

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "Here We Go" by Chris Classic ♪*](#)

Inside the DEFplex we go as fireworks explode from the rampway! A massive DEFI-A-Tron sits above the entrance, twice the size of the screen typically used for DEFtv. The rampway is an LCD road with yellow traffic lines in the center leading to ringside. Inside the ring, the ropes are dark blue and the canvas is clean and light blue as always.

There are SIGNS and excitement everywhere!

LAST NIGHT WAS SOME SHIT, HUH?

I USED MY NIGHT ONE TICKET TO GET IN TONIGHT AND NO ONE NOTICED

HOLY SHIT, ITS REALLY STALKERS WORLD

REZIN ABSOLUTELY REPRESENTS SOUTHERN HERITAGE COMPLETELY BY MISTAKE

MUSHI RULZ

HIT THE RESET BUTTON ON CONOR, OSCAR!

LOOK INSIDE YOURSELF, SEARCH PARTY CYRUS!

SNS+PCP+LTT=FTW

FLY HENRY FLY!

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU TRIED TO READ SPOILERS INSTEAD OF READING NIGHT ONE? GO

FUCK YOURSELF

SOMEONE MAKE SURE KERRY & MALAK AREN'T ACTUALLY DEAD

I'M HERE FOR WARCHAMBER

I'M NOT CRYING UNDER THIS BOX, YOU'RE CRYING!

HEY MUSHI I CAN READ YOUR WORDS

TREAT HIM LIKE AN EDIBLE, REZIN - DELAY THAT HIT

I LOVE WRESTLING!

PIN ADV OVER HERE! vvv

I USED TO GET BIG MATCH BURNS SO I GOT A STICK LIGHTER

CHEF LINDSAY GONNA FRY UP SOME CALAMARI

SCROW KNOWS

NO ONE WREX LIKE DEX

CYRUS FEARS WRESTLING

I MUCH PREFER LYFT TO UBER

LAST LEVEL CONOR SAYS GAME OVER, BURNS!
CONGRATS, URIEL CORTEZ AND TITANESS!
SEND NOT TO KNOW FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. IT TOLLS FOR MURRAY
THIS IS THE DARKEST, MOST TERRIBLE TIMELINE
MEANWHILE, AT THE LEGION OF DOOM...
NO
TROY WINDHAM?! WHAT YEAR IS THIS?!
URANGETTIN' THE W, SPC
DEFIANCE ROOOAAAD, TAKE ME HOOOME, TO THE PLAAACE I BELOOONG
TOO MANY TROYS!
SAVE US, LINDSAY!
WINDHAM? I HARDLY KNOW HIM

The match graphics roll through for night two afterwards.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. SEARCH PARTY CYRUS
DEX JOY vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT
FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE: HENRY KEYES vs. ALVARO de VARGAS
BIG MATCH BURNS vs. MAIN EVENT CONOR
WARCHAMBER: CAYLE MURRAY vs. LINDSAY TROY
SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: SCROW © vs. REZIN
UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, LADDER MATCH: SNS © vs. PCP vs. LTT

To the announce table.

FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE: HENRY KEYES vs. ALVARO de VARGAS

DDK:

Welcome one and all to Night Two of DEFIANCE Road! We saw some unreal things last night and some amazing matches, but I truly think the best is yet to come! Tonight, we see the Unified Tag Team Titles up for grabs in a three-team ladder match! The Saturday Night Specials defend the gold against two of the best teams to ever do it! Los Tres Titanes and the Pop Culture Phenoms! The WARCHAMBER with Lindsay Troy looking to finally end her issue with Cayle Murray!

Lance:

And so much more! Conor Fuse goes up against the man who has anointed himself as synonymous with DEFIANCE, former two-time FIST Oscar Burns! The Southern Heritage Title is potentially on the line if three-time former Favoured Saints champ and Breakout DEFIANT of the Year, Rezin, lasts fifteen minutes against Scrow! Dex Joy takes on Arthur Pleasant in a match where it is No DQ rules apply only to Arthur! And Mushigihara wants revenge for his tag partner, David Fox, when he takes on Search Party Cyrus!

DDK:

But to kick off the show, it's the same people who kicked off Night Two of Acts of DEFIANCE in a hell of a physical battle! Henry Keyes goes one-on-one with his rival of the past six months, Alvaro de Vargas! After fighting to a double count-out on DEFTv 163, this match was made with Falls Count Anywhere! Tonight, this months-long grudge ends now and there MUST be a winner!

Lance:

That match starts... RIGHT NOW!

The bell rings to officially kick off the high-energy show as Darren Quimbey stands in the ring ready to announce the show!

Darren Quimbey:

Your opening match of DEFIANCE Road, Night Two is a Falls Count Anywhere match! Introducing first...

WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~~!

We see a large number of Faithful cupping their hands to their mouths imitating propeller sounds!

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Instead of the pure red beacons of light that often accompany a Henry Keyes entrance, we get pulsing glows that alternate between red and deep blue, and we hear a HRUMMMMMMMMM of some kind of engine. Emerging through the curtain first is a pair of wheels, attached to a long brass cylinder, before finally we see a begoggled Henry Keyes driving a Very Steampunky single-passenger "car".

DDK:

This guy...he really likes to be riding something to the ring, doesn't he?

Lance:

We all remember LitterGate and the pirate ship from past events, but whatever the hell THAT thing is, it looks pretty custom-made to me!

Some dark smoke sputters out of the back as he stops the vehicle on the stage and he stands up, fashioning a navy leather coat and a pair of black driving gloves. A Plague Doctor hustles out from the back as Keyes steps out of the vehicle, removing his coat, gloves, and goggles. He places them in the arms of the waiting Plague Doctor, who pops open some kind of back trunk on the car and tosses them in. The doc hops excitedly into the driver's seat and slowly steers it around to the back as Keyes power walks to the ring.

DDK:

Henry Keyes has said for weeks now, he wants this to be the last chapter of this brutal saga he's had with Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

I for one am going to be a little sad to see this feud end - there have been some HELLACIOUS matches over the last six months, not to mention the drama and personal stakes! It's been must-see television!

DDK:

The Faithful will recall that this all started when Better Future Talent Agency was rejected by Conor Fuse many moons ago, and they placed the blame squarely on Conor's buddy, Henry Keyes. It's been nothing short of all-out WAR since then.

Lance:

I think we can all agree Conor made the right decision though, right? Rejecting Better Future?

DDK:

Indeed - he's in a feature match later tonight against Oscar Burns, and it's clear he's climbed the ladder very effectively on his own.

Once Keyes gets settled into the ring, Abney Park fades out. Out comes Tom Morrow, in a blue and white-striped business suit looking dapper for the evening. He turns on the BFTA-branded headset against his face and it is fed into the speakers of the arena.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

Greetings, swamp mutants! Tom Morrow, YOUR Scotty Awards Guest of the Year for 2021 is speaking!

An extra jeer from the crowd for the DEF Radio shoutout.

Tom Morrow:

Henry Keyes, for far too long, you have been a festering boil on the ass of the Better Future Talent Agency! Tonight, my friend, you are getting POPPED!

DDK:

...Ewww.

Morrow continues.

Tom Morrow:

Tonight, you are not dealing with just ANY Alvaro de Vargas. You're not even dealing with EL SOL DORADO! Tonight, we give you our word that you will not burn... however, we promise that you WILL be broken! Like I said on DEF Radio, these idiots and all the cute little propeller noises aren't going to save you... You can go "Bbbbbbbbrrrrrrrrrrr" all you want, but by the end of this match...

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB!

The collective noise annoys Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

SHUT YOUR UGLY FACES! Anyway... standing at six-foot eight! Weighing in at 272 pounds! From the beautiful shores of Miami, Florida, please wel...

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

The new theme plays and out from the back...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in street clothes - a pair of black jeans, red Adidas sneakers, a sleeveless hoodie is the man called Alvaro de Vargas. He throws the hoodie back and...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Another blast of fire from either side of the stage, eyes hidden behind red-tinted sunglasses and an obsessive scowl to match. He looks out to either side of the jeering stage and then pushes past Morrow.

DDK:

Look at Alvaro. A new look for him tonight, dressed to fight. All business tonight.

Lance:

As dangerous as Alvaro was before, this is a far cry from the man wearing tiger gear for months, that's for sure. He attacked the arm of Keyes with that chair viciously on the last episode of DEFtv and you have to wonder how that will come into play here.

Alvaro looks up at Keyes... Keyes back at Alvaro.

DING DING

Both men run right for one another and much like where they left off at DEFtv 164, they both go right to exchanging blows to the delight of the crowd!

DDK:

Here we go to kick off Night Two and we're already going for broke! Keyes and ADV throwing punches!

The two rain down on one another quickly, but it doesn't last too long before Keyes fires another shot and wins the first exchange. He carefully keeps his left guarded before swinging with his right... but both men have the same idea at one time and CRACK one another with big lariats! Neither man goes down right away...

Lance:

Both men looking for home run swings early! And they try again with the lariats!

DDK:

Second verse, same as the first! Neither man goes down, but they're both stunned!

The Faithful are going bananas right from the jump! Keyes and ADV rock one another with their respective shots, but they both come around and bounce off the ropes... Keyes swings and misses...

But Alvaro CRACKS him with a huge running back elbow off the second go-round! Keyes goes down and The Faithful jeer with Alvaro standing tall for the moment!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas is the first man to take his opponent off his feet! Their last two confrontations, Keyes came out swinging and I think El Sol Dorado has learned from that!

Lance:

And he's already measuring Keyes up!

He goes to grab Keyes by the bad arm, but sensing danger, Henry pulls away... and CHOPS de Vargas with a big shot across the chest! Alvaro feels the proverbial burn from the Propellor Edge Chop and is struck again! And again! Two

more shots reel de Vargas before Henry Keyes whips him across the ring... but to the shock of many, the giant Alvaro FLIPS over the turnbuckle and lands on his feet, Flair-style! The crowd lets out a collective gasp and Keyes looks shocked himself. He runs at Alvaro, but the big Cuban rocks him with a forearm and then heads to the top rope quickly...

DDK:

WHAT THE... SOMERSAULT SENTON BY ALVARO!

Lance:

He used that same move during their last singles match going to a double countout! None of that here tonight!

Alvaro goes for the cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Keyes kicks out!

DDK:

Where the hell has Alvaro been hiding this agility! Normally a more grounded competitor, but nothing being held back tonight!

Alvaro gets a lot less glamorous as Tom Morrow watches from ringside, ADV pounding away on Keyes. After taking a few seconds to rain down punches, ADV curses at Keyes under his breath in Spanish before pulling the Airship Pirate up and then whipping him across the ring. He measures him up and then charges for a corner clothesline... but Keyes side steps out of the corner! He hits chest first, then Keyes grabs the waist of Alvaro and dumps him quickly with a huge German suplex!

DDK:

What an exchange! Alvaro had him, but Henry Keyes slips out and suplexes the Cocky Cuban!

Alvaro is dumped head over heels and then stumbles up to his feet, only for Keyes to run at him and then fire off a huge European uppercut! He strikes ADV across his jaw with two more big uppercuts and then grabs his leg, arm over... this time with a big fisherman's suplex out of the corner!

Lance:

Keyes is now rag-dolling the big Cuban Floridian with those suplexes! Keyes with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

ADV gets the shoulder up to the relief of Morrow and no one else in the building right now.

DDK:

Imagine having this Falls Count Anywhere match and neither man falls out of the ring!

Lance:

Keyes now taking the fight back to Alvaro! Ooh! More of those Propellor Edge Chops!

ADV gets hoisted up only for Keyes to tee off on Alvaro some more in the ring with his brutal chops, followed by another huge European Uppercut. He rocks him back, but when Keyes tries to go for another German suplex, ADV

snaps to life and grabs the bad arm before striking it with an elbow! Keyes can't help but wince, which allows Alvaro to go around and club him from behind with a big clothesline to the back of the head! Keyes collapses to the mat!

DDK:

There you go! We had to guess that the compromised arm was going to be trouble! ADV worked that arm during their match at Acts of DEFIANCE to no avail, but this time he took a steel chair to that arm just two weeks before this show!

The crowd jeers as Alvaro sneers and waits for The Airship Pirate to stand. The self-professed Golden Sun of DEFIANCE hits the ropes...

Lance:

Abajo Vas! The running knee strike to the gut knocks Keyes over!

DDK:

And ADV for the win again! Is this going to end before they even get outside?

ADV puts a forearm in Keyes' face and pins his arm down!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Keyes throws the good arm off the mat and an annoyed ADV scowls at Brian Slater!

DDK:

Another kickout! Both men trying for big moves early! They know how relentless the other is and want to end this any chance they can!

ADV goes to pick up Keyes by the chin, then SLAPS him, garnering more jeers from the crowd.

ADV:

I told you... Yo gano, pirata de dirigible!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He has Keyes over his shoulder and then tries for the Cuban Missile... but at the last second, Keyes slips out and then pushes Alvaro into the corner. He stops himself, but when he turns around, Keyes SMACKS him with a big slap of his own and then drops Alvaro with a big DDT! The Faithful get loud and proud for the Airship Pirate as ADV is stunned! He crawls away holding the back of his head and when he turns around, Keyes lands a massive cactus clothesline, sending not one, but BOTH men over the ropes and to the floor!

Lance:

Here we go! Falls Count Anywhere is just as advertised! They are free to take this fight anywhere in the WrestlePlex and beyond if they want!

The crowd cheers for Keyes, who stands first. He sees Alvaro crawling around in a daze so he heads to the ring apron. He waits for Alvaro to try and get back up and when El Sol Dorado gets to his feet, Keyes comes flying off the apron with a flying lariat with the good arm right on top of ADV!

DDK:

Big move by Keyes! Less flashy than Alvaro got earlier, but he's taking this outside! And now a pinfall attempt on the floor!

Keyes presses down on Alvaro's shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

The crowd boos when ADV's shoulder flies off the floor!

Lance:

First cover of the match on the outside, but ADV kicks out!

DDK:

Keyes isn't done! They're taking this fight outside of the ring now!

The Airship Pirate rocks Alvaro with a big chop, but he fires back with one of his own! He kicks Henry in the gut and then aims at tossing him across the ringside area into the barricade...

NO!

CRASH!

Keyes turns the tables on Alvaro and sends him flying across the area into the guardrail back-first!

DDK:

Alvaro tries to throw Keyes into that guardrail, but he reverses first!

Keyes then grabs Alvaro by the arm and chops him again, followed by another uppercut! El Sol Dorado is left reeling when Keyes targets him...

Henry Keyes:

This ends tonight, lad!

He tries to toss Alvaro... but this time...

CRASH!!

Alvaro turns the tables! Keyes now goes sailing into the barricade! Then ADV follows up with a NASTY headbutt! The former Favoured Saints Champion gets knocked loopy on his feet!

Lance:

This one is getting ugly tonight! Alvaro picking his spots... no! Lance, look! He's going after that arm!

DDK:

He is! Keyes has been fighting on adrenaline so far, but even that can only do so much!

ADV grabs the arm of Keyes and then pulls it between an opening in the guardrail before CRANKING on the arm! Keyes howls in pain and it gets worse when Alvaro KICKS the arm while it is trapped! He kicks it three more times and finally brings The Airship Pirate to a knee with a jeering crowd. ADV yells back.

Alvaro de Vargas:

My night, pendejos! Mi noche!

DDK:

ADV incensed, but there's definitely a master tactician underneath that arrogant facade. He knows exactly where to hurt you and how to hurt you. And that brutal post-match attack from DEFtv 164 might be the very opening needed!

Lance:

Now what's he doing?

Alvaro goes under the ring and gets a chair. He slams it on the ground to let the people know what's about to happen to Keyes while he's still slumped over against the railing. ADV has a sinister intent about him as he brings the chair up... But Keyes gets a foot up first and kicks him square in the stomach!

DDK:

Keyes saved himself at the last second!

Lance:

He sure did! Alvaro has nothing but bad intentions, but Keyes now has the chair...

He raises it up...and brings it down HARD across the back of Alvaro! He falls against the guardrail when a second shot hits! ADV goes tumbling over! Keyes tosses the now dented chair and then gives chase to a doubled-over Alvaro... then drops a big corkscrew elbow drop onto his chest in the front row!

DDK:

Will this be enough??

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The mammoth referee Brian Slater holds up two fingers for all to see as the camera now follows the fight and it broadcasts closely on the DEFIAtron.

DDK:

We've got a camera crew following this very thing in case this fight goes elsewhere and looks like that's exactly what's happening!

Lance:

Gonna see if I can nail this line on our big show, Darren... Keyes is all over Alvaro like white on rice in a glass of milk on a paper plate in a snowstorm! I did it!

DDK:

Lots of exposition, but I can't argue!

Keyes continues taking the fight to Alvaro and strikes him while having him in a headlock with his good arm. He drags Alvaro up the aisle a big into a crowd full of rowdy bodies looking to see somebody (preferably ADV) get mangled up to kick off the night. He continues to bring the pain to Alvaro with another shot, but he fires back with a chop. The two men start trading chops.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

DDK:

Good lord, you can see the sweat flying from those hits! They are chopping the life out of each other in the crowd and they are loving every second of this!

Lance:

And look who they're near! Goodness! That's... that's one of our fans we've seen featured as a reviewer, Craig Hamburgers!

Sure enough, the two are CHOPPING the daylights out of one another in the crowd near a six year old kid wearing a tee shirt with a big hamburger on it and a sign that says "I LOVE WRESTLING!". Mom and dad try to protect the earnest young recapper. ADV and Keyes continue until ADV finally trades chops for a rake of the eyes! He slugs Keyes with a straight right and has him stumbling back to the crowd. ADV looks down at the kid.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Don't meet your heroes, kid! Cause El Sol Dorado just might cripple them!

He doubles over Keyes again and tries to go for the arm, but Keyes gets up first with an elbow to the gut and then knocks him out with a big clothesline on the floor before going over to high-five Craig!

Henry Keyes:

Enjoy the show, young man!

Craig looks super excited and starts laughing with his parents as the two fight upwards!

DDK:

What a moment there for that young kid! I can't wait to hear him talk about this match in his review!

Lance:

And that beating for ADV couldn't be more well-deserved!

Keyes picks up ADV and then takes him as they fight a bit higher up into the crowd. The chests of both men are red with welts from their earlier chop battle. Keyes with another uppercut stuns ADV until they are near a young male fan with a "Pin ADV here, Keyes!" Keyes can't help but chuckle when he doubles over ADV and knocks him to the ground!

DDK:

We've seen that sign in the show's opening! And now Keyes is going to do just that!

Keyes gets a running start, looking like he's going to try a seated clothesline or some other move. He charges... only to get caught by Keyes!

DDK:

What the hell? ADV caught h... OH MY GOD!

The crowd POPS when ADV goozles him from the ground, then KIPS UP to his feet in the stands, STILL holding Keyes before he delivers a CHOKESLAM on the bench of the bleacher's section!

Lance:

NO! WHAT A COUNTER! IS ADV GOING TO PIN KEYES NEAR THAT SIGN?

He tries to pin him on the bleacher!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

NO! KEYES KICKS OUT! KEYES KICKS OUT!

Lance:

What an AMAZING counter there by de Vargas! He's been pulling out some new moves tonight and he's going to need all of them to end this!

ADV angrily curses at Slater in Cuban Spanish, slapping three times on his hands. He gets up and drags Keyes with him as the two start to fight their way through the back. Tom Morrow is still hanging around ringside, watching the brawl continue with ADV dragging Keyes via a headlock and then delivering a few sucker punches for good measure. He battles over to where both men end up concessions!

Keyes gets the back of his head palmed and shoved past a line of hungry people before ADV slams The Airship Pirate's face onto the counter. Just to be the dick that he is, The Cocky Cuban takes a bottle of water and then takes a swig before spitting the water in Keyes' eyes!

DDK:

Come on! That's disrespectful... AND unsanitary!

Lance:

Yes, that was! Come on!

Keyes is doubled over and then ADV grabs his taped arm, then SLAMS it against the counter again! The Airship Pirate is in a bad spot when he works it over again by cranking the arm and then dropping another elbow into the joint! When Keyes is on a knee, ADV takes the rest of the water and dumps it on his head! He tosses the bottle, then steals some fan's popcorn... then dumps that all over Keyes as well.

DDK:

This is degrading! Come on!

He kneels over and grabs the jaw of Keyes before SLAPPING him, inducing a loud chorus of jeers!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Dead man, Keyes!

He grabs Keyes and then sets him up for Ardiendo!

DDK:

Ardiendo coming up! If he hits that piledriver on that floor? He's done!

He tries, but Keyes goes low with quick thinking... THEN BACK BODY DROPS HIM BEHIND THE COUNTER TO A BIG CHEER FROM THE FAITHFUL!

Lance:

Keyes reverses the Ardiendo attempt and sends ADV over the barricade! What a counter to save himself!

DDK:

This one is getting nasty! Keyes on the counter... OFF THE COUNTER WITH A KNEE DROP ON DE VARGAS!

ADV groans after a hefty Keyes drops a big knee behind the counter! Slater can barely get behind there fast enough when he tries to pin the crown jewel of BFTA.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SHOULDER UP!

De Vargas kicks out first!

DDK:

These two men are scrapping everywhere! I thought Keyes had it there, but both men are taking the other's best shots!

Lance:

And we know Henry Keyes is one of the most virtuous men in DEFIANCE... but even he can only be pushed so far. And de Vargas has pushed him too far!

Keyes puts the boots to ADV behind the counter and continues stomping away at him... then works him up to his feet. He grabs the waist of ADV... then THROWS him back to the outside of the concession area with an overhead belly to belly suplex! ADV crashes over the counter and takes a nasty tumble back to the other side!

DDK:

OOOOHHHHHH! Keyes not only fighting back, but giving de Vargas more than even I think he can handle!

The Airship Pirate climbs over and Slater rolls his eyes as he once again has to go over and count the fall! Keyes gets into position and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICK OUT!

DDK:

No way! These men are taking everything they can from the other! That suplex back to the outside was insane!

Lance:

ADV showing his toughness! Morrow looks worried!

The camera shows Morrow on the outside, watching the scrap on the DEFIATron, doing exactly what ADV told him to do and that was to stay out of the match! Now another camera goes back to Keyes and another uppercut as the two fight their way over to the DEFIANCE Merchandise Zone next to the concessions!

Lance:

They both grabbed a snack and now a souvenir in between this blood feud!

DDK:

I can assure you from everything that we've seen in this brutal opening match, these two are taking this very seriously!

The Airship Pirate grabs an Oscar Burns shirt and then starts choking Alvaro with it! The Cocky Cuban gasps for air and then falls to his knees after Keyes holds the shirt out...

Lance:

Uh-oh! I think we're about to get the BELL CLAP! HE WANTS IT!

Keyes holds out his hands and looks like he's going to ready a BELL CLAP~... but looks at his arm, still clearly bothering him!

DDK:

No! He might be rethinking that! He might not have all the power he needs in that arm to use it!

But the distraction is all that ADV needs to bring up an arm and land a low blow on Keyes!

Lance:

No! Perfectly legal in this Falls Count Anywhere match! Keyes wanted to end it after bringing down Alvaro, but that arm is too much of a question mark!

DDK:

The wind got taken out of his sails, that's for sure! Alvaro is using anything he can to save himself whenever Keyes gets close to the victory!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The cheap shot move from Alvaro was enough to bring Keyes down to his level. Alvaro gets back to a knee and grabs the back of Keyes' hair.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Esta noche, esto termina!

He stands up and takes Henry with him, then yells for a pack of t-shirt buying fans to move! They quickly move out of harm's way as ADV has Keyes up and scoops him onto his shoulder. He gets ready and then LAUNCHES Keyes into one of the product displays with The Cuban Missile!

DDK:

Cuban Missile by Alvaro! He threw Keyes head-first into that display!

Lance:

That might do it!

ADV charges over and pushes the table aside to go after Keyes in the pile of t-shirt and other DEFIANCE merch!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Once again, ADV SHOUTS and he's livid that he doesn't have the win!

DDK:

Keyes kicks out! These men have both put one another through their paces just to end this rivalry once and for all, but both men too proud to give the other the satisfaction of this win to end this rivalry!

Lance:

ADV going to the right hands! He's pissed!

He pummels Keyes some more with a succession of right hands, then goes for another cover in the wreckage!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Henry kicks out again, so ADV tries to pin him a third time!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO!

Alvaro de Vargas:

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Alvaro is just ready to burst! He has been so singularly obsessed with finishing off Henry Keyes that he has alienated himself from Morrow a bit and cost his own tag partner, Jack Mace, a win in that big tag match with Keyes and Titaness!

ADV takes the fight out of the Merch Zone and drags Keyes with him. He strikes him with a few punches in between dragging him out. They head past some surplus production equipment just below the Boss's Skybox above where some Favoured Saints execs are enjoying the show, and fight their way over to the entrance area! They go through the doors. ADV tries to grab the arm of Keyes!

DDK:

They're now taking this fight out to the lobby and our near entrances! ADV... he's trying to slam Keyes's arm into one of those double doors!

Lance:

No! Keyes pulls away!

Keyes kicks ADV in the leg and then strikes him with a back elbow to rock him backwards, sending him stumbling into a production crate. He wails away on El Sol Dorado and then wheels him... then gets a running start...

DDK:

Oh no... NO!

They play a game of bumper cars and Keyes sends ADV COLLIDING into another production box, sending the tall Cuban FLYING across the hall near the elevators! Pockets of looky-loos in the hallway are cheering for Keyes as he raises his good hand and has Alvaro right in his sights after taking a spill near the elevator!

Lance:

This has gone back and forth but now Keyes is in control again!

He measures up Alvaro as he starts to sit up, only to run and SMACK him in the face with a low angle big boot! Alvaro's back ends up on the pavement again and Keyes tries to end it right there with another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The shoulder of de Vargas comes up yet again, but Keyes looks like he knows he might be closing in on the victory.

DDK:

Chop battles in the crowd, throwing each other around ringside, every portion near our surplus production area, entrance, all this... and still standing!

Lance:

Oooh! And Keyes bounces Alvaro's head off that production crate!

Now the two men are fighting near one of the production elevators with security standing by. Both men are breathing heavily, but still trade body shots! Alvaro fights with a couple but Keyes hits him with a push kick, sending him back into a security member! ADV knocks him down, but reaches into the front pocket of his shirt. When Keyes closes in...

DDK:

AHHHH! ADV just stabbed Keyes in the side of the head with... I don't even know! A Pen?

Lance:

Now what's he doing?

Keyes holds his cheek in pain but ADV grabs him and SHOVES him by his bad arm into the elevator door! ADV reaches over and when it looks like he's going to help the security guard to his feet... he snatches his keycard and shoves him back down!

DDK:

What a monster!

He takes the keycard to open up the security elevator to the upper levels of the WrestlePlex and throws Keyes inside! Brian Slater BARELY fits in the elevator but they get inside as Keyes stomps away!

DDK:

What the hell? This fight is going to the second floor of the DEFIANCE WrestlePlex!

Lance:

We've... we're trying to get DEFSec to see if they can see what's going on in that elevator?

DDK:

They're patching us through! ADV tried to hit the emergency stop button in that elevator so let's see what's happening!

The camera then switches to some CCTV footage of the battle! ADV tries once again to go after Keyes's arm, but Keyes snatches a desperation headbutt of his own under Alvaro's chin! He doubles over and then Keyes reaches over and SLAMS ADV's own head against the elevator door, then hits the button to resume the quick travel to floor two!

DDK:

Keyes taking back control of the fight! ADV tried to lock himself and Keyes in that elevator to end this, but Keyes has different plans!

Another camera crew catches a foot kicking Alvaro out of the elevator and onto the upper decks of the WrestlePlex with the echoes of the Faithful still loudly! Henry Keyes and a very reluctant Brian Slater exit the elevator. Keyes has a bloody lip from somewhere in the scuffle, but now looks like he's in kill mode.

Lance:

Alvaro has wanted this rematch with Keyes for a while now... and I think that he's going to regret that decision momentarily!

Keyes charges and then tackles Alvaro right into a wall, but ADV grabs him by the neck and neck with a front facelock to try and control Keyes. He punches away with his free arm at Alvaro's side, but El Sol Dorado throws a quick pair of knee lifts up and then shoves him back against the wall. Nearby the elevators is the entrance to the Boss' Skybox and next to that, a hefty-looking fire extinguisher!

DDK:

That's a peek near the doors of our main Skybox! Typically reserved for high-paying clientele. That's the same one 24K used to frequent, but now I understand a few Favoured Saints execs are occupying for the moment!

Lance:

ADV doesn't give two squirts about that... he's eyeing that fire extinguisher!

He breaks the glass with his elbow and takes out the extinguisher while Keyes is still pressed against the opposite wall.

Lance:

Ooof. That's gonna be a fine or jail time if you break those and it's not an emergency.

DDK:

Maybe so, but... AHHH! KEYES FIGHTS BACK!

The Faithful EXPLODE when Keyes CHARGES towards Alvaro and tackles him right into the door to the Favoured Saints' private skybox, sending both men to the floor and ADV dropping the weapon he planned on using! Various onlookers start to scatter from the box when Brian Slater comes in and tries to apologize.

DDK:

Hopefully, our backers understand Falls Count Anywhere literally means Falls Count Anywhere!

Keyes looks up and sees the Favoured Saints CEO Daniel Davidson with his wife and young son watching the show.

Henry Keyes:

Forgive the intrusion. Business to settle.

Keyes grabs a nearby steel folding chair and they all scatter from the Skybox while ADV is on the ground, clutching his rib cage.

DDK:

Henry has that chair! He's got Alvaro right where he wants him!

He has the chair up when Alvaro reaches into his pocket...

DDK:

NO! NO! ALVARO WITH THE FIREBALL! DAMN IT!

Keyes drops the chair and collapses to the ground, now holding his face in pain! ADV launches up and then kicks the various snacks and drinks off of the nearby table! He grabs Keyes and sets him up next to it...

Lance:

THAT FIREBALL! NO! NOW ARDIENDO! ARDIENDO ON THE TABLE! KEYES BOUNCES OFF OF IT! THIS ONE IS DONE!

Tom Morrow finally runs into the skybox just as Alvaro pushes Keyes over and makes the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Alvaro sits up and lets out a roar of pure emotion, having FINALLY vanquished Henry Keyes! Brian Slater quickly gets a towel and drapes it over the face of Henry Keyes, trying to see the extent of the damage done by the fireball while yelling for more help!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

I hope he's damn proud of himself! The monkey is off his damn back, I guess.

Lance:

I'm genuinely SHOCKED, Keebs. Alvaro had as real of a chance to win this as Henry Keyes did, but... he played dirty and he won with that damn fireball. That should be BANNED.

ADV sits up happily and then grabs a beer from behind the counter like an asshole before opening the Skybox window to LOUD jeers from the crowd. He starts pretending to bathe in their jeers and pours a swig out over his own head in victory!

Alvaro de Vargas:

I told you, pirata dirigible! Yo gano! I. Win.

ADV takes a victory swig and sees Morrow. He grabs two more beers from the skybox and brushes right past him to get out the door of his skybox to celebrate perhaps his biggest singles win in some time! Morrow shakes his head, but does look happy that his charge won as they go off.

DDK:

What a violent way to open the show! Falls Count Anywhere ends with Alvaro de Vargas settling his months-long grudge with Henry Keyes, finally pinning him one on one to end this rivalry. We won't hear the end of this, will we?

YOU WERE WARNED

Lance:

I don't know, but we're going to be switching gears shortly. But... wait...

The crowd starts to clap as Keyes shows a glimmer of life, stirring from the splinters of the shattered snack table. Referee Brian Slater offers his assistance to Keyes, which Keyes shakes off as he slowly rolls to his hands and knees. Then to one foot, and after another pause, to both feet, his eyes betraying a man clearly in major pain that doesn't want to show it. As Keyes looks out from the box, he winces as he raises his right fist for a moment towards the crowd to a rousing show of appreciation and support, keeping the towel over his head.

DDK:

It's amazing to see this man conscious, let alone pulling himself up under his own power! He fought through an absolute war tonight!

Keyes quickly lowers his fist and clutches it with his left arm, leaning against a disheveled desk and catching his breath with deep rapid gasps of air.

Lance:

It was a battle like no oth—

—there is a blur. Motion and fury, a lightning-quick thunderclap. Keyes is BLISTERED off the screen by an unknown figure...a figure that slowly turns to face the camera, a snarling mass of hair and rage.

DDK:

Oh my god...

It had been a charging big boot that had taken Keyes's face off. A boot from a man we were warned about for months now.

Corvo Alpha.

Lance:

...he's here!

Before Keyes can regain his footing, the brute presses his advantage. Clubbing forearms rain down. Keyes actively tries to block each one, but reacts just a moment too late each time. Keyes absorbs shot after shot after shot, and soon he is unable to defend himself at all. Corvo shoves a couch out of his way before snatching Keyes by a leg.

DDK:

Henry Keyes has been through a WAR tonight... and now Corvo Alpha... is he going to kill him??

Alpha cinches his leglock a little deeper and drags Keyes towards the wall. With strength and power a man his modest height shouldn't have, Alpha swings the lifeless body of Keyes around headfirst into a nearby vending machine. On cue, the green light of the machine flutters before dispensing a Vernor's ginger soda that falls on top of Keyes's unmoving head. Alpha, Leviathan Unleashed, pulls Keyes into a half crab as DEFsec starts streaming into the owner's box. Keyes is so worn down from the brutality that he couldn't tap even if he wanted to, which he surely would if he were fully conscious.

Lance:

We have a situation on our hands here, thankfully security is here to de-escalate this brutal assault...

He throws Keyes's leg down, pie-faces the first security guard so hard that he takes out another DEFsec behind him, and he levels a third with a boot. Snarling and spitting, Alpha pulls Keyes to his feet and brings them both towards the edge of the owner's box. The camera cuts to a far shot. The spotlight shines bright on the owner's box as the crowd noise grows with a rising tenor of fear and anticipation.

DDK:I don't like ANY of this... *NO!!*

More DEFSec appear on the scene, but they pause, yelling at Corvo to stop as he approaches the ledge. The animal doesn't hear them. He doesn't look down...instead, with zero hesitation, he grabs Keyes in a chinlock and charges forward – a running bulldog off of the balcony. The capacity crowd holds its collective breath, a gasp felt at home. Seconds feel like hours as they plummet...

CRASSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

They tumble out of camera-shot with the crash and the fans groan in shock and horror, an electric murmur that steadily hums over the moment. We hear several high-pitched screams. The camera pans to several members of the Faithful - some with their hands over their mouths, others with their hands on their heads. No one seems to know how to process what just happened. We cut to Craig Hamburgers, who is seen clinging tightly to his dad, head buried in his side. Poor dad tries comforting his son to no avail.

Lance:

NO! NOT HENRY!!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

We cut to a running camera shot arriving at the scene of what would otherwise appear to be a horrific car crash. Alpha has driven Keyes face first through a platform stacked with production equipment on the lower level. Wires, broken boxes, sparks, and camera equipment cover the men as nearby producers and technicians flee the scene. Laying broken and shattered within, Henry Keyes is frighteningly unmoving. His entire head is buried through a section of an equipment box. In the background of the shot, we spy a figure seated at the foot of the disaster in a folding metal chair. As if he'd been expecting them, Lord Nigel Tricklebush tips his bowler cap towards the unmoving Henry Keyes. After a moment, Corvo Alpha somehow emerges in one piece and Nigel rises to his feet with a strange grace. Offering a golf clap to the gladiators at his feet, his champion lives...

DDK:

SOMEONE GET THEIR ASS TO HENRY KEYES RIGHT NOW! HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION!

Lance:

This is...I...I don't even know.

Alpha scowls, his ugly face smeared in globs of sweaty black paint. His hairy chest smeared with red, Corvo Alpha seems to feel the Faithful around him for the first time. In pain, broken himself, he fights to stand to his full height, eying the fans with disdain and a strange curiosity... before sharing with them the closest thing he has to a broken smile.

*♪"Electric Funeral (Instrumental) by Black Sabbath ♪***DDK:**

How is Corvo Alpha on his feet?!? What have we just witnessed?! CAN SOMEONE GET TO HENRY KEYES, PLEASE??

The camera pulls tight on the still-unmoving body of Henry Keyes, mangled and dismembered. Medical staff, including Iris Davine, finally rush to his aid and begin the delicate process of checking him out and loading him onto a stretcher. Iris shouts at the nearest cameraman to go away as soon as she sees Henry's face for the first time. The camera spins to find the perpetrator. Lord Nigel places a black-gloved hand on the heaving shoulder of his charge with approval. Alpha drops to his knees, exhausted, in pain and enthralled.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha has COME for DEF Road... and Henry Keyes has paid the ultimate price. Who will be next?!?

DDK:

Oh, my God... We've... we've gotta cut backstage. We have a segment coming up that was taped earlier today, but we've gotta get this sorted badly. Folks, we'll be right back.

ORDER

We cut back to ringside where the crowd is still on the edge of their collective seat. The arena lights flicker, dim, and then die as the arena is plunged into darkness.

DDK:

Someone forget to pay the bill? What's going on?

There's a long moment of uncertainty in the dark before the voice of "Wicked" Wilson Pickett croons out from the speakers.

Tiiiiiiiiime... is on my siiiide... yes it is!

"Time Is On My Side" by Wilson Pickett plays and the lights flare to their brightest for just a moment before settling back to a dim lighting with a spotlight on the entrance. Standing at the entrance is a man wearing a jet-black suit with a charcoal gray dress shirt and blood red tie. He walks down to the ring, a smirk playing on his bearded face, black hair seeming to suck up the light around it. The smirk never quite reaches his pale, gray eyes.

DDK:

Hey! That's Jacob Mephisto!

Lance:

Folks, for those of you who don't know, this man is as dangerous as they come. He may not be a household name here in DEFIANCE, but over in Vegas, just about everyone knows his name. He's a future hall of famer in the SHOOT Project. And now? He's here in DEFIANCE!

Mephisto makes his way to the ring, stepping through the ropes and grabbing a microphone. He waits for the music to fade and the lights to return to normal.

Jacob Mephisto:

I'm not going to stand out here and regale you people with tales of who I am or what I've done.

His voice is cold, calculating, and calm, but carries the edge of a man who is used to people listening... not hearing, but really listening... to what he says.

Jacob Mephisto:

If you know who I am, then you know why I'm here. They call me a snake in the grass. They say I'm the silver-tongued serpent. None of that matters. My family and I have business that will never cease in the SHOOT Project. We will burn through the current tournament in the resurrected PRIME. But, here... here we will unleash... order.

He pauses, the crowd voicing some confusion.

Jacob Mephisto:

Did you think I would say chaos? No. No, no, no. Chaos is for those who cannot control themselves. Chaos is for... heroes. No, order is what must be maintained. To that end? My family and I will humble... the DEFIANT. We'll see you soon.

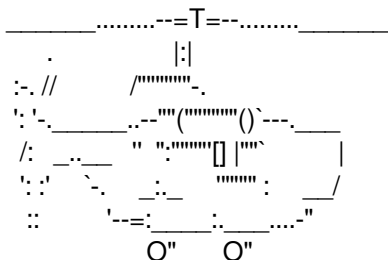
He drops the microphone with a heavy THUD as the music hits again and he exits the ring, practically sauntering his way back up the ramp.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. SEARCH PARTY CYRUS

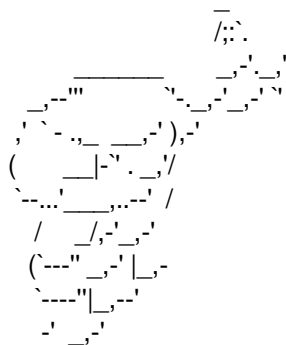
Moving right along, the proceedings for the next match starts.

♪ "Helikopter" by Fazlija ♪

"hElIkOpTeR"



"HeLiKoPtEr"



"Oh my the way she is"

None other than Search Party Cyrus marches out on stage in special helicopter themed gear, however that looks. Use your imagination.

Darren Quimbey:

This next bout is a singles match! Introducing first, from Fort Worth, Texas, SEARCH PARTY CYRUS!

SPC does the typical peering out to the crowd and his patented helicopter arms out wide combo as he makes his way down to the ring.

DDK:

This whole search party routine Cyrus Bates has been employing might be a tad silly but honestly, it's been working for him.

Lance:

That was until he ran into Mushigihara and the devastating new uranage move he's been using as of late.

SPC rolls into the ring and lets the sound of helicopter propellers soak over him.

DDK:

Very true, Lance. In fact, this feud has been centered around that very move. Mushi introduced it and it seems Bates has yet to be able to counter it, at least up until this point. Tonight might be different, which remains to be seen.

Lance:

SPC has even gone as far as to mimic the move on others. It will be interesting to see the role the move plays in this

grudge match.

♪ "Wake Up" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

As the droning guitar riffs of Tom Morello fill the DEFplex, the massive former sumo wrestler stalks his way to the arena entrance, bathed in a sea of gold lights as he stares daggers at his adversary in the ring and flexes his right arm, signalling the brutal uranage throw the God-Beast has begun using to dispatch his opponents. As the downtempo bass riff follows, Mushi grits his teeth, his gaze intensifying as the squealing guitar returns, followed by a battlecry of...

COME ON!

The main beat of the song kicks in as the monstrous Mushigihara stampedes to the ring, not once taking his eyes off Search Party Cyrus.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan! Weighing in at two hundred ninety-seven pounds... THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Without any fanfare, the God-Beast storms the ring, before getting to his corner and keeping that cold death stare at Cyrus, before letting out a threatening...

Mushigihara:

...OSU.

DING DING

SPC charges at Mushi who ducks the embrace and catches his foe in a hammerlock. SPC quickly executes a standing switch, which Mushi reverses again and proceeds to grab Bates around the neck!

DDK:

Uranage!

No. Not yet, anyways. SPC flails like a fish out of water and manages to escape the hold. He urgently dives out of the ring to collect himself as the fanbase gets on him. SPC gently touches his neck and collarbone area as he counts his lucky stars for getting out of the hold.

DDK:

Mushigihara almost had Bates!

Bates peers ominously back inside the ring where Mushi stands waiting for him. Cyrus shifts his view to the ramp where it's clear he's contemplating his next action.

DDK:

Is SPC going to hightail it to the hills just like his cohort Malak would?

Bates takes a step in that direction before thinking wisely and tentatively sliding back into the ring.

Lance:

Mushi comes in hard with the boots!

SPC military rolls out of harm's way before landing some blows across Mushi's exposed spine. All it does is infuriate The God Beast though, as he slams Bates down with a backbreaker!

DDK:

Cyrus Bates should search for some better offense if the early goings of this match are any indication.

The Golden Goliath mounts Bates and begins hammering away. The barrage doesn't stop until SPC rolls out of the ring again. He spends a lot less time on the outside this time as he grabs Mushi's leg, tripping him up before re-entering.

DDK:

Look out!

Bates nails Mushi a huge running shoulder block and seizes the momentum. SPC locks in a sleeper hold with both men down on the mat.

Lance:

Bates wants to slow the pace down here. Both are big bruisers for wrestlers but it looks like Cyrus is still scared of that uranage and wants to wrestle at a very methodical pace.

DDK:

Wouldn't you? I mean, keeping everything in front of him is probably the best idea there is. That way he can't get blindsided with the uranage.

Mushi powers his way to his feet and breaks free from the sleeper.

DDK:

Manhattan drop on Bates! And see, just like that, Mushi OVERPOWERS Bates. It might not be a matter of if but WHEN the uranage can strike.

With Bates reeling, Mushi spears his foe into the corner. Both men thud hard against the turnbuckle as SPC tries his darndest to keep Mushi at bay. Mushi's technique is unmatched though as he breaks the guard in favor of a bearhug!

DDK:

The technical prowess of Mushigihara is impressive, Lance.

Lance:

No doubt, Darren. It seems like every sort of block or reversal SPC tries, The God Beast comes right back with an answer.

Bates screams as Mushi bearhug throws him overhead!

SPLAT!

SPC lands hard on the canvas as Mushi floats over for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Search Party gets a shoulder up at the last moment as the referee holds up two fingers. Mushi picks his opponent up and sends him off the ropes.

DDK:

DVD!

Mushi catches a sprinting Cyrus Bates and plants him dead to rights with a death valley driver! The crowd is in awe at the impressive display of power. He goes for another pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

SPC kicks out with a bit more vigor but The God Beast stays on the attack. The two men rise to their feet while grappling. Bates tries his best to push Mushi back but notices his grip is slipping, so he promptly kicks him in the gut.

Lance:

Was that a low blow? It looked close enough to be.

Bates takes the lead as he gives Mushi a seriously harsh brainbuster!

DDK:

These two big lugs are exchanging heavy blows!

Bates covers.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The fans begin chanting for The God Beast as SPC wants to stay on the attack. With a woozy opponent on his feet, Cyrus launches himself off the ropes and goes for a spear but instead, he gets caught with a pair of meaty bear arms around the waist, and is lifted off the ground for a moment before...

Mushigihara:

GrrrrrrRRRRRRRAAAAAWWWWWWWGH!!!

...the God-Beast spikes Cyrus to the mat with a gut-wrench maneuver resembling a classic Karelin lift!

DDK:

Such fluid movement and raw power by Mushigihara! He really is a marvel to watch in the ring.

Both men bounce to their feet as Bates misses with a close-handed fist. You know what's coming next.

Lance:

Mushi grabs him around the neck! Uranage!?

Again, SPC squirms like his life depends on it and somehow gets out of the hold. Mushi goes for it again but this time he misses and Search Party Cyrus makes no mistake with planting his nemesis with a uranage of his own.

THUD!

DDK:

OH MY GOODNESS! The ring shook with that one!

All smiles, SPC looks down at The God Beast who can't help but hold his neck.

Lance:

I can't believe it! After all that, it's Bates who lands the uranage first on Mushigihara!

The fans are stunned as SPC covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

He kicked out!

Bates can't believe it as he consults the referee to count faster. The time he wastes speaking to the ref enables The God Beast to shake the cobwebs out and get back to his feet. Bates turns right into the throat hold AGAIN but legitimately low blows Mushi this time.

DDK:

LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW! MUSHI HAD HIM!

Lance:

And the ref didn't see it because he was too close to the men! What a subtle, yet devastating move.

Mushi doubles over in pain as Bates hurries to down him with an axe kick!

KEYBOARD KICK!

The crowd boos as Bates pulls Mushi up once again, only to hit yet another uranage! His face has a cheeky look on it as he hooks a leg.

DDK:

Could this be it? Has Search Party Cyrus beaten Mushigihara at his own game!?

ONE!

TWO!

NOPE!

The crowd bursts into cheers as Mushi refuses to go down without a fight. SPC tries to plant some forearm shots into The God Beast's skull but they are starting to have no effect. Both men gradually get to their feet where SPC tries for yet another uranage. Mushi elbows his way out of it, only to get another boot to the face!

DDK:

Back and forth and back and forth we go!

Mushi manages to find support by backing up into the nearby ropes, and with gritted teeth he bounces off before leveling Cyrus with a flying shoulder tackle! Mushi with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BATES POPS A SHOULDER UP!

The camera zooms in on the face of Mushigihara, who looks visibly frustrated, slamming a palm onto the mat before climbing back onto his feet and pulling Cyrus back up with him, wrapping his massive arms around SPC's head and

arm.

DDK:

This could be another uranage! Mushigihara may be going for the kill!

The road up is a long one for SPC, who is slowly lifted up, gradually raised off his feet while the God-Beast takes a few slow, stalking steps toward the center of the ring before...

Mushigihara:

UuuuuuuWAAAAAAAARGH~!

WHAM!

Lance:

And DOWN GOES SEARCH PARTY CYRUS! HIS ARMS WERE FLAILING THE ENTIRE TIME!

Confident in victory, Mushigihara lays both of his meaty hands on Cyrus' chest as the referee counts!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Wake Up" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

As Mushi's music plays, he gets his arm raised in victory, grinning in satisfaction all the while.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!!!"

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, MUSHIGIHARA!

SPC holds his neck in severe pain as his eyes look like they're about to purge themselves from his skull. The loser of the match rolls out of the ring and can't shake his mind to clarity.

Search Party Cyrus:

Uranage! Uranage! uRaNaGe! NOOOooOoOOoOOoOOooooOOOOO! IT'S IN MY HEAD!

Losing himself in his own mania, SPC continues to scream in pain before heading to the back, leaving The God Beast in the ring to soak up his victory.

DDK:

Cyrus Bates looks to be in a bad way, Lance.

Lance:

And Mushigihara is more impressive for it! That uranage is a deadly new weapon to his arsenal. Any future opponent of his should be weary!

The scene fades of Mushi indulging in the cheers.

BE GOOD

The scene switches backstage to the back of Conor Fuse walking down a hallway in the DEF Plex. The crowd goes crazy with !RANK chants but they quiet down quickly when they release Conor is speaking to someone beside him.

He has his arm around the man... but who it is, no one knows due to the black drab outfit the person is wearing. (The only reason Conor Fuse is known, he's in his lime green ring attire and everyone can hear him speaking.)

Conor Fuse: *[to the person beside him]*

So it's gonna feel unusual at first, let me tell you. Don't fight it, though. Don't fight *them*. Let it all in. When they started cheering I'm like "dude, really? I'm a friggin clown-shoed manchild who likes video games, you actually like me!?" but then all of a sudden I'm like "dude, yeah, I dig this. Let's all get on the same page! It could be fun!"

Conor takes a moment to collect his thoughts. The camera trails while the two continue casually strolling down the hall.

Conor Fuse:

Now, the most vital thing is don't change anything about yourself. They like you for YOU. Weird? I know, man, LOL I know. But you've got special qualities inside your heart. You don't see them cheering for someone like... Scrow right? Emo is so early 2000s. Or was it in the 90s? You tell me. Wait actually, don't. My point is you don't see them cheering for Malak Garland. Being woke is like on coke, broski. Not good for the system. Not good, not good at all.

Conor pauses. They turn a corner.

Conor Fuse:

But buddy, it's a tough rope to walk because there's also Oscar Burns. He hasn't really changed anything about himself but the reality is his true colours came out. *[Gesturing outside, like he's talking about The Faithful]* They all are like "dude, this dude isn't cool anymore. He's a bum. BOO!" and so Burns goes to the dark side. Also it's really important not to tell them what *they* want. Look at Ned Reform. Dummy thinks he's smarter than everyone else. He gets on a high horse and tells people what to do. No one likes a nimrod like that.

You can tell from the mere body language the person Conor is speaking to wants to get a word in but he can't.

Conor Fuse:

So, let's recap. One: it's so awesome you're here! Two: Just be yourself. And Three: as the Locker Room Leader if you have any questions...

Conor stops to dig into his pocket and pulls out a pamphlet. The pamphlet reads "HOW TO BE GOOD 101". The man takes it from Conor.

Conor Fuse:

My contact deets like discord DM, gmail, all that stuff is on the back. Just give me a call anytime.

The man, once again, tries to speak but Conor keeps going.

Conor Fuse:

I usually do these fun litter interactions on pay-per-view... *[gets off topic]* or is it Premier Specialized Shows? Hmmm. Maybe it's Quality Awesome Event? *[Trying to get back on track]* Anyway, I usually do these interactions with my brother, Tyler. I seem to be running into him every pay-per-view. But not tonight. DEFIANCE Road, I made an exception. Because it's nice to have you on the Good Team!

The two stop at the end of the hall. The camera finally catches up and spins around to see who Conor is speaking to.

Rezin.

The Faithful go ballistic.

Conor Fuse:

Okay so last thing, we have WaterCooler Wednesdays after DEFtv -WCW for short- to chat about super fun shit -and sometimes Kristie Bellis' life, she loves to leave it out there-. C'mon down it's a super fun time. Smash Bros. tournaments on Friday's. We make fun of DEF Radio on the weekends. LOL dude Scotty Flash is a loser in his mom's basement, we all know this.

Conor smiles, pats Rezin's back and winks.

Conor Fuse:

And you get my specialized email.

Conor gives Rezin a hug.

Conor Fuse:

Welcome to the Heroes, my friend. This is a team *they* not only deserve but one day... they're gonna get.

Conor pats Rezin on the back once more.

Conor Fuse:

Also sorry about that emo reference. I know PUNK ROCK's the shit. Bahahahaha. Okay dude, love ya, miss ya, and good luck tonight in the SOHER match! Take care!

And before Rezin can say anything, Conor Fuse races off down the hallway, leaving The Goat Bastard alone... but with a cool pamphlet. Rezin suddenly blinks as if waking up from a trance... or realizing his surroundings for the first time.

Rezin:

Shit, wait a sec, what was he saying? I wasn't paying attention...

He looks over the "HOW TO BE GOOD 101" pamphlet in his hands, unfolding the trifold and examining it from corner to corner. He isn't so much interested in the words printed on it as much as its dimensions.

Rezin:

Hmmm...

He rolls the pamphlet into a tube, and lighting appears to strike his head as a smile forms on his face.

Rezin:

Nice... this'll make a HEROIC SPLIFF after the show!

A production crew member approaches him.

Crew Member:

Five minutes until you're on, Mr. Rezin.

The Escape Artist nods with conviction. He is ready.

Rezin:

ARRRIGHT... let's FIRE THIS SHIT UP!

He wanders off to the left of the camera, disappearing out of the frame.

Crew Member:

...the ring is the other way, sir.

Rezin reappears and disappears again, this time to the right, giving the crew member a thankful salute.

Rezin:

That way, right... THANKS!

Fade back to the arena.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: SCROW Â© vs. REZIN

DDK:

Next up on the docket, ladies and gentlemen... the Southern Heritage Title may or may NOT be on the line, when the champion SCROW meets the Kabal exile REZIN in the ring!

Lance:

Scrow confidently claimed he could beat Rezin in under fifteen minutes. Therefore, the title won't be on the line until the match crosses the fifteen minute mark. However, if Rezin can't last that long, he goes back to the Kabal as their slave.

DDK:

Scrow has lately seen his position in the Kabal rise to a place of power, second perhaps only to Teresa Ames. It may seem questionable to have given Rezin this opportunity, but the champion's desire to make others suffer is well known by this point.

Lance:

Rezin's about to come out, Keebs. Do you know what that means?

DDK:

Yep. Got my sunglasses right here.

Both commentators put on their eye protection, right before the arena goes BLACK... and then WHITE LIGHT from the DEFIATron pierces through the arena,

Lance:

Good call on these.

The light from the screen slowly fades into the familiar image of a mushroom cloud billowing up in slow motion. No atonal music score. Just silence and crowd noise.

[!\[\]\(9a795c4c0c43d0827b424565265fc8e6_img.jpg\) "You Don't Own Me" by Lesley Gore !\[\]\(309fc82b0f6cee9f7b956d7c1bb2176b_img.jpg\)](#)

DDK:

Well... *this* is different.

Slowly, the nuclear blast dissolves into an extreme close-up on the face of the Goat Bastard REZIN, temporarily juxtaposing his head with the explosion of the atomic bomb.

"You don't own me.

"I'm not just one of your many toys.

"You don't own me.

"Don't say I can't go with other boys."

The camera begins a slow zoom out. Disembodied hands blindfold Rezin's eyes. As the extended shot reveals more and his torso comes into the frame, he's forcibly strapped into a straight-jacket. Zooming out more, we see we're in a nondescript room.

"AND DOON'T TEELL ME WHAT TO DOO!

"DOON'T TEELL ME WHAT TO SAAYY!

"AND PLEEAASE WHEN III GO OUT WITH YOOUU!

"DOON'T PUUT ME ON DISPLAAYY, 'cause..."

Three REAPERS wrap the straight-jacketed Rezin up with a heavy metal CHAIN and padlock it tight. Even though the footage is black and white, we can see by their builds that they're the ever unpopular trio of Reapers Magenta, Cyan, and Chartreuse.

"You don't own me.

"Don't try to change me in any way.

"You don't own me.

"Don't tie me down 'cause I'd never stay."

The camera continues zooming out, never cutting. Reapers zip Rezin up into a body bag then place him into a trunk, which gets padlocked. The slow continuous zoom reveals the doorway as the Reapers exit and shut the door behind them, barring it shut.

"III DOON'T TEELL YOU WHAT TO DOO!

"III DON'T TEELL YOU WHAT TO SAAYY!

"SO JUUST LEET ME BE MYSEELLF!

"THAAT'S AALL I ASK OF YOOUU!"

The continuous shot zooms out through the hallways as the Reapers douse the floor using cans of gasoline. We eventually back out through the front door of a decrepit house, as the Reapers lead a trail of gas over the threshold and bolt the door behind them, effectively sealing off the house. Over the PA, Lesley takes it home.

"I'M YOUNG! AND I WANT TO BE YOUNG!

"I'M FREE! AND I LOVE TO BE FREE!

"TO LIIVE MY LIIFE THE WAY I WAANT!

"TO SAAY AND DOO WHATEVER I PLEASE!"

The Reapers walk a few paces away from the front porch before one of them casually drops a match at the end of the gasoline trail. Within a matter of moments the house lights up into a BLAZING INFERNO...

"Cause... you don't own me."

On cue, "The Escape Artist" Rezin steps into the frame, having seemingly escaped from his confines. With the burning house serving as his epic backdrop, he casually lights up a spliff, takes a drag, and delivers into the camera a CLOVEN HOOF KICK -- and it cuts to STATIC!

BOOM!

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

An APOCALYPTIC MUSHROOM CLOUD rises off the stage following the pyro! Extreme thrash metal tears through the PA, and REZIN bursts through the smoke to a deafening crowd pop! The Breakout DEFIANT of 2021 looks hyper-charged, head whipping around as his wild eyes zip from one point into the crowd to the next.

Fired up and ready to rock, Rezin is about to burst into a sprint down to the ring when he suddenly SKIDS to a stop as he reaches his old arch nemesis... the Pay Per View rampway!

DDK:

Oh boy, here we go... is he going to make it down the ramp this time?

Rezin looks doubtfully to his left and right. The crowd gets louder as they cheer him on, and feeling more confident with their support, Rezin takes a STEP onto the ramp as if sticking his foot into a tub of hot water...

...and he doesn't slip!

Rezin takes ANOTHER step... and keeps his footing!

Lance:

It looks like the curse is broken, Keebs.

DDK:

And all it took was a little pat on the back from the Faithful who have come to embrace him!

Rezin begins a confident swagger down the rampway...

DDK:

WAIT!! SCROW, FROM BEHIND!!

Until the Goat Bastard suddenly receives the face of the Southern Heritage Title to the back of his HEAD as Scrow bursts out of the entrance and clocks him from behind! Rezin pitches forward and tumbles the rest of the way down the ramp, leading in a heap at ringside.

Lance:

Well, he ALMOST had it this time...

DDK:

He wasn't counting on SCROW running out and attacking him on his way to the ring!

Minerva Hive appears and retrieves the Southern Heritage belt while chasing after the action. Scrow comes charging down the rampway, building speed as Rezin gets to his feet in a daze. Then the reigning SOHER Champ NAILS him with a side jumpkick that sends Rezin sprawling and crashing into the steel steps!

DDK:

This match hasn't even started, and already Scrow has begun to assault the challenger, Rezin! What a cowardly attack!

Lance:

Even though he says he's confident that Rezin couldn't last fifteen minutes in the ring with him, he evidently is taking no chances tonight.

Scrow angrily rips off his leather jacket before delivering vicious KICKS to Rezin's head up against the steel steps! Blood is already seen trickling down Rezin's temple as official Brian Slater leans out through the ropes and yells at the champion to bring the action into the squared circle.

Lance:

The clock has NOT begun ticking since the match hasn't even started. Until then, Scrow is going to get in every shot he can get.

DDK:

Slater has had enough of this, as he gives the cue to the timekeeper!

DING DING

Scrow hears the bell and scowls angrily at the official for starting the match, but Slater only begins counting him out. Scrow indignantly pulls Rezin off the floor and rolls him into the ring while the timer on the DEFIatron begins counting down from fifteen. Hive has made her way out during the carnage in a gold Selene Underworld outfit, much like Scrow's ring attire of gold trunks and shin pads.

DDK:

Just as a reminder, this ONLY becomes a championship match after the fifteen minute mark! Scrow will no doubt try to win this as early as possible so -- WAIT!! REZIN back on his feet!

The crowd pops as Rezin suddenly scrambles up and peppers Scrow with an aggressive flurry of rights and lefts. Scrow reels back and Rezin pushes him off the ropes to send him into motion. Scrow returns and runs straight into a HURRICANRANA that flips him over onto his back!

DDK:

The tables have turned on the SOHER Champ! Now Rezin grabs him from behind -- going for the quick INTO THE VOID -- but Scrow shoves him off and dips out of the ring!

Lance:

Smart move by the SOHER Champ. Rezin can't be underestimated when he gets momentum on his side.

Rezin paces the ring, continuing to work up the crowd, and dabs his thumb in his own blood to streak his cheeks in war paint as he beckons Scrow back into the ring. Scrow is furious and reluctant to get back in, until Minerva Hive points back at the clock ticking past the first minute and reminds him he's on limited time.

DDK:

Scrow is back to the apron, telling official Brian Slater to keep the challenger back! Rezin lays himself up on the far turnbuckle, taking it easy until the champion is ready to get into this!

Lance:

Rezin should be more than willing to run the clock on this one. But if Scrow wants him back as the Kabal's slave, he'll need to live up to his lofty claims and defend his title in under 15 minutes.

Another 30 seconds ticks by. Scrow impatiently gets back into the ring and Rezin drops to his feet to meet him. They meet in the center of the ring and circle around in fighting postures. Rezin sees an opening and throws out a kick to the middle, but Scrow deftly hops out of range and counters with a toe kick that tags the Escape Artist on the cheek.

Lance:

Rezin is a talented striker in his own right, but the champion has honed his skills over the past year in this department. Remember those underground pitfights?

DDK:

The Proving Grounds... how could I forget?

Rezin rubs the pain out of his cheek and the two go back into their stances. Scrow strikes first this time, coming forth with a combo of high kung fu kicks that puts Rezin on his heels as he deflects the strikes. Scrow traps him into the corner, and with nowhere to go, lays into the challenger with a couple shoulder blocks against the turnbuckles.

DDK:

The SOHER Champion gets Rezin in the corner, but Brian Slater is quickly breaking this up!

Lance:

Credit to the official. Scrow was probably hoping for more liberal enforcement of the rules, but with the fifteen minute time limit still ticking away, Brian Slater is running a tight ship, keeping the action moving.

Scrow grabs Rezin by the skulllet and throws him out of the corner and onto the canvas. Then he boosts up to the middle rope as Rezin gets to his feet and comes diving out.

DDK:

Scrow with the METEORA, driving Rezin back to the mat! He hooks the legs!

One... NO!! REZIN WITH THE REVERSAL!!

ONE! TWO! SCROW kicks out!

Both competitors quickly get to their feet, with Scrow going for a KNEE to the head of the rising Rezin, but the Goat Bastard catches him by the leg and counters with a Dragon Screw to take him back to the mat! Rezin grabs the other leg and flips over into a pin!

DDK:

Rezin with the JACKKNIFE PIN!

ONE... TWO... SCROW KICKS OUT and BRIDGES off the mat to get the shoulders up!

Lance:

That's the second time Rezin has gone for a pinfall. Does he realize he still has around eleven minutes before the Southern Heritage Title is actively up for grabs?

DDK:

I'm not sure how much Rezin realizes of anything that's happening around him, but it's also possible that he cares less about winning that championship as much as he does beating Scrow and humiliating the man that exiled him from the Kabal!

Scrow's arms lock around Rezin's waist as he twists around and comes out on top, delivering a couple knees to stun the challenger before lifting him off the mat and driving him down HARD on his neck and shoulders with a Kneeling Piledriver! Rezin stays stuck in the headstand position stiff as a post for several seconds until he topples over like a felled tree.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what a piledriver! The SOHER Champ may have finally regained control of this match with that, as he goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT by Rezin!

The crowd pops hard as Rezin stays alive, and a scowl forms on Scrow's face as he pulls him back off the mat.

Darren Quimbey:

TEN MINUTES remain...

Quimbey's announcement causes Scrow to pause and look back at the clock on the screen to confirm it with his own eyes, and hurriedly gets Rezin by the arm and sends him into the corner. Rezin immediately jumps to the top rope and the Faithful POP --

DDK:

REZINSAULT -- NO!!

Scrow DUCKS at the last second, and Rezin flops chest-first onto the mat and remains splayed out there like Wile E. Coyote just dropped off a cliff. Scrow jumps on him, slaps on a front facelock, and quickly pulls him to his feet before driving him headfirst to the mat again.

DDK:

FALLING DDT! Scrow rolls him onto his back and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

REZIN KICKS OUT! And Scrow SLAPS the mat in anger!

Lance:

He was overconfident when he laid this challenge out at DEFtv, but the Raven's Eye is finding out firsthand that even though the Goat Bastard can often come off as a fool, he can put up an epic fight when given the motivation.

DDK:

And getting his revenge on the Kabal is all the motivation Rezin needs!

Scrow grabs a handful of beard to yank the blubbering Rezin back off the mat and sweeps him up onto his shoulders into the Argentine rack. The Raven's Eye has a face that is wild and full of desperation as he spins around and bombs Rezin to the mat!

DDK:

ARGENTINE BLUE THUNDER BOMB!! Rezin BOUNCES WILDLY across the ring off the impact!

Lance:

Scrow is pulling out the most dangerous moves in his arsenal to put Rezin away.

DDK:

Could that have done the trick as Scrow drags Rezin back to the center of the ring and hooks both legs for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--ANOTHER KICKOUT by Rezin!

The crowd pops LOUD as Scrow glares at Brian Slater in absolute rage. Slater just holds up the two fingers and confirms he didn't get it. Scrow gets up and lays into Rezin's back and head with angry stomps. Rezin's cut continues to bleed down the side of his face. The Faithful begin to chant mockingly to Scrow...

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

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

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

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

Scrow holds his hands over his ears as he redirects his rage to the Faithful and demands they shut up. Rezin finds the opportunity to roll himself under the ropes and fall to the outside for some temporary reprieve. Minerva notices Rezin slowly getting to his feet outside. Brian is distracted by Scrow. Who apparently is blaming Slater for the fans chants.

DDK:

YAKUZA KICK! Hive just planted Rezin on the floor!

Lance:

She is just walking away from the crime scene with that same deadpan look she has had since she returned.

Scrow shoves Slater out of the way and exits the ring. Rezin looks like a murder victim sprawled out on the floor. Scrow picks up Rezin, and glances over at the clock now ticking down just under nine minutes. Scrow pushes Rezin back against the barricade, and hooks him into a suplex. He lifts him up and drops him right into the ring apron. Rezin quickly shouts in pain trying to hold his lower back. Scrow looks down at his former Kabal brother. Slater has reached a five count. Scrow ignores him, and kicks the top of the steel steps off. He walks over to Rezin lifting him up and setting his face on the cold steel. Scrow slides in the ring and Slater tries to get a few words with him, but Scrow once more ignores him and slides onto the apron.

DDK:

What is Scrow planning here?

Lance:

The clock is gonna be a factor for him if he doesn't finish this soon.

Scrow runs off the apron...

DDK:

GOD ALMIGHTY! HE JUST CURB STOMPED REZIN'S FACE INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

Scrow falls backward holding his knee, Rezin is motionless now in a small puddle of blood on the steel steps.

Lance:

Scrow may have dislocated his knee, trying to seal the deal here. Scrow is in a lot of pain here!

Slater gathers himself after the insane spot of the match. He starts his count. Scrow is shouting in pain holding his left knee. Hive has moved to check on Scrow. She helps him to his feet, and he quickly falls down. Minerva looks up at the clock and it has reached five and half minutes left.

Lance:

Wait a minute! Hive just tossed Scrow into the ring.

DDK:

Scrow might win this match with a count out, what a horrible way to end a pay per view match!

Slater has become very slow with his count, as he reaches a four count. Rezin has begun to show signs of life. However the count and his speed are not in line with one another. Scrow has slid himself to the corner, trying to get some feeling back in his knee.

DDK:

The Faithful chant for the Goat Bastard, but time is running out here for him. He has no idea where he is and Brian has reached eight here.

Lance:

Get in there Rezin!

Just as Slater is about to hit ten Rezin somehow manages to roll into the ring, Minerva just stares at Brian, she may not show it but you can tell she is upset with him. Scrow, pulls himself up to his feet. He hobbles over and drops a forearm on the skull of Rezin before regretting it with his knee. He goes for a cover...

Darren Quimbey:

FIVE MINUTES remain...

DDK:

Scrow has under five minutes to end this! He might have Rezin here!

ONE....TWO....THRE...Rezin gets his foot on the rope as the Faithful quickly jump to their feet in excitement!

Lance:

Rezin with that veteran ring awareness there was able to not exert any energy and use his foot to stop the count there.

Scrow rolls over on his side favoring his knee, as Rezin just lays on the mat in a bloody mess. Minerva walks over to Scrow around the ring.

Minerva Hive:

Get up, you are running out of time! You got three minutes left!

Scrow starts to get up, as well as Rezin who has tumbled to the outside once more. Scrow hops to his feet, looking for Rezin and not finding him. Scrow hobbles around and notices him outside, pulling himself up with help from the apron. He reaches down and grabs a handful of hair.

DDK:

Rezin with a hangman whiplash Scrow is down again now holding his throat!

Slater checks on Scrow, Rezin tries to climb in the ring and Hive pulls him off and levels him with a lariat!

Lance:

For the love of God, come on!

Minerva picks up a prone Rezin and tosses him back in the ring, Slater points at Hive who just puts her hands up and walks away. Scrow quickly crawls over and goes for a pin!

DDK:

Scrow trying to end it no thanks to Minerva outside!

ONE...TWO....THR...shoulder up! Scrow slams his hands on the pavement arguing with Slater about a three count.

Lance:

The frustration is clear by Scrow here and coming up to only two minutes left. What else could he do, I mean after all he has Hive helping him now.

Darren Quimbey:

TWO MINUTES remain...

Scrow gingerly gets up to his feet, that knee has not loosen up on him clearly. He picks up Rezin, but before he can get him to a vertical base Rezin starts to unload on Scrow in the midsection. Soon after with The Faithful cheering him on the two begin to unload lefts and rights.

DDK:

Hive is slamming her hands on the mat; she does not like where this is going.

Lance:

Would you? Scrow is going to have a lot more to worry about in about a minute from now.

Darren Quimbey:

ONE MINUTE REMAINS!

The crowd pops as the clock runs down its final sixty seconds. Rezin swings and Scrow ducks. The Raven's Eye with a kick into the gut followed by that knee lift forcing Rezin to jerk his body backward.

DDK:

Scrow looking to finish with Fearfall here!

Rezin ducks the clothesline! Scrow spins around...

DDK:

STUNNER!....INTO THE VOID! INTO THE VOID!

Hive's eyes are wide open as she watches that sequence from a stunner and transitioning into that Asai DDT Rezin calls Into the Void.

Lance:

He's got a clear path to winning this match, IF he goes for the pin!

DDK:

The fans love it, but what is Rezin gonna do here? He still has thirty seconds left before this turns into a championship match? Does he care about the championship? Or just his pride?

Rezin sees the clock is ticking away it's final twenty-five seconds. He looks around the WrestlePlex for a cue on what to do. The Faithful, heavily behind the Escape Artist, CHEER WILDLY to influence his decision. A wily smirk crosses his blood-streaked face.

DDK:

I think HE'S GOING FOR IT!!

Lance:

I guess the temptation to become the Southern Heritage Champion is just TOO great!

Less than twenty seconds are left on the clock. Rezin paces the ring impatiently, frantically twisting his arm as if commanding time to speed up. On the mat, Scrow begins to stir himself awake.

TEN... NINE... EIGHT...

DDK:

It's coming right down to the wire! These final seconds could prove to be pivotal!

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

Rezin squats low in the corner, beckoning the champ to his feet. Scrow is wobbly as he gets to his knees and stumbles back to the mat in his first attempt to rise up.

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

Scrow finally stands up.

ONE!!

HOOONNNK!

DDK:

Fifteen minutes is UP! And the TITLE is ON THE LINE!!

Scrow is in a daze as he spins around and Rezin comes twirling wildly out of the corner...

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK!

...

...and Scrow ducks.

DDK:

NNOOOOOOO!! **RAVEN'S CALL!!** SCROW NAILED HIM WITH THE RAVEN'S CALL!!

The roundhouse kick catches Rezin square in the temple. He drops to his knees as his eyes roll back in his head, and

FLOPS face-first onto the mat! Scrow collapses under the weight of his knee, but wastes no time rolling Rezin onto his back and desperately hooking the leg.

DDK:

Scrow making the pin to RETAIN the championship!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THRRREEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Diabolical" by Nyxx ♪

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Jeers fill up the arena as Scrow rolls off of Rezin's chest. Minerva Hive is immediately in the ring, pulling him up into a seated position and draping his Southern Heritage Title over his chest.

DDK:

He may not have lived up to his arrogant claim that he could beat him in under fifteen minutes, but Scrow nevertheless retains the Southern Heritage Title after a hard-fought battle against the Escape Artist, Rezin! What a victory for the Kabal! I honestly thought the Goat Bastard had it there...

Lance:

I felt the same, Keebs. But as it played out, Rezin could have gotten away with a win had he not let the clock tick down those final crucial seconds. It gave the champion just enough time to regain his bearings and execute that fatal counterattack.

DDK:

When he came into this match, Rezin may not have wanted that championship, but somewhere over the course of this battle, his mind apparently changed! I can't help but wonder if the Faithful in attendance may have had something to do with that!

Scrow hoists the SOHER Title over his head in DEFIANCE of the jeering crowd... then redirects his rage back on Rezin, continuing the punishment with vicious stomps! Minerva Hive joins in on the assault!

DDK:

Oh give us a break! You've already won the match, damnit!

The jeering intensifies in the crowd as Slater again cues for the bell and tries to break it up, but simply gets shoved aside by the champion. Scrow hands the belt over to Minerva Hive and shouts instructions as he wrangles the bleeding and bruised Rezin off the canvas and hooks his arms behind his back.

Scrow:

HERE, Rezin! This is as close as you'll EVER GET to SCROW'S TITLE!

Hive draws back the belt... and Rezin BREAKS FREE and rolls away at the last second as she tries to drive it into his face! Scrow BARELY gets his hands up in time to stop the blow from the title hitting his own... and by the time he and

Hive realize what's happening, Rezin pounces on him!

RRRAAAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

There's some tit-for-tat! The Escape Artist ESCAPES his clutches and fights back! He's DONE with this abuse!

Forearms, elbows, and kick knock Scrow around the ring as Minerva Hive clutches the SOHER Title and rolls out of the ring to escape the onslaught. Rezin whips Scrow into the ropes...

DDK:

He's going for the CLOVEN HOOF --

But Scrow quickly scrambles over the top rope and drops to the floor, he limps to where he rendezvous with Hive and the two quickly retreat up the ramp. Rezin paces around the ring encrusted in filth and blood like a deranged madman, further amping up the crowd while he points after Scrow.

Lance:

Scrow may be walking away the winner and STILL Southern Heritage Champion of DEFIANCE, but Rezin has still delivered a clear message tonight: He will NEVER again be a slave to the Kabal.

DDK:

This animosity hardly seems over between these two! Rezin might now have the eye for the gold, and Scrow is likewise not going to let him get off so easily after this humiliation!

THE BELTS ARE SO HIGH

We're backstage where Christie Zane stands in front of a DEFIANCE banner. Dressed for the occasion, Zane smiles into the camera.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen... my guests at this time... DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions... The Saturday Night Specials!

We can hear a cheer rise up from the audience in attendance as Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy step into view, each dressed for competition later in the night but not sporting their belts as they are currently hanging high above the ring.

Christie Zane:

Brock, Pat... you've gone to war for those championship belts since winning them, but there is no doubt that tonight - in a three-way ladder match - this is your greatest challenge. Are you prepared for the intensity of this match - especially considering you will be up against people you consider friends?

Brock Newbludd:

Christie, this PPV right here marks the one year anniversary of SNS making their PPV debut in DEFIANCE and we kicked things off by handing The Stevens Dynasty an ass whippin' that sent runnin' straight back to the doublewide. Fast forward one year later and here we stand as not only the tag team champions of DEFIANCE but also the number one tag team in the world. And that's one-hundred percent, bullshit free, facts.

Newbludd raises a fist up and Cassidy is quick to bump it with one hand as he nervously runs his other one through his hair.

Brock Newbludd:

The deck is stacked against tonight, we know that. But, that's just fine with us because we wouldn't have it any other way. Great teams rise up to great challenges, and tonight we're going to take care of business just like we did all of last year. SNS is going to climb that ladder just like we climbed through the ranks of the tag division, and when we reach the top, we're taking that gold home with us. LTT and PCP may be our friends but they're also in our way, and we're going to do what we have to do to get them out of it. No hard feelings, guys, but the SNS Express slows down for no one once that bell rings. Ain't that right, Cass?

As Brock is speaking, Pat Cassidy is fidgeting his right hand and looking off camera - uncharacteristically distracted. Christie turns to Pat, expecting him to chime in per usual. Since he's looking off into the distance, it takes him a second to realize that Christie is trying to address him. He figures it out and shifts uncomfortably from left to right as he speaks into the microphone.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. That's *right*.

Christie looks confused at the usually talkative Pat Cassidy being so abrupt. She shrugs it off and turns back to Brock.

Christie Zane:

What about the nature of the match - it's a ladder match which you have to believe favors the high flying competitors like Elise Ares, The D, and Minute. You guys aren't exactly known for your aerial tactics - what's your plan going into tonight?

Brock Newbludd:

Tonight isn't about who can do the most flips, it's about who can survive long enough to snatch the gold. So, the plan is the same as it always is. Kick some ass, put on a show for The Faithful, and have a pile of beers at the bar afterwards. SNS is all about celebratin' the wins, Christie, and later tonight we'll be kickin' 2022 off in style with those belts back around our waist where they belong. And before you ask, yes, you're invited.

Again - as Brock cuts his promo, Cassidy's mind is definitely elsewhere. Finally, Christie decides to address the elephant in the room.

Christie Zane:

Okay, okay. Pat - what's up with you, buddy?

Cassidy snaps back into attention. He licks his lips nervously, looking from Zane to Brock and back to Zane again.

Pat Cassidy:

...what?

Christie Zane:

You seem... I don't know... nervous?

Cassidy barks out a forced laugh.

Pat Cassidy:

Nervous? Nervous? Come on, Zane. When have I ever come out here nervous before a big match?

Christie Zane:

I know. That's why I asked. It seems so...

But Cassidy continues, oblivious to her trying to cut in.

Pat Cassidy:

Do I *care* that it's a ladder match? Hell no! Ladders are just tools right? You buy them at Home Depot for crying out loud. No big deal. Everyday thing. I mean yeah... to win you've got to climb up and get the belts. And that's kinda weird, right? Climbing up to win? What's up with that? But what exactly are you accusing me of, Zane!?

Christie Zane:

I wasn't...

Pat Cassidy:

I'm *not* afraid of heights, Christie! That's a dirty rotten lie and you get that thought out of your mind right now.

A beat. Christie and Brock share a glance.

Brock Newbludd:

Wait... buddy... are you afraid of heights?

Cassidy again appears defensive.

Pat Cassidy:

Come on, dude. It's me. I'm not afraid of anything, you know that. It's just...

Cassidy swallows, realizing that he's trapped and can't avoid the subject anymore.

Pat Cassidy:

...they're so fucking high up there. Have you been out to the ring? Have you seen where they are? Jesus, dude. I signed up to fight people, not to walk the trapeze in the circus, you know? Since when do brawls require climbing? It's stupid is what it is. Stupid. Like... just let me fight people, you asshats.

Another beat.

Brock Newbludd:

Why... why didn't you mention this before?

Pat Cassidy:

You said ladder match and the fans were going crazy and everyone was excited and I thought it would be awesome... but damn man. It's... it's not awesome. BUT!

Cassidy slaps himself in the face, seemingly to snap out of it.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm no little bitch. Heights or no heights, we're coming to kick some ass! They're gonna have to kill us to take those belts from us!

A beat. Cassidy looks a little unsure again.

Pat Cassidy:

But uh... if you wanted to tackle the majority of the climbing, buddy... I wouldn't be upset, you know what I mean?

Newbludd chuckles and places a hand on his buddy's shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't sweat it, bro. I'll handle the climbin' while you handle anyone who tries to stop me. Besides, what are friends for, right?

Pat Cassidy:

That's right! Hell yeah! And you...

Cassidy looks at Christie disappointingly.

Pat Cassidy:

...I thought we were friends. Guess you got your big story, huh? For shame Zane. For friggin' shame.

Without another word, Cassidy moves off screen, leaving just Brock Newbludd and Christie Zane.

DEX JOY vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

Lance:

A fired up Dex Joy is going to need all of that and more for his match with Arthur Pleasant up next! Dex Joy takes on Arthur Pleasant and as agreed upon by these two men, Arthur Pleasant has No DQ on his side only while Dex Joy must wrestle under standard rules!

DDK:

That's right! These men have cost each other big matches recently and it has to end tonight! Dex Joy lost to Arthur back at Acts of DEFIANCE in and in the process, DEFIANCE official Carla Ferrari had lost her job. Dex helped her win a match to get that back, but in return The Provocateur has taken many big opportunities from Dex. He cost the Favoured Saints title back to Rezin at the time and most recently, a match to Crimson Stalker for the right to fight Gage Blackwood.

Lance:

And injured Dex's best friend Nathan Eye! Both men are going it alone, though. We saw on 164 that this new Dex Joy attacked Aaron King after this match and even though Dex had originally picked up the win, the decision was reversed after multiple powerbombs ended with King being bombed on the apron. He will be cleared eventually, but this one will be just Pleasant and Joy.

DDK:

He means their last names only. There will be nothing pleasant or joyous about what we're about to watch if Arthur has his way.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is a singles match and will be held under traditional wrestling rules for Dex Joy and no disqualifications for Arthur Pleasant!

One by one in the Wrestle Plex the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left.

DDK:

We've got a new entrance coming up!

The lights start to fire right up again on the stage. It's the countdown to Big Dex Energy showing a battery charging. 10, 20, 30, 40, and keeps on going to 100 ... then 1,000 ... then it's over 9,000!

Lance:

Over 9,000? There's no way that can be right!

The energy keeps going and going ... then ends in a black and gold infinity loop with UNLIMITED ENERGY ...

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

And finally the man appears on the entrance ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, from Los Angeles, California and weighing three-hundred fifty pounds... he is "UNLIMITED ENERGY" DEEEEEXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

Dex has brand new gear for the occasion! He wears the same black hoodie he had during his pre match interview! A black singlet with the same gold and black infinity logo with "DEX" above and "JOY" below and black shorts with the same pattern. Golden colored boots, knee pads and elbow pads! Dex stomps to the ring with a very renewed energy in his gait!

DDK:

Dex Joy looks like a new man, but will it be enough to overcome whatever Arthur Pleasant's warped mind can come up with?

Lance:

That remains to be seen! AP is very dangerous with those kicks and he showed that when he and Dex Joy last fought! He's coming for Arthur, but that's much easier said than done. Especially when a guy like Dex who wears his emotions on his sleeve has to contain any rage he has and follow the rules.

The upgrade from Big Dex Energy to UNLIMITED Energy seems to put some new pep in his step when he climbs inside the ring. Dex is all business tonight and he is trying to make himself as mentally ready as he can for being in the ring with a man like Arthur Pleasant.

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Uggg ... this man makes me nauseous.

Lance:

I can't think of another person-- in recent memory anyway-- that has generated this much heat just from the opening few chords of their theme. Number Three Wrestler in the World my behind!

Within a few moments Arthur Pleasant comes out from the Guerilla position all alone. Jack Harmen has his own matters to worry about and Aaron King is injured. Arthur doesn't appear to be sweating this match knowing what he has on his side.

DDK:

Some pure wrestler. He would only agree to this match if Dex agreed to this twisted stipulation just like Acts of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

If there is any consolation albeit a small one ... it is that there is no career of our DEFIANCE officials on the line, but Dex may be putting his own career in Arthur's hands depending on what his sick mind cooks up.

Pleasant slowly saunters to the ring where Dex Joy is shooting an ice cold stare. Pleasant soaks in the revolted crowd's reaction and walks an entire slow, agonizing lap. Dex Joy still doesn't budge even when Arthur is behind him on the outside, but Dex doesn't take his eyes off Arthur being prepared for anything.

Arthur Pleasant can't help but look like the cat that ate the canary when it comes to Dex Joy. Dex has never pinned or submitted the man that calls himself DEFIANCE's One True Pure Wrestler. Arthur knows it and looks like he's trying to provoke a reaction out of Dex right now.

DDK:

Dex is trying everything he can to keep his temper in check. We'll all never hear the end of it if Arthur wins because Dex gets himself disqualified.

Lance:

Oh yeah we never will. I know we're supposed to be unbiased but I hope Dex uses Arthur's face to literally wipe the mat with. It would be the only positive contribution Pleasant has ever made in our ring.

DDK:

No, Lance, tell us how you really feel.

Arthur gets ready. Dex gets ready.

The bell rings!

DING DING

The hot crowd want to see what happens, but Arthur leaves the ring right away! He purposely struts the outside and waves sarcastically at Dex, who hasn't moved from his spot and isn't taking his eyes off Arthur.

DDK:

The mind games begin. Remember ... Dex is wrestling under traditional rules. Arthur can pretty much use whatever he can get his hands on, use illegal means and all that with that sick smile on his face.

Lance:

Way to kill my buzz this evening, but this crowd is hot!

"BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY!"

Arthur isn't being counted out either since he's playing under no disqualification but he does go under the ring to grab a chair and slide it in to Dex!

DDK:

What is he doing?

Lance:

Mind games. All mind games.

Arthur climbs in with Dex still standing like a statue but not taking his eyes one second off Arthur. The Provocateur picks the chair up and offers it to Dex!

Arthur Pleasant:

Come on fat-ass! You know you want to! Just one good bash on this here skull! (he points) right up here!

Dex doesn't take the chair and he's trying to contain his anger.

Arthur Pleasant:

I'm the reason you aren't main eventing this show! I'm the reason you aren't the Favoured Saints champion! I'm the reason little old Natty Eyce isn't here!!!

Now Dex looks like a volcano ready to blow.

Arthur Pleasant:

Now are you gonna do it? Come on, you fat pussy, take a swing!

He looks at the chair and is really considering it ... then he takes it! Arthur looks happy and turns his back but looks over his shoulder.

DDK:

Dex don't do it! This is what he wants!

He's goading The Biggest Boy to take the swing and holds both arms out and then puts them behind his back ready to accept it.

Arthur Pleasant:

Do it. DO IT! DO IT!!!!

Then he does the unthinkable and spits on Dex's new attire!

DDK:

He's really asking for this ...

Joy looks ready to literally explode and injure Arthur ... but instead, he drops the chair and he runs right into Arthur with a big clothesline that spins him inside out!

Lance:

YES! Dex didn't take the bait! Arthur was playing a dangerous game there and it backfired big time!

Dex starts mauling Arthur with his own two hands and picks him up in a front face lock. He pitches Arthur up and then dumps him right at his feet! The Scourge's Fearless(?) Leader gets picked up and then Dex swings with an elbow shot so stiff that Arthur crumbles to his knees!

DDK:

Dex has six months of frustrations to take out on Arthur and he's doing it now!

Arthur is put into a corner and one by one, Dex strikes his ribs with three heavy elbow strikes!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

The One True Pure Wrestler of DEFIANCE is being taken to task by UNLIMITED Energy Dex and then he gets struck in the side of the head with another big shot! The blow stuns him so far, Arthur gets struck right out of the corner and can barely stay upright against the ropes as he tries to bail.

DDK:

Dex told me he has been training with some striking coaches before this match and it looks like so far they are paying off!

Dex throws more elbows into Arthur's rib cage. He tries to block a strike, but Dex spins him around and then dumps him again on the mat. When Arthur tries standing again after that Dex corners him on the next side. Arthur throws a boot up, but Joy catches it first. He pulls Arthur out of the corner and into his arms before throwing him down on the mat again with a big release slam!

DDK:

If Dex can he has to keep putting pressure on Arthur! If he even gives him one chance to go on the offense that might be it!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant is being pinballed around that ring!

Another elbow from Dex nails Arthur in the jaw when he tries standing and he pays for it. Arthur falls to his knees, but Dex catches him and doesn't let him fall all the way down. He picks Arthur up and uses a powerful biel toss to pitch Arthur across the ring again! He bounces off the mat and falls to the outside floor.

DDK:

Dex better get him back in the ring quick!

Lance:

That's right! This isn't the falls count anywhere match and that applies even to Arthur! No DQ still means you have to beat your opponent in the ring ... or unfortunately a count out in Dex's case if he's out there too long.

Dex goes outside and the official begins to count as he stalks Arthur like Michael Myers down a narrow hallway. Arthur reaches under the ring and has a tool box and a chair but before he can do anything with the weapons, Dex grabs his leg and drags him away. He pulls him up and then hits another big heavy elbow and then bends him over to drop another elbow against the back of his skull! He throws Arthur back in!

DDK:

Dex is wrestling a great contest by trying to keep Arthur in the ring!

But it is easier said than done. Dex rolls into the ring ... but Arthur goes out the opposite side. Dex gets angry again, but doesn't lose his cool entirely yet.

Lance:

Just one mistake. Arthur trying to keep out of the ring at all costs and lets Dex come to him.

Dex gets out of the ring from the other side. Arthur has been elbowed many times by Dex but when he turns around he gets the whole body coming at him

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner!!!

Lance:

Did you see Arthur bounce! That Dexy's Midnight Runner has turned the tide and helped Dex win many matches!

The powerful and explosive pounce sends Arthur bumping halfway across the ringside floor and lands in a pile! Dex finally wrestles with some more speed and then takes Arthur to put him back inside the ring. Dex stalks Arthur like an animal ready to pounce. He runs to Arthur's side just as he gets on his feet and then knocks him right down with a running cross body!

DDK:

That might be it!

Dex goes right into the pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex doesn't know for sure how Arthur kicked out of that move but he does so!

Lance:

Don't let up, Dex! You gotta finish this!

DDK:

He does!

It's another elbow for Arthur before Dex puts him on his shoulders. He looks to try and hit the Dex-5, but Arthur uses an eye rake out of desperation in full view of the referee to break himself free!

Lance:

And there he goes. He can't be disqualified but he's doing it knowing full well the referee is powerless to stop him.

He looks at the referee while Dex is doubled over in pain from his eye and smiles. He then goes to bite Dex on the forehead! Dex shouts out but again the referee can't stop it! He bites and then turns to the official.

Arthur Pleasant:

Go ahead and DQ me shit stain ... oh wait!!!

And then rakes the eye of Dex again!

DDK:

He's really having the time of his life antagonizing our officials. The lack of respect he has for anyone other than himself is appalling more than most of the people in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lance:

And now what is Arthur trying?

Dex is left up against the ropes. Arthur throws some of his patented muay thai kicks and hits Dex. Joy has felt those kicks before and knows first hand how strong they are even to a man of his size. After being convinced that he has Dex Joy right where he wants him, he gears up looking for another kick by running off the ropes ... SHOT GUN DROP KICK BY DEXY BABY!!!

DDK:

No! Arthur made a big mistake there! He had Dex where he wanted him but took too long for that kick!

Lance:

And Dex caught him with his own shot gun drop kick!

Arthur goes flying out of the ring from this kick. He leaves the ring for the first time and it's not his own doing. Dex checks on his own eye to make sure that he is okay before he gets up. He sees Arthur and he looks like he is on dream street. That gives Dex the chance to fire up and get the crowd chanting with him.

WHOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAA!!!

Dex Joy gets a running start and he's got the "Whoa-pe" dive coming up ...

SMACK!!!!

But Arthur throws the chair he dragged out earlier right into Dex's face! The chair getting thrown is very loud and is enough to stop Dex cold!

DDK:

No way! Arthur had great positioning there and I hate to pay him a compliment for anything.

Lance:

Dex took a little too long playing up to the crowd and he paid for that. You can't take liberties with a guy as dangerous as Arthur Pleasant!

Arthur has saved himself from a three-hundred and fifty pound man flying at him outside of the ring but now he has to capitalize on the moment. He grabs the tool box he pulled out from earlier and then empties it inside the ring, sending a few tools scattered across the ring. But he's not done there. Dex is still out when Arthur goes over to the time keeper and steals both the ring bell and the ring hammer.

DDK:

And he's gonna use whatever he can, won't he?

Lance:

Oh you know he will!

He even reaches under the ring for good measure and has a chain ready to go. He smiles with a wicked grin and then throws that inside as well. UNLIMITED Energy doesn't look nearly energized as he did at the start and Arthur knows it.

He takes the tool box and then throws it right at Dex's head!

DDK:

Ahh! Dex tried to get his arm up, but he still got hit in the head with that tool box!

Dex gets knocked into the ropes. He looks hurt and has a red mark from the tool box. Arthur smiles again and then stands on Dex's back to choke him against the ropes! And he keeps looking over at the official to make sure he knows he's doing these illegal moves!

Lance:

This is despicable! Arthur's lack of respect for literally anyone even our officials is just classless. Remind me who voted him number three in that top 100 wrestlers poll?

DDK:

Lots of people. He does this kind of thing everywhere unfortunately!

Arthur keeps on choking Dex for a few extra seconds behind the point and then leaps over to land on the apron. He stands back and then fires a muay thai knee strike to the head of Dex! The Biggest Boy spills out from the ropes. Dex gets hurt when Arthur slingshots over the ropes and delivers a slingshot curb stomp to the back of his head!

DDK:

That combo might do it! Arthur has him!

Arthur pushes Dex onto his back and covers.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

That combo didn't do it! Dex kicked out first!

When Arthur isn't pleased by not beating the Biggest Boy right there, he gets up and then goes for the toolbox where he has some kind of spike instrument in hand ...

Lance:

What does that sicko have planned?

He grabs the spike and he stabs Dex in his arm! Several times! Joy screams with each piercing until Arthur is satisfied with the row of cuts and then drop kicks the Biggest Boy in the back!

DDK:

What was all that for, just to prove a point?

Lance:

You know this psychopath is enjoying every second of this!

Arthur ditches the spike while Arthur is down, but now Dex's arm is bleeding. The Biggest Boy tries protecting it and Arthur moves onto the next thing that he can possibly hurt the holder of UNLIMITED Energy with. Dex is trying to get up ... but then gets dropped with the Provocation! The incredible single leg drop kick now has Joy flat on his back!

DDK:

Provocation right between the eyes! Arthur would know a little something about provoking people huh?

And Arthur with a cover to end this chapter of his DEFIANCE Wrestling tenure with Dex Joy!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Joy kicks out! 2 and a half! Arthur looks beside himself!

Lance:

That shot was dead on in the face!

DDK:

Arthur couldn't have landed that kick any better, but Dex shows why he's one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's toughest men. Both men are and I have to say that very begrudgingly in AP's case.

The Denizen of Decay looks for anything else handy that he can find to hurt the man he has thought of as the bane of his existence. Arthur then decides to say screw it and then just unleashes kick after kick once Dex is on his feet. He kicks Dex in the chest again!

Again!

Again!

Again!

He leans back ... he tries for the Buzzsaw kick called Narcolepsy, but a fast thinking Dex catches his leg first! Arthur's eyes bulge when Dex tries to stand but Arthur's lethal feet allow him to jump up with the other leg and catch Dex under the chin with a knee strike. That hits Dex right on and then Arthur hits a roaring elbow to the head and then kicks him low for a DDT on the mat!

DDK:

Damn! I thought Dex had him but Arthur was quicker on the draw!

Now he has Dex down where he needs to be follows up with a double stomp on the Biggest Boy's chest!

Lance:

That combo might be enough to end this match for good!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watch Dex kick out and push off Arthur Pleasant! Arthur is in a state of shock!

DDK:

Arthur didn't expect that kick out! Dex Joy is just taking this punishment and won't be denies his revenge tonight!

Lance:

But Arthur Pleasant isn't making this easy ...

He hits Dex with another thrust kick to the side of his head! When he is sure Dex is down, The Denizen of Decay goes outside and then pulls a table out from under the ring. The table gets a rare negative reaction in this day and age probably because of who is about to use the table. Arthur yells at the crowd and asks for a "we want tables!" chant but they just boo him even more.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Arthur slides the table in while Dex is down and then leaves it closed, but leans it up in the corner just behind Dex. When he has it up, he runs to the other side of the squared circle.

DDK:

Are we about to get a running kick of some kind through that table? If Dex goes through it even I have to doubt his chances of victory!

Lance:

No, no, no! Dex look out!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful try and warn Dex ... but Arthur comes at him like a bullet train. He leaps for his own shot gun drop kick but Dex catches the legs and then pulls him high on up!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD DEX PLUCKED HIM OUT OF THE SKY!!!

He turns like he is going to try and Dex Bomb him through the table ... but thinks better of it to avoid a disqualification by spiking Arthur into the canvas with the big pop up power bomb!

Dex is on his knees and his ears are probably ringing but he has bought himself previous recovery time! His arm still mangled up from what Arthur did to him with the spike, but he's still able to use it and he's got time to come up with a game plan. Dex starts trying to push aside some of the various plunder that Arthur has brought inside the ring.

Lance:

Smart! Smart! Dex pushing some of that debris and crap that Arthur Pleasant has brought into the ring!

DDK:

Dex thinking that's for sure. He's far from a one-note big man.

Dex gets up and takes Arthur with him for another heavy elbow to the face and then a trip into the ropes. He comes back and Dex throws him over his head with a free fall drop! Arthur gets hurt some more when Dex throws him into the ropes and then hits a belly to belly suplex! Pleasant gets flattened like a pancake when Dex stands up. He starts checking with all sides of the ring!

Dex Joy:

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Dex energizes himself from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful's reaction and then runs ... he *crushes* The Provocateur with a big running seated senton to the chest! All the wind that he has ever inhaled in his life has just been taken out of him and then Pleasant rolls to the floor.

DDK:

No! No not again! Dex ... what is he doing?

Dex's arm is bleeding but he wipes it on the mat and then gets up. He starts to get the crowd to join in for building up a chant ...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAA!!!

Arthur is outside and has a chair.

DDK:

No! Arthur has another chair! The Whoa-pe failed before! Don't do this again, Dex!

Pleasant's ribs might be hurt but he looks ready and throws the chair.... But Dex has gone *over* the ropes instead of

through and the three hundred and fifty pound corkscrew plancha to the floor instead! The move looks pretty sloppy for Dex but it is enough to completely wipe out Arthur on the floor!

Lance:

OH MY LORD!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE DID THAT!!!

Dex and Arthur are both down but the replays are incredible of the high flying move!

DDK:

Dex changes his gameplan all the way up and now he's got a chance!

Dex Joy:

GET YOUR ASS BACK IN THE RING NOW!!!

He drags Arthur back into the ring. He leaps over and crushes Arthur again with a sling shot senton! He tries pinning Arthur!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

DDK:

That was insane! I'm ... I'm still stunned by that corkscrew plancha from Dex! I've never seen him use that ever! And Arthur still kicked out!

Lance:

The things that he can do in that ring for a man his size is just beyond words!

Dex cannot believe his luck! He still pushes Arthur's body around and then gets Arthur to a corner. He takes his elbow pad off and then swings for the fences, hitting Arthur upside the head with his new strikes. He has him hurt when he comes back out to the corner and then turns around to hit another elbow ... when Arthur grabs the official and then makes him take the shot!

DDK:

Damn it, damn it! This ... he can't be disqualified. We all know that. But there needs to be fines or suspensions given to him for all he has done to disrespect these officials and put them in harm's way!

Dex can't believe it but when he tries to help the referee he gets a low blow kick between the legs from Arthur!

Lance:

No! The one major strike in wrestling that can stun even the biggest of men! Dex is down!

Arthur gets a new idea. He rolls outside. He grabs the chain from earlier while the official is knocked out. One can almost see the light bulbs ... probably more like air raid sirens ... going off in the head of Arthur as he does his next trick.

DDK:

What is he doing?

He starts to wrap the chain around his boot and then tucks one end of it into his boot itself to keep it in place. He sees Dex starting to get up.

DDK:

No, Dex look out!

He spins around ... into a chain assisted Narcolepsy kick to the side of the head! The booing from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful has reached defcon 1 (the alarm not the upcoming DEFIANCE Wrestling pay per view) when Dex folds like a piece of paper. He unwraps the chain and then throws it out of the ring knowing that the deed of this match is finally done!

Lance:

That son of a bitch! Dex has put up a great fight but this one has to be over after that!

DDK:

But there's no official! Arthur got him wiped out!

Arthur falls on top of Dex Joy but sees there is no official just yet ... until one comes along!

DDK:

OH MY NO! IT'S CARLA FERRARI! SHE'S DOWN HERE!

Arthur gets glee in his eyes when he sees Carla coming to the ring, knowing how sweet it will be when she has to count the fall.

Arthur Pleasant:

Count bitch!

She does her job only because she has to!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex's shoulder is up and not a single soul can believe it!

Lance:

You have to think Arthur might have screwed himself there! If he had an official ready right there that might have been it!

DDK:

I would agree with that, but I also agree that he has no one to blame but himself for that!

Arthur goes crazy and stands up to look down at Carla Ferrari, commanding that she count faster. She tells him right and points to her shirt.

Lance:

You have the authority, Carla, but don't poke the bear. You know what he'll do!

DDK:

She doesn't care any more, Lance! She's going to stand up for herself against this piece of trash!

She starts to stand up and he's seriously thinking about a swing, but when he tries, he gets his arm grabs. He gets spun around into a roaring elbow from one Michael Dexter Joy! A gob of spit gets knocked out of Arthur's mouth before Dex throws him across the ring with a big German release suplex! Arthur gets bounced off the mat like a rock across the water and lands in the corner.

DDK:

He took his eye off of Dex!

Dex comes in hot like a freight train and then pitches Arthur up with another pop up but this time swings around and

hits a swinging back elbow strike! That move sends him into the ropes then right back into Dexy Baby's shoulders for ...

DEX-5!!!

DDK:

Dex plants him flat in the ring! Dex-Five! This one is done!

Dex covers and Carla counts with extra pep in her step! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful get into the count as well!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!!

Nobody can believe it! Dex Joy looks like his confidence just took a hit while Carla is trying to remain impartial but shares a look that she is in disbelief as well!

DDK:

Dex swung for the fences in that one ... but Arthur known so much for being able to take so much punishment in that ring!

Lance:

It's funny that what can be such a respectable trait in some is lost upon Arthur!

DDK:

But Dex is firing himself up! The end is near! There's no Scourge to bail him out this time!

Dex yells "THAT'S IT!!!" and then tries to get him for the Dex Drive ... he yanks Arthur into his waiting arm and goes for the spin when Arthur reaches up and tries another eye rake! He pushes Dex back and he almost knocks Carla over! She gets knocked back a bit from Dex and doesn't go down ... but the crowd then sees Arthur do the unthinkable by pitching himself into the table in the corner! Dex's jaw drops as nobody can believe what Arthur just did!

DDK:

WHAT?

Lance:

WHAT ... WHY DID ARTHUR DO THAT! HE JUST PITCHED HIMSELF INTO THAT TABLE IN THE CORNER!!! HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!

Arthur grabs his ribs and then when Carla turns, he yells that Dex put him through the table!

Arthur Pleasant:

Do your job! Do your job and disqualify that fat bastard! He threw me through this table! He can't do that!

DDK:

Oh my God! Arthur trying to get Dex disqualified! Remember, he has to follow the rules! Carla didn't see what happened, but is she going to really believe ARTHUR PLEASANT?!

Dex Joy:

Carla, he's lying! You know he is! He lies whenever he opens his gnarly-ass noise hole!

Carla looks at Dex as he tries to plead his case and the crowd does the same. But Arthur limps from the wreckage and the distraction is all he need to score a kick to Dex's leg to chop him down some! Dex is on a knee when he gets a shining wizard from Arthur to the face!

DDK:

I don't know if Carla was really going to believe Arthur of all things ... but he hurt himself just to distract Dex long enough to hit that shining wizard! And when there is one from Arthur!

Dex tries to stand with Arthur sneaking behind him for a second one from the back!

DDK:

Right on target, Friends Till The End! Ughh the name of that move makes me sick. He doesn't have friends.

Lance:

But he might win this match!

Arthur rolls into position for a perfect leg stack on Dex with Carla counting.

One ...

Two ...

DEX KICKS OUT!!!

The Biggest Boy has kicked out again, but Arthur ... he looks delighted?

DDK:

Why does this lunatic look like he's already won? Dex kicked out! And kicked out right in the nick of time!

Lance:

Only he can answer that question.

Arthur shoots looks at Dex and then at Carla then rolls out so he can go back under the ring. He reaches out ... and grabs the one weapon that he has sure fire been able to put Dex down for good. He revs it up.

Lance:

Oh no ... that damn taser! Mr. Zappen whatever.

DDK:

It's Mr. Zappenstein! He's stunned Dex with this before. He dropped him and then used it on him before injuring Nathan Eye. He's a real son of a bitch. I said it.

Dex is down but Carla can't do anything to stop it. Arthur knows it as he climbs into the ring with it and really milks the moment for all it is worth.

DDK:

Both men have kicked out of some big moves in this match, but there's no way he is kicking out of a taser. No way in hell.

He cranks it up just when Dex is about to get the shock of his life ...

Arthur gets the shock of his when Dex grabs it out of his hands and then head butts Arthur first! He takes the taser and throws it as far as he can out of the ring as possible!

DDK:

No! Arthur took too long! He wanted Dex to see it coming and I think it just cost him!

Lance:

It might have!

Arthur gets rocked. Dex shoots him off the ropes and then hits the other side before hitting another Dexy's Midnight Runner and Arthur goes flying into the corner!

Dex looks like he's going to go for Jump for Joy ... AND SCORES WITH THE JUMPING CANNON BALL IN THE CORNER!!!

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant gets *crushed* by Dex Joy with the Jump For Joy!

Dex pulls him from the corner but doesn't leave anything to chance when he grabs Arthur on his shoulders, spins around and then Arthur's head gets *spiked* down with a sitout tombstone piledriver! Arthur bounces up and then falls next to Dex as the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful blow the roof off!

Lance:

Dex Drive Dos! Dex has been working on new moves and he just devastated Arthur with his newest one!

Dex hooks both legs.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!!!!

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

DING DING DING

Nursing his still bloody arm Dex gets up and Carla raises the one that was not stabbed with a spike.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of this match ... DEEEEEEEEXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!!!

Dex Joy sits up and then eventually limps to his feet.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant did everything he could possibly do to keep Dex from this victory but he gets his in the end! He tried to get Dex Joy to break the rules he had to wrestle under, tried to get him disqualified, abused an official and hit Joy with everything but the kitchen sink ...

Lance:

But Dex didn't play Arthur Pleasant's game! He played his own and at the end of the match, the keeper of UNLIMITED Energy picks up his biggest singles win in some time!

DDK:

This was a scary new level up for Dex Joy tonight! I've never seen him this determined in a long time! I think this could potentially be a great 2022 for this man!

A trainer goes to check on Dex Joy as they go to the back.

BIG MATCH BURNS vs. MAIN EVENT CONOR

DDK:

Here we go to one of perhaps the most personal matches of either night of DEFIANCE Road! It's Oscar Burns versus Conor Fuse aka the match being built up as Big Match Burnsie against Last Level Conor! We have seen these men take SHOTS at one another, both verbally as well as physically in the last few moments and we could be looking at a show stealer because of that!

Lance:

Just after losing out to become the FIST of DEFIANCE for the third time, Oscar Burns hosted an open challenge on DEFtv 161! The match was accepted by Conor Fuse who pulled off the biggest win of his career! But then the unthinkable happened... Burns VICIOUSLY assaulted Conor and put him out for a month!

DDK:

Since then, Burns has been on this one-man crusade calling himself the best representative of DEFIANCE. He has the accolades. He has the experience. He has the good will... or at least he had that last one, but his actions as of late have left much to be desired and Conor has called him out on it.

Lance:

And well deserved. Many people have pegged Conor Fuse for bigger and better things. The win over Oscar Burns puts him there, in my opinion. But this version of Burns, I'm a little scared of. He talks nicely. He believes in himself yet his actions say differently. This one could legit go either way.

DDK:

That it can and tonight, we are about to see a great match with a lot of personal stakes involved between the two men! Let's get to our next match right now!

The Faithful start buzz LOUDLY for the next match as Darren Quimbey gets ready to call it.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The lights cut.

Voiceover:

Rise.

The DEFIANCE Road LCD screen projects highlights of Conor Fuse's DEFIANCE career, from the start of the Fuse Bros., to winning the Tag Team Championships twice, to teaming up with the Friendship Members League and the 2.0 version, to defeating Oscar Burns on DEFtv.

Voiceover:

And fall.

Losing the Tag Titles to ToyBox and The Comments Section. Losing to Mikey Unlikely with Mikey's FIST of DEFIANCE on the line.

Voiceover:

A gamer's journey is never linear.

Other Conor Fuse losses fill the montage. Perfection defeating Conor. Malak Garland beating Conor for the Paper Championship as The Game Boy turning his back on Fuse.

Voiceover:

Fall.

The montage switches to a feed from inside a chopper high above the DEF Plex. The video footage looks to be from a live Twitch stream, directly recorded on an iPhone being held by a man in green-tinted Halo armor. The man walks to the door of the helicopter, grabs the handle and pulls the door wide open. He immediately jumps from the aircraft, phone still in hand. Halfway, a parachute deploys.

As the man touches down he releases the parachute and slowly stands upright.

Voiceover:

And rise... again.

He walks towards the WrestlePlex.

The scene shifts to inside the building. A single spotlight shines on a choir to the right hand side of the DEFIANCE Road stage. The choir, two rows of ten individuals, stand in front of their conductor, all dressed in dark purple pants and a dark purple SNES styled tunic, hood over their heads. A second spotlight appears below them to an orchestra under the stage.

[!\[\]\(6bb0e4f14c4133b37d2887cb37e67ddd_img.jpg\) "HALO Theme Song" from the video game Halo !\[\]\(5677a36a9444aca55c9ef7a9b7d8dd5c_img.jpg\)](#)

The choir starts the unofficial Gamer's National Anthem and the same man from the Halo jump rises underneath the DEFIANCE entrance. Once the lift reaches the top, the man removes his Halo helmet.

"Main Event" Conor Fuse.

The crowd goes wild in !RANK chants as Conor marches down the rampway with purpose, the ramp lined by others dressed in the same Halo inspired battle gear he is. Fuse reaches ringside, leaps onto the apron and then leaps again, clearing the top rope even in his bulky uniform. When Conor stands in the middle of the ring, he tilts his head to the rafters and lets out a battle cry to an explosion of lime green pyro behind him.

DDK:

What an entrance for The Ultimate Gamer!

Lance:

I have goosebumps already, Keebs!

Conor starts taking off his armor as the choir and orchestra finish the theme song.

Darren Quimbey:

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing two-hundred pounds... he is The Power-Up King... The Video Game Kid... The Ultimate Gamer, and, I'm being told, to his opponent he **IS** THE LOCKER ROOM LEAAAAAAAAADDDDDER... CONOR FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Conor looks at Quimbey with eyes signifying "you damn right"!

DDK:

It's going to take a while for Conor to take off that extra gear. Fortunately for him, and unlucky for us, I think he's going to have some time...

The announcer refocuses on the next entrance.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

The Faithful wait for a moment... then... more rapid-fire footage on the DEFIATron.

With a new theme.

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

Burns winning his first FIST of DEFIANCE from Cayle Murray.

Burns winning the WrestleUTA World Championship from Crimson Lord.

Burns winning his second FIST of DEFIANCE from Kendrix.

Once the self-serving introduction for the man calling himself DEFIANCE finishes...

The rock theme kicks in!

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: "I AM DEFIANCE."

Inside the ring, Conor Fuse rolls his eyes.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand and residing in New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... he wishes to be referred to as the THREE-TIME 2021 DEFy Winner for Ongoing Story of the Year and the DEFIANT of the Year... He is Big Match Burnsie... he is Full Boat Burns! And most importantly... HE IS DEFIANCE... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Conor leans over to check with Quimbey if all that shit the announcer just mentioned about Burns checks out. Conor has his doubts. Regardless, instead of Burns' recent black attire... tonight, it is almost all white wrestling gear! Standard white wrestling trunks with the DEFIANCE name. Knee pads, each with the DEF FIST logo. Boots. All this along with a draped over his head with a noted logo as the camera catches it from behind...

"I AM DEFIANCE."

DDK:

Once again, Oscar shared DEFIANT of the Year with Gage Blackwood and took both DEFy awards. We're seeing a new look and theme for Oscar Burns tonight!

Lance:

This crowd is booing Burns to the high heavens... but Oscar looks hype AF tonight and starts talking to the camera in front of him like the Faithful were still on his side.

DDK:

Hyped... AF? Have you been hanging around Conor lately?

Lance:

They don't call him the Locker Room Leader for nothing.

Burns shouts into the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

BIG MATCH BURNSIE! LAST LEVEL CONOR! LET'S DO THIS! BATTLE FOR THE TITLE OF LOCKER ROOM LEADER HERE TONIGHT!

He's acting like the crowd worships the ground that he walks on but there's not a single person in the building showing

Burns the respect he used to have. "DEFIANCE" heads to the ring and looks to Conor before climbing the steps. Oscar stops on the ring apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring before taking the towel off his head and raising it over his head, reading "OSCAR BURNS: I AM DEFIANCE!"

DDK:

It's been a few months since DEFtv 161... and I'm still in disbelief over this. I never thought I'd see Oscar Burns be the person that the people would hate.

Lance:

Without a doubt. It's eerie but he's still got it in that ring. He wrestled a stronger opponent in Klein and a smaller, VERY crafty opponent in Rezin coming into this match. Burns has turned selfish and if he looks past Conor, he's going to be humbled on an even bigger stage today.

Oscar removes his towel and drapes it against a turnbuckle. He turns to face Conor and starts to do a stretch or two while referee Mark Shields is in the middle of both men. The two lock eyes with both taking their sweet time.

DDK:

Here we go. I have no doubt in my mind this will be a great match. Burns, one of the very best to ever do it in DEFIANCE whether you like him or not personally. Conor Fuse, one of the best rising stars to come out of the last year. Former two-time Tag Team Champion in DEFIANCE, consistent top wrestler.

Lance:

All that is true but this can get just as personal, though. I won't be surprised if we see a fight at any point.

Oscar and Conor start to circle up while the crowd is HUGELY in favor of the latter.

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

Here we go! We got a full house in support of Conor Fuse! Arguably one of the biggest matches of his career, easy! He has beaten Oscar Burns before. Will he do it again tonight?

DING DING

Unlike the last time where the two met and both men played it safe, Conor goes right to Burns with a running forearm to back him into a corner. Fuse throws a series of shots across the body of Oscar, who tries to shield himself early from the onslaught!

DDK:

Conor with a hot start tonight! Burns took almost a month of Conor's career away after suffering that loss!

The Power-Up King continues to fire on Burns. Fuse keeps attacking with Mark Shields not really offering much in the way of resistance. The man calling himself DEFIANCE has to make his own save and launch Conor away with a shove, but the smaller Conor Fuse takes a moment to roll back to feet... and then keep fighting! The Video Game Kid fires more shots into Burns' back, but Burns single-legs Conor and takes him down to the mat!

Lance:

Conor Fuse might be lucky Mark is the official for this one. He's very... shall we say... lax on the rules!

DDK:

That might work to someone's benefit for once!

The Codebreaker tries to keep Burns from standing although the former FIST tries to turn Conor into a leg-based submission. When Oscar turns his head too low, Conor grabs the neck and tries a roll-up... but Burns breaks free quickly!

DDK:

Look at Burns trying to neutralize Conor! He's trying to keep Fuse grounded so he can't get momentum going. However, Conor is beyond fired up now!

Both men meet back on their feet but when Conor tries to charge, Burns moves and wraps an arm around his neck, trying to lock in the cobra twist. Conor spins and then maneuvers his way out before striking Burns with another forearm. Conor strikes again but Burns fires back with a harder shot rattling The Ultimate Gamer, followed by Burns finally grabbing the arm!

DDK:

And now Burns is trying to go after the arm! You give him a body part and you put your career in his hands!

Lance:

Fewer true statements in DEFIANCE! This is where Conor has to be extremely careful! Wrestling fast and furious means more opportunities for Fuse to slip up and Burns to capitalize!

Burns tries to take Conor down, but the faster of the two men rolls forward to escape Burns' grip. When both men are back to their feet, Oscar goes for a quick arm drag and then tries a cross arm breaker. Before the former FIST can lock it in fully, The Character Formerly Known as Player Two rolls him up quickly!

ONE.

TWO...

Burns kicks Fuse away so Conor has to let go! Burns is up again, but this time Conor rolls to the side and catches him with a running schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TWO-

Once more, the Kiwi kicks out and gets to his feet although Conor leans forward and catches him a third time with a casadora into a victory roll!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The third kick-out! Burns starts to retreat from the ring when Conor has the best of him and angrily paces around ringside.

DDK:

Conor just beat out Burns on the mat for the moment with those nearfalls!

Lance:

And look. Oscar clearly wasn't expecting this! He tried to take Conor to the mat and he almost made him pay for it!

DDK:

Never would I have thought Conor could out wrestle Burns like this.

Oscar paces outside while Conor sits on the bottom rope and dares the former two-time FIST and three-time former World Champion to get back inside.

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

Angrily, the man proclaiming to speak for DEFIANCE does no such thing and yells at Mark Shields to do his job and get Conor back from the ropes. Mark finally does so and tells Conor to back off. Oscar walks up the steps ever so slowly... but when Burns tries to get in, Conor takes a swing. The man calling himself DEFIANCE leaps off the apron when Mark Shields finally intervenes, warning Conor to back off.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-URNS! HEAR THAT, CONOR? THEY'RE ON MY SIDE NOW, YOU ARROGANT PONCE!

Conor laughs.

Conor Fuse:

Dude whatever you say.

DDK:

Burns has just become so deluded! They're clearly booing him out of his building.

As Mark Shields keeps up, Conor's had enough and runs the ropes, flying RIGHT OVER Shields to wipe out Burns with a tope-con-hilo to the floor! The fans love it!

Lance:

Conor unleashing everything he can on Oscar Burns right now! What a move, leaping right over the official to get to Burns on the floor!

DDK:

And now what's Conor doing?

The Video Game Kid slides back into the ring. The former two-time FIST is just starting to get up on the outside when he's wiped out for a second time, courtesy of another tope-con-hilo from Conor Fuse!

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

Conor Fuse is as fired up as I have ever seen him in that ring! He's wrestling a great match against Burns! Fuse has surprised him nonstop!

Lance:

Yes but Conor needs to get Oscar back in that ring!

Conor slaps a nearby guardrail and continues screaming with the chanting crowd before he picks Burns up by the back of the head and tights. Conor gives his opponent a gentle push (see: a violent shove) back inside the ring. Fuse has Burns all lined up and then leaps to the ropes, firing off a surprise shotgun-style springboard dropkick! Oscar goes down in a heap and Conor wastes no time rolling right over to hook a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Just after the hand slapping the mat, Oscar brings the shoulder up!

DDK:

Big kickout by Burns even though Conor is having his way with the former two-time FIST right now!

Lance:

And Conor's not letting up! This is the best way to be a tactician like Oscar Burns... keep your foot on the gas!

Conor pulls up Burns and slowly tries to get "DEFIANCE" to his feet. However, the Kiwi snaps to life and surprises Fuse with a STIFF uppercut under the jaw! The blow rocks OG Player Two so hard, Conor almost falls to a knee. Oscar takes a moment to collect his thoughts (and brain cells after being smacked around) and then twists the arm of The Best Pout Machine. He twists some more and sends Conor Fuse flying to the opposite corner. Burns loads up an uppercut and charges in...

Conor moves! Burns hits the corner! Conor connects with a leaping kick to the face! Burns is rocked while Conor sits on the ropes...

DDK:

What the...? That tarantula hold in the ropes! He's got Burns!

Lance:

A hold of his own there! Conor can only hold it for four seconds... thought it IS Mark Shields...

Mark counts slow but Conor does let go after a few seconds while the crowd continues to cheer! The former two time Tag Team Champion heads into the ring... and stomps away at Burns!

DDK:

And here come the Happy Stomps! Conor having fun and the crowd chanting along with each one!

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

The stomps keep on coming!

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

After a solid series of stomps, Oscar is left laying in the corner and Conor leaps to the second rope, taking in the amazing reception of The Faithful tonight who are especially hot to see Oscar Burns get what's coming to him. Oscar tries to crawl away to the outside again but Conor sees where he's going.

Lance:

The life literally got stomped out of Burns! He's going to need to mount some sort of a comeback 'cause so far, Conor has him beat at every step!

DDK:

Burns is trying to get away again! Conor's not letting him!

The Ultimate Gamer climbs through the ropes to follow Burns and then pelts him with a forearm to the back. Fuse starts to pull Burns up... but out of nowhere...

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

DDK:

Cheap shot by Burns!

The Kiwi CRACKS Conor in the face with a nasty surprise headbutt out of nowhere and it's enough to knock the Locker Room Leader down to a knee. Burns holds onto his opponent before he can fall. He lifts Conor up...

OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

OOOOH! BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX ON THE RING APRON!

The Faithful collectively cringe! The replays fire off. After the hard out headbutt, Burns flips Conor around and steps off the apron, effectively dropping Conor with a sick belly to back suplex on the ring apron! Conor thrashes about in pain before falling to the floor!

The camera is back in real time and now rests with Oscar Burns barely able to hold himself up after the beating that he's endured; all the while, Conor Fuse holds his back in pain.

DDK:

I can't believe this! Burns with the surprise headbutt followed by a suplex on the ring apron!

Lance:

But Oscar isn't following up immediately. Conor has thrown himself at Burns literally from every which way he can and "DEFIANCE" has taken some damage himself.

DDK:

I can't believe you called him that.

Lance:

Sorry. Won't happen again.

Burns looks up at Mark Shields who begins a count. Soon, Oscar rolls underneath the bottom rope and then back to the outside in order to reset the count. The Ultimate Gamer is still feeling the effects of the suplex when Oscar goes to pick him up. Conor is slow to rise and gets knocked off his feet by a European uppercut followed shortly by a second one! Conor literally flies in the air after each of the shots and somehow lands on his feet before being sucked into a cobra twist!

Burns starts grabbing the barricade for extra leverage!

DDK:

And Oscar has chosen his body part! He's going to work the back and midsection!

Lance:

Why isn't Mark stopping this! Burns pulling on the top of the guardrail for extra leverage!

DDK:

Besides being Mark Shields, it's not the ropes. Burns knows he can't get the submission but he can exploit the count to punish Conor more on the outside!

After a few seconds, former Twists and Turns lets go of the abdominal stretch and throws Conor back into the ring.

DDK:

At least Burns is not trying to take a countout win. He wants to actually BEAT Conor Fuse.

Lance:

Instead of most people who will take a countout victory, Oscar wants to win and seemingly crow about it!

Oscar now stands over Conor and slowly but surely pulls him up by the arm. Burns measures Fuse and HURLS the gamer across the ring, back-first into the corner! Conor falls to a knee and favors his back! The vicious Kiwi sits up and takes no pleasure right now in what he's doing.

Oscar Burns:

I don't want to do this, GC... but some people only learn through tough love...

He sits up with the crowd jeering him again.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-urns! See, Conor? *Boourns*, you happy little idio!

He lifts Conor and goes back the other way with an extra-forceful whip so powerful, Burns falls over just as Conor gets HURLED across the ring again! The sheer impact knocks Fuse down too and it can't be doing any favors for his back!

DDK:

Burns' style can be so methodical at times. He might be the best technical wrestler we have. Full stop, end of sentence.

Lance:

So true! Oscar now... taking his time.

The man calling himself DEFIANCE takes a moment and then drags Conor back to the corner. He lifts a foot up...

DDK:

What's Oscar doing?

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

Burns starts stomping on Conor's chest to the tune of what might normally be clapping, had Oscar not just recently become a giant asshole.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP STOMP STOMPSTOMPSTOMP.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP STOMP STOMPSTOMPSTOMP.

Burns takes a break from stomping out The Ultimate Gamer like he was on fire. Nevertheless, a gutsy Conor Fuse tries to fight. Burns stands and looks out to the booing crowd but waves hello.

Oscar Burns:

This is for all of you!

DDK:

No, it's not! Not at all! And now Burns is back to working over Conor...

"DEFIANCE" picks Conor up and drops him with a big gutwrench suplex! Burns holds on and rolls over impressively without missing a beat, hoisting Conor again and planting the former two-time Tag Team Champion with another gutwrench! Burns takes another couple of seconds before rolling up slowly and dropping Conor with a third! Once Oscar drives Fuse down for a third consecutive time, he pushes Fuse onto his back and goes right into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Conor elates the crowd with the kickout!

DDK:

How did Conor kick out of all that?

Lance:

You got me there but Oscar doesn't look to be sweating too much.

Burns sure enough pats Conor on the shoulder like what he's doing is teaching Conor a lesson instead of being a giant sanctimonious asshat. The former FIST picks Conor up but Fuse fires back quickly with a right hand and follows with another! Conor stuns Oscar but when The Power-Up King tries to get up and go into the ropes, Burns grabs the back of his trunks and pulls Fuse right into a STIFF elbow smash to the small of the back!

DDK:

Conor tried that speed advantage yet Burns has all but negated it now, hasn't he? Conor ran wild with the early portions of this match but the longer this goes, Burns is going to exert more control.

Lance:

Yeah, Conor has to either create his own opening somewhere or wait for Burns to make a mistake. Oscar's been wrestling a perfect match since taking the control back. The latter may be harder than the former.

Conor has been brought to a knee from the elbow smash beforehand. Burns pushes Fuse back to the ropes again and lays into the gamer with another one! Fuse gets brought to a knee, so Burns picks him up again and then fires him into one... but Conor comes back with yet another right!

DDK:

You can never take the amount of fight away from Conor Fuse! Burns has thrown a lot at him in the last few minutes but he's coming back!

Burns swings for another elbow strike although Conor ducks and catches Oscar's arms! He tries for a backslide!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Both men get back to their feet after the failed pin attempt. Burns cuts Fuse off with a surprise jumping enzuigiri! Conor's stunned and falls to the mat while Burns rolls to a knee, shaking his head and then checking to make sure all the cobwebs are in place. They probably aren't.

DDK:

Surprise jumping enzuigiri from Burns! Less common move of his but one he can do all the same!

Conor collapses to the mat so Burns can keep on doing the thing he does best and that's to cripple another athlete's body parts. Conor lies on the mat when Burns fires off an elbow drop to his back! The Video Game King flinches but Burns isn't done. Burns stands and delivers a second elbow to the back... and then finishes off the combo with a jumping elbow drop to the small of the back! Conor tries to fight through the pain but the man calling himself DEFIANCE doesn't make it easy! He pushes Conor over and then hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Conor with another DEFIANT kickout! Pun intended.

Lance:

Oscar Burns is putting in the work, though. Conor came out of the gates in hot fire and now he's brought this match to his pace. Exactly where you DON'T want to be if you're his opponent!

DDK:

Burns is taking his time, too. He knows he's got Fuse in a tough spot!

Oscar picks Conor up and drops him with a big body slam before grabbing the gamer's leg. Conor reaches up and throws a kick or two with his free leg but Burns fires kicks right to the back! Conor still tries to fight... then gets cranked over into a simple half crab!

DDK:

And now a half crab by Burns! He has this hold locked in the center of the ring perfectly!

The Perfect 9 finds himself trapped with no other choice but to try and fight for the ropes! They are far away and yet Conor knows it's his only way out. He starts to head to the ropes, trying to fight against the proverbial tide of pain Burns is inflicting!

Lance:

Conor trying to make it to the ropes now!

When the former Twists and Turns realizes what The Video Game King is trying to do, he starts to crank back HARDER on the hold, really stretching Conor out!

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

The Faithful all want to see Conor succeed and score this win tonight! The younger Fuse tries to make one more push to the ropes which shocks Burns. Although Burns doesn't drop the hold!

DDK:

Where is Conor getting this fight tonight?

Lance:

He's bound and determined not to let this vainglorious version of Oscar Burns get away with all he has said and done to him, that's what! There's no quit in Conor Fuse! *[Pause]* At least that's what he told me.

The Faithful have gone nuts by the time Conor gets a hand over... he's close...

Closer...

Closer...

DDK:

NO, NO! BURNS PULLS HIM AWAY!

Burns tries to pull Conor from the ropes and into some sort of new submission. However, Fuse grabs Burns' head and

neck and pulls him into an inside cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

Almost three! Almost!

Conor is a step slower now because of his painful back! Burns grabs his opponent and tries to catch him with a big move... THE FORMER BACK-CRACK-A-MA-JIG!

DDK:

Belly to back backbreaker! Burns hitting that back AGAIN! And bridges the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Conor EMPHATICALLY kicks out and flops onto his side while a worried Burns now starts to show grave concern. He holds up three fingers to Shields' count!

Oscar Burns:

I always knew I hated you, you slow-counting ponce!

Mark Shields doesn't understand.

DDK:

Burns is losing his cool! One of the most powerful moves in his arsenal didn't break Fuse like he thought it would!

Burns goes to Conor and whips him into the ropes again. Oscar looks like he's going to try and set up another one... but Conor has different ideas! The gamer reverses it on the former two-time FIST... then DRIVES Oscar down on the top of his head with a vicious tilt-a-whirl DDT counter!

Lance:

Fuse got him! Fuse got him with PWNED... or is it pronounced Puh-woned? Either way! This is the break Conor SORELY needs right now!

DDK:

That it is! Conor's taken some tremendous punishment on that back! He's been beaten down by a very top-of-his-game Burns but now Conor is at what could be the major turning point of this match!

Burns is left clutching his head with both hands while Fuse does the same with his back, hoping he can reset a bit and get back to playing a game called "Kick Oscar Burns' Ass!"

The fans are going wild with thoughts Conor Fuse could pull this off. As always, they express this in !RANK chants.

The two men stir. Who's going to get up first? It's anyone's game. The announcers watch on.

DDK:

Burns is up...

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Conor is up!

RRRAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Burns and Conor turn into each other.

DDK:

OH NO!

Burns sets Fuse up for the Head-Drop-O-Matic.

The crowd goes crazy again.

DDK:

CONOR ESCAPES!

Whack.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

And if it wasn't loud enough in the arena, it's now lost cabin pressure.

DDK:

CONOR FUSE HAS THE GRAPS OF WRATH I... THE OCTOPUS STRETCH... ON OSCAR BURNS!

Lance:

It's textbook, oh my god it's textbook!

Dead center in the middle of the ring, Conor Fuse stands with the stretch locked on. Fear floods every orpheus of Oscar Burns' face with pain and the thought of tapping to his own finishing submission. Placed on him by the pseudo locker room leader!

The embarrassment.

DDK:

OSCAR MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

Conor's face, intense as ever as he leans back and pulls for all its worth. Teeth clenched together, Fuse finally lets out a zen cry for all to hear as the crowd stops cheering in loudness and, instead, finds a chant to focus in on.

TAP YOU ASSHOLE, clap, clap, clapclapclap.

TAP YOU ASSHOLE, clap, clap, clapclapclap.

TAP YOU ASSHOLE, clap, clap, clapclapclap.

Burns is trying his best to break free... although he's struggling immensely. The crowd wants to see the tap happen so badly that maybe, ever so slightly, Fuse gets a little too hyped and loses his positioning.

DDK:

Burns breaks fre-

But before Keebler can finish his sentence, Conor Fuse completes the textbook hold by turning it into a pinfall attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

The only "THREE" heard in the arena was from the crowd, as Oscar Burns did, unfortunately, kick out at the very last second.

DDK:

Dammit!

The Locker Room Leader shows no quit. After all, he can't quit on the boys and girls in the back like this.

Conor smacks Burns' shoulders again as former Twists and Turns is on both knees.

Conor Fuse:

Weapon Get!

Fuse races into the ropes and does the unthinkable.

WHAM!

DDK:

Holy shit... was that... was that!?

Lance:

The Gaelic Storm!

DDK:

Conor just Weapon Getted GAGE BLACKWOOD'S finishing move!

Lance:

Of course, it makes perfect sense. Oscar and Gage are the bitterest of rivals!

Fuse stumbles over, bad back and all, hooking a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A KICKOUT, HONESTLY-IT-PROBABLY-WAS-A-THREE-BUT-THIS-IS-MARK-SHIELDS-COUNTING.

The arena is beside themselves!

DDK:

Oscar Burns is on life support! I can't believe what I just saw... Conor used the Gaelic Storm of all things, trying to end Oscar Burns for good!

Both men are spent. Conor Fuse used up all of his energy on those two moves and his back is killing him. Meanwhile, Oscar Burns ate the running double knees alongside being stretched like an octopus. All awful things, clearly.

Conor and Oscar find themselves struggling to rise. Once again, they do at the same time and once again they turn into each other.

DDK:

European uppercut by Burns!

*BOOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:**

Left FIST by Conor.

!RRRRRAAANNKKK

And the two begin a trade off between uppercuts and fists, interchanging the crowd's chant of BOOs and !RANKs.

Burns works Conor over into a corner, eventually winning out. He Irish whips Fuse across the canvas and into the buckle across the way. Conor hits, sticks but then jumps onto the top rope and flips in midair as "DEFIANCE" was charging over to him. Conor hits a crazy looking, wonderfully-timed moonsault head stomp, driving them both into the mat!

Fuse, however, lifts his head and clutches his back.

DDK:

He can't make a pin here, Lance. Conor Fuse is physically not able to pin Oscar Burns and this is the move that may have been able to do it!

Lance:

I know, I hear you. It's near impossible for Conor to do anything right now. The only thing Fuse has going for him is... he's done a brilliant job with Burns regarding whatever he has left.

It takes a good minute before Conor Fuse finds a knee. He looks down at Burns and then looks into the crowd.

DDK:

You could still pin him here, Lance.

Lance:

You *could*. Oscar may kick out, or even worse. Burns could find a way to suck Conor into a submission hold when he gets that close.

No matter, Fuse has decided. He's walking over to the turnbuckle and climbing to the top, bad back and all.

DDK:

Looks like Conor is going to finish this off...

Measuring Burns takes longer than normal.

Lance:

Usually not known to climb the turnbuckle for the move, Conor jumps from the canvas to the top and spins around easily.

Either way, Fuse jumps.

Super Splash 450!

However, Conor can't make a pin. Not yet anyway. He grabs his back... the crowd on their feet... trying to will Conor Fuse to the "Main Event" moniker he intends to add after the victory.

DDK:

CONOR HOOKS A LEG.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

As Burns gets the shoulder up, his right arm inadvertently (or maybe not?) low blows Conor Fuse!

DDK:

Hey, wait a second...

The incidental contact wasn't caught by Mark Shields anyway. Oscar Burns uses the ropes to get up while Conor holds his back and uses the ropes as well. Once again, for the third time in this contest, the two men turn into each other at the same time.

SLAM!

Head-Drop-O-Matic.

The air in the arena is taken out! Burns collapses on top of Conor Fuse and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

!RANK !RANK !RAAAAAAANNNNK

Burns can't believe it. His jaw is on the floor as he stares at referee Mark Shields where, to Mark's credit, he made a good count.

DDK:

CONOR KICKED OUT! Last Level Conor is here, Oscar! You better get used to it! There IS a new Locker Room Leader in town!

The crowd rumbles their feet but Burns' face intensifies. He works Fuse into his new hammerlock guillotine choke!

DDK:

Conor's in the center of the ring!

The crowd rallies for Conor with !RANK chants and cries. Fuse is awake, too. He fights, flailing around his legs or whatever body part is available in the hopes he can move closer to the ropes.

Conor does! He moves slightly!

Burns' face is deep red, showing he's using every ounce of his ability to choke the life bar out of Conor Fuse.

DDK:

Does Conor have any energy tanks left!?

And The Video Game Kid, showing such fight, moves closer to the ropes again. Fuse, showing sheer determination that NOTHING is going to prevent him from pulling this out.

Nothing.

Not even when Burns moves the two of them back to the center of the ring!

The air is sucked out of the arena again but INSTANTLY replaced because Conor LIFTS Oscar Burns while still in the guillotine choke!

DDK:

HE'S WALKING OSCAR BURNS TO THE ROPES. I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

The arena waits in anticipation. Fuse is almost at the ropes.

And then he falls back down, Burns with the choke still applied. The face of "DEFIANCE" smirking. He knows what's up.

Mark Shields slides into position. He realizes there's no life bar left and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

DAMMIT!

The fans groan as Burns releases the hold and pushes a passed out Conor Fuse off to the side. Burns demands Shields raise his hand.

Lance:

A star was born here tonight. Conor Fuse took Oscar Burns to the limit like only a rare few have in DEFIANCE!

Burns' new theme song plays.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... OSCAR BURNS!

Burns barely stands, center of the ring. Mark Shields raises the victor's hands.

DDK:

Hell of a match by both men. Conor showed great heart. Obviously Oscar is one of the greatest technicians of our time. It goes without saying he was the Vegas favorite.

Lance:

Nothing to be ashamed about here if you're Conor Fuse.

Burns exits the ring and celebrates by soaking in the BOO-URNS. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse slowly comes to on the canvas.

Lance:

There'll be another fight between these guys, one day. No doubt about that.

Burns raises his hands at the top of the ramp. Conor, eyes glazed over, barely sees "DEFIANCE".

The show goes elsewhere.

OUTSKI

The camera goes backstage following the conclusion of Conor Fuse vs. Oscar Burns, heading to the rarely seen inner workings of the Better Future Talent Agency Locker Room.

Inside...

Mostly celebration!

Alvaro de Vargas, now six beers into the show, cackling and laughing and should definitely not be drinking after his hellacious opening match earlier in the night over Henry Keyes. Sitting across from de Vargas, The Lucky Sevens, Ophelia Sykes, and Tom Morrow having a good time. Notable by his absence is Jestal. Whatever tension that was on display earlier in the evening between ADV and Morrow at least seems to be okay as long as the liquor keeps flowing.

Alvaro de Vargas:

HAHAHAHAHAHA! THAT PENDEJO! THE WAY YOU CRACKED THAT FAT PENDEJO, ADAM ROEBUCK'S ANKLE! CLASSIC!

Mason Luck:

I know, right? I always hated that fat piece of shit! They're just like the Saturday Night Specials and just like the rest of this locker room ... all fragile little assholes who can barely get by. Too afraid to do what needs to get done to win.

Max Luck takes a swig of his own whiskey glass.

Max Luck:

Fucking right bro! Now the rest of this division is going to be ours for the taking. Just like we should have all along! TO SIX STAR BEATDOWNS!

Ophelia and Morrow:

TO SIX STAR BEATDOWNS!

The entire party clinks their glasses together. Ophelia looks around.

Ophelia Sykes:

Where's Jestal? Haven't seen him since last night!

Morrow shrugs.

Tom Morrow:

I know he was gonna beat that dipshit Klein last night. Said he needed some space. It wasn't his fault that stupid Dandelion did what she did. She's gonna pay, that's for sure.

As the drinking continues, all but one person across the room is having a good old time, sitting on a lounge looking visibly angry with himself.

"The Killer Bear" Jack Mace.

One night prior, he lost to Titaness and still looks like he can't believe the result.

Mason Luck:

Dude, Alvaro. Fireball? Amazing. Take a bow, man, take a bow!

Alvaro stands up and does just that.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Gracias, Mason, gracias! Nobody thought that I had what it took to beat Henry Keyes... but I did it all on my own, all by myself. If any other pendejos doubt me... they put their careers on the line. Long as we have no doubters here... there will be no problems. Right, Tommy?

Tom Morrow sits up... slightly uneasy... then he tries to play it off and pats Alvaro on the chest.

Tom Morrow:

Fucking right, Al! We are good!

ADV snorts, seemingly happy for now with Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Everyone heard it on DEF Radio! DEFIANCE ROAD! The TRUE Beginning of Better Future Talent Agency's real future! Jestal, our Mad Prince! We don't need that bum, Dandelion!

He turns to Mason and Max.

Tom Morrow:

Our Main Event Monsters! The Proprietors of The Five Star Beatdown going all Six Stars on those washed-up has-beens, The House!

He tips his glass to Alvaro.

Tom Morrow:

Alvaro de Vargas! The man who SINGLE-HANDEDLY destroyed the airship-loving dipshit, Henry Keyes! WINNERS, BABY!

All of them celebrate... until Mace finally grunts, visibly annoyed with things. Mason shoots him a look.

Mason Luck:

Hey, Captain Buzzkill! We're trying to get lit. We all busted out asses off!

Max laughs.

Max Luck:

Nah he's just mad he lost. Get over here and drink with us, you big ass ball of fur.

But Mace CLEARLY is not in the partying mood! In fact, he launches up from his seat.

Jack Mace:

Ol... 'm not fucking mad I'm lost, mate... I'm fucking MAD that I gotta eat a lot of fuckin' shit for the lot of ya instead of going for titles like we've been promised all this time!

He turns to Tom Morrow.

Jack Mace:

Instead of going for the Favoured Saints Title like I wanted to do... I've been dealing with that daft cow, Titaness, for months! All cause you can't let go of the fact them fucking Titans embarrassed you at last year's DEFCON!

He turns to Alvaro.

Jack Mace:

And Tommy might be afraid of you, Al, but I'm not. I still ain't forgot, mate, that YOUR little hate boner for Henry Keyes is why we lost that tag match a few weeks ago!

Alvaro starts to reach up from his seat as the party stops instantly.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You wanna repeat that, pendejo? What do you want me to do, wrestle YOUR match, too?

Mace grits his teeth.

Jack Mace:

Nah, mate, I just want what I was promised when I joined Better Future! Title shots! Main Events! Big opportunities! You think that I'm fuckin' stupid? All I've been doing this last year is babysitting YOU when Morrow wants you to be the crown jewel of Better Future?

He spits on the ground.

Jack Mace:

I've been eating shit the last year and I'm done. I want a chance to show what I can do... not settle YOUR petty little grudges for the lot of you and not just being hired fuckin' muscle! I'm a damn good wrestler in between those ropes and you all know it!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Fuck you, pendejo! That's all it is! You're a jealous little gilipollas!

Morrow and the Sevens get in the middle of the tense conversation. Morrow has his hands out to everyone in the room.

Tom Morrow:

Jack, Jack, Jack... I get your frustration, I really do... but you know what you've been paid for. So I'm gonna give you one chance... calm down. Chill out. Take five minutes and think...and I mean REALLY choose your next words carefully. ADV is the guy. You're not. That simple. If you can live with the money... and you apologize to Al and the rest of this group for ruining our party... we'll call it water under the bridge, Jackie. What do you say?

Mace angrily looks up at Alvaro, flashing him a confident smile like he's been told. Then to the Lucky Sevens...

Then back to Morrow.

Jack Mace:

Mate... Nah. I'm good.

POW!

A HUGE pop can be heard from the fans when Mace nails Morrow in the head, sending him flying to the ground!

... but that doesn't last for long! Alvaro and the Sevens are all over him! They all take turns putting the boots to Mace and then kicking him on the floor! They continue to beat him down as Morrow starts to nurse his jaw!

Tom Morrow:

Big fucking mistake, Mace! Big fucking mistake! That's gonna be the ONLY time you ever put your fucking hands on me!

Mace tries to get up, but too many boots are hitting too many places before ADV picks up Mace by the back of his head.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Me tienes hasta el último pelo!

He holds up Mace, then Morrow grits his teeth.

Tom Morrow:

Get him the fuck outta here! Toss him out with the rest of the trash!

ADV holds Mace up while Mason and Max take turns throwing gut punches! They kick Mace around some more... then THROW him head first into the wall! Mace falls to his knees and then ADV opens the door before the three of them HURL Mace out of the locker room! ADV slams the door shut and then the entire mood changes. Ophelia Sykes quietly drinks while Morrow is stuck holding his jaw.

Ophelia Sykes looks up.

Ophelia Sykes:

So... that frees up some of the liquor budget, right?

Morrow isn't pleased... but she is right. And Alvaro grits his teeth before he picks up another bottle.

Alvaro de Vargas:

To freeing up the liquor budget!

The Lucky Sevens and Ophelia all toast with ADV to the occasion while an angry Morrow still holds onto his jaw.

Tom Morrow:

I'm gonna need an extra cold one... fucking Mace...

WARCHAMBER: CAYLE MURRAY vs. LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

Well Faithful, this night is rapidly drawing to a close - but I think it's safe to say that we've saved the most chaotic 'til last. After this, we've got the three-way ladder match for the Unified Tag Team Championships, but until then...
WARCHAMBER.

Lance:

This unique structure has only been deployed once in DEFIANCE history, when Lindsay Troy defeated Bronson Box in one of the most brutal and attritional matches we've ever seen. That was at DEFIANCE Road 2016. Now, almost six years later, she faces Cayle Murray.

DDK:

And you say "match," Lance, but this is only going to be that by the loosest possible definition.

Lance:

Absolutely. The phrase "it's a fight, not a match" has been repeated so often that it has become cliché, but it's entirely appropriate here. Lindsay Troy and Cayle Murray loathe each other. Each would gladly wipe the other off the face of the Earth if given the opportunity - and they have that opportunity tonight.

DDK:

Cayle, of course, stole a victory against Troy after faking an injury back at DEFCON 2021. He won't be able to do that here. In the WARCHAMBER there are no pinfalls, only submissions and knockouts, technical or otherwise. Remember too that the chamber itself is chained with barbed diamonds, meaning that while the combatants may choose to bring their own implements of destruction into it, none will be deadlier than the four "walls" surrounding them.

Lance:

And thus begins its descent...

The nightmarishly-black WARCHAMBER isn't tarped-off like the first (and only) time we've seen it before. Instead, the hellish structure that has loomed over the building all night long glimmers in the arena lights as it's lowered to the floor. There's no door for entry or exit, the only way in is by waiting for the structure to lift up and allow you freedom. It looks almost majestic, as if it were encrusted with ancient treasures, belying the barbarism it'll soon inflict on tonight's occupants.

DDK:

As the team prepares to fix this thing into place at ground level, let's spend a few minutes running through the events that brought Troy and Murray to thi--...

Keebler is interrupted by a sudden swell in crowd noise, as almost the entire building turns its attention away from the WARCHAMBER and towards the ramp.

DDK:

... or not.

A hacked-off Cayle Murray is already making his way down the ramp. Not waiting for his entrance cue, the Scot storms down the incline without music or other fanfare, paying no heed to the venom and bile being thrown at him from all angles.

Lance:

Wow, the Chamber isn't even in place yet...

DDK:

Perhaps Cayle just wants to get this over with, or maybe he just can't wait to get his hands on Lindsay Troy. I suspect a mixture of both.

Lance:

And The Faithful are letting him have it after what has been a campaign of cowardice these past few months. Murray is more than willing to inflict violence upon another, but only when it suits him. He's a sneak-attacker. Tonight, he must face the enemy head on.

Barely has the WARCHAMBER hit the floor then Cayle is rolling under the bottom rope and entering the ring. He takes up a position right in the middle, beckoning Troy down as the technicians frantically work to secure the diamond-studded pain machine in place. He's dressed for a fight, too, clad not in his traditional wrestling attire, but in a white tee, black pants with boots and kneepads over the top, and his hands and wrists taped all the way up.

DDK:

You can feel the bellicose energy in the building tonight, Lance! Everybody here wants to see LT tear Cayle to pieces. This is as partisan as it gets!

The DEFplex is plunged into darkness, and screams and shouts of anticipation immediately rise from the crowd. Cell phone cameras and flashlights wink on while fog pours across the stage. The rigging along the DEFIAtron slowly, eerily, lights up, helping to fuel the crowd's anticipation, then...

♪ "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. The fog grows thicker, white-hot spotlights snap to the entrance way, and from underneath the stage a red and white light shines bright, carrying their hero upward.

This time, however, she's not alone

A fauxhaxed Troy, as is now the norm, rises to the dais with head bowed and hands clenched. Standing next to her is the imposing figure of the man now called "Murder Daddy," Dan Ryan. Once the platform locks into place, an explosion of light and sound erupts around the in-laws, and Darren Quimbey raises his microphone.

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!

The DEFplex's lights come back up and Troy whirls on her heel. She stands in place for a moment, eyes locked on a pacing Cayle Murray in the ring. Dan Ryan's eyeballing Cayle as well, and he simply leans his fist out for Troy to bump. She knocks knuckles with the Ego Buster, then marches down to the ring, shedding her coat and blowing right past the camera in the aisle. She slides underneath the bottom rope and pops up to her feet as the cage lowers the rest of the way to the floor, all four walls in place.

Lance:

Here we go!

Troy and Murray fly into each other with all the force their bodies will muster. Benny Doyle makes no attempt to separate them as the middle of the ring becomes a whirling storm of flying hands, elbows, and forearms, only a small percentage of which hit the intended target, such is the rage behind them.

DDK:

They're tearing into each other!

The building is hotter than the surface of the sun, reflecting the intensity inside the Chamber itself. Limbs, hair, and tangible rage fly across the arena floor as Doyle, who has already given up on the notion of maintaining order, calls for the bell.

DING DING

Not that you can hear it.

Something in the struggle rocks Cayle for a moment but he surges forward with a headbutt, cracking LT at the top of her nose. She blasts back with a straight right before setting upon the Scot once more, their struggle taking them to the ropes.

DDK:

It's a cyclone of violence in the ring! Troy and Murray are *consumed*! Neither wants to give the other an inch as strategy goes straight out the window!

Lance:

And listen to The Faithful! The bloodlust is real!

His face already flush with red fury, Cayle pushes at LT with both hands, creating enough space for him to back into the centre of the ring. He calls for Troy to come forward and she does, putting one hand behind his head and another into his face over and over... while Cayle returns the favour. This can mean only one thing...

Lance:

HOCKEYYYYY FIGHT!

It's blow after blow after blow after blow, landing successively on the combatants' faces until Cayle drops to one knee! He quickly adjusts and wraps his arms around LT's legs, tackling her to the ground, holding her there while digging desperately punches into her sides. A stiff elbow from the bottom lands on his skull, prompting Cayle to change his mind, so he pops up and attempts a leaping double-stomp to the chest... that LT quickly rolls away from!

Jumping back to her feet, Troy finds herself clinched as Cayle seemingly looks to take the wind out of her sails. He holds her in position for a few moments, bursting forward with all the power in his legs, pushing LT back and disrupting her position before throwing a fierce knee upwards, through the clinch, and into Troy's skull.

Lance:

WHOA!

The strike sends The Queen of the Ring falling down to the mat!

DDK:

That landed flush on her forehead!

Lance:

But it was just one knee! In the heat of battle, how did one knee drop Troy like that?!

DDK:

Lord knows she's stayed standing from worse.

With LT knocked loopy, struggling on all fours, Cayle takes a few hurried steps back before erupting forwards, throwing another knee at Troy's skull!

DDK:

Damn!

The Queen falls flat on her back this time. Cayle throws his already sweat-sodden hair back, then stands up, grinning. He holds his arms out to the sides as the crowd lets him have it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Keebs, Troy might be out! This thing is only a minute in and Troy might be out!

DDK:

But like you asked... how?!

As if to answer that question, Cayle, who looks absolutely delighted with his handiwork, leans over, taps the knee that struck Troy with his knuckles, then taps his own head. He puts his hands under his head, tilts to one side, and feigns going to sleep...

Lance:

It's a loaded pad, Keebs! Cayle must've loaded the kneepad!

DDK:

A trick straight from his elder brother's playbook. No wonder Troy is in la-la land... can she come back from this?!

Murray gets his head back in the game, pushing Doyle to the side to get back on the offensive. From a standing position he leaps, then crashes down on Troy's ribs with a double kneedrop. He stands back up and repeats the move before taking her over to one of the corners.

DDK:

Troy remains conscious but she's in all kinds of trouble here. Now, it looks like Cayle is going after the ribs softened up by Rick Dickulous a few weeks ago.

Lance:

I hate to admit this, Keebs, but this is smart - especially as Cayle looks like he wants to end this quickly. But will he blow out his own gas tank in the process?!

Cayle props the helpless LT up, laying her across the corner on the middle ropes. He takes a few steps back, runs forward, and plants the loaded knee in her ribs. When LT doesn't fall from the ropes, he does it again.

And again.

And again, this time from a standing position.

Troy finally hits the mat. When she does, Cayle stomps, stomps, *STOMPS* away at the ribs, then runs across the ring, runs back, and slides into them with the knee. The smile still on his face, he calls to Doyle...

Lance:

What's he shouting?

DDK:

Uhh, "ask her," I think...

Lance:

Is he trying to elicit a verbal submission?

DDK:

He is!

When that submission doesn't come, Cayle's expression turns sour but he gets right back to the action. Picking up LT's dead weight, he cracks a few closed fists into her skull for good measure before taking her back to the corner. This time, he slides her under the bottom rope, pressing her ribs against the steel ring post. Pushing his feet into her back with as much force as he can, he uses the ropes for leverage, increasing the torture.

DDK:

Turns out Cayle did have a strategy. Neutralise Troy with concussive blows from the loaded knee, then go after her obvious weak point.

Cayle grits his teeth and closes his eyes, wrenching and squeezing every last drop of intensity into this as an agonised Troy wails beneath the bottom turnbuckle. Murray's knuckles turn white from his grip on the ropes. He repeats his call to Doyle, but Troy, despite her agony, shakes her head.

Lance:

Murray desperately wants Troy to quit here...

His anger increasing, Cayle goes across the ring, runs, and baseball slides into Troy, once again forcing her ribs into the steel. He pops to his feet.

Cayle Murray:

ASK HER!

Doyle drops down to his knees. Troy rolls herself out from under the turnbuckle, though it pains her to do so, and though her face twists and contorts from the ungodly punishment inflicted on her torso, she's able to spit a negative answer, and a wad of blood, through the torment. Immediately, Murray reaches down, pulls Doyle up, and holds him by the collar, spitting rage in his face...

DDK:

Cayle's losing his top here! That frustration is starting to show!

Lance:

Clearly, Murray doesn't want anything to do with LT in a fair fight. We've known that for a long time. He came here looking to shortcut his way to victory and has thus far found Troy tougher than he expected.

DDK:

And make no mistake, the bombs dropped by Cayle would have felled 99% of wrestlers on the planet here. Luckily, LT isn't in that 99%.

When Doyle doesn't relent, Cayle swats him away and goes to pick LT up. She throws a few weak blows into his stomach that barely register, such is the toll taken on her already. Murray answers by slapping her hard across the cheek, lifting her off the ground completely, and dropping her ribs-first across the loaded knee. On the deck, he *stands* with both feet on Troy's ribs, reaches down, grabs her arms... and yanks backwards.

DDK:

Have you ever seen anything like this, Lance!? This is barely wrestling, all Cayle's doing here is inflicting as much punishment as he can.

Lance:

If we see a single wrestling *move* here tonight, I'll be surprised. This is war.

Cayle's latest quest for a verbal submission ends before Doyle can even check with LT. Troy is able to roll her torso just enough for Cayle to lose his balance. The Scot falls to the deck, losing his grip on LT's arms as well. He climbs first, because of course he does, but a desperate Troy latches onto the loaded kneepad with both hands.

As Troy claws her fingers in behind the pad, Cayle instinctively yanks backwards...

DDK:

OH! WAIT!

The sound of ripping material somehow pierces the crowd's frenzy. When Cayle breaks free of LT, the kneepad isn't

totally torn away, but it has lost its elasticity and slides down his knee.

Lance:

Troy, in a moment of near-complete despair, may just have taken Murray's biggest weapon away!

The pad is now around his ankle. A small silvery glimmer pokes out of the material.

DDK:

You can see the steel plate tucked under there now. Thank heavens for Troy, but the torment continues!

Murray's face only turns a deeper shade of red as he realises what has just happened. Infuriated, he goes right back after LT, stomping down on one of her hands as if punishing her for her crime, then grabbing her by the hair. Slowly, Cayle pulls LT up...

Lance:

This can't be good...

... then eats a sudden headbutt right to the nose!

DDK:

JEEEEEEEEZUS!

A spurt of crimson flies from Cayle's face as Troy's forehead - already starting to bruise thanks to that loaded kneepad - makes contact with his nose. Both of them fall to the mat, with Murray screaming out, clutching his potentially broken nose.

Lance:

Troy to her knees; she's trying to get her breath but her ribs and forehead have got to be killing her.

The Queen glares daggers at the Starbreaker as she muscles her way back up to her feet. She stomps over to Cayle and buries a steel-toed boot into his ribs, repaying the favor. Cayle cries out in agony as Troy kicks him again.

And again.

And again.

She runs off the ropes and buries both her feet into his side with a sliding dropkick. Murray goes rolling across the ring as Troy gets back vertical, the adrenaline starting to pump harder.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy, gritting it out here, and stalking a wounded and woozy Cayle Murray.

Lance:

Murray can't breathe from a combination of broken ribs and a broken nose. Lindsay Troy most assuredly has a concussion and broken ribs. We knew it wasn't going to be pretty, and we knew injuries were very likely.

DDK:

Another one's about to happen, look out!

As Cayle gets unsteadily to his feet, he finds himself ensnared from behind. Before he can react, he's lifted up and over Lindsay's head. He watches the kneepad fall away from his body as he sails through the air and lands back first against the cage. The wall rattles and he feels himself bounce once, twice, as skin peels angrily away from his body. He hears the Faithful yell grotesquely, blood oozing from his newly-formed wounds, as he crashes to the canvas. Those shouts turn to cheers as Troy pounces, with manic eyes and toothy smile, and rams Cayle's head against the cage, dragging his cheek against the diamond barbs. She yells for Benny.

Lindsay Troy:

ASK HIM!

Benny drops down and asks Cayle if he gives, and the Scot tells him to piss off! Troy's response by giving him an open hand Pancrase slap and then spitting in his face. She hauls him up and fires off a STIFF knife-edge chop that rocks an absolutely crimson-masked Murray. Troy fires off another chop, the resulting **CRACK!** drawing a loud **OHHHHHHH!** from the Faithful closest to the ring. She sends him across the ring and immediately bolts after him.

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

Lance:

NO, Cayle rolls out of the way and Troy goes crashing into the cage!

It's Troy's turn to taste the barbed diamond walls, and she yelps in pain. She jumps away quickly and right into a Cayle Murray lariat! She hits the canvas and the Starbreaker's right there, dropping his hands to her throat to choke her, screaming at Benny as he does

Cayle Murray:

ASK HER!

Lindsay Troy kicks her feet and shakes her head, getting angrier by the second. Cayle squeezes harder.

Cayle Murray:

GIVE UP YOU DAFT COW...ASK HER AGAIN!

Troy's response this time is to start digging her nails into the part of Cayle's arm that isn't taped up and in hopes of adding to his blood loss. In response, Cayle gives up on choking her and starts kneeing her in the ribs again.

But Troy responds with a big forearm shot to the temple!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy has had enough of Cayle Murray going after her ribs, Lance!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy has had enough of Cayle Murray period!

Troy lets out a roar and gets the upper hand on Cayle. She battles him up to a standing position and blocks an attempted knee. She grabs the leg and whips him down with a dragon screw. She rushes to take the mount, driven only by the primal urge to inflict ungodly punishment on the worst man in the universe. She grabs the back of his head and unleashes a tsunami. Wave after wave of punishment crashes down on Cayle, and Troy keeps going and going and going.

Throwing elbow...

After elbow...

After elbow...

Each one bouncing Cayle's crimson coated head off the splattered canvas.

DDK:

LT's possessed, Lance! I--... this is starting to become uncomfortable.

Lance:

This is what it takes to win WARCHAMBER, Keebs.

One final pointed elbow lands across Murray's wounded forehead. LT collapses forward herself, breathing heavily from the exertion.

DDK:

She's spent!

She reaches out an arm, clawing blindly for something.

Something ugly.

Something that spells doom for Cayle.

Lance:

What is she?!-- oh.

DDK:

The kneepad!

When her fingers find it, Troy sits up, suddenly tearing what remains of the fabric away from the steel plate and tossing it across the ring.

With groggy limbs, LT starts sliding the plate under her own elbow pad. It doesn't quite fit.

But she couldn't give a damn.

DDK:

Oh no...

Lance:

Wh--

Troy throws a violent elbow down towards Cayle's head.

It connects. Pure blunt force.

Her entire body falls forward with the motion. Seconds tick away as the noise from the Faithful rises in volume.

And Lindsay Troy...laughs.

She rises, malevolently.

Lifts the elbow.

And that's when it happens.

Cayle Murray:

STOP.

The Scot spits out a mouthful of blood and god knows what else with his word. Benny Doyle drops down to him, double-checking.

LT, with no hesitation this time around, goes to throw the elbow again.

Cayle Murray:

STOP! STOP! STOP!

And Doyle calls for the bell, grabbing Troy in the process and preventing her from connecting with what could be a kill shot.

DING DING DING

DDK:

It's over...

Troy, unable to put up a fight against Benny or even muster a celebration, falls backwards, completely exhausted and halfway to unconsciousness herself.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... LINDSAY TROYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy has won the fight. She has *survived* WARCHAMBER for the second time.

Lance:

Keeps, that only lasted around nine minutes or so, but it felt like a lifetime. A brutal, cold, and at times vile demonstration of violence, more than a match, I can guarantee it has triggered more than a few upset stomachs here.

DDK:

And in the end, LT did what she said she was going to. She outlasted and outfought Cayle Murray, who was ultimately hoisted by his own petard, relenting just when it looked like the steel plate *he* brought into the fight was about to put his lights out.

Bloodied, broken, and utterly beaten, Cayle raises his head an inch or so off the mat, the rest of his body motionless.

He sees a spent LT moving up to a seated position. She throws him a sneer and a middle finger, but this probably doesn't register.

Because seconds later, Cayle passes all the way out.

FIFTY

After the conclusion of the WARCHAMBER match and so the crowd has a few moments to die down...

The camera is now with Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

It has been a very noteworthy show tonight here at DEFIANCE Road, Night Two! Up next before we get to our main event, we're going to have words with a man who was victorious earlier tonight in a fantastic wrestling match. Please welcome my guest at this time...

She waves off-camera.

Christie Zane:

Oscar Burns.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Walking into view, the man formerly known as Twists and Turns approaches and nods at Christie with a smile, despite the loud burst of booing raining down upon him. Fresh off a shower, Burns is now dressed up in a green dress shirt, black khakis and his signature loafers (case fuck laces) and looks ready for a celebration.

Oscar Burns:

Christie! GC! How are you this evening?

Christie Zane:

It's been an incredible two nights at DEFIANCE Road! Your own match with Conor Fuse earlier tonight and went at it tooth and nail. Conor Fuse put in an amazing performance, but in the end, you were the victor. I understand you wanted to make an announcement here tonight?

He smiles.

Oscar Burns:

I do, Christie. The first thing I want to say is to my opponent earlier this evening, Conor Fuse. Conor...

Oscar turns to speak directly into the camera.

Oscar Burns:

I was put through hell tonight. My opponent, Conor Fuse, jumped me at the bell.

Christie Zane:

Well, yeah, I guess that was true...

Oscar Burns:

He jumped at me from every which way. That hoppy little ponce tried to fight me every which way. But you all saw what I did and you all see why tonight, why I am the absolute best representation of this company. I overcame his cheating tactics...

Christie Zane:

What cheating?

The New Zealander continues.

Oscar Burns:

...I worked his back to show that Oscar Burns is not the man you take liberties with in that ring. The ring? That's MY space. That's my hallowed ground. That is my EVERYTHING. And in the end, I overcame everything Conor Fuse

threw at me and I won. But in spite of all that, I want to say to you, Conor... you are great in that ring. You have a natural ability that very few can even touch in that ring. And in three to five more years when I retire to teach the next generation of DEFIANCE.... MY DEFIANCE...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

You could eventually rise to the top. You'll get there one day as long as you stay on the straight and narrow and don't make any more stupid choices like being evil. Keep it up, GC.

Christie looks a little taken aback by this proclamation.

Christie Zane:

And what is the second thing?

Burns looks even happier to explain.

Oscar Burns:

I don't know if you know this about me, Christie... but this wrestling ring. This IS my life. I know every match I've ever had. I log it. I log my time. And tonight's hard-earned victory over Conor Fuse... that set a record no other man or woman has touched in DEFIANCE's existence. Tonight... I've reached FIFTY career wins in DEFIANCE! No one else has touched that accomplishment. Look at the year I've had... THREE-TIME DEFY Award Winner...

Christie tries to correct him.

Christie Zane:

Don't you mean two. You and Gage ti...

Oscar Burns:

THREE... TIME... DEFY Award Winner! And now, the first person in DEFIANCE's entire history! Almost a decade and I'm the only person to reach fifty career wins. That's unheard of. I'm at the top of my game and in this locker room... inside, outside, media, matches, interviews, GCs, you will not find a better person than me to represent this company. I'll say it, Christie and I'll say it for the people watching now. !! Am! DEF!

He gets shut up almost immediately when he tries to finish his tag line. Because someone comes into the interview fresh off having his arm taped up from his own match ...

"The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!!!

The Faithful let out a loud "OOOOOHHHHHHH" as the two stars come face to face for the first time ever.

Dex Joy:

Go ahead and finish. You are ... what? Tell me ... GC.

Dex bows up to Oscar Burns with his arms folded, but ready to fight. Oscar looks to Christie, then back to Dex... then offers up a polite chuckle.

Oscar Burns:

I am... happy you're here, Dex. Heroes like us need to stick together.

He slaps Dex on the shoulder.

Oscar Burns:

Gotta go, but we'll talk. Real soon... pally.

Burns leaves the set and Dex looks at Christie.

Dex Joy:

Ain't nobody got time for his bull-shit ... we got a show to finish.

Dex and Christie watch Oscar leave as the show moves back to ringside for the main event.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, LADDER MATCH: SNS Â© vs. PCP vs. LTT

The camera switches to an overhead view of the ring to show the collection of five title belts (the former Tag and Trios titles) that make up the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships! All belts rest on a special hook piece somewhere around twenty feet above the ring. Darren and Lance's voice can be heard for the audience to go over the lead-in to the match!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we have seen so much this weekend! We've seen titles fought. We've seen grudges settled. The return of the WARCHAMBER. We may have seen new grudges begin. Hell... we saw a proposal just last night! But for the first time EVER in DEFIANCE, the UNIFIED Tag Team Titles will be our main event of the evening!

Lance:

This match started when the Saturday Night Specials retained against The Lucky Sevens in a blood-soaked main event at ACTS of DEFIANCE Night One! On Night Two, two former UNIFIED Tag Team Title holds, Los Tres Titanes and the Pop Culture Phenoms, battled in a hectic two-out-of-three falls match to crown the next contender, however... it ended in a draw! SNS suggested the ladder match wanting to take on both teams!

DDK:

In the lead-up to this match, we saw some amazing singles matches between the three teams! On DEFtv 162, Elise Ares took one from Brock Newbludd. SNS evened their record on 163 when Pat Cassidy scored a big win over the giant Uriel Cortez! And most recently on 164, Minute and The D fought in a hell of a main event that saw Minute victorious. All teams came in at one win a piece, which to me, shows ANY team has a chance to take this.

Lance:

I'm excited for this one! Let's get to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

The camera now cuts to Darren Quimbey, giving the intros as we get one more look at the UNIFIED Tag Titles hanging high above the ring. Ladders are strewn about in both open and closed positions near ringside after clearing up the remnants of the WARCHAMBER match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is our MAIN EVENT OF DEFIANCE ROAD and is a Ladder Match! The first team to retrieve the titles hanging above the ring will be the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions! Introducing first, the challengers...

The DEF-Tron comes to life and shows not the familiar limo pull up that Los Tres Titanes have been using recently... but the camera pans overhead...

To a helicopter!

DDK:

Holy crap... are we... we're seeing Los Tres Titanes arrive in style?

Lance:

Go big or go home, I guess! They left that new limo that Thomas Keeling gifted them at home for tonight's show!

Finally the chopper lands just outside the DEF-Plex! The door slides open and out, one by one...

Minute - decked out in a white trench coat and ring gear with gold and diamond patterns on his mask.

Titaness - wearing a white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style... and flashing the new diamond engagement ring given by Cortez! Titaness gets a cheer from the crowd!

And lastly, the massive Uriel Cortez - white thigh-length trunks, sleeveless trench coat and a Los Tres Titanes-brand towel over his shoulders, holding the towel to make sure it doesn't blow off with the chopper and also ducking low cause tall guy no want beheading.

The three get out, nod to one another silently and then stomp towards the entrance as the crowd starts to get ready...

"I'M TROUBLE AND YOU WANTING IT!"

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...Weighing at a combined weight of 503 pounds... "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute... and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! LOS! TRES! TITANES!

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the screen. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off! Cortez and Minute both look towards the ring. Minute gets a fist bump from Titaness, then Uriel gets a kiss from his fiancée before she leaves to the back. Cortez and Minute both bump fists and then head to the ring, all fired up for tonight!

DDK:

I don't know what kind of budget they have these days for that kind of entrance, but Los Tres Titanes making a huge splash for tonight!

Cortez and Minute look to the ring. Minute climbs up the buckles first while Cortez is behind him. He plants a giant foot on the ropes and then pulls himself up from the top rope to the apron before climbing inside. Minute leaps to one corner, leaps to the adjacent corner rope and then backflips into the ring! The two pose mid-ring and then look up at the UNIFIED Tag Titles above.

DDK:

They have held those titles twice before and a win tonight would make them the only team to hold the UNIFIED Tag Titles three times since they have been formed! A lot on the line for every team tonight!

The music of Los Tres Titanes stops as they wait for their opponents.

The DEFIAtron starts a countdown. 10. 9. 8. 7.

A light smoke fills the entranceway. As each number counts down, we see images of zero gravity and weightlessness. Large spaceships.

"One Small Step..."

Short clips of celebrities, like Michael Strahan, William Shatner, Jeff Bezos, Richard Branson, and the PCP, dressed in their astronaut outfits.

"One Giant Leap..."

As the countdown reaches 0, the lights turn off and a spotlight falls in the upper deck of the arena. In a dark corner, there appears to be a large NASA-like cockpit built into the wall like a makeshift locker. The doors break their vacuum seal, as...

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

One astronaut emerges, and then the next. They both wobble, and then use each other to steady themselves. The one of the left is first to remove their helmet, and it's Elise Ares. The D follows suit, as the two wave to the Faithful and begin to make their way through the crowd.

DDK:

Are... Are.

Lance:

Darren.

DDK:

Are they trying to say they're astronauts?

Lance:

Stay calm Darren.

DDK:

I am calm. Are... are they really saying they're astronauts?!

Lance:

Darren. It's okay.

DDK:

It's not okay! NOT --

DDK goes off mic. The D does a hop as if he's mimicking zero gravity as he comes down the stairs. The two reach the ringside area, and search around, looking to see the towering ladders and the looming opportunity of glory. They disembark from their fake astronaut outfits, and climb over the ringside barricade.

Darren Quimbey:

And their challengers, weighing in tonight at 198 lbs, the "Netflix A-Lister" The D, and the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, Elise Ares... the Pop Culture Phenoms!

The D and Elise both pose on the ropes apron.

Lance:

PCP decidedly absent their other half. Flex, Klein, Titaness, all parties are expected to remain backstage for this content.

DDK:

It's already going to be chaotic enough as it is Lance. These matches are never simple to call, and take months, sometimes years off these athlete's careers.

The Faithful's cheering subsides slightly and all eyes turn to the stage for the arrival of the Unified Tag Team Champions.

DDK:

But that feeling, that anticipation you feel at this moment. In this place. And this place is absolutely electric right now, partner. These fans are ready for this main event ladder match! They're in for something special and they know it.

Lance:

You can say that again, DDK. This match has all the right ingredients to be a beautiful disaster, and I mean that in the best possible way.

The lights suddenly dim and the crowd's buzzing amplifies slightly when the tron fires up to show a bedside alarm clock. The red letters of the display change from 4:59am to 5:00am and the all too familiar sound of the alarm going off echoes throughout the arena. The annoying beeping is suddenly snuffed out by a hand reaching up and smacking the top of the clock. Groaning is heard as the camera zooms out slightly to show a man shaking the cobwebs out of his head as he sits on the edge of his bed.

♪ *“Working Class Hero” by Green Day* ♪

♪ *“As soon as you're born they make you feel small
By giving you no time instead of it all
Till the pain is so big you feel nothing at all
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be”*

The screen suddenly splits vertically to show a young woman sitting on the edge of her bed with a disgruntled look on her face. At the same moment, the two people rise up and exit their bedrooms.

Now, the screen splits into three different sections. Going from left to right we see the man, the woman, and now another man. Each of them sporting the same defeated look as they walk in the darkness of the early morning. The first man reaches a tall metal gate and flashes an ID badge at a security guard who simply nods his head at the man, not bothering to even acknowledge him. The gate rolls to one side and the man walks through it. As he does so, the camera zooms out to show him walking towards a nondescript looking factory.

♪ *“They hurt you at home and they hit you at school
They hate if you're clever and they despise a fool
Till you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be”* ♪

The middle section shows the young woman fumbling with a keyring as she shivers from the early morning cold. Dropping the keys into a dirty gray pile of snow, she mutters a curse as she reaches down and picks them back up. The woman lets out a sigh as she finds the correct key and slides it into the lock of a worn down looking door. She steps inside and the camera zooms out to reveal the building she just entered as a rundown looking school.

♪ *“When they've tortured and scared you for twenty odd years
Then they expect you to pick a career
When you can't really function you're so full of fear
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be”* ♪

Over on the far right section, the second man performs the same monotonous routine as the factory worker and the educator. Except his eight to ten hour daily prison requires him to put on a shirt and tie. Expertly weaving his way through a maze of cubicles like a lab rat seeking out some cheese, the man sighs as he finds his designated cube and sits down in front of his computer. Powering it on, the man stares blankly at the screen.

♪ *“Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV,
And you think you're so clever and you're classless and free,
But you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see,
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be”* ♪

The video continues on, showing flashes of each person's day. The factory worker puts a hand on his back and winces in pain as his boss pushes him to work harder. The teacher sits behind her desk with her face in her hands, defeated from a day filled with unruly children and their thankless parents. The office worker eats a bland looking sandwich in the corner of a small break room, staring at the clock with a dead look in his eyes.

♪ *“There's room at the top they are telling you still
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill
If you want to be like all the folks on the hill
A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be*

*A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero is something to be" ♪*

The video continues on as the three people return to their homes after surviving another day of punishment. The factory worker sits down in a chair in his kitchen and pulls out his phone. Thumbing through it, he sends a text message. A second later, the teacher and the office worker both pull out their phones after receiving a new message. They both smile when they read it.

Ballyhoo tonight. Who's in?

The screen fades to black momentarily and returns to show the three friends standing shoulder to shoulder in front of Ballyhoo Brew. Sounds of laughter and music is heard emanating from inside the busy tavern.

*♪ "If you want to be a hero, well just follow me
If you want to be a hero, well just follow me" ♪*

Collectively shedding off their work-induced depression, the three friends share a laugh as they walk together towards the front doors of the bar. The camera follows behind the three as they enter Ballyhoo Brew and are instantly greeted with a jovial cheer from the patrons already enjoying themselves inside. Siobhan Cassidy waves at them and expertly slides three full mugs of beer down the length of the bar towards them. Each one grabs a mug and raises them up to clink the glasses together. The camera then switches it's view to the small stage nestled in the back of the bar to show Davey LaRue standing in front of a microphone.

Davey LaRue:

Ladies and gentlemen! Here for one night only! ALESTORM!

The tron suddenly goes black and the arena sits in darkness for a couple seconds before a lone spotlight shines down onto the stage to reveal a literal band of pirates. The apparent leader of the band stands in front of a microphone with a guitar slung low over his shoulder. Grabbing the mic with one hand, he addresses the crowd.

Guitar Wielding Pirate:

We are ALESTORM and it's time to get off your asses! It's time for the main event! It's time for the tag team champions of the world! Get LOUD for The Saturday Night Specials!

Guitar Wielding Pirate:

We are ALESTORM and this one is called Pirate Metal Drinking Crew!

♪ "Pirate Metal Drinking Crew" by Alestorm ♪

DDK:

Alestorm is here and they're cranking things up a notch for the main event!

The band lets it rip and The Faithful let out a cheer when the three people from the video package appear on stage with full mugs of beer in their hands. Each sporting a SNS t-shirt, the three friends stop at the top of the ramp and wave to the crowd. Behind them, more people begin to appear on the stage with matching shirts and mugs of beer. The crowd's cheering intensifies as the stage starts to fill up.

Lance:

It looks like the party at Ballyhoo Brew has made its way to the DEFplex!

As Alestorm continues to rock out on the stage, the group of revelers head down the ramp two at a time. Having made two lines on each side, each one turns to face the person across from them and together they raise their mugs up high in the air in a toast. But, instead of finishing the salute off with a drink, they keep the glasses held up. Back up on the stage, the music suddenly cuts out and Alestorm's lead singer raises a hand to the crowd.

Guitar Wielding Pirate:

Enough of this shit! It's time to FIGHT! And that means only one thing, people!

Pulling the mic in with both hands, the frontman grins.

Guitar Wielding Pirate:

...SNS...SNS...SNS...

The crowd quickly catches on.

The Faithful:

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

Guitar Wielding Pirate:

LET'S FUCKIN' GOOOOOOO!!!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The Faithful's chanting instantly turns into a deafening roar as The Saturday Night Specials make their way out onto the stage with looks of pure determination etched on each of their faces. Taking a quick detour to bump fists with the band, Brock and Pat march down the ramp between the two lines of people. Moving with purpose, each man bumps fists with every Ballyhooligan they pass.

Reaching the bottom, the tag team champions both lock eyes with the gold hanging precariously above the ring. They then turn their attention to the rabid crowd and slowly raise their fists up. Behind SNS, the Ballyhooligans clink their mugs together and chug down them down in a toast to the champions.

DDK:

Listen to this ovation, Lance! The connection that SNS' has with The Faithful is something behold, partner. The working class heroes, also known as the Ballyhooligans, are out in full force to give their team a good luck toast!

Lance:

2021 was a banner year for The Specials, there is no denying that. But, the past is the past, DDK. Considering the two teams they will have to overcome tonight to hang on to the belts, that very well may have been a farewell toast!

Lowering their fists, the determined champions turn their attention to the ring and head towards it. Sliding underneath the bottom rope, Pat and Brock pop up to their feet and climb separate turnbuckles to soak in some final cheers. As they do so, the camera focuses on the glittering collection of belts hanging high above the ring.

Lance:

That's what it's all about, folks. It's time to find out which team has what it takes to climb the ladder and become champions.

With the arena buzzing in anticipation the three teams turn their attention to each other. Wary eyes dart every which way with nobody sure of what to expect for this main event.

DDK:

What a match we could be in store for tonight!

Lance:

Let's effing go, as the kids might say!

DING DING

The three teams start to eyeball one another, but it's the Pop Culture Phenoms pointing over to Pat and Brock. Minute

and Cortez watch The D make gestures to them, then point at Uriel, mimicking how tall he is, then Minute and how short he is. Pat and Brock have no idea what they are saying at first, so Uriel spells it out.

Uriel Cortez:

They want you to work with them against us!

The D points to his brain and then to Uriel to show how smart he is too. Pat slaps his forehead and Brock nods, mouthing "thought so!" So...

THEY DO IT!

Minute tries to defend himself when both Elise and The D go after him while the larger Pat and Brock gang up on Uriel!

DDK:

Here we go! Smart strategy! Uriel's size is going to be a real x-factor to contend with!

Cortez tries to defend himself as both Brock and Pat pepper the big man in the corner with as many kicks and body shots as they can land. Both Elise and The D make with the teamwork right out of the gate by double booting Minute and sending the TJ Tornado to the ropes. On the way back, The D hits a drop toe hold just as Elise hits a flipping leg drop to the back of the head! The D slides into side position and clutches Minute, while Elise runs the ropes and ricochets with a basement dropkick to the face!

Lance:

Here we go! The PCP, not only perhaps DEFIANCE's most overall prolific tag team but also its fastest collectively! This type of match is going to bode well for them!

The D kicks Minute out of the ring, then tells Elise to help get a ladder. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style nods and then they both head out to grab a ladder. As they struggle, Uriel is still trying to fight back against the SNS's and eventually does so!

He blocks a right hand from Brock and then drops The Milwaukee Made Man with a stiff punch! Pat runs to the aid of his partner and tries a kick... but Uriel snatches the incoming leg and pulls Black Out right into a big clothesline! Cassidy goes spinning and now he's left looking up at the lights! Uriel stands over both men, then turns his attention elsewhere.

DDK:

Goodness! Already, Uriel Cortez has dropped both members of the Saturday Night Specials all by his lonesome!

Lance:

That's what both teams will have to contend with!

Uriel then sees the PCP with a ladder in each hand. They both look up at Uriel nervously before The D speaks up.

The D:

Uh... we heard you like ladders... Happy birthday!

Uriel nods... then KICKS the ladder out of the ring to keep them from doing anything! Realizing that they are now in a precarious situation, both The D and Elise run at the giant with a double dropkick they land perfectly, sending him stumbling back to the ropes... but The Titan of Industry comes right back with a double running shoulder block and knocks them both down to the cheers for the crowd! He stands still and looks pumped the hell up tonight, enjoying the reception from the Faithful!

DDK:

Los Tres Titanes looking good so far... well, the larger half anyway.

Minute starts to come back around from the outside... and has a ladder of his own! He slides the ladder in to where his massive tag partner and giant bestie can set it up in the ring. Once he does so, Uriel stands by and yells at Minute to climb. The Littlest Flippy-Doo does just that and starts to try...

But both of the Saturday Night Specials are back! Pat comes off the top rope with a double sledge to clock big Uriel in the back while Brock grabs Minute off of the ladder! He grabs Minute over the shoulder and rams him in the corner with a shoulder thrust and then tosses the TJ Tornado out of the ring. But as this goes on...

Lance:

The Phenoms coming right back! They go after Brock!

PCP pick their spots and both go after Brock! The D goes wild on Brock with a series of chops and elbows while Elise tries to throw in some kicks where she can. The D tells her to go up the ladder so she nods. She heads to one side of the ring, but already back... Minute is back on the other side...

BOTH SPRINGBOARD AND CLING RIGHT TO EITHER SIDE OF THE LADDER!

DDK:

Holy hell! Perhaps the two most agile wrestlers in this match! Elise Ares and Minute! For months during that PCP/Los Tres Titanes series, we saw them fighting high flying move for high flying move and they're at it again!

Lance:

And they are both scaling up!

Elise on one side, Minute on the other! The luchadora and luchador respectively get a little more than halfway up... but Brock manages to turn the tables on The D and toss him away long enough to again grab Minute and bring him down. Minute tries to fight his way from Brocks' grip as Pat manages to stop fighting with Uriel Cortez long enough to grab Elise... she gets yanked right from the ladder...

And lands right in Pat's arms!

DDK:

Hooo boy, what's Ophelia Sykes going to think?

Lance:

Is that still a thing?

DDK:

I honestly have no idea!

Elise bats her eyelashes at Pat Cassidy, who has a cheeky grin on his face... then DROPS Elise on the mat with a big pumphandle slam to a mix of loud cheers and some jeers from the Faithful!

Lance:

Chivalry is dead. I knew it!

The D on the outside shakes his head in disappointment that chivalry is truly dead. Meanwhile, Brock hits Minute with a big headbutt that drops the luchadore to the mat. Shaking his head, the Milwaukee's Beast spots Uriel stomping back towards Cassidy and gets Pat's attention with a quick shout. Together, the champions send the big man cartwheeling to the outside with a blindside double clothesline!

DDK:

Uriel is sent up and over! Wait, the seven footer's feet get under him!

Flashing some agility, Cortez manages to land on his feet after being sent over the top rope. He instantly retaliates by

grabbing Newbludd by his ankles and dragging him under the bottom rope! Cortez tries to take Brock's head off with a wild clothesline but Brock ducks at the last second and rolls away from the raging giant.

DDK:

Newbludd's got his hands full with Cortez on the outside and now Pat Cassidy is all alone with the ladder!

The D and Minute exchange shots on one side of the ring and Brock rolls back into the ring to join the fray. Meanwhile, Pat carefully tries to climb the ladder. One...rung...at...a...time.

DDK:

Is... is Pat... why is he hesitating?

Lance:

I don't know! He's taking his sweet time! This is his chance while the titles are on the line! Elise is out and there's a big three-way fight in the corner between Minute, The D and Brock!

Seeing the titles dangle above the ring, Pat starts to make his climb and just barely gets about halfway when he gets yanked off the ladder...

And ends up cradled in the giant arms of The Titan of Industry, not looking happy with Pat!

DDK:

Not where Pat wants to be right now!

Lance:

How exactly is Cassidy going to get himself out of this one?

The Scrapper From Southie looks up at Uriel... and also bats his eyelashes towards the giant, earning loud hooting and laughter from the crowd...

Uriel is not amused. He throws Pat up... CHOP to the chest on the way down!

Lance:

OOOOOH! I felt that one from up here!

DDK:

That's why Uriel's hands are referred to as DEFIANCE's Deadliest!

The Titan of Industry sees both The D and Brock double teaming Minute with stomps. The D notices Uriel and backs off, hands in the air mouthing and gesturing that it's all Brock's fault. He slips himself out of the ring. Brock starts to bury a few shoulder thrusts in the corner to Minute and then tries to hit a suplex... but before he can, Uriel grabs Minute and pulls him free! When Brock turns around...

THWACK!

The oncoming discus chop is so hard, Brock FLIES off his feet like he's been blasted with a shotgun!

DDK:

OOF! Brock's sinuses might be cleared for the rest of his life after that! Uriel is done playing around now!

Minute sees Elise trying to get back in the ring and then runs off the ropes to take flight with a HUGE somersault plancha over the ropes to wipe her out! Right after he does that, Minute heads back into the ring and then sees Pat Cassidy on the other side. He slides back in one way, high-fives Cortez and then DIVES right through the bottom and middle rope like a missile, wiping out Cassidy with a tremendous high-speed suicide dive!

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes looking fantastic right now! Minute wipes out both Elise Ares and Pat Cassidy with those amazing moves!

DDK:

And now The D is all alone with Cortez!

The D slides back in and Cortez has his arms folded. The D looks at Cortez, who's practically daring him to take his best shot, and then back up to the dangling Tag Team Championships high above. The D raises a finger and shouts "Lemme tell you somethin' about those tag titles..." as he walks ever closer to Uriel. Cortez goes along, until the D gets ever too close. The D hits a split and tries the old Johnny Cage ball punch...

Lance:

An homage to Johnny Cage with that impressive split finally takes --uuuh-ooooohhhh... No. It just makes the giant angry.

Cortez closes his legs tight enough for the punch to be neutralized completely The D looks up as Uriel snatches him up by the arm...

The D:

Shit. You don't skip leg day?!?

THWACK!

The D gets hit so hard with yet another vicious chop from Uriel Cortez, he spins before he hits the mat! The Netflix A-Lister crumbles and that leaves Uriel and Minute alone in the ring for the moment to pose for the crowd!

LTT! LTT! LTT! LTT! LTT!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! Los Tres Titanes are holding court for the moment!

Minute goes to pick up another ladder and Uriel helps him bring another one in. The big man tries to set it up as quickly as he possibly can to allow his lucha BFF to get up there. He points to the ladder and The TJ Tornado makes with the quickness!

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes could take this one right now! Uriel Cortez has been the equalizer for his team while Minute has been striking from the skies where he can!

DDK:

Uriel playing defense.. and he's already having to!

As Minute starts to climb, Pat Cassidy slides into the ring with a smaller stepladder... then HURLS it right at Cortez as he turns!

Lance:

Ouch! I don't know where that stepladder came from, but no doubt having one lobbed at your face is going to hurt!

The ladder beans the giant and sends him stumbling, allowing Brock Newbludd to do his thing as he comes back! He climbs the ladder behind Minute! He tries to kick Brock away, but Pat starts to shake the ladder! He tips it over... but Minute stops himself CAREFULLY with one foot while hanging onto the ladder! His balance is uncanny and the Faithful pop...

But ELISE comes back and shakes the ropes, sending Minute spilling from the ropes to the floor!

DDK:

MINUTE TAKES A TUMBLE! ELISE ARES PICKED HER SPOT AND NOW MINUTE MIGHT BE OUT OF THIS!

Elise watches her handiwork as The TJ Tornado is in a heap on the floor! Pat hurls the ladder at Uriel again and stuns the giant, then both Brock and Pat connect with a double dropkick to knock Uriel through the ropes! Cortez goes sailing!

DDK:

No more Los Tres Titanes in the ring! The Saturday Night Specials have the chance to get the win and retain those titles tonight!

Elise tries to enter the ring, but Pat cuts her off at the pass and yells at Brock to climb! He tips the ladder Minute tried to balance off out of place back to the center, then heads up top quickly to cheers from the crowd!

Lance:

But look, The D is coming... right back!

DDK:

Why did you take that unnecessary pause?

The D heads right back in as Brock is about just more than halfway up. He tries to kick The D away, but the Netflix A-Lister uses a great technical maneuver tucked away in his back pocket for occasions such as this... DA DICK-PUNCH-A! Brock is left unprotected and stumbles down to the mat below!

DDK:

The PCP are going to do whatever they can to try and win this! You can consider all these teams "fan favorites" if you will, but PCP have fewer scruples to do what they can to win!

Pat throws the D to the ropes, but gets reversed, and Elise and Elise pulls the top rope down, sending Black Out to the floor! Elise and The D both see Brock trying to get back up from his knees so they move quick and stun the Unified Tag Champ with a double superkick! Brock spills out from the ring! Both Brock and Pat are down when the PCP both get ideas and leap over the ropes to the apron. They both leap up...

STEREO SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULTS TO SNS!

Lance:

Great tandem maneuvers on display from the Pop Culture Phenoms! They just wiped out the Saturday Night Specials with those springboard moonsaults!

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms doing their best to make sure the competition STAYS down before they make a climb!

Both of the Pop Culture Phenoms rise up and celebrate before they slide back into the ring and set up both of the previously fallen ladders! The South Beach Starlet and The Netflix A-Lister look like they may have a clear path to the championships!

Lance:

This is a golden opportunity to snatch those belts and end things, right here and right now!

With both ladders perfectly setup directly underneath the dangling titles, Elise starts to scramble up one while The D does the same on the other. DEFIANCE's leading lady moves like a cat up her ladder and starts to reach up towards the belts, beating The D by a few steps.

DDK:

PCP's seconds away from winning the titles! Ares is reaching up!

The Faithful let out a surprised roar and Elise's eyes turn away from the title for a split second to see Minute standing on the ring apron. The Titan of the Skies rears back and hops onto the top rope. One quick pump of his legs sends Minute flying towards the ladders!

Lance:

Incoming!

The D notices him.

The D: *[shouting]*

Stop it! Get your own!

Minute:

No! Puta!

Minute soars across the ring and nails the side of The D's ladder with a dropkick!

DDK:

Springboard shotgun dropkick by Minute and now PCP suddenly finds themselves in trouble!

The Netflix A-Lister hangs on for dear life as his ladder smashes into Elise's! Not wanting to fall off her own ladder, she instinctively pushes her partner's ladder back the other direction. Now falling towards the outside of the ring, The D hits the eject button and leaps off the ladder.

Unfortunately it was a second too late and he's helpless as he lands stomach first onto the top rope! He lets out an audible "OOF!" as the ropes snap him back into the ring and he lands back first onto the mat!

DDK:

The D just got folded in half after crashing into the ropes! That has to have knocked the wind out of him!

Meanwhile, Elise struggles to keep her wobbling ladder upright and Minute balances things out for her by speed climbing up the other side!

Lance:

Elise was so close but now she finds herself duking it out with Minute underneath the dangling gold!

As the South Beach Starlet and The TJ Tornado continue to trade blows with one another on top of the ladder, The D crawls towards the nearest set up ropes and begins to slowly pull himself up. He makes it about halfway up and is suddenly sent back down to the mat...

THWACK!

When a MASSIVE chop cracks him in the chest!

DDK:

The Titan of the Industry is back on his feet and he looks angry!

The D sits up and puts a hand to his chest as he looks up to see a glaring Uriel Cortez climbing up the ring apron. Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, the Netflix A-Lister lunges upwards and grabs Uriel by the head with both hands. Dropping down on his knees, The D bends the big man over the top rope and delivers a jawbreaker! Uriel's head immediately snaps upwards, along with the top rope, and he's sent crashing back down to the floor!

Lance:

Huge jawbreaker by The D and Cortez is down again on the outside!

Having just slammed a giant head into the top of his normal sized head, The D stumbles backwards and falls to the mat from the impact. As he does so, The Saturday Night Specialists slide into the ring and sprint past him towards the ladders!

DDK:

SNS is back in and they're making a beeline towards Minute and Ares!

Too focused on battling each other, neither Elise nor Minute notice the champions rushing at them. SNS each pick a ladder and Brock races up one side towards Ares while Cassidy does the same with Minute.

Lance:

SNS has come to the defense of their titles and now we have four people on one ladder!

Exhausted from punching each other, Elise and Minute are both caught off guard by the champion's sudden appearance. Pat and Brock each fight off desperation kicks and crawl up to the stand on the same ladder rungs as Ares and Minute. Brock nails Ares in the back of the head with a forearm while Cassidy grabs the back of Minute's skull and smashes his face into the ladder.

DDK:

The champions have climbed the ladder and now have their opponents in their clutches! I have a bad feeling about this!

The Faithful let out a large roar as The Specialists both grab onto their opponents and yank them away from the ladder. Both men yell out "BALLYHOO!" and leap off the ladders, bringing Minute and Ares with them. The ring shakes as Newbludd drives Elise into the mat with a sitout powerbomb while Cassidy crushes the luchador with a thunderous back superplex!

Lance:

A pair of HUGE moves from Newbludd and Cassidy! They're down and in pain but they made sure to bring Ares and Minute down with them!

The four grapplers all lay motionless on the mat as the ladder they just plummeted off of wobbles back and forth underneath the belts. Across the ring, The D pulls himself back up to his feet and winces in pain as he touches the top of his skull. Clearing any remaining cobwebs with a quick shake of his head, The Netflix A-Lister quickly moves towards the ladder that Minute had successfully knocked him off of. Picking it up off the mat with both hands to hold it across his chest, he spots Newbludd and Cassidy both beginning to push themselves back up. A devilish grin grows on his face as he lines himself up with the staggering champions.

DDK:

The D has SNS in his sights, partner!

Lance:

That he does, DDK! But, he better check his six because Uriel's climbing back in the ring!

With SNS still unaware of him, The D surges forward to smash them with the ladder. Both members of SNS turn around just in time to see the ladder coming straight at their faces and they each throw their hands up to try and protect their faces. With only a step left between him and SNS, The D starts to bring the ladder down but his plan suddenly gets derailed when Cortez grabs him from behind!

DDK:

Cortez shot across that ring like a man possessed and now he's got ahold of The D!

Lance:

SNS better buy the big man a beer after tonight! Cortez just inadvertently saved them from eating that ladder.

Eyes wide in surprise, The D drops the ladder as Uriel heaves him backwards with all his might!

DDK:

German suplex by Uriel! Hang on! The D flipped through it and landed on his feet!

Lance:

And now SNS has the ladder!

Each holding one end of the ladder The D just dropped at their feet, SNS rushes ahead and cracks Cortez in the face with it! The big man manages to stay up on his feet and drunkenly turns around just in time to see The D springboarding off the ropes. Flying back first towards the staggering giant, The Netflix A-Lister reaches up and grabs Cortez by the neck and hits him with a springboard cutter!

DDK:

Beautiful springboard cutter by The D! He made the most of that athletic suplex reversal and now Uriel is down on the mat!

The D rises up to a knee and looks up just in time to see Brock Newbludd's knee speeding towards his face...

FACE MELTER!

Lance:

Newbludd just connected with his trademark shining wizard and The D's body goes limp as his eyes roll into the back of his head!

DDK:

You could hear the impact on that one, Lance. Cassidy's setting a ladder up in the corner now as Brock drags The D back up!

Grabbing the woozy Netflix A-Lister by an arm, Brock irish whips him towards the ladder and Cassidy. Crouching low, Cassidy catches the incoming D and lifts him up while rotating towards the propped up ladder...

SPINEBUSTER INTO THE LADDER!

Lance:

OH MY! Cassidy nearly broke the ladder and The D with that spinebuster! SNS is cranking things up a notch!

The tag team champions are the only two men standing tall and that fact is not lost on them. Brock nudges Pat and points toward Minute, who is bringing himself to his feet after eating that back suplex off a ladder. Both members of SNS grab one side of Minute, and they position the masked high flyer over a ladder that is folded up on the mat...

DDK:

MY GOD! A double powerbomb onto the ladder!! This match has been absolutely brutal.

Lance:

We're seeing some careers get shortened right before our eyes - but that shows how much those championships mean to all six of these competitors!

A mix of cheers and boos rains down for the brutally shown to the popular DEFIANCE showman. Brock looks around, panting and trying to take stock of anyone coming out of nowhere. Cassidy runs his hands through his hair and looks up at the belts. He gestures to Brock before darting out of the ring. Cassidy, normally a rather friendly fellow, isn't totally gentle as he moves the timekeeper off his seat. Pat folds the steel chair up and rolls back into the ring. We can see his plan thanks to his gesturing: he tells Brock to climb while he watches his back on the ground with the chair.

DDK:

The tag team champs using some strategy here to try and take this one home!

Brock sets up a ladder directly underneath the belts as Cassidy circles the ring with a steel chair at the ready, eyes darting left and right. Brock's banged up, but he still climbs at a decent pace. The crowd begins to buzz as it appears the champs have the end in sight!

When Brock is halfway up, Cassidy takes a swipe at The D, who hops off the apron to avoid the shot. But that distraction is all Elise Ares needs...

DDK:

ELISE ARES WITH A SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK SENDING THE CHAIR RIGHT INTO CASSIDY'S FACE!!!

The D is back in the ring now, and with Brock's hands just reaching the title belts, both members of PCP dropkick the ladder he's climbing out from under him! Newbludd is in a bad way, but he manages to somehow both take the big fall AND land on his feet! A pop for Newbludd avoiding disaster! Brock can't believe he did it, either. He turns...

Lance:

Double Superkick by PCP! Brock is down! Pat is down! Minute is down! PCP has a clear shot at winning this thing!

The D and Elise Ares don't waste time in repositioning the same ladder they just kicked out from under Brock Newbludd. Both PCP members begin the climb on opposite sides... another one of those buzzes that comes from the crowd when they can sense that the end is near...

Lance:

Oh no... they'd better hurry!

Both members of PCP are so damn close they're just about touching the belts...

...when Uriel Cortez, with one giant push, heaves the ladder over taking both members of PCP with it! The D and Elise Ares both land crotch first on the top turnbuckle!! They crumble to the mat, leaving Uriel Cortez as the current only person standing. He looks to Minute, but the World's Most Interesting High Flyer is still hurting from the spinebuster. Cortez realizes that he's gotta do this one alone... and with a look of determination, he repositions the ladder and begins to climb!

DDK:

LOOK AT THIS! The biggest man in this match is going up high! You don't see that very often.

Lance:

It's now or never for Uriel Cortez... he wants those tag belts to compliment the rock he put on Titaness' finger last night!

Uriel Cortez, understandably, isn't as quick a climber as some of the more agile people in the match... but he's no slouch, either. He's about 75% of the way up when...

WHACK!!

Pat Cassidy sends that steel chair across the back of The Titan of Industry! Cortez howls out in pain and falls backwards off the ladder. Now the tables have turned and Pat is the only one left standing. He looks to Brock - still woozy. Cortez is holding his back in pain, but the monster won't be down long. Minute is gathering his wits again. Both PCP members have one hand on the ropes. It's now or never.

DDK:

And despite his hesitations... Pat Cassidy is climbing the ladder!

One rung. Two. Three. Hesitation. Cassidy tries to shake it away. We hear what it is, but we can see that he's

mouthed something to himself. Four rungs. Five. Six.

Lance:

He's there! Wait... why isn't he grabbing the belts?

DDK:

His... his eyes are closed!

It's true. Laughter from The Faithful as they realize that in order to summon the courage to climb, Cassidy had closed his eyes - and as a result, doesn't realize right away that the championship belts are almost literally in his face. When it dawns on him that there are no more rungs to climb, his eyes snap open and he sees the shiny gold directly in front of him. A smile breaks out and reaches...

...but when he looks down, he pauses for two very good reasons: 1.) it's so damn high and 2.) Uriel Cortez, Minute, Elise Ares, and The D are all up and standing at the bottom of the ladder looking up at him!

Pat Cassidy:

Wait! Now, hold on!

Cassidy's pleas fall on deaf ears as all is fair in love and ladder matches... all four wrestlers topple the ladder... **sening PAT CASSIDY OVER THE TOP ROPE AND LANDING WITH A THUD ON THE ARENA FLOOR!!**

DDK:

That's not going to do much for his fear of heights!!

The D and Elise grab the sideways ladder and try to shove it into Uriel, but the big man holds strong and then just shoves back, sending both the D and Elise flying toward a neutral corner. Minute is quick to attack... measures himself... then **RUNS THE ROPES...**

DDK:

ESTRELLA FUGAZ! TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

Lance:

That's the second time tonight that Minute's has thwarted the PCP with those moves!

Once there, Uriel charges with the ladder held horizontally across his chest. Minute leaps over the charging Uriel, just as the D grabs Elise and pulls them both down flat to the mat, rolling out of the ring entirely. Uriel stops his charge, holding the ladder upright. Minute leaps toward the side ropes, jumps onto Uriel's shoulders, climbs two or three more rungs and then flies out of the ring toward the recovered but plotting PCP with a diving crossbody from an extreme height.

Lance:

What a leap from Minute, and yet again, it's only Uriel Cortez--

WHACK!

DDK:

Spoke too soon. Brock Newbludd with a steel chair to the back! And another big swing from Milwaukee's Beast!

Uriel falls to his knees and the ladder clatters to the mat. Brock raises the steel chair high once more, only for Minute to reach from the outside apron, grabbing the extended chair from him! He turns around only for Cortez to palm the back of his head and then **THROWS** him up in the air, **SWATTING** him with a big open-handed chop on the way down!

Lance:

OOOOOOOOHHHH! Brock gets taken down!

DDK:

Cortez will not fall! Now, he needs to grab the ladder!

Until the D clears his throat over the PA loudspeakers.

The D:

Eh-HEM! Now.

A moment passes. Nothing.

The D:

I SAID NOW!

Suddenly, emerging from the backstage of the DEFplex are a flurry of men dressed in matching astronaut suits, rushing toward ringside. Two by two, each carrying a table. They splinter across the ring, and reach as far as they can, surrounding ringside with set up tables. The D reaches out to the "lead" of the team, a large burly 7 foot monster, and just puts a twenty into his shirt lapel. He raises his hands, and all the astronauts march to the backstage area, mission accomplished.

Uriel shrugs and starts setting up the ladder. Minute eyes the D on the outside, and then sees Elise getting up on the other. Brock on one side, and a shaken and broken Pat in front. Pat in particular buried underneath the recently set up table.

DDK:

This has just been a race to the top since the start, Lance.

Lance:

There's really no time for a game plan here, it's just chaos, It's going to take incredible skill and luck to come out of this with not only the tag team titles, but your careers intact.

Minute rushes toward Brock and hits him with a dropkick as he tries to enter the ring. It's as if he landed on his feet as quick as he's able to catch Elise on the apron on the farside. Nearside, The D slides into the ring and meets Uriel Cortez, who steadies the ladder and the D just starts climbing up as quick as he can. Uriel looks wide and turns to Minute, who climbs even quicker and meets the D at the top before the D can even reach up. The D can't believe it through labored breaths.

The D:

Fucking leg days...

The D goes for a wide right that Minute chops away, before Minute just leaps onto the D's shoulders and spins, hurracarraning him off the top to flashbulbs!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! HE HIT THAT BLIND HURRICANRANA ON DEFtv 164 on The D... but not from THAT HEIGHT!

Lance:

Minute has no limits! What a hurracarrana by the luchadore!

The D front flips over the top rope and through one of the recently set up tables to a crash on the outside. Minute grabs the ladder as he falls to right himself and land on his feet. And then it's right back up, this time the other side. Uriel continues to hold the ladder in place, cheering on Minute, but this time Elise springboards onto the far side's third leg and races up to meet Minute. Minute sees Elise and as she reaches out for his mask, he instinctively drops down and tiger feint kicks her. Minute can't hold onto the ladder and falls to the mat on his face. Elise goes a bit limp against the ladder, and slides off with a thud at Cortez's feet.

DDK:

Minute's taken out both members of the PCP, but he had to take himself out to do it.

Lance:

And here comes both Brock and Pat! Brock quickly up one side. Pat climbs two legs up the other and then... decides not to. He turns to Uriel and... LAST CALL! No! Uriel had it scouted!

The ladder stumbles as Cassidy fires rights and lefts, backing Cortez into the corner. Pat climbs up and starts the ten buckle punch in the corner, with the Faithful chanting along with every blow.

DDK:

Brock's nearing the title, but Elise and Minute see Brock!

Brock reaches the titles at around seven. Pat can't hear over the rush of the crowd as Minute and Elise recover just enough to send Brock toppling over the top rope. As Pat shouts "CHEERS!" before his tenth punch, Brock crashes through the table. This is enough for Uriel Cortez to take a shocked Cassidy out of the corner and dump HIM outside, also through the splinters and debris of a table.

DDK:

The D's set up 8 tables just a minute ago and 3 are already gone. I mean, a man with Uriel's size and conviction, it's got to say at this point in the match, LTT have the advantage.

Lance:

Of course Darren. I'd say they've had the advantage since the start. They might not even need a ladder to get to the belts, considering how high Minute can leap.

Inside of the ring, Elise doubles the unsuspecting Minute over with a sharp knee to the midsection, then ROCKS him with her Superwoman Punch, Amethystation! She then takes two quick steps towards the ropes, springboards, and drives Minute face first into the mat with a DDT!

DDK:

Well, that didn't take long! After working with Minute to toss Newbludd over the ropes, Elise instantly ends the alliance and takes the luchadore out!

Ares leaves Minute on the mat and pulls herself back upright to lock eyes with an angry Cortez. The big man charges in and Elise brings him down to a single knee with a perfectly placed shotgun dropkick to Uriel's legs. The luchadora quickly backpedals towards the ropes, bounces off of them, and brings Cortez down all the way with a follow up dropkick! She immediately heads towards the ladder but is stopped when Uriel reaches out and grabs her by an ankle.

Lance:

Uriel may have been taken down but he smartly stops Elise from climbing that ladder. His massive hand is like a bear trap and she's caught fully in it!

Meanwhile, on the outside, The D rises up out of the debris from the table he was just put through just as Pat Cassidy begins to slowly stir underneath his own broken table. Glancing up to the ring, the Netflix A-Lister sees Elise stomping on Uriel as she tries to break free. Unable to pass up a golden opportunity to utilize some more of the tables that his posse brought down to ringside, The D grabs Cassidy and pulls the groggy tag team champion upright.

DDK:

The D's got an evil look in his eye, Lance. I think he's got some bad intentions here.

The D drives a knee up in Cassidy's gut and leads him to one of the still setup tables. One more knee to the gut later and The Scrapper from Southie is rolled onto the table. The D quickly follows and climbs up. Grabbing Cassidy by his ears, he applies a stiff front facelock and smiles wide to the anxious Faithful.

Lance:

I would have to say you're right, DDK! This doesn't look good for Pat Cassidy.

Reaching down, The D grabs one of Cassidy's legs and starts to raise him up in the suplex position. Things suddenly backfire for The D when he gets Cassidy halfway up...

DDK:

Cassidy still has some life! The D can't get him up!

The D tries to power his larger opponent up all the way, but Cassidy's desperation defense is too much and he's forced to set him back down. As soon as Pat's feet touch the table, he yanks his head free from the front facelock and **SMOKES** The D with a huge European uppercut! The D nearly falls off the table, but Cassidy catches him and delivers a follow up headbutt!

Lance:

Now Cassidy is in control and he's got The D setup for a powerbomb!

The crowd's cheering swells as Brock Newbludd suddenly appears on the ring apron in front of his partner. The tag team champions lock eyes for a brief second and Newbludd limps his way towards the turnbuckles as fast as he can.

DDK:

Not a powerbomb! Cassidy's lifting him up for a piledriver!

Newbludd makes his way all the way up and spins around to face his partner just as Cassidy gets The D all the way up. The Faithful catch on to the champions plan and let the know it..

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Not wasting a second to acknowledge the chanting masses, Brock leaps off the top and soars through the air towards them. The D starts to kick his legs in protest but he's too late...

Lance:

KEG TAP! SNS just **DROVE** The D through that table!

The arena roars in shock as SNS crawls away from the wreckage, leaving The D crumpled on the floor!

DDK:

THE D JUST GOT DRILLED! HE'S OUT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The Faithful are going insane and are on the edge of their seats at the moment as all three men lay around in the wreckage where one of the tables once stood. Back inside the ring, Elise tries to free herself from the grip of Uriel Cortez, but The Titan of Industry still won't let go! He pulls her off... but gets an eye rake from Elise!

DDK:

Elise is desperate to do anything at this point... ANYTHING! The D is done! Minute is still out! If she's going to try and win this, it HAS to be now!

He stumbles around as she tries to get up the ladder! She's almost there!

Lance:

No! She's almost got a hand on those titles! She's almost there!

DDK:

She's got hold of one! She's almost there! She's... NO! Uriel moved the ladder! He moves the ladder and now he's trying to swat her out of the air!

The ladder is knocked down and is diagonal to the corner. Both Saturday Night Specials see Elise HANGING ON by a thread trying to detach the mechanism for the UNIFIED Tag Titles and trying to hang on for dear life while Uriel grabs another ladder to try and stop her! But before they can get up, they are both stopped by Minute with a sliding kick knocking Pat into Brock. He looks out to the crowd...

He springboards to the top rope...

AND TAKES OUT THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS WITH AN AMAZING IMPLODING 630 SENTON TO THE FLOOR!

DDK:

HOLY HELL! HOLY HELL! MINUTE JUST WIPED OUT THE SPECIALS! HOW THE HELL MANY FLIPS WAS THAT?! HOW MANY?!

Lance:

THIS IS INSANE! THE SPECIALS JUST GOT WIPED OUT!

The crowd sees the replay of a variation on Minute's Minutiae, the same move he won the Favoured Saints Title with! The springboard imploding variant wipes out both Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy on the floor!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

LOS TRES TITANES COULD MAKE HISTORY... BUT NOT IF ELISE GETS THERE FIRST!

Elise tries to undo the hook, but Uriel finally uses the ladder and bops her with it. He reaches up and swats her with the ladder! The longest-reigning SoHer in history gets caught by Uriel before she falls... but there's no batting of the eyelashes here...

ELISE ARES GETS HIT WITH THE INDUSTRY STANDARD!

Lance:

Industry Standard! Industry Standard! That's it! That's gotta be it! Elise might be out of this one after that slam!

The massive Titan of Industry has been the x-factor for his team most of this match with no team being able to stop his sheer size for too long! Minute takes a moment to get up and get back inside the ring. He holds his ribs and he's hurt, along with Cortez, but Cortez starts to gesture to Minute to get on his shoulders.

DDK:

I think... I think Minute's getting a piggyback ride on the way to the top!

Lance:

The Imploding 630 Senton took so much out of him, as it has done with the rest of the competition... but if he's on there, Los Tres Titanes might have this!

Uriel sits up and then uses a slow crawl in order to help Minute get back to the top. He's got Minute up...

Up...

up...

DDK:

HE'S ALMOST THERE! WE'RE GONNA HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

Lance:

ALMOST THERE...

Minute has a hand on the titles...

THEN CATCHES A BEER CAN TO THE BACK, COURTESY OF PAT CASSIDY!

DDK:

What... what the hell was that?! Minute's hurt...

But Pat points behind Uriel...

And the distraction allows Brock to come back with a STIFF Superkick to knock Cortez back! He stumbles with Minute riding on his shoulders... THEN MINUTE FALLS OFF CORTEZ AND LANDS THROUGH A TABLE ON THE OUTSIDE!

DDK:

OH GOD! ALL THOSE TABLES THAT THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS BROUGHT OUT... MINUTE IS DONE!

An angry Uriel is STILL on his feet, but eats another stiff Superkick from Brock, sending him back to the ropes! Pat comes in and the two men grab either end of the ladder and charge... THEN SMACK THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY OVER THE ROPES AND OUT TO THE FLOOR WITH THE LADDER!

Lance:

AND THERE GOES URIEL! THAT'S IT! THE SPECIALS HAVE THE CHANCE TO WIN THIS!

The Faithful are going apeshit! They set the ladder up and Pat holds it and plays defense as a limping and hurting Brock. He climbs, with Pat holding the ladder...

Brock is almost there...

Almost...

He has the titles...

AND UNSTRAPS THE HOOKS! THIS ONE IS OVER!

DING DING DING

Brock leans back and then slowly drapes down the ladder in immense pain... as all the competitors will be. Both Brock and Pat embrace in a manly bro-hug and then unstrap the UNIFIED Tag Titles from the hook fully!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS AND STILL THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... **THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!**

DDK:

What a match! WHAT A MATCH! Any one of these teams could have won, but by the time we got to the end of this... The Saturday Night Specials pulled it out!

Lance:

It looked grim for them at the end! The PCPs almost won this on several occasions! The destructive power of Cortez and the high-flying ability of Minute were always a threat... but a bit of luck and perseverance wins the night for the

Saturday Night Specials!

Both men decide then to have a pow-wow in the ring with the titles... and have a seat. Uriel Cortez limps over to check on Minute in the wreckage of the table... Elise is hurt and rolls over to check on The D for the same after taking a Keg Stand through a table!

DDK:

Bodies everywhere, Lance! That's how much these three teams want those UNIFIED Tag Team Titles! It was truly anyone's match to win!

Lance:

I believe that, I really do! But we have seen the Saturday Night Specials, time and time again defy the odds with those championships since winning them from The Comments Section. They've truly created something special with this bond.

DDK:

Indeed... and now what?

The music stops momentarily when Pat and Brock call for it. The rest of the six pack that he had including the one missing from being hurled at Minute is now in his hand. Uriel starts to help Minute up from the wreckage, barely hanging on. The D looks much worse for wear and has no idea where he is... but Elise is trying to help him up as well.

Lance:

What's going on?

Pat cracks open one of the beers... and when he sees Uriel and Minute, offers it to them as a sort of olive branch. Brock takes one and does the same for Elise and The D as they get helped up.

DDK:

They're... offering them a drink? Should The D even have one after he got spiked like he did?

Lance:

I'm not a doctor, but I don't know about that one.

Cortez looks at the offering... then takes it as The Faithful cheer! On the other side, Elise takes it as well. The D tries to take a sip, but Elise drags it away.

Elise Ares:

No. If your brain's knocked loose, you don't get the juice. I... I made that up.

DDK:

That's the equivalent of the Saturday Night Specials handshake! A show of respect for all three teams tonight who did everything in their power to make it to the top! The Specials retained, but these three are three of the top teams in the world!

Lance:

Incredible match! Just INCREDIBLE! And what a show of sportsmanship for all three teams tonight! The Saturday Night Specials retain in a HELL of a way to close the show! I want to know next, who's going to stop them?

DDK:

They'll take on all comers that's for sure, but we have a very deep and very bright division! Folks... for Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler! Thank you ALL for joining us over two nights of DEFIANCE Road as all eyes now turn towards DEFCON! Good night!

The music resumes for The Saturday Night Specials as Uriel raises his beer, still smarting like hell but ready to limp to

the after party while Minute holds his back and looks ready to leave. Elise starts to chug while The D still wants a drink while in the ring, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy toast with both their drinks and the titles they successfully retained!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.