

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Bright colorful lights roll across the arena as the Faithful go wild! The DEFtv opening video is playing on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

No signs. No excitement.

CUT...

STEER THE NARRATIVE

Nothing but the logo of a brand new graphic t-shirt, being worn by the tenderest wrestler in the land can be seen. The logo is a steering wheel with the words 'STEER THE NARRATIVE' circling within it. It doesn't take long before the voice of the Snowflake Superstar pipes up.

Malak Garland:

I hope everyone out there had a delectable little holiday season and remembered to hold time and space for me. If you didn't, here's a quick reminder to do so, as I need your time and space in order to function.

The shot gradually rises to show Malak's smiling mug.

Malak Garland:

The holidays might be over but that doesn't mean you can't get in on a good deal. Look at this t-shirt. It's genius. Not only is it fashionable but it takes a stand in a world of nonsense. Steer the narrative. If you like to steer your own narrative then now is your chance to empower yourself and give me your money. Go buy my new shirt and be a prick to someone whose views you don't believe in because you can.

He readjusts himself.

Malak Garland:

This brings me to none other than Kerry Kuroyama. Speaking of people not to believe in, Kerry, I don't believe in you and neither does this dedicated, wrestling-first fan base of DEFIANCE. I, on the other hand, simply want to contribute to the annals of wrestling history by giving the fans memorable performances and championship caliber matches.

As if his smile couldn't grow wider.

Malak Garland:

Which I've already begun to do. See the DEFY Awards show. People, fans, and coworkers voted ME as the winner of Match of the Year for 2021. Wow okay, lots to unpack here. That makes me an award winning talent so it hurts my ears and my feelings when I hear you don't want to share the ring with me. Are you afraid of success? Seeing your silly little quest for a four match win streak got snapped indicates to me you're quite nervous.

A chuckle.

Malak Garland:

Kerry, this is nothing to be nervous about, silly! Take a match with me and I will guide you through it like the ring general I am! I will elevate your star! No one knew who Pat Newbludd and Brock Cassidy were before I came into the picture! I won't even post online about it, I promise!

He leans forward.

Malak Garland:

So what do you say? I'll ask you again. I'm starting to feel like the clingy girl in the high school hallways. Deathmatch? You? Me? Together? Making fireworks?

Garland leans back evilly, if there ever is such a way. He nonchalantly points at his brand new t-shirt.

Malak Garland:

What's it going to be, Kerry? What's it going to be? Are you willing to steer your own narrative? I am left in wonderment for your response. Good luck tonight.

Fade to ringside.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: KERRY KUROYAMA Â© vs. ???

Cut to a long shot of the ring from a high angle. The capacity crowd filling the DEFarena is brimming with excitement. Then the music hits...

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The Faithful POP LOUD! Green spotlights and lasers fill the DEFarena. The music builds itself up, until finally the opening guitar solo hits, and the Favoured Saints Champion KERRY KUROYAMA strides out from behind the curtain. He briefly poses on the stage but doesn't linger long, coming down the ramp at a brisk pace. His eyes are intense and determined. Around his waist, as always, hangs the coveted Favoured Saints Championship.

DDK:

Welcome to 2022 everyone! We're kicking things off tonight on this go-home DEFtv with what's sure to be a spectacular title match, as the Favoured Saints Champion, "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama, yet again puts his title on the line!

Lance:

Kerry has enjoyed a triumphant reign so far in his first major stint as a champion in DEFIANCE, although I suspect he's still sore that his bid to cash in for a shot at the Southern Heritage Champion was ruined by none other than Malak Garland.

DDK:

Indeed. The same Malak Garland who interrupted the start of this program. Also, it should also be noted Kerry has yet to accept Malak Garland's challenge to the Deathmatch. It will be a long and hard road to get himself back to four wins, but the journey back begins tonight against a challenger who has yet to be revealed!

Kerry scales the steps, enters the rings, and climbs up a ringpost, posing with his fists pumped over his head and belt strapped around his waist. Then he heads to his corner, where he begins the process of removing the belt and ring robe.

ALL ABOARD~!... AH HA HA HA HA HA AHHHHH...

♪ "Idol" by Hollywood Undead fte Tech N9ne ♪

The Scrouge video plays over the DEFIAtron, filtered with a red hue. As the chorus crescendos, stepping out onto the entrance ramp is none other than Jack Harmen. His usual multi-colored hair now turned crimson red. He raises a hand in a devil horn taunt, and quickly tucks something felt like into his trunks. He looks a bit like he screwed up, but just shakes it off and quickly stomps his way to ringside.

DDK:

Oh wow... it's JACK HARMEN!

Lance:

Outside of terrorizing Nate Eye and Dex Joy with his cohorts in the Scourge as of late, Harmen put on one hell of a battle for the FIST against Gage Blackwood back at DEFtv 160.

DDK:

Tonight, Kuroyama may have his hands full defending his own title against the Lunatic! He may be getting on in years, but the former High Flyer has consistently proven he's still capable of being one of the most competitive DEFIANTS in the company!

Harmen slides under the ropes, cool and slick as a snake, and sticks to his corner while wearing a bemused smirk. Across the ring in his own corner, Kuroyama jogs in place and stares down the challenger. Ring announcer Darren Quimbey is standing in the ring for the formal announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and will be for the Favoured Saints Championship of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, the challenger... representing the Scourge... he hails from Los Angeles, California, and weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-four pounds... he is the LUNATIC...

JJJAAAAAAAAACK... HAAAAAAAAARRRMEEEEENNN!!!

Harmen smirks as his name is announced, but otherwise doesn't do any posturing. The DEFIANCE veteran receives a mixed-leaning-to-negative reaction from the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... in his fourth official title defense as the reigning FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... he is THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... SEATTLE'S BEAST...

KEEERRRRYYYYYYYYY... KUUUROOOYAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Kuroyama raises the Favoured Saints Title over his head before attempting to hand it off to presiding official Mark Shields, who is either unaware of or uninterested in what to do with it. Kerry instead hands it off to the timekeeper at ringside. Nobody bothers waiting on Shields for the signal.

DING DING

Both competitors come out of their corners, immediately going into a lock-up. Kuroyama initially tries to overpower and wrangle the arm into a hammerlock, but Harmen almost gracefully reverses and drops to the mat to clip the leg and bring Kerry to the canvas. Kerry takes a sudden knee strike to the back of the head before Jack slips around into a front facelock. Kerry wastes no time working his way back to his feet.

DDK:

A successful takedown by the veteran Harmen, but Kerry is hooking the leg and trying to lift Harmen off the mat! Jack Harmen looking for the GUILLOTINE CHOKE to counter--but Kuroyama puts him to the mat with a SPINEBUSTER!

Harmen doesn't let go of the facelock, forcing Kerry to somersault himself forward to slip free. Jack quickly reaches up with his legs to hook Kuroyama under the arms from behind as he gets to his feet and immediately rolls him back to the mat flat on his shoulders.

DDK:

Harmen with the pinfall attempt!

One... Two...

-- and Kerry ROLLS FORWARD into a RANA PIN!

One... Two... Kickout!

Both men break free from each other and quickly rise off the mat, but the veteran Harmen, even at his age, is just a step faster, catching the younger Kuroyama with a high-elevation standing dropkick with both feet catching the Favoured Saints Champion square in the face! Kerry hits the mat, and has only a split second to react as he gets up and sees Jack charging at him with the YAKUZA KICK --

DDK:

Kerry BAILS from the ring before Harmen could connect on the dreaded Locomotive!

Lance:

There's a wide grin on the face of the Lunatic and former High Flyer. Kerry Kuroyama knows he can't let his guard

down against a crafty veteran of the caliber of Jack Harmen, who knows well enough how to quickly end things if given the chance.

Kuroyama tries to climb up to the apron, but Harmen catches him with yet another lightning fast dropkick to the face again, dropping him to the ringside floor. Kerry gets back to his feet, clutching the point of impact, and Jack sees a wide-open window of opportunity as he gets a head of steam and runs off the far ropes.

DDK:

Watch out for JACK HARMEN, OFF THE ROPES with the SPRINGBOARD -- NO WAIT!!

As soon as Harmen vaults off of the top rope and goes into the air with a SPECTACULAR Shooting Star Press, Kuroyama's drops his hand and ends the act, nonchalantly walking out of Harmen's path of impact and leaving the former High Flyer to CRASH HARD into the ringside mats! The audience can't help but laugh. Kerry shakes his head, now wearing a smirk of his own.

Lance:

Looks like Kuroyama had the veteran scouted on that one. The former High Flyer Jack Harmen is famously a real threat when he gets airborne, but the Favoured Saints Champion may have done his homework before walking into this one.

Harmen is stunned after his face-first splat on the floor, giving Kerry little trouble as the Favoured Saints Champion pulls him up and rolls him back into the ring. Jack is almost back to his feet, so Kerry takes the arm and sends him to the corner.

DDK:

Harmen in motion now--SPRINGBOARD of the second turnbuckle, into a CROSS-BODY BLOCK--NO!! Caught by Kerry, and countered into a BACKBREAKER--and swings him out into an SIDEWALK SLAM!!

Lance:

Once again, Kerry sees the spontaneous aerial attack coming from a mile away, and makes Jack Harmen pay for it.

DDK:

Kerry hooking the leg... but will that be enough?

One!

Two!

NO, it will not!

An elbow to Harmen's ear keeps him secure in Kerry's grasp as the Pacific Blitzkrieg pulls the Lunatic off the mat. Jack pops an elbow of his own into Kuroyama's gut to try and slip free, but Kuroyama spins him around by the arm into a Gargoyle Suplex that ragdolls him across the ring!

DDK:

HEAD-TO-ARM SUPLEX sends Jack Harmen careening across the canvas like a crash test dummy!

Lance:

The champion is looking confident and really beginning to dominate the match, as is his style!

DDK:

Harmen in another world off of that impact, but here comes Kerry again for more! He hooks the arms... DOUBLE-UNDERHOOK BACKBREAKER!! Good GOD!! He hooks the legs for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

ANOTHER KICKOUT from the veteran Jack Harmen!

Kerry rolls Jack onto his side and immediately goes for a rear naked choke, but the Lunatic finds his footing before the champion can roll onto his back, and counters with a reverse jawbreaker! Harmen quickly pops back to his feet and runs into the ropes.

DDK:

Harmen in motion, as Kuroyama tries to stop him in his tracks with a SHORT-ARM CLOTHESLINE--DUCKED by HARMEN, who reverses into a GERMAN SUPLEX on the Favoured Saints Champion!

Again, Harmen quickly pops up and floats over to Kerry's front side, trapping the champion into a front facelock as he pushes himself back off the mat. A snap swinging neckbreaker puts Kuroyama back to the canvas!

Lance:

Jack Harmen may have completely changed the momentum of this match!

DDK:

The wily veteran's skills can never be discounted, as he snatches the recovering Kuroyama and puts his shoulders to the mat with the OKLAHOMA ROLL!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Near kickout!

Harmen assists Kuroyama to his feet before snatching the arm and sending him running into the corner. Kerry's chest impacts painfully on the top turnbuckle, but he turns around in time to DUCK a corner splash by the Lunatic and counters by dumping him over the ropes! Except Jack deftly lands on the apron...

DDK:

Kerry with the reversal, but Harmen lands on his feet! Kuroyama doesn't see him as he comes out of the corner and turns around... and the LUNATIC TAKES HIM TO THE MAT with the Springboard Thesz Press!

Jack Harmen rains brutal lefts and rights into the face of the Favoured Saints Champion, who can only cover up and weather the assault until the famously dimwitted Mark Shields remembers his officiating duties and finally breaks it up, only after several closed fists have found their mark. Harmen grins like a fiend as he gets back to his feet and stalks Kerry from his blind spot.

DDK:

Kuroyama back to his feet, but Harmen SNEAK ATTACKS from behind with a LEGSWEEP into the Reverse DDT!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--NO!! Another near fall! Could the former High Flyer be walking out of this one with that Favoured Saints Title?

Lance:

It would be a major shock and disappointment to the Pacific Blitzkrieg to go into DEFIANCE Road without the championship he's fought so hard to keep over these past months.

Harmen laughs off Kuroyama's fighting spirit before methodically pulling him back off the mat, stunning him with a

knee lift to the solar plexus, hooking the arms, and executing a double-underhook BRAINBUSTER that leaves the entire arena silent!

DDK:

JACK HARMEN with the HYPOTHERMIA!! GOOD GOD, Kuroyama came down right on the head and neck!

Harmen takes a moment to dust his hands.

Lance:

Kerry had the answer to Jack Harmen's high-flying arsenal, but the Lunatic is proving he doesn't need to take to the skies to put opponents away.

DDK:

He may have put this one away as he hooks both legs for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR -- NOOO, ANOTHER KICKOUT!! Kerry had to dig deep for that one! And he probably has Mark Shields to thank for the slow count!

Jack Harmen:

STAY. DOWN.

Harmen pops to his feet, walking a circle around the ring and getting the crowd loud again with jeering. He notices Kerry groggily fighting to his knees. Harmen smiles.

Jack Harmen:

Actually...

The Lunatic backs into a corner, beckoning him back onto his feet

DDK:

Here comes the LOCOMOTIVE --

But Kuroyama DUCKS, slipping under Harmen's leg and snatching an arm on his way through! Before Jack can rebalance himself, Kerry stands up behind him, stretches him into a pumphandle, and hauls him up and over his shoulder...

Jack Harmen:

Oh fu--

DDK:

NO!! KUROYAMA DRIVER!! HE REVERSED INTO THE KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

Harmen is unmoving after being dropped on his head. Not looking a gift horse in the mouth, Kerry wraps his arms around the waist and lifts him up again...

Lance:

AGAIN??

DDK:

AGAIN!! A SECOND EMERALD FLOWSION to put the nail in the coffin on Jack Harmen! No chances being taken as he hooks the legs!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The Faithful cheer loudly as Kuroyama rolls off of Harmen's chest and slowly forces himself to a sitting position, wincing as he rubs the back of his neck while taking in deep breaths.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... and STILL FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...

KEEERRRRYYYYYYYYY... KUUUROOYAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAAAA!!!

DDK:

I don't think there's ever been a time where Kerry Kuroyama hasn't successfully defended that title after a hard-fought battle, but this had to be one of his toughest challenges yet! What a match these two had!

Lance:

Harmen proved his experience once again here tonight, adapting to Kerry's strategy and coming within a HAIR of winning the title, but the champion was able to hang on long enough to find the one golden moment he needed to go for the killstrike in the Kuroyama Driver.

DDK:

And done so twice, just to make EXTRA sure the cagey veteran didn't have any miracle kickouts of his own! That's another successful title defense for Kuroyama, and the first in a new series of four, but what kind of toll has it taken on him to keep that belt secure as a fighting champion?

Lance:

Hard to say, Darren... but hang on, looks like he might have something to say before he leaves the ring.

As Shields helps Harmen out of the ring and to the back, Kerry lingers in the ring and asks for the mic from Quimbey. He waits for the production to cut the music, as the crowd encourages him in the moment by picking up a chant.

KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!

Kuroyama nods gratefully, and holds up a hand to quiet them down. He's caught most of his breath by this point, but still clutches the back of his neck. The Favoured Saints Title is again secured around the champion's waist.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thank you... it always feels nice to hear my name being announced through this PA system, coming right after the words "...and STILL Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE!"

The Faithful cheer, but Kerry's trademark "sour milk" expression forms on his face.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But, if I had to be a tad honest right now... it would have been a lot nicer tonight if I had also been hearing the words "...and BREAKOUT DEFIANT of 2021" thrown in there somewhere.

He shrugs, wincing slightly as he continues to rub the back of his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Now I know, it's nothing worth getting bent out of shape over. It's just an end of the year award; it's not like there won't be other years to make a mark of my own. So please, don't assume I'm bitter by any means.

He sighs heavily. He doesn't want anyone to assume he's bitter, but it's clear that he probably is deep down.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But I have to admit, deep down, it does leave me a little miffed. Knowing how hard I worked this past year. Knowing how much damn punishment I've put myself through. To win and keep this championship. To push my career further than ever before. To begin forging a legacy of my own.

He suddenly becomes aware of himself rubbing his own neck, and drops his hand, opting to just ignore the pain and focus on his message.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Losing out on that opportunity for recognition to -- and mind you, I'm trying to say this with at least *some* respect -- a PUNK wrestler, who can barely get down the rampway on his own two feet, has caused me to reflect on a few things.

He takes a moment to look down at the Favoured Saints Championship hanging around his waist.

Kerry Kuroyama:

To be honest, I feel I've been so focused on getting the results I wanted, I've been neglectful in doing things to get myself noticed. Outside of simply winning my matches, I mean. A successful record is still an important thing to have, but I can see now that it's going to take something more to truly solidify my legacy in this place. Something... perhaps a bit more daring.

He nods, slow and resolute.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So I want you all to know... over the next couple weeks, I'm going to be putting a lot of thought toward my next title defense, at DEFIANCE Road. Nothing routine or by-the-numbers. This championship has a rich history of opening major events with outstanding matches, and I fully intend to keep that tradition going.

Kerry's eyes, always filled with fierce determination, now find the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I may not be the Breakout DEFIANT of last year, but I haven't given up my ambition to make a statement in this company. One that will resonate for years to come. After I spend the next few days thinking it over, I will announce my plans for DEFIANCE Road next week at Uncut. Until then, enjoy the rest of the evening... and don't forget what was said tonight.

As he earns another supportive round of applause from the Faithful, Kuroyama's music begins playing again as he makes his exit from the ring and heads to the back.

Lance:

Those were some powerful, if not dubious, words from the Pacific Blitzkrieg, Kerry Kuroyama. It's odd that he would suggest he hasn't done enough to be noticed, especially given how successful he's been as of late as the Favoured Saints Champion. What could he possibly do at DEFIANCE Road to raise the bar?

DDK:

I guess we'll have to wait and see what he decides to do come Uncut. But until then, fans, stay with us, because we have another match coming up next, as night one of DEFtv continues!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2021



FIST OF DEFIANCE

Gage Blackwood © vs. Crimson Stalker

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

Ladder Match

SNS © vs. PCP vs. LTT

WARCHAMBER

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Big Match Burns vs. Main Event Conor

FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE

Henry Keyes vs. Alvaro de Vargas

Deacon vs. Dr. Ned Reform

***if Deacon loses, he retires**

Dex Joy vs. Arthur Pleasant

The Lucky Sevens vs. The House

LINDSAY TROY vs. RICK DICKULOUS

DDK

Fans, we're back from commercials and our next match is going to see the Kabal's Canadian brute, Rick Dickulous, take on the surging Lindsay Troy. Lance, these two are no strangers to each other, but even with the Queen's change in combat style, Rick might be too much for her.

Lance:

You could be right, Darren. Both Lindsay and Rick worked for That Promotion Up North, and while they never squared off in the ring my sources tell me they did have a mutual respect for one another.

DDK:

You mean, Lindsay Troy is the one mom that Rick isn't interested in?

Lance:

Apparently so. And with Rick joining the Kabal, and Troy's own issues with that faction, it's probably safe to say that they aren't going to be as friendly as they might have been given different circumstances.

DDK:

Will Cerberus play a factor here at all, or even Dan Ryan? Only one way to find out. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros!

The lights in the WrestlePlex drop, as the deep modulated voice of Mister Fear fills the air.

"THIS IS A MESSAGE FROM THE KABAL.."

Immediately following, "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls blasts through the arena and the lights return as Victor Vacio, Reaper Green, and Rick Dickulous stride out onto the ramp in unison.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, representing The Kabal, standing six feet nine inches tall and weighing in at four hundred twenty-five pounds, he is DEFIANCE's STRONGEST MAN....RICK DICKULOUS!

Rick motions for a huddle and the three members of Cerberus come together briefly.

Lance:

Looks like they're having a quick meeting...no good can come of this.

Moments later they break the huddle as Victor Vacio and Reaper Green head back behind the curtain as The Lumbergiant confidently strolls to the ring. He pauses at ringside before mounting the apron in a single motion and throwing a leg over the top rope and stepping into the ring. Brian Slater checks the big man over as his music fades.

DDK:

Well, I guess that answers my question...it seems Rick Dickulous is gonna do this alone.

♪ "Put 'em in the Grave" - Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous, opening chords to "Put 'em in the Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks blasts through the DEFplex's speakers as a raucous ovation from the DEFIANCE Faithful calls for the Queen of the Ring to appear. She slowly strolls out from behind the curtain, smirking at the reception from the fans, as red and white lights swirl around her.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa, Florida...weighing in at 195 pounds...she is the Queen of the Ring and your High Queen DEFIANT....LINDSAY TROY!

Troy swaggers down to the ring, blowing right past the camera in the aisle, looking focused. Climbing the steps, she

wipes her feet on the apron, slips between the ropes, scales the nearest corner to give the Faithful a much deserved photo op, then jumps off to face Rick. She shrugs out of her long overcoat, David Noble's face now added to the line-up on the back.

DDK:

If the Queen is at all concerned about the size disadvantage here, she's not letting on.

Lance:

Not that we'd expect her to.

The two mismatched opponents stare across the ring at each other, each eyeing the other up...or down as the case may be. Rick tilts his head from side to side as his eyes narrow, LT continuing her pre-match routine seeming to completely ignore her opponent's chest puffing displays of dominance. Her mind games seem to work well; Rick lets out an animalistic roar just as...

DING DING

Without hesitation, the big man charges across the ring as Troy calmly waits, ducking a wild haymaker with a roll to the right out of the corner leaving The Lumbergiant to smash chest first into the turnbuckles. The ring ropes shake violently as the crowd cheers the Queen's quick thinking, snapping off a kick that echoes through the WrestlePlex into the back of Rick's knee that instantly drops him to her level. Troy stays on the attack, leveling the big man with stiff Muay-Thai rounding kicks to his ribs, then boots him in the face to send him flat to the canvas.

DDK:

We're rocking and rolling right from the get-go here and Lindsay Troy is not letting the big man from the Kabal push her around whatsoever.

Lance:

She's going to need to stay on him and not let him use any of his power or size to his advantage if she can help it.

Rick pushes himself up to his knees and slams his fists on the mat in frustration before regaining his footing, gently rubbing and massaging his knee as Lindsay Troy backs off to the center of the ring with a smirk. He places his right thumb on the tip of his nose, his fist closed into a cannonball sized chunk of flesh, and with a quick shake of his head he steps out of the corner towards Troy with his fists raised.

Lance:

I don't think Rick knows where he is here, Keebs. Seems he thinks this is a...boxing match?

DDK:

Looks to me like Rick Dickulous isn't used to the calibre of opponent in Lindsay Troy, Lance. I'm actually curious to see how this goes.

Lindsay Troy's smirk gets even wider as The Lumbergiant advances, and with a quick shoulder check she runs towards the ropes and rebounds off, planting both feet into the same knee with a double leg dropkick. Rick stumbles forward, again dropping to a knee as Troy regains her footing and steps behind Dickulous, wrapping her arm around his throat in a rear naked choke! She leans back into it, placing her foot on his downed ankle as he gasps, groans, and claws at his throat.

Lance:

Well that's one way to try and slay a giant!

DDK

Lindsay Troy wrenching that hold in tighter and...watch out!

Troy is strong, but Rick is stronger, and he manages to grit through the pain and get his big paws up and over his head

to grab onto the Queen. He lunges forward and flips her up over his shoulder and sends *her* down to the mat now! With a fire in his eyes, Rick fires a meaty cannonball at Troy's head...or, where it used to be as she quickly rolls to the side. With a sickening thud the massive projectile lands shaking the canvas so hard it launches The Queen far enough into the air she manages to get her feet under her and scrambles back towards the corner quickly, hauling herself up and to the ready as the massive Canadian gets back to his feet. Realizing the corner is not the best place to be, she slides to the outside and shakes her head - no way is she gonna get caught in that position. She circles the ring slowly, Rick following her with a sick grin.

DDK:

Oh, this doesn't look good at all...Rick Dickulous has the upper hand right now and he knows it.

Lance:

Troy needs to get herself back in there, Brian Slater's starting the count.

ONE

TWO

As she approaches the ropes, Rick lunges forward and reaches over to no avail; Troy's still too far out of his reach. She moves quickly to the right, as Rick quickly follows, again reaching over the ropes and narrowly missing.

THREE

FOUR

This time, Troy dodges to her left, and again The Lumbergiant follows. He lunges forwards, the top rope pressed hard into his waist and as his arms come down his meaty hands finally get ahold of Troy.....'s hair? With an audible masculine grunt, and a plethora of curse words, the High Queen DEFIANT is lifted up onto the ring apron from the floor.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy is...expressing her dissatisfaction.

DDK:

With all apologies to Craig Hamburger's parents there, ladies and gentlemen...but Rick Dickulous is finally getting ahold of The Queen.

As Rick bends down, preparing to lift Troy into a precarious position, she suddenly slams an open hand fingertips-first into Rick's throat which causes him to release his grip in shock, reaching for his throat. The Queen, not letting an opportunity go to waste, quickly wraps her arms around Rick's head and jumps off the apron causing his throat to take a second sharp blow. His eyes seem to bug out of his head as he ricochets backwards, falling flat on his back with a crash.

DDK:

And LT with a Stun Gun! The Lumbergiant is down!

Troy rubs her scalp briefly, then jumps right back onto the apron. She grabs ahold of the top rope and catapults herself up and over, crashing down onto Rick's chest with a furious double stomp! She quickly grabs for a leg to make the pin, and Brian Slater makes the count.

ONE!

TW-BIG KICKOUT BY RICK DICKULOUS!

They each roll separate ways and regain their footing, slowly circling one another waiting for a tell, a move, a

twitch...until the Queen shoots a forearm directly across Rick's chin. Rick responds with a left cross that lands a glancing blow to the side of her head. Troy responds with a hard right body blow that lands just under Rick's ribs. The Lumbergiant winces and launches another meaty cannonball towards Lindsay Troy's head.

Aim small, miss small, as again the Queen avoids Rick's heavy handed attack and immediately launches a kick towards her preferred target: Rick's already worked over knee...but this time it doesn't land where she intended; Rick's massive hand wraps around the Queen's ankle mid-flight and with a forceful tug he pulls her towards him and meets her chest with his giant meaty arm slamming her down to the mat hard enough for both of them to bounce off the canvas - Rick to his feet, Troy onto her side, arching her back in pain as she holds the back of her head.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy just took the worst of that exchange, this could spell trouble, Darren!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous is a four-hundred twenty-five pound....beast...and he just clotheslined Lindsay Troy into next week.

Dickulous wastes no time in cockily addressing the crowd before reaching down and lifting Lindsay Troy to her feet, taking hold of her hand and flinging her into the ropes. As she rebounds back across the ring she's met with a knee to the midsection that lifts her off the mat and up into the waiting grasp of The Lumbergiant, who proceeds to drop her hard onto her back with a swinging side slam as Brian Slater drops to the mat ready to count. Rick waves him off shaking his head no, standing back up quickly and shaking his finger back and forth as he points to the downed Queen and begins jawing at Brian Slater inaudible over the ringside mics.

Lance:

I'd love to be a fly on the wall for that conversation. Wonder what the big man is trying to impress upon Brian?

DDK:

It looks from here like he's telling Slater he'll tell HIM when he needs a count - I don't think he's done working over Lindsay Troy, Lance.

Back on his feet again, the giant Canadian hauls Lindsay Troy to her feet and forces her back into a corner before violently slamming his shoulder into her midsection a few times which leaves The Queen gasping for air. He leaves her reeling in the corner as he again taunts the crowd which unleashes a chorus of boos for his effort, then with a growl he launches himself towards Troy, landing a heavy splash that rocks her...like a hurricane. As she falls to the mat in a heap breathing heavily, Rick raises his arms in victory with a cocky grin painted all over his face, parading around the ring like some sort of champion.

As she slowly gets her feet under her and shakes out the cobwebs, she steels herself and emerges from the corner with a scowl aimed at her overly large (and clearly overly confident) opponent, hands raised and at the ready. Noticing movement like a predator on the hunt, Rick's focus quickly shifts from the crowd to the Queen as the Faithful begin to cheer Lindsay Troy on, erupting as she connects with a stiff European uppercut with little effect; Dickulous responds with an overhand chop; Troy throws a well placed front kick into the big man's sternum; Rick responds with a sharp headbutt that staggers Troy enough for him to send her into the ropes with an Irish whip into a massive powerslam - and suddenly the cheers turn into gasps as Rick hooks her leg waiting for a count...as he looks up at Brian Slater in frustration. Slater shrugs before dropping to make the count the ringside mics catch an exchange:

Rick Dickulous:

For fuck's sakes, let's go!

Brian Slater:

Focus on your job, Rick, not mine...

ONE

TW-NOOO KICKOUT!

Lance:

The Queen kicking out at two, now she needs to find a little offense.

DDK:

You're tellin' me, partner! Lindsay Troy is in a bad spot right now with The Lumbergiant in control of this matchup. But Brian Slater is clearly not taking any guff out there.

Lance:

He never does, Keebs. Surefire way to make sure the official doesn't like you is to criticize their work, and Rick Dickulous just found out why.

In a huff, Rick stands back up and begins arguing with Brian Slater, clapping his hands together mimicking a count while Lindsay Troy writhes in pain on the mat. After a few moments, Slater regains control by threatening to call for the bell - not wanting to lose his opportunity, Rick gives up the argument, turning his attention back to Troy as again she gets her feet underneath her and raises her hands with an unimpressed smirk. Rick closes the distance between them in a single large step and shoots for a lockup that quickly sees his arm wrenched behind his back, Troy deftly countering with a quick reverse armbar - if only to buy her a few moments of respite as she manages to use Rick's momentum to send him barreling into a corner.

He manages to stop himself from crashing into the turnbuckles by catching the ropes and quickly turning around only to notice the faint glimpse of his opponent's closed fist connecting with his right eye. With a roar he clutches his eye while Brian Slater intervenes, chiding Lindsay for using a closed fist as she shrugs and says, "Sorry, not sorry."

DDK:

Rick might not like Lindsay using his catchphrase against him like that, but her tactic was effective.

With another guttural roar the big man reaches clear over Brian Slater with one hand, gently moving him aside with the other, as he grasps onto one of Lindsay Troy's arms and pulls her into the corner with him and introduces her face to the top turnbuckle, followed by a hard Irish whip across to the opposite corner. Try as she might, Lindsay Troy can't catch herself as she slams chest first into the corner and ricochets back towards the center of the ring directly into a chokeslam from The Lumbergiant!

Lance:

Rick Dickulous with a huge chokeslam, Keebs...I don't think the Queen can take much more of this!

DDK:

The Kabal may end up putting another L on Lindsay Troy's record tonight, unless she can dig deep into her bag of tricks and pull out a miracle.

Rick reaches down and grabs a handful of royal fauxhawked hair again, hauling Lindsay Troy to her feet as he backs her into the corner and again sends her hurtling across the ring. Her back slams into the opposite turnbuckles as the massive Canadian draws his thumb across his throat and points across the ring before charging at her and launching himself into a splash....attempt. Realizing the danger, Troy manages to roll out of the way as Rick Dickulous sails past her and lands awkwardly in the corner.

DONNGGGG!**DDK:**

The Lumbergiant just slammed his head into the ringpost!

Lance:

Quick thinking by Lindsay Troy, now she needs to capitalize!

And capitalize she does - like a shark smelling blood in the water. She bounds into the corner, mounting the second rope and begins feeding punches into Rick's face as the crowd counts...to eleven...before Brian Slater pulls her down

to the dismay of the Faithful.

With Dickulous reeling, Lindsay Troy goes to work with stiff forearms and kicks, the crowd cheering as each one lands. A final knee to the gut doubles the big man over as Troy runs his face across the ropes before Irish whipping him across the ring. She bounds off the ropes for extra momentum as she levels Rick with a high cross body, bouncing back to her feet from the rebound off of the canvas. She runs again towards the ropes, bouncing off and delivering a double foot stomp in the middle of The Lumbergiant's chest for the second time tonight, continuing across the ring and rebounding off those as well before slamming a big elbow drop on the downed Canuck.

*LET'S GO LIND-SAY! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAP CLAP CLAP**

*LET'S GO LIND-SAY! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAP CLAP CLAP**

*LET'S GO LIND-SAY! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAP CLAP CLAP**

Troy unceremoniously drags Rick to his feet, landing a chop that echoes through the arena, followed by another, and another, backing him all the way up to the ropes as the crowd erupts! With her own roar, Troy lands another Muay Thai kick through Rick's feeble attempt at a defense, followed by another stiff forearm before he manages to get his wits about him and wraps his arms around her, pulling her into a tight bear hug and lifting her off the mat while she screams in pain.

Rick **heaves** Troy over the ropes and watches as she crashes to the mats with a **THUD!** He hops to the outside after her and plants another big boot right into her midsection!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Rick's been working over that area all night long, Lance. He's got to have at least bruised, if not have broken, a couple of the Queen's ribs by now.

Lance:

Lindsay's in a bad way if she can't find a way to stem the tide.

Brian Slater begins his ten count as Rick tries for another boot. Troy rolls out of the way before the blow can land, though. She pops up to her feet, clearly in pain from all the punishment she's taken, but manages to ignore the pain and throws a knee that catches Rick in the breadbasket. Slater is up to four as she throws another knee, then follows that up with a blistering forearm shot to the jaw, but Rick just shakes it off and catches her with yet another big headbutt! The Queen is reeling and Rick grabs her by the back of the neck and flings her into the ring steps, grinning as the back of her head connects flush with the steel and the stairs become dislodged.

DDK:

Sweet Mother Machree!

Lance:

Oh she's gotta be out from that shot, Darren. We might need some help down here...

The Lumbergiant climbs back into the ring as Slater hits seven and has to restart the count.

DDK:

Rick walking to the opposite corner to wait it out, it looks like.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy is trying to get her bearings with some help from the Faithful at ringside.

Troy is up on all fours and the fans closest to her are pounding on the barricade and yelling words of encouragement. Brian Slater's up to five and, while his back is turned to Rick, the big Canadian takes the opportunity to unfasten the top turnbuckle in his corner.

DDK:

Oh come on, hasn't he done enough?!

Lance:

Ugh, it doesn't look like it, Darren. Come on Brian, turn around and keep an eye on Rick too!

Lindsay's vertical as Slater hits the eight count. She shakes her head as he hits nine, and makes a dive for the apron right before he can yell out ten!

DDK:

She made it!

Lance:

But at what cost? Neither she nor Brian Slater have any idea about that exposed turnbuckle in Rick's corner and his massive body is blocking the evidence!

Without a moment's hesitation, Rick barrels out of the corner, not wanting to give the Queen any breathing room. He yanks her off the canvas, snarling, but Troy gives him a wide-eyed grin...and knees him right in the dick.

DDK:

Whoa, two points!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy might've been hurt on the outside, and she also might've suckered Rick in!

DDK:

I have no doubt that both things can be true in this case!

Knowing that she doesn't have much time to waste, Troy grabs Rick and whips him as hard as she can into his own trap. The big man hits the exposed turnbuckle and knocks himself loopy, and the Lady of the Hour plants him to the canvas with a reverse STO straight into the Divine Right!

DDK:

Koji Clutch! Lindsay Troy's got it locked in!

Lance:

I think Rick is out, Darren.

Brian Slater drops down to ask the Lumbergiant if he gives, and when there's no verbal response he checks his arm. When it falls limply by his side, Slater calls for the bell and the WrestlePlex erupts into cheers!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match, as a result of a knockout...LINDSAY TROY!

DDK:

We knew this match wasn't going to be pretty by any means, but at the end of the day the Queen of the Ring manages to pull out the win and keep her streak going.

Lance:

Not only that, Darren, but she just felled the second-tallest, and the *strongest*, man in DEFIANCE. If that doesn't send a message to the Kabal and to Cayle Murray heading into DEFIANCE ROAD and the WARCHAMBER, I don't know what does.

LAST SHOT

Brian Slater lifts Troy's hand up in victory and she acknowledges the crowd with a nod and a cocky half-grin. Even though she's hurting from that slugfest, she remains the epitome of confidence.

Slater kneels down to check on Rick again as Troy leaves the ring. She slaps hands with a few fans as she makes her way toward the ramp and the backstage area. No sooner is she halfway up the incline when movement out of the corner of her eye catches her attention, and as she looks to her left she's unable to get her arms up in time to block the flying knee strike that's headed straight for her.

DDK:

Oh what the hell?!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Cayle Murray! From the crowd and out of nowhere!

Lindsay Troy goes sprawling to the ground as the Starbreaker pounces on her and hammers away with vicious right hands! The camera manages to catch a glint of something and reveals that Murray's punches are aided by a pair of brass knuckles!

DDK:

What a disgusting, rotten, no-good, cowardly thing to do. Lindsay Troy just went through a war and now she's being mauled even more!

Lance:

And...oh my, Darren, this does not look good.

Cayle hauls Lindsay Troy to her feet....a very bloody, very out of it Lindsay Troy...looks around quickly, then hoists her into the air just as Brian Slater is climbing out of the ring to try and put a stop to things.

DDK:

What's he going to--

CRASH~!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Chainbreaker on the ramp!

Lindsay Troy crumples into a heap as Cayle Murray looks down at his handiwork with a sick grin on his face. The symphony of boos he orchestrated immediately turns to cheers as someone comes running out from the back.

DDK:

DAN RYAN!

Lance:

Ohhhh if I were Cayle I'd get the hell out of Dodge!

Cayle's eyes bug out of his head and he does exactly that, leaping off the ramp before Dan can get within murdering distance of him. He books it through the production area and out of the arena proper. Ryan considers pursuing the younger Murray but thinks better of it, instead he kneels down next to his sister-in-law who is already being attended to by Brian Slater.

DDK:

Folks, we need to take another commercial break while Lindsay Troy is being attended to.

Lance:

Whether we like it or not, Cayle Murray just left his mark on the Queen of the Ring and things are going to come to a head when they're locked inside the WARCHAMBER in just a couple week's time.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



SO QUICKLY, SO SAD

The vast ocean at night. Clouds are sparse yet still striking in the moonlight. That aforementioned moon sits half obscured on the horizon, peering with some interest at a clipper ship gliding into the shot. The boat's mast is tall, it's hull sleek, it's sail's taut and full of wind. Somewhere, in the distance, perhaps on the deck of the clipper, a single violin wails.

V/O:

A lovely song, no?

It isn't. It's mournful and foreboding. The boat glides slowly across the screen. It is then that it hits home that - of course - everything we see is false; crudely constructed and weakly "animated" two dimensional constructs. Swaying, heaving, and shifting all in time, their layers of colorful and textured construction paper move against each other almost beautifully. The nimble clipper is unrocked, gliding with purpose against the stratified "waves". The violin rises and falls with them.

V/O:

Oh, how it speaks to me. Of longing. Of hope. Of promises made in the whispers of the dark. Promises doomed to go woefully unfulfilled.

The clipper skates to a halt against the moon on the horizon. The anguished and forlorn violin sings it's sorrow with a renewed pain. It carries across the water with a soft echo that hangs a moment too long.

V/O:

When that fine vessel first shoved off and raised its sail with pride, no doubt there was ambition and aspiration filling those sails... pushing it forward. There was a course plotted. A resolute determination in it's crew. An assurance that their destination would be reached, on schedule... Ah, the storms they'd weathered along the way, with no right to. The mutinies they'd have to have stifled. They'd been through so much and came out stronger, each and every time.

As if on cue, we see a flickering of red blink on the deck of the ship. That blink becomes a bright flash. That flash, a mix of reds, oranges, and yellows, dancing to the sad song of the single violin.

The clipper is on fire.

V/O:

Oh, but how quickly pride, ambition, aspiration and determination... can turn to ash.

A small rowboat "rows" into the foreshot. We can't see the man rowing - he is just a deep silhouette against the moon - but we make out the bowler cap atop his head. His head turns to regard the clipper in the distance, quickly becoming an inferno. The fire, it should be pointed out, is all too real.

V/O:

Never to meet its destination. Never to drop anchor. Never to set boots to solid ground again. Oh, how quickly a lovely song can turn so sad...

The violin sustains one last, melancholy note before the ship starts to sink and be eaten whole by the sea.

V/O:

So, so quickly. So, so sad.

The figure tips his hat towards the horizon before resuming his trip across and out of our shot. Before we know it... so quickly... so sad... the clipper is gone. The "waves" carry on as if it never existed.

V/O:

The worst part of all... is that they were warned...

Finally, as the camera cranes slowly towards the gloom of the sky above the moon, words appear on our screen.
Centered, white against black:

CORVO ALPHA is COMING for DEFtv

OSCAR BURNS vs. REZIN

DDK:

What a match we have tonight in our go-home show before DEFIANCE Road! Rezin, former three-time Favoured Saints Champion, won the Breakout DEFIANT of 2021 as well as Segment of the Year alongside Henry Keyes! It'll be him against one of the co-winners of the DEFIANT of the Year 2021, Oscar Burns!

Lance:

Oscar Burns has Conor Fuse coming his way at DEFIANCE Road, but Rezin is slippery and cunning in that ring. Burns can't afford to look past him.

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

Through the cloud of smoke, REZIN tears through the entry-way, and immediately gets lambasted with a crowd pop so hard it knocks him off his feet! The Goat Bastard rolls onto his knees as he stares out into the cheering Faithful with an agape look of delirium and disbelief. After the shock wears off, he gets back to his feet and makes his way down the ramp, nodding approvingly and grinning ear-to-ear like a maniac as he acknowledges the support of the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the BREAKOUT DEFIANT of TWENTY-TWENTY-ONE!! THE ESCAPE ARTIST... RRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIINN!!

Once Rezin reaches the ring and has the full support of the people, the music fades and makes way for his opponent...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... by his words, he is the ONLY three-time DEFy Award Winner in 2021! He is to be referred to from here on out as "DEFIANCE Itself..." **OSCAR BURNS!**

The Faithful wait for a moment... then... Rapid-fire footage on the DEFIATron. Burns winning his first FIST of DEFIANCE from Cayle Murray. Winning the WrestleUTA World Championship from Crimson Lord. Winning his second FIST of DEFIANCE from Kendrix.

♪ "Invincible" by Escape The Fate feat. Lindsey Stirling ♪

Gone is the "Hi. I Like Graps" of old or even the more recent "We all like graps!" Now one shirt with a simple message: "DEFIANCE." All black attire. Trunks. Kneepads. Boots. All devoid of color, along with a black towel draped over his head with a noted logo as the camera catches it from behind... "I AM DEFIANCE." And he also carries not one, but THREE DEFy awards with him, looking proud of himself as he heads to the ring.

DDK:

Folks, one correction. Burns DID win two DEFys for Ongoing Story of the Year and was a co-winner of the DEFy DEFIANT of the Year... but since Gage wasn't present, Oscar Burns helped himself to the DEFy that was meant for Gage.

Burns hands off the DEFys to a stagehand at ringside and then his towel before entering the ring. He climbs inside and then gets ready. When he sees Rezin standing across from him, the Kiwi shows no emotion as the bell rings.

DING DING

DDK:

This should be a good one!

Oscar approaches Rezin and offers a hand to his opponent. The crowd tells Rezin not to take it, but the former two-time FIST insists. Rezin looks like he's going to take it against their wishes... then backs off.

Rezin:

NO! YOU AIN'T HENRY KEYESSSSSS!

The man calling himself DEFIANCE looks annoyed at the lack of respect shown and then goes for a lockup with Rezin instead! He goes behind quickly and then nails the shorter opponent with a stiff elbow to the back followed by pushing him away.

Oscar Burns:

When DEFIANCE wants you to shake its hand, you SHAKE it's hand!

An angered Rezin goes in for a single leg in retaliation and then ALMOST gets Burns off his feet, but he spins around quickly and takes Rezin down to his stomach before applying a knee to the back and cranking back with the facelock! He pulls back.

Oscar Burns:

Escape THIS, Escape Artist!

DDK:

Burns really not endearing himself to the Faithful. Rezin hasn't exactly been himself since he lost the Favoured Saints Title for the third time, but sleeping him? That's a mistake!

Lance:

Agreed! Burns now... he's pulling on the nose and raking it! Carla Ferrari warning him!

The newly-reinstated referee warns Burns, but he insists he knows the rules and doesn't want to hear it. He stands over Rezin, but when he leans to grab him, The Escape Artist works his magic and crawls backwards behind Burns before rolling him up!

ONE.

TWO.

Burns breaks free quickly and both men get to their feet, but Rezin is just a hair quicker and nails Burns with a jumping enzuigiri! The blow rocks Burns, allowing Rezin to rush at him with a double leg before rolling right into a jackknife pin!

ONE.

TWO.

DEFIANCE itself breaks free and scurries angrily to the ropes while Rezin wakes up from the crowd reaction!

DDK:

Rezin ALMOST caught Burns twice! Those flash pins have recently been his achilles heel. Gage caught him most recently.

Lance:

Indeed. Burns and Gage both wrestled practically a perfect match against one another but after twenty-five minutes it was Gage that caught him.

Seeing that moment flash in his head, Burns starts to try and lock up with Rezin again, but he slaps on a headlock first and is looking more like Rezin pre-identity crisis. Burns backs up and then launches him to the rope. The Goat Bastard runs the ropes and comes back, once again sliding between Burns' legs, then pops up on his feet... ANOTHER headlock! The former two-time FIST backs up and RUNS his taped forearm across the face of Rezin, grinding it until he looses up, then tries a back suplex... but Rezin backflips behind him and then ANOTHER headlock!

DDK:

Rezin really frustrating Burns now! Beneath all that... whatever you want to say Rezin has... is an incredibly capable wrestler when he wants to be.

Lance:

And Oscar Burns may have Conor Fuse on his mind as well!

Rezin starts to try and take Burns over, but he gets up and then pushes Rezin back to the ropes. When he comes back, Burns throws him up in the air and CRACKS him with pop-up uppercut on the way down!

Lance:

OOOH! What a shot by Burns! He's done playing around!

He goes from behind and then rolls a groggy Rezin up and then measures him up... then throws him overhead with a big exploder suplex! Rezin bounces off the mat and cries out as Burns rolls over and goes for the cover quickly!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Great combo by Burns there, but Rezin kicks out! And that's sticking in Burns' craw!

The New Zealander picks up Rezin again and then ROCKS him with an extra-stiff European uppercut sending him to the corner, then follows it up with a volley of heavy-handed elbow strikes to the face. Rezin yelps with each shot, then Burns grounds him with a pair of Akiyama-style knee lifts to the chest, then one to the side before locking in a modified hammerlock/facelock combo on the mat! The Faithful jeer him, but he doesn't care and is wrestling his style of match.

Lance:

Oscar taking the fight to Rezin in a big way now! He stunned him those elbows and we've seen knee strikes take more center stage in his striking as well.

DDK:

But Rezin not giving up! He scoots over!

The crowd cheers when the former Kabal member tries to scoot to the ropes... and eventually makes it by getting his foot on the bottom! Carla Ferrari orders him to let go of the hold and Burns does... after an additional few seconds to avoid disqualification. He grabs Rezin again...

DDK:

No! Rezin with the back elbow smash to free himself!

Rezin snarls and then starts to run... but Burns grabs him by the tights and right into his signature Belly to Back lift into a HUGE backbreaker!

Lance:

He used to call this the Back-Crack-a-Ma-Jig, but no longer! Still dangerous anyway! Cover!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Rezin kicks out and the normally stoic Burns starts to show signs of starting to crack. He runs a hand through his hair and then tries to pick him up again. He whips Rezin to the corner... but doesn't expect when Rezin backflips up the corner and leaps off behind Burns! Burns follows him to the ropes, but he misses a swing... then Rezin comes back with the Cloven Hoof Kick!

DDK:

Cloven Hoof Kick! Both men down after that bit of fancy footwork from Rezin!

Lance:

This win would be everything for Rezin's career! What a start to his 2022 if he pulls this off!

Still laid out from the kick, Oscar is off in la-la-land while Rezin is trying his best to fight back. He starts to kip up, ALMOST slips, then does it again and gets to his feet before yelling aloud! He waits and when he gets up, he CRACKS Burns under the jaw with another hook kick, that knocks him through the ropes. He's out on the floor when Rezin starts to feed from the Faithful's support! He leaps over the ropes and then wipes out Burns with a massive plancha!

DDK:

Great series of moves by Rezin! He picks up Burns and gets him back into the ring!

Lance:

Rezin is on the apron... he's shaking those ropes like he's gone out of his mind... like always... springboard dropkick to Burns!

The blow rocks Burns and then Rezin scrambles for the cover like his life depends on it!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The eyes of Hell's Favorite Hoosier go wide, but he feels for sure he's on the cusp of something big with Burns now on the back foot!

DDK:

Rezin has to stay on him! He's going for something big now!

When Burns is up, he tries to whip Oscar to the ropes, but he reverses it and sends him to the corner. Burns goes low for a back body drop, but Rezin stops himself and then drives Oscar into the mat with a tornado DDT into a faceplant on the mat! Seeing his chance to get the win, Rezin goes to the ring apron and the crowd is eating this up!

Lance:

Burns gets caught again! And now Rezin going up top!

DDK:

I'd ask what he's even going for, but I don't even think he knows!

Hell's Favorite Hoosier poses on the top rope, but he takes a little too long when Burns pops up and SLUGS him with a stiff elbow as he rises up, catching him in the jaw! The man called DEFIANCE grabs him by the rope...

EXPLODER SUPER-PLEX!

DDK:

BURNS WITH ANOTHER EXPLODER, THIS TIME OFF THE TOP! DID YOU SEE REZIN BOUNCE!

Rezin lands harshly on the mat and goes bouncing several more inches while Oscar takes a few seconds to hit the canvas! The crowd can't believe it and it takes Burns a few seconds to get up before he crawls over...

Lance:

Burns trying to get to Rezin! Drags him away from the ropes! Smart!

He does that and then hooks the neck and the far leg!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-KICKOUT!

The Faithful can't believe that Rezin kicked out of the move and Burns doesn't look too thrilled, either!

DDK:

Rezin has taken abuse from Burns and kicks out again! This is a tremendous opportunity to get out of this in-ring funk he's been in!

Lance:

Now what is Burns going for?

Burns grabs Rezin by his arm and then nails another knee to the chest. When he hoists him up, he tries for another Exploder... this time, Rezin manages to roll through, but Burns escapes the cover... but when he hoists Rezin up for a powerbomb, Rezin rolls through! The larger Oscar tries to block and then throws The Escape Artist over his shoulders... but Rezin rolls through THAT and SPIKES Burns!

DDK:

INVERTED CROSS DRIVER! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!

Lance:

THAT'S IT! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

Rezin holds on for dear life!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-KICKOUT!

Burns BARELY literally kicks out at the count of 2.9999 and rolls over, slumping onto his back! Rezin

DDK:

HOW?! WE ALMOST HAD THE UPSET HERE!

The crowd applauds both men, but it's Rezin who is up first, still reeling from the earlier exploder superplex. He limps up first and then grabs Burns, still groggy. He slowly grabs the neck of Burns, then starts to go for Into the Void... but Oscar quickly out of possible panic, shoves him away. Rezin stops himself with a foot in the corner, but when he turns around, the first thing to greet him is a STIFF Headbutt from Burns! Rezin goes limp and crumbles to a knee in front of a groggy Burns, who does the same!

DDK:

Hard Out Headbutt by Oscar! He NAILED Rezin with that move...

Lance:

Both men look like they're out... but Burns is up first!

He leans back and throws extra oomph into a running knee strike to Rezin! Rezin skitters across the canvas, then Oscar grabs the head and neck before converting into a combo of a hammerlock behind him and a guillotine choke! Rezin howls out and has his free hand waving frantically!

DDK:

Running knee strike! Now the modified guillotine choke! He's got this locked in tightly, mid-ring!

Lance:

Does Rezin have anything left?

Oscar TIGHTENS the hold as the hand keeps on moving...

But then it doesn't... and Carla Ferrari calls it!

DING DING DING

Oscar falls back and finally lets go of the hold as Carla goes to check on a KO'ed Rezin.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match by way of referee stoppage... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Rezin gave Burns WAY more of a fight coming in than I think he might have thought. In addition to all the extracurricular activity we have seen Rezin part of... his in-ring game shows why the fans just chose him as the Breakout DEFIANT!

Lance:

Absolutely. Burns might have gotten a little desperate at the end to shut Rezin down, but he did it with that new submission!

Oscar Burns sits up and crawls over to where Rezin lays... then lifts the hand of Rezin and shakes his unconscious hand like a dick before he stands up and revels in the hard fought win. But the crowd's support is going to Rezin, which Burns can't believe. He shakes his head in disgust when he hears the applause for his opponent and then leaves the ring, picking up his DEFys on the way out.

YOUR STOCK

The shot lingers on REZIN, still lying splayed out in the center of the ring, seemingly unconscious. The ring official nudges him with his shoe to no effect, before shrugging and leaving the ring altogether.

Lance:

Rezin may have gotten some attention at the DEFys, but clearly, he continues to struggle in the ring since The Kabal cast him out.

???:

Bravo...bravo!

DDK:

Speak of the devil.

Scrow appears with Minerva Hive, who looks all so yummy like Selene from Underworld, while Scrow has taken a more conservative attire of a business suit, with a pair of sunglasses. Hive holds the Southern Heritage Championship all folded up and displayed in front of her stomach.

Scrow: *[looking out to the Faithful]*

You like the look?

The Faithful jeer relentlessly. Rezin remains still on the canvas.

Scrow:

Oh just lie there for a moment Rez. Let Scrow whisk you away with a little bedtime story. Scrow notices you have been setting the house on fire since your exile from The Kabal. Sure you won some little trinkets on the DEFys but seriously who needs awards. The only award Scrow needs is this right here.

He points to the championship. Still lying flat on his back, the Goat Bastard doesn't seem to notice.

Scrow:

It's really a shame Rez, you could have embraced this lifestyle instead of shun it like the little anti-hero you try to play. Ever since you lost the only people that gave a shit about you in The Kabal you continue to fall like a jet heading for a crash landing.

Rezin sits up halfway through Scrow's remarks. With his back to the entrance, he doesn't see his former comrade in the Kabal right away, but looks vacantly around the DEFarena with a look of confusion, trying to place the disembodied voice. The Faithful jeer en masse, but Scrow just smirks at the fans.

Scrow:

Oh you people, Scrow knows all you women out there wish you could get a taste of your Southern Heritage Champion, the man by the way that put your hometown guy Matt LaCroix on the shelf and possibly for the rest of his career!

The crowd jeers even louder at the mere mention of the New Orleans native. Rezin finally looks back over his shoulder, and finally sees who's speaking. He scoots himself around to face Scrow, now sitting Indian style in the center of the ring while he skeptically watches and listens to the Southern Heritage Champion on the stage.

Scrow:

I guess the bedtime story is over. Now that you have returned from slumberland let's get back to you Rezin. Scrow is looking for another payday and it just so happens we got a Pay Per View coming up...DEFIANCE Road. Although you have not earned your title shot. Wait...wait let's wind the clocks back a bit here. He knows that his adoring public on television does not want him to leave their television so quickly. After all the ratings have got to be soaring right now after this lackluster night. Seriously who is left on this show...oh those goons from the Better Future taking on the juiced-up man Titaness and your good buddy Henry Keyes.

Scrow yawns. Rezin ponders deep while he scratches his beard, like a man who literally has no idea what is happening right now.

Scrow:

Another sleeper, so all you fans out there after Scrow is done here. You can go beat the traffic, Scrow's presence is pretty much going to be the only highlight of your night. He wouldn't want you to suffer anymore.

FUCK YOU SCROW CLAP CLAP

FUCK YOU SCROW CLAP CLAP

FUCK YOU SCROW CLAP CLAP

Scrow:

What a bright crowd, perhaps Scrow can talk to Ned Reform and maybe he can give you guys some literature, say a new vocabulary book?

FUCK YOU SCROW CLAP CLAP FUCK REFORM CLAP CLAP

FUCK YOU SCROW CLAP CLAP FUCK REFORM CLAP CLAP

Scrow:

Scrow loves you all too, now back to you Rezin. Scrow over the past few months has dipped into the stock market. There is a term for someone like you. You, my friend, are a "dip"! Now, now he knows the gull of this guy calling me a dip. You misunderstand him. Right now your stock is dipping. So you always buy the dip. Especially if you believe in that stock.

Scrow looks out into the Faithful.

Scrow:

You people may want to tune out here, after all none of you have the intellect to comprehend what Scrow is talking about right now.

Even more jeering from the fan base. For his part, the Escape Artist quite noticeably rolls his eyes at this comment.

Scrow:

So Scrow is going to buy your stock Rezin, and when you eventually go to the moon. Scrow will cash out and make millions from you. How is that for an analogy? So here is the deal. At DEFIANCE Road you vs Scrow.

Rezin's eyebrow pops, but he in no way reacts otherwise. On the contrary, the Faithful cheer. Scrow looks out toward them with a smug look.

Scrow:

Scrow got your attention there huh? Well, don't get too excited.

Scrow looks back at Rezin, who is still sitting on the canvas while he looks back to the Raven's Eye, eyes glazed with boredom while he props his chin on his fist.

Scrow:

Since you have not earned a number one contender's spot. Let's be honest here this is not some company that randomly hands out championship matches to people who always lose. This match will be over in fifteen minutes. Let's be honest here if you cannot beat a guy like Oscar Burns...Hell Scrow beat Burnsie. You have no chance of beating Scrow in less than fifteen minutes.

Rezin's fist opens up as he buries his face into his hand.

Scrow:

See...see you know don't you?

The Raven's eye smirks at Rezin before continuing his monolog like a typical movie villain.

Scrow:

This will not be for the championship. Now if you by some miracle can make it past the fifteen minute mark the match changes to a championship match....BUT when you lose in less than fifteen minutes you Rezin become a slave to The Kabal! That means if Teresa wants to hit the town YOU have to be the one that carries all her bags, a nightmare for every man that has had to go through that mundane activity with their girlfriend. If Big Dick Rick needs you to shuttle his latest MILF to his home residence then you will carry out the deed. These are just a few suggestions of what your new career will be in DEFIANCE. So Rezin, do we have a deal?

A long, tense moment passes as Rezin continues to stare back at the Southern Heritage Champion on the stage. Finally, he lets in a deep breath to set up a labored sigh, before rolling back onto his shoulders... and suddenly kipping up!

DDK:

Whoa

The crowd pops lightly at the quick return to his feet, and Rezin calmly goes to the ropes to be handed a microphone. Then he walks back to the center of the ring and paces in place for a moment before raising the mic to respond.

Rezin:

Scrow, ol' buddy, ol' pal... I'm not gonna lie, it's kinda sad to see you having gone all Wall Street and shit. Here I was this whole time thinking our mutual goal within the Kabal was tearing down this wretched system of hierarchy and cronyism that had been plaguing this company for years.

He tsk-tsks and shrugs, motioning to Scrow with his hand.

Rezin:

But as I stand here now looking at you, looking like a fucking corporate clown in a monkey suit, {Scrow quickly does not like that comment} it's clear to me that tearing down that system was never your intent, so much as you wanted to replace it. Well congrats to you, Scrow... Mr. Southern Heritage Champion, sir.

He mockingly salutes, the smirk now being worn on his face.

Rezin:

You finally achieved your dream of selling out and becoming one of the Elite. Now you're the bourgeoisie! You're the Man! You're the parasite on the DEFIANCE body politic! You - AND the Kabal - are now the very antithesis to all that is PUNK ROCK in professional wrestling!

The Goat Bastard's smirk widens to a full-on grin. The Faithful find an opportunity to pick up on a chant.

"YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!" CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

"YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!" CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

"YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!" CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Scrow inaudibly tells The Faithful a "Fuck you"

Rezin:

I guess it's no small wonder why you had me kicked out of the gang, Scrow. I probably would have done the same in your position. Too much of an investment at stake... too many losses to cover, after blowing MILLIONS the complete failure of trying to break into the t-shirt business!

Rezin chuckles, along with many in the audience.

Rezin:

Clearly, though, I'm not tearing shit up in the ring to push the brand apparel, nor am I the kinda scrub who's in this to climb the corporate ladders or score the record profits or build up stacks and stacks of dollar bills or any of that shit.

He snickers and slowly shakes his head.

Rezin:

Nah, I think we all know well by now that I'm the kinda PUNK that's just in this to *BURN 'EM ALL THE FUCK DOWN!!*

The Faithful pop loud! The Escape Artist's tongue sticks out from the corner of his mouth as he digs into his pocket and procures his favored nickel-plated Zippo lighter, once a mainstay prop in his early DEFIANCE days. He holds it up for Scrow to see.

Rezin:

So you wanna PLAY WITH FIRE, little boy?!

He lights up the zippo, and the crowd cheers! Rezin holds the flame up in Scrow's direction.

Rezin:

Ya see, Scrow, I'm not too different from this FIRE! I myself am a natural destabilizer and destroyer! Which is exactly why Stalker first brought me into the Kabal in the first place, long before you ever came into the fold! The Boss saw the FIRE burning within me, and thought he could use it to his own gain!

He pulls the lighter in close and grins maniacally as his eyes get lost in the heart of the flame.

Rezin:

Thing is, Scrow... using something as dangerous and unpredictable as FIRE is only as good as one's ability to control it!

He snaps the lighter shut, demonstrating his own control, and then he daringly points up the ramp to the Southern Heritage Champion standing idly on the stage.

Rezin:

But for vain, wannabe little rich bitches like you, Scrow, the delusion of having "control" is just a big, fake lie you force yourself into believing so you can forget how weak and insecure you are deep down! "Control" is something you want until you finally have it, and then come to realize you have no idea what to do with it!

He brazenly thrusts a sticky black thumb into his chest.

Rezin:

Stalker couldn't control THIS FIRE... and despite your best efforts, neither could you! Because despite what you told me the other week up in your swanky new penthouse, it's YOU who has no idea on how CHAOS works! CHAOS doesn't abide by any "control" - like me, it always BURNS FREE!!

The thumb becomes a fist, pounding the chest with a building rage and fury that continues to get the crowd amped up as Rezin's voice and body language becomes louder and more animated.

Rezin:

And the fact is, Scrow, that despite whatever recent events that have led to my stock to "dip", or whatever money-grubbing, Wall Street bullshit that means, and despite all those "entertaining" wins over quality opponents that have led you to the Southern Heritage Championship... THIS FIRE burnin' in me was STILL the HOTTEST thing that the Kabal ever had going for it! WAYYYYYY TOO HOT for your meager, little hands to handle!

Rezin walks up on the ropes, pacing restlessly and baring his teeth into a hungry, wolf-like grin like some wild, salivating animal waking to break free from its pen.

Rezin:

It's no secret that I was the greatest THREAT to your grand plan of taking over the Kabal, because any plan of yours was always going to be at risk of going up in smoke as long as a wild pyro like me was still hanging around! And to be fair, Scrow, you probably wouldn't have liked a Kabal with a certain crazy Goat Bastard at the helm. No offense, but you wouldn't have been able to hang...

He furiously shakes his head, practically frothing at the mouth at this point.

Rezin:

Because at the end of the day, I wouldn't be getting everyone bogged down in wearing spooky masks, or swinging around flashy kendo sticks, or brewing up super serums, or doing contrived skits with voice modulation, or any of that comic book "sports entertainment" bullshit. If that's what the Kabal was always meant to become under your control, then I guess you did me a favor in setting me free from all that goofy bullshit!

He spastically points up the ramp to Scrow.

Rezin:

And I've been known to be pretty goofy in my own right, but c'mon, man, look at the situation as it stands now: YOU'RE the one up there on the stage, in a fucking suit, flashing your shit around like a goddamn clown, trynna give me shit for taking a loss to former FIST in Oscar fuckin' Burns!

He points down to the canvas beneath his feet and stamps one down for good measure.

Rezin:

But ME?? I'm right here IN THE RING, that I JUST WRESTLED A MATCH IN, like a FUCKING PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER!! That alone should tell you all you need to know if you had the capacity to STOP BLOWING YOURSELF FOR FIVE SECONDS and SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING AROUND YOU!!

The Escape Artist reaches a point of becoming absolutely unhinged, savagely running his hands through his hair like a deranged hobo and pacing around the ring for a loop while the fans cheer him on. Finally, he recomposes himself as he addresses the SOHER champ once more.

Rezin:

Tell you what, Scrow... I'll accept your match at DEFIANCE Road! Stip it however you want - the fuck do I care!? You think I'm afraid of being made the Kabal's SLAVE?!

He scoffs, in that usual way that sends a plume of spittle into the air.

Rezin:

We've been over this! Any attempt at controlling me is just going to get you BURNED in the end! But whatever... if it gets your scrawny ass in that ring, then so be it! Bring that title, or fuck it, just leave it at home! I don't even give a damn about that belt, Scrow! Unlike YOU, I don't need to carry a material object around my waist to prove my VALUE to this sport! All I have to do is BE what I AM!

Once more, he points daringly up to Scrow...

Rezin:

The only thing I DO want out of this, Scrow... is the one chance to DECAPITATE the head of the SNAKE that brought its venom into the Kabal! Fifteen minutes, fifteen seconds... FUCK IT, it doesn't matter! I just need ONE SHOT to take you OUT, and in one fell swoop put the whole fucking pathetic Legion of Doom clusterfuck out of its misery!

He draws the same finger across his neck in a not-so-subtle gesture.

Rezin:

Scrow, ol' buddy... at DEFIANCE Road, you're going to come to find out that setting the Escape Artist LOOSE was the

worst goddamn mistake of your life! You thought you could stamp out THIS FIRE, but all you did was give me more kindling to BURN!

Rezin's music hits and he goes into the cross pose as the Faithful roar around him. The champ says a few things to Hive, who is just staring back at Rezin. Scrow says off-camera, "fifteen minutes that is all he needs."

DDK:

What a match-up just made! Rezin has to survive fifteen minutes to have a chance at The Southern Heritage Championship, or become a slave to The Kabal should he lose! If that happens? Can The Kabal actually control the freight train that is Rezin?

Lance:

Some stiff shots at Scrow there too that came from Rezin. That was a pipe bomb-like no other!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



IN URANAGE WE TRUST

THE HOUSE vs. THE DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

We have a rare three on two handicap match coming up next on the show, Lance! For weeks we have seen the Lucky Sevens try and incite their former trainers, The House, to a match at DEFIANCE Road and on 163, they got it! Let's check out the replay to see how this came about.

November 30th, BRAZEN training facility

There are stills presented of the incredibly violent assault by The Lucky Sevens with Max and Mason Luck both assaulting Derrick Huber and Adam Roebuck around a training ring.

Lance (v/o):

Tom Morrow, Ophelia Sykes and The Lucky Sevens crashed a training seminar and attacked their former trainers during one of their first days on the job.

DDK (v/o):

But that wasn't all. Let's look at DEF TV 163 and see how The House retaliated in a *major* way!

DEF TV 163

Mason and Max both stand on the stage with Ophelia and celebrate ... but then a pair of steel chair shots hit them in the back!

DDK:

LOOK!!! DERRICK HUBER! ADAM ROEBUCK!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are applauding Mason and Max Luck getting what's coming to them! Derrick and Mason go toe to toe with Mason trying to get away and Huber swinging after him while Roebuck nails Max Luck with a EXTRA stiff chair shot to the top of his head while he's on his knees!

Lance:

Ahhh!!! Max Luck gets a receipt for what he did by attacking Adam Roebuck and busting open his forehead!

DDK:

We ... we gotta move Lance!!!

Warner and Keebler get away from the announce table and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have gone wild! They attack Mason Luck and while Ophelia checks on a bloody Max Luck on the ramp! Roebuck joins Huber by the announce table and they both clear off every last thing on it. They both smile when they hear the roars of the fans. Roebuck and Huber both double up and pick Mason up by a side each ...

BUST THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestleplex has just exploded into a chorus of applause for Mason Luck eating the aided double power bomb through the announce table!

The camera is now back to present time on the announce team.

Lance:

It was made official just after that show! The Lucky Sevens get their wish! They get to take on The House in a big matchup that they have wanted and it happens at DEFIANCE Road!

DDK:

The Hosue have been touring with BRAZEN shows to get back into ring shape for that match and you'll see them in action next to get ready for DEFIANCE Road against The Dunson Clan who are in the ring right now!

The Dunson Clan of Todd, Richie and Paul Dunson are all in the ring ready for the fight.

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is a three on two handicap match! Already in the ring at this time ... THE DUNSON
CLLLLLAAAANNNNNN!!!!

And the next intro happens.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing their opponents ... at a combined weight of six-hundred thirty-three pounds, they are "Big Bucks" Adam Roebuck" and "Big Slick" Derrick Huber ... THE HOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUSSSSSSSEEEEEEE!!!!

♪ "House of the Rising Sun" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

While it may be an unfamiliar theme to some, a big contingent of long-time wrestling fans cheer when the two large men appear on the top of the ramp. The muscular old-school looking strong man: six-five and two-hundred seventy-eight pound Derrick Huber on the left and the massive surly mountain of a man, six-foot seven and three-hundred fifty-five pound Adam Roebuck on the right. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful give the veteran tag team cheers out of respect for their time in the sport. The forty-seven year-old Huber and the forty-six year-old Roebuck both step inside the ring.

DDK:

This all started when the House made a surprise challenge to the Saturday Night Specials for the Unified Tag titles! They came up short but they showed they still had it. The House wanted to go out on that match and focus on the job they were hired for as full-time BRAZEN trainers, but The Lucky Sevens couldn't leave the issue alone.

Lance:

I've seen their recent BRAZEN shows and they look good. We'll see if they still got it tonight!

Huber and Roebuck look ready as they get into the ring. Derrick Huber will start against Richie Dunson.

DING DING

"Big Slick" Derrick Huber gets cheers from a supportive crowd when he squares up with Richie. Richie tries to attack with a jumping punch and then manages to get the muscle bound man back one step. Richie hits the ropes but Huber runs right through him with a shoulder. He picks Richie up and then runs him into the corner where shoulder tackles in the corner follow. He keeps attacking the mid section and then he tags out to Adam Roebuck. Roebuck gets inside and then holds a hand out to deliver his signature Four of a Kind chops!

CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!!

DDK:

Richie Dunson tried to attack early but The House are showing what they think of that strategy!

Lance:

They sure are, huh!

Roebuck grabs Richie and then pitches him across the ring with a massive biel toss. He lands in his corner and the angry mountain of a man seems to be having fun. He points at either Paul or Todd and wants to know if any of them want some.

DDK:

Who's gonna take that bet?

The father of the Clan, Paul, tags in and the man called "The Golden Opportunist" gets inside. He nods at Todd and

then starts to circle up with big Roebuck. Paul turns and then eye pokes Derrick Huber on the apron. Todd sneaks into the ring behind Adam Roebuck and then goes at the leg from behind with a drop kick.

Lance:

That's Paul showing his experience as the oldest member of BRAZEN! Todd attacks the leg and Paul pokes Huber's eye!

Both Paul and Todd make the use of the referee's five count to get out of the ring but not before they hit a double DDT on Adam Roebuck!

DDK:

Great move by the Dunsons! Paul calls that move a Walk Down Memory Lane!

It takes both men to roll over Roebuck on his back but Paul makes a cover.

One ...

That is all he gets because Roebuck pushes him up and off with ease!

Lance:

Maybe you spoke too soon, Keebs!

Roebuck is already back up and the man called "Bad Luck Roebuck" tries to get upright. Paul kicks him in the face three different times and then tries another Walk Down Memory Lane, along with Todd. They both try it but Roebuck counters by lifting them *both* up and over using a double suplex! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful pop for the show of strength! Roebuck goes over to tag into Derrick Huber.

DDK:

Whoa ... what is Derrick Huber doing?

The forty-seven year old power house goes to the top rope and then waits for both Todd and Paul to get up and then he takes flight using a double flying clothesline that pops the crowd!

DDK:

Oooh! A page out of Max Luck's book with the Check-Raise on Paul and Todd Dunson! That is a clear message to The Lucky Sevens!

Derrick Huber fights up!

Derrick Huber:

Still got that! Forty-seven, bitches!!!

Richie gets back into the ring to try and stop the big monster when he is up on his feet but Derrick Huber grabs him and then pitches him most of the way across the ring using a rotating sambo suplex!

Lance:

There goes and there went Richie Dunson! What a suplex!

Paul is the legal man so he gets picked up by Huber and then Roebuck tags in. The giants both lift Paul up into the double power bomb ... and stick the landing!

DDK:

BUST!!! Their fabled double team finisher over the years and the same move Mason Luck got put through this announce table with!

Roebuck is about to go for a cover, but when Todd tries to break up the cover, he goozles his throat and then picks him up to deliver a hard thumb strike to the throat!

Lance:

And I believe that was the Bad Hand! That was certainly dealt for the Dunson Clan! Roebuck pins Paul Dunson!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Adam Roebuck and Derrick Huber have won the match!

DING DING DING

♪ "House of the Rising Sun" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners are THE HHHHHHHHHOOOOUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSEEEE!!!

DDK:

I'd have to say based on what I've seen ... they still got it!

Lance:

They sure do ... oh, now what?

The House have their celebration cut short by Ophelia Sykes and Tom Morrow of Better Future Talent Agency. The twin giants are nowhere to be seen but both Huber and Roebuck have their guard up in the event of some other surprises. The official spokeswoman for the Lucky Sevens has a bright smile on her face which seems odd considering the Lucky Sevens got beat.

Ophelia Sykes:

Heyyyyy, boys! Great win tonight! That looked pretty impressive to us!

She looks at Tom Morrow who agrees with the sentiment.

Tom Morrow:

Gentlemen, impressive as always! The folks in BRAZEN are sure to ...

Derrick Huber:

SHUT YOUR DICK HOLSTERS NOW!!!

The big, bald bad man of the House is in no mood for playing around and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are here for it!

Derrick Huber:

Max, Mason, I'm sure you seven-foot bags of assholes are somewhere ready to get the drop on us ... let's go.

They want a fight, but Morrow gets back on the microphone.

Tom Morrow:

Before I was so rudely interrupted, I was going to tell you myself! The Main Event Monsters have been given the night off tonight ... lucky for you two.

Roebuck and Huber don't look like they believe it, but Ophelia looks a tad disappointed.

Ophelia Sykes:

I know! I wanted to see Big Money Max and Big Money Mason rip both of your heads off tonight, but if you want to see that, you're gonna have to pay for it on pay per view and DEF-On-Demand! But as their official spokesperson, Big Money Max and Big Money Mase have authorized me to pass on a message to the two of you. Tommy?

Tom Morrow:

Right here!

He pulls out a written message from his phone and hands it over to Ophelia.

Ophelia Sykes:

"Derrick Huber ... Adam Roebuck ... what you did to us tonight on 163 has never happened to us. *Nobody* has ever overpowered us like you have. Max ended up with 12 stitches in his head courtesy of the chair shot from Adam Roebuck to the top of his head ..."

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer!

Tom Morrow:

RUDE!!!

Ophelia Sykes:

I know! Right?! "... Mason ended up being put through the announce table. We wanted to be there in person to return the favor and show you why we have been dubbed the Main Event Monsters of DEFIANCE Wrestling! You would have been given the only seven-star beat down in professional wrestling history and seen more snowflakes than the Tokyo Dome ... but rather than waste that on free television, we will do what Mister Morrow says and wait until DEFIANCE Road. People will pay to see us end your careers and send you behind the barn where the two of you old dogs belong. We have also authorized Tom Morrow to offer the both of you the finest hospital beds that money can buy so you can live out the remainder of your days in peace. See you at the end of the Road! X O X O ..." I added that myself! "... Big Money Max and Big Money Mason! The Lucky Sevens! The Main Event Monsters of DEFIANCE Wrestling."

Huber and Roebuck have one retort.

Derrick Huber:

Cute. Real cute. Since you passed them a message, give them one back, Sykes. That message is this ...

Roebuck is given the microphone.

Adam Roebuck:

You're gonna *wish* we stayed retired.

The beast of Sin City is ready to fight. Morrow and Sykes leave up the ramp.

DDK:

That one could get violent in a hurry. We'll see what happens to The Lucky Sevens and The House!

Lance:

We sure will. The House didn't want to have this fight and there's a part of me that thinks the Lucky Sevens may have bitten off more than they could chew!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

SHUT UP AND PLAY

Back from commercial break... and the show is in progress with a previously battle-weary but victorious Oscar Burns holding his three DEFys tucked under one arm.

DDK:

Folks, Burns came back during the commercial break. We just saw Oscar Burns win a hard-fought match against a very game Rezin about thirty minutes ago... but now he's out here again.

Lance:

Not for a lack of trying, that's for sure. DEFSec asked Oscar to *exit stage right* but he shrugged them off.

Burns pulls the mic to his face. Boos reign down.

Oscar Burns:

GC's... listen... you hear just moments ago how my name was bandied about by the two men before this commercial? Rezin is a ponce that's flat-out out of his damn mind but at least respects DEFIANCE and knows first-hand who I am! Scrow does not but that's because Scrow -- good as he is in that ring -- is literally a follower and not a leader like me!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

You know who else should stick to being a follower? I'm talking about YOU, Conor Fuse! I showered you with compliments on DEF Radio. I told the world you were good enough to beat me and you DID! But you disparage my good name at the DEFy Awards, a sacred ground for our sport! You told everyone outright that you were going to tell me what you really thought of me back at the DEFy Awards. So instead of jumping me from behind like the coward you've always been, GC...

He says with no irony whatsoever.

Oscar Burns:

Me and my THREE DEFy Awards challenge you and your...*[hides a laugh]*...one to come out here and say what you need to say to my face! Come on, Conor, let's have it! Last Level Conor? This ring and everything we do in it... this isn't a game, boy. This is everything to me and I'll be damned if I let you disrespect the face of DEFIANCE like you have. So come on...

And thankfully, he doesn't have to wait...

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

The fans EXPLODE as Conor Fuse's theme music interrupts Burns. "DEFIANCE" drops the mic as he turns to the entrance way, readying himself for a fight.

...Except no one appears.

Burns continues to watch the entrance way when the crowd behind the former FIST starts to cheer. The camera switches to Conor Fuse making his way through the sea of people.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

The chants are loud and Burns catches on, as he turns to see Conor approaching the guardrail. The Video Game Kid wears a lime green tunic along with his lime green wrestling tights. Fuse hops over the rail and stares at Oscar Burns.

DDK:

This whole crowd is ready!

The arena EXPLODES as Conor leaps onto the turnbuckle and then jumps into the ring...

BOOO!!!

Oscar finally exits, stage right.

Burns slowly walks up the rampway, smiling at Conor as he does and STILL cradling his DEFys. Fuse is in the middle of the ring, not impressed. He walks over to the time keeper location and asks for a microphone.

Conor Fuse:

So you don't want to fight? It's cool man. We're only a wrestling organization...

Conor's voice trails as he finds the center of the ring again and stares down his upcoming pay-per-view opponent.

Conor Fuse:

We don't have to wrestle since we already are in two weeks and I have a lot to get off my chest.

The fans quiet down as Conor passionately speaks into the mic.

Conor Fuse:

Who the hell is Oscar Burns? This is a complicated question and something I've been asking myself for a few weeks now. Well, I'll tell you who he is... he's a delusional nimrod, thinking he's the face of DEFIANCE.

Burns takes objection to Conor's comment, shouting in return he IS the face of DEFIANCE!

Conor Fuse:

Last I checked, there can be more than ONE face of DEFIANCE, Oscar but you can call yourself whatever fake moniker you'd like.

Burns smiles and nods, not picking up the sarcasm.

Conor Fuse:

A wrestling company isn't built on one name alone. I don't think anyone would be tuning in if it's ONLY The Oscar Burns Show. Whatya gonna do, wrestle a pillow for two hours straight, on back-to-back nights?

Conor knocks on his own head.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, hey Oscar, you became a top level guy by wrestling Cayle Murray, Lindsay Troy and Gage Blackwood. It takes TWO to perform magic inside this ring. There are other things you can do by yourself... winky face.

DDK:

Did Conor just say winky face?

Fuse powers on.

Conor Fuse:

Let's be real here. I know I'm not "the" guy and I don't want to be THE guy. I want to be a guy, Oscar. There's room for me, you, Pat Cassidy, Brock Newbludd, Henry Keyes... REZIN. You think Imma get all bent outta shape over these people liking Rezin?

A chant for Rezin ensues.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, he's walking into Conor Fuse territory for sure. Once an idiot, now beloved. You see me getting my panties in a

bunch, buddy? Hell no. Because DEFIANCE is more than Conor Fuse. It always has been, always will be. It's more than Rezin, too! There's a place at the top of the card for Conor Fuse AND Rezin. I don't gotta get all sour *graps* when someone else starts finding their next level and jumping into my territory. The rise of Rezin, let's fucking goooooo! PUNKROCK and VIDEO GAMES totally gel!

The fans start some kind of PUNKROCK-!RANK hybrid chant. Fuse turns his attention directly onto Big Match Burns.

Conor Fuse:

But you, Oscar... you're nothing more than a sad little man. An egomaniac, that's what you are. You don't care about these fans, you don't care about this company. You want the focus on YOU. You're a drama queen! "Sweet Sixteen" Oscar Burns, how's that for a new nickname?

Conor scratches his head.

Conor Fuse:

Apparently the nickname in your DEFIANCE website biography says "DEFIANCE". That doesn't even make sense bro... it's not grammatically correct. And you're talking to a guy who spends most of his time typing on a discord channel with the worst grammar imaginable.

Conor scratches his head, again.

Conor Fuse:

I don't get you.

Pause.

Conor Fuse:

Wait... I DO get you. *You* don't get you. Threatened by the rise of new talent such as myself. Gets all pissed when Conor Fuse beats you clean in the center of the ring. Burns is mad because "me share spotlight". We are ALL DEFIANCE you gasbagging n00b. You need us, Oscar. You need guys like myself so you can put on five star matches. And oh yeah, we're gonna have a five star match. You and I will tear the MF house down. Realize I said YOU and I. I can't do it by myself. The two of us **have to** coexist!

Conor walks to the edge of the ring and leans on the ropes. He calms the intensity of his voice.

Conor Fuse:

Yes, I called myself the Locker Room Leader. It was tongue in cheek. I tried to impress a guy who lets it fly and another, a homeless man. I didn't really believe I'm the Locker Room Leader. There is no leader. True leadership is working on yourself first and supporting people as you see fit. Something you'll never do, something you're not capable of.

Fuse walks back to the center of the ring.

Conor Fuse:

I walked through the crowd tonight to feel their energy because there was a time when Oscar Burns was DEFIANT! He wasn't the only DEFIANT, mind you, but he was **a** DEFIANT. He was a good guy and he did the right thing. He held a Player One controller, that's for damn sure. Everyone loved the Twists and Turns campaign.

Fuse claps for Burns' accomplishments.

Conor Fuse:

But let success go to someone's head... you realize who they really are, Oscar. Funny... I became the real version of myself when I was UNsuccessful. When I got that black screen, Game Over. After I lost to Mikey Unlikely with the FIST on the line... hearing The Gamers chant my name for what seemed like the very first time...

!RANK chants. Conor takes them in and thanks the crowd.

Conor Fuse:

It was my wake up call. The people liked me. I could be something more than the idiot I pretended to be.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Conor Fuse:

Oscar, win or lose at DEFIANCE Road, Main Event Conor is here to stay... whether you like it or not. You're gonna have to deal with me... Lindsay Troy... Elise Ares... REZIN... and then some.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Conor Fuse:

DEFIANCE is a place for all of us! Go ahead and get bent outta shape. Reality sucks, buddy. You can think you're the hero, consider yourself the Locker Room Leader and call yourself "DEFIANCE" –as stupid as that sounds– but I, Oscar Burns, am something beyond your stupid little tripes.

Fuse bravely stands in the center of the ring, eyes locked on Burns, passion running through his veins.

Conor Fuse:

I am The Power-Up King; I am The Ultimate Gamer. In some places, they even call me The Vintage. But the reality of this situation, Oscar, is the following...

Pause.

Conor Fuse:

My name is Conor Fuse. I am a DEFIANT. And I just became... your worst fucking nightmare.

Winky face. (Actually.)

Conor Fuse:

Game. Set. Match.

The Ultimate Gamer lowers the mic and turns to the crowd. *!RANK* chants soar as Oscar Burns fumes at the top of the rampway. Conor eventually acknowledges the former FIST again.

Conor Fuse:

Oh ya, I forgot to mention... my bad...

Fuse motions to the crowd.

Conor Fuse:

They aren't saying BOO-URNS, they're saying BOO, dumbass.

The crowd *BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO*s the shit out of Burns as Fuse marches the ring while Big Match Burns backtracks the rampway, pointing in The Ultimate Gamer's direction as if saying Fuse's main event time will end even before it gets started. Oscar decides he's had enough and retreats through the curtain while Conor takes in the adulation of the fans.

DDK:

WOW! Conor threw some truth bombs the way of Oscar Burns. This match is going to be HEATED.

Lance:

Conor has beaten Burns before but can he do it again at DEFIANCE Road and shut him up for good? We'll find out in

two weeks!

Conor continues the celebration as he walks up the rampway.

HENRY KEYES & TITANESS vs. ADV & JACK MACE

DDK:

Folks, we've reached the main event of DEFTV 164, Night One! Coming up, two VERY personal feuds! On one side, it will be "The Airship Pirate" Henry Keyes and "The Show of Force" Titaness against the Better Future duo of Alvaro de Vargas and "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace!

Lance:

ADV and Keyes's rivalry has gotten SO personal over the last six months. ADV has squarely blamed Keyes for his own shortcomings in the ring. ADV taunted Keyes for months when he bought his own tiger, Helen. Keyes won Helen back at Acts of DEFIANCE, but ADV has been even MORE dangerous if that's possible, going right after Keyes any chance he gets. Those two will end their long rivalry at DEFIANCE Road in a Falls Count Anywhere match!

DDK:

And on the other side of that, we've seen Titaness of Los Tres Titanes take the fight to Jack Mace since all the way back at DEFTV 160 and they haven't been able to stop going at each other's throats. These two had a singles match on 162 won by Mace, but my understanding is a rematch may be in the works down the road as well. Tonight, these four will look to get some momentum heading into DEF ROAD!

To Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match and is your main event of the evening!

WHIRRRRRRRRR~::~!!!

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...From San Francisco, California, weighing in at two-hundred forty-nine pounds...he is THE AIRSHIP PIRATE!
HENRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY YYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Red beacons flood the arena as the swashbuckling mustache man, haunch and all, power-struts down the ramp, ready for a fight. Keyes heads to the ring quickly and through the ropes while saluting the fans, eyes clearly telling the tale of a man with a mission... a mission to hurt a Cuban asshole that has not ended his quest to beat him. Keyes enters the ring as he waits for his partner.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... from The Bronx, weighing in at 200 pounds, and representing Los Tres Titanes... she is "THE SHOW OF FORCE" TITANESS!

A set of words appears on the DEFIAtron in silver...

*THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS*

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The Faithful show love for the powerhouse as a single violet spotlight shines on the female powerhouse of Los Tres Titanes, flexing her arms, back to the stage. She pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of gold and silver pyro on either side of the stage! Titaness then heads down the ramp, shedding her vest and slapping hands with the ringside Faithful. Her arms are raised as she climbs the middle rope in the corner, and finally hops down to the mat. Keyes reaches out and shares a Roman-style handshake with his partner for the evening.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 540 pounds, being accompanied by Tom Morrow and representing Better Future Talent Agency... **JACK MACE AND ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Let 'Em Burn" by Freddie Gibbs â€œ♪

First off, Tom Morrow appears on the stage, rubbing his hands together. He's also accompanied by the BFTA's hitman, Jack Mace! ADV remains solely fixed on Keyes while Mace flashes a sinister smile to Titaness. Morrow brings up the rear opting rarely not to say anything tonight for his intro. The two head down the aisle taking in hatred from the crowd. ADV looks out to The Faithful and then enters the ring. Mace steps between the ropes as well and throws his coat off. The Killer Bear looks out to the crowd.

DDK:

A very formidable duo. Remember last year, ADV and Mace defeated a team made up of former FISTS Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns. Dangerous indeed!

Morrow looks on proud at his boys as Keyes and Titaness talk strategy on their side. Morrow tries to talk strategy with Mace and the big Brit listens intently, ADV is still fixed solely on Keyes. The two lock eyes with high intensity, but before ADV can do anything, Mace steps up first when he sees Titaness wanting to start! ADV looks visibly annoyed by this.

DING DING

The bell rings as Mace gets ready to compete... but ADV tags himself in first and goes right after Titaness instead!

DDK:

Wow! ADV wanting some of the action early! He goes after Titaness with a big knee to the gut!

The Show of Force tries to defend herself, but Titaness gets knocked down. El Sol Dorado points at Keyes.

DDK:

Tag the pirata digirible!

Keyes looks like he wants some, too, but Titaness slowly starts to get up from off her knees and reaches for the tag... only to turn around and CRACK Alvaro with a swinging back elbow strike to the jaw!

DDK:

Fakeout by Titaness and Keyes! Quick thinking!

The Faithful go nuts as The Show of Force goes with a volley of forearms on ADV, but he shakes them off and throws her into the ropes. He tries a boot, but Titaness slides underneath and then comes back up to chop the leg out from under the big man. He hobbles forward and Mace uses the chance to tag himself into the ring! Morrow looks beside himself.

DDK:

What... what is going on with ADV? He's so obsessed with going after Keyes he's undermining his own team!

Morrow tries to warn Alvaro to let Mace in and he angrily returns to his corner. Titaness goes after Mace and the Faithful are behind the powerhouse as she drills Mace with a few forearms as well. He gets rocked next by a running dropkick, sending him into the corner. The Killer Bear reels back as Titaness heads to the corner. She runs off the corner and then nails a corner back elbow. He winces from the shot before she tries to pull him up...

Elbow! Elbow! Elbow!

Lance:

Mace breaks free before she can get him on her shoulders.

Mace throws her into the ropes and runs off the other side before bowling Titaness off her feet with a running shoulder block! He stands over her and poses, laughing. But as he does so, Alvaro yells at Mace to hurry up. The Killer Bear ignores his partner and then goes to work and drops an elbow on the ribs of Titaness before a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

DDK:

Kickout by Titaness!

The Killer Bear works her over with a crossface shot and then heads to the ropes for good measure. He tries a lariat, but she ducks. On the return, he gets the shock of his life when Titaness CATCHES him over her shoulder and then DROPS him down with a big waterwheel suplex!

Lance:

Impressive counter by Titaness! That strength of hers is uncanny!

Titaness makes with the good tag team wrestling and tags in Henry Keyes for the first time. ADV is incensed as he watches Keyes and Titaness both pick up Mace. They shoot him to the ropes and knock down The Killer Bear with a double back elbow. After he goes down, Keyes runs off one side of the ropes and hits a flying knee drop to the face as Titaness lands a standing moonsault!

DDK:

Wow! Great synergy by Titaness and Keyes! Cover by Keyes now!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

The shoulder of Mace comes back up, but Keyes is ready. The former Favoured Saints Champion rocks The Killer Bear back to the corner with a pair of European uppercuts and then SMACKS him across the chest with a Propellor Edge Chop! The signature chops level Mace in the corner and Tom Morrow can't believe it. Keyes points at de Vargas and tells the Cocky Cuban that he's next, then CHOPS Mace with another one!

Lance:

Keyes wants ADV badly enough, but he's much more composed than Alvaro has been.

DDK:

And now Keyes with the whip... but Mace reverses!

Mace sends Keyes into the corner... but The Airship Pirate EXPLODES right back out with a Spinning Back Elbow that knocks Jack off his feet! He stands over Mace and stares down ADV from the apron, almost daring him to do something. ADV leaps off the apron and then goes under the ring for a chair, but Hector Navarro AND Tom Morrow order him not to do it!

DDK:

Alvaro has that chair... but even his own manager is telling him not to lose his temper!

Tom Morrow:

Alvaro, don't! He wants you to get disqualified! You're the bigger man! Drop the chair!

ADV angrily throws it down and seethes as he climbs back to his corner... but in all the mess, Keyes has the arm of Mace and stretches it out with an arm wringer before tagging Titaness. The Show of Force climbs to the top and comes off with a stomp to the exposed arm! Mace winces in pain and falls to a knee.

DDK:

Good synergy by one team while ADV is all over the place with his own! He's back in the corner.

Lance:

Titaness with uppercuts of her own!

She tries a whip, but Mace blocks it and sends her to the ropes. Mace charges at her, but The Show of Force sidesteps and The Killer Bear goes flying through the ropes and out to the floor. Alvaro tries to sneak attack her, but she ducks and then fires a pump kick to ADV's stomach, knocking him off the apron. Then Titaness grabs the ropes and hits a plancha over the ropes, wiping out ADV in the process!

DDK:

ADV goes down! He's losing his cool out there and making mistakes!

Lance:

But look!

Mace gets the jump on Titaness and grabs her by the waist before throwing her across the floor with a belly to belly suplex! The crowd jeers the sneak attack and then Mace quickly throws The Show of Force back inside.

DDK:

This has been Jack Mace's M.O.! All these blindside attacks and cheap shots when Titaness wants him one-on-one in the ring! And now Mace picks her up inside the ring...

He drops Titaness across his knee not once, not twice, but THRICE with a triple rib breaker! He lets her fall to the mat and then goes for the cover while Keyes watches...

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Lance:

Kickout by Titaness! But Mace and ADV are in control.

Mace looks up at ADV and asks him if he wants any part of taking her apart when he gets back up... and he does. He tags in and Mace and ADV finally appear to be on the same page. Mace holds her as ADV charges and CLOCKS Titaness with a big corner clothesline. He runs some distance, stops to taunt Keyes, and then runs back and flattens her with a second one before taking The Show of Force out of the corner with a big running belly-to-back suplex out of the corner!

DDK:

What a big move by ADV! That back suplex is money! Can he beat Titaness?

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Faithful cheer on The Show of Force for her defiance (pun most certainly intended). ADV picks up Titaness from off the mat and then hits a scoop slam before tagging Mace. He puts a boot on her so Mace can hit a big running senton! Then another cover as Titaness gets hurt!

ONE.

TWO.

Lance:

Keyes with the save!

Keyes shoots an icy glare at ADV and then goes back to the corner while Morrow mouths off from the outside. Mace goes after Titaness again and then starts to grab her by the waist for a German suplex... but she turns around. Still favoring her ribs, she runs at the ropes. He swings and misses with a running lariat, but Titaness bounces off the ropes and CLOBBERS the running Mace with Clash of the Titaness!

DDK:

Clash of the Titaness! The spear off both sets of ropes was enough to knock Mace off his feet!

Titaness goes to her corner and The Faithful want Keyes in badly! ADV wants in as well and yells at Mace to hurry up! A sore Killer Bear crawls over and tags in ADV...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

The Wrestleplex has come unglued! Keyes and Alvaro! Both ranked highly in this year's TEF Top 100! Both men trading fists!

Alvaro and Keyes are locked up in a virtual hockey fight with one another until ADV goes for the eyes! He runs at Keyes for a lariat, but he ducks and then nails ADV with a big one of his own on the return! ADV pops back up and tries to swing again, but Keyes beats him to the punch with another big lariat! In a daze, ADV tries to stumble up yet again, but Keyes nails a Propellor Edge Chop to rock El Sol Dorado. He sends the 6'8" Cuban back to the corner and then FLINGS him across the ring with a big exploder suplex!

Lance:

What a move! Keyes is a one-man wrecking crew right now!

DDK:

No! Mace tries to get in!

Mace tries to get at Keyes, but he ducks the shot and hits him with a kick and a DDT! Mace is disposed of and now Keyes is calling for the Bell Clap! He readies himself when Morrow starts to look like he's going to grab his leg... but thinks twice about it!

DDK:

I think...I think Morrow was going to interfere... but remember when he did on 163 during their match and ADV chewed him out for it?

Keyes backs off but the one distraction is all Alvaro needs to get up and bum rush Keyes from behind with a jumping knee! The blow sends Keyes to the ropes and then ADV drops him with a big running knee to the chest!

DDK:

ABAJO VAS! IS ADV GOING TO STEAL THIS ONE?

ONE.

TWO.

THR-KICKOUT!

The big knee strikes don't get the win and Alvaro is incensed. He snarls when Mace comes back and then tags himself in! ADV looks shocked but sees Mace going for elbow smashes on Keyes as he tries to stand. He levels Keyes and rushes him into the corner! ADV runs into the ring in spite of this and starts to throw his own partner away from the corner so he could go after Keyes. Mace angrily looks over but before he can react, Titaness comes back into the ring and clobbers him from behind with a pump kick!

DDK:

Big communication breakdown between Alvaro and Mace... but Keyes and Titaness are fighting back!

ADV tries a headbutt, but Keyes stops him and stuns him with a shot of his own! With both Alvaro and Mace stunned, Keyes has de Vargas on his shoulders. And even more amazed... Titaness POWERS Mace onto hers...

DDK:

OH MY LORD! STEREO AIRPLANE SPINS!

Lance:

TRANSITION TO AN AIRSHIP SPIN BY KEYES... AND TITANESS DROPS MACE WITH THAT RACK BOMB!

The Faithful go CRAZY as ADV gets dropped and spins away from the ring and Titaness drops Mace with a spinning rack bomb! She rolls out of the ring for Keyes to finish the job on Mace as he tries to stand...

BELL CLAP!

Mace goes down and Keyes makes the cover!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The bell rings and Keyes sits up, a little happier with this result.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **TITANESS AND HENRY KEYES!**

Titaness goes to join Keyes in the ring and the two have their arms raised by Hector Navarro.

DDK:

Keyes gets the pin before the last encounter with Alvaro de Vargas, and Titaness has her own leg up on Jack Mace! Alvaro was seeing red and might have very well cost his team this win with his selfishness.

Lance:

He's been obsessed with this need to beat Keyes in a singles match and. ... HEY! LOOK OUT!

CRACK!

Before Keyes can celebrate any more, Alvaro BLASTS him in the back with a steel chair! Titaness sees it coming and tries to stop Alvaro when Tom Morrow grabs her by the leg! She pulls away but the distraction...

CRACK!

And a chair shot for Titaness!

Lance:

ALVARO DE VARGAS HAS GONE MAD! HE BRINGS IN THAT CHAIR HE TRIED TO USE EARLIER!

Mace slowly gets up, still groggy from the Bell Clap, but enough that he sees Titaness while she's down... AND LOCKS IN THE JACK OF ALL HOLDS!

DDK:

Mace choking out Titaness yet again with The Jack of All Holds! He did this to her during our last UNCUT show and again tonight!

Meanwhile, Alvaro is focused on Keyes and brings the chair up again...

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Three more incredibly vile shots with the chair across the back and the body of Keyes. He looks at the chair, now dented!

DDK:

Keyes and Titaness get the win, but much like the Better Future M.O., all is good if they're the last men standing!

Lance:

Someone needs to stop this!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro stares at the dented chair and then down at the fallen body of his rival. ADV grits his teeth and for the first time since this has started, a grin forms. Mace lets go of the hold on Titaness and watches as ADV puts a foot down on the left arm of Keyes. He presses it down harshly on the hand of The Airship Pirate and folds the chair up... then RAMS it into his arm! Again and again!

DDK:

No! No! ADV going after that arm ahead of DEFIANCE Road! He did the same during their match at ACTS!

He finally drops the banged up chair and the jeering gets louder as Alvaro de Vargas kneels in the middle of the ring with a litany of jeering from every single direction.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mace stands over Titaness and puts a boot on her body with Tom Morrow watching on, pretty happy with the destruction his boys have caused. ADV grits his teeth together and continues hovering dangerously close to an already wounded Keyes, trying to shield his arm. He leans in close to Keyes.

Alvaro de Vargas:

At DEFIANCE Road... Yo gano, dirigible pirata.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.