

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Houston, Texas welcomes DEFIANCE! The Health & Physical Education Arena in Texas Southern University is HYPED AF for the second DEFIANCE show on the road in YEARS. Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. The fans are going ballistic. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, is everywhere!

#PRAYERSFORMORROW

PUSH HELEN

WHY "TUESDAYS"?

PAT & OLIVIA: SITTING IN LOCKUP, D-R-U-N-K!

ALL MY HOMIES HATE THE BFTA

SCROW IS SCUM

BALLYHOO CLEARLY OVER-SERVES

PUSH AARDMARK

OSCAR BURNS IS DIVISION 4A AT BEST

IS TROY WINDHAM HERE?

I GIVE THE LUCKY SEVENS ONE STAR AND THAT'S ONLY FOR OPHELIA SYKES

BALLYHOO SHOULD HAVE ORGANIZED A POP-UP OUTSIDE OR SOMETHING, COME ON

COUNT NOVICK FOR TEXAS GOV

DID YOU KNOW WE ARE IN TEXAS?

I CAME HERE FOR A VOLLEYBALL GAME BUT WAS PLEASANTLY SURPRISED BY THE AMOUNT OF GOOD BUTTS HERE, SO I STAYED.

WRESTLEPLEX DEEZ

GOLDENEYE IN DK MODE

SEATTLE (AND TEXAS)'S BEAST!

BALLYHOO BREW TEXAS CHAPTER

The feed goes to an excited announce team, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

BUDGET CUTS

DDK:

I cannot believe it Lance! We are kicking off the brand new “year” of DEF TV not only the road in Houston, Texas but we are also going to kick things off momentarily with a Unified Tag Team championship match between the Saturday Night Specials and their most personal rivals, the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens called out the SNS after their win at DEFCON over Los Tres Titanes alongside Alvaro de Vargas. They demanded this match a little more than seven months since their last confrontation back at Acts of DEFIANCE! It was a bloody battle that saw the SNS having to resort to a flash pin to retain but after the fact they were absolutely mauled by the challengers.

DDK:

The twin seven footers have pointed it out time and time again. While the SNS continued to rack up wins and successful defenses, the Lucky Sevens turned up the viciousness and injured their trainers, the House. They defeated the Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes, putting them right back as the Number One Contenders. The SNS knew if they had those titles long enough this day was going to come and tonight, it is here. Instead of Darren Quimbey getting to make the introductions, it is the Official Spokeswoman Ophelia Sykes that is at the entryway.

DDK:

Interesting! Remember that Mason and Max Luck gave Ophelia Sykes a chance to either stay with them or get the boot after she was arrested with Pat Cassidy after DEFCON.

Lance:

That was a spectacle all on its own, but I think you might be right. It looks like she might have chosen her side.

Ophelia Sykes does not look too conflicted at the moment and she has a microphone all ready to go.

Ophelia Sykes:

Ladies! Gentlemen! With DEFIANCE Wrestling’s first show on the road, you are going to see a title change tonight!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful of Texas do not like that announcement and the thousands in the house reply with boos.

Ophelia Sykes:

Despite what Pat ... er, the Saturday Night Specials think, the Lucky Sevens are finally going to take their place at the top of the tag team division where they belong! The uncrowned champions are going to sit on the throne! They are Big Money Max! Big Money Mason! They are THE LLLUUUUCCCCCKKKKYYYY SEEEEVVVVEEEENNNSSS!!!

She points to the stage and the house lights turn black. The lights go and three numbers appear on the screen in the form of a slot machine!

7 7 7

♪ “Money” by Of Mice and Men ♪

The lights come back on and the twins put up “The Winning Hand” while wearing gold-colored capes that have a message on the back in red:

MAIN!

EVENT!

MONSTERS!

The Lucky Sevens are all business as they brush past Ophelia Sykes quickly and are booed out of the building as they take on DEFIANCE Wrestling's most popular team, but they don't care. Max talks trash to the fans and Mason takes the lead with a determined look.

Lance:

Look at them Darren. They're ready to win.

DDK:

I gotta agree with you there.

The Lucky Sevens both drop their capes and then they climb into the ring. They bump fists and then Mason Luck wants a mic. Ophelia catches up to the twins and she gives up her mic for him.

DDK:

We're about to get to a match ... but Mason wants to talk?

Mason Luck:

Cut the music. Now.

When the music goes off Mason Luck turns his attention to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Mason Luck:

First off ... Max, what's the difference between Texas and a dumpster fire?

Max leans next to his brother.

Max Luck:

What?

Mason Luck:

A dumpster fire can create affordable light and heat.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mason and Max bump their fists together.

Max Luck:

What? You don't like that? I'm shocked that you guys were able to keep the lights on long enough for us to even have a show here.

That gets more boos! The Lucks have had their fun.

Mason Luck:

Now that we got the fun part of the evening out of the way and get down to business, Max and I have one more loose end to tie up...

Then both of their eyes turn toward Ophelia Sykes. Sykes looks up at both of her clients with surprise.

Max Luck:

Ophelia Sykes ... we gave you until tonight to pick a side. You gave us that great intro that we deserved.

She nods.

Max Luck:

Too bad it's the last one you're ever going to do for us.

She looks up in shock.

Mason Luck:

Ophelia ... you got caught red-handed fucking that idiot, Pat Cassidy which put you in this spot in the first place. You can't be trusted and now your tenure as a BFTA member is also fucked. You can call this a budget cut.

Mason inches close to his brother so they can both yell into the microphone.

Mason and Max Luck:

YOU'RE FIRED!!!!

Sykes's jaw almost drops through the mat. She tries to plead but Mason Luck takes the microphone.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! THEY FIRED HER, JUST LIKE THAT?!

Lance:

They gave her an ultimatum and she seemed to want to stay by their side ... but they aren't having it!

Mason points at the back.

Mason Luck:

Get the hell out of our ring ... or we'll remove you from it.

She looks at Max but he isn't listening to anything she has to say.

Lance:

Wow ... that's cold. Even for BFTA.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful mix jeers and cheers for the fact that Ophelia Sykes is being fired ... but she is still a woman being bullied by giants. She leaves the ring quickly and starts sobbing on her way out to the back. After she leaves and then heads up the ramp, Mason and Max face the crowd.

Mason Luck:

Now that there's no more distractions ... the time for talking is *over!!!* Pat ... Brock ... get your asses out here so we can finish what we started seven months ago ... *now!!!*

Max Luck:

You've seen the Main Event Monsters deliver Five Star Beatdown after Five Star Beatdown and even reached Six Star Territory! Tonight ... we go for SEVEN!!!

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SNS Â© vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

The Sevens both smirk arrogantly as they watch the distraught Ophelia exit the stage with her head hung low. A couple seconds pass and the Texas Faithful begin to buzz in anticipation as ring announcer Darren Quimbey enters the ring, followed closely by referee Hector Navarro. As the veteran ref orders the two menacing seven-footers to their corner, Quimbey pulls a microphone out of his tuxedo breast pocket and addresses the crowd.

He opens his mouth to speak but stops when they break out in a sudden, and deafening, chant...

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

DDK:

Texas Southern University is ready for the tag team champions, partner!

Lance:

That they are, DDK! I can barely hear myself think!

Inside of the ring, The Lucky Sevens yell insults and obscenities at the crowd, which only seems to fuel the chanting even more. Quimbey raises a hand to quiet them and after a few more seconds they oblige him.

Raising his mic up again, Darren cranks up the volume a little bit louder than normal...

Darren Quimbey:

AND THEIR OPPONENTS!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

TSU's Health and Physical Education Arena explodes in cheers as The Saturday Night Specials walk through the double sliding doors and onto the stage with the title belts secured around their waists. The fired up duo separate and walk to opposite ends of the stage to play to the frenzied crowd before coming together at the top of the ramp. Simultaneously removing the title belts from around their waists, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy defiantly raise them up high above their heads as pyro shoots off on each side of them.

DDK:

What an ovation for the champions! I think it's safe to say that the following these two men have built up has spread to the good people of Texas!

Lance:

It sure has, partner. But, SNS better have brought their game faces tonight, DDK. The Lucky Sevens are, in my humble opinion, the biggest threat to Brock and Pat's gold. They're gonna need more than moral support against these two monsters. What they'll need is everything they got.

Lowering the belts, Newbludd and Cassidy take a moment to glare at The Lucky Sevens before turning to each other. After a quick exchange of words, the fired up Newbludd slaps Cassidy in the chest and Pat responds with a slap of his own. Together, the champions turn their eyes on the ring and drop the title belts to the ground. A heartbeat later, Brock and Pat both breakout into sprints towards the ring!

DDK:

And it looks like that's what they're bringing!

Lance:

The champs bolted down the ramp like a couple of demons, not slowing down as they hit the ring!

Sliding side by side underneath the bottom rope, SNS enter the ring and pop up to their feet. Taking the briefest of

moments to spout off some trash talk to The Lucky Sevens, the champions charge ahead and jump the twin titans with a barrage of punches!

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials haven't forgotten about what The Lucky Sevens did to them, Lance! They're not bothering waiting for a bell!

Lance:

Get out of there, Darren!

Running towards the ropes, the terrified ring announcer quickly escapes from the ring while referee Nevarro immediately screams for the two teams to break it up. Neither of the four men acknowledge the referee's existence as they continue to brawl with Brock and Mason trading blows while Pat and Max do the same. The crowd is absolutely frenzy as this show is off to a hot start!

Brock unleashes right hands to Mason to one side of the ring. On the other Max hits Pat with a chop across his chest. Pat fights back with jabs from both directions and then gets a kick to his leg to bring the tower closer to his level. Pat throws another two good punches and then gets met with knee into his stomach. Max throws Pat into the empty corner where a pair of clotheslines stop him in his tracks.

DDK:

It looks like after a hot start, both Mason and Max Luck might have the upper hand! Mason slams Brock's face into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

And now the twins are in control!

Max locks eyes with Mason across the ring and then the brothers nod. They switch places and charge past one another. Max tries a big boot on Brock, but Brock moves and Max gets his leg caught on the top rope! Pat moves out of Mason's way and Mason catches nothing but the corner. Brock nods to Pat and the two double team Mason with jumping knee strikes that take the giant over the ropes!

DDK:

No! Brock and Pat focus on Max and get him out!

Mason runs at both Brock and Pat and tries the two-for-one special with a double clothesline. Both members of the SNS duck and the Unified Tag champions hit a pair of clotheslines on their own to get the other giant out! The Houston fans are all in a frenzy now with the champions in control!

Lance:

The SNS have cleared the ring ... but has a bell even sounded?

DDK:

... No I don't think it has! This issue is personal with these teams. Real personal!

Brock and Pat both have a moment of their own to read each other's minds and head to the floor. Pat Cassidy runs off the ring apron with a running axe handle to Mason followed by Brock jumping and running off the apron with knee drop to take him off of his feet!

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials wipe out Mason Luck! This might be the best chance that they have to survive a direct confrontation with the twins by singling them out!

Lance:

And Pat and Brock know it!

The two work over the stronger of the two twins. He tries to fight and he stuns Pat with an elbow but Brock is already there on top of him right after with another succession of punches. The three men are fighting at ringside ...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!!!

Mason sees what's coming and shoves Pat and Brock away and when they turn, Max Luck runs inside the ring and he clears the top rope with a running plancha that wipes out the Saturday Night Specials!

Lance:

Max Luck used that dive on DEFCON and he uses it again to wipe out the Saturday Night Specials.

The crowd experiences shock and awe and can't believe what just happened! A quick succession of replays from angle angles start to play.

DDK:

Max is the first person up. He's trying to get to his brother.

Mason looks angry and then pulls Cassidy up from the floor to punch him in the face and he almost goes down if it isn't for falling against the nearby barricade. Max picks up Brock and starts dragging him by the head, walking Newbludd up the ramp and peppers him with some hammer blows to the back to make sure doesn't go anywhere!

Lance:

Both of them moving away from the ring and our referee has lost all control here!

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

The bell continues ringing, but none of the four men are paying much attention to it. Mason Luck and Pat Cassidy take their fight into the audience. Mason takes Pat up, but he punches him in the arm as many times as it takes to keep Big Money Mason from hitting whatever he tries to hit.

DDK:

Max and Brock fighting their way up here!

Lance:

Max Luck is trying to put Brock through the staging set-up!

Max drives his knee into Brock's stomach and then puts him over a shoulder. He gets an idea to play lawn dart with Brock but Newbludd gets out behind him and then pushes Max into the steel first!

DDK:

Brock just saved himself from being put right into the staging!

Lance:

Mason Luck and Pat Cassidy ... we're trying to get a camera on them!

Big Money Mason and Black Out have fought their way close to one of the concession stands towards the back of the venue. Mason controls the fight with more knees. He wants a claw to the face and tries locking it in while pinned against the front counter of the stand!

DDK:

He's trying to fight that Winning Hand! The Saturday Night Specials are no stranger to how deadly those claws are once they sink in!

Lance:

And ... oh no! Brock and Max!

Brock grabs Max and looks like he's going to try a DDT but Max is too powerful and he throws Brock up in the air before he drops him on the steel! Brock hits the steel with a dull clang and Max is fuming mad now. Back at the concession stand, the Winning Hand gets applied to Pat! Thinking quickly he feels his hand on the counter and grabs an open cup of beer off to throw in Mason's eyes! Mason's eyes sting and he lets go of the hold! Pat is hurting, but he climbs over the counter for a sheet pan and then clangs Mason over the head with that as well!

DDK:

This is getting wild! The Lucky Sevens and the Saturday Night Specials both wanted this match for a long time ... but now that they are here, there's no match!

Lance:

This is bedlam! This is ... Darren look out!

Max Luck barks at Darren and Lance to move away from the table. Brock is still down while he starts shoving tablets, papers and other belongings off the table! Big Money Max has the table prepped and when the camera is back to Mason and Pat, Mason drags Pat across one of the tables near the concession stand! Pat continues to fight back and their brawl continues backstage.

DDK:

... Can ... hear me?

DDK is cut off when Max clears off the table and then grabs Brock ... but then he catches a monitor to the face! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful explode when Brock brings the monitor to his head a second time and then hits a third to his chest to double him over and get Max prone across the announce table!

Lance:

... Are we back? We're back! Brock just knocked Max against the table!

DDK:

And we're trying to find out where Mason Luck and Pat Cassidy are!

Brock feels the hits from Max and he is wearing a few welts on himself but he manages to grab one of the capes that Max Luck dropped ... then puts it on!

Lance:

Newbludd just put on one of the Sevens swanky capes and he's got his sights set on Max!

Fastening the cape around his neck, Brock points at the prone Max and sprints towards the announce table...

FLYING ELBOW DROP TO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have lost their minds!

DDK:

BROCK NEWBLUDD WITH THAT FLYING ELBOW DROP AND TAKES OUT MAX THROUGH OUR TABLE!!!

Lying underneath the cape, and the wreckage that once was the announce table, Brock and Max both writhe in pain on the ground.

Lance:

And we still don't know where Cassidy and Mason Luck are!

It takes the camera a few moments to find them but they are backstage now near the merchandise zone with Cassidy

having a chair in hand, striking Mason in the back with it. DEF-Sec rush in and try to break them up, but Pat fights starts throwing wild right hands and Mason is throwing members away left and right like Godzilla!

Lance:

We've received word officials are calling off this title match! We've lost control and we're just getting this show started!

DDK:

And Mason and Pat still aren't done! Security are just obstacles at this point!

Mason gets another shot from Pat, this time with one of the two camera that are on them! He turns him for the corner, but Mason yells and then he charges forward grabbing Pat over the shoulder ...

SPEAR THROUGH THE NEARBY WALL!!!

Lance:

Both men go straight through that backstage wall!!

Much like Brock and Max, Pat and Mason lay in a cloud of dust and a heap of destruction. We see what's left of security rush onto the scene and jostle the cameraman a bit, but both men are down and out.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, DEFIANCE has begun with absolutely bedlam. First The Lucky Sevens fired Ophelia Sykes for being involved with Paty Cassidy, and then what was scheduled to be our first match of the evening... a Unified Tag Team Championship match, no less... has turned into an absolute war between The Saturday Night Sevens and The Lucky Sevens.

Lance:

We're gonna take a commercial break as we try to restore order here...

The last shot we see is Max attempt to roll over onto his back as DEFtv shifts to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

SWIPE RIGHT

Teresa Ames sits on a lawn chair, soaking in the sun just outside of the H&PE Arena on the beautiful Texas Southern University campus. Everything is picturesque except her doom and gloom mood. She can't help but sigh in frustration.

Teresa Ames:

Not even sunbathing can cure this girl's mood. Ugh. Texas usually does something with my snooty Illinois spirit but the magic just isn't here today for some strange reason.

Her eyes watch a few straggling fans hustle towards the arena doors. This is a landmark day with DEF being on the road, yet all Teresa can think about is her lackluster love life.

Teresa Ames:

This sucks. Today sucks. I don't think I will ever be able to find true love in this world.

Suddenly, a buzzing emanates from her pocket. She's quick to whip out of her phone.

Teresa Ames:

An email from SLAMazon. Try risk free online dating for thirty days before purchase. Hmmmm. I mean, we are on the road now so it's not like my dating pool will be narrowed down to wrestling losers only. I mean, I've dried up that well for online subscriptions already so what do I have to lose?

She downloads the app as excitement builds within her.

Teresa Ames:

Okay, time to create a profile, or profiles!? I need to be strategic with this. Obviously, I won't create a profile of my real self because that stinks of desperation. Lets create numerous catfishing profiles and go from there. Yes, I'm from Texas and yes my name is Mack Studd.

She easily gets carried away with the profile creation.

Teresa Ames:

And one called Stella Folds too. There, now I have the spectrum covered. Now let's begin endless swiping. I need to find a husband after all.

The sun beams down on her as she begins mixing and matching with the profiles presented.

Teresa Ames:

Hot, hot, not, hot. Wow, lots to pick from here indeed. Not as many basement dwellers as I expected.

Her fingers suddenly stop in their tracks. Teresa pulls her phone in close to examine a picture in more detail.

Teresa Ames:

Is this!? No way. It can't be her. Ti-Titaness? What is your promiscuous ass doing on a dating app!? I thought she was with that tall lurch fellow. Hmmmmmmmmmm. Decisions, decisions. I mean, I'm not against being a homewrecker. Done it before. Maybe I'm not looking for a husband after all. Maybe I'm looking for a wife.

She puts a finger to her lip in contemplation.

Teresa Ames:

Heck yeah I'm swiping right on dat ass! Get it girl! Scissor sisters!

Electronic Voice:

You have a match! You have been SLAMAzonnrrrrrrred!

Ames nearly throws her phone in excitement, noticing one of her catfishing profiles has matched with Titaness!

Teresa Ames:

Shit guy, shit! I can message her now! Oh wow, okay! My two passions of love and wrestling are finally being intertwined! What should I say? Or maybe I should play it cool and wait for her to message me first? Hmmmmm.

She doesn't have to wait long before seeing the fabled three dancing dots appear above Titaness' profile icon.

Teresa Ames:

She's typing! She's really typing to me! Let me read what she says. She wrote, "Hey Mack, what's up?" Oh okay, how should I reply to this!? I've never online dated before in my life!

Flustered and unsure of herself, Teresa does her best to keep the conversation going.

Teresa Ames:

Hey you ultra cutie, I don't suppose someone of your caliber would want to meet up with someone like me sometime? I'll be in the Oklahoma area for business next week. Any chance you'll be around? I wonder what she will say to that. I see she's typing already. This is fun and addicting!

Her eyes fill with anticipation as she reads the next message.

Teresa Ames:

Perfect! She said yes because she happens to be in town too! What are the odds of that? Oh my gosh, okay. I'll type, I hear Rotary Park is a lovely place to meet. Say, by the tennis courts at noon? See you there, sweet thang.

Teresa stows her phone but not before she brims from ear to ear.

Teresa Ames:

I have a date. I have a date!

JACK MACE vs. KYLE SHIELDS

The camera goes back to the Commentation Station with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner, now with a makeshift table and their belonging placed after the cluster that was the first "match" of the night!

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv and we're still in shock over here at what happened a little bit ago. We were scheduled to have a Unified Tag Team Title match between The Saturday Night Specials and The Lucky Sevens, only to just turn into straight-up chaos! Brock Newbludd elbow dropped Max Luck right through our announce table and Pat Cassidy was rammed right through a wall backstage by Mason Luck!

Lance:

Just pure insanity. First off, thank you to our stagehands for getting us a new table on such short notice. No official match took place earlier. We'll communciate with our medical staff on the condition of all four me and also check with DEFIANCE matchmakers to see if we can give a proper rematch to you, the people... but right now, we've got to move on with the show.

DDK:

Next up, we've got the first match for Jack Mace since he defeated Tom Morrow in a steel cage and got his revenge after being kicked out of Better Future.

Lance:

Now, Jack Mace takes on Kyle Shields tonight. We saw on UNCUT Kyle Shields run afoul of Better Future and tried to scam Morrow out of some money and that failed miserably. Maybe he's trying to handle Jack Mace as a make-good for that situation.

DDK:

Either way... After seeing how Jack Mace lived up to his nickname as a Killer Bear at DEFCON, I don't want to be Kyle Shields right now. Let's get to Darren Quimbey and intros for the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... **KYLE SHIELDS!**

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp. Busy dicking around on his phone and making Kyle Shields dank memes, the lazy and hapless star heads on down to the ring and then rolls inside, still attached to his phone. He looks up and sees Rex Knox and not his brother as referee. He sighs before he turns to face his opponent. A chant starts to build over the speaker to the tune of an "Ole, Ole, Ole" soccer chant...

GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE! GO, MACE, GO, MAAAAACE!
GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE! GO, MACE, GO, MAAAAACE!

Then the DEFIatron lights up with a soccer stadium full of cheering people... then the boot of Jack Mace delivering what has become his signature kick...

POW!

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... **"THE KILLER BEAR"**
JACK MACE!

A silver burst of pyro erupts from either side of the stage. Out comes Jack Mace, wearing a silver and black soccer-style jersey with the silhouette of a big bear on the front and on the back... Mace 88. He turns around, wearing black thigh-length trunks, boots and kneepads also colored with silver underneath his jersey with a black flat cap. He pauses for the Houston crowd and tosses his flat cap aside on the ramp... then for the crowd, pulls out a black cowboy hat and puts it on his head!

DDK:

This is a weird sight for me... Jack Mace having fun.

Lance:

But you know what else is fun for Mace? Fights. And that's what he's going to give Kyle Shields!

Kyle looks perturbed fighting DEFIANCE's Wild Man as he storms to the ring quickly. He paces over to a pair of fans in the front row and they both give him a hug. A blonde woman a little older than him and then an older man with salt and peppered hair... tall, but definitely up there in years.

DDK:

That's Jack Mace's father, Randall and older sister, Esme Mace! I heard Jack flew out from England on his own dime to be here for DEFIANCE's first show on the road!

Lance:

Awesome to see!

Mace throws the cowboy hat into the crowd and then takes off his soccer jersey before heading into the ring. Kyle Shields has a microphone and his tracksuit... which is once again on backwards.

DDK:

Is he trying to sell someone else on this stupid... what did he call it... a Truggie? But it's just his track jacket worn backwards.

Lance:

Oh, lord.

Kyle holds his coat out and then tries to plead with Mace.

Kyle Shields:

Jackie, Jackie, Jackie, I got a deal for Y..AAAAHHHH!

Mace isn't interested in listening, so much as grabbing Kyle and pushing him into the corner before he **TOSSES** him overhead with a quick and clean overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Kyle drops the microphone and then snatches it up.

Jack Mace:

Mate... get fucked.

The Faithful cheer at his sentiment! Mace boots the microphone out of the ring as Rex Knox calls for the bell while a dazed Kyle Shields is trying to figure out which way is up.

DING DING

Kyle Shields is trying to get himself to his feet in the corner but the second that the bell rings, Jack tees off on Kyle and then **BLASTS** him with a Bear Paw palm strike! He stumbles out of the corner and then gets grabbed by the waist... then **THROWS** him out of the corner again this time using a release German suplex! The crowd gets cheered as Mace stands up, playing for the crowd and then... biting down on the top rope!

DDK:

Did you think a few months ago we'd see Jack Mace be welcomed back with open arms by the DEFIANCE Faithful?

Lance:

I can't say that I did... the jury is still out on him as far as the rest of the locker room goes, but the fans have taken to this wild animal he's become!

Mace turns his attention back on Kyle, but the beaten brother of DEFIANCE ref Mark Shields leaves the ring and then tries to get back up. The Killer Bear doesn't give him too much of a chance to get back when he climbs out and goes after him!

DDK:

Uh-oh! Kyle better find a way to fight back... or run!

Kyle runs for the hills, then rolls into the ring. When Mace slides in behind him, he grabs Kyle by the leg, but some quick thinking allows Kyle to put a size 12 shoe on the jaw of Jack to keep himself out of his mitts. He scrambles up to his feet and when an angered Mace tries to get in, Kyle elbow drops him in the back of the head!

Lance:

Uh-oh! That might have been a rare mistake by Mace! Now Kyle with the advantage!

Shields pounds away on Mace while he's still grounded, then stands up and then puts the boots to him for a few moments! He continues to do so and then kicks away. Mace grabs a leg and then throws him away, but Kyle hits the ropes and then when Mace tries to stand, he gets WALLOPED by a big running lariat off the ropes! He takes big Mace off his feet and then goes for a cover!

ONE... TW-KICKOUT!

Kyle jumps when Mace sits up and angrily turns his head his way.

Lance:

Ooooooh boy... yeah, you better run, Kyle. He doesn't want your Truggie. He wants your soul!

DDK:

But look! Kyle staying on him, though!

He delivers more right hands to Mace while he's on his knees and they stun him. Mace still tries to stand only to catch another uppercut that puts him literally on the ropes. When Kyle realizes he has Mace where he wants him, he charges off the ropes perhaps looking for another big lariat... but he gets picked up over Mace's shoulder first, then gets RAMMED into a corner violently!

DDK:

Kyle Shields had the advantage for a second, but Mace counters quickly with that lifting tackle in the corner!

Lance:

I think Kyle Shields is going to regret trying to hock that stupid Truggie again!

The Wild Man of DEFIANCE takes a moment as he looks to his father Randall and sister Esme in the front row, cheering him on. Mace rushes at Kyle... then gets a MAULING in the corner, struck with a series of stiff palm strikes!

DDK:

OH! The Mauling by Jack Mace! Those palm strikes coming from every direction!

After the shots, the crowd cheers when he hooks him by the neck and then hurls him out of the corner with big release double arm suplex! Kyle gets dumped, and then Mace gets back to his feet. The Houston crowd cheer him on as he starts to stomp his foot before pulling Kyle up by the hair into a seated position mid-ring.

Lance:

We've seen Thomas Slaine and most recently, Tom Morrow at DEFCON get these kicks... the Faithful know what's coming next!

DDK:

And the Faithful LOVED seeing Morrow get his lungs kicked out his back! Kyle Shields might get more of the same!

Mace runs off the ropes... ROY KENT KICK! The big soccer ball kick to the chest lays out Kyle... but he's not done! He raises another finger and the crowd starts to cheer when he pulls Shields off the mat a second time into a seated position...

ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

The Killer Bear runs a second time... ROY KENT KICK! The kick flips him over, but an absolutely giddy Mace grabs the neck of Kyle and the chants get louder...

ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

ROY KENT KICK NUMBER THREE!

DDK:

I... I don't think I've seen Jack Mace even smile that wide! This one is done!

Lance:

I think so, too! The Roy Kent Kicks obliterate Kyle Shields!

Mace looks out to the Faithful before hooking Kyle by the leg... then the deadlift in his arms! He hoists him high... then DRILLS him into the canvas with the modified one-armed powerbomb!

DDK:

MORNING STAR! COVER!

Mace hooks a leg and snarls at the masses... with a smile.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

Mace kneels up and then steps right over Kyle before getting his arm raised by the official.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"THE KILLER BEAR" JACK MACE!**

DDK:

Another win by Jack Mace! Undefeated so far since making his return from the sabbatical that Tom Morrow tried to mastermind. And look...

He casually rolls out of the ring to go be by the side of his family now at ringside, letting his sister give him a hug and his father pat him on the shoulder. They exchange words for the burly Brit and he gives them both a fist bump before he starts to walk up the ramp...

"AH-HEM!"

Lance:

Ugh... No! NO!

On the DEFIATron, none other than...

Tom Morrow.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No! DEFCON was supposed to be the end of this. Is Tom Morrow out of his damn mind?

Wearing a bright green suit and in a neck brace and wheelchair while he's somewhere backstage, Morrow has it in him to give Jack Mace a drawn-out golf clap.

Tom Morrow:

Jack Mace... congrats. Congrats on your DEFCON victory, congrats on your DEFCON payday and congrats on your win tonight. You got your family here... and it's all good. Freedom looks good on you, Jack.

The Faithful continue to jeer while Mace angrily stares up at the DEFIATron and his former manager.

Tom Morrow:

I get why you did what you did at DEFCON, Jack, and I hold no grudges. I understand. You got what you wanted. And as far as I'm concerned, that was the end of this between you and me. We're done and we can go our separate ways now.

DDK:

I believe that as far as I could throw Tom Morrow.

Jack Mace is about to have some words for Morrow...

THEN CATCHES A SHOT TO THE BACK, COURTESY OF A CHAIR!

Lance:

What the...?

And standing over Jack Mace...

ALVARO DE VARGAS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

THIS WAS A SET-UP! MORROW SET THIS UP!

As ADV stands over Jack Mace, he brings the chair up and WHACKS him over the back with it again! And again! And again! And again! And again! On the screen, Tom Morrow cackles.

Tom Morrow:

I forgive you... but Alvaro doesn't forget...

The screen goes black as Alvaro dents the chair with a SEVENTH shot! Mace thrashes about in pain while Alvaro gets jeers from the Faithful. Esme and Randall Mace are both watching what's happening! Randall wants to fight, but Esme holds their father back.

DDK:

What... what the hell is Alvaro de Vargas thinking? Don't antagonize him.

He grits his teeth towards the family members of Mace...

AND SPITS RIGHT IN THE FACE OF RANDALL!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Randall jumps back, then wipes the gob of spit, then tries to get at Alvaro but Esme holds him back. Alvaro blows her a kiss and gives her a wink before he slings the bent chair over his shoulder and walks out of the arena to mass jeers.

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas is a garbage human and this is just more proof of that!

Mace still holds his back in pain and grimaces as he has one eye open up the ramp, watching El Sol Dorado strolls arrogantly up the ramp with the bent chair being carried off as a prize!

DDK:

Of course Alvaro would be going after Jack Mace. What a piece of trash. And just think... in seven days time next week on UNCUT, he could be the next ACE of DEFIANCE!

Alvaro smirks to the crowd and then takes his leave as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2022

YOU WANT THIS TO CONTINUE?

The scene switches to the interview stage at the top of the rampway. Jamie Sawyers stands with a mic in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Please welcome... Tyler Fuse.

But nobody welcomes Tyler Fuse. The fans boo as The OG Player's theme song blares on the PA. Tyler appears, wearing dark gray pants and a black v-top. His brown hair is messier than normal and his bread has grown since DEFCON. He easily walks over to Sawyers and stands in front of him, looking rather disinterested. The elder Fuse blankly stares into the crowd as Sawyers raises a skeptical mic to his own face.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler Fuse, a huge victory for you last month at DEFCON. Once again defeating Kerry Kuroyama, albeit in a much different fashion. Now, with a FIST of DEFIANCE opportunity pending through the ACE of DEFIANCE match, I'm wondering what your thoughts are...

Tyler sarcastically scratches the side of his cheek. He leans into the mic.

Tyler Fuse:

What my... thoughts are?

Sawyers nods.

Tyler Fuse:

Did you see my interview on UNCUT?

Sawyers nods.

Tyler Fuse:

If I wasn't fully interested in expressing myself then, why would I be now?

Jamie looks apologetic. He pulls the microphone back.

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm sorry I-

Tyler intervenes.

Tyler Fuse:

No, don't worry about it. I'll speak my mind a little more tonight. We are in... Texas after all.

The Game Changer has another sarcastic look, as if pretending to the cheap pop would make him cheered. Or in other words, he's making fun of how pathetic the fans would be to cheer for their home state being mentioned.

Tyler Fuse:

You're right when you said I defeated Kerry Kuroyama by a different means this time around. I didn't put him on the shelf, like I did all those years ago. Many, many times. Instead, I found a pinfall victory and didn't rip him limb from limb.

Tyler runs a slick hand through his hair.

Tyler Fuse:

I am different from the others. I am a pounde-your-fucking-face-in-until-it-can't-cave-in-further kinda guy.

Fuse shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

But hey, that didn't happen this time... did it?

Tyler eyes Jamie like the interviewer better give a response or suffer a fate worse than death. Jamie once again nods along, this time profusely. Tyler smirks and tussles Sawyers' hair.

Tyler Fuse:

Good man, J.

He pauses.

Tyler Fuse:

So, where does this leave Tyler Fuse and what are my thoughts on everything moving forward.

He looks dead into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry, you wanna keep going? Oh, we aren't done. But for the short term, we ARE done. Because I have every intention to live up to my promise and my name. ACE of DEFIANCE...

Tyler takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and exhails.

Tyler Fuse:

When I signed a contract all those years ago, my name was mentioned frequently, not my brother's. This promotion has always been about hitting hard, hasn't it? Over the past few years though, some would say DEFIANCE is pandering to a different crowd.

Fuse cracks his knuckles.

Tyler Fuse:

Deacon... Dex Joy... either of them. Dex and I have met before. I smashed the Southern Heritage Championship over his head and proceeded to break the belt into pieces with a sledgehammer. Deacon? You think you know what the last name Fuse means? You've only met the 'nicer' half.

Tyler motions to the back.

Tyler Fuse:

The Kabal is dead. Tyler Fuse moves on. I was promised a path, I was guaranteed a spotlight. In its place, I got... well...

The fans boo. Some cheer for Jason and Jessica Reeves.

Tyler Fuse:

It's time I trusted myself. Go on my own like I originally intended. Because I have always had the ability to make an impact. Next week, Jamie, you'll see.

A graphic runs in the bottom right hand corner of the feed for the ACE of DEFIANCE match.

Tyler Fuse:

This interview is done.

And Fuse simply walks off... as Jamie Sawyers smiles into the camera and the scene goes to the announcers.

SWIPE LEFT

The camera closes in on the locker room... and LOUD cheers can be heard in the background for the appearance of a man with many roots to Texas when he first moved to the United States from Mexico.

We're talking that handsome diminutive dynamo, Minute, of course!

Dressed in his mask and ring gear, Minute is doing stretches out in the hallway for one of the biggest singles matches of his career coming up against Oscar Burns. As he continues to stretch, he's stopped when he looks up and sees a very familiar face.

Titaness. Nervously looking at her phone before she puts it down on a crate next to her.

Titaness:

Hey.

Minute:

... hello.

He continues by walking impressively on his hands by moving up and down the backstage to work on balance. It's clear Titaness has something on her mind. When Minute realizes this, he stops his exercise and flips up to his feet.

Minute:

Estás bien, Princesa?

Titaness:

Not good. I... I don't know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I put you in the middle of what's going on with me and Uriel.

Minute looks sad, but he tries to hide it and goes back to a balancing pose on one leg.

Minute:

You know he was just protecting you. Just protecting you.

Titaness:

I know... he's stubborn as shit about it... and I'm still pissed about Jack. You KNOW what he put me through. What he put us all through.

Minute continues holding his balance.

Minute:

Tampoco me lo dijo. He didn't tell me either. I was not happy with him... I don't trust Jack, either, but he hasn't made a move on us and he's had plenty of chances.

Titaness:

That doesn't mean that I have to like it. Or like Mace.

Minute:

Princesa... I get it... Uriel broke trust. I don't like oso gilipollas... asshole Bear. But Uriel did it for good reason. You have to talk... but you two can make it work.

Titaness nods.

Titaness:

... You're too smart for your own good.

Minute:

I know... Uriel tells me all the time after third "hahaha you're so small!" joke.

Titaness gives Minute a hug and picks him up off the floor...

Minute:

No, no, no! I told you! No big hugs!

The Show of Force puts him down on the mat and as they continue to speak, the two get approached by the third part of the Los Tres Titanes equation. Uriel Cortez stomps up in a black shirt and jeans, but stops when he sees Titaness standing in front of him.

Uriel Cortez:

Oh... sorry, Minute, thought you were alone out here. Hey, T.

Taking a breath, Titaness sighs.

Titaness:

Hey.

Uriel looks at Titaness, then down at Minute.

Uriel Cortez:

Was just gonna ask if you wanted me at ringside for Burns in case he tries something.

Minute:

No, gracias. Necesitas hablar con Princesa. You guys have things you need to work out.

Uriel raises an eyebrow.

Uriel Cortez:

You want to talk to me now? After walking away last week and not answering my calls at all?

Titaness nods at her beau.

Titaness:

I'm sorry... I didn't know what I needed to say. But I do now. I'm still pissed at you... but I talked to Minute. I know why you did them. Can we go somewhere?

Cortez seems unsure, but he sighs.

Uriel Cortez:

Sure. Good luck tonight, Minute.

Minute:

That puta Burns... he need the luck.

He bumps fists with Titaness and then Uriel before he walks off. After he's gone, Uriel and Titaness start to leave.

Uriel Cortez:

Hey, wait... left your phone.

He reaches over to give her the phone when a notification pops up... something that gives the Titan of Industry an angry glare.

Titaness:

... What?

Uriel flashes the phone her way.

Uriel Cortez:

It says "Congrats! You have a match on SLAMazon?" Isn't... isn't that some shitty dating app?

Titaness looks embarrassed and snatches the phone in a hurry. â€

Uriel Cortez:

You, wait, wait, wait... you came to see me... talk some things... and you're already on a DATING APP?! Last I remember, you were still wearing the ring I gave you, Holly.

Her heart sinks a little.

Titaness:

I gotta explain... My stupid sister put this on my phone as a joke. I didn't make th...

Uriel Cortez:

Spare me bullshit. Just... Look, I did some things I'm not proud of. I helped Jack Mace and didn't tell you or Minute... I hurt you instead of helping you at DEFCON and I didn't mean to cost you that match against Burns... but YOU of all people, who said she hated that shit, are on a dating app?

Titaness:

This isn't mi...

But he's not hearing it.

Uriel Cortez:

I don't care who put it there. It's there on your phone and I'm not hearing any of this bullshit.

Uriel marches off angrily, turning on his heel and stomping off. She looks at the phone.

Titaness:

What the hell is this garbage? I... I didn't do this... I...

Angrily, she HURLS the phone at the wall, watching it shatter into pieces. Left all alone, the Show of Force looks at her engagement ring and balls up a fist. The tense situation fades as the show moves on.

OSCAR BURNS' DIG DOWN DEEP CHALLENGE #7: OSCAR BURNS vs. MINUTE

DDK:

We've got an exciting match coming up next! The former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, Oscar Burns, continues his self-named Dig Down Deep Challenge and puts his Golden Shovel on the line! On our last episode of UNCUT, he successfully defended against Titaness.

Lance:

Really, what people want is the win over Burns to advance their careers. The Golden Shovel is irrelevant in my professional opinion. But we saw a recent defiancewrestling.com exclusive where Burns was crowing about his win over Titaness and her latest relationship issues with Uriel Cortez, their teammate Minute issued the challenge and was accepted tonight!

DDK:

When Minute first made the jump to wrestling in the United States at the age of 17, he wrestled right here in Houston and was a big fixture before he joined DEFIANCE through the BRAZEN program. Now, what a homecoming of sorts if Minute can pull off the upset! He has pinned Burns long ago, when the Sky High Titans as they were known then retained the Unified Tag Team Titles! Minute has done it in tag team action, but can he win the Dig Down Deep Challenge tonight? Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros...

Darren Quimbey is ready to go inside the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is the seventh edition of the Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge! This singles match will have a ten-minute time limit! If Minute can either defeat Oscar Burns or make it the ten minute time limit... the Golden Shovel will change hands! Introducing first...

And to ringside we go as a voice echoes loudly over the PA. Two spotlights swirl on stage.

*OSCAR BURNS MAY HAVE THE GOLDEN SHOVEL, BUT OSCAR BURNS CAN'T SOAR TO GREAT HEIGHTS
LIKE HIS OPPONENT CAN...*

*EVERYTHING IS BIGGER IN TEXAS... EXCEPT FOR OSCAR BURNS' EGO... AND HIS LOUD-ASS MOUTH.
WHAT A PUTA.*

*BUT HIS OPPONENT IS CLASSY AS EVER AND IS PROUD TO HAVE WRESTLED FOR YEARS IN HOUSTON,
TEXAS...*

Loud cheer from the Faithful!

YOU HELPED MAKE HIM WHO HE IS TODAY...

HE IS THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD!

HE IS...

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

The music plays and the two spotlights finally come together as Minute stands on the stage, arm raised and ready to fight! He wears a special black and brown mask get up with a bandit-style mask that gets him loud cheers from the fans!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... weighing in at 163 pounds... He is "The Most Interesting High Flyer In The World"... **MINUTE!**

In his new gear, Minute raises a hand and then runs toward the ring. When he gets there, he climbs to the apron and then leap up to the top rope, then to the adjacent corner, then backflips into the ring to a loud cheer! Minute pumps a fist for the raucous crowd!

DDK:

What an intro by Minute! We'll see how this match goes tonight, but he's ready!

Lance:

Minute is very decorated in his own right! Former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion. Former Favoured Saints Champion! He's very accomplished in singles and tag team competition and he's ready for tonight!

Minute does so as he awaits his opponent...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win in DEFIANCE! More recently, his recent wins in the Dig Down Deep Challenge series! After the highlights...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out comes the New Zealander, in his ring gear with the golden shovel raised high over his head! He points it at the ring and talks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

YOU MIGHT BE THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH-FLYER IN THE WORLD, GC, BUT **I... AM... DEFIANCE!**

He heads down to the ring and soaks in what he feels is adulation, but is jeered for his sanctimonious attitude. Oscar gets to the ring and traipses up the steel steps. He poses mid-apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring. He hands the golden shovel over to Jonny Fastcountini and then stares across from Minute.

DDK:

Clash of styles for sure! Burns, very accomplished grappler and striker. Minute, perhaps the most innovative high-flyer in DEFIANCE blending amazing aerial feats with powerful kicks. Styles make fights, Lance, and we're going to see a fight.

Lance:

No doubt about that.

Burns offers a handshake... Minute carefully approaches Burns and looks out to the crowd, who plead not to take it. Minute slowly and CAREFULLY does so...

DING DING

Burns tries to pull him into a short-arm clothesline, but Minute ducks quickly and hits the ropes, only to come back and CRACK Burns upside the head with a rolling wheel kick on the return! The Faithful cheer him on as Burns gets stumbled back to the corner!

DDK:

What a fast start! Minute is 100 miles per hour the whole time especially when Burns tried to take the cheap shot!

Lance:

And look at Minute go! Kicking away at Burns in the corner!

The diminutive dynamo fires away on the Kiwi with a flurry of harsh kicks to the midsection of Burns and then a few

forearms for good measure, until Burns grabs him and tries to throw him over the ropes. Minute leaps over and lands on his feet on the apron, then surprises the former two-time FIST with a leaping kick from the apron. When Burns staggers back, Minute connects with a big springboard dropkick!

Lance:

Fancy footwork by Minute! He lands that big springboard dropkick! ‘

Minute flips over and then does a front flip right to his feet! With Burns trying to find a safe ground in the corner, that proves to be wrong when Minute runs and hits a big running double knee strike to the chest! The fast shot doubles Burns over!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! They're going crazy! Not quite his hometown, but Minute was a fixture on the independent scene for a couple years in Texas before hitting it big with DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Burns retreating to the floor!

He tries to find a safe space quicker than Malak Garland by ducking out to the floor, but the Man Called DEFIANCE walks away when Minute tries to do a dive! Minute puts the brakes on with a handspring and lands on his feet. Burns tries to go to the adjacent side, but The Titan of the Skies comes at him like a speeding bullet, ROLLING through the bottom and middle rope with a cannonball suicide dive to the floor, knocking Burns on his backside!

DDK:

That was unreal! Oscar saw Minute coming, but he stopped himself and attacked from the adjacent direction with that cannonball suicide dive through the middle and bottom rope!

Lance:

Amazing!

Minute is sitting at ringside and celebrates, but needs to get Burns back into the ring. He tries to go get at Burns, but when he picks Oscar up, he gets pushed away and Burns tries to beat a hasty retreat.

DDK:

We found out in these Dig Down Deep Challenges last week, the Golden Shovel that Burns covets would not change hands on a DQ or countout, but I think Minute wants the pinfall win over Oscar!

Lance:

Without a doubt. That would be big things for Minute's career as we start a brand new year after DEFCON!

Minute gets back up to his feet, but when he tries a kick, Burns blocks it and spins him around. He catches Minute on his shoulder... then THROWS him into a release belly-to-back suplex onto the ring apron! The collective crowd cringes from the impact as Minute is left in agony while Burns takes a breather, trying to catch his breath after the damage inflicted early on from The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World.

DDK:

Excellent counter by Burns! He drops Minute with that big suplex on the ring apron. Now he's heading inside.

Lance:

Oscar looking for a second rebound win after that loss to Dex Joy. One of the best overall matches of the DEFCON weekend, but it looks like it's been bothering him. He was so sure he had Dex's number only to come up short.

Oscar grabs Minute by the side and then hooks him for a gutwrench. He hits gutwrench number one, but rolls through and keeps the smaller wrestler in his clutches. Burns picks him up for gutwrench suplex two! Then with a roll through, he heads for number three...

Oscar Burns:

DIG DOWN DEEP, HOUSTON!

And then a third gutwrench! He has Minute down and goes for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

The TJ Tornado gets the shoulder up in the nick of time while Oscar sits up and plots his next moves.

DDK:

If he works the back of Minute, it's harder for him to balance himself for some of the moves he does! Good strategy.

Lance:

It's really a shame Oscar Burns has gone the direction he has in these last six months. He's arguably at the top of his in-ring game right now and there's about five years worth of that in DEFIANCE.

Burns picks up Minute and then DRIVES him down into the move formerly known as the Back-Crack-a-Ma-Jig, now rejiggered as a simple belly-to-back backbreaker, almost breaking Minute in half! The brave young luchador arches his back in pain while Burns stands up and then looks out to the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE! *[stomping]* LET'S GO, BURNSIE! *[stomping]* LET'S GO, BURNSIE! *[stomping]*

He stomps on Minute to the tune of his own clapping while the crowd jeers collectively at the Man Called DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Burns with those stomps now. He used to be more deliberate with them when he worked over body parts, now it's... this.

Burns stands over Minute and lets the booing ring out as he soaks it in.

Lance:

No, don't boo him, you know what he's going to do...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar smirks. He's got 'em.

Oscar Burns:

-URNS!

Lance:

Ugh.

DDK:

Burns working over Minute's back has brought his gameplan to a screening halt. Oscar with another cover.

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The kickout happens, but Burns rolls Minute over and then starts to set him up again. He rocks Minute with a big European Uppercut and then sets him up for another suplex...

DDK:

Burns trying for another belly-to-back backbreak... NO! MINUTE WITH THE HEADLOCK TAKEOVER!

Minute quickly adjusts himself and then goes for a headlock takeover right into a cradle pin!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Close one! So close, but Burns kicks out... OHHH!

When Minute runs at Burns, he picks up Minute and then shoots him up before FLATTENING him with a big European Uppercut on the way down! Minute goes down hard and Burns goes for another cover!

ONE... TWO... THR-SHOULDER UP!

Burns looks at the clock with about seven minutes and Minute still hasn't been beat! Minute is still fighting as he gets to his stomach and tries to crawl up with the crowd cheering him on!

MINUTE! Clap-clap

MINUTE! Clap-clap

MINUTE! Clap-clap

DDK:

The fans want Minute to take this one! Can he do it?

Lance:

If he gets space, anything is possible!

Minute is stumbling up, trying to get back while Burns goes to hit another suplex. He hoists him up and then goes for an exploder... but Minute rolls out! The TJ Tornado stands his ground, but when Burns rushes at him... he gets a STIFF thrust kick for his troubles... followed by the Interceptor off the ropes! The springboard Tornado DDT connects while Minute is feeling the pain in his back!

DDK:

Desperation Interceptor by Minute!

Lance:

And once again, Burns ducks out to the floor! He's trying to keep away from Minute at all costs!

Minute's back is hurt, but he's running on adrenaline and energy from the Faithful as he fights to his feet. Burns is still reeling on the outside when he sees a fast-moving blur coming his way...

MIRAME TO THE OUTSIDE!

The Faithful let out an audible gasp as he hits the Space Flying Tiger Drop to the outside and wipes out Oscar Burns on the floor!

DDK:

MIRAME! MIRAME CONNECTS! WHAT AN AMAZING LEAP!

Minute wipes out Burns on the floor with the amazing maneuver, but it takes something out of him when he clutches onto his back. The TJ Tornado gets up and with the time about to go move, Minute helps push a rising Burns back under the ropes.

DDK:

Minute has him right where he wants Burns! Is he going for it?

The crowd goes crazy when Minute looks like he's going to go for the Minutiae, but with his back hurting him, he thinks

better of it! He then moves toward the corner as Burns tries to get back up... then RUNS the ropes and dives off with a HUGE corner dropkick! The rope-running corner dropkick FLOORS Burns!

Lance:

ESTRELLA FUGAZ! THE CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET! COVER HIM, MINUTE, COVER HIM!

Minute covers the legs of Burns!

ONE... TWO... THRE-KICKOUT!

The shoulder comes off the mat at the last possible nanosecond! So close, that Minute thought it was a three, but when Jonny Fastcountini holds up two hands, he gets two. The Faithful don't give up on Minute!

DDK:

Stay on him, kid, stay on him!

Minute measures Burns up and then hits him with another dropkick, then gets back to his feet and then heads to the middle of the apron while Burns is down.

DDK:

One minute left! One minute left! Come on, Minute!

He leaps up and then tries for it...

MINUTE DETA--KNEES UP! RIGHT INTO FIFTY!

DDK:

OH, GOD! MINUTE HIT THE KNEES OF OSCAR BURNS... THEN RIGHT INTO FIFTY! BURNS LOCKS IN FIFTY!

The hammerlock guillotine choke grounds Minute and Burns locks in the hold named after his celebratory fiftieth career victory recently in DEFIANCE! He locks the hold and Minute tries to fight, but between his back and being gut checked by the knees of Oscar... he moves the arms.

MINUTE! Clap-clap

MINUTE! Clap-clap

MINUTE! Clap-clap

The crowd continues to cheer their hometown-adjacent boy, but before long... the arm that keeps on moving...

Stops moving.

Then Fastcountini calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

The bell finally rings and Burns lets go of the hold before resting on the canvas! He throws his fists up in the air from the canvas, realizing how close he came to losing his coveted Golden Shovel.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...**OSCAR BURNS!**

Burns rolls over and then gets out of the ring. He doesn't stick around any longer than he has to. He goes over and snatches the Golden Shovel before earning his next victory. The crowd jeers as Burns starts heading up the ramp slowly, while basking in the jeers.

DDK:

What a match we just saw! Minute gave it all he had tonight, but that Fifty submission has choked out a lot of people since Burns started using it. Rezin. Conor Fuse. Dex Joy, among others!

Lance:

Indeed, we did! Minute has nothing to be ashamed of. He put up a great fight tonight and these people almost rooted him to a victory. If he had been able to use Minituae, we might have had a new... shovel-holder?

Burns walks by the commentary team and yells with the Golden Shovel in hand before he heads to the back.

After Burns goes to the back following his win, the fans of Houston give the young luchador a big ovation for his efforts tonight. He's barely able to come to, but he weakly raises his hands.

DDK:

Amazing effort from Minute and I mean that! This show means a lot to the folks who have wanted to see DEFIANCE on the road, but it's certainly special to people like Minute who may have ties to some of these venues!

Lance:

Absolutely. Great reception for Minute.

He barely has enough in him to get back to his feet... barely using the ropes to hold a hand up His back feels like mush, but he does raise a fist for the cheering crowd with Jonny Fastcountini holding him up.

DDK:

Wait a second, what is this? Lance, it looks like we have company...

A quick switch to a wider angle view from a crane-cam shows the viewers at home what DDK is on about, as three unmistakable forms can be seen sprinting down the ramp towards the ring as the crowd begins to boo.

Lance:

What?! The Cerberus? Keebs, what business do they have with Los Tres Titanes?

Victor Vacio circles to one side of the ring, Green Reaper to the other when suddenly both Fastcountini and Minute realize what's happening. Rick Dickulous stands at the end of the ramp with his arm extended, his index finger pointing directly at the exhausted luchador. Jonny Fastcountini begins to scold Vacio, but a cold, piercing stare makes the referee rethink and retreat to the ropes. Minute, barely able to stand, still somehow manages to attempt a defense. He looks from one side of the ring to the other before locking eyes with The Lumbergiant.

DDK:

The Cerberus seem to be....hunting? Is that what you call this?

Lance:

Whatever you call it, it's not looking good for fan-favourite Minute! I guess The Cerberus must feel brave here...

DDK:

Watch a little National Geographic Channel in your free time and you'll see what I mean. Minute is tired...hunters go after easy prey...it doesn't make it right though.

Rick extends his fingers and then forcefully closes them into a fist, and on cue Victor Vacio and Green Reaper slide under the ropes and immediately begin assaulting Minute. Jonny Fastcountini smartly hits the canvas and rolls clear of the ring while Rick Dickulous quickly uses the top rope to pull himself up onto the apron in a single motion, stepping over the ropes and joining in on the assault as the boos become more rage filled.

DDK:

The crowd is having none of this, partner, and I don't blame them! Someone get in the back and find Titaness and

Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

They've already left the building! We need someone to get out here to restore order! This is despicable!

DINGDINGDINGDINGDING

The bell rings in earnest as The Cerberus simply overwhelm Minute; a flurry of kicks and punches with the tenacity of a pack of dogs attacking an unfortunate stray cat. Minute hits the canvas, and the three continue the assault with stomps and kicks.

DDK:

We absolutely do, Lance.

With a cocky smile, Rick Dickulous lifts Minute's tiny body up with his arms outspread, Victor Vacio unleashes a brutal chop that leaves Minute squirming in pain, unable to cover up. Green Reaper follows suit with a second brutal chop that echoes through the arena, and finally The Lumbergiant drops Minute to the canvas squirming and writhing in pain.

DDK:

What do they think this proves!?

The big man motions for Minute to be picked up, and Vacio and Green Reaper oblige as they stand on either side of the tiny tussler each holding an arm. Rick bounces himself off the ropes and sends a massive boot into Minute's face that sends him flying backwards, landing with a crash and sitting on the mat in a heap with his back against the ropes.

Lance:

It proves The Cerebus are nothing more than opportunistic cut throats! Which given their allegiance to the Kabal is not surprising in the slightest!

DINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDING

This time the bell draws an outpouring of DEFSec members from the back as The Cerberus celebrate in the ring, the crowd, downright furious let out a cheer as security begins to rush the ring, but not before all three members of The Cerberus begin relentlessly stomping Minute's nigh lifeless body.

DDK:

For the love of god!

Drink cups, peanuts, and popcorn start raining down from the crowd in reaction as the beefy boys of DEFSec are able to pull The Kabal's attack dogs off of Minute and back into the opposite corner.

DDK:

It's about time!

Lance:

Darren, I have to imagine this won't go unanswered.

DDK:

I should hope not! While DEF Security clears the ring, I'm being told we are headed backstage with ADV and Tom Morrow

Cut to backstage.

ONE STAR

Backstage.

Tom Morrow in a wheelchair and neckbrace.

Alvaro de Vargas next to him, arms folded.

Tom Morrow:

Texas! The Lone Star State! Seeing the people out there, Al... I agree. I agree with it all.

He smirks.

Tom Morrow:

...Because out of five stars possible, I'd give this shithole just one star, too.

Boos erupt from the crowd watching like a volcano.

Tom Morrow:

Earlier tonight... Jack Mace got EXACTLY what he deserved by Alvaro de Vargas. BAM! BAM! BAM! Chair shot all across his body! Everything he did to me at DEFCON, Alvaro repaid in full! But right now, we're here to talk about two things. First, the ACE of DEFIANCE Special. Al, take it away.

Alvaro de Vargas is dressed in his ring gear.

Alvaro de Vargas:

The ACE of DEFIANCE belongs to ME! I am THROUGH with letting petty little pendejos stand in the way of mi destino! Too long, I've settled grudges. I've dealt with people being jealous of my natural gifts. Now it's time to put gold around the waist to match that!

Morrow nods beside him... then winces because of his neck "injury."

Alvaro de Vargas:

Siete de las estrellas más brillantes... seven rising stars... but the other SIX of you will learn why *I* am El Sol Dorado! Let's run them down, Senor Morrow.

Tom Morrow holds up one finger as Alvaro speaks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

El pequeño copo de nieve malacho Malak Garland. The bitchy little Snowflake who's only achievements are being carried by other wrestlers and holding a title made of actual fucking paper! Your mouth don't make you a star like me... it makes you un objetivo... a TARGET.

Morrow with two fingers.

Alvaro de Vargas:

And his new little pendejo sidekick, Conor Fuse. You're a little kid and unlike you and copo de nieve, I WON at DEFCON! I will drop you on your head one more time, pendejo, and unlike your pretend fireballs in your shitty little video games... mine are real.

Now three.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Tu hermano Tyler Fuse, the older brother in a neverending goth phase. Mr. "Don't Care About Winning Titles" will continue to not win titles when he's in this match with me. The ACE is MINE. You've hurt people, Tyler and you've got a small list going, but something other men are used to hearing around someone like me comes around... mine's

bigger!

Four fingers.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Rezin... the pendejo that looks more like a catalytic converter thief than a wrestler. I don't give a shit about punk rock because it sounds like guitars fucking. Pareces la basura que paso por encima and you will continue to be stepped on.

Five.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Dr. Ned Reform... you profess your intelligence but if you were TRULY smart, you'd do well to stay out of my way. Hay mucho espacio en mi lista de víctimas de quemaduras para agregar una más. Plenty of room on the Burn Victims list for one more...

Six fingers. And Alvaro can't hide a smile.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Oooh... and Henry Keyes, el dirigible pirata... I said all I needed to when I burned your face, beat you all across the WrestlePlex and generously allowed Corvo Alpha my sloppy seconds. You of all the other pendejos... you know the ACE BELONGS TO ME! Because I am EL SOL DORADO! AND THIS MATCH... EVERYTHING REVOLVES AROUND ME! THE ONE STAR! THE BRIGHTEST STAR!

ADV lets out a side smirk.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Ver esta noche. That brings me to subject number two... Watch what I do to Kerry Kuroyama. He's tough. One of the toughest in DEFIANCE ... pero yo soy el más fuerte! Tonight, I beat him... then next week... I beat all of you!

Black.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT'S ACE of DEFIANCE

FIST of DEFIANCE
Deacon © vs. Dex Joy

ACE of DEFIANCE
****winner calls their shot and stipulation for a future FIST of DEFIANCE match!***
HENRY KEYES vs. MALAK GARLAND vs. CONOR FUSE vs. TYLER FUSE vs. REZIN vs. ALVARO de VARGAS vs. DR. NED REFORM

STATUS REPORT

Off the commercial break, the scene is on Lance Warner and Darren Keebler.

DDK:

Folks, after DEFCON Gage Blackwood was [viciously assaulted](#) in the parking lot by two unknown attackers. The events were captured on our security cameras and revealed at last week's UNCUT. I'm being told, the medical condition of Gage Blackwood is not good.

Lance:

Correct, partner. Gage suffered a separate shoulder and a core tear of one of his shoulder muscles. He also suffered a concussion and other various injuries. All this being said, I'm told Gage Blackwood will be out for a significant period of time. Looking at something around six months to a year.

DDK:

Awful news.

Lance:

For a guy who always was proud of being able to work through pain and wrestling injured, this gutless attack was something he is unable to quickly come back from.

DDK:

We wish Gage Blackwood an extremely speedy recovery. We hope his attackers and motives are understood, soon.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. ALVARO DE VARGAS

DDK:

It's been an EXCITING two nights! We're on our first show on the road with our UNCUT: ACE of DEFIANCE Special next week. One of those seven competitors is in action in our main event when Alvaro de Vargas takes on none other than "Seattle's Beast" Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

The former two-time Favoured Saints Champion took a narrow loss to Tyler Fuse at DEFCON while Alvaro was on the winning side of a six-man tag against Los Tres Titanes. ADV had some pointed words for both the other ACE of DEFIANCE competitors as well as Kerry, but Kerry will make him eat every word.

DDK:

After that sudden defeat to Tyler Fuse, Kerry Kuroyama is looking to rebound and if he defeats ADV tonight, he could perhaps make a last-minute case to be included in that ACE of DEFIANCE match! Either way tonight, two of DEFIANCE's rising stars take the main event! We go to Darren Quimbey for the intros!

To Quimbey we go for the last match of Night Two!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington... he weighs in at 246 lbs... the Pacific Blitzkrieg, **KERRY KUROYAMA!**

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

House lights come low as green and white strobes light up the stage. The music builds until the Pacific Blitzkrieg makes an epic entrance through the curtain to a massive ovation from the Faithful! After a moment to pose at the head of the ramp to allow for a fireworks display going off behind him, he makes his way to the ring.

DDK:

Kerry looks as serious as I've seen him. DEFCON left a sour taste in his mouth and a win here tonight would be a great palate cleanser.

Lance:

ADV has been on top of his game especially since he settled that grudge with Henry Keyes. I'm looking forward to this.

Kuroyama tears off his silver-with-green-trim robe before sliding into the ring and bursting up to his feet. He calmly awaits the appearance for Alvaro de Vargas. But first, he gets Tom Morrow wheeling himself out onto the ramp in a bright red suit, matching red neck brace and his BFTA Bluetooth headset switched on. It's plugged into the arena.

Tom Morrow:

Despite my brush with near-death being TRAPPED in a cage with that wild animal, Jack Mace...

Cheers for the beating Morrow received. He's not happy with that interruption, but he continues.

Tom Morrow:

...I'm still alive! So suck it down, all of you rednecks! I'm here to introduce your NEXT ACE of DEFIANCE! He stands six-foot eight and weighs in at 274 pounds! EL SOL DORADO... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in wrestling gear - dark purple tights with orange and yellow flames, 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 a scowl to match. He looks out to either side of the jeering stage and smiles from behind his sunglasses before bumping fists with Morrow. ADV takes off the glasses and hoodie, then hands them to Morrow, all without taking his eye off Kerry Kuroyama. ADV struts to the ring fueled by confidence as he walks to the ring. Kerry's eyes don't leave Alvaro's as he climbs into the ring. Once inside and both competitors are ready, Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

At the sound of the bell, Kerry takes off like an Olympic sprinter and goes right for a single leg on the taller ADV! He backs The Cocky Cuban right into the corner! ADV tries to fight him off, but Kerry is a shark smelling blood right now!

DDK:

Hot start by Kerry! He's still incensed after that loss to Tyler Fuse at DEFCON. He was also within inches of being our Southern Heritage Champion, had it not been for Fuse.

Lance:

And Kerry wants this win!

ADV shakes off Kerry from the corner, but Seattle's Beast strikes him with a STIFF elbow smash to the side of the head! The smack can be heard loudly and Kerry can't have just one... he lays right into Alvaro with more big shots to the head of Alvaro! He throws another, then tries to take the leg out from under de Vargas once again! ADV fights back with a big elbow to the back of Kerry's head, stunning him before he runs off the ropes and runs right through him with a big running shoulder! After bowling him over, ADV checks his jaw from the elbow. When everything is in place, he arrogant sneers down at the Seattleite.

DDK:

Big knockdown by ADV! He goes to the ropes...

Lance:

No! Kerry takes him down!

When ADV comes back, Kerry shoots up from the mat and then takes him down with a single leg! He takes him down and then jumps over ADV's body to roll him up into the Gedo Clutch!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

ADV BARELY escapes and backs up while Kerry looks at him, stone-faced. He's not playing around, as noted when he eats a running elbow smash to the face! ADV nurses his jaw and stumbles back into the corner while Kerry eggs him on. Tom Morrow watches the action from the floor in his wheelchair.

DDK:

Kerry is aggressive coming out the gate and it's throwing ADV off his game! And he knows it!

ADV charges at Kerry, but Kerry sidesteps and pushes El Sol Dorado into the corner before snapping him back with a big German suplex! The crowd cheers as he rolls over and hangs on... SECOND German suplex! ADV is left on dream street when The Pacific Blitzkrieg tries to pull him up. He tries to take ADV over with another German suplex, but Alvaro kicks his legs to keep from going over, then smacks Kerry with a back elbow. When he's stunned, ADV runs to the ropes... NO! Kerry grabs him by the waistband and pulls him up... RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

Lance:

ADV tries to stop Kerry from hitting the trifecta, but he falls short! Cover by Kerry!

Kerry hooks the high leg!

ONE... TWO... NO!

ADV kicks out again and Morrow is incensed on the outside. The eight-thousand strong filling the Texas Southern University are roaring in approval for Kerry as he dizzies ADV with another big elbow, followed by an uppercut. When he is brought to a knee, Kuroyama charges off the ropes and then nails Alvaro with Legitimate Japanese Businessman Kick to the face! The shot sends him to the ropes and he decides to take a powder from the ring. Kerry paces around like an animal stalking the territory he controls and the Faithful are loving it!

DDK:

Kerry on top of his game right now! He's staying on top of ADV and hasn't given him much breathing room!

Lance:

You don't see Alvaro too often being put on the back foot like this!

Kuroyama has him reeling. He looks over at Morrow, who's on the other side of the ring as he slips out and then goes to the floor. Alvaro tries to take a breather and gets away from Kerry, but when Kuroyama approaches him, Morrow tries to wheel his way over. Kerry stops him with a glare and Morrow hits reverse in his chair a little too fast, then hits the barricade! He curses out loud while the fans laugh...

DDK:

Look out!

The distraction is all ADV needs to grab Kerry and DRIVE him back-first into the barricade! Kerry gets the wind knocked him out of him, but things go from bad to worse when ADV turns him around then RAMS him into the ring apron now! Kerry gets brought down to a knee on the outside while ADV checks his lip again. He then steps slowly onto the apron...

Lance:

ADV takes advantage of that nuisance, Tom Morrow, and his distraction..... NO WAY! CANNONBALL FROM ADV OFF THE APRON!

ADV rolls off the apron with a HUGE cannonball apron dive, wiping out both himself and Kerry! The Cocky Cuban is the first to sit up after the landing, then shouts in Spanish before he picks Kerry up and then places him back inside the ring. The crowd jeers ADV as he stands up and then climbs back into the ring.

DDK:

That rolling cannonball off the apron is one of ADV's biggest weapons and now he's got Kerry up in the corner...

He rocks Kerry with a big corner clothesline! Kerry gets gut-checked by the stiff shot, then ADV pats him lightly on the chin.

ADV:

Be right back, pendejo.

ADV with another run cross-corner before coming back with a second corner clothesline! He throws Kerry out of the corner, then positions himself on the second rope. He measures him up... then dives off with a double foot stomp! Kerry howls out in pain after the stomp while ADV stands up and holds his hands out for a jerring crowd.

BOOO!

DDK:

What a lethal combination of moves! ADV in control! Lateral press on Kerry!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Kerry powers out with his legs! Alvaro growls like a dog at the official and then goes back to trying to punish Seattle's Beast. He throws a right hand to the back of Kerry, then another knee to the chest. He screams in the face of The Pacific Blitzkrieg...

Lance:

Ooh! ADV trying to talk trash, but Kerry nails him with a palm strike!

The blow catches ADV by surprise and he's stunned on his feet while the Faithful pop! Kerry gets up and then comes off the ropes... but ADV nails him with a big back elbow of his own! He drops Kerry down to the mat, but de Vargas doesn't go for a cover. Rather, he waits as Kerry tries to get up... then gets dropped with a big running knee to the chest!

DDK:

Abajo Vas! The running knee strike to the chest lands flush!

De Vargas goes into another cover by hooking a leg!

ONE... TWO... SHOULDER UP!

The shoulder from Kerry rises up, so ADV moves himself behind him and locks in a chin lock/half-nelson combo, trying to twist the head and neck of The Pacific Blitzkrieg!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama not going quietly, but great work right here by ADV staying on top of him! He's got that hold cinched in tight!

Kerry tries to fight back while ADV stands over him, still working the neck lock. Tom Morrow shouts on the outside for Kerry to tap out and live to fight another day, Seattle's Beast ignores him and tries fighting his way out while the crowd cheer him on.

KERRY! KERRY! KERRY! KERRY! KERRY!

The former two-time Favoured Saints Champion doesn't pay attention to the people cheering him on, so much as fires elbows into the chest of Alvaro get him to release the hold. Alvaro tries to crank further back, but Kerry goes with it and then finally elbows his way free. Alvaro releases the hold only to fire an open-handed chop at Kerry. Kuroyama reels back, but The Pacific Blitzkrieg BLISTERS him with a big chop of his own! The shot stings ADV, but he fires back with one of his own. Then Kerry! Then Alvaro. Then Kerry. Then Alvaro. Kerry. Alvaro. Kerry. Alvaro. Kerry. Alvaro. Kerry! Alvaro! Kerry! Alvaro!

DDK:

OUCH! Listen to these shots! They are beating the hell out of each other!

The crowd applauds the vicious chop fight between the two, but when Kerry fires another one, ADV returns fire... with an eye rake! Rex Knox reprimands him, but ADV charges off the ropes. He tries a running big boot, but Kerry ducks, then returns fire with STIFF Discus Elbow that knocks Alvaro out on his feet!

DDK:

What a shot! Kerry this the roaring elbow... Now what?

Lance:

Double underhook... wait, can he get Alvaro up?

He struggles at first, then POWERS Alvaro up to a HUGE gasp from the crowd into a huge double underhook

backbreaker!

DDK

Black Mountain Bomb!

Lance:

He got it! Kerry is slow to the cover because of the weight down on his knee, but he makes the cover! Hooking the leg!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The shoulder comes out at two, but Kerry knows that he's back in the driver's seat as he sits up, already plotting his next moves! Morrow is sweating bullets from his wheelchair outside and roots for Alvaro to get back up. Both the chests of Alvaro and Kerry look like dog meat from their chop battle, but Kerry fights through the pain and gets up to punish ADV further. He drills him with an elbow, but Alvaro returns fire with a hefty straight right hand of his own that almost doubles Seattle's Beast over.

DDK:

What a right by Alvaro! Is he...

He doubles over Kerry with a boot and then has him set up in the standing headscissors position.

Lance:

He's looking for Ardiendo!

Alvaro manages to elevate Kerry up, but he kicks his legs to make him loosen his grip. Alvaro drops Kerry... then Kerry POWERS Alvaro up on his shoulders into a modified waterwheel drop!

DDK:

No! Kerry counters Ardiendo! And he's going for the legs...

Then Kerry has him trapped in the Cascadia Cloverleaf! Alvaro cries out in pain as he wrenches back on the hold!

DDK:

CASCADIA CLOVERLEAF! HE'S GOT IT! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN ON ALVARO DE VARGAS! IS HE GOING TO TAP?!

The Faithful are at an all-time high with with cheers as Alvaro cries out in pain with Kerry having the hold locked in! He continues to claw toward the ropes, but Alvaro is having a hell of a time doing so.

Lance:

Is Alvaro going to tap out?!

Kerry calls out for Alvaro to tap out... but Morrow does quick thinking and reaches up to push the ropes a little closer to Alvaro so he can reach the ropes!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

He helped him out, Knox! Morrow handed him the ropes to save his client!

Lance:

Uh-oh... and I think Kerry sees it, too!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg releases the hold and stares down Morrow... but before he can, Alvaro sneaks up behind him

with a big roll-up!

ONE... TWO... THR-NO!

Kuroyama explodes out of the cover in the nick of time and Alvaro is irate! He yells at Knox and is slow to move due to his back, but when he sees Kerry charging in... HE PULLS KNOX IN BETWEEN THEM! All three men hit the canvas while the Faithful jeer the questionable tactic!

Lance:

No! Rex Knox got the worst of that collision! He's down and out!

DDK:

Alvaro knew what he was doing! Kerry had him right there!

Kerry checks on Rex... and when he's doing that, Alvaro swings and then tries a right hand... Kerry sees it coming and catches him with a back elbow to save himself before he runs off the ropes and hits the Green River Revolt to the back!

DDK:

NO! Alvaro tried the cheap shot and it backfired huge! Green River Revolt knee strike to the back of the head! That has to be all!

After Alvaro gets planted, Kerry rolls him over goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO.... THREE... FOUR... FIVE...

The Faithful continue to count, but Rex still isn't up yet! Kerry covered Alvaro out of instinct, but when he sees Rex is out in the corner, he gets frustrated!

Lance:

That cover by Kerry was instinctual! But he had the win!

DDK:

Rex is still out! He just realized it!

Kerry goes over to get hold of Rex Knox. He rushes over to the ropes and tries to get Rex Knox up... but when that happens, a pair of arms grabs him from out of nowhere and PULLS Kerry into the buckle face-first! The hooded figure that does it creeps away of sight, but not before the camera catches a glimpse of the man...

DDK:

THAT'S... THAT'S TYLER FUSE! TYLER FUSE JUST BLINDSIDED KERRY AND PULLED HIM INTO THAT BUCKLE!

Tyler Fuse hides out of site of the official just as Tom Morrow yells at Alvaro to get up and see what just happened. Rex Knox starts to come around as a stunned Kerry tries to stand... then gets DROPPED with a massive spinning backfist from Alvaro de Vargas!

DDK:

Oh, my God! Garre del Tigre connects!

Alvaro collapses right on top of Kerry and then hooks the legs as tightly as he can while the Houston Faithful vocalize their displeasure! Rex Knox slowly makes the crawl over and slaps the mat...

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

Alvaro quickly climbs off of his opponent and then rolls out of the ring, getting jeered out of the building!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

The Cocky Cuban hobbles alongside the motorized wheelchair of Tom Morrow and raises his arms in triumph while on the outside, Tyler Fuse silently revels in being the antagonistic shadow of Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse cost Kerry yet another match! The Southern Heritage Title, DEFCON, and now this... how much more can he take away from Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

I don't know! This grudge goes beyond maybe even what we understand!

DDK:

We hate to see such a great match end on such a controversial note, but we are out of time, folks! Next week, we have a the ACE of DEFIANCE Special for UNCUT live from the Curtis Culwell Center in Garland, Texas! We have Deacon making his first defense of the FIST of DEFIANCE against "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy! All that and more! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Thank your for joining us tonight and so long!

The final shots are ADV and Tom Morrow on top of the ramp, reveling in the hate of the crowd while a last-moment shot sees Tyler Fuse staring down Kerry Kuroyama, finally coming around and realizing what just happened.

And that if he has his way, there will be hell to pay.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.