:

TIMBERRRRRRRRR!

DDK:

BROCK WITH THE COVER! TO RETAIN!

Brock Newbludd falls over right into the cover on the patriarch of Titanes Familia!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Man of The House THROWS a shoulder as high as he can!

Lance:

NO WAY! HOW THE HELL DID HE KICK OUT OF THAT!

DDK:

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE DID IT! DOYLE SAYS TWO!

The energy level dips quickly from the Houston Faithful when Doyle holds up two fingers!

Lance:

Could that have been Brock's best shot at slaying the Titan of Industry tonight? That one was CLOSE!

DDK:

Brock's still up!

When The DieHard DEFIANT sees his opponent rising to a knee, Papa Tez is looking out of sorts as he tries to get back to his feet. Brock balls up a fist and goes right after the giant with a stiff volley of forearms to the side of the head! He unleashes shot after shot after shot to make sure the monster stays down!

Lance:

He's doing exactly what he needs to do right now! Not let up on this monster!

With Cortez stunned, he hooks him up for a suplex!

DDK:

Wait... no! He's not... he's calling for the Brockbuster!

He throws a hand up to the people and they start ROARING for Milwaukee's Beast as he tries to power up the big man! He ALMOST gets him on his feet... BUT CORTEZ KICKS HIS LEGS TO STAY GROUNDED!

DDK:

NO! HE'S STILL ALIVE! URIEL IS STILL ALIVE!

Cortez breaks free of Brock's grip with a nasty uppercut to the stomach to double him over, then grabs the back of Newbludd's head to send him into the ropes, only to bounce back...

THWACK!**DDK:**

Rebound Chop by Cortez!

Lance:

And he's not done!

Brock is barely on his feet when Cortez hoists him up by the neck and DRILLS him into the canvas with a ring-shaking chokeslam!

DDK:

Cortez just SPIKED him! Will the Rebound Chop and the Chokeslam finish this once and for all?!

Cortez kneels down to hook the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

NO! Brock kicks out! Brock kicks out!

The look etched on Cortez's face is that he's not having as much fun as he was at the beginning of the match! He looks down at Brock and looks ready to go nuclear!

Uriel Cortez:

WILL YOU JUST STAY THE FUCK DOWN?! YOU'RE MAKING THIS HARDER ON BOTH OF US!

Brock gives him the answer he's looking for by spitting at Cortez's feet! This only pisses off the Titan of Industry further!

DDK:

DieHard DEFIANT is right, but if Brock keeps doing this, he may just do that and die hard in that ring!

Lance:

If looks could kill, he would be already!

Cortez signals to The Faithful that he's more than done with this! The straps are down on his singlet, revealing his massive barrel chest! He throws his hands in the air to tell the Houston Faithful that enough is enough! He grabs Brock by two handfuls of hair and then sets him up in a powerbomb position!

DDK:

NEWBLUDD AND CASSIDY BOTH FELT THIS MOVE A FEW WEEKS AGO! 218 MAY BE COMING UP!

He hoists Brock up...

ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOW!

...But Brock fights back! He continues elbowing the giant until he lands on his feet in front of him!

DDK:

Newbludd sensed it coming! He's out! Misses the clothesline... AND ANOTHER SLEEPER!

Brock jumps on the back of Cortez a second time and tries to take the wind out of the Titan's sails with another sleeper hold as The Faithful go CRAZY!

Lance:

He's got the giant! He's got him down with the sleeper!

The Titan of Industry is worse for wear this time as he backs up into the corner and then slams Brock back-first into the corner to pry him off! Cortez tries to catch his breath. He swings towards Brock with another blow...

BROCK WITH A SIDE BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX ON THE BIG MAN!

DDK:

BROCK WITH ANOTHER SUPLEX! HE JUST GOT CORTEZ DOWN ON THE GROUND!

After using up most of his energy powering up the big man off the canvas, The DieHard DEFIANT stumbles back off the corner and measures up his challenger...

He speeds towards Cortez...

DDK:

HE GOT IT THIS TIME! FACE MELTER! THAT SHINING WIZARD SQUARE TO THE FACE! CORTEZ IS DOWN!

But The Last Action Hero doesn't stop at just one, knowing the caliber of monster that Uriel Cortez! He gets ready to strike again...

Lance:

He's going for a second one?!

The Southern Heritage Champion SMASHES another shining wizard into the face of Cortez!

DDK:

FACE MELTER III!

Lance:

ELECTRIC BOOGALOO!

Brock has Cortez down, but the giant still looks punch (shining wizard) drunk! As he crawls around the ring in a daze, Brock has one more loaded in the chamber...

DDK:

NO WAY! FACE MELTER THREE! HE'S GOT THE TITAN DOWN!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

For once in this match, The Man of The House looks to be a chalk outline in the middle of the ring! When Brock realizes this, he points towards the top rope and then heads up to the corner with the quickness!

DDK:

Not one, but THREE consecutive Face Melters to keep the Titan down! He's looking to follow up!

Flashes go off all over the Toyota Center before Brock takes flight...

DDK:

THIS HAS TO BE IT!

Brock shouts out to the Houston Faithful!

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He gracefully GLIDES off the top rope and brings down a massive elbow straight into the black heart of The Man of The House and the roof nearly comes off the Toyota Center!

DDK:

BIG ELBOWSKI!!! BIG ELBOWSKI! HE'S GOT CORTEZ DOWN!

Lance:

HE'S GOT THE CHALLENGER DOWN! AFTER ALL THAT, THIS HAS TO BE OVER!

Brock hurriedly goes right into the cover with a hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

...DOYLE GETS PULLED OUT OF THE RING BY KILGORE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

WHAT...?! KILL OR BE KILLED ARE HERE! WHERE DID THESE MONSTERS EVEN COME FROM?! AND... THERE'S SIOFRA!

Brock looks out to see Benny Doyle out on the floor from being pulled out of the ring with one arm by Kilgore! Next to her, Siofra waves a little hello to her ex-boyfriend.

DDK:

BROCK NEWBLUDD HAD THIS WON!

Kilgore jumps on the apron and tries to climb into the ring, but the second that he steps there, Brock is already on his feet and catches the monster on the chin with a massive superkick, sending him flying off the apron!

Lance:

There goes Kilgore... BUT LOOK!

The Southern Heritage Champion turns, only to get ROCKED by a massive running lariat from Kilgore's massive partner in crime, Killjoy! The Good Son of the Familia hovers over the fallen Brock Newbludd as she commands the monster to attack him! He nods and the masked monster starts attacking Brock in the corner with shoulders to the midsection!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

CORTEZ IS STILL DOWN! BUT SO IS BROCK!

Kilgore still holds his jaw, but Siofra screams at him to get into the ring to attack Brock as well! Both men are now in the ring attacking the Southern Heritage Champion!

Lance:

THIS... THIS IS NUTS! THIS MATCH SHOULD BE OVER! BROCK HAD URIEL CORTEZ DEAD TO RIGHTS!

Still in a daze, Cortez is down in a corner clutching his chest while The Killers continue attacking Newbludd! The Faithful are booing...

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!

...but not for long!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! LOOK, DARREN! LOOK WHO'S COMING THROUGH THE CROWD!

With chair in hand, PAT CASSIDY is back in the house to a massive ovation! He jumps over the barricade and runs into the ring after the monsters!

DDK:

HOW?! HE WAS ESCORTED OUT OF HERE EARLIER TONIGHT!

Lance:

I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE COME BACK AT A BETTER TIME!

Kilgore turns around and hears the commotion! He swings at Pat Cassidy for a lariat, but he ducks...

CLANG!

... And CRACKS the monster right across the dome with a chair, sending him out of the ring!

DDK:

KILGORE IS OUTTA HERE!

Siofra jumps back out of terror while Pat goes after Killjoy and brings the chair across the back of the monster! Kilgore takes the chairshot in stride, but still turns! Pat gets ready to swing... then he gets ROCKED from behind with a roaring elbow from Brock Newbludd! The blow sends him right into a chairshot from Pat to the stomach, then a third one across the back, bringing the monster to his knees!

Lance:

PAT TO THE RESCUE! KILL OR BE KILLED TRIED TO JUMP IN AND SNS JUST CLEARED THE RING!

Pat tries to bring the chair up again, only to have it snatched from his hand by Siofra! She starts screaming at her brother! Pat pushes her back, only to get a SLAP to the face! Brock jumps up and pulls her back!

DDK:

OOOH! Siofra just caught Pat with that smack to the face!

Lance:

We saw it earlier against Titaness! His hesitance to strike his own sister may have cost him that match!

Pat takes the shot in stride... then spins around!

He swings towards Siofra, who ducks...

BUT BROCK DOES NOT!

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

MY GOD! PAT... PAT WAS AIMING FOR SIOFRA! HE'S HAD HIS FILL OF HER GAMES TONIGHT, BUT JUST STRUCK HIS OWN TAG TEAM PARTNER INSTEAD!

Brock is dazed from the right cross while Pat tries to apologize, only to be pulled out of the ring by TITANESS! She pulls him out of the ring and then SLAMS him into the steel steps!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! NOW TITANESS IS HERE! HOW MANY OF THE FAMILIA ARE HERE?!

Titaness regroups with Kill or Be Killed outside the ring! Brock is in a daze and doesn't see the massive freight train coming his way when Cortez jumps back into action...

DDK:

FATHER KNOWS PRESS! HE JUST FLATTENED BROCK NEWBLUDD WITH THAT FLYING CROSSBODY!

After he hits the move and crushes the champion, Cortez rolls through and the giant quickly gets to his feet just as Titaness goes over to help Benny Doyle back into the ring!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Brock STILL kicks out, but Cortez doesn't let up! The Man of The House grabs Brock Newbludd and has him set up for a powerbomb! Without any hesitation, he hoists Milwaukee's Beast up...

Lance:

NO, NO, NO!

...and SPIKES him into the canvas with a massive jackknife powerbomb!

DDK:

218! 218! BROCK JUST GOT DUMPED!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The jeering is overwhelming! The Man of The House goes for the cover as Titaness and Siofra count along outside the ring!

DDK:

HE'S GOING TO STEAL THIS! KICK OUT, BROCK, KICK OUT!

Cortez hooks the legs and hopes this will be enough this time!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Big Poppa" by Notorious B.I.G. ♪

Stunned silence is now washing over the arena! The only ones in any sort of celebratory mood are Titaness and Siofra when the latter jumps into the former's arms! Kilgore watches on with a smile (while still holding his head cause chairshots hurt). Killjoy watches in the ring. Cortez makes it back to his feet...

Lance:

No...

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and the NEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWW Southern Heritage Champion...

The eyes of Uriel Cortez go wide as he is handed the championship while still on his knees...

Darren Quimbey:

URIEL... CORTEZ!

DDK:

DAMN IT! BROCK NEWBLUDD WAS JUST **ROBBED** OF THAT CHAMPIONSHIP! THAT SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE WAS STOLEN!

The rest of the Familia join in the ring one at a time as Cortez stands to his feet and ROARS with the belt now firmly in his grip! Titaness walks into the ring and the proud husband and wife share the longest, passionate, most obnoxious husband and wife kiss between them!

Lance:

Ugh... I'm going to be sick!

DDK:

And here comes the rest of the Familia to celebrate!

Rounding out the group, Mil Vueltas, Dan Leo James and Brooklynn Rivera all walk down the aisle and then head into the ring! DLJ runs up and gives Uriel a massive hug, along with Titaness and Mil Vueltas joining in!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

THIS IS DISGUSTING! IT LITERALLY TOOK ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY TO RIP THAT TITLE AWAY FROM BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Lance:

AND OF COURSE THE FAMILIA OG's ARE CELEBRATING!

Outside the ring, Brock Newbludd is leaning against the barricade, equal parts PISSED and hurt... with Pat Cassidy being subdued and dragged away by DEFsec as he kicks and screams in pure rage.

Lance:

I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT HEAD OF HIS! PAT CASSIDY TRIED TO HELP... AND CORTEZ TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THAT FRIENDLY FIRE!

Back inside, the ring is at maximum Titanes Familia occupancy as Cortez looks to his people. He slowly holds up the

title with trash being thrown from the angry Faithful, then speaks to the hard cam at ringside!

Uriel Cortez:

GOOD GAME, BROCK! GOOD GAME! I HOPE YOU AND PAT FIX YOUR PROBLEMS AFTER THIS! THE FAMILIA DEDICATE THIS WIN TO YOU GUYS! THIS TITLE IS YOURS... AND THIS TITLE IS **OURS!**

Lance:

Ugh! Making me sick! But... we have to call it a night! Thank you for joining us for a very action-packed Night One of Acts of DEFIANCE! We'll be back tomorrow for Night Two!

DDK:

We have the finals of the Ace of Tag Teams between The Triple 7s and M4NTRA! The Unified Tag Titles are on the line between Rain City Ronin and The Lads! Elise Ares goes for it all when she takes on Henry Keyes for the FIST of DEFIANCE! This and so much more tomorrow from Night Two in the Toyota Center! For Lance Warner, I am Darren Keebler! Good night!

Uriel continues going off into the hard cam with Titaness, Mil Veltas and Dan Leo James next to him with the new Southern Heritage Championship!

Uriel Cortez:

SO MANY PEOPLE I NEED TO THANK FOR THIS WIN! UH... UM... MY WIFE, TITANESS! MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD AND MY OWN HERO, MIL VUELTAS! OUR GOLDEN CHILDREN, DANNY AND BROOKLYNN! OUR GOOD SON, KILLJOY! KILGORE! AUNTIE SIOFRA! OH, YEAH... GOD... JESUS! OUR TALL FAMILY LAWYER, MADS LARSEN AKA BIG MAD! OUR VP OF TALENT, SAL SAPERSTEIN! OH, THE GUYS AT FAVOURED SAINTS AND DEFIANCE WHO ARE ABOUT TO ACCEPT ME AS THEIR NEW FATHER! BOW DOWN, CAUSE WITH THIS TITLE, **I AM YOUR NEW DADDY, DEFIANCE!**

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE('s Dad)