

SHOW OPEN

THREE.

TWO.

ONE.



SIGNS and FIREWORKS EVVVVVVERYWHERE!

TIME TO MELT 24K**WE'VE GOT SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER!****I FOLLOWED THE DEFIANCE ROAD - WHERE'S THE WIZARD AT?****GAGE FOR FIST****SKY HIGH, LUCKY LOWS****KERRY KERRY****I SLEPT WITH THE D AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS SIGN****wRoNg cHaT****VAN PATTON GET OFF MY TV****THIS SIGN HITS DIFFERENT****DOUGLAS 4 FIST****I SLEPT WITH THE D AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS SIGN****JOY TO THE WORLD****ARES UR MY HERO GIRL****FLEX TAPE CAN'T FIX THAT****I LIKE TURTLES****WE ARE HERE! TO DRINK YOUR BEER!****DEFROAD 2021 IS LIT CITY!!!****CUSTOMER SERVICE CURED MY INSOMNIA****I SLEPT WITH THE D AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS SIGN****RYAN BATTS IS THE "GAME-CHANGER" WE NEED****THE D, YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GET TESTED BECAUSE OF ME****BIGGEST BOY****BEAM ME UP SCOTTY DOUGLAS**

To the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner!

DDK:

Are you ready!? I haven't been this pumped up in a while!

Lance:

I'm ready to go, Keebs! What a NIGHT ONE card we have for you tonight!

The graphics roll through Night One's matches.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. GUNNAR VAN PATTON

SKY HIGH TITANS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

SATURDAY NIGHT STREET FIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS vs. THE STEVENS DYNASTY

JFKAYLE vs. POP CULTURE PHENOMS

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LaCROIX © vs. TRASHCAN TIM

**SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, TRIPLE THREAT: DEX JOY © vs. TYLER FUSE vs. "BANTAM"
RYAM BATTS**

#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

DDK:

And we are going to kick it off... BIG!

SKY HIGH TITANS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

DDK:

Top to bottom, Lance! FOUR title matches over the course of two nights, and a whole lot of grudges to settle as we officially kick off DEFIANCE Road! And tonight, we're starting with a HUGE tag team match with massive stakes for BOTH teams!

Lance:

That's right, Darren! Tonight, The Sky High Titans are looking for five minutes alone with Tom Morrow! Tom Morrow, then Junior Keeling turned his back on the Sky High Titans, costing them the Unified Tag Team Championships and has been a thorn in their side for months since then. Alvaro de Vargas defeated Uriel Cortez in a singles match back at Ascension, but Minute made his return from injury to stick it to de Vargas and Morrow.

DDK:

That's right. And things got worse when The Lucky Sevens signed with Better Future and since then, Morrow has been OBSESSED with getting the Sky High Titans name and merchandising rights. The Titans would agree, but to sweeten the pot for his side, his father and the Titans' manager, Thomas Keeling made this deal: If the Titans win, they get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow and the Sevens get sent to the back for that time. But if the Titans, the Titans' name, likeness and merchandise rights become property of Tom Morrow and Better Future Talent Agency.

Lance:

Better Future has a HUGE chance to represent themselves over two nights. Their "crown jewel" Alvaro de Vargas and a new mystery partner to be named will take on two former FISTs, Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns on Night Two. But right now, let's kick off Night One with this HUGE grudge match and see which side wants it more.

And to Darren Quimbey we go to kick off this hizzy.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with two major stipulations! Should The Sky High Titans win, they will earn five minutes alone with Tom Morrow. If the Lucky Sevens win, then the Sky High Titans name and merchandise rights will go to Better Future!

The crowd is buzzing to life as we get to the intros. Coming out first, the twenty-year veteran manager Thomas Keeling makes his way out first to big cheers from the crowd as he clears his throat.

Thomas Keeling:

Just on the official record, folks, I want you all to know that I do not condone any sort of child abuse... but when TOM MORROW is your child, I think I'm gonna lend Uriel and Minute my belt when we get five minutes alone with Tommy.

The crowd laughs at the quasi-inappropriate-yet-very-appropriate joke.

Thomas Keeling:

But on that note... WELCOME TO DEFIANCE ROAD!

He pauses as the Faithful go nuts! He smiles, then gets ready for his intro.

Thomas Keeling:

Introducing first... they are the team of a true Titan of Wrestling standing at seven foot one...

Crowd:

...AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

And a young man that can fly higher than any Titan can stand! Please welcome... they are the team of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and "The Sky High Kid" Minute... Presented by The Family Keeling... **THE SKY! HIGH! TITANS!**

"Let's Go (The Royal We)" by Run The Jewels -♫

As the theme blasts over the PA, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, looking 100% business. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute. Uriel has the Titan-Blaster 5000 and fires off a few t-shirts into the crowd!

DDK:

Listen to the crowd! They are all for The Sky High Titans finally getting their hands on Tom Morrow after everything he did to them. Leaking the emails to Comments Section that led them on the path to winning the Unified Tag Team Titles! Injuring Uriel and Minute! He has six months of ass-kickings coming!

Lance:

They hope to, anyway, but we cannot look past The Lucky Sevens for one second! Since they have been a part of Tom Morrow's Better Future, they've been at the top of their game! Twin seven footers that can pose a physical threat to literally any team or individual in this promotion!

The team hits the ring. Minute climbs to the top turnbuckle, bounces off one corner, then another, then backflips into the ring! Uriel raises a fist and now that he's back to the suits he steps over the ropes. He fires off another quick round of shirts into the crowd before putting the gun away at ringside. Uriel and Minute get ready and their music fades. The crowd goes angry when the Executive Assitant/toadie for Better Future walks out onto the stage with a microphone in hand.

Ken Ellis:

Ladies... gentlemen... the leader of Better Future Talent Agency... "Brighter" Tom Morrow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keeling and The Titans both look up on the ramp while Tom Morrow comes out. He points at his left ear and Ken Ellis puts the familiar Better Future-branded headset on his ear, then switches it on so the audience can hear Better Future's mastermind.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you, Ken! Ladies and gentlemen... tonight, you will bear witness to Night One of Better Future's CLEAN SWEEP over the competition! Tonight, Tom Morrow gets what he rightfully deserves and that's...

Uriel Cortez:

THE ASS-BEATING OF A LIFETIME!

The crowd laughs when Uriel grins, leaning over the ropes with Keeling's mic in hand. Morrow is not amused one bit.

Tom Morrow:

The big man has jokes. Well, we'll see how funny it is when your stupid little t-shirts, replica masks, t-shirt guns, nicknames, and all become MY property once this match is over. Please welcome the world's biggest AND best wrestling twins! The TWICE-beater of the Pop Culture Phenoms! Beaters of Team HOSS! Beaters of even YOU, the Titans... BIG MONEY MAX! BIG MONEY MASON! MASON AND MAX LUCK... **THE LUCKY SEVENS!**

He points up and the solid green 7 7 7 appears on the DEFIA-Tron that now become golden dollar signs.

♫ "Money" by Of Mice and Men -♫

The lights come back on and the fans now show the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! Now both twins have goatees to show that they have indeed turned to the dark side and the weight belts both men wear have green dollar signs. The "Winning Hand" gesture comes out again and the twins look ready to hurt someone.

DDK:

Oh, boy. Big Money Max? Big Money Mason? Oy...

Lance:

Nicknames aside... they're dangerous.

Max and Mason Luck walk to the ring with both Thomas and Ken behind them. They storm toward the ringside area until they get there. Both twins scan the jeering crowd and then step over the ropes and into the ring. Minute of all people looks like he wants to attack first, but Uriel stops him. They both talk strategy with Thomas Keeling on the outside as The Lucky Sevens take their spots in their corner.

DDK:

Real personal between these two, like we talked about before, Lance. The Sky High Titans both have singles victories over the Sevens - Uriel beat Mason via DQ on UNCUT, then Minute upset Max on the following DEFTv, but The Lucky Sevens and Tyler Fuse got the win in that six-man tag over Ryan Batts and The Sky High Titans. And thus far, the Titans have never defeated the Lucky Sevens in any sort of tag team type of match. We'll have to see if they can break that streak.

Max Luck wants to start for his team and summons Ken Ellis to give him a drink. He has his whiskey glass and takes a drink. After being a dick to Ken and ordering him out of his sight, Max leans back. Minute wants to start per usual, but tonight, Uriel has a hand out. Minute looks up and quickly nods.

DING DING**DDK:**

Battle of the Giants to kick off DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

Here we go!

The crowd gets a loud "SKY HIGH TITANS!" chant going to start the show as Uriel starts to circle with Max Luck. The flashier twin of The Lucky Sevens goes in for the attack first and puts a boot to the ribs of Uriel! One of the very few people to stand taller than either of the Lucks attacks and throws blows! He rocks Uriel and then runs off the ropes for a big shoulder block...

SLAM!

But Uriel doesn't go down.

DDK:

Max goes in swinging, but I think he's confused he hasn't knocked Uriel down!

Lance:

The Lucks are both three-hundred pounds each, but Uriel stands 360. He's got some muscle on either twin.

Max runs off the ropes again and then tries to knock him down...

Second verse, same as the first. Uriel tumbles around, but he holds his pace and stands there, daring Max to take another swing. Both Keeling and Morrow watch the matches closely for their men as Max starts to turn... then shifts and lands a HARD right to the jaw of Uriel! The crowd jeers, but Morrow and Ellis both cheer him on while Mason claps from the corner. Max runs off the ropes then comes back with a THIRD shoulder block, sending Uriel into the ropes...

But he comes back and SLAMS all his force into a huge shoulder block of his own, knocking Max off his feet in one go!

DDK:

There goes Uriel! The crowd is all for the Titans tonight!

The crowd gets loud as Uriels turns to Morrow and worries him, by holding up five fingers his way, showing what's at stake if the Sevens lose. Tom can be seen visibly spooked by the thought as Uriel pulls Max up and BEATS him down with a big series of huge forearms to the back. He manages to whip Max Luck to a neutral corner and then runs toward the corner, CRUSHING him with a huge corner splash. He grabs the arm and then pulls him out of the corner before striking him down with a huge short-arm clothesline, then following that up with a big elbow drop to the heart! Morrow goes into a panic when Cortez makes a cover.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Max kicks out, but watch Morrow. Every time the Sky High Titans make a cover, he's in full panic mode. If he loses, the last several months of Morrow tormenting them, screwing them over will all come to roost.

DDK:

And now Uriel pulls Max and goes back to the corner.

Max tries to fight out and strikes Uriel with a chop. He turns and tries swinging at Minute in the corner, but The Sky High Kid ducks quickly. Uriel then buries a knee in his gut and then holds his arms...

Then smiles...

THWACK!

DDK:

The Chop of Ages! Even fellow giants can't stop that move once Uriel Cortez goes for it! That double chop is frightening!

And because Max is so nice, Uriel buries another knee in his chest and then does it twice...

THWACK!

A second Chop of Ages doubles him over and for once, Max Luck is in the rare position of being taken to task by his opponents. Uriel picks up Max and then slams him down before making the tag to Minute!

DDK:

Here we go! Max and Minute traded victories in singles and tag matches over the last two DEFtvs and looks like we're gonna renew that bit of this rivalry!

Minute runs off the ropes and hits a quick leg drop across the throat of Max, then rises again and then hits a second! He tries a cover.

ONE... NO!

DDK:

He powers Minute off of him, but he's still on the attack!

He goes off the middle rope and this time, lands a springboard corkscrew senton! He turns over quickly and tries to cover Max again.

ONE...

TW.... NO!

Lance:

Another kickout, but this could be part of Minute's plan. Tire out the big man, hit and move. Cat and mouse, rope a dope, whatever you want to call it!

DDK:

And he's pinned Max before like we said!

Morrow yells at Max to get back up and fight, but when Max tries, Minute doesn't let him get off his back for long as he nails a front dropkick to knock him down! A springboard moonsault lands now from the top rope! The crowd cheers as Minute tries a third cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Tom Morrow almost looks like he's on the verge of chewing his nails right off his finger as Max kicks out in a third pinfall attempt in as many minutes. The TJ Tornado reaches over and tags Uriel as the two go to work on Max Luck. Uriel picks up Max in a side slam and then drives him down to the mat as Minute heads to the ring apron and connects with a springboard senton bomb! Mason can't believe what he's seeing, watching his brother get taken down by the big man-little man tandem with double teams.

DDK:

That's called The Business End! Can Uriel get the revenge the Titans have been looking for?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The longest count yet and Morrow doesn't know if his heart can possibly take much more of this roller coaster of suspense as to whether or not he's getting his ass kicked. He watches Uriel try and take out Max by going for a camel clutch, but before he can fully lock it in, Max slams a fist into Uriel's knee. He does this a few more times to get him to back off then gets back to his full height. A questionable shot to the throat doubles over Minute some more allowing Max to follow up with a big russian leg sweep.

DDK:

Max saving himself with that big move!

After finally managing to get the giant off his feet, Max reaches over and for the first time, makes the tag to his twin brother Mason. The Faithful get all over the twins as Max runs first and delivers a HUGE running jumping elbow drop that he calls Box Cars! Uriel cringes and he tries to sit up in pain, but Mason follows that up using a huge kick to the jaw. Finally, Morrow for once in this match isn't about to have a heart attack and cheers on the twin giants.

Tom Morrow:

Come on, wreck 'em! Wreck 'em now! That merchandise money in their pockets is gonna be money in YOUR pockets!

Max finally gets a reprieve as Mason doubles over and starts punching away at Uriel Cortez. The Titan of Industry looks the most helpless he's ever been in this match as Mason doesn't relent. He stands up and when Uriel tries to get up after him, Mason puts another boot between the eyes. Uriel stumbles over, but STILL tries to fight, only to get put right on his back again with a third boot. Mason doubles him over and tries a cover.

DDK:

For the rights to the Sky High Titans name and rights!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Uriel powers out, but Mason is not about to give the Titan of Industry a chance to regroup, knowing what both teams have at stake.

DDK:

Mason prides himself being the stronger of the two twins physically and when he and Uriel Cortez fought on UNCUT, it was a fight much like this!

Lance:

And now look... Mason trying to ground him with the Winning Hand!

Mason has the deadly Iron Claw locked in on Uriel Cortez, who fights frantically to break free. k Benny Doyle kneels over and then makes a cover with Cortez's shoulders flat.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Almost a quick one there by Mason... but The Titan of Industry fighting back!

DEFIANCE's Best-Dressed Giant starts to grab both hands of Mason, who starts to show shock when Uriel PULLS the Winning Hand off of his face, then starts to slowly rise to a knee. The crowd cheers him on when Uriel starts to get back up, but Mason throws a quick knee to stun him, then a sledge to the back to double him over. Mason tries dragging Uriel over with a suplex, now looking to take down the giant... but Uriel beats him to it!

Lance:

Big counter by Cortez!

Mason and Uriel are both down and Uriel makes a beeline to get to his corner (as big a beeline as a man that big can do, anyway...) and reaches over... tag to Minute! He runs over to the ropes as Mason starts to get up, only to knock him back using a big springboard spinning heel kick! Mason gets rocked by the diminutive dynamo as he rolls forward into a front handspring back to his feet to pop the crowd!

DDK:

Like we said, hit and run, Minute, hit and run!

Mason gets up and stumbles over the ropes when The Sky High Kid comes running and hits a tiger feint kick between the middle and bottom rope, clipping the knee! Mason flinches and then Minute quickly goes high, hitting a tiger feint kick OVER the top rope, nailing Mason in the face! The giant is doubled over when Minute sees Uriel back wanting another tag. He nods and lets Uriel slap him as he runs the ropes and slides between Mason's knees. He lands on his feet and points behind him where Uriel is waiting to BLAST Mason with a spear!

DDK:

Quick tags by the Titans! I think that big move is it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Morrow's heart looks like it is about ready to give out as he clutches it close. Uriel slashes a thumb across his throat and then starts to grab Mason by the side.

DDK:

Uriel is thinking Industry Standard!

The Faithful start cheering when Cortez has him up, but the second that he does, Max runs and and clocks him in the back. The blow forces him to drop and as the referee runs to his corner, Mason takes drastic measures...

WITH A THUMB TO THE EYE!

DDK:

OH, COME ON!

Thomas Keeling protests as Mason Luck shrugs. Not often a giant has to cheat, but if it is so, it will be against another giant. When the official turns back to see Mason and then Cortez doubled over, Mason shrugs, then he grabs Uriel with The Winning Hand and then takes the giant to their corner!

DDK:

Mason and Max moving fast now! It's RARE to ever see Uriel Cortez being worked over like this!

Lance:

True, but if there is ANY opponents that can do such a thing, it's The Lucky Sevens!

Now Morrow is practically frothing at the mouth while Ken Ellis is standing back. Morrow slaps a hand on the apron and barks commands at the twins to take out Uriel once and for all. Both Thomas Keeling and Minute watch on in worry as the tag gets made to Max. Mason lets go of his Winning Hand claw... only for Max to do one of his own! He stretches out the referee's five-count to the fullest before he lets go.

Tag to Mason...

Then another Winning Hand!

And another five-count administered by DEFIANCE's smallest referee, Rex Knox. Mason holds on for the count of four and a half then finally lets go. Uriel is disoriented, but when Mason tries to get at him, he strikes him with kicks. The tag goes back to Max and the more agile twin grabs the arm of Minute and then starts climbing...

DDK:

What's he going for here... WHOA!

Lance:

WHOA is right, partner! Look at Max! He calls this Walking the Strip!

Love him or hate him, the crowd watches in awe as he WALKS the the ropes while holding the pained Uriel's arm, then leaps off and SMASHES him upside the head with a huge forearm tot he head! The blow rocks Uriel and brings The Titan of Industry to his knees. He turns over to Minute.

Max Luck:

I can walk the ropes, too, asshole!

Minute wants in, but Thomas Keeling shakes his head and advises against it.

Thomas Keeling:

Don't take the bait! If you get disqualified, that's it!

The hot-headed TJ Tornado wants in, but thinks against it.

DDK:

Great strategy here by The Lucky Sevens, though. Arrogant as they have become, their tag team game is top notch and with Tom Morrow advising them, they've become even MORE dangerous.

Max measures up Uriel who tries to get to his feet but the seven-footer hits a basement dropkick to knock Uriel flat on his back! Max makes a cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Uriel with another kickout, but how much does he have left in him? He's not used to being just outright beaten down like this!

Lance:

We have seen Uriel absorb some of the biggest shots he can to dish out even bigger ones. He might be able to, but The Lucky Sevens sure aren't letting him.

Both Thomas Keeling and Tom Morrow watch for their respective sides as Max presses a boot down along the throat of Uriel while he's seated in the corner and then tags Mason. The twin giants enter the ring and then BOTH press down on Uriel's skull trying to hurt him some more! The crowd jeers as Rex Knox starts yet another five count, but they both stop to hook Uriel by the head...

DDK:

What is this? Double suplex, maybe?

Lance:

Trouble! That's what I'd call it!

Both brothers pull Uriel up... and SHAKE the entire damn ring using a huge Double Suplex! Uriel is hurt and Minute looks on with more concern while Mason now stands over Uriel, boot down on the chest of the Titan of Industry.

ONE...

Cortez slaps the boot away, but Mason and Max enjoy torturing the giant that has given them trouble in the past. Mason smugly stands over Uriel and now puts a few boots into his chest for good measure and then tries to pick him up.

DDK:

Uh-oh. What is he thinking?

Lance:

I don't know!

He has him by the side and then tries to hit the delayed gutwrench suplex that both brothers like to use... but Uriel has other plans and also grabs him by the waist! Mason tries to pull Uriel off his feet again without his brother's help, but Uriel doesn't make it easy! He then tries himself and ALMOST gets Mason up, but Mason quickly elbows him right back down before he can lift.

DDK:

Can't say I've ever seen two giants fight over a gutwrench suplex, but they're trying! Mason prides himself on how strong he is and you see almost no one power over Uriel like The Lucky Sevens have!

He tries... but Mason stops and elbows Uriel, then lays into him with a big chop. Uriel guts it out...

CHOP!

Then Mason shakes his head...

CHOP!

Uriel now...

THWACK!

A BIGGER chop! Mason winces while both opposing father and son managers watch...

THWACK!

And soon, both giants trade BLOWS!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

DDK:

Good LORD, you can feel those up here!

Lance:

Looks like Uriel is winning!

Uriel finally blocks one... CHOP OF AGES! He doubles Mason over! Uriel clutches his own chest in pain and falls to a knee, looking over at Minute. As the crowd applauds the two giants laying into each other, Uriel tries to get to his corner... but gets NOTHING due to Max luck yanking Minute off the apron from the other side while the battle was going on!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Max gets reprimanded then goes back to his corner while Uriel grits his teeth and then heads to the outside...

DDK:

Uh-oh!

Then Mason gets back and spins Uriel around... WINNING HAND SLAM!

DDK:

More tag team work by the Sevens! Uriel gets drilled with the Winning Hand Slam by Mason! Cover! For the Sky High Titans' brand rights!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Thomas Keeling breathes a sigh of relief while Morrow is FURIOUS. He yells at Rex Knox and starts yelling about communist propaganda and divisive rhetoric (yes, his actual words) over the three count. Mason rolls over quickly and makes another tag to Max who starts climbing the top rope slowly. The crowd starts buzzing over Max heading to the top rope.

Lance:

Where the hell is Max going now?

DDK:

He has that move coming up, he calls the Check-Raise! That massive flying clothesline can be a difference maker!

Max has the proverbial bullet in the chamber as he waits for Uriel to try and get back up. The Titan of Industry is slow at first, but starts to get up as Max takes flight... ONLY TO GET CAUGHT AROUND THE ARM AND DRILLED WITH A FULL NELSON SLAM!

DDK:

No! Too much showboating by Max Luck just cost him!

Both giants are down now with the Faithful reveling in the opportunity for the Titans to make a comeback while Tom Morrow looks on shocked.

DDK:

HUGE counter to the Check-Raise! He's down! Both men are down!

Lance:

And Minute is back up and ready for the tag!

Minute is all fired up and the crowd wants it! Thomas Keeling leads the crowd in a clapping rhythm to fuel Uriel while The TJ Tornado is all fired up and ready to go. The crowd goes nuts as Uriel crawls toward the corner. Mason is hurt from his own exchange with Uriel and not readily available. Max is doing what he can try and shake off the big slam by Minute, but... TAG TO MINUTE!

And like a cannon, DEFIANCE's fastest wrestler goes right for the knees of Max Luck as he tries to stand, hitting a huge running dropkick to the knee! He hobbles about as Minute comes right back and kicks away at the knee like it's going out of style. He fires shot after shot, but a furious Max Luck piefaces him and sends him to the nearest corner!

DDK:

It's all on Minute now! Stick and move, kid, stick and move!

Minute is laid up in the corner when Max makes a run towards him, but Minute rolls out of the corner quickly! He gets back and lays into the knee again with more shoot kicks he picked up from his travels in Japan, but Max does his best to shake them off while Tom Morrow gives him verbal hell from the outside to finish off Minute. He takes a swing at the little man, but he runs off the ropes and comes back, CRACKING Max upside the jaw with a springboard gamengiri

kick!

DDK:

What a stiff kick that was.. And Max is STILL on his feet!

Lance:

Come on, Minute!

The crowd cheer on DEFIANCE's Littlest Flippy-Doo as he tries to get something going again, but Max Luck kicks away and then sends him to the corner. He tries to follow Minute, but he LEAPS through the middle rope and spins out onto the apron, wowing the crowd as Max hits nothing but ropes! Minute then heads to the top...

DDK:

ESTRELLA FUGAZI! MY GOD, WHAT A BREATH-TAKING MANEUVER!

The crowd EXPLODER when he hits the rope-running dropkick, sending Max over the ropes and out to the floor below! Morrow is scared shitless now while Uriel looks on from the corner, still hurt but enjoying every second of causing Tom Morrow grief at the aspect of being alone in a ring for five minutes! Minute heads up top as Max is down, then comes at him with a HUGE springboard moonsault off the top and to the floor below!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! They're going nuts! They want The Titans to finally get their payback on Tom Morrow!

Lance:

They do! He has months of scheming and planning to answer for!

Minute rolls back into the ring while Morrow and Ellise both work to get back up otherwise he's gonna be counted out... Max slowly does so and then starts to climb into the ring, but when he gets there, Minute meets him with a run into turning into a HUGE Asai DDT in mid-move, driving him to the mat! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The energy of the Faithful gets let out like the air from a leaking balloon as Max gets the shoulder up. Mason runs into the ring and starts trying to beat on Minute, but the second he does, Uriel is back in. Minute moves...

SPEAR BY URIEL TO MASON LUCK!

DDK:

MASON IS OUT! THAT'S IT!

Lance:

The path is clear now! The Titan got this one and Morrow knows it!

The crowd goes crazy as Uriel quickly stands in the corner with Minute heading to the top rope. He heads up...

DDK:

Here we go! This is it!

Minute leaps from the turnbuckle, then Uriel's shoulders... then OFF... 30 STORY SPLASH!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! THAT'S GONNA DO IT! FIVE MINUTES ALONE WITH TOM MORROW!

Uriel keeps eye out for Mason in case he tries to stop the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

THE CROWD START TO CHEER...

But no bell?

Because just by the tiniest of margins, Morrow is over by where Max's foot is...

On the bottom rope.

DDK:

No! Morrow just BARELY put that foot on the ropes and walked away! He LITERALLY just saved himself!

Lance:

That should be him in there answering for what he has done to Thomas Keeling and the Titans!

An irate Uriel has seen enough and steps out of the ring with Minute protesting the referee's call while the massive Max rolls underneath the ring. Uriel gives chase to Morrow outside the ring while Thomas Keeling blocks Morrow from moving. He turns and DECKS Tom in the face with a right! Tom falls to the floor, holding his jaw as the crowd explodes!

DDK:

You got him!

Meanwhile, Minute goes to grab a groggy Max... but suddenly gets surprised by a THROAT PUNCH from Max!

DDK:

How... how did he recover so fast?! He just got put down by the 30 Story Splash! And the ref doesn't see it!

Minute is left gasping and when Uriel tries to get back into the ring, Mason runs over and hits him with a big boot! He hurries over back to Minute and hoists him up before SPIKING him with a rack powerbomb!

DDK:

RACK CITY BOMB! Wait...

Lance:

What? What?

The crowd JEERS as Max hooks the legs of Minute. Uriel tries to get back in, but a pair of hands from under the ring keep him from getting back in!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DING DING DING

DDK:

That... that move was Mason's. **THAT WAS MASON LUCK IN THE RING, NOT MAX!**

Keeling's heart sinks while Morrow is on the ground against the barricade, holding his jaw but still smiling like the asshole he is. Uriel jumps back, then runs into the ring to save his partner from further harm just as Mason leave the ring. Indeed, the hands under the ring belong to Max Luck as he rolls out, holding his rib cage, but still getting the last laugh nonetheless.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **MASON AND MAX LUCK... THE LUCKY SEVENS!** As a result of the stipulation, the Sky High Titans name, likeness, nicknames and merchandising rights now belong to Better Future!

The booing is even **LOUDER!**

Lance:

Son of a... I think you're right, Keebs. They look like the cat ate the canary right now! Morrow had some sort of plan tonight. I didn't think seven-foot twins could switch identically without being conspicuous, but they did it.

The crowd is booing as they know what's happening. Uriel growls while Thomas Keeling is on the outside, watching his son take leave. Better Future regroup while Morrow still nurses his jaw, but not feeling half as bad as the Titans... now, formerly the Sky High Titans do.

DDK:

Unreal. The Titans got cheated again... and we can't even call them that any more. They lost everything they've built this last year as a team... to that human excrement, Tom Morrow.

The crowd jeers while Morrow stands between the twin giants and celebrates... but suddenly out of nowhere, Mason reaches out and locks the Winning Hand on Thomas Keeling!

DDK:

NO... WHAT ARE THE LUCKS DOING NOW?!

Minute is still down and that leaves Uriel to try and save him. Max leaps onto the ring apron and fights the now-former Titan of Industry but before they can save him, Mason grabs him...

WINNING HAND SLAM TO THOMAS KEELING ON THE RING APRON!

Lance:

OH GOD! COME ON! THOMAS KEELING ISN'T EVEN A WRESTLER!

Mason backs off and Max retreats after the final shot. They both hurry up the ramp while Cortez goes to check on the fallen Thomas Keeling on the outside, giving them a death glare as they retreat.

DDK:

This... Morrow's a monster. Sends one of this thugs to attack his own father like that!?

Tom Morrow:

YOU'LL NEVER LAY YOUR HANDS ON ANYONE EVER AGAIN, OLD MAN!

He holds his jaw and the Lucky Sevens make a retreat while trainers come out to check on Thomas Keeling. Uriel stands over and looks to Minute, still fallen on the mat with a remorseful look on his face as they cut to a quick advert

for the next match.

DDK:

Folks, we'll be right back soon as we can get some help for Thomas Keeling.

#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

The DEFIANCE Road graphic appears on the screen showing/reading...

**#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE
WINNER vs. FIST AT THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON
“SUB POP” SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD**

Lance:

We're gonna do this now?

DDK:

Yep, we're gonna do this now.

Lance:

Amazing.

The Faithful pop, seeing the graphic on the DEFIttron, knowing they're going to be in for a hell of a fight.

DDK:

These two had a war in the fall of 2019 at Ascension. It was arguably the match that skyrocketed Gage Blackwood's career after he beat Scott Douglas clean. Two months later, he's the Southern Heritage Champion and held the title for just under a year, passing Scott Douglas' reign but falling short of Elise Ares' by 36 days.

Lance:

And now something that's escaped both men up until this point, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

And to be in the main event at DEFCON of all places.

Lance:

It should be good! Let's get to the ring and Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the number ONE contendership to the FIST of DEFIANCE! The winner will go to the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON! Introducing first, from Edinburgh, Scotland... he is "THE NOBLE RAIDER"... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Gage Blackwood appears, sporting the same patterned kilt ovetop of top of his wrestling gear. Blackwood's long ratty hair is slicked back, as he rubs the trademark scar over his left eyebrow before marching down the rampway, all business.

DDK:

A month ago Gage was attacked by Chris Ross, who DOESN'T work here by the way. The Scot sustained a handful of injuries but was cleared two weeks later.

Lance:

Back when Angus had this colour commentary position, he used to call Gage Blackwood The Walking Band-Aid, meaning Gage always seemed hurt. It's true, Blackwood was hurt frequently but he continued to fight. It's miraculous how many beatings this guy has gotten up from.

DDK:

Respect. I respect the man coming down to the ring right now. I may not *like* him... but I can respect him.

Blackwood enters the squared circle and takes off his kilt.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Seattle, Washington... "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGGGGGLAS!

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

DDK:

Speaking of RESPECT...

Scott Douglas emerges in his normal wrestling attire and "Sub Pop" t-shirt. His long hair is slicked back, too as he makes his way down the ramp. Typically, Douglas would acknowledge the fans but the stakes are too high... Scotty's eyes are locked on his opponent.

The Faithful, however, cheer LOUDLY in support of Douglas. While Gage has some fans by his side, they don't call Douglas DEFIANCE's Favourite Son for no reason.

Lance:

They don't call Douglas DEFIANCE's Favorite Son for no reason!

Case and point.

Douglas rolls into the ring and looks over at referee Brian Slater with a nod.

Slater pulls both men to the center of the ring. The Faithful are HOT.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Brian Slater:

Boys, you know what's on the line tonight. I figure this won't be a problem considering your last contest but... let's keep it clean. Let's keep it in the ring. Let's get a clear winner. Good luck.

Douglas nods. Blackwood nods. Neither man backs away from each other as Brian Slater turns around and calls for the bell.

DING DING

And The Faithful rise.

DDK:

Both men aren't giving an inch here. Douglas is 6'2", Blackwood is 6'0". Both men weigh around the same, two-hundred-twenty-five pounds. Both are wrestling technicians. Douglas, has lucha libre influence, Blackwood can get a little reckless at times. They had a thirty-minute battle two years ago... and here we are.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Blackwood takes a deep break as he looks down at Douglas' boots and then straight into Scotty's face.

The Noble Raider starts mouthing off.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, ya think you can do this? I beat you once before and I'll-

DDK:

Douglas with a stiff forearm!

Blackwood stumbles back, initially looks pissed off... and then smiles. He walks back to Douglas, who's standing in place, asking for his return.

Thump.

DDK:

Blackwood with a stiff forearm!

Douglas leans back from the shot. However, Scotty gets right into position and the two continue their staredown. There's an unspoken agreement.

DDK:

Blackwood rushes the ropes and Douglas ducks the clothesline. Blackwood off the next step of ropes, charges and eats two knees to the chest!

Blackwood flips over, landing square on the mat. Douglas drops an elbow... two elbows... then peels Blackwood up and fires him into the ropes. A drop toe hold follows and Douglas attempts a headlock but Gage is quick to slip away. Blackwood shoots off the ropes himself but Douglas rushes, ducks down and sends Gage FLYING through the air via a backdrop! Gage rolls out of the ring to collect his breath but Douglas comes through with a baseball slide... However, Blackwood moves and snatches Douglas' feet as he slides through, making sure Gage throws Scotty hard to the padded floor below. Gage jumps onto the apron, punts Scott in the side of the head and then races up to the top turnbuckle...

DDK:

Flying crossbody!

Lance:

So much for keeping it inside the ring!

Blackwood, however, intends for the action to go there. He hurls Douglas towards the apron and under the bottom rope. Blackwood enters the ring through the middle rope but Douglas pops right back up and connects with a northern lights suplex and a bridge!

ONE.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Blackwood is back up in a hurry! He takes Douglas and connects with a belly-to-belly suplex! Blackwood holds on... looking for another but Douglas rolls him up!

ONE.

KICKOUT.

Forearm smashes follow, as Scotty works Gage into the corner and then Irish whips him to the buckle across the way. Gage puts on the breaks as Douglas races in. Blackwood sidesteps the former Seattle Best member and sends him right into the buckle. Now it's Blackwood with a pinning attempt in the form of a backslide.

ONE.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Not to be outdone. Both men are on their game with QUICK kickouts!

Lance:

You almost want to kick out AFTER two. Gives yourself an extra second to breath if it's in the early stages but then again, you run the risk of getting caught and not making it in time for the three...

Blackwood and Douglas lock horns in the center of the ring. It's clear both are evenly matched with the back and forth that's taking place. Once Blackwood is able to angle himself over Douglas, Sub Pop Scotty takes one step back and repositions, gaining the advantage on Gage and doing the same. This back-and-forth goes on... continuing to work The Faithful up. Although the chants for Blackwood are loud...

The chants for Scott Douglas are **deafening**.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

DDK:

Blackwood with a knee to the chest!

The odd fan boos as Gage snaps into the ropes but he's hit with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker by Douglas!

Release German suplex.

Release German suplex.

Release German suplex.

DDK:

You're seeing triple... Scott Douglas has thrown Gage Blackwood all around the ring!

A dazed Gage is trying to shake it off as he sees Scotty coming in with some kind of dropkick.

DDK:

Blackwood rolls away... he's into the ropes... another tilt-a-whirl backbreaker- NO! Blackwood escapes it and connects with a DDT!

Lance:

This has given Blackwood a chance to recover from those vicious Germans!

The more-recent SOHER champion hammers the side of his own head before lifting Douglas off the mat and connecting with a spinning heel kick! Blackwood chucks Douglas into the ropes and drops to the mat when Douglas runs past him and into the next set of ropes. Upon return, Blackwood lands a spinning toe hold and flips it into a modified sleeper!

DDK:

Chin breaker by Scotty!

Lance:

Quick to the counter, that's for sure!

It's Douglas' turn to inflict some damage. He pulls Gage off the mat in a type of cobra clutch hold... working it into an overhead release suplex! If it wasn't for the ropes, Gage would have flown out of the ring!

DDK:

Sub Pop Scott tries a forearm smash but Blackwood catches the arm and hurls him into the ropes... however, it's reversed!

Douglas doesn't wait. He races in and clotheslines both men up and out of the ring! Blackwood lands on his feet on the outside, however. This allows Gage to throw Scotty recklessly into the guardrail, head-first. Blackwood flies across the floor with a knee...

DDK:

Douglas backdrops Blackwood into The Faithful!

Blackwood fights off the fans as he jumps on the guardrail and comes at Douglas with an axe handle smash but Douglas elbows him right in the chest, throwing Blackwood back into the ring.

DDK:

Douglas is going to the top rope... ELBOW SMASH COMING UP...

Lance:

He's got him measured...

DDK:

NO! GAGE ROLLS OUTTA THE WAY!

WHAM.

DDK:

Blackwood just bounced off those ropes and hit Scott Douglas with The Royal Tattoo, that HARD missile dropkick to the FACE! It's put wrestlers on the shelf before! Titus Campbell was in concussion protocol for FIVE weeks!

With Douglas reeling, Blackwood grins sadistically, perhaps looking like Malak Garland would before one of his patented troll jobs on the internet. Blackwood grabs Douglas' legs and starts hooking them around his right one.

DDK:

No. There's no way he does this...

Lance:

Oh, it's happening!

The Noble Raider flips DEFIANCE's Favorite Son over... into...

DDK:

THE SHARPSHOOTER!

Square.

Middle.

Ring.

Lance:

If SCOTT DOUGLAS taps out to this move... of ALLLL things!

Blackwood has a sadistic look on his face like he's enjoying this more than he should. He leans back, putting all his weight on Douglas' lower back while asking Brian Slater to check on him.

DDK:

Scotty hasn't tapped just yet!

Lance:

But he hasn't budged, either!

Blackwood positioned Douglas' knee directly under his armpit. The submission is textbook. The move is formidable. It's almost as if Gage had a premeditated plan for this.

DDK:

There's nowhere to go and the pressure might be too much!

Lance:

I've never seen Gage perform a hold like this before. He's not known as a strong submission wrestler!

Douglas is fighting. He's pulling his hair, he's screaming out, he's trying to get his hands underneath him...

But he can't.

There's still no movement.

DDK:

CAN BLACKWOOD PUNCH HIS TICKET TO THE MAIN EVENT ON THE BIGGEST SHOW IN WRESTLING!?

Douglas raises his right arm. He's trying to fight it...

But...

DDK:

Oh my god! Douglas used Blackwood's own momentum to spin back around! He elbows Gage in the head and the sharpshooter is broken!

Blackwood stumbles three feet back as Douglas continues to be consumed by pain. Sub Pop Scotty is crawling towards the ropes but Blackwood is back at him before Douglas can find a vertical base.

Gage helps him up, however.

DDK:

Snap dragon suplex by Blackwood!

This is followed by a brainbuster, better known as The Midlothian Hangover.

DDK:

Blackwood COVERS!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER.

Blackwood agrees and goes back to work. He hammers Douglas with a number of forearms and then Irish whips his opponent into the corner... except Douglas EXPLODES out of the corner himself with an inside-out clothesline!

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

DDK:

Belly-to-belly suplex by Douglas places Blackwood firm in the center of the ring. Scott drops a leg for good measure and now he's going to the top rope!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son measures Blackwood...

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL! BLACKWOOD RACES UP AND MEETS SCOTT DOUGLAS AT THE TOP ROPE... SPANISH FLY!!

Lance:

Gage Blackwood with an EXPLICIT SPANISH FLY!? Gage has worked here since early 2016 and I have NEVER seen that man do a flip before!

The Faithful are RABID at the sight of this move. Replays show before Gage has the wherewithal to drape an arm over Douglas' shoulders!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Unreal.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

DDK:

The support for Gage has taken over the Wrestle Plex! I'm not sure I could blame them after THAT.

Blackwood gets to his feet. He looks down at Douglas, who's trying to get to his. Blackwood applies a waistlock and looks for a release German suplex but Douglas hooks his leg behind Blackwood's. Gage tries again... another hook of Scotty's leg.

DDK:

Standing switch by Douglas! RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX BY SCOTTY BUT BLACKWOOD LANDS ON HIS FEET!

Blackwood runs at Douglas with a spinning heel kick but Douglas ducks it, turns around and takes hold of Gage's legs... putting him into a half crab!

The Faithful change back to a SUB POP SCOTT chant as Scotty tries to work himself into the best position possible... however...

DDK:

Blackwood is already in the ropes!

Lance:

Gage was able to scurry over there quickly before Douglas was in the proper position.

DDK:

LEFT forearm smash by Gage! RIGHT forearm smash by Scotty! LEFT! RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT! Knee to the chest by

Gage, off the ropes he goes... Scotty leaps into the air with a hurricanrana into a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

BLACKWOOD SLIPS AWAY.

DDK:

Gage is QUICK to his feet... off the ropes... DEAR GOD!!! THE GAELIC STORM!

Lance:

NO! It missed, Keebs, IT MISSED!

Blackwood skins the ropes as Douglas moves his head at the last possible second!

Lance:

The hurricanrana was a PIN attempt! It took nothing out of Blackwood physically, so he was the first one to his feet... I bet you he had this planned when he was IN the pinfall! I'd say this caught Douglas by surprise but it wasn't close enough.

Douglas stands in the middle of the ring, calling his opponent on. Blackwood sneers, down on all fours, looking up one of his most hated rivals.

Blackwood walks to the center of the ring and doesn't back down.

DDK:

Two of DEFIANCE's best Southern Heritage Champions fighting for ONE SHOT at the FIST. This, folks... THIS is DEFIANCE!

Gage Blackwood:

Ya think ya'll put me down that easy, ya stupid baw juggler.

Blackwood shoves Douglas. Douglas smiles at first and then shoves Blackwood back. Gage winks at Douglas and then charges in hard... but Douglas throws him out of the ring.

DDK:

Plancha by Douglas!

Scotty chucks his opponent into the squared circle and climbs to the top rope, shaking his head like he won't be surprised this time.

DDK:

MOONSAULT CONNECTS!! SCOTT DOUGLAS IS GOING TO DEFCON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

Whhhhattttt?

A surprised Scotty looks up at Brian Slater but doesn't argue. Instead, he pulls Gage off the mat while feeding him

some forearms to keep Blackwood honest. Douglas hurls Blackwood into the ropes and looks for another hurricanrana...

DDK:

SIT-OUT POWERBOMB BY BLACKWOOD!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Gage screams at referee Brian Slater before locking in the full nelson sleeper.

DDK:

THE SOUL BREAKER! Gage has his secondary finisher, The Soul Breaker sleeper hold on Scott Douglas.

The clever Seattle native finds the ropes with his feet and pushes off, turning it into a pinning attempt for himself!

DDK:

DOUGLAS HAS A PIN!! I DON'T THINK BLACKWOOD KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

...Neither did the referee at first. Slater took a moment to realize Blackwood's shoulders were down. He slid into position rather late and Blackwood clued in when he heard the hand hit the mat for a second time!

Both men gain a vertical base. Blackwood nods like the sleeper hold is out the window. They grapple... Blackwood positions a waistlock on Douglas but Scotty turns it into a standing switch and a waistlock on Gage... which is maneuvered into a standing switch and a waistlock by Blackwood... and another standing switch by Douglas... so on and so on.

Working their way near the ropes, Blackwood standing switches again, latches onto Douglas and OVERHEAD throws DEFIANCE's Favourite Son OUT OF THE RING!

DDK:

Gage is not messing around. He exits the ring, collects Scott and throws him back inside. Blackwood connects with a snap suplex... he holds on... delayed vertical suplex... he holds on... rolling release suplex. The Scottish Trinity!

Lance:

This is the opening Gage needs. He's not one to waste time, either.

DDK:

No, not at all. Blackwood drags Douglas to the center of the ring... propping him up on his knees... oh no...

Blackwood takes to the ropes, looking for The Gaelic Storm...

DDK:

DOUGLAS SHOOTS TO HIS FEET AND HITS AN OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY!

Blackwood refuses to stay down! Although it's a struggle, he dodges a grapple attempt, kicks Douglas in the chest and hooks both his arms... however, it's Scotty who lowers his base, flips Blackwood around...

DDK:

VERTEBREAKER!!

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Lance:

Douglas is in a WORLD of hurt, though! Yes, he hit an overhead belly-to-belly and yes, he hit that vertebreaker but he's been unable to make a cover!

Douglas remains on all fours until he has enough energy to bounce off the ropes. Blackwood shoots up at the last second but this time Scotty's ready for him. Douglas hooks his arms around Blackwood's thighs and chest...

DDK:

PACKAGE PILEDRIVER!!

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPE.

Lance:

If Blackwood landed a MILLIMETER more to his right that leg would NOT have found the bottom rope!

Douglas is beside himself! He looks over to see Blackwood's foot barely dangling from the bottom rope. In fact, moments later it falls off, that's how *skin off his teeth* it was for Gage to still be in this contest.

DDK:

Douglas is not going to let this get the better of him! He's the heart and soul OF DEFIANCE. Instead, it may be time...

Lance:

For a Murder Death Kill!?

DDK:

Douglas is going back to the top. We MAY see the SHOOTING STAR PRE- HOLY SHIT! GAGE BLACKWOOD! BLACKWOOD GRABS DOUGLAS OFF THE TOP ROPE!! OLYMPIC SLAM!?!? NO!!! WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN OLYMPIC SLAM WAS TURNED INTO A MODIFIED PSYCHO DRIVER!!

Lance:

JESUS CHRIST! GAGE IS MOVING ON TO DEFCON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!

Now it's Blackwood's turn to feel the heat! Luckily, it looks like he doesn't even know where he is. Blackwood questions the referee, not about asking who won the match... but about asking *where the hell he is!*

DDK:

Oh boy... we're going down to the wire here.

Lance:

The wire is broken. Snapped. There is no wire. We're on a FREE FALL!

Breathing heavily, Gage takes hold of the ropes to drag himself up. He sees Douglas is doing the same at the other end of the ring. The two combatants turn around at the same time and charge each other!

DDK:

DOUGLAS SIDE STEPS THE CLOTHESLINE... spins Gage around... DDT is escaped by Blackwood!

Blackwood takes three steps back, looking for a high knee but NO! Blackwood misses! Douglas is off the ropes-

WHAM!!!

...

...

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD HIT THE GAELIC STORM!!! GAGE BLACKWOOD IS GOING TO DEFCON!

Blackwood simply falls into the pinning position, perhaps not even sure if he's making a pinfall attempt.

Slater counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

W.

T.

F.

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKED OUT!?!?

Lance:

SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKED OUT OF THE GAELIC STORM!!!

DDK:

No one and I mean NO ONE has kicked out of the Gaelic Storm before!

Lance:

Oscar Burns did, one time... but that was after a good thirty second DELAY in a pinfall attempt!

Blackwood can't believe it. He's looking up at Brian Slater, fully aware of what's transpired. Blackwood raises his arms and then places them on the back of his head.

DDK:

This feels like the EXACT same sequence where Blackwood BEAT Scott Douglas at Ascension 2019! The only difference is... DOUGLAS SURVIVES THIS TIME.

Blackwood knows the stakes. He can't dwell on the kickout. There's only one thing left to do. The Noble Raider pulls Douglas off the mat and hurls him into the turnbuckle. Blackwood props Douglas on the top rope and then joins him up there, carefully balancing...

Lance:

We've never seen this move before! It's in his arsenal, that I know. It's a one-handed electric chair driver... FROM THE TOP ROPE!

The Faithful are on their feet, waiting to see if GAGE BLACKWOOD can punch his ticket to the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON. It's a struggle to get Douglas onto Blackwood's own shoulders, as they both face ringside. Blackwood almost has Douglas up...

DDK:

HURRICANRANA BY DOUGLAS!!! SCOTTY'S BACK TO THE TOP ROPE... FERMONT PLUNGE!! THE SHOOTING STAR PRESS LANDS PERFECTLY!! SCOTTY'S HOOKED THE LEG...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and the man going to DEFCON... SCOTTTTTT DOUGLASSSSSS!!!

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS... DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON... SUB POP SCOTT DOUGLAS... IS GOING TO THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON TO BATTLE FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!! DOUGLAS IS GONNA GET HIS SHOT ON THE BIGGEST STAGE POSSIBLE!!!

Keebler literally has to scream, not because of the excitement and energy he's feeling (although that can't hurt) but because the WrestlePlex is DEAFENING with cheers!

DDK:

He's been stalked by Reapers... hammered down from the UTA... had a psychotic Uber driver on his ass for more than FIVE YEARS straight... he's seen ups, he's seen MANY downs... but it's all WORTH it now! Scott Douglas will be in the show of all shows come April 2021!

Lance:

Bravo. To both men. Absolutely.

It's just starting to set in as Scott Douglas shifts to a knee in the middle of the ring. Brian Slater tells Sub Pop the match is over. Douglas momentarily rests his head in his hands before looking into the crowd.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

The new number one contender labors upon getting to his feet and shouting into the sea of excited Faithful. Meanwhile, Gage Blackwood crawls into a corner of the ring, watching on, completely dejected.

DDK:

This match could've gone any which way. In the end, Blackwood was NOT able to hit the electric chair driver from the top rope... and Douglas was close enough to the buckle to connect with the shooting star press.

Douglas thanks the crowd and raises his hand for the hard camera...

But his theme comes to an end when Scotty looks over at Gage. Blackwood scoffs at Douglas, who projects some inaudible words of what looks to be encouragement towards The Scot's direction. However, Blackwood shakes his head no.

The Faithful have stopped their celebration, too. They watch on, in anticipation. Sub Pop Scott walks closer to Gage Blackwood and applauds him. The Faithful follow their leader.

And yet... Blackwood doesn't move. He keeps an icy hard stare on the new challenger for the FIST, remaining in the corner.

Douglas turns away for a moment and that's when Blackwood gets to his feet. Using both hands to push off the turnbuckle padding, a wobbly Blackwood makes his way to the center of the ring and spins Scott Douglas around.

The two are once again... face-to-face.

The announcers maintain radio silence.

Douglas... extends his hand.

Blackwood scoffs.

Douglas doesn't budge.

Blackwood still looks pissed.

The stand-off runs for another thirty seconds, as The Faithful show their support. They want to see the two cap off the contest with the ultimate show of respect.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Ultimately, Blackwood walks away, receiving a chorus of boos...

But then snickers, spins around and snatches the palm of his opponent.

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAASSSSSS

Scott Douglas and Gage Blackwood shake hands. The Faithful erupt.

DDK:

Now that's something you don't see every day.

Blackwood drops the hand shake and rolls out of the ring, leaving Scott Douglas to pick up his celebration while his theme song replays. The camera follows Blackwood up the rampway and then switches back to Douglas, celebrating inside the ring with The Faithful.

DDK:

It's Douglas' time. But that's not to say Gage won't have his turn.

Lance:

Blackwood lives to fight another day... and Scott Douglas is going to challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE in the main event at DEFCON.

The scene fades as Blackwood reaches the top of the rampway, stops and gives a dejected sigh while not looking back before vanishing behind the curtain. The camera switches to Douglas, hands raised, on the top turnbuckle, victorious.

Fade.

SATURDAY NIGHT STREET FIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS vs. THE STEVENS DYNASTY

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, we have to move on here... and up next we have even MORE tag team action... although this next match is a little unorthodox.

Lance:

For weeks, The Stevens Dynasty has been at the throats of Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd. Cassidy and Newbludd have joined forces to form The Saturday Night Specials and on DEFtv 148, they challenged The Stevens to something called a "Saturday Night Street Fight."

DDK:

We know that the match is going to take place over at SNS' bar Ballyhoo Brew... and we obviously know what a street fight is... but other than that, we're as much in the dark as the viewers at home.

Lance:

Let's head over to referee Mark Shields who is getting ready to start the contest over at The Brew!

We transition over to the inside of Ballyhoo Brew. The bar is empty of any patrons except for referee Mark Shields, Ballyhoo head of security Dametreyus Fuqueiawytas, and The Saturday Night Specials who are both wearing street clothes. We do see a crowd of The Faithful looking inside the bar through the large windows in the front, ready to catch the brawl that's about to unfold. Brock Newbludd is talking to Mark Shields about something while Cassidy is pouring four pints of beer.

There's a commotion from the fans outside as The Stevens Dynasty make their way through the crowd and come in through the front door, also dressed in street clothes and looking ready for war. Bo enters, followed by George, and then finally Cary brings up the rear... except he's stopped by Dam the security man. Cary looks up at Dam, his eyes full of fire.

Cary Stevens:

What the fuck is your problem!?

Dam:

You're not on the list. I'm gonna have to ask you to step outside, sir.

Cary Stevens:

The list!? I'll show you the list...

Grunting angrily, George Stevens sidles up to back up his father, and for a tense moment Dam and George go face-to-face. Eventually, Cary throws up his hands, telling George that it's okay to stand down.

Cary Stevens:

You know what? Fine. My boys don't need me to beat some ass.

Cary looks over at Cassidy and Brock, who are both waving "bye bye" to the bitter old man.

Cary Stevens:

Don't blame me when you can't eat solid foods anymore...

With an angry grin, Cary pats both his boys on the shoulder and allows Dam to escort him outside with the fans. Bo and George Stevens turn away from the ejected father and start to walk toward the center of the bar, but a sharp hands up from Brock Newbludd stops them in their tracks.

Brock Newbludd:

Hold it right there, boys. Let Marky Shields here explain the rules. Shields?

Mark Shields takes center stage, but to be honest... he looks half asleep.

Mark Shields:

Alright... so... you guys are gonna fight... and then... um...

Cassidy smacks himself across the forehead. He walks up behind Shields and gently nudges him out of the center of the bar.

Pat Cassidy:

That's the last time you sample the product before the match, jackass. Step aside...

Cassidy raises his arms and clears his throat dramatically.

Pat Cassidy:

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the FIRST EVER Saturday Night Street Fight. We are on location here at Ballyhoo Brew, and the rules to his contest are simple enough that even you two nimrods can follow: falls count anywhere. No DQ. You get your hands on it, you can use it as a weapon. Pretty standard street fight stuff, right?

Bo nods with a sneer as George cracks his knuckles.

Pat Cassidy:

WELL NOT SO FAST MY LITTLE PIECES OF TEXAS TOAST! You see, the Saturday Night Specials felt we just had to put our own little twist on things... Brock? Let 'em know.

Brock steps forward.

Brock Newbludd:

You see, to start the match, you jackoffs will be standing right there. While Cass and I...

Brock points to the other side of the bar, as far away from The Stevens as you could possibly be.

Brock Newbludd:

...we're going to be starting over there. When Mark Shields here gives the signal, we're all going to try to run as quickly as we can over to the middle of the bar here...

Brock motions to the center of the bar, where Cassidy has set up four pints of beer on a small table.

DDK:

Did they really turn a street fight in a drinking game?

Lance:

Are you surprised?

Brock Newbludd:

You can only start brawling after you've finished chugging. So, first team done has the advantage. Understand?

Bo nods and makes the "bring it on" motion while George stares blankly. Brock and Cassidy take their position at the other end of the bar, leaving Mark Shields in the center with the beers. The Saturday Night Specials take position as if they are runners preparing to hear the gun go off to start a marathon, while Bo slaps George on the back a few times to try to hype him up. Mark Shields stares awkwardly for a few seconds, before he blinks and realizes that he's supposed to be doing something.

Mark Shields:

Oh... yeah. Uh... ring the bell?

From the arena, we hear a...

DING DING

And they're off!! All four men sprint across the bar, dodging tables and chairs in order to reach the beers before the other team. Bo gets there first, grabbing a beer and beginning to chug. Cassidy and Newbludd are right after him, also grabbing their beers and down the hatch they go. George gets there last, wrapping his big mitts around a beer. Brock and Pat finish their pints at exactly the same time, only about a second before Bo, but that second is all they need...

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials smash their pint glasses over George and Bo's heads!! Looks like this street fight is underway!

With George and Bo reeling, Cassidy and Brock begin to unload on The Stevens with right hands. Brock is taking it to Bo while Cassidy is targeting the big man George. Brock grabs Bo roughly by the collar, and with a grunt, lifts him UP and over onto the bartop. With a yell, Brock drags Bo Stevens across the bartop, knocking various items to the ground!

Lance:

I don't think SNS are too concerned about trashing their bar with this one...

Cassidy, meanwhile, has run into some trouble: he finds his right hands having less and less effect on the monster George Stevens and the big man is beginning to regain his senses. Snarling, George catches one of Cassidy's punches and launches back at Black Out with a BIG headbutt. Cassidy is dazed, so George grabs him and lifts him over his head in an overhead body press! With a yell, George Stevens tosses Cassidy ONTO the nearby pool table! It doesn't break, but Cassidy does land with a sickening thud.

DDK:

In this type of environment, it's going to be very difficult for The Saturday Night Specials to neutralize the power of the big George Stevens.

As George moves in for the kill... he finds himself stunned from behind as Brock Newbludd breaks a pool cue right across the big man's bald head! George stumbles, and turns back to look at Brock. Brock stands there holding the broken cue, a little surprised that his move didn't knock George off his feet. George lunges to move toward Brock... but from behind the monster, Cassidy leaps off the pool table and locks a sleeper on the biggest Stevens! Hanging off the big man's back, Cassidy locks in the hold in as George bucks and tries to throw the Boston native off.

Thinking quickly, Brock nails George in the knee with a stiff kick right to the joint. With Cassidy still wrapped around his neck, George falls to a single knee. Cassidy releases the sleeper, and together, the Saturday Night Specials hook George Stevens for a double suplex!

DDK:

Pat and Brock are looking to use the cold, unforgiving floor of the bar to their advantage here!

Easier said than done, though. Although they do get George Steven a few inches off the floor, they struggle to get the big man all the way over. They rally themselves to try again when...

WHACK!

Bo comes out of nowhere, nailing Brock in the back with a bar stool! Brock falls, holding his back in pain. Cassidy lets go of George to start brawling with Bo as the two wrestlers begin to trade right hands. Black Out and Bo brawl into the rows of tables and chairs spread around the Ballyhoo floorplan, flipping tables and tossing chairs to make a path for their wild melee. Meanwhile, George wraps his hands around the still stunned Brock Newbludd's throat and lifts him

up and over, slamming him back first onto the bar top. George maintains his grip on Brock's neck, attempting to choke the very life right out of Brock on his own bar top as Brock paws desperately at George's vice-like hold on his neck.

DDK:

Lance, in all the hype around this match, we can't forget how dangerous an environment these men are in right now.

Lance:

George Stevens has bad intentions on his mind... and Cassidy is too occupied to help his partner!

While going toe-to-toe with Bo, Cassidy stuns him momentarily by slamming his head against a nearby table. Pat reaches up to the wall that is adorned with various pieces of DEFIANCE memorabilia and framed photos of wrestlers. Cassidy grabs a picture of a wrestler off the wall... looks at it to see that it's a photo of Malak Garland... he scoffs, and breaks the framed photo right over Bo's head! The fans in the arena cheer for Malak's destruction!

DDK:

The snowflake is good for something, apparently.

Back at the bar area, Brock is still struggling to pry George's hands off his neck before he passes out. In desperation, he reaches behind him, feeling blindly around the bartop while still focusing his eyes on George's ugly mug. Mark Shields sits at the bar, sipping from a bottle of whisky as he watches Brock fight for his life. Newbludd's hand finds Shield's bottle of whisky, and The Innovator snatches it away from the hapless referee, smashing the bottle into George's face! George cries out in pain, holding his face. Moving quickly, Brock jumps over the bar, looking around desperately for another weapon to use against the monster before George gets his head back in the game. Brock spies something... and grins... and like true Wisconsin, he holds up a huge jar of pickled eggs! In the arena, the fans pop as they watch the action unfold on the screen.

Lance:

This might be a first for professional wrestling...

SPLASH!

The contents of the pickled egg jar hits George Stevens directly in the face! George holds his eyes and slips a few times on the green liquid that is now all over the floor. Brock jumps up onto the bartop, facing George... and leaps OFF the bar and takes George down with a big Meteora!! Brock turns to Mark Shields, who is still sitting at the bar.

Brock Newbludd:

SHIELDS - COUNT!

Brock makes the cover. Mark Shields tries to move into position, but he also slides a little on the pickle juice and has to steady himself. Finally he's able to drop down next to George and Brock and begins to count...

ONE....

TWO....

DDK:

No! The huge George Stevens is able to power himself out in this falls count anywhere match.

Meanwhile, Pat Cassidy and Bo Stevens have battled their way onto the Ballyhoo Brew stage where interviews and segments and even the recent DEFys were held. Cassidy grabs Bo and bounces his head off the podium, stunning him. Black Out looks around for a weapon - finding some extra pool cues hanging nearby. Cassidy grabs one and locks eyes with Bo just as the smaller Stevens is getting back to his feet. Cassidy smiles - and snaps one of the pool cues over his knee! Now holding two sticks... Cassidy tosses one of the pool cues to a confused Bo, who catches it. Grinning, Cassidy holds his stick high and assumes a sword fighter's stance.

Pat Cassidy: *[doing a very poor Spanish accent]*

My name is Black Out... you trashed my bar... prepare to die.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy... is out of his mind.

Bo takes a second to look at Pat like he has two heads... and then he shrugs and mimics Pat's stance! The crowd pops as the two men begin to clash, banging their pool cues against each other, moving and parrying like they're auditioning for the new Star Wars movie.

Lance:

Sure, this is funny... but those sticks have sharp ends. One of these two could get seriously hurt here.

While the sword fight rages on stage, Brock has grabbed himself a good ol' fashion steel chair. He looks to wrap it around the head of George Stevens who is pulling himself back to a vertical base. Brock swings...

DDK:

My God! George stopped the momentum of the chair with his bare hands!!

Lance:

The power of George Stevens is so impressive.

George wrestles the chair away from Brock and throws it aside. Brock backs away from the big man, plotting his next move to try and stop the giant. George grins a stupid grin and cracks his knuckles. With a roar, George suddenly charges Brock full speed! Newbludd leaps out of George's path at the last second, and George runs right into... and through... the men's room door!!

Brock Newbludd:

Don't forget to tip our bathroom guy, Georgie!

Brock's smile fades as George emerges from the bathroom with both a lump on his head... and one of the bathroom sinks in his hand!! George raises the sink over his head and throws it full force right at Brock! Newbludd again swiftly dodges at the last second, and the sink flies forward and crashes directly into the wall-mounted jukebox. The jukebox's light flutter to life on impact, and...

♪ "Street Fightin' Man" by The Rolling Stones ♪

...begins to play throughout the bar! Brock and George look at each other for a moment - neither were expecting that. Brock shrugs.

Brock Newbludd:

... it works.

George nods in response. And then, as if a flip were switched, both men get right back to brawling. They rush each other and begin to unload on each other with punches. Although George's are more powerful, Brock is able to score more, and they're each giving as much as they're taking. Brock slips behind George, locking him from behind for a German Suplex. George is just too honkin' big, however, and Brock can't quite get him up. Instead, George shakes Brock off and tosses him high into the air and across the bar with a mighty Biel throw!

DDK:

I think if SNS has any chance in this, they're going to have to team up on George Stevens. He's like running into a brick wall in this environment.

George hooks Brock Newbludd for a powerbomb... seemingly aiming him right through one of Ballyhoo's tables!

Lance:

If George hits this, it's game over!

George Stevens lifts The Innovator up high... but Brock is able to reverse into a DDT in mid air!! George's bald head crashes violently through the table! Brock covers... but Mark Shields is nowhere in sight!?

DDK: *[sigh]*

Why did we give Shields this gig?

Brock rolls off George, looking around angrily... only to find that Shields has become enthralled with the Cassidy/Bo Stevens "lightsaber" battle on the stage. Muttering to himself in disgust, Brock marches over toward the stage.

Meanwhile, on the stage, Darth Stevens has backed Obi Wan Cassidy into a corner. With one mighty hit, Cassidy's pool cue is knocked out of his hands and flies off the stage. Cassidy is left at the mercy of his opponent, and Bo grins cruelly. Bo dramatically lifts his cue up to inches away from Pat's throat just as one might do at the end of a movie sword fight.

Bo Stevens:

Any last words, asshole?

Pat Cassidy: *[gulping]*

Actually, yeah...

Cassidy suddenly kicks Bo directly in the nuts!!! Stevens drops the pool cue and falls to his knees, his mouth forming a silent cry.

Pat Cassidy:

... it's a street fight... "asshole."

Brock joins Cassidy on stage. The two tag partners lock eyes after surveying the damage to the bar, George Stevens rubbing his head on the ground, and Bo coddling his achy testicles.

Brock Newbludd:

Phase two?

Pat Cassidy:

Let's do it, buddy.

The Saturday Night Specials hop down off the stage, with Brock grabbing Shields roughly by the collar. With the ref in hand, they make their way to the exit of Ballyhoo Brew, with the camera struggling to keep up with them. The Specials emerge out into the New Orleans air and are surrounded by cheering fans who have been watching the mayhem through the large window.

DDK:

They're going outside... I suppose this match is "falls count anywhere" so it technically can continue out there...

It becomes clear why they chose to leave the bar: Pat Cassidy grabs Cary Stevens, who had been watching the match alongside the fans since he was kicked outside!

Cary Stevens:

Get your hands off me!! BO!! GEORGE!!

But there is no back-up for Cary right now. Both Cary Stevens and Mark Shields find themselves thrown into SNS' special Ballyhoo customized golf cart! Brock dumps Shields in the back and takes position in the driver's seat, while Cassidy keeps a firm grip on the raging Cary in the passenger's seat.

DDK:

What the... what are they doing!?

It's the same question Bo and George Stevens ask themselves as they emerge from Ballyhoo's entrance. They see their father in the golf cart and yell out, but Brock Newbludd quickly flips them a not-so-nice gesture and the golf cart begins to speed off through the fans... taking Cary with them!

Bo Stevens:

Get back here!

George:

ARRRGHHHH!!

Raging, George begins to push through fans in pursuit of SNS. In his fury he knocks down the DEF camera! There's a burst of static as the camera hits the ground, and then the feed cuts to the DEFarena, and the fans begin to boo at the loss of the action. The scene shifts to Darren Keebler and Lance Warner at the announce desk.

DDK:

Well folks... it appears that George Stevens has taken out our DEFIANCE camera on scene and we've lost the feed.

Lance:

I'm being told that was the only camera we had there, and it'll take some time to get another one out there to short this out.

DDK:

In the interest of time, ladies and gentleman, I think we'll have to move on to our next match and hope we can pick up with The Saturday Night Street Fight on location shortly. What a wild night so far, Lance!

Lance:

Indeed, Keebs. And I think it's only going to get wilder.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. GUNNAR VAN PATTON

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is set for one fall...

♪ "Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

DDK:

I still don't know why DEF hasn't eliminated the start of the song from his entrance.

Lance:

Probably because they fear a lawsuit from Avril.

DDK:

Valid point.

There's no hesitation by Gunnar Van Patton, as he starts his trek down to the ring. He has absolutely zero interest in playing to the Faithful, despite his message of combat over comedy slowly developing a following.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 241lbs... from Arlington, TX... **GUNNAR VAN PATTON!!!**

The Texan leaps up onto the apron and slingshots himself over the top rope.

DDK:

This is Van Patton's first chance on the big stage.

Lance:

If his work on Uncut tells you anything, his opponent could be in for a very painful night.

The Texan removes his black, El Paso Chihuahuas jersey and chucks it out to the floor. His left shoulder shows signs of wear and tear with its heavy taping. He steps to his corner and lets the referee check him for weapons, as his music slowly fades away.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

With the change of melody, through the curtain comes the man known as the "Pacific Blitzkrieg", much to the delight of the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... weighing in at 229lbs... from Seattle, WA... **KERRY KUROYAMA!!!**

While he normally loves to take in the approval of the crowd, Kuroyama is all business tonight. He is focused solely on the ring and the task at hand.

DDK:

A very different demeanor for Kerry tonight.

Lance:

He looks ready.

DDK:

He has to be. His very future could be in jeopardy here tonight.

Kerry dashes the rest of the way to the ring and dives into the ring under the bottom rope. His eyes immediately focus on his one-eyed enemy. The Faithful make their allegiance known immediately, as they begin to chant for the Seattle

native.

KERRY! KERRY! KERRY! KERRY! KERRY! KERRY! KERRY! KERRY!

DDK:

As expected the Faithful are solidly behind the Pacific Blitzkrieg.

Lance:

GVP may split the crowd with his war against “clowns”, but the Faithful have always had a place in their heart for Kerry.

Once the official checks Kuroyama, as he did Van Patton earlier, he signals to the timekeeper to start the match.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go!

Kerry brings his hands up and assumes a hybrid boxing stance, as he steps out of his corner. Across the ring, Van Patton casually steps out towards the middle of the ring with his arms hanging down at his side. The Texan sizes up his focused foe, not impressed by what he sees. The pair circle a few steps before meeting in the center of the ring. Kerry strikes first with a roundhouse to the outside of Van Patton’s left thigh.

Lance:

It’s not often we see Van Patton on the receiving end of a kick like that.

Van Patton absorbs the strike and mockingly brushes off the cargo pocket of his fatigues, never once letting on that the kick stung.

DDK:

Van Patton doesn’t look too impressed.

After another few steps around the ring, Kuroyama steps up and smacks his enemy in the leg again. This kick echoes through the Wrestle-Plex..

DDK:

That one had some mustard on it.

A growl slips through Van Patton’s lips and he nods in affirmation, liking the power behind that strike and how it sent a surge of pain down his leg. Standing tall in front of his foe, he nonchalantly tightens his gloves and rotates his taped, left shoulder as if he is warming up to pitch the next inning for the Rangers. Van Patton finally removes his Dallas Stars baseball cap and whips it deep into the crowd. Ready for battle, he matches his opponent in taking a fighting stance.

DDK:

That one might have just gotten Van Patton’s attention.

Lance:

Not something I would recommend doing.

The duo come together once more and Kerry lands kick number three. This time, Van Patton immediately responds with one of his own, that causes Kerry to grimace in pain.

Lance:

Kerry’s going to have to step it up, if he is going to go tit for tat with the Texan.

DDK:

There's definitely a noticeable difference in impact when comparing the two.

Never once thinking of backing down, Kuroyama fires back with another only to be blasted in return. Kerry lets loose a roar before striking with a trio of kicks.

DDK:

Kuroyama refuses to retreat!

The Texan doesn't budge, taking each and every one without fail, though not without snarling, and instantly goes on the offensive. A right-footed roundhouse to the Kerry's left thigh, a left-footed roundhouse to the chest, a right-handed MuayThai elbow to the jaw, and a spinning enzuigiri connect in succession. Just like that, Kerry's fire is extinguished.

Lance:

Maybe he should have.

DDK:

Van Patton's strikes are downright devastating!

Van Patton drags Kerry up just to snapmare him back over. He steps into a vicious kick directly to his seated opponent's spine that causes Kerry to arch backwards. This leaves Kerry wide open for the Texan to sock him in the ear with a spinning solebutt.

DDK:

Who cares if his shoulder is taped up? His legs are what will kill you.

Not giving his opponent a chance to tend to his wounds, Van Patton goes to his kickboxing background. He grabs Kerry by the head in a clench and pulls him up, so he can try to cave in his chest with a pair of knees. A dazed Kuroyama is forcibly sent into the corner. Van Patton follows him in with a step-up knee strike, which drops Kerry to his rear in the corner. There's no hesitation by the Lycan. As soon as his feet hit the mat, he is already sprinting to the far ropes. Kuroyama is seeing stars and soon finds himself seeing entire galaxies courtesy of a baseball slide-style knee strike square to his left cheek.

Lance:

And there's a prime example of that!

DDK:

Kerry's jaw has to be dislocated at the very least.

After he has rolled his foe out of the corner, Van Patton drops down into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kuroyama refuses to stay down and kicks out with authority.

DDK:

Kerry's heart won't let him accept defeat.

Lance:

His guts were never in doubt.

Van Patton isn't one to debate a count with the referee. He stays focused on Kuroyama and leads him up to his knees...

Lance:

Brace yourself, Keebs...

SMACK!

...only to send him plunging back to it with a roundhouse to the chest.

DDK:

Good god... I don't know if I'll ever get used to hearing that.

Not content with just one, Van Patton pulls him up again and looks to make all of the Faithful recoil in horror with another kick from the right side.

SMACK!

Lance:

You can feel every one of those kicks.

Kerry's arms cling to his chest in agony, but he doesn't get more than a moment or two before his opponent uses a boot under his jaw to position him for a third kick. Van Patton aims a little higher, looking to decapitate Kuroyama. This time, he catches nothing but air with Kerry slipping under the kick. Kuroyama instantly slides his arm between the Texan's legs and pulls him back into a pinning position.

DDK:

SCHOOLBOY BY KERRY!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

A smart little counter by Kerry there and he almost got the win with it.

Van Patton uses his great leg strength to force Kerry off, while keeping control of the arm between his legs. It looks as if he was going for LeBell Lock. Yet, instead of applying the hold, the Texan rotates to his left and dives over Kerry, positioning him in a cradle.

DDK:

Oklahoma Roll by Van Patton!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kerry kicks free with all of his might.

DDK:

Van Patton tried to return the favor there.

Both men race back to their feet. Kuroyama's slight speed advantage comes into play, as he beats his enemy to the punch with a step-up enzuigiri. The attack drops Van Patton to one knee.

DDK:

Expertly executed enzuigiri by Kerry there.

Lance:

The pace is quickening, Keebs.

Kerry executes a kip-up to his feet and immediately notices the Texan's positioning. He darts to the ropes, hoping to take advantage. Yet, Van Patton explodes out of a three-point stance and hits the ropes a moment after Kerry does. Kuroyama puts on the breaks and turns around to find the Texan coming right at him with a leaping knee aimed right for his jaw.

DDK:

BUSAIKU KNEE KICK!!!

Lance:

Good god! He turned him inside out!

A fire has developed Van Patton and he points a firearm-shaped hand at his stunned foe.

DDK:

We've seen this before.

Lance:

The last place Kerry wants to be is in Van Patton's sights.

The Texan angrily yanks Kerry up to his feet. A left-handed bodyshot to the ribs, a left hook to the jaw, and a right-footed roundhouse to the left temple turn Kerry's lights out. He begins to fall forward. Yet, he isn't allowed to fall. Van Patton slips behind him, while hooking on a full Nelson. The Texan plants his feet and pops his hips, brutally dumping Kuroyama on his head.

DDK:

DRAGON SUPLEX!

Lance:

Few do it any better.

As he is known to do, Van Patton keeps the hold locked on and forces a spaghetti-legged Kerry to stand. The Texan releases one half of the submission and spins his enemy one-eighty into position for a possible vertical suplex. In the blink of an eye, Van Patton takes Kuroyama vertical. Just as Kerry is perpendicular to the mat, he is violently spiked on his head.

DDK:

FUKSZ!!!

Van Patton rolls into a cover, not hooking the leg, but surely driving his forearm into his adversary's cheek.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?!?

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of this match by pinfall... GUNNAR VAN PATTON!!!

DDK:

And like that, it's over...

Lance:

I can't believe it.

The announcers aren't the only ones in shock. A hushed silence falls over the crowd. Not a single one of the faithful can believe what they just witnessed. Their beloved Kerry is nothing more than a lifeless mass in the middle of the ring and it took Van Patton only a few minutes to end it.

DDK:

You aren't the only one, Lance. The entire Wrestle-Plex is in utter disbelief.

The Texan rises up to his feet and looks down at his fallen adversary. He grumbles to himself, as he had high hopes that a driven Kuroyama would have put up more of a challenge. Yet, Van Patton's thirst for combat would have to go unquenched. Disappointed, he makes his way out of the ring and heads to the back.

DDK:

For someone who won his first Pay-Per-View match, Van Patton is anything but happy.

Lance:

The Texan thrives on competition and just like the Faithful, he expected to have some tonight.

With the ring free of any danger, the official helps Kerry up from the mat. There's no hiding his frustration, as he pushes free from the referee, wanting to stand on his own. Yet, Kuroyama's sense of balance is off and he stumbles for a few steps before falling down across the middle rope. He sits himself down in the corner, unable to stop his disappointment from being seen.

WE LOVE KERRY!

PLEASE DON'T GO!

WE LOVE KERRY!

PLEASE DON'T GO!

WE LOVE KERRY!

PLEASE DON'T GO!

WE LOVE KERRY!

PLEASE DON'T GO!

DDK:

Even in defeat, these fans will always have Kerry's back.

Lance:

There are very few who they overtly love as much as him.

The alternating chants from the Faithful make it very clear what they think of the possibility that this could be Kerry's last appearance in a DEFIANCE ring. His sad eyes explore the arena, taking in one last look before he slips under the bottom rope to the floor. Kuroyama hangs his head and starts a low, slow walk to the back, leaving those watching to wonder what will come next for him.

Lance:

What does the future hold for Kerry Kuroyama?

DDK:

That is the question everyone is asking.

MUST GO FASTER

Following the short break, the scene shifts to show DEFIANCE's dynamic duo of Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sitting behind the announce table. Both men acknowledge the camera with a smile before turning in their chairs to face each other.

DDK:

This has been one heck of a card so far, Lance, and the action is only heating up the further we go down Defiance Road.

Lance:

You can say that again, partner. Coming up next we have--

Keebler suddenly puts a hand up to his earpiece and begins nodding his head, cutting Lance off.

DDK:

Hang on a second, Lance. I'm getting word that there's something happening outside the arena. It sounds like one of our camera crews have located The Saturday Night Specials' and Stevens Dynasty.

Lance:

Are you telling me they've fought all the way from Ballyhoo to the Wrestle-Plex?

Keebler takes his hand off the small speaker in his ear and looks directly into the camera.

DDK:

That's what it sounds like. Let's send it to the crew outside to find out for ourselves!

The scene shifts to the outside parking lot of the Wrestle-Plex where we see a group of still tailgating fans cheering wildly at something coming towards them from a distance. The picture begins to shake as the cameraman runs towards the group of people. As the camera gets closer, the high pitched whine of an electric motor can be heard over the crowd.

Lance:

What are we seeing here, DDK?

The cameraman finally makes it to the group of fans and he focuses on what has got these DEFIANCE diehards all riled up.

DDK:

It's The Saturday Night Specials...and Cary Stevens!

Still holding the Stevens family patriarch hostage in between them, Newbludd and Cassidy race towards the group of fans in their custom golf cart. Sitting behind the driver's seat, a wide-eyed Newbludd has a white knuckle grip on the wheel, while next to him Cassidy has one arm wrapped around Cary's neck in a firm headlock. Mark Shields sits in the back... looking like he's having the time of his life.

Lance:

What kind of street fight is this? Where's Bo and George!?

Taking one hand off the wheel, Newbludd reaches down between his legs and pulls out an old-school red spinning police light, and sticks it on the roof of the golf cart. With only about ten yards between them and the crowd, Brock flips a switch on the cart's dash to make the light start to spin. Next to him, Cassidy tightens his headlock on poor Cary and raises a CB style microphone up to his lips with his free hand.

Pat Cassidy:

Outta the way, folks! Official Ballyhoo business!

Seeing that the golf cart was not going to stop, the crowd parts to create a lane for SNS. Darting through the crowd, both Brock and Pat manage to stick a hand out to high five a few of the fans.

DDK:

Looks like SNS is heading towards the arena. But, why?

The tailgaters raise their drinks and continue cheering as SNS careens away from them. Before the people can even lower their glasses the thunderous sound of a roaring engine causes them all to turn their heads in surprise. The camera quickly follows their gaze to reveal an all too familiar monster truck barreling down towards them.

DDK:

What the hell!?

With a crazed smile spread across his face and only inches to spare on either side of him, Bo Stevens expertly guides the accelerating monster truck through the narrow parking lot. Next to him, George bangs a fist against the roof of the truck to urge his cousin on.

Lance:

It's the Stevens and that damn monster truck! We got ourselves a bonafide high-speed pursuit, Darren!

DDK:

Oh my! Those people better get out of there! That ridiculous truck can barely fit in the lane and I sure as hell don't trust Bo to stop for pedestrians.

Chaos erupts as the small group of people scatter to avoid the oncoming monster truck. Bo and George roar past them and some of the tailgaters throw their cans of beer at the truck in anger. In response, Bo gives them a defiant middle finger.

Bo Stevens:

Eat shit!

Ahead of Bo and George, the Specials' angle their chariot towards a loading dock ramp and the golf cart's small electric motor whines even louder as Newbludd puts the pedal to the metal. Cassidy looks over his shoulder and his jaw drops at the sight of the huge truck closing in on them fast.

Pat Cassidy:

Must go faster! MUST GO FASTER!

Brock Newbludd:

This *IS* faster! Cary's fatass is slowing us down! And we can't ditch Shields!

Brock's eyes narrow in determination as the sound of the roaring beast behind them gets louder by the second. Squirming in between them, the patriarch of the Stevens' clan bites Cassidy in the forearm, causing Pat to loosen the headlock.

Pat Cassidy:

Ouch! What the!?! This old man just bit me!

Cary Stevens:

Let me go, dammit! Right now!

Brock Newbludd:

Cary, if you bite my friend again you're going to be swallowing those dentures!

Before Cary can respond Mark Shields lets out a shriek as the monster truck continues to close the gap. With the Wrestle-Plex's loading dock still a few hundred feet away, Cassidy does the math in his head and frowns.

Pat Cassidy:

We're gonna have to bail, buddy! I think it's too late to call it water under the bridge and I sure as hell don't want my last moments to be with Cary Friggin' Stevens!

Brock's face suddenly brightens.

Brock Newbludd:

Water under the bridge! Cassidy you beautiful sonuvabitch! Everybody hang on!

Newbludd takes one final glance into the rearview mirror and lines up the golf cart with the middle of the monster truck.

Brock Newbludd:

Hold onto your butts!

Not waiting another second, Newbludd slams on the golf cart's brake pedal with both of his feet.

SCRRREEEEEEEECCCCHHH!!

Mark Shields:

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Shields screams are quickly drowned out by a massive roar as The Stevens and their monster truck drive right over top of them!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!

For the briefest of moments the entirety of the golf cart is consumed by the monster truck, causing the fans watching from inside the Wrestle-Plex to collectively scream out in shock. The frightened cries instantly turn to wild cheers when the truck continues forward to reveal the golf cart still sitting at a dead stop, completely untouched! With his three passengers still processing what just happened, Newbludd slaps the wheel triumphantly.

Brock Newbludd:

Vin Diesel ain't got shit on me! I thought we would fit underneath that thing!

Pat Cassidy:

You thought?

Brock Newbludd:

Well, I couldn't exactly get out and measure how much clearance we had...

Ahead of them the monster truck's brake lights flare up and the massive vehicle skids across the pavement and comes to a stop. A second later Bo and George begin to crawl down from the cab.

Pat Cassidy:

Operation: kick some Stevens ass.

Brock Newbludd:

Hell yeah.

Newbludd steps out of the golf cart and cracks his knuckles, while behind him the pale faced Shields scrambles out as well. Still inside the cart, Cassidy opens up a small compartment in front of him and pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

Opening one end of them up, Pat secures it around one of Cary's wrists.

Cary Stevens:

Hey! What are you doing!?

Ignoring him, Cassidy secures the other end of the cuffs to the golf cart's steering wheel and gives Cary a light slap on the cheek.

Pat Cassidy:

It's been fun, Cary. By the way, these are Brock's, and knowing him I doubt he has the key to open them.

Cary Stevens:

You can't do this!

Pat Cassidy:

I just did.

Cassidy leaves the irate Cary to his fate and looks up to see Newbludd and The Stevens' rushing towards each other. Eager to even the odds, he breaks into a sprint to join in the fray.

Lance:

Here we go, DDK. These four are about to pick up from where they left off at the bar!

DDK:

This is wild! These fans who stuck around the parking lot for a tailgate party are now getting a front row seat to this street fight!

With the group of tailgaters congregating all around them, SNS and The Stevens Dynasty crash into each other. Newbludd sidesteps a wild haymaker from Bo and attempts to drive a forearm into the side of Bo's head but is stopped when George nails him with a huge lariat. Eating the full force of the clothesline, The Innovator hits the pavement in a heap.

DDK:

George put all of his 468 pounds behind that lariat. Newbludd's down but here comes Cassidy!

Bo instructs George to deal with Brock and the super heavyweight begins to stomp away on the downed Innovator. Bo attempts to take Cassidy head on and is sent to the ground by a vicious looking spear from 'Black Out'. Keeping Bo pinned under him, Cassidy begins to rain down with hammer strikes.

Lance:

Perfect form on that tackle from Cassidy and now he's letting him have it!

Seeing his cousin in peril, George delivers one last kick to Newbludd and heads towards Cassidy. As Newbludd painfully pushes himself up to his hands and knees, Big George yanks Cassidy off of Bo to smother him in the face with a headbutt.

DDK:

Did you see Cassidy's knees quiver from that headbutt!?

Lance:

Getting headbutted by someone the size of George Stevens' is like getting hit in the face with a bowling ball, partner.

Back up on his feet, Brock staggers slightly as he tries to shake off the impact of being knocked to the pavement. Behind him, George grabs the equally as woozy Cassidy and lifts him above his head.

DDK:

George just gorilla pressed Cassidy like it was nothing!

The tailgaters boo loudly at George and he sneers at them in response. Straightening his arms, George takes a quick step forward and SLAMS Cassidy back down to the pavement. The loud impact of flesh hitting asphalt causes the crowd to audibly gasp upon hearing it.

Lance:

Cassidy is down! You gotta wonder what that just did to those tender ribs of his. No amount of athletic tape can protect against that.

DDK:

The Stevens' have been thoroughly whipping SNS in this exchange and...HEY!

All of a sudden the camera begins to violently shake and the cameraman can be heard letting out of a shout of protest.

Bo Stevens:

Gimme that thing!

DDK:

I think Bo Stevens just stole our camera!

For a brief instant the picture stabilizes and focuses on the unaware Newbludd. Then it begins to bounce erratically as it's new operator, Bo Stevens, charges at him.

Bo Stevens:

Smile for the camera, Brockie!!

Spinning around, Brock has no time to defend himself as Stevens smashes the camera directly into the side of his head, causing a sickening THUD upon impact. Instantly the feed is lost and the Faithful inside the arena boo loudly in protest.

DDK:

Bo just smashed the camera over Newbludd's head, and we've lost our live feed!

Lance:

Things were not looking good for SNS, partner. For all we know, the match could be over after that beatdown The Stevens just gave them. We need to get another cameraman out there ASAP.

DDK:

Agreed, Lance. If we get any updates on the ongoing brawl between The Saturday Night Specials and The Stevens Dynasty, we will relay that information to everyone right away. But, the show must go on and we need to get to our next match of the evening.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LaCROIX Â© vs. TRASHCAN TIM

DDK:

We're going from a Kerry Kuroyama match to the man who made his DEFIANCE main roster debut at his expense, the Favoured Saints Champion Matt LaCroix defending against Trashcan Tim!

Lance:

He was successful in his first defense against Trashcan Tim, but a victory over Kerry Kuroyama impressed Matt LaCroix enough to grant a request for a second shot.

DDK:

And we've seen nothing but respect between two spirited competitors, Lance and I expect a war here to see who is really the best. Let's get down to Darren Quimbey waiting at ringside with Carla Ferrari.

Darren Quimbey stands in the ring, spotlighted for the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for the DEFIANCE FAVOURTED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP and is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Trashcan Tim comes bounding into view, full of energy and excitement for the big show. He claps happily as he surveys the crowd with nodding approval. He takes a little extra time on his way to the ring to slap hands and share an extended moment with several fans.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim really took his last loss to Matt LaCroix to heart, Lance. He's spent the last several weeks training especially hard, hitting the gym and dedicating himself to preparing for this match.

Lance:

The big man really surprised everybody with that win over Kerry Kuroyama, but perhaps nobody more than Matt LaCroix, who is very familiar with how tough an opponent Kerry really is. This rematch should be an absolute brawl.

Lights Out.

The Faithful's cheers fall into bated breath as the lights suddenly extinguish. Smoke begins to fill the entrance before dim red lights ignite the fog, revealing the silhouette of a man in a kneeling position. The man raises to his feet before slowly raising a championship belt high over his head with his right arm.

It begins with them... but it ends with me.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

The Faithful thrust their fists into the air, following in a "HEY!" chant as Matt LaCroix marches out from the smoke with the Favoured Saints Championship raised above his head. With his left hand he pulls a gray hood off of his head, revealing his ocean blue eyes staring intently down towards Trashcan Tim in the ring. A smirk crosses his lips and he throws the Favoured Saints Championship over his shoulder and makes his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds, HE IS the reigning Favoured Saints Champion. SOUTHERN. STRONG. STYLE. MAAAAAAAAAAAAATT LAAAAAAAAAAAAACROOOOOOIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

There's the champion, Lance. He is just one defense away from being able to cash in his Favoured Saints Championship for a shot at Dex Joy or whoever may be the champion by the end of DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:

LaCroix has been on a tear since winning the championship and I'm not sure Trashcan Tim is going to be able to stop this Pontchartrain.

DDK:

I see what you did there, Lance. The Reaper of the Pontchartrain sure has looked impressive, but the pressure is on. Can he come through in this high pressure situation? Trashcan Tim is as big and as strong as they're going to come... and there's no quit in that man.

Lance:

Tim thinks he's improved since their last meeting, it's time to see if he's ready to face the Reaper!

From the top rope Matt LaCroix looks out across the crowd dropping his black denim vest to the outside floor. He raises his championship in the air for a photo opportunity before jumping off the top rope back into the ring. He shares a glance with Trashcan Tim before handing the championship over to Carla Ferrari, who raises it high above her head as the music stops and the lights return to normal. In their respective corners, the two men stretch and stare each other down as they await the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Let's get this show on the road!

Lance:

Here. We. Go!

Both men leave their corner and Trashcan Tim immediately extends a hand. LaCroix hesitates for just a moment before shaking the hand of his opponent to the approval of the Faithful. They lock up and the much bigger Trashcan Tim backs LaCroix into the corner. The referee steps in and asks Trashcan for a clean break, which he of course obliges. LaCroix nods his head appreciatively, cracks his neck and exits the corner. They circle before locking up again and, once more, the big man backs LaCroix to the buckle. Right as they're near the corner, LaCroix deftly maneuvers his back foot and pivots Trashcan, planting his back hard in the corner. Carla asks for a clean break once again, and LaCroix raises his arms in the air and backs away.

DDK:

A sign of respect between these two men, both very quick to abide by the referee's instructio...

SMACK!

Matt LaCroix lays a hard chop across the chest of Trashcan Tim as he exits the corner, firing up the big man who grabs LaCroix and begins to force him to the middle of the ring. Using Tim's momentum, the Orleans Outsider drops to his back and chops Tim down with a drop toe hold. Matt quickly takes back control of Trashcan, making the big man eat a knee as he tries to get back up to his feet. LaCroix transitions into a front facelock on the ground, keeping the big man grounded.

Lance:

Solid strategy by Matt LaCroix here, keeping the much larger and stronger Tim grounded to negate that strength. Tim can't do a whole lot here on the ground.

DDK:

That's true, Lance, but this isn't MMA. He's not going to win on points. He's going to have to find a way to do some big damage on Tim if he plans on pinning or submitting him.

Tim gets his legs under him and sends LaCroix rolling back with a huge push. He follows the tumbling champion who is quick up to his feet. A swift kick to the side of the knee and then another. Tim favors the leg before Matt shoots it,

sensing weakness. Tim powers out again, using his legs to push LaCroix back. This time, Matt catches himself against the ropes. As Trashcan sits up Matt lands a hard kick against his chest, but it doesn't down the big man. He hits another. Then another. Each impact echoes through the arena until Matt finally knocks Tim onto his back with a hard shot using the bottom of his boot, smashing into Tim's face.

Immediately the Reaper of the Pontchartrain grabs the leg before dropping a knee across Tim's thigh. Wrenching the ankle and torquing the leg, Trashcan screams out in pain as LaCroix tests his flexibility limits. Carla asks for a submission, but Tim refuses. Matt applies more pressure by taking a small jump into the air and landing with his body on top of the twisted leg of Trashcan Tim, who reaches to try and free himself but the Orleans Outsider uses the leg to spin Trashcan onto his stomach.

DDK:

LaCroix putting on a mat game clinic here. Now he appears to be wrapping the leg of Trashcan Tim around his own.

Lance:

This looks like a modified Indian Deathlock, Darren. LaCroix has been known to use variations of this move to set-up opponents for a Romero version of his FTW Dragon Sleeper.

DDK:

Well, Trashcan Tim has some huge tree trunk-like legs to wrap there. You have to wonder if Matt is going to be able to keep him from powering out.

LaCroix gets one leg locked around his before lifting it up and stomping on the back of Trashcan's knee. Once. Twice. Three times before snapping backwards onto the mat and cracking the knee! Tim again screams out in pain as LaCroix rolls around and grabs the ankle again, but Trashcan has seen enough and quickly crawls to the ropes, using his length to get a firm grasp. Carla Ferrari quickly jumps in and forces LaCroix to break before he can do any more damage.

DDK:

Great ring presence by Tim to get out of that nasty situation!

Lance:

But has the damage already been done? Can Tim even stand anymore?

Trashcan Tim leans heavily on the ropes as LaCroix tries to stay on the attack, but Ferrari doesn't back down in maintaining the break. With his arm locked around the rope, Tim tests out his knee and quickly gives out under him. Frustrated, he pulls himself back up and hobbles a couple steps forward as makes a move towards LaCroix.

DDK:

It looks like it has! He's looking pretty shaky!

As Tim legs go of the ropes, LaCroix tries to shoot the leg of Tim once again. However, this time Trashcan knows what to expect and manages to hop on one leg out of the way. Matt whiffs, but continues on, bouncing back up to his feet again to try and stay aggressive. As he makes another quick move towards Tim, the massive man lifts LaCroix high into the air with one arm and drives him into the canvas with a one-armed spinebuster. The Faithful cheer on impact as Tim hooks the leg!

Lance:

Holy smokes!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! A long two count as LaCroix manages to kick out!

Lance:

That spinebuster knocked Matt loopy, Darren! Did you see his head bounce off the mat!

DDK:

I sure did, and so did Carla, who is immediately checking LaCroix for signs of a concussion as he tries to put some distance between himself and Tim.

Carla tries to get a good look into Matt's eyes, but he makes it as difficult as possible as he drags himself across the ring by his arms. Meanwhile, Tim is having trouble standing once again.

Lance:

It's going to be a close one, Darren. I think whoever gets to their feet first is going to maintain control of this match.

Both men have pulled themselves to their feet now, spaghetti-legged but game. LaCroix initiates with a brutal forearm strike that staggers Tim. He replies with a forearm of his own that drops LaCroix to a knee! LaCroix pulls himself up by Tim's wifebeater and connects with a punch! Trashcan returns! LaCroix again!

DDK:

These two are absolutely mauling each other right now!

They continue to trade heavy shots back and forth, neither man giving an inch. After several exchanges however, Trashcan seems to gain the advantage and has LaCroix backpedaling with peppering shots. A big right hand sends LaCroix stumbling back into the ropes, but he rebounds with an absolutely vicious yakuza kick to Tim's face that sends him flying back and through the middle rope to the floor! Tim crashes hard outside the ring and LaCroix takes a moment to steady himself on the ropes. As Tim slowly pulls himself up on the floor, LaCroix seems to get an idea, quickly looking to the far ropes and back out to Tim. He charges the far ropes, comes rebounding back with at full clip -

Lance:

Suicide dive to the floor! Matt LaCroix just hit Trashcan Tim like a shotgun blast!

The impact sends Tim crashing to the floor once more, clearly dazed. LaCroix gets to his feet shockingly fast and struggles to pull a very disoriented Tim off the floor and rolls him into the ring. LaCroix follows underneath the ropes and makes a cover with a deep leg hook.

ONE.

TWO.

Trashcan powers a shoulder off the mat to stay alive!

DDK:

Tim isn't done with this match yet, Lance! His heart is on full display.

Lance:

The most dangerous part about Trashcan Tim is that he doesn't have to land much to beat you. He hits three or four hard shots, he has the power to end it with just that. He's like a knockout artist in boxing. They say everyone has a plan until they get punched in the mouth. Those shots will take the fight right out of you.

LaCroix goes to lift Trashcan from the mat but is met with a solid right hand to the stomach! LaCroix engages again but it pushed backward as Trashcan makes his way to one leg. As LaCroix gets near, Trashcan grabs him by the sides of the head with his mitts and connects with an uncharacteristic and violent headbutt that dazes LaCroix!

DDK:

Another hard shot to LaCroix's skull! He's got him dazed!

In a deceptively quick fashion, Trashcan ducks under and scoops LaCroix up!

DDK:

Trashcan has LaCroix on his shoulders! Could this be the Trash Compactor?!

LaCroix is kicking his legs to get free, but Trashcan tries to clamp him down, hopping on one leg, gritting his teeth through the pain! Just as his fingers start to interlace, LaCroix rapidly fires a series of incredibly stiff elbow strikes to the side of Trashcan's head, preventing him from locking his hands. LaCroix slips loose and drops behind Trashcan, hooking his head on the way down! The Faithful jump to their feet with a cacophony of cheers!

DDK:

LaCroix has locked in FTW! Trashcan Tim is in serious trouble!

Lance:

It doesn't take long to knock you out, Darren!

LaCroix is wrenching viciously on the dragon sleeper, contorting Trashcan's neck in truly gruesome fashion. The referee is right there asking Tim if he wants to give it up, but he adamantly denies, screaming through the pain.

Lance:

Trashcan's gotta tap, DDK! Matt LaCroix has that locked in tight and there's no getting away from it now!

LaCroix dramatically arches back, stretching Tim's neck--somehow--further still. Tim pries at LaCroix's arm that is wrapped around his neck but to no avail. He raises his hand momentarily as if to tap.

DDK:

This is it! Trashcan Tim put up an amazing effort here tonight, but he's gotta tap and fight another day!

Tim's hand hovers, tensed and ready to give it up! He moves to tap but stops. He clenches his hand into a fist and starts mightily punching down at LaCroix's legs wrapped around his waist! LaCroix sinches up on his grip around Tim's neck, but Tim starts frantically hammer fisting down on LaCroix's legs! They loosen ever so slightly and Tim pushes down hard with both hands, breaking them apart! LaCroix, his arms gassed from the struggle, starts to lose his grip around Tim's neck! Tim reaches up and slowly pries LaCroix's arm from around his neck!

DDK:

Trashcan is out! What an amazing showing of heart and determination!

Lance:

How is he even conscious?!

The moment is short-lived, however, as the technical marvel LaCroix immediately locks in a rear naked choke on Trashcan, once again securing his legs around his waist! The exhausted Trashcan Tim begins to fade quickly, pushing down on LaCroix's legs again, but with no results.

The referee checks on Trashcan, who is slow to respond. They lift his hand.

ONE.

The hand is lifted once more...

TWO.

The hand rises once more and..

NO!

The big man from Merrigold once again clenches his fist and pumps his his hand. He drives an elbow back into LaCroix's ribs! Another! ANOTHER! He quickly pushes down with both hands on LaCroix's legs, breaking the grip. He plants his good foot on the mat and pushes his weight back, rolling his upper back over LaCroix's chest! The referee dives into position as LaCroix struggles against the big man's weight!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

LaCroix kicks out hard, pushing Trashcan Tim off of him, but just a quarter second too late! Wide-eyed, Tim is on his knees as The Faithful go crazy! Matt LaCroix's mouth has dropped in utter shock and horror.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim has done it! Against all odds and just when it looked like it was over for him, he scores the win over Matt LaCroix and is our NEW Favoured Saints champion!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... and NEWWWWWWWWW Favoured Saints Champion, TRASHCAN TIM!

Trashcan Tim stares at the Favoured Saints championship, white-knuckle clutching it in his hands, a ridiculously large grin plastered on his face. He climbs the buckle, wincing at his damaged leg, but still managing to get his massive frame on the middle rope. He pumps the belt with one arm over again, cheering along with The Faithful! Matt LaCroix is to a knee now, obviously surprised and disappointed. He looks over at Carla Ferrari who insists he was down for a three count. Matt holds up two fingers but he's immediately corrected again.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix still can't believe what just happened to him. He was SECONDS away from taking the Favoured Saints Championship through to the end and cashing it in for a shot at the SoHer, only to see it all slip away in an instant.

Matt continues to have a conversation with Carla Ferrari as Trashcan Tim walks up, finding out what all the commotion is about. LaCroix shakes his head in disbelief as Carla excuses herself from the conversation. The Reaper of the Pontchartrain puts his hands on his hips and looks at the mat, shaking his head in frustration. Trashcan Tim extends his hand, getting a positive response from the Faithful.

Lance:

More respect from these two, Darren. What a classy gesture from Trashcan Tim. Matt LaCroix put on a clinic out there in defeat.

DDK:

But...he hasn't responded yet.

Matt looks up at Tim questionably, before grabbing his hand and shaking it in respect. LaCroix then attempts to lift the arm of the lumbering Tim in victory, the best that he can before giving him a big pat on the back and leaving. As

“Honky Tonk Attitude” begins to play once again, LaCroix kicks the ring steps on the way by and sighs, leaving the ringside area.

DDK:

LaCroix is clearly disappointed in himself, but a HUGE win tonight for a HUGE man with a HUGE heart. Trashcan Tim is your new DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion!

Lance:

That’s at least one championship that’s changing hands at DEFIANCE Road, Darren. Anything can happen now!

SATURDAY NIGHT STREET FIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS vs. THE STEVENS DYNASTY (PII)

DDK:

This first night of DEFIANCE Road 2021 has certainly lived up to the hype so far, Lance. I must say, that Favored Saints Championship match we just watched was entertaining from bell to bell.

Lance:

It certainly was, partner. And now we move onto our second title match of the evening with the Southern Heritage title up for grabs in what should be a very competitive triple threat match. If I had to make a prediction for who will come out on top, my gut tells me that...

Lance's train of thought is suddenly derailed when The Faithful begin to cheer loudly. The camera begins to pan around the arena to locate the cause of the sudden disturbance and it quickly finds what it's looking for.

DDK:

It's Pat Cassidy and George Stevens! The Saturday Night Street Fight has spilled into the arena!

Having somehow found their way to one of the many sets of steps that line the lower seating area of the Wrestle-Plex, Cassidy and George trade heavy blows with one another as the energized crowd cheers all around them. Despite being battered and bruised, the two foes hold nothing back as they hammer away on each other.

Lance:

This fight between The Saturday Night Specialists and The Stevens Dynasty has been raging for most of the night. But where are Newbludd and Bo Stevens?

Another loud roar from the crowd quickly answers Lance's question and the camera rotates to the opposite side of the arena to show Newbludd and Stevens wailing away on each other on a different set of stairs.

DDK:

There they are! To put it bluntly, these two teams look like complete hell from the beating they've given each other. How much longer can this go on?

Having worked their way down towards the ring, Cassidy and George continue to tear into each other on the stairs. For every three punches that Cassidy lands, the super heavyweight returns fire with a big shot of his own. Cassidy attempts to take the wind from George's lungs by driving a knee into his opponent's massive stomach but George simply absorbs the blow and clobbers the surprised Cassidy with a big, sweeping, clothesline. Taking the full force of the lariat, Cassidy stumbles backwards up the stairs and falls hard onto his taped ribs.

Lance:

Oof! Cassidy hit his injured ribs right on the edge of the concrete steps. George Stevens might not be the shiftiest fighter because of his tremendous size, but when he puts all that weight behind an attack it can be simply devastating.

DDK:

Over on the other side Bo Stevens has Brock Newbludd on his heels!

The camera switches views to show Bo Stevens using the high ground to his advantage as he battles Newbludd on the stairs. Raining down with kicks and punches, Bo forces Newbludd to backpedal down the stairs towards the ring. With Brock struggling to keep up with the barrage, Bo capitalizes on his advantage by swiping a full glass of beer from a fan and throwing it directly into Brock's face. Bo laugh's arrogantly as the blinded Newbludd tumbles backwards down the steps all the way down to ring barricade!

Lance:

Newbludd just fell down that last flight of steps! Oh my god, that could have been bad!

Sitting with his back against the metal guardrail, Newbludd winces in pain and puts a hand up to the back of his head, kicking his legs in protest against the pain.

DDK:

Thankfully Brock's moving all his limbs after that fall, and something tells me Bo Stevens is disappointed in that fact.

Meanwhile, back on the other side of the arena, George grabs the still down Cassidy by an ankle and begins to drag him roughly down the steps towards the ring. Having his sore ribs bounced off the hard cement with each step, Cassidy's eyes grow wide in anger and he manages to yank his leg free from George's grip. Rearing back with both of his legs, Cassidy mule kicks the big man squarely in the back and George stumbles down a few steps, nearly falling as he does so.

Lance:

Big George almost lost his footing there but he didn't fall. Cassidy needs to get up, and fast, if he doesn't want to be dragged all the way down to the ring.

Gritting his teeth, Cassidy fights through the pain and rises up to his feet. With George's back still to him, Cassidy suddenly begins to unwind the tape around his ribs.

DDK:

What's Cassidy doing? That tape is the only thing protecting his ribs from further injury.

With about two feet of tape now hanging off of him, Cassidy tears it off of him and wraps each end of the tape around his hands a few times. Seeing George start to turn towards him, Cassidy leaps down right onto George's back and starts choking him with the length of tape!

Lance:

Cassidy is using that tape to try and choke out the super heavyweight! He's latched onto George's back and Stevens can't shake him!

Resembling a cowboy riding a wild bull, Cassidy hangs on for dear life as George tries to shake him off. Cassidy tightens down with everything he has to choke George, and the big man starts to waver. With no options left for him, George charges down the last section of steps down towards the ring. Sensing what George is going to try to do, Cassidy lets go of the choke just as the big guy reaches the metal barricade. Unable to stop his momentum, George crashes into the barricade and Cassidy grabs him by the legs to unceremoniously dump him over top of it. As the crowd cheers in delight, George goes head over heels and lands on the ringside floor!

DDK:

Quick thinking by Cassidy and he has taken the big man down!

Lance:

He wore George down enough with that improvised choke to send George over the barricade and now this fight has officially found its way to the ring area.

Back on the other side, Brock Newbludd pulls himself up, using the barricade as support as he does so. Seeing a perfect opportunity in front of him, Bo Stevens races down the steps towards Newbludd. Bo reaches the bottom of the stairs and rears an arm back as he sprints the last few feet between himself and Brock.

DDK:

Bo Stevens looking to send Brock over the barricade with a big clothesline. He missed! Brock ducked it!

Having ducked the lariat at the last second, Brock bounces Bo's head off the barricade and nails him in the stomach with a big knee. Bo doubles over and Brock grabs him by the head with one hand as he raises a fist to the crowd. Stuffing Bo's head between his legs, Brock lets out an audible grunt and lifts Bo up. Spinning towards the ring, Newbludd POWERBOMBS Bo over the barricade and onto the thinly padded ringside floor!

Lance:

Powerbomb compliments of Brock Newbludd and now both members of the Stevens Dynasty are on the ringside floor!

Brock and Pat give each other a long distance thumbs up at each man's handiwork and quickly both members of SNS hop the barricade to join their opponents. Cassidy circles behind George and watches as the super heavyweight slowly sits up. Seeing the perfect moment arrive, Cassidy takes a quick step towards the unaware George...

SMACK!**DDK:**

What impact! Cassidy just NAILED George in the back with that kick!

George squeezes his shoulder blades together and winces in pain from the kick. Reaching down, Cassidy successfully brings the big man back to his feet. The instant he does, Cassidy smokes George right in the face with a STIFF headbutt.

DDK:

That's a hard headbutt from Pat Cassidy. George is on dream street from that blow.

Grabbing onto one of George's arms with both hands, The Scrapper from Southie rears back and Irish whips George into the ringpost! Bouncing head first off the post, George staggers backwards a step before finally coming forward again to slump against the post.

Lance:

It looks like George is knocked out on his feet! He's just leaning against the post!

Meanwhile, back on the opposite side, Newbludd roughly grabs Stevens by the head and begins to pull him up off the ground. Things suddenly go south for The Innovator when Bo suddenly drops down to his knees and delivers an uppercut right between Brock's legs!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

The Faithful is letting Bo Stevens know how they feel about that low blow.

Lance:

That's as legal as an armbar in a street fight, DDK. It's dirty but effective.

Newbludd doubles over in pain and stumbles away from Stevens as he deals with the world's worst stomach ache. Still looking somewhat dazed from Newbludd's powerbomb, Bo puts a hand to his back and watches Brock stumble away from him. Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, Bo surveys the situation and smiles wickedly.

DDK:

Look at that grin on Bo's face. He's got something planned here, Lance.

With Newbludd's back still turned to him, Stevens lines himself up with The Innovator and quickly backpedals a few steps. Bo then races forward and leaps onto the ring steps. Not stopping for a second, Stevens propels himself off the steps and hits Brock with a perfectly executed BO-Dog!

Lance:

What a move by Bo Stevens! He just used the ring steps as a springboard to hit Brock with his signature bulldog!

Over on the other side, Cassidy does some backpedaling himself as he keeps his eyes locked on George as he leans drunkenly against the ringpost. Happy with the amount of runway he has, Cassidy sprints towards George and leaps

high into the air!

DDK:

He's looking for the Splash Of Jameson!

The crowd cheers wildly as Cassidy soars towards George, but those cheers are immediately silenced when the big man's survival instincts kick in and he moves at the last second. Unable to change course mid flight, Cassidy bounces hard off the ringpost!

Lance:

George Stevens showed off that deceptive quickness and avoided getting crushed into the post! Cassidy hit nothing but post and now he's down!

Back to the opposite side of the ring we go where we see Bo Stevens leave the still down Newbludd and head towards the timekeeper's table. Knowing that it is never a good thing anytime a wrestler approaches him, the timekeeper quickly vacates the area. Bo quickly folds up the timekeeper's steel chair and heads back towards Brock.

DDK:

Bo Stevens with the steel chair now, and he's planning on putting it to use against The Innovator.

Having used Bo's brief absence to crawl towards the ring barricade, Newbludd successfully pulls himself up to his feet. With the dazed Newbludd's back still to him, Bo races towards Brock and CRACKS him squarely in the back with the steel chair!

Lance:

Hard chair shot from Bo Stevens and Newbludd is back down! The Stevens have successfully turned the tide against SNS!

Having regained his bearings some, George yanks Cassidy up off the ground and immediately sends him back down with a hard Short-Arm Clothesline. George pulls Cassidy up for a second time and delivers a repeat clothesline to send Black Out down.

Lance:

George Stevens using his size and strength to pummel Cassidy. What he lacks in finesse he makes up for in raw power and now Black Out is down and out.

Another roar from the crowd suddenly erupts when The Saturday Night Special's golf cart comes driving onto the stage with none other than referee Mark Shields behind the wheel.

DDK:

Referee Mark Shields arriving in style, having commandeered The Special's golf cart!

Looking frazzled from his experience so far in the street fight, the veteran ref looks down at the carnage happening at ringside and shakes his head. Hopping out of the cart, Shields makes his way down the ramp and slides into the ring. Seeing the referee's arrival, Bo Stevens stands over Brock and raises the chair high above his head.

Lance:

Bo's going for the finishing blow with that chair!

Bo begins to swing the chair down but Brock turns the tables on his attacker by sticking a leg up! Unable to stop his momentum, Bo hits the chair against Brock's foot and it instantly bounces back to him squarely in the face!

DDK:

Bo's plan just literally backfired on him!

Bo drops the chair and stumbles backwards as he puts his hands up to his face. Newbludd forces himself back to his feet and he lunges for Bo. Sensing danger, Bo lashes out blindly with a kick and Brock grabs a hold of his foot. Twisting his body violently, Newbludd sends Bo flying into the metal barricade with a Dragon Screw!

DDK:

Look at this! George Stevens is up on the ring apron!

Back on the other side, George pulls all of his four hundred and sixty eight pounds up onto the edge of the ring. George glances behind him to Shields and points down to Cassidy who is still lying on the ringside floor. Snapping his attention to Cassidy, the super heavyweight leaps off the edge of the ring and CRUSHES Cassidy with a huge splash!

Lance:

That's nearly five-hundred pounds that just fell on top of Pat Cassidy! Shields is already on the outside for the pin!

George screams for Shields to hurry up and hooks one of Cassidy's legs for good measure...

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE--NO! Newbludd nails George in the back with the steel chair to break up the pin!

DDK:

Brock just saved the day with that chair shot! Now here comes Bo Stevens!

Before Newbludd can react, Bo hits him from behind with a stiff forearm and spins Brock around. One kick to the stomach later and Bo drives Brock headfirst into the ringside floor with a Snap DDT!

Lance:

Big DDT from Bo! The Stevens Dynasty is firmly in control now and have the opportunity to put SNS away for good!

Now sporting a limp from Newbludd's dragon screw, Bo moves over to George and helps the big man up to his feet. Both men deliver sharp kicks to Cassidy's ribs before turning their attention to Newbludd and throwing him under the bottom rope and into the ring. Bo barks some orders at George and the big man smiles wickedly in response as he enters the ring. The big guy immediately drops an elbow on Brock and lumbers back up to his feet. Meanwhile, Bo slides into the ring and makes his way to a far corner.

DDK:

We've seen this setup before, Lance. I think they're setting Brock up for The Eliminator.

Lance:

You're right, DDK. Bo is primed and ready to deliver that punt kick. If he connects, and George hits that big follow up splash, then it's night night for Newbludd.

With Bo raring to go, George grabs Newbludd by an arm and drags him to the corner opposite from Bo. George delivers one last kick to Brock and proceeds to step out onto the ring apron, ready to climb up and deliver on his end of The Eliminator. Seconds pass and the crowd begins to stir anxiously as they watch Brock begin to stir. Rolling onto his stomach, Brock begins to push himself up off the mat and Bo's eyes grow wide in anticipation.

DDK:

Here comes that punt kick!

Seeing the perfect moment arrive, Bo explodes out of the corner. But he's suddenly cut off when Cassidy slides under the ropes and lunges towards him!

Lance:

Where'd Cassidy come from!?

Cassidy blindsides Bo with a kitchen sink running knee and in the blink of an eye hits him with THE IRISH GOODBYE! The Faithful explode into cheers at the turn of events!

DDK:

Irish Goodbye from out of nowhere! Bo is down!

Lance:

Unbelievable! Now here comes George!

Having already stepped back into the ring, Big George runs towards Cassidy but his progress is brought to a sudden halt when Newbludd lunges towards George and hits him with a chop block from behind! Unable to keep his balance, the super heavyweight drops down to his knees. Pushing himself back up off the mat, Newbludd runs by the kneeling George and bounces off the ropes. Charging back in, Brock hits George squarely in the face with a Shining Wizard!

DDK:

Shining Wizard from Newbludd! George is down! The Wrestle-Plex has just exploded!

Lance:

Look! Cassidy's got ahold of Bo! He's calling for The Keg Stand!

Smelling what his partner is stepping in, the battered Newbludd uses his last bit of energy to climb up the nearest corner while Cassidy lifts Bo up in the piledriver position. Standing tall on the top turnbuckle, Brock begins pumping his fist in the air and the crowd instantly responds...

The Faithful:

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Lowering his fist, Brock leaps off as the crowd continues to chant in the background. Soaring down, Brock grabs Bo's feet and together The Saturday Night Specials' drive their opponent into the mat with their brutal version of a spike piledriver!

DDK:

KEG STAND! SNS hit it!

Cassidy rolls Bo onto his back while Shields hits the mat for the count.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

And it's over! The Saturday Night Specials win the street fight! What a battle!

Helping his partner up to his feet, an excited Newbludd gives his buddy a bro-hug and raises his hand in the air. The two bruised up friends each climb a turnbuckle and raise triumphant fists to the crowd.

The Faithful:

SNS! SNS! SNS!

DDK:

Not only did SNS win a match tonight, partner. It sounds like they've truly won over the fans with their performance.

Darren Quimbley:

Ladies and gentlemen! The winner of this contest by way of pinfall....THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Exhausted and beat up, Cassidy and Newblood roll under the bottom rope and exit the ring. They hop the ringside barricade, looking to exit the way they showed up: among the people! They climb the DEFIANCE steps as The Faithful pat the popular tag team on the back in congratulations. At the top of the steps, right in front of the exit to the concession area, stands a concession vendor holding two beers in plastic cups. Each member of SNS takes a beer, gives each other a rough cheers (that sends beer flying everywhere) and the beer goes down the hatch as The Faithful cheer them on!

I DEFY YOU

DDK:

We are now just two matches away from what promises to be a heated main event as the Pop Culture Phenoms and JFKayle finally meet two-on-two. We've got Dex Joy defending his Southern Heritage Title against Ryan Batts and Tyler Fuse before that, but I'm receiving word that we're going to hear from Cayle Murray...

Lance:

Oh, what a delight. Can't wait...

DDK: *[with a hand to his earpiece]*

I'm getting told this one was pretaped hours ago. Let's head to it...

Cut to Cayle Murray and Christie Zane backstage. "Recorded earlier today" appears in the bottom left corner of the screen.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is still four hours until DEFIANCE Road 2021's bell-time and two until the DEFIANTS are even set to arrive for the evening. Cayle Murray, after our last interaction, I'll just cut right to the chase: what are you doing here?

Cayle Murray:

You forgot to mention I've already been here for another two on top of all that. Keep up, Christie.

Though Murray and Zane are stood before a plain arena wall, there's a vibe of people getting ready for a huge show about the scene. Clangs, clunks, and voices can be heard in the background, as technicians and other crew members get the place ready for the wrestlers to arrive. Cayle is already wearing his ring attire, including his 24K-branded jacket and a facial expression as serious as a very serious man in a very serious situation.

That's serious, by the way.

Cayle Murray:

I'm a bloody professional, Christie. That's why. That's why I showed up half-a-day before anyone else. That's why I was out there half an hour ago, wrench in hand, helping those acne-ridden pukes in the ring crew set that thing up to a workable standard, and why I've done nothing but train right, eat right, and get my mind right for the past 14 days. A professional wrestler, not like the rodeo clowns we face tonight.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

People around here seem to have forgotten who the hell I am. I'm the best, Christie. Understand? Lindsay Troy, Oscar Burns, Scott Douglas... these are good wrestlers - great, even - but none of them are Cayle Murray. None of them can do what I do, and it's time to remind people of that.

Christie Zane:

In fairness, the people you're accusing of having short memories would probably argue that you haven't exactly spent the past few months behaving like "the best", what with the open challenges, the constant evasion, the "matches" with "Eugene Dewey" and "Dan Ryan"...

Cayle Murray:

The loss to Elise Ares' weed carrier...

Zane shrugs, perhaps pensive of bringing that up herself. Murray lowers his gaze for his moment, lets out a single laugh, then shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

I hope the Faithful got a kick out of that. Truly, I hope it put smiles on their faces and joy in their hearts, and I hope they're heading into tonight's match with a big old case of the warm-and-fuzzies, and if that dopy little Z-list dork is right there with them? Even better, because here's what I'm going to do tonight, Christie...

'Starbreaker' turns away from Zane and looks down the camera lens.

Cayle Murray:

Elise, D. I'm going to expel you fucks from my orbit. I don't want our names mentioned in the same sentence after what Jesse and I put you through because you don't. Fucking. Belong.

A point of the index finger emphasises each of those last few words.

Cayle Murray:

D, I beat you 999 times out of 1,000. Last week was the one. Enjoy it, revel in it, because not only was that the biggest win of your piss-hurricane of a career so far, but it was the biggest win you'll ever have again. You're a skinny little straight-to-DVD fuck who'll never accomplish a fraction of what I have in this sport, but hey, you succeeded in one thing. You pissed me off, mate. Congratulations! You're under my skin, but guess what? So were Bronson Box and Eric Dane a couple of years ago, and where are they now?

Another short pause.

Cayle Murray:

Exactly.

Christie Zane:

And what about Elise?

Cayle Murray:

Fuck her.

The former FIST turns back to the interviewer. Zane stays firm, though this is comfortably the most focused Murray has been since returning to DEFIANCE.

Cayle Murray:

We're supposed to love Elise, aren't we Christie? Oh, she's got so much heart! Look at her tenacity! Check out her spirit, her fight! And she's wrestling injured! What a warrior! Yassss, queen, let's go!

Dropping his mocking tone, Murray looks like he's about to throw up.

Cayle Murray:

Elise Ares is a dumbshit gymnast whose story sounds nice in a children's book with its flowery language and colourful illustrations, but fairytales aren't real, Christie. Jesse and I are going to torture this fluffy little rabbit. And yes, we will attack the face. Relentlessly. But we will do it fairly, understand? You won't see Mikey, James, or Jack at ringside tonight. You won't see any kind of shenanigans at all. We will out-wrestle the Pop Culture Phenoms because yes, the games were fun, but we're tired of playing.

Murray takes a second to slow his roll.

Cayle Murray:

Jesse and I? We're done dealing with these wrestling tourists after tonight. Watch what we do to Elise and D - fairly - and tell me we're just a couple of jokers. I DEFY you...

A nod to Zane, and off goes Murray. No messing around. We cut back to Keebs and Lance for a moment...

DDK:

I don't think we've heard Cayle Murray sounding this, well, serious since he came back, even at the awards show. It's clear that that dealing with the Pop Culture Phenoms - and specifically losing to The D last week - has flipped a switch in him. I don't think we're going to get the jokey JFKayle we've gotten accustomed to tonight, Lance...

Lance:

That could work against him though. We don't know what Kendrix's deal is tonight, but remember that most of the big losses Cayle Murray has taken in his career have come through letting his heart guide his head. Tonight, he sounds pretty pissed off.

DDK:

We'll see what happens in the main event. No Perfection, Jack Hunter, or Mikey Unlikely, though? I'm not sure I buy into that...

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, TRIPLE THREAT: DEX JOY Â© vs. TYLER FUSE vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

Here we go, Lance! We're onto a match that many are calling a possible sleeper match of the night! A very worthy fighting champion in "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy is about to put the BRAND NEW Southern Heritage Championship on the line against the man that claims to be the rightful champion, "Intensity Personified" Tyler Fuse and a worthy young man by the name of "Bantam" Ryan Batts that has worked for this shot.

Lance:

It has been nothing short of EXPLOSIVE each time any combination of these men have met. It started when Dex Joy defended the title against Tyler Fuse. Fuse thought he had the belt won after a bevy of belt shots to the head but the original referee Hector Navarro disqualified him. In return, Tyler went berserk and destroyed the old championship with a sledgehammer!

DDK:

And as this went on, Ryan Batts won a Battle Royal for a future shot at the Southern Heritage. But when it came his turn to compete for what would be a paper "IOU" Title that Dex has been defending, Tyler interrupted that match. It has been nothing but bad blood all around. And as our camera will show here momentarily...

The camera cuts to the ringside area on display where the brand new version of the Southern Heritage Championship rests on a pedestal with referee Hector Navarro standing by.

DDK:

This new title will be awarded to the winner of the match. While Dex Joy has been defending this Paper Championship against a variety of talent, including the giant from BRAZEN by the name of BRAGG, he might not even get a chance if either Batts or Fuse have anything to say about it.

Lance:

Dex EARNED that championship by completely destroying Gage Blackwood after he spent months belittling his status as a challenger. Now, it's on Dex to find a way to defeat not one, but two men to retain. Yet, the elder Fuse is hungry. He hasn't looked any better arguably than he has right now. And Batts is on a whole new level with his recent training. It's gonna come down to who wants it more.

DDK:

That's right. And with that being said, it's now time for the intros to this massive triple threat match!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a triple threat match and it is for the Southern Heritage Championship!

The crowd roars in approval as the music for the first competitor happens.

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts comes out rocking brand new attire. Black thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black knee pads and boots with dark red kick pads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and then heads to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, challenger number one... from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at two-hundred-four pounds... he is **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

DDK:

Have you ever seen Ryan Batts look as focused as he has in the last few months?

Lance:

I really don't think so. This new training underneath the game gym that taught Lindsay Troy her striking skills has really upped Batts' game overall. He won a Battle Royal to earn his initial shot that was ruined by Tyler Fuse. He defeated Kerry Kuroyama. He has been looking great overall and he wants payback on Tyler for everything they went through when both men were in the tag division as well.

Ryan Batts stops to look at the new Southern Heritage Championship placed on the podium, then nods in approval before he hits the ring and rolls inside before he gets into a seated position. Batts holds his arms out and gets a NICE round of applause from the crowd before he pops back to his feet and awaits his opponents.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, challenger number two... being accompanied by PRINCESS DESIRE... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... **TYLER FUUUUUUSE!**

Tyler emerges from the back, The Princess by his side. The lights are dim as he marches down the rampway, laser focused and ignoring The Faithful's hate. Tyler pulls himself onto the apron while Desire waits below as the song hits its crescendo, only for Tyler to tilt his head back and scream into the rafters before entering the ring. Batts SEETHES as he watches Tyler approach, but makes no movement to attack. Tyler flashes him a half-smile.

DDK:

The hatred between these two men is quite serious. Ryan Batts has stated he doesn't like Tyler going back over a year to when The Fuse Bros 360 defeated the WrestleFriends tag team, sending them back to BRAZEN for a spell before Batts got the call-up as a singles wrestler while Mace opted to stay behind.

Lance:

Yeah. It's not often we see many people Batts -- normally a grappler first - have this reaction to, but he has it with Tyler. And that's not even counting the recent history with Dex Joy.

The camera changes to The Princess who takes a seat near the time keeper's table.

DDK:

Also to note, Princess Desire announced a week ago that her and Tyler are expecting. I'd say congratulations but I have no clue how to handle both of them.

After the music comes to a close, Tyler leans over in the opposite corner, not taking his eyes off of Batts before the next song hits. The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights fully go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the Wrestle Plex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges ... charges ... charges ... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Finally from Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred-fifty-five pounds ... he is the reigning and defending Southern Heritage champion ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... **DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!**

Dex is heading to the ring and looks like a hungry lion ready to eat ... and he has a special paper championship title - gifted by none other than Tyler's own brother Conor Fuse. When he gets down to the ramp, he looks at the paper title and then the new Southern Heritage championship then tosses the paper one away. He points up at Ryan Batts and

then at Tyler Fuse.

Dex Joy:

This title is coming home with Dexy Baby, pallies! Count on that!

Tyler rolls his eyes as he looks at his wife with a smirk.

Tyler Fuse:

I prefer the paper one myself.

DDK:

Dex is full of fire and vigor tonight! More than usual with this likely being his toughest defense yet!

Lance:

These three men have fought for months but now only one person is going to say they are the Southern Heritage Champion!!!

Dex Joy shakes the ropes like it's going out of style and then he climbs into the ring. Once all three men are inside, Hector Navarro gets handed the brand new Southern Heritage Championship and raises it briefly for all three competitors to see. Ryan, Tyler and Dex all stare across from one another before Navarro hands it off to a ringside attendant to put the title back on its pedestal for presentation. With that...

DING DING

There is enough tension in the ring right now to choke a horse the way things have gone between all three men. Tyler Fuse breaking the OG SoHer belt. Ryan Batts fighting to prove himself and attacking Joy in the process. Dex Joy hoping to follow in the footsteps of some of the best previous title holders before him. Tonight was a tall order for the champion and his two challengers.

DDK:

All three men look like they are being as careful as they can. They're circling up but no one has made a move yet!

Lance:

Oh I know! After everything they have put each other through I thought, for sure, this one was going to get a fast start!

The Biggest Boy challenges either man to take their best shot but Tyler and Ryan do not take the bait just yet. Then it is Ryan who makes the first move by going after Dex's legs with those shiny new kicks he has been busting out during his Troy training.

Batts kicks at Dex's leg but he backs up and then he goes at Tyler. Fuse tries to block one kick and then hits Ryan with a right hand. Ryan throws a kick at Tyler's leg and makes Fuse flinch but the man known as The Game-Changer hits him back with a left handed punch. The two men start getting involved with trading blows but Dexy Baby is feeling left out. He pushes Ryan down and knocks him flat on his behind! Then he grabs Tyler who tries to punch him, but Dex blocks it. Joy hits a toe kick and simply throws him out of the ring to go after Ryan! Upon landing outside the ring, Tyler gives a laugh.

DDK:

Dex was feeling left out, I guess! He's itching to fight!

Lance:

He is!

Ryan Batts decides he will literally not be pushed around so he hits Dex with two forearms and gets right back in his face. But Dex also decides he *will* be pushing around so he kicks Batts in the stomach and sends him off the ropes where a free fall drop awaits him!

Lance:

Dex said despite the attacks on him by both men in the lead-up to this match, he was going to wait until tonight to get any revenge. Tonight, he's doing that so far!

Tyler catches Dex from behind using a kick to his leg and then wraps Dex in a head lock. Fuse heads for the corner wanting to end things early with the CQC but before he can get up the turnbuckle pads, Dex sends him up. Tyler flips over and lands on his feet behind him but he doesn't expect Dex to just haul off and tap him on the jaw with a big-ass right hand that knocks him flat!!!

DDK:

Oh my lord did you hear that shot Lance? Dex is full of more than Big Dex Energy tonight!

Lance:

I think that you're right Darren! He has been biding his time because he wants to earn every last title defense and I think he's gonna keep it up!

Ryan Batts is now finally trying to stand and the Young Scrapper comes at him using chest kicks. They are strong enough to wind Dex, but when he tries to go for a german suplex Dex is much more fresh than the last time Batts popped the crowd by hitting it during their title match together. Dex elbows his way out quickly and then turns around and turns the tide on Batts by striking him with a good punch!

Dex kisses his knuckles and then picks up Tyler Fuse. He is target practice for Dex at this point when he grabs him in a half nelson and starts hitting him across his spine with his free hand and some hoss-like clubs. Then he pushes Tyler Fuse across the ring and The Game-Changer gets his game changed when he gets thrown with a big biel toss.

"DEX! DEX! DEX! DEX! DEX!"

Dex Joy struts a big circle in the ring where he is biding his time and dares either one of his worthy challengers to try and fight him again..

DDK:

This is downright domination by Dex! When the lights are on at their brightest we saw him do the unexpected and just walk right over Gage Blackwood so he could win the Southern Heritage title.

Dex points a finger at Tyler Fuse in a corner. He gets ready and comes at him with a splash but gets the shock of his life when Tyler moves and he hits the corner with his chest. The opening gives Ryan Batts a chance to interject and he hits him in the corner with a cracking kick to his chest. Tyler Fuse joins and runs at the champion for an enziguri in the corner! Now Dex is rocked and is not in charge since the match began.

DDK:

That might be the best way either man has a chance to beat a fired up Dex. Team up to get the big man out and when you can do that, then focus on each other.

Lance:

These three-way matches have a nasty habit of making strange bedfellows that is for sure. Batts has never forgotten about what Tyler did to him. Remember also that after the six man tag, Batts went right after him regardless of Tyler's team winning.

Tyler and Ryan for now have a mutual understanding. Tyler goes high with punches and Ryan goes low with kicks so both men can halt Big Dex Energy's momentum. They both move him out of the corner and they both double irish whip him across the ring. They wait for Dex to come back and both guys try out kicks but Dex blocks them and keeps running. Things take a turn for the better for Joy when he comes back and bowls both men over with a running cross body!!!

Lance:

BIG DEX ENERGY SURGES TO LIFE!!!!

DDK:

Yes it does!

Tyler and Ryan both retreat from the ring with Dex back on his feet and basking in the adulation from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Both of his opponents are out laying on the floor. Dex gets ready for a move he hasn't used in quite a bit.

DDK:

Oh boy he is firing up the crowd now.

Lance:

Are we gonna see the tope?

DDK:

Nope. I think that we're about to see the ...

Dex Joy gears up ... WHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHAAAAAA

And he *dives* right through the ropes! Tyler Fuse moves but Ryan Batts doesn't!

DDK:

WHOA-PE!!! Tyler saw it coming and got out of the way in the nick of time! Batts did not!

And as soon as Tyler realizes the golden opportunity that now lies in front of him, Princess Desire tells him to go for the kill. Dex is about to get up from the dive but not for long when Tyler grabs him by the neck and drops the big man using a neck breaker on the floor!

DDK:

Great thinking by Tyler! Take out the big man!

Lance:

Now Tyler is going right for Batts.

Fuse takes the Young Scrapper and hurls him into the ring. Tyler follows with a falling backdrop suplex and turns over for a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Big kick out by Batts, but Tyler Fuse is still controlling things.

Tyler goes to the middle rope and then flies off with an elbow drop right on the forehead of the Scrapper.

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Lance:

Batts has worked so hard for this spot on the show to prove he belongs! He won't give Tyler a chance to take it away from him as long as there's breath in his body!

DDK:

That's for sure! Now what is Tyler doing?

Tyler does what he does best and that is go after the leg of Batts. He kicks at the leg and then starts to stomp on his knee relentlessly. Just when Ryan can't take it anymore, Tyler turns it over and holds him in a standing half boston crab. Bantam is left screaming in the hold while Tyler tries getting the tap out.

DDK:

Submission work by Tyler! Smart to keep Batts down, but he better hurry if Dex starts to get up again.

Lance:

He better do just that!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful turn their energy to Batts attempting to escape by getting to the ropes. The Bantam claws forward desperately hoping to make it!

DDK:

Is he gonna get there!?

Lance:

Yes! He is!!!

The hand gets around the ropes. Tyler doesn't want to argue with the official because any wasted time will set him back. Instead, the elder Fuse pulls Ryan to the middle of the ring and attempts a figure four submission but when he turns around, Ryan surprises him with a small package!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A KICKOUT.

DDK:

Bantam almost gets the win!

Lance:

I ACTUALLY thought it was over!

Ryan Batts tries to get something going but Tyler cuts him off at the pass with a toe kick to the stomach. Fuse looks for a swinging DDT on Batts but Ryan grabs Fuse and then turns it into a northern lights suplex!

DDK:

He counters with a big suplex into a bridge!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Tyler punches Batts to break up the hold. With Ryan scrambling, Tyler drags Batts into another suplex. This time,

Batts is the one that escapes a suplex and lands on his feet but the knee causes him to hobble. Tyler comes at him but Batts is quick enough to throw Fuse away as he passes through and hits a big overhead belly-to-belly Hart style!

DDK:

Now Ryan is back up. What is he going for?

Dex is getting up to Ryan sees him coming. The pain in his leg be damned. He throws a lot of caution to the wind and then lands a big somersault tope through the ropes on Dex!

DDK:

Anything Dex can do, Ryan Batts wants to show he can do better! He wipes out Dex on the floor with the Flipside!

Lance:

But where is he going now? Back in the ring?!

Ryan Batts does go back in the ring and then sees Tyler Fuse outside on the opposite end. Ryan targets Fuse next for another *huge* flip through the ropes! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are going berserk!!!!

"BANTAM! BANTAM! BANTAM! BANTAM! BANTAM!"

DDK:

This crowd is going insane! Ryan Batts has just taken out both Dex Joy and Ryan Batts using the Flipside!

Lance:

Batts has a chance to win the Southern Heritage title!

Seeing the title rest on the pedestal, he nods knowing what is at stake and checks to make sure his knee is still good. Tyler Fuse gets tossed into the ring and lands toward the middle. Princess Desire is freaked out when Ryan Batts climbs to the top turnbuckle and then flies off using a big moonsault on the standing Tyler Fuse!

DDK:

Is Batts going to pull this off? He was only given a three percent chance by polls to win this match!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

Tyler Fuse sits up just at two and half. Batts doesn't believe it.

Lance:

Don't tell Batts the odds, Keebler cause he'll just keep defying them more!

DDK:

Duly noted!

Batts picks up Tyler and he strikes Ryan with a punch. Ryan hits a forearm. And the battle of punches and forearms continues with both men ...

But Dex comes in and wins the exchange using a big pair of clotheslines on either guy!

DDK:

Both men have been throwing what they can at Dex but he just won't stay down!

Lance:

And now look at him going to work!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watch Dex pick up Tyler with a huge slam. But when Ryan gets back up, Dex tries to pick him up. He goes for another slam but does not expect Ryan to not only not go ... but apply a guillotine choke on Dex!

DDK:

Batts can adapt to just about any style but technical work and submissions are his bread and butter!

Lance:

But can he hold that submission long enough to stop Dex at this stage?

Dex picks up Batts and then throws him off his body! But Tyler goes low and comes back with a shoulder block to the knee of Dex!

DDK:

That's the same knee that Tyler Fuse has attacked on two occasions! He is down!

Lance:

And Batts comes right back and *nails* the soccer kick to the chest of the Southern Heritage champion! He is down!

Ryan tries to pin him quickly.

ONE.

TWO.

But that is stopped by Tyler who grabs his leg and drags him off of Dex. Tyler tries to steal the fall instead.

ONE.

TWO.

No! Ryan Batts stops that with a jumping senton on Tyler!

DDK:

Now he's trying to pin Dex again!

ONE.

TWO.

POWERFUL KICKOUT!!!

Dex gets up in a rage and he throws Batts off of him now screaming bloody murder!

Lance:

I don't believe it! Look at all these three men are throwing at each other!

DDK:

And Tyler doesn't stay down! He hits a basement drop kick to the face of Dex Joy!

Dexy Baby gets knocked down by Tyler Fuse and then kicks Batts out of the ring for good measure. He goes up to the middle rope again and then comes off hitting a diving DDT on the Southern Heritage champion!

DDK:

Big move right there by Tyler Fuse! He has him down!

Lance:

But Ryan Batts won't stay down!

The Young Scrapper is right back in his face using two upper cuts that would make Oscar Burns proud. Those blows rock Tyler but The Game-Changer kicks Ryan in the same knee that he worked over earlier then turns him inside out with a big discus clothesline!

DDK:

That was called the Glitch! Will that be enough to earn Tyler Fuse the title he feels he should rightfully have?

Lance:

He could!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Batts kicks out again and rolls over onto his stomach which Tyler cannot believe! He turns to the official and threatens bodily harm if he doesn't count faster, but he won't be intimidated.

DDK:

None of these men want to give the other even an inch! They all want to be Southern Heritage champion!

The camera is shown displaying the new belt one more time now before it is back to the ring with Tyler Fuse hitting Ryan Batts with a baseball slide drop kick to knock him out of the ring so he can be alone with Dex who is now about to get back up until Tyler unleashes another running drop kick right on the leg. Joy goes down to the mat and Tyler is on the leg like there is no tomorrow. He elbows the hamstring and then stands up and wraps his own leg around it before dropping his weight on the limb!

DDK:

Remember Tyler did this in their second match together! And I think he has the figure four leg lock in mind!

Lance:

I think you're right Darren! Look there he goes!

Tyler wraps the leg up and then goes into a figure four leg lock right in the center of the squared circle! Now The Biggest Boy is left in a painful predicament as Princess Desire is smiling sadistically at ringside.

Lance:

I can't BELIEVE Tyler has a figure four on DEX JOY!

DDK:

Is Dex Joy going to tap out? Will Tyler Fuse finally get his hands on the Southern Heritage championship?

Lance:

I don't think so! He's fighting!

Big Dex Energy is trying to kneel up and drag himself to the ropes with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful still sending support but as he is about to get there ...

Ryan Batts climbs into the ring and tries to pin down Dex Joy!

ONE.

TWO.

Dex kicks him off!

DDK:

Batts is back!

Lance:

I know! And look what he is doing now!

When Batts' sneaky attempt to win fails him, Tyler sits up, but it's too late when Ryan grabs his arm ...

DDK:

OUCH! Kick to the arm!

Batts continues to kick at Tyler's arm until he lets go and leaves Dex in the ropes. Batts grabs the arm of The Game-Changer and then he hits an over head kick right into his left arm. Fuse gets hurt bad and Batts makes it worse when he now drags him down to the mat with a double wrist lock submission!

Lance:

First Tyler and now Ryan Batts! He's going to get the win with that submission! Can he do it?

Batts continues to keep the hold locked on the arm and shoulder of a man he has harbored very ill will towards for the last year and a half but Tyler keeps on trying to fight his way out. The Young Scrapper pulls back further on the arm and then he tries to elicit the tapout. Tyler has his free hand up in the air and the crowd is shocked when it looks like he is thinking about tapping out but before he can make that choice ... Dex is back up!

Lance:

Dex breaks up the hold in the nick of time!

DDK:

He might have had the title won right there but we'll never know ... no wait! Look at Ryan Batts!

Dex grabs Ryan by the leg but with some maneuvering, he has Dex on the mat now with a rolling leg lock! And not just any leg --- it is the same leg that Tyler Fuse worked over earlier!

DDK:

What a leg lock! First Tyler Fuse and now Dex Joy! If Batts can find any opening that he can for a tap out then that's exactly what he's going to do!

Lance:

And that compounded with the hold that Tyler had him in just moments before? This could be the end of Dex's title reign!

DDK:

No, not if Tyler Fuse has anything to say about it!

Tyler is on Ryan Batts like white on rice with stomps to get him to break free from the submission. He keeps stomping away at Batts, but he won't let go!

DDK:

What the ... ? Batts is a pitbull!

Dex continues to drag himself while Tyler Fuse now stomps on the face twice of Batts ... then Dex MAKES THE ROPES!!!

Tyler Fuse grabs Batts and tosses him aside because he has a chance to end the match with Dex. He grabs Dex's leg yet again and then tries a figure four leg lock for the second time but before the turn is completed Dex kicks him and the blow knocks him to the ropes. He flings Tyler up for using the Dex Bomb ... but Tyler has been hit with the move before and doesn't let it happen again. In fact he lands and reverses the move into a big DDT reversal of his own!

DDK:

Incredible reversal by Tyler!

Dex rolls away and tries getting out of the ring and then Tyler kicks him out. Now it is Tyler's turn to take flight in this match after the other two men got to have all the fun. He climbs between the ropes and his focus is fixed on Dex. He starts climbing up to the top turnbuckle which is something that he does not do often ... and lands the LAN-Line from the top rope all the way out on the floor below!

DDK:

LAN-Line! LAN-Line! Dex has just been wiped out on the floor by Tyler Fuse!

Lance:

That's right! And now he can turn his attention back on Ryan Batts inside the ring! Any chance for any of these three men to try and take the championship for themselves, they have been great at taking it!

Tyler slowly gets up while Dex Joy has been wiped out on the floor, then he sees Ryan Batts coming inside the ring. Tyler is on the ring apron then climbs up to the top again. He waits and then takes flight ...

Ryan Batts moves ...

But Tyler Fuse adjusts for this and then rolls through the failed LAN-Line attempt to get back. Ryan runs at him and then tries to hit a running head scissors and then tries to turn that into some sort of a grounded submission attempt on his left arm again but Tyler reverses that and tries one of his own!

DDK:

Look at them go! This crowd is on everything they do!

Lance:

Yes they are!

Batts tries to go for his go-to finish known as the Fastest Arm Bar in the West when Tyler has it scouted and tries to stack him up into a pinning combo!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Batts kicks out and pushes Tyler away but Fuse is already back. Batts is the next one to catch him using a running school boy!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Back and forth, look at them go!

Lance:

They do! Batts tries a roundhouse kick ... but Tyler ducks!

And then he scoops Batts up and drops him down with a huge sitout driver! He hooks the leg back as far as he can go and tries to take the title!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER.

The crowd is ga-ga for the action as Tyler Fuse cannot believe he still has not won the championship just yet. He then sees what he does not want to see and that is Dex Joy on the outside about to get up.

DDK:

That's not what either man wants! Dex needs to be out! Looks like Tyler is going after him!

He does try and then runs at Dex for a baseball slide drop kick but Joy sees him coming and moves. Tyler keeps sliding to the floor and catches his footing but when he gets there Dex finally gets him up ...

DEX BOMB AGAINST THE RING APRON!!!

DDK:

Oh, my god! Dex just *planted* him against the ring apron and finally lands the Dex Bomb he wanted earlier!

Lance:

And I think Batts sees him coming to. This is not where he wants to be!

Big Dex Energy starts to hit the ring again but has to make sure he can get far enough on his left leg first. He is back inside the ring when Batts surprises him using a drop kick that sends him flying backwards to the buckle. Batts doesn't want to give Dex any room to make a comeback so he hits the ropes as fast as he can and comes back with another kick in the corner. Batts rolls away and slides then comes back ...

SHOTGUN DROPKICK BY DEX!!!

Lance:

Where does he get this athleticism from? Dex is unreal!

Dex gets up and is slow to do so because of his leg but Ryan Batts isn't moving. The Young Scrapper gets hoisted then thrown into the ropes where he ends up on the very bad end of a belly to belly suplex off of the ropes! Batts is a suplex master but finds himself getting tossed around. Dex tries pinning him.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

How the heck does Batts keep coming back? Or any of these men for that matter?

Lance:

I truly don't know! Princess Desire is looking on at her husband, shouting for him to get back in. However, that Dex Bomb on the ring apron shook Fuse up really bad!

While Desire has one eye on her husband and one eye on the action in the ring, Dex Joy looks like he's about to end the match for good. He pushes Batts into the corner and then lines him up.

Dex Joy:

JUMP! FOR! JOY!

He calls out his move and runs at the corner ...

But at the very last second, a STRUGGLING Tyler Fuse pulls Batts out of the corner and Dex crashes into the bottom turnbuckle!

DDK:

Did you see that? Tyler saves Batts from taking that move. Not really to save *Ryan*, but no doubt saving the match for himself!

Lance:

Strange bedfellows indeed!

Ryan Batts can't believe it but there isn't really that much that he can do in the situation other than to make the most of it. He sees Dex trying to get his bearings back and jumps all over him as best as he can hitting a running single leg kick to the head of Joy! He lays across his shoulders and tries to pin him down ...

ONE.

TWO.

But when Dex's arm goes up Ryan quickly adjusts his game plan and then grabs the arm ...

DDK:

Batts made him kick out with his shoulders so he can go right to the Fastest Arm Bar in the West! That was amazing!

Lance:

Yes it was! Yes it was! Is Dex going to tap out?

The Biggest Boy tries to fight his way out and keeps his hands together but The Young Scrapper won't be denied this time. He kicks and kicks and kicks until Dex flinches and then the hold is on fully! Dex is in severe pain ...

FROG SPLASH BY TYLER FUSE ON RYAN BATTS!!!

DDK:

Oh my God! Right at the last second! But he can't follow up!

Lance:

He's still feeling the effects of the Dex Bomb on that apron! Dex is down! Batts is down! Tyler is down! It's been one move after another and these men all want to be Southern Heritage champion! That's what this belt means to them!

"DEFIANCE! DEFIANCE! DEFIANCE! DEFIANCE! DEFIANCE!"

The thundering response from the fans has all three men trying to get up with Dex's bum leg (and now sore arm), Ryan

Batts getting crushed by frog splash from Tyler and then Tyler trying to get up. Tyler is the first man to do so and he crawls over hoping to pin Batts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

When that fails him, he crawls over to Dex and then stacks him up ... and hooks the tights!!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Tyler just tried to steal the win from Dex, but Dex isn't giving up without the fight of his life!

Dex pushes Tyler Fuse off of him with his free hand but Tyler is right back on him using a super kick and lands it on the jaw. He falls right on top of Dex with the cover ...

ONE.

TWO.

DDK:

No, Batts is back!

He not only breaks up the cover on Dex but he grabs Tyler Fuse and then hits that famous crowd-popping deadlift german suplex!

ONE.

TWO.

NOW DEX GRABS BATTS BY THE LEGS TO BREAK THE COVER ... THEN HE PULLS HIM UP ...

DEX BOMB!!!!

DDK:

AMAZING STRENGTH BY DEX JOY! RYAN BATTS MIGHT HAVE JUST BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THIS MATCH!

Batts gets drilled into the mat and Dex quickly gets rid of Batts by throwing him outside of the squared circle. Batts is out and Dex locks in on Tyler who has no idea what is coming ...

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER! TYLER GETS ROCKED INTO THAT CORNER!!!

Lance:

And after he hits that shoulder tackle we all know what comes next!

Applause from the crowd fuels Dex but when he notices Princess Desire stand up from her chair, he pulls Fuse out of the corner just in case she tries to get close to the action.

It's too late, regardless.

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!!! THAT MOVE SHOOK THE RING!!!

Dex Joy hooks the legs and then looks on all sides to make sure Princess Desire or Ryan Batts can't make it in.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

The music hits and Dex Joy falls back to the mat with the official right over him to hand over the new incarnation of the fabled Southern Heritage championship!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and stillllllll the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion ...

DEEEEEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXXX JJJJJJJOOOOOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

DDK:

That match was a million miles per hour Lance! Ryan Batts, Tyler Fuse and Dex Joy all laid it out on the line for one of the most coveted titles in DEFIANCE Wrestling but tonight Dex Joy is the one that gets the decisive win and has just been awarded with the brand new championship!

Lance:

I know! We're gonna need to catch our breath for a moment here Darren! But all three of these men did everything they could to win!

DDK:

We saw Tyler Fuse take any opening that he could to get the win. He was almost successful! We also saw Ryan Batts use whatever submission attempts he could and that new striking background he's incorporated into his matches! Literally, any one of these guys could have won the SoHer and I would not have been surprised, no matter what a voting poll says!

Dex Joy lets the strap down off his shoulder and then sits on the turnbuckle looking at his opponents. Fuse is laid out on the canvas and Ryan Batts is on the outside, looking disappointed with how things just went but crawls into the ring nonetheless. Meanwhile, Dex has the title up and he lets it rest on his shoulders. Then raises it for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Batts slowly crawls up to Dex... and offers a hand.

DDK:

Big move by Batts on his part. Will Dex take it after this fight?

Batts looks up at Dex... and Dex shakes his hand! The crowd pops before Batts rolls out of the ring to let Dex enjoy the moment he earned.

DDK:

Classy move by Batts and even classier move by Dex oy! We've still got a big match coming up on our card folks so stay tuned for more!

Lance:

Indeed we do!

In the ring, Dex Joy holds up the title and is happy to be holding one not made of paper. He holds it out and then celebrates with a loud and fired-up crowd as the pay-per-view rolls onward!

JFKAYLE vs. POP CULTURE PHENOMS

DDK:

We're almost at the end of DEFIANCE Road night one here, folks, but there's one final bridge to cross before we get there. We've got ourselves a grudge match here in the main event as Cayle Murray and Kendrix, JFKayle of 24K, team to face the Pop Culture Phenoms of Elise Ares and The D. Lance, this one's been festering for months.

Lance:

It sure has. You know all four of these wrestlers have history stretching back years. Kendrix's involvement in the Sports Entertainment Guild is obviously the most notable example of that, but Cayle wrestled Elise all the back in November 2016, when both were vastly different performers. The roots of this most recent conflict started sprouting at Ascension 2020, however...

DDK:

Kendrix spent several months "tormenting" Mikey Unlikely with video packages, positioning himself opposite his fellow Hollywood Bruv on the same night that Murray returned to DEFIANCE. The former FIST of DEFIANCE spent weeks convincing the world, including D and Ares, that he was on the Sports Entertainment Guild's side... only to reveal the ruse at Ascension, costing Elise the FIST of DEFIANCE in the process.

Lance:

And it's been ugly ever since! JFKayle appeared to have the upperhand on the Pop Culture Phenoms every single week, attacking Ares' seemingly injured face and continually swerving DEFIANCE's long standing masters of swerve. That lasted until DEFtv 148, when The D pinned Cayle Murray, the second-longest reigning FIST in history, to "earn" a match that most would agree the Pop Culture Phenoms have deserved from the moment JFK stabbed them in the back.

DDK:

We heard from Cayle earlier on tonight, promising to bring a sharper, more focused approach tonight. He and Kendrix have infuriated everyone on the road to this match but the Scot was made to eat a slice of humble pie two weeks ago.

Lance:

Meanwhile, his tag team partner, behind all the bluster, is one of the sharpest technicians in the game - and they're going up against a PCP team with a clear disadvantage. Elise might be hurt, folks.

DDK:

Indeed, we don't know the true extent of her issues but it's clear from the past few months that something isn't right with Ares and her face. She folded like an accordion when booted there by Lucky Sevens a few weeks ago. Tonight, she's up against two of the best, but who's to say this won't fire her up? Elise is always tenacious - and you have to imagine the past four months have only stiffened her resolve to make these two Brits pay.

Lance:

And I don't think neither Cayle nor Kendrix can match The D's speed and agility. D beat Murray with superior trickery at 148, but if he sets a furious pace tonight, I can't see the 24K guys being able to keep up.

DDK:

Either way the building is buzzing and we're ready to go! Let's do this...

The lights cut. A few seconds pass before anything happens. The opening keys, vocals, and synths for one of modern DEFIANCE's most hated themes kick in...

ǒŸŽμ "Gold" by Sir Sly ǒŸŽμ

The building immediately turns sour, with the Faithful on their feet, jeering the imminent arrival of two of the most despised pricks in all of professional wrestling. There are no elaborate pyrotechnics tonight but beautiful golden light bathes the entrance ramp as Cayle Murray and Jesse Kendrix finally slip through the curtain.

Lance:

It's hard to remember the days when Cayle was received by the ultimate hero by this audience listening to the noise tonight!

DDK:

He did the unthinkable in November, Lance. Tonight, he claims he's ready not only to beat the Pop Culture Phenoms, but put them on the shelf.

Lance:

When you think about the career-shortening impact that wrestling this guy had on Eric Dane and Bronson Box - DEFIANCE's two pillars - you know you have to take those words seriously, particularly when you consider who his partner is!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and it is your main event of the evening! Introducing first, representing 24K, they weigh in at a combined weight of 428lbs, the team of KENDRIX and CAYLE MURRAY... JAY! EFF! KAAAAAAAAAAYYYLLEE!

JFKayle look stoic and meaner than usual as they walk down. Though Kendrix slaps a fan's hand away when they try to reach out, there's none of Cayle's usual taunting and mocking. Wearing matching ring jackets they eventually get to the squared circle, rolling beneath the bottom rope then popping to their feet. Pacing back and forth, Murray takes his jacket off and throws it away blindly, tapping the spot on his wrist where a watch might sit. Kendrix puts a hand on his shoulder, calling for calmness.

DDK:

Jeesh, what kind of world are we living in when JESSE KENDRIX is the calming influence...

The lights dim in the arena as we fade into the DEFiatron. There's multiple clips about the booming economic industry, overlaid with a stock ticker. A few obvious companies are shown, GE, APPL, along with Mikey Money. We watch MM's value climb, and climb, until the broadcast starts to show the advent and rise of cryptocurrency. The release of Lake Placid Vi 2. UTA's end. Mikey Money's value starts to deplete, and plummets to nothing. Before the dog from Dogecoin barks at him, his currency now worth more than Mikey's paper currency.

"BUT THE BIGGEST RISE?"

On the screen, we see a new form of currency. It looks like Mikey Money, but someone has hand written something. There is an arrow shooting upward on a graph signifying extreme growth in value. The voice of Elise Ares speaks over the DEFarena.

"Paper money is so 2017."

The arrows on the chart begin to become labeled. The falling stock is Mikey Money. The stock on the rise?

PCP ELECTRONIC NOTES & INTERNET SUBSIDIARIES

The graphics fade away and show just those words. Then only the first letters remain to show what the stock market abbreviation is. The D's voice is now heard of the sound system.

"Cryptocurrency is what's hot in 2021."

Now in complete darkness, the Faithful cheer while the only light is that of Elise Ares' trademark LED sunglasses. The new business venture glowing in the night. "PENIS." Then suddenly, to her side, around the upper back area of what is presumably the D, we see the word "PENIS" lit up in his jacket.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

With the familiar opening of the Pop Culture Phenoms entrance theme, the Faithful explode (Haha!) into cheers as the cyan and magenta lights ignite the arena. On either side of the ramp, there are three very muscular men in business suits and LED sunglasses also reading PENIS. They hold those t-shirt gun cannons, and they start firing unquestionably large amounts of defaced Mikey Money into the crowd. Elise and the D storm through, underneath the bridge of flying PENIS vouchers being sent to the Faithful. Elise raises her fist to the camera, wearing a glove that makes it look to be in the shape of a diamond, also shimmering and sparkling in the lights. The D wears a matching set, except he holds one up and it says "Dustin" on it.

DDK:

Did you manage to snag one there, Lance? What does it say?

Lance:

It's Mikey Money, defaced with what appears to be a silver sharpie and a child's handwriting?

DDK:

Oh, no, that's Klein's handwriting. Oh, I-I got one. Uh. This is definitely Flex's handwriting...

Lance:

How... Well -- It definitely says "PENIS" on it... and of course there's also a voucher for five dollars off the Lake Placid Vi Collector's Edition. Why wouldn't there be.

DDK:

I regret asking.

Lance:

Is that the sixth movie or? I wasn't here for the beginning of all... erm, this.

DDK:

No-No, Elise plays a character named Vi. There's a giant alligator or croc or something? It eats a baby?

Lance:

Yeah, I've lost interest.

DDK:

The second one's not half bad...

While this whole setup has been a lot of fun and games, the look on the D's face is that of focus and determination. He looks to Elise, who is busy writing something with a sharpie on a PENIS voucher and slipping it to one of the beefcakes. The D shouts for her attention, nods at her, and climbs up onto the apron. From here, he doesn't take his eyes off of JFKayle.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, from Hollywood, California, former two time DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champions, and former one time BRAZEN Trios champions, they weigh in tonight at a combined 300lbs even... the team of Elise Ares and the D, the Pop Culture Phenoms!

The D rips off his jacket and tosses it onto the turnbuckle post. Elise climbs onto the apron opposite the D and they pose just as Quimbey shouts. They both quickly hop into the ring afterward.

Lance:

Both groups of wrestlers are finally in the ring and the building is HOT! New Orleans is amped up for one last fight tonight!

DDK:

That's what happens when you have such a deep-rooted personal issue! The PCP's aren't traditional "heroes" by any

stretch of the word, but they are the most sympathetic parties in all of DEFIANCE tonight! The Faithful want to see them shoot JFKayle down!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

The chants bouncing around this cauldron of noise serve not only to fire Elise Ares and The D up, but JFKayle as well, with Cayle growing particularly impatient. Hector Navarro is all that separates the two sides as Murray barks at both PCP members, pointing with his finger at the same time. Kendrix turning around to shout something derogatory at the crowd serves only to rally them behind the PCP's even more.

DDK:

Hector's gotta get two of these guys out of the ring so this match can start, though I reckon it'd probably take five Brian Slaters to instill a semblance of order in this one...

Cayle finally takes the center of the ring. He points at The D and beckons him to start things off. Elise eventually moves back to her corner and slips through the ropes, but only after she has made sure Kendrix has done the same.

Lance:

Here we go! Murray wants another piece of his DEFtv 148 conqueror - and D is only happy to oblige!

DING DING

There's no circling, no feeling out, or no pensiveness from Cayle, who comes forward straight away. D tries to sidestep but Murray sees this coming and aggressively throws himself into a lockup, shoving the smaller man back against the ropes, holding him there until Navarro's count hits two, and violently pulling him out. The former FIST's technique allows him to keep the collar-and-elbow's pressure as they move towards the centre of the ring, then a corner, with Cayle controlling D all the way. Murray then breaks, pulls out, and slaps the PCP man hard across the face but stays too close for The Netflix A Lister to burst out.

DDK:

You can see Cayle's strategy right away here. He's no boss in most situations, but with his experience, know-how, and 40lbs on the opposition, he can wrestle like one.

Lance:

This is the kind of in-your-face grappling - and slapping - his brother was known for in the later stages of his career.

D swings at Cayle but Murray catches his flying limb but Cayle catches it, twists it around the back, and holds him in a tight hammerlock. Murray moves him towards the center of the ring and applied extra pressure to the wrist, a tweak of which causes D to shout in pain. The PCP knows he has to get out of this and tries to break free, only for Cayle to slip forward into a snug headlock. Trapping D's skull under one arm, Cayle balls a fist with his free left hand and grinds his knuckles into D's forehead.

DDK:

I think a lot of people might have expected both teams to come flying out the gates here. Perhaps that's what D wanted to do, but JFKayle know where their advantages lie and they are forcing their will on the PCP's right now...

Murray finally lets go of his opponent and shoves him down on the mat. When Derek sits up, Cayle boots him in the chest.

Lance:

Nasty, rugged, and ugly. Just the way JFKayle would want it.

D springs up quickly but Cayle is right there, dropping levels to scoop him up in a double leg, take his feet off the mat,

and charge him back-first into the JFKayle corner. Murray steps back to swing at D but the PCP man ducks under it and charges out of the corner, finally free.

DDK:

There we go!

Lance:

Great evasion by D to break that blanket-like offense!

Cayle doesn't tag Kendrix and instead goes right across the ring, looking to cut D off as he did in the earlier stages. D is wise to this. With enough space between him and Murray to manoeuvre, he runs to the ropes, hits them, ducks beneath Cayle's swinging arm and hits the opposite side. The D comes back again but tries to go high this time, leapfrogging over Murray.

It doesn't work out that way.

DDK:

Ohhh, D just went splat!

The elevated flapjack sends the PCP man straight into the air and right back down onto the mat. Cayle keeps control of the legs and rolls right into a Boston Crab. Wrenching back hard, he keeps the pressure nice and tight before letting one let go, then another, and moving back to his real target - the head. Climbing to his feet with the headlock applied, Cayle wrenches and starts tugging his opponent around, swinging him in different directions while still locked in.

Lance:

How do you even break a control period like this? Cayle, thus far, is fighting true to his word. He's fighting ugly, but he is fighting fair.

Murray's superior strength and technicality allow him to edge the tie-up closer and closer to his and Kendrix's corner. When he gets there, Cayle skips behind, grabs the arm, and tightens D up with another Hammerlock. Murray tags Kendrix with his free hand.

DDK:

Here comes JFK for the first time! Let's see what he's got up his sleeve...

Facing the turnbuckles, D clammers up them with his feet, finds the angle needed to loosen Cayle's grip, then pushes himself overhead with one thrust of his legs, flipping behind Murray! Both of JFKayle are in the ring as The D takes the centre. Sensing shenanigans, Hector Navarro waves a finger as he stomps over to Cayle, egging him out of the ring, while Elise Ares comes through the ropes on the other side!

Lance:

Uh oh...

As Navarro ushers Cayle towards the apron much to the Scot's protestations, D shakes his head at his partner and shouts something the microphones can't pick up.

DDK:

Ares is desperate to get her hands on these guys, but it looks like her partner is sending her back out!

Lance:

He is, Keebs, and that's smart. Elise's face is a huge concern. She has to tag in at some point - just not yet.

Reluctantly, Elise slips back through the ropes. We've left with The D and Kendrix and again, D isn't willing to get smothered by the heel and dashes towards him, making a sharp 90-degree turn to try and outfox JFK only to eat a clobbering elbow on the way back. It's a stiff connection but D rolls away before Kendrix can get back on top of him,

heading to the corner to regroup.

DDK:

The PCP's just can't find an early opening here. This is meticulous stuff from JFKayle. I think fans have been conditioned to expect a sudden violent explosion at the start of matches like this, where the two sides clearly detest each other, but these two have a point to prove.

Lance:

So do the PCP's, Keebs. They just need to find whatever's going to get under JFKayle's skin tonight. If Cayle and Kendrix are going to wrestle, they might need a similar answer.

Cayle hurls volleys of abuse towards PCP from outside the ring, Kendrix, meanwhile, yells that he "hasn't got all day." Elise shouts something back that catches The D's attention, unfortunately, allowing JFK to rush him from behind, strike his head, and knee him in the side of his torso to a smattering of jeers. He puts D to the ropes and elbows him down again, but his opponent pops right up!

Kendrix hits the rope now, skipping over the ducking D on the rebound. Another rebound but this time JFK runs right into a monkey flip! Athletic enough to land on his feet, Kendrix turns around into a leaping crescent kick.

DDK:

With Everything!

Lance:

And the building just came unglued!

Cayle immediately charges into the ring at the sight of his partner hitting the mat but eats a dropkick to the chest, knocking him to the mat as well! Not waiting for her partner's permission this time, Elise flies into the fray, springboarding over the top rope with a plancha to Cayle as soon as he pops up while The D reddens Kendrix's chest with chops. Elise stands and adjusts her LED shades that she's still wearing.

DDK:

PCP are alive, Lance, and they're taking care of business!

Lance:

Look at the fire!

JFK is quickly able to block a chop and shove The D away, taking a breather to the outside. Cayle, meanwhile, is slumped down in a corner, breathing heavily after taking an Enzuigiri from Elise. He wears a face like thunder.

DDK:

That's how you get these 24K guys on the backfoot! Create space and use it well! Murray looks furious over in that corner, and Kendrix knew he was in trouble there...

Lance:

Oh indeed! I can't imagine The D of all people was going to chop his chest down to hamburger meat, but it felt like a bigger move was only seconds away.

DDK:

It's never going to be a popular tactic but getting outta there was a smart one. JFKayle with a chance to recover now...

Navarro once again takes control of the situation, getting Elise the hell out of there. Kendrix has made his way round to his corner and exchanges words with his partner, strategising. He eventually climbs back onto the apron but waves The D away as he advances.

Kendrix:

REF! REF! Get rid of him, please!

D backs off a little as Hector casts him a knowing glance and Kendrix re-enters. The crowd noise swells to a level too loud to hear JFK's words again but he's looking at Elise, pointing at her face, and yelling again.

Lance:

What's he saying there?

DDK:

I think he's promising to break her face.

Lance:

It might already be broken!

DDK:

Yeah, this was always going to be an issue heading into the match. PCP have minimised it by keeping The D in the ring for the duration so far, but they can't do that forever...

Kendrix is full of himself. A mile-wide grin stretches across his face, knowing it won't be long before he can inflict brutal punishment on Ares.

Not long at all, in fact.

Lance:

Uh-oh!

An initial pop quickly turns to concern as Elise reaches over the top rope and slaps her partner's shoulder, tagging in. JFK's smile only grows wider.

DDK:

That is NOT what The D intended there.

Lance:

Elise is tempestuous, Keebs! She's spirited! But she may have played right into Kendrix's hands there.

Kendrix wastes no time and corners her as The D is leaving the ring, going straight for the face. With Ares' back against the turnbuckles Kendrix attempts to throw forearms but Elise raises her hands, doing a decent enough job of covering up and blocking.

DDK:

This isn't working, Jesse...

He knows it, so he grabs Elise's arm and whips her into the JFKayle corner. Ares hits the 'buckles back-first and stays there. When Jesse charges, she gets a boot up, staggering him, then tries to leap onto his shoulders for a 'Rana...

Lance:

Elise with the hurri--

DDK:

No! Kendrix has her!

A release buckle bomb sends Elise's tiny frame crashing into the corner! She's winded, but still has enough wits about her to immediately fix her glasses and cover her face as Kendrix comes clawing at her this time.

DDK:

Not the most forceful turnbuckle powerbomb you'll ever see but it prevented Elise from swinging the tide, and now JFK's going right back after the injury!

Frustrated by his inability to make Elise's obvious weakness count, Kendrix ties up and drags her across the ring, taking her to the ropes. He goes for her torso while Elise is covering the face, slugging her in the gut and sides a couple of times, even kicking her thighs a couple of times. When she pulls a hand down from her face, Kendrix tries to Irish whip her across the ring. He gets countered!

Lance:

Both wrestlers to the ropes!

Elise slides through Kendrix's legs on the rebound. Instead of running again, she sweeps Jesse's feet from beneath him and the Englishman hits the mat face first!

DDK:

OUCH!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd, Keebs!

The Faithful are ROARING now, getting all kinds of rowdy as Kendrix pops up, swings, misses, and gets hit with a standing kick to the face then driven into the mat with a facebuster!

DDK:

LOOK AT THIS! Elise Ares is on fire!

Lance:

And it's not her face that's getting messed up either!

Knocked a little loopy and more than a little frustrated, Kendrix rolls out of the ring while clutching his face. He kicks out at the ring steps while on the outside!

DDK:

Incredible scenes! Just when it looked like Kendrix was going to destroy Elise's supposedly injured face, look what happened!

Lance:

JFK was hoisted by his own petard there! And The Faithful are loving it!

DDK:

Who doesn't love it when a hated villain gets a taste of his own medicine!

Lance:

After weeks and weeks of screwing around, it's no less than what these guys deserve. They looked strong early on but JFKayle are finally finding out what PCP are capable of when they hit full flow.

DDK:

I can't imagine this will humble JFKayle, you know... but it definitely should!

Cayle Murray hops out of the ring to check on his partner. He tells Elise to get lost as she comes across the ring and gloats, before turning away, revelling in the crowd's support.

Lance:

Enjoy it, Elise! A beautiful piece of work!

DDK:

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

With JFKayle distracted as Cayle tries to aid his buddy, Elise suddenly dashes across the ring, leaping over the top rope with a plancha! Both men are wiped out but Ares avoids any damage and hops straight to her feet!

Lance:

WHAT A DIVE!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE! You know this crowd sounded mightily concerned when Elise first tagged in but listen to them now!

Both JFKayle boys are hurting. Cayle may have jammed a leg as he stumbles while climbing to his feet, cursing. Elise is already back in the ring. It takes Kendrix a little while longer to get to his feet and he grabs the apron curtain to help himself up. Meanwhile, Navarro starts counting...

ONE!

TWO!

Kendrix is on his feet and ready to slide back in.

THREE!

But you're damn right he's going to make the most of this breather.

FOUR!

FIVE!

DDK:

Again, The Faithful might not like this, but JFK is using his brain here. Whatever temper tantrum he took upon Elise targeting his face appears to have subsided.

SIX!

Lance:

His face does look pretty ready though! And... wait... is that?

SEVEN!

Lance:

It is!

A tiny tickle of blood dribbles down from one of JFK's nostrils. He stands on the outside, his hands on his hips, staring Elise Ares down.

EIGHT!

Finally back inside, Kendrix motions like he's going to attack Ares but inside turns around and slaps Cayle's outstretched hand.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:**

So much for that!

Lance:

Calculated, Keebs. Totally calculated.

JFK finally notices the tiny trickle of blood, which makes him angry again as he wipes it away. He calls for Murray to take Elise out. Cayle is a little more cautious than he was when approaching The D, given Elise's flurry, but his hot-blooded opponent doesn't share his approach...

DDK:

Here she comes!

Ares dashes at Cayle and tries to knock him down with a flying knee, but Murray sidesteps! He turns around and eats a couple of leg kicks, blocks a third, then slaps Elise across the face who manages to push her glasses back onto her face before he hits the ropes, and gets arm dragged down!

Lance:

Cayle rolls through and pops up!

DDK:

Look at Elise though!

Elise flies into a wheelbarrow, elevates, and hits another arm drag, this time for the different position! Cayle goes to get back up but quickly ducks down again as Elise's swinging boot comes within a millimetre of his head!

DDK:

That was this close to Murray's skull!

Keeping the pressure with her faster feet, Elise attempts a kick to the gut but Cayle catches it, nailing a Dragon Screw!

Lance:

Oh man, not a good spot for Elise!

DDK:

A Dragon Screw is often a mere takedown in an average wrestler's hands. Not Cayle's. See that extra torque on Elise's boot as Murray twists her down? That's designed to stretch ligaments and snap sinews!

Lance:

And when you wrestle at Ares' pace, the last thing you need is one of your legs damaged!

Murray stomps down furiously for a few seconds but eventually becomes a blanket once more, smothering Elise with a grounded headlock after hitting the deck himself, pressing and crunching her own sunglasses into her injured face. He digs a curled fist into her ribs before standing up and tagging Kendrix in. Rather than getting double-teamed, however, Elise has the presence of mind to slide right out there, wagging a finger as she hobbles slightly on the outside.

DDK:

Elise evades and Lance, it looks like the PCP's have found a way under JFKayle's skin here! Kendrix in particular looks furious...

Lance:

He's still annoyed after Elise turned the tables and went after his face!

Hector Navarro splits JFKayle up after some fussing and sends Cayle to the apron. Ares gets back in the ring on the opposite side but is violently yanked through the ropes by JFK, who isn't playing anymore. Clubbing blows land on her neck and shoulders as she struggles up.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Sour grapes from Kendrix, but aside for the warning for pulling Elise through the ropes he's free to do as he pleases here.

Adopting Cayle's approach from earlier on, Kendrix puts Elise in a standing cravate, constantly twisting her neck around in awkward angles, talking trash as he goes. He adjusts angles and moves so he's standing by her side before digging his toes in behind Ares' knee, the pressure forcing her down towards the mat.

Lance:

Elise is on one knee now, and this is a side of JFK we're very familiar with.

DDK:

Indeed! People sometimes forget this because he's so full of himself, but JFK was once considered one of the most promising young technicians in the game. He's sharper than Cayle, even, and a phenomenal grappler when he wants to be.

Lance:

He'd just rather play the bad guy most of the time.

DDK:

Indeed!

JFK keeps working Elise and slips into a different hold. Taking control of both of her arms, he pulls back while placing a boot between her shoulder blades...

DDK:

Oh man, look at that pressure!

That pressure is immense and the excruciating pain is all over Elise's face as she wrinkles her nose to keep her sunglasses on, though she's able to scoot her legs from under her and place one foot under the bottom rope.

Lance:

Break! He's gotta break now!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Of course JFK waits for Navarro's final call before breaking it up. He mouths off at the crowd as he walks away from Ares, feeding off the jeers. Across the ring, Cayle tells him to focus.

DDK:

A respite there from JFKayle, who have thus far been unable to get anywhere near Elise's face!

When Kendrix turns back around, the injury is his first priority - but it turns out Ares isn't as worn down as he thought! She gets away from him as he comes forward. A couple of kicks sting JFK's legs as he turns around and both wrestlers turn to hit opposite ropes! Elise goes high as Kendrix goes low, evading him once more, but she takes her former stablemate down with a drop toe hold on the second rebound then springs to her corner, making the tag!

DDK:

Again, the PCP's superior speed comes into play!

Rather than climbing through the ropes, The D climbs the turnbuckles and leaps off, hitting an elevated stomp on Kendrix's right leg! Both boots land right on the knee!

Lance:

Oh my god! That impact!

DDK:

D is rolling!

Sensing he might be onto something and with the buzzing Faithful firmly behind him, D stomps down on the leg several times before whipping the knee down into the mat. He then backs off for a second, giving Kendrix a couple of moments to rise to his feet... before launching at him shoulder-first from behind!

DDK:

CHOP BLOCK!

Kendrix goes down like a tree.

Lance:

Are we witnessing target limbwork?! From the PCP's?!

DDK:

We are! It's far from conventional, but it's working!

Lance:

I never thought I'd say the day!

Having stumbled on a great little gameplan, The D kicks Kendrix's leg as hard as he can while the Englishman writhes in agony, rolling onto his front side so that D can't do anymore damage!

DDK:

Kendrix is in real trouble now!

D climbs through the middle and top rope. On the apron, he waits for an opening then suddenly jumps, springboards, flips, and lands a 450 splash on the leg!

DDK:

Flippydoo onto Kendrix's right leg! Have you ever seen anything like this, Lance?!

Lance:

Who needs a leglock, right?!

The D takes Kendrix over to the PCP corner so that Elise can get in on the leg-destroying fun, tagging her. Draping said limb across the middle rope, D sets it up so that Ares can come over the top herself and force JFK's leg back against itself on the connection!

DDK:

Kendrix is down!

Lance:

And hurting!

DDK:

But here comes Cayle!

The PCP's notice the advanced Scot and charge right at him with a double dropkick! Down goes Murray, and up go the pops!

*P-C-P!**P-C-P!**P-C-P!***DDK:**

What a show the PCP's are putting on here! It might not be the kind of technical dissection you typically associate with isolating a bodypart, but in a match where we assumed JFKayle were going to make a mess of Elise's face, Ares and D have ended up putting Kendrix's leg in a whole lot of hurt!

Lance:

They have a pathway to victory now! If they can do enough damage and keep using superior speed and agility to their advantage, the match is theirs!

With both 24K members down, the PCPs take it in turns to drop elbows on JFK's leg. One goes down, the other goes up, like a two-person merry-go-round.

The Faithful? They love it.

*P-C-P!**P-C-P!**P-C-P!*

Cayle? Not so much. He's on his feet, angrily yelling at Hector Navarro.

DDK:

I think Cayle just realised that this is only letting the beatdown continue longer...

Indeed, though he hates to do it, Cayle backs off, knowing that the longer Hector is distracted, the longer PCP can batter his partner.

Lance:

And after Cayle promised not to dive into the back of tricks, isn't it something that the PCP's are now doing just that!

Navarro dashes over to the opposite side and gets The D out of there once he figures out what's going on. This lull in the action gives Kendrix a couple of seconds of valuable recovery time.

DDK:

See, this is where Elise should capitalise! Get on that limb like JFKayle would!

Lance:

I don't think that's part of her gameplan, Keebs....

DDK:

Or her arsenal. Stylistically, Elise is the antithesis of a Cayle Murray.

Searing pain shoots up Kendrix's leg. He slaps the mat out of frustration and crawls towards Murray, who maintains his extremely vocal performance by shouting something that catches Ares' attention. She turns around, distracted...

DDK:

Don't do it Elise! Don't get caught up!

... then takes a step over Kendrix and towards Cayle.

Lance:

Oh noooo!

Big mistake. His leg might be hurt, but Kendrix is able to sweep Ares' feet as she tries to walk past him, snapping her down to the mat! Kendrix scrambles on top of her back and towards her head, nailing a couple of sharp elbows to the back of the skull. Elise is stuck between trying to keep her sunglasses on and trying to cover up from the blows.

Lance:

Look at this!

DDK:

Elise is gonna wanna get out of there!

Kendrix's next move isn't pretty, but it's effective. He grabs Ares by the hair and slams her face down into the mat over.

And over.

And over.

Until finally breaking away, falling back into a seated position. Ares' sunglasses are just shards of LED and plastic on the canvas as she covers up her face from the Faithful. From there, he puts one of her arms between his legs and pulls back on her injured face with a crossface submission!

DDK:

Kendrix Kross!

JFK is only able to keep it locked in for a few seconds, though. The combination of his weakened leg and Elise being just close enough to the ropes means she's able to get a hand on the bottom one.

DDK:

... aaaand break. Absolutely no remorse being shown from JFK. Ares might be hurt there, Lance!

Lance:

You know it. JFK was finally able to inflict some damage on that face - and now we're about to find out how messed up it really is.

DDK:

A worrying development for the Pop Culture Phenoms.

The D wears a mask of pure concern on the outside. He desperately leans over the top rope, shouting encouragement at his partner, even though he knows there's little he can do at the moment. Meanwhile, Cayle tags in as JFK finally rises to his feet.

DDK:

This is about to go from bad to worse...

Indeed, Cayle smothers Elise before she can get up. His kneeling forearms are stiff and knock her back against the ropes. The ensuing slaps are soft, but deliberately so.

Lance:

Looks like Cayle just wants to humiliate her now!

DDK:

Yeah, and JFKayle are doing a great job of keeping Elise isolated from D here! If they can restrict her to their corner and inflict enough damage on the face then Navarro might be forced to call this.

Lance:

Let's hope it doesn't come to that!

Murray puts his palm over Elise's face, grips tightly, then pie-faces her away. The Faithful gasp as they get their first look at the real extent of Elise Ares' injuries. Yellow, black, and brown bruises cover her swollen cheekbones. She's clearly needed medical attention for quite some time.

Cayle Murray: *[loudly]*

Do something you bloody gymnast!

The crowd comes back alive as Ares suddenly spins around, kicking Murray in the gut! A couple to the thighs follow, forcing Cayle to one knee, so Elise takes a couple of steps back, pops up on Cayle's own knee, then knees him square in the face!

DDK:

There's the cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

The crowd liked that one!

DDK:

And believe it or not, that was actually the first pinfall attempt of the entire match! Great recovery from Elise, though she might wanna think about getting out of there before the tide swings in the opposite direction.

Sure enough, Ares takes hold of one of Cayle's boots and keeps hold, preventing his escape as she tags The D in. A wave of relief washes over the building and D ain't playing! He pulls Cayle up off the mat and suddenly throws him through the top and middle turnbuckles, his shoulder clanging against the ring post!

DDK:

Huge shot!

D grabs Murray by the waistband and pulls him back through the 'buckles, before turning him around and backing him against the turnbuckles. Elbow after elbow after elbow follows...

Lance:

Cayle's getting ragdolled in the corner!

DDK:

D is on fire here!

Lance:

And over the ring he goes!

D smashes into Kendrix on the apron for good measure as he heads to the opposite corner! He then flies back over, nailing Cayle with a corner splash!

DDK:

D In Your Face!

Murray stumbles out and walks right into the DDT!

Lance:

RIGHT ON HIS HEAD!

DDK:

D WITH THE COVER!

... but an irate Kendrix breaks it up before Navarro can even count one! He is suddenly wiped out when Elise Ares comes careening through the ropes, knocking him to the floor, throwing down wild, uncoordinated blows from full mount!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

DDK:

Listen to this NOISE!

Lance:

PCP'S ARE FIGHTING ON PURE ADRENALINE HERE!

JFK weathers the storm and is able to get a hand through the rain of scrappy blows, clawing at Elise's injured face. Ares is forced to recoil as Navarro gets between them.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And there it is, the equaliser. JFKayle hasn't been able to attack the face like they'd want so far but it's proving to be a real hindrance for Elise...

Kendrix is glad to get the hell out of there and makes his way back around the ring, still limping a bit. Navarro is still getting rid of Elise when Cayle blindsides The D with a headbutt as the PCP man tries to take him off the mat! Then...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

... a volley of saliva right in the eyes!

Lance:

Disgusting!

DDK:

Just repulsive, Lance. Cayle is making a habit of this these days...

His face flush with frustration, Murray batters D with some hard elbows to the face then a knee to the gut, carrying him over to the JFKayle corner.

DDK:

Tag to Kendrix!

The 24K team isolated The D, pressing him back into their home turf and taking it in turns to stomp him in the gut. D eventually falls on his ass into a seated position, so Kendrix pushes his boot into the opponent's throat and pushes, hands on the top rope for leverag...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

JFK breaks just as Navarro is about to hit five. He then leans down, rolls D onto his stomach, and applies a half Boston Crab. His damaged leg means he isn't able to get as much pressure as he'd like, though, so he abandoned, hits the deck, and puts D in a grounded side chokehold.

DDK:

And just like that JFKayle have sapped the energy out of this match. They know exactly what they were doing! The PCP's were on top for a long, long time there because they were able to dictate the pace with their supreme athleticism.

Lance:

They may still be on top if not for Elise's war wounds, too!

JFK pulls D back to his feet but maintains the hold. He makes a quick tag to Cayle who comes in, smacking D in the face while Kendrix chokes him out. The Englishman then leaves the ring as Cayle puts D down to a seated position, kicks him in the back of the head and lets him fall to the ground. Rather than stomping, kicking, or applying a hold, Murray simply walks across his face...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Now that's ugly!

DDK:

Unconventional... but effective.

Another quickfire tag and in comes Kendrix. This time, JFKayle keep it simple, stomping away at the downed D...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Ares charges at the duo as Navarro's count hits three, crashing into the back of Cayle! She sends him sprawling to the ropes but is immediately turned away and sent back to her corner by Hector.

Lance:

Elise is trying here, but Murray and Kendrix are just so stifling!

DDK:

They're working like a couple of guys who have been teaming together for years and years. Say what you will about the duo - and I think my personal opinion on them is pretty clear - but this is excellent isolation work.

Lance:

It's instilling frustration in a very reactionary wrestler in Elise as well as wearing her partner down. I hate that it works, but it works...

JFK still has control of D despite all this. He decides to switch his offense up, pulling D from the mat, nailing him in the face a couple of times, and sending him to the ropes. JFK punches him in the gut on the rebound then lifts him up, sending the PCP man's stomach crashing down on his good knee.

DDK:

Gutbuster!

The D gets up gingerly but walks right into a straightforward bodyslam from Kendrix. This puts D closer to the JFKayle corner and allows Kendrix to tag Murray, who comes in and immediately starts hitting D with mockingly soft kicks, a smile starting to stretch across his poisoned features. He turns and waves at Elise.

Lance:

JFKayle are getting cocky now! This may come back to bite them.

DDK:

Control can swing in the opposite direction within the blink of an eye in a match like this. Trying to stoke Elise's Cuban fire could go one of two ways...

Lance:

Either she'll get carried away and make a mistake, or JFKayle will live to regret it!

DDK:

Exactly.

Grabbing a handful of his opponent's hair, Cayle yanks D up off the apron and starts talking trash... but The D fires back! A couple of kicks break him loose! Murray moves in for a grapple but D ducks under and front dropkicks Murray, sending him stumbling back to the ropes. D's just getting ready to strike when...

DDK:

TAG!

Lance:

Elise reaches over the ropes and slaps the shoulder!

Letting his wounded partner hit the ring wasn't on D's agenda but he's forced to watch as she barrels across the ring and crashes into Cayle with a running high knee! She spots JFK coming through the ropes to help his partner but kicks him in the face before he can get in!

DDK:

Elise Areas is like a bolt of lighting!

Ares takes an extra second to shove Kendrix to the floor so that he can't recover and intervene! Unfortunately, this gives Cayle the opening needed to swing a desperate punch as she comes back around, connecting with the face!

DDK:

Ohhhh nooooooooo!

Lance:

Bolt of lighting or glass cannon?!

Both active wrestlers hit the deck. Cayle's on his forearms, smiling through the fatigue. Elise? She's hurting.

DDK:

This looks bad, Lance!

Lance:

Real bad! Remember, it was a single hard kick to the face that ended Elise's night against Lucky Sevens.

Murray takes his time in rising to his feet. He wipes the sweat from his brow, throws back his hair, and rolls Elise onto her back with the tip of his boot.

WHAM.

He stomps down hard on her face.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Until the crowd's jeers finally drown Ares' agony out.

Rising up on the outside, Kendrix gets a shot in as well.

Lance:

Navarro's really gotta do something about JFK here! Cayle is the legal man!

DDK:

I don't envy his task though! Frankly, we've got one man doing the job of four in this match...

Murray uses his feet to push Elise out of the ring and towards JFK. Navarro, to his credit, is on this straight away, calling for Kendrix to get back. Jesse raises his hands innocently, as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and steps aside as Cayle comes to the outside, slamming Elise's face down on the edge of the apron. He then pulls her over, lifts her off the ground, and drops her face first on the ring steps. Dusting his hands off, the Scot rolls back inside.

DDK:

That might be it for Elise, Lance!

ONE!

Lance:

If you've noticed the shift in the crowd... they're no longer unanimously willing Elise to her feet! Legitimate concern is taking over in the arena.

TWO!

DDK:

And who can blame them?! Yes, we all want to see the Pop Culture Phenoms rise up and take these bullies down, but I dunno, man...

THREE!

FOUR!

Ares is stirring on the outside. She falls back against the side of the ring, clutching her face.

FIVE!

When her hands come down the expression is equal parts agony and fury.

SIX!

Cayle's yelling at her to get back inside so he can finish her off. Elise, spirited as ever, pulls herself up and rolls under the bottom rope.

Straight into Murray's clutches.

DDK:

Look at this, now! He's just CLAWING at her!

Murray goes to offense straight out of the 1940s, applying a tight clawhold around the damaged area of the face. When Elise gets a hand on the bottom rope, Cayle waits for her to let go, pulls her away, and drops back down, rubbing his rough-as-hell wrist tape across the face.

Lance:

God, this is...

DDK:

... sadistic?

Lance:

It really is! Elise is getting tortured in there! And look at The D... he's dying for the tag but there's nothing he can do!

Indeed, D is leaning over the top rope, stretching for a tag he knows can't happen with his injured partner at the opposite side of the ring.

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

Lance:

I don't think I've ever heard that from The Faithful before...

Cayle, meanwhile, is still wearing down Elise's face, digging an elbow into it. Ares writhes and struggles and does everything in her power to break away, but a clubbing blow soon puts an end to that. Tag to Kendrix.

DDK:

The isolation work continues!

JFK raises his boot onto the top rope so that Cayle can smash Elise's face into it. He comes into the ring, drives Ares' face down into the mat, then jabs a thumb into her eye while she's down.

Lance:

Oh come on! You can't do that!

Navarro catches the illegal move straight away. He admonishes JFK, giving him a full warning, but this distraction allows Cayle to pull Elise out of the ring, unravel a small ream of his wrist tape, and pull it back across her injured face. It doubles over and digs into the flesh...

DDK:

That was calculated! 100%, that was calculated! JFK did something he knew would attract Hector's attention so that Cayle could do that on the outside...

Murray is switched on enough to put Ares back inside once Navarro is finished with Kendrix, smiling wryly as a member of the crowd launches an empty cardboard drink cup at him. JFK takes her off her feet, picks her up, and

drills a Brainbuster!

Lance:

Look at D! I've never seen someone so desperate for a tag!

DDK:

He looks like he's about to explode!

Lance:

Elise has got to get out of there! Under normal circumstances she would have absolutely fought back right now, but there's something seriously wrong with her face.

DDK:

We don't know what it is - and if I was a guessing man, she's probably been trying to hide it all along. But you can't do that against JFKayle! They're just too clinical!

Kendrix is in his element. He's still moving a little gingerly from the knee-based attack earlier on but Elise's injury amplifies the punishment as he stomps down on her face. Close to the ropes, he places both boots on her face then pulls up on the top rope, gaining extra pressure...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

... and he breaks away just before five again. He, too, is smiling.

DDK:

It's too much, Lance! It's just too much! D is fired up and ready to go but how the hell is he going to tag in?!

Lance:

I don't--... hey. Hold on. Are you hearing that?

A chant perhaps never before heard in the building starts to break out.

It's quiet at first, but slowly spreads throughout...

DDK:

Oh, wow...

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

The D shakes his head and waves his arms frantically. He knows he can make a difference - but it's going to take a miracle tag.

DDK:

Pure concern has taken over, Lance. Nevermind winning the match: The Faithful just want to see Elise make it out of here in one piece!

The chants quieten down at The D's behest but Kendrix is loving it. He takes the lifeless PCP member, lifts her up, and

smashes her head down on the top turnbuckle over and over. When he lets go, Ares just falls to the mat.

Lance:

I don't think Elise can even support herself at this stage! Too much head trauma-- HEY!

The D has had enough. He BURSTS out of his corner and across the ring, barreling into Kendrix to break the punishment, wailing away on him with strikes. The Faithful ERUPT!

Lance:

LET'S GO!

D is FURIOUS!

But inevitably...

The intervention is illegal.

Hector Navarro has no choice.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

It's a struggle, but the official is able to get between D, Kendrix, and Elise.

Lance:

Fate is a cruel, cruel mistress, Keeps.

DDK:

You're right but Navarro has to enforce the rules! That's his job! He has done his absolute best to keep a lid on this, but-- OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!

D can't contain himself as he protests to Navarro, but again, this works against him. JFK has Elise backed up in the JFKayle corner and Cayle pulls an arm across her face, wrenching tightly as Kendrix stomps away.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

These two know exactly what they are doing!

Lance:

And they won't stop until D gets out of there... but he's too fired up!

Navarro quickly figures out what's going on and turns around, trusting D to leave the ring. D only gets out of there once Cayle lets go of Ares. Finally, Navarro intervenes more brazenly than at any other point in the match, getting between Elise and Kendrix to prevent further damage while he reads Murray the riot act.

DDK:

Great officiating here! Hector letting Cayle know he is one screw up away from a disqualification while protecting Elise from JFK's dirty tricks at the same time.

Lance:

That's why he's one of our senior officials - and his lucha libre experience makes him the ideal guy to handle matches like this with so many moving pieces.

So comfortable is Cayle that JFK has control that he hops down from the apron while Navarro lets him have it. The burly official finally moves away and let's Kendrix go back to work.

Here's the thing, though.

Those 20-30 seconds Navarro just spent talking to Murray?

Recovery time, baby.

DDK:

WAIT A MINUTE!

Battered and beaten her face may be, but Elise's spirit isn't yet broken! She dives shoulder-first at Kendrix's hurt leg! It buckles beneath him and he hits the deck.

Lance:

OH MY GOD!

DDK:

ELISE ARES IS ALIVE!

Lance:

MAKE THE TAG, ELISE!

She's exhausted, Elise. The pain is excruciating.

But she drags herself across the mat with her forearms.

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

Then suddenly springs to life to clear the last couple of meters...

Lance:

YES!

DDK:

TAG! SHE GOT IT!

The building EXPLODES to life as The D charges across the ring, his knee connecting with Kendrix's skull as the Englishman is trying to get up.

DDK:

SHINING WIZARD!

D keeps the pace, immediately popping up, running up the turnbuckles, and leaping to the outside, landing on Cayle!

Lance:

WHAT A DIVE!

DDK:

JUMPING BODY PRESS! CAYLE IS DOWN!

Lance:

AND THE D IS BACK ON HIS FEET!

D hops onto the apron, grabs the top rope, and wills Kendrix to his feet. JFK is up, stumbling around, when D leaps

over the top, blasting him with a leaping forearm that sends Kendrix to the mat!

DDK:

LOOK AT THE SPEED! THE ATHLETICISM!

Lance:

AND HE'S GOING TO THE TOP ROPE!

Seemingly moving at 100mph, D gets to the top rope then steadies himself. He leaps off and makes a perfect connection on the landing!

DDK:

B MOVIE! HE GOT THE FROG SPLASH!

Lance:

HERE'S THE COVER!

D hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

NOOO! KICKOUT!

Lance:

INCREDIBLE!

DDK:

D is on fire! This is WILD! And The Faithful are losing their minds!

The momentum is firmly on his side and D wastes absolutely no time in quickly pulling Kendrix back to his feet with a handful of hair. A couple of pummeling elbows follow before he hits the ropes, dashes back, and hits another!

DDK:

Huge shot!

This would have sent JFK to the deck if not for the ropes. D pulls him away from there with both arms, then leaps, nailing the double-boot facebreaker!

DDK:

A-LISTER! A-LISTER! A-LISTER!

Lance:

HE'S GOT HIM! THE D HAS GOT HIM!

D makes the cover right in the middle of the ring.

ONE!

DDK:

BUT HERE COMES CAYLE!

TWO!

Lance:

YESSSSS!

HUGE pop as Elise runs in and wipes Murray out with the single leg dropkick.

THREE?

NOOOOOOOO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

WOWWWWWW!

DDK:

So close! The PCP's are on fire! What an intervention from the injured Elise to wipe Cayle Murray all the way out!

Lance:

They've got this in the palm of their hands though! This is it!

Elise returns to her corner and The D is ready to put a fork in Kendrix. He pulls JFK across the ring and gets tagged by his partner.

DDK:

PCP are going for the Foley Pop & Lock-a-Thon!

Lance:

They're gonna do it, Keebs!

Elise puts JFK in the Muta Lock. He roars in pain, clawing to try and break the hold, as D hits the ropes for the running dropkick...

Lance:

NOOOOOOOOOO!

... only to have his legs swept by Cayle Murray, who pulls him outside the ring!

CRASH!

That's the sound of The D hitting the barricade headfirst.

And HARD.

DDK:

And with that intervention a bucket of cold water is poured over the arena!

Lance:

D was no longer the legal man, so there's nothing Hector can do about it either!

Concern for her partner, Elise lets go of the Muta Lock and moves over the ring. Cayle hops onto the apron, deliberately trying to distract her...

Lance:

No, Elise! NO!

DDK:

Turn around!

Kendrix is back up. Murray drops down.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Elise turns around.

SUPERKICK.

Lance:

...

DDK:

...

Elise's body goes limp.

Dead.

She falls to the mat.

DDK:

... it's done, Lance.

All that's left is for Kendrix to hook the leg.

And Hector to make the count.

Lance:

Just like the Lucky Sevens match...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
WHAT?!

Lance:
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

DDK:
SHE KICKED OUT, LANCE! ELISE KICKED OUT!

JFK cannot believe it. He was banking on that being the killshot.

Lance:
This is insane! Elise Ares is insane!

DDK:
She lives to fight another day...

But the pop quickly subsides.

DDK:
... for better or worse.

Because The Faithful know.

They aren't stupid.

They know the score.

JFK, enraged, immediately goes right after the face, slamming it into the mat over and over and over.

The fans want to boo, but they can't.

Lance:
... I... damnit...

They are worried.

Lance:

Fight back Elise! Come on!

DDK:

She can't, Lance! It's just too much!

Suddenly Elise bursts back to life as Kendrix pulls her to her feet. She stuns him with a couple of quickfire hits...

Lance:

THERE IT IS!

... until she is levelled by a relatively straightforward elbow to the face.

And that's when the chants come back.

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

DDK:

A simple blow from JFK, but in Elise's condition... it's devastating.

Kendrix has had enough. He drags Ares over to the JFKayle corner and tags Cayle. Murray comes in but gets met with another flurry of (weaker, this time) kicks from Ares, but chooses to absorb the pain and clawhold her face!

Lance:

Look at The D on the outside!

DDK:

He can't bear to watch this! And neither can the fans!

Lance:

But they won't give up! Look at Elise! Look at this FIGHT!

Ares lunges desperately at Murray, swinging a wild blow... it connects! Murray staggers backwards but Elise lands on the mat and can't capitalise. She slowly sits up but Cayle comes off the ropes...

DDK:

PK! Cayle with the Penalty Kick!

Lance:

NOOOOO!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

The chants now louder than ever, the out-of-it D tries to scramble under the bottom rope only to be met by Hector Navarro.

Lance:

D's desperately trying to get back in there!

Meanwhile JFK is rummaging around beneath the ring on the other side. Cayle catches him and, with Hector taking care of D, pulls Elise up.

DDK:

Hold on, what's thi--...?!

Lance:

NAVARRO! TURN AROUND!

Murray shoves his opponent towards Kendrix...

WHACK.

Who leaps up from the floor and clocks Elise with SOMETHING.

Lance:

NOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix suddenly dashes around the ring as Elise hits the deck, attaching himself to D like a limpet. Hector turns around as Cayle is rolling Ares up in a school boy...

ONE!

Lance:

HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

TWO!

Lance:

CAYLE'S GOT THE TIGH--

THREE!

DDK:

... it's over.

Cayle immediately leaps off Elise Ares and rolls out of the ring. Kendrix releases D, joining his partner at the bottom of the ramp.

DING DING DING

DDK:

JFKayle have defeated The Pop Culture Phenoms - and they did it by doing the exact thing they said they were going to avoid!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen your winners via pinfall... the team of CAYLE MURRAY AND KENDRIX... JAY! EFF! KAAAYYYYYLLLLLEEEE!

The Faithful are absolutely furious, launching venom and bile at the 24K duo. The D, meanwhile, slides in the ring to tend to his fallen partner. A wound has opened on her right cheek where Kendrix's weapon struck her...

Lance:

Look at Kendrix! That's a wrench in his hand!

DDK:

JFK struck Elise's already injured face while Navarro was turned away! A totally unnecessary move, just like the handful of tights! An overkill finish from JFKayle!

Lance:

It's awful, Keebs! Just awful! It's all very well clowning around for eight weeks, screwing around with fake injuries and spitting insults, but this?! Absolutely ridiculous!

All JFK can do is smile as he waves the offending wrench at the PCP's. The camera is close enough to catch his words...

Kendrix:

Unlucky, bell-ends!

Cayle, meanwhile, rubs his eyes to feign crying. He then pie-faces the camera lens, pushing it away.

DDK:

JFKayle went against their word tonight. Cayle was adamant earlier on... but I guess the joke's on us. We should have seen this coming.

Lance:

What incredible fight from the Pop Culture Phenoms though! JFKayle had them isolated for long periods and Elise's injured face took insane amounts of punishment, but they didn't slow down one bit.

DDK:

Oh, no...

Lance:

What?

DDK:

I've just realised... when Cayle spoke earlier, what did he say he was doing upon arriving at the building early? And with what tool?

Lance:

A wren--... oh, god. This was the plan all along.

DDK:

Seems that way. I'm worried though, Lance. You heard those "just stay down" chants. Ares might be seriously hurt...

In the ring, the D has rushed to Ares' side and cradles her head in his lap. He covers her very much busted face with

his upper body, trying to shield her from the cameras.

DDK:

Tonight has not been a good night for PCP. First Klein, and now Elise?

Lance:

I dunno Keebs. PCP may never be the same again.

The D looks up, tears streaming down his face.

He throws both hands above his head in an X, and at the same time, lets out a powerful wail, one that rattles through the Faithful.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

THREE HOURS LATER

Flex Kruger and Jack Hunter are still at a stalemate in Connect 4. Flex studies the board. Suddenly, the arena lights cut out.

Flex Kruger:

I think they forgot about us.

Jack Hunter slams his hand onto the table.

Jack Hunter:

YAHTZEE!