

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Oklahoma City welcomes DEFIANCE! The Jim Norick Arena is HYPED! 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!

WRESTLEPLEX WRESTLEPLEX WRESTLEPLEX WRESTLEPLEX WRESTLEPLEX FIST CHAMPIONSHIP
HENRY KEYES AWOKE SOMETHING WITHIN ME
HAS ANYONE EVER SEEN NED REFORM'S DIPLOMAS?
LORD NIGEL ISN'T HAVING A GOOD TIME
REZIN SMOKES MIDS
PLEASE SNS, SHUT VAE VICTIS UP
JONATHAN-CHRISTOPHER HALL 4 FIST
DEX WRECKING CREW UNION MEMBER LOCAL 69
CRAP, WHAT COLOR DO WE WEAR ON THURSDAYS??
EMOLLIENTS!!!
PETITION TO RENAME TACO NIGHTS TO TA COLE NIGHTS
OPHELIA CAN MANAGE ME
LUCKY SEVENS = 2 DEFIANT 4 DEFIANCE
I THINK SCOTTY FLASH OWNS A WHITE CHARGER
DONT TRUST THAT BALLYHO
THE GUY NEXT TO ME WAS DRIVING
DEX JOY FOR PRESIDENT
OKLAHOMA HATES REFORM
CORVO ILL BE YOUR FRIEND TOO
HAMBURGERS MUST BE HEARTBROKEN OVER KEYES
RIP JESSICA
DEX CAN WRECK THIS
I DONT KNOW WHAT VAE VICTIS MEANS BUT IM SCARED EITHER WAY
OKIES 4 REZIN
KERRY'S STORM WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A TRICKLE

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: HENRY KEYES Â© vs. REZIN

Lance:

We have a great lineup here on Night Two of DEFtv 170! Tyler Fuse will take on David Fox in what is sure to be a technical showcase, Gulf Coast Connection faces the unique new team of Butcher Victorious and Justin Sane, and in our main event, trios action! Jack Mace teams with the Saturday Night Specials against the BFTA trio of Alvaro de Vargas and the Lucky Sevens! But first-

Just as Lance is about to announce the opener, we see Rezin and Henry Keyes tumble out of the back, grappling and flailing at each other slowly down the ramp!

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Championship will be defended by "The Kraken" Henry Keyes and a man who knows him EXTREMELY well, "The Escape Artist" REZIN!

Lance:

Better yet, a man who KNEW him extremely well, Keebs! The man on the wrong end of the Balcony Bulldog has not been seen since DEFROAD, the Airship Pirate is gone! Henry Keyes is now The Kraken!

DDK:

Referee Carla Ferrari is running out now, trying to get these men separated and directed toward the ring!

Keyes and Rezin continue to trade shots as they roll over each other all the way to the ring apron. Carla has the Favoured Saints championship in her arms and yells at the men to get into the ring so she can ring the bell. They don't listen at first, instead continuing to exchange blows.

Lance:

We understand this match was booked almost IMMEDIATELY after the ACE of DEFIANCE ladder match, where Rezin went out of his way to save Keyes on multiple occasions and Henry chose to not return the favor!

DDK:

The Favoured Saints champ denied the favor, and Rezin is bound and determined to knock some sense into his old friend!

Carla shouts something extra threatening, and both men finally disengage, roll into the ring, separate into opposing corners, and catch their respective breaths. Carla holds up the championship belt, hands it to someone at ringside before signaling for the bell.

DING DING

Both men are already sweating and breathing heavily. Champion and challenger slowly approach each other at the center of the ring, exchanging words that can't be picked up. The conversation gets heated, as Rezin furiously shakes his head and Henry wears a scowl. The two of them are practically chest to chest as it escalates into a full shouting match.

The Goat Bastard accusingly jabs a finger into the champion's chest, and Keyes angrily shoves him away. Rezin shoves him back, and...

WHAP!

OOOooohhh...

Keyes paws him with a loud SLAP that leaves him staggering a few steps. Rezin takes a beat to rub the soreness in his jaw... then, looking into the crowd, a beguiling grin forms on his face. In flash, the fists go flying!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

HERE - WE - GO!! This match almost immediately descends into an absolute BRAWL between former friends, as Henry Keyes and Rezin are absolutely laying into each other without remorse!

Lance:

We saw how Henry Keyes was ice cold in his match with Conor Fuse - this feels different, MUCH more heated!

Keyes' left hand clinches Rezin around the back of the neck, trapping his head as pummels the face with his right and leads him across the ring. Rezin responds with a head clinch of his own and pivots, dumping Henry into the corner! Rezin furiously punches away while the champion tries to cover up, but when he steps back to introduce his feet into the fight with a high kick, the Kraken blocks the leg.

DDK:

Keyes off the block, grabs Rezin by the BEARD--and YANKS HIM into a SICKENING HEADBUTT!

Lance:

That's - I guess it's not *cheating*, but it's damn dirtier than we're used to seeing from Keyes!

Rezin reels off the headbutt, clutching his nose, and Keyes runs out of the corner looking for a bulldog--but the Escape Artist deftly DUCKS, twirls him around, and recommences throwing wild rights and lefts! The champion responds with a flurry of punches of his own, and the crowd noise from the Okie Faithful nearly blows the roof off of the Jim Norick Arena!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Lance:

Neither man is letting up!

DDK:

This has not started out as a catch-as-catch-can contest, but the Faithful are into it and so am I!

The Goat Bastard begins gaining an edge... until the champion dips down with a shoulder tackle, and both men spill through the ropes to the outside! They scramble off the floor and immediately go back to trading shots, dancing out of control as they wrangle for leverage and stumble off the harder hits.

Lance:

They're bouncing off the barricade and apron like it was HUMAN PINBALL out there!

DDK:

And here's Keyes going for the TILT, instinctively scooping Rezin off his feet after a missed right, and--GOOD GOD, HE JUST DROVE HIM BACK FIRST into the steel ring post...

...

...and GOOD GOD, HE JUST DID IT A SECOND TIME!!

The crowd "oohs" in pain as Keyes drops the twisted mess of Rezin on the floor, and takes a beat to regain his senses after the numerous hits to the head. The Escape Artist is slowly in the process of recovering, until a knee shot leaves him stunned and the champion tosses him back into the ring by the head before Carla reaches the count of seven.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is returning this fight to the ring! Rezin is still squirming around the mat in pain, but now Keyes rolls him over and makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Be as it may, Henry Keyes now has gained full control of this match thanks to taking advantage of the ringside environment.

Keyes rolls Rezin onto his belly, clasps his hands under the chin, and torments his former friend by stretching him up into a camel clutch, wrenching back on the neck and spine! Rezin's face looks like a Total Recall special effect, and he likewise makes Arnold's agony noises.

Rezin:

AAAYYEE!!!AAUUGGHHA AOOGHYEAAUUGGH!!

Lance:

I think he covered all the vowels there...

DDK:

And sometimes 'Y'.

Carla leans in looking for a tap, but the Goat Bastard DEFIANTly shakes his head and refuses to submit! Like a body contortionist, he twists and writhes his arms free until he can pry away Keyes' hands and slip out through the back door!

DDK:

And just like that, Rezin ESCAPES the submission attempt! Back on his feet now, as the Favoured Saints Champion comes around the LARIAT--DUCKED by Rezin--and he COUNTERS with the NECKBREAKER!

Lance:

Great turnaround! But can Rezin capitalize?

Rezin pulls himself to his feet, but has to stretch out his aching back before he can stay on top of the champ. Keyes begins pushing himself up, but keenly sees Rezin coming off the ropes, and at the last moment avoids a CURBSTOMP from the Goat Bastard by grabbing the leg.

DDK:

NO!! Rezin gets swept to the mat... Henry Keyes has him now in the STRETCH MUFFLER! That's even further punishment to Rezin's spine!

Lance:

More traditional of an execution than he had in his match against Conor Fuse, it looks like Keyes has really started to master this brutal submission hold!

Rezin again shakes off the ref and begins to twist himself out from under Keyes knee, but Henry, knowing exactly what he's attempting, quickly throws Rezin's leg off his neck to transition into wheelbarrow position and hoists the Goat Bastard off the canvas!

DDK:

WHEELBARROW FACEBUSTER by the Favoured Saints Champion before Rezin had a chance to escape again! Now he rolls him over onto his back and hooks the legs with a mounted pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Rezin SITS UP and SLAPS ON THE CABRO CLUTCH!!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Off the pin attempt, Rezin's legs are in the perfect position to trap Henry into a body scissor while he wraps up the arms and locks in the choke! Keyes desperately flails and twists in an attempt to roll himself out of it, but can't get himself over!

DDK:

The tables have turned in this Favoured Saints Title match! Rezin has that choke locked in, and Keyes has nowhere to go!

Lance:

This was the comeback the Escape Artist needed to stay in this battle. Keyes didn't anticipate finding himself in this position.

DDK:

And how does he find his way out of it?

Unable to go left or right, Henry instead goes back, pushing off his heels to elevate his back and rolls Rezin's shoulders to the mat!

DDK:

Ferrari making the count!

ONE!

TWO!

REZIN BREAKS THE HOLD to get the shoulder up!

Lance:

And now Keyes has the space to break free!

The Kraken elbows, kicks, and snaps his way out of Rezin's body scissor, twists himself around into the full-guard position, and proceeds to relentlessly punch the Goat Bastard's face and head until he breaks himself free. Carla leans in to check on Rezin, lying stunned on the canvas. He doesn't stay there long as Henry brushes by the official and peels him back off the mat.

DDK:

Keyes practically pummeled his way out of the Cabro Clutch, and now he seeks to press his advantage, getting Rezin back up onto a set of rubber legs! Keyes lifts him from BEHIND... and DRILLS HIM on the knee after the ATOMIC DROP!

Lance:

Even more punishment to the spine of Rezin...

Rezin agonizingly knee-walks around the ring, clutching at his lower back. The look on Henry Keyes' face is one of cold, inhuman determination, grabbing Rezin from behind and wrenching him into a Dragon Sleeper while he's still on his knees!

DDK:

"The Kraken" is on a mission to break the Escape Artist in HALF here tonight, driving that knee right into the spine as he pulls back on the Dragon Sleeper!

Lance:

He has to know full well that Rezin will refuse to tap any submission, and may escape anything he twists him into. But on the other hand, he's sending a direct message to his former friend right now: "The longer you continue to push this, the more I *will* hurt you!"

DDK:

But how much pain and punishment can Rezin take until he chooses to back down? Does he even HAVE a limit?!

Ferrari checks Rezin for a submission, but it's Keyes who waves her off, telling her to not even bother. He rubs salt into the wound by grinding Rezin's spine back and forth over his knee.

Rezin:

GLUAAAAAAHHGGHH!!

Through the back-and-forth motion, Rezin manages to get one of his knees up onto a foot, and suddenly has leverage. Instinctively, his free arm wraps around Henry's head, pulling him into a three-quarter facelock!

DDK:

INTO THE --

NO!!

Keyes scouts Rezin's finisher and boots him away just as the Goat Bastard pushes him off the mat and attempts to flip behind him. Rezin instead crashes to the mat. Animal instinct drives him to push himself back to his feet, but the Kraken puts him right down again with a running BOOT to his head!

DDK:

YAKUUZAAAA KICK nearly takes Rezin's head off! Keyes drops across his chest! To retain the CHAMPIONSHIP...

ONE!

TWO!!

THR -- KICKOUT!!

RRRAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Keyes scowls at Ferrari; not in a way that would suggest he doesn't agree with the count, but one that seems to personally loathe having to continue this.

Lance:

Keyes right now looks like my dad when he took my first dog Fonzi to go live on that farm after he got sick.

DDK:

...you had a dog named Fonzi?

After a beat, Keyes is on his feet, circling and measuring Rezin. He beckons Rezin to "Get the hell up!", and when he finally does-

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK BY KEYES?!!

Lance:

Not quite squarely though! Rezin's still on his feet!

Rezin stumbles a bit from the impact of Keyes' imperfect spinning heel kick; Keyes stumbles as well as he regains his balance from the attempt. As Rezin spins around, we see enormous rage in his eyes as he yells out, swinging his arms forward...

Rezin:

AHHHHHHHHHHH

CRRRRRRRACK!!!

DDK:

..!!!BELLLLLLLLLLLL CLAP!?? MY GOD, LANCE!

Lance:

Eugh, GROTESQUE! Rezin's quite a bit shorter than Henry, so rather than hitting him in the temple, Rezin reached up and smacked Keyes in the NECK!

Henry coughs and drops, clutching at his throat and sputtering in an attempt to catch his breath! Rezin quickly shoves Henry to his back and cinches both legs!

DDK:

NEW CHAMPION??

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE -- KICKOUT!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Lance:

Two point nine-nine if I ever SAW it!

Keyes just LURCHES with all the core strength he can muster! He goes bug-eyed with the realization of how close he came to losing and scrambles as quickly as he can to his feet. Keyes lunges forward, swinging his arms almost by instinct, because for all anyone can tell, there is NO way he could have clocked the timing of Rezin getting to his own feet, with perfect timing for...

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

Rezin:

BLEEARRRRRRRRRK~!

DDK:

BELLLLLL CLAP! He got ALL of that one!

Rezin drops to his forearms and knees. Keyes coughs again and his eye is WIDE with panic at the damage he's received! With desperation, he grasps Rezin's wrists and launches his knee into Rezin's mush...and without hesitation, he does it a second time.

OHHHHH....OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Two Coins from Keyes!! He's just collapsed over Rezin's chest, holding onto his own throat!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, and STILLLLLLLLLL THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION....."THE KRAKEN"! HENRYYYYYYYYYY
KEEEEEEEEEYES!

Keyes grabs his championship and clutches it close for a brief moment - then suddenly, he collects himself, gives one last small cough, and regains his composure. He holds the Favoured Saints Championship high into the air, eye not breaking its stare into Rezin, to a very loud reaction that starts with lower-voiced cheers but steadily grows in boos, especially in the higher-voiced fans..

Lance:

We just witnessed a vicious brawl between two men who, when they first met in 2020, would easily see the fan reactions flipped around from where they are right now! A HUGE portion of this crowd is booing Keyes for that brutal finishing sequence!

DDK:

I think it's safe to say that if Henry is willing to do that to not only Conor Fuse, but to REZIN?? He's planning on delivering many many more Coins before he's done.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

BUT WHOSE SIDE ARE THEY ON!?

Backstage in front of a DEFIANCE banner stands Jamie Sawyers, but he's not alone. On either side of him are the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions: Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, The Saturday Night Specials. Next to Cassidy, wearing new attire that matches the SNS red and black color scheme is their new manager, Ophelia Sykes. Brock has a championship belt slung over his shoulder as does Cassidy. The remaining three can be found with their new manager: Ophelia has one wrapped around her slim waist and two more draped over each shoulder. Covered in gold, Sykes smirks as she looks into the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions and the newest addition to their team, Ophelia Sykes. Gentlemen...

Ophelia snatches the mic away from Sawyers.

Ophelia Sykes:

Actually, that's "Bally Cat" Ophelia Sykes from here on out, Jamie.

She returns the mic to the DEFIANCE interviewers.

Jamie Sawyers:

I stand corrected. "Bally Cat" Ophelia Sykes. Anyway, you two are moments away from tonight's main event, a huge six man tag against your long time rivals, Better Future Talent Agency. Is tonight the night you both feel that you finally put this issue to bed?

Brock Newbludd steps up to the plate to field that one.

Brock Newbludd:

Better Future Talent Agency...more like Buncha Fuckin' Talentless Assholes. Listen, Jamie, people like the BFTA don't ever go away. Tom Morrow's spirit animal is a cockroach and his personality is infectious like genital herpes. Shit ain't ever gonna be put to bed when it comes to us and the BFTA, and that's just fine with us. Your boys here know how to take care of the BFTA. We know how to cut overgrown dickheads like The Lucky Sevens and ADV down to size. But, most importantly, we know how to do it under the brightest lights of them all. The main event, baby.

Sawyers turns to Pat Cassidy.

Jamie Sawyers:

There's a lot of variables in tonight's match, but not the least of which is the fact that in your corner you have The Lucky Seven's former manager, Ophelia Sykes. How does that change your dynamic, and... can you really trust her?

Cassidy smirks. He jerks his thumb toward Ophelia.

Pat Cassidy:

She's standing right here, kid. Why don't you ask her yourself?

Sawyers locks eyes with Ophelia as she moves in to fill the frame and get close to the mic.

Ophelia Sykes:

Can they trust me, Jamie? Can they trust you?? What do we really know about you, anyway?

Sawyers doesn't know how to respond to that, so she keeps going. She looks directly into the camera with eyes that shoot daggers.

Ophelia Sykes:

The fact is, those two dumb lugs wouldn't be able to tie their own shoes without me, and now that I'm on the real winning side, they have no chance. Firing me was the biggest mistake of their life and it's one that they're never going to live down. I'm going to show The Sevens, Morrow, and that whole crew that I am NOT the bitch to mess with, Jamie. And it starts tonight.

Jamie Sawyers:

And what about rumors of your... um, personal relationship with Pat Cassidy? How might that figure into this big match?

Sykes turns to Sawyers. She bites her lower lip.

Ophelia Sykes:

Why, Jamie... are you asking me if I'm available? If you want my number, all you have to do is ask...

She moves closer to Jamie, who begins to sweat. He laughs and throws her head back.

Ophelia Sykes:

God, you're so easy.

As Jamie tries to figure out what to say, Pat snatches the mic away from him and shakes his head in disappointment.

Pat Cassidy:

Way to be under pressure, Sawyers. Never change. But really, you're not asking the real question, so allow me to pick up the slack here: forget about Ophelia, can we trust our third partner tonight? Can we trust Jack Mace? It wasn't that long ago he was Morrow's personal lapdog, and while I know Ophelia is on the up-and-up... I ain't so sure that leopard has changed his spots, know what I mean?

Jamie Sawyers:

And how do you figure that will come into...

The interviewer stops when the aforementioned former lapdog/hitman for Tom Morrow approaches and walks up to Brock, Pat and Ophelia. Jack Mace, clad in his soccer shirt and silver/black ring gear stares at the champions and their new manager. There's an obvious tension and after a few seconds of silence, Mace speaks to Jamie, all while his gaze doesn't leave his tag partners for the evening.

Jack Mace:

Oi... Ophelia. Good to see someone else not drinkin' the fuckin' Kool-Aid, yeah? Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

Yeah?

Jack Mace:

So... these guys wanna know if they can trust me? After everything I did for that fuckface, Morrow, and after everything I done to them and everyone else on this roster. They want to know if Ol' Jackie can be trusted?

Jamie Sawyers:

Er... yeah.

Jack Mace:

I'll shoot straight, mates... you can't trust me...

Brock and Pat especially look like they may want to throw down, but Mace tries to explain himself.

Jack Mace:

Hey, hey... easy.. I mean you can't trust me to be your fuckin' chatty buddy... but you can trust that as bad as you want

to beat them Sevens pricks... I want that tosser Alvaro just as bad. Fuckin' coward ran away from me last week after spittin' on me family. That don't fly with me. So tonight, long as you two got them Fucky Sevens, I'll snuff out that flamin' prat, Alvaro. Good?

Brock Newbludd:

I might not know what tosser or flamin' prat means, but I don't need to. The look in your eyes is enough for me, Mace. We're good as gold.

Newbludd offers a hand and Mace gives it a firm shake.

Jack Mace:

Aces... also, if that Davey guy can fix me a drink before this match... I wouldn't say no to that. I keep hearin' that guy's a fuckin' regular Harry Potter at drink-makin' and since you probably don't want me settin' foot in your bar... you know?

Brock and Pat exchange confused glances.

Brock Newbludd: *[confused]*

...What? You think he's just floating around back here making whatever? He has a full time job and he's a wrestler and...

And here comes irony in the form of one Davey La Rue to give this segment a mighty big bitchslap, glass in hand. Uneasily, he hands it over to Mace and opens his empty hand out.

Davey La Rue:

One highball... I'm charing' double, mon ami. On account of whole... you know, you bein' a former BFTA guy and kinda an asshole.

Jack Mace sighs, then reaches into his pocket and slaps a twenty in Davey's hand.

Jack Mace:

Fair.

They trade cash for drink. He takes a sip... then a chug... a chug that doesn't stop until the glass is gone. When he's finished, he gives it back to Davey.

Jack Mace:

See you out there, mates. *[He pats Davey]* Cheers.

The Killer Bear takes his leave and Jamie Sawyers nods at the SNS and Ophelia as they part ways.

Jamie Sawyers:

Best of luck tonight! That match will be coming up later!

TYLER FUSE vs. DAVID FOX

To ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first, from Blackwood, New Jersey... weighing one-hundred-ninety pounds... DAVID FOX!

♪ "Same Ol" by The Heavy ♪

David Fox walks out to modest cheers from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Not one for theratics himself, Tyler Fuse appears and marches down to the squared circle.

DDK:

Other than the ACE of DEFIANCE, where there were so many moving parts to begin with, Tyler Fuse has been on quite the roll.

Lance:

Defeating Kerry Kuroyama again at DEFCON certainly takes your status up a notch.

With both men in the ring, referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

Tyler rushes towards David and clubs him in the side of the head with a hard left uppercut. Not to be outdone, Fox returns the favor with a brutal knee strike into Tyler's jaw. The OG Player stumbles back, rubs his chin and then smiles at The Jersey Devil. Tyler bursts forward with another crack of an uppercut to the side of Fox's head. Once again, David returns the blow with a knee strike... and Tyler returns this blow with an uppercut. The two go back and forth until the younger wrestler works Fox into the ropes. Fuse tosses Fox to the set of ropes across the way and pumps the vet with a knee strike of his own. Tyler looks down at David as if to insinuate that's how you do it.

DDK:

Tyler has put on a hell of a clinic in recent weeks but he's going to find some quick losses if he "mans up" his opponent like this.

Fuse pulls Fox to his feet and hurls him into a turnbuckle. Once David rebounds off the padding... Tyler connects with a Russian leg sweep, followed by an elbow into the temple of the New Jersey native. Tyler drags David upright and Irish whips Fox into the ropes...

Tyler shoots high up from the mat with another knee strike but David Fox catches him and turns it into a back drop. Tyler lands on the side of his neck while Fox collects himself and begins stomping Fuse into a corner.

DDK:

Fox has no quit.

David slings Tyler into the middle of the ring and connects with a buzzsaw kick. This is followed by a vertical leaping Frankensteiner.

Lance:

Fox is not going to be a pushover.

A swinging neckbreaker puts Tyler Fuse in the center of the ring. Although The Game Changer is up to his feet quickly, he's put back to the mat with a roundhouse kick. Fox claps his hands in an attempt to get the crowd going before he bounces off the ropes and drops a leg across Fuse's neck.

Fox keeps his leg across Tyler's neck. It's clear he wants to do more damage. He works Tyler into a submission with the use of his legs in a modified triangle choke. However, the slippery ex-Tag Team Champion shows his skills by fighting onto his knees and turning this into a pinning attempt.

ONE.

TW-

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Very smart call for Tyler. He went to the pin attempt right away.

Lance:

Of course he had to, or he'd have been at risk for being choked out.

Fuse is on his feet first since he was already on his knees during the pin attempt. He finds the ropes and blasts Fox across the face with a missile dropkick. The OG Player wastes no time dragging David upright and then dropping him on his head with an impaler DDT.

Fox continues to show his veteran presence. He rises and blocks a Tyler Fuse pump kick, rolls to his side and takes hold of Fuse's waist. Tyler performs a standing switch... tossing Fox halfway across the ring with an exploder suplex.

Not known for his high flying ability, Tyler works his way to the top rope and crashes down upon Fox with a clothesline the second the vet gets to his feet. Fuse pounds his chest, scrapes Fox off the canvas and lands a pendulum backbreaker.

Tyler could go for the pinfall but immediately decides otherwise. He peels Fox off the canvas and hurls him into a turnbuckle... but it's reversed. Tyler meets the buckle chest-first and stumbles out backwards, straight into a roundhouse kick.

The fans cheer as David Fox hits a snap suplex on Tyler. Fox holds on. He drags Fuse to his feet in an attempt at a falcon arrow suplex but Tyler escapes... Fuse bounces off the ropes and chop blocks Fox's right knee from under him. He immediately grabs Fox's legs and applies a modified Texas cloverleaf.

Lance:

Tyler's won matches like this before!

Fox waves his hands around, trying to fight the pain away. Soon after, he places both hands underneath him, in an attempt to push up and off the mat.

But Tyler sits back. The hold is textbook.

Fox glances up at the referee. Benny Doyle is asking if David wants to give up. He shakes his head no. Not yet.

Tyler keeps the hold locked in. Fox pulls his head as high as it can go... he finally places both hands underneath him and he's able to nudge a little bit towards the ropes.

The look on Tyler's face intensifies, he's not going to drop the hold anytime soon.

Fox reaches out. He's too far away.

And he taps.

DING DING DING

Tyler releases the hold. He stares down at David Fox with a shake of his head.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... TYLER FUSE!

Tyler's theme music plays as he exits the ring and walks up the rampway as if nothing even transpired.

DDK:

David showed a ton of heart but it was smart to take the L there. He was trapped and he definitely wasn't getting to the ropes.

Lance:

I'd say Fox had control of the match, too. But one slip up and he was done.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

MV1 IS TOTALLY DEFIANT

DDK:

From that intense contest we shift gears now to check in with Christie Zane who is joined by the newest member of DEFIANCE!

Backstage, Christie Zane is all smiles standing against a concrete wall lit up bright blue. With a crisp nod, she raises the microphone to her lips.

Christie Zane:

Please join me in welcoming... Masked Violator #1!

She pivots as the camera pulls back a touch and a tall, athletic, well-tanned, blue-eyed, white-toothed prototype professional wrestler steps into frame to a polite pop from the Faithful. Wearing his trademark bright red mask trimmed with blue and yellow and matching wrestling singlet, MV1 looks thrilled to be there. Christie holds the mic towards him and he awkwardly takes it from her, assuming she was handing it to him. She resists for a moment and then reluctantly lets it go. MV1 appears blissfully oblivious to her hesitancy. Beaming, he steps forward.

MV1:

Thank you so much! It's great to be back in DEFIANCE!

Another polite pop.

MV1:

And I am so proud to start this next chapter in my life and my career here in Oklahoma City!

Now that's a pop. MV1 gets noticeably more serious.

MV1:

Ya know...

That's how you know he is serious.

MV1:

Five years ago, me and a buddy of mine went to Louisiana with a dream. On a wing and a prayer, we were in the right place... at the right time... insert cliché here, we made *history* by earning our spot in this company! We overcame the odds time and time again... we overcame our DIFFERENCES time and time again... we were on our way to the top of that tag division!

MV1 squares up with the camera.

MV1:

And let me be clear, the DEFIANCE Wrestling tag team division has always been the absolute toughest, most competitive tag team division in this sport -- ANYWHERE in the world -- and looking around the locker room today, I can tell that hasn't changed!

The Faithful are clearly in agreement. MV1 returns to being somewhat wistful, albeit briefly.

MV1:

Things were going great for us... until Lord Nigel Tricklebush came into the picture...

MV1 *and* the fans bristle at the name.

MV1:

I'm not proud about how our first run in DEFIANCE ended. Fighting with security... putting their safety and the safety of the fans at risk... I own my part in that... and I'm sorry.

He holds his piercing gaze with the camera for an earnest moment.

MV1:

Earlier today, I signed a one-year contract with DEFIANCE Wrestling–

Not allowing a response to build, 1 plows forward.

MV1:

–but this time it wasn’t “luck” that got me here... it wasn’t “right place, right time”... I came back to save my best friend in this entire world–

He doesn’t give that one a chance to breathe either.

MV1:

–and I don’t know exactly what Nigel has done to him, but you’re looking at the man who is determined to UNDO it. And I’m gonna UNDO it. I have no idea what a CORVO is! And If I have to undo Lord Nigel, then he’ll get undone, too! Maybe you haven’t noticed, and pardon my language, but I AM HECKIN’ MAD–

Eating it up, they are.

MV1:

–I’m going to save my friend! I’m going to bring him home to his family! I am going to UNDO Lord Nigel Trickelbush, put the Violators back together, and gosh darn it, me and my buddy are going to finish what we started half a decade ago and become your DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions!

Nice pop, with some groaning skepticism sprinkled throughout. MV1 hears it too and wilts for a moment, glancing back at Christie over his shoulder.

MV1:

Well... we will surely try! Some of those folks are, uh, super aggressive! NONETHELESS!

Finding his center once more, 1 holds up a single index finger, pointing it towards the camera.

MV1:

I don’t know where he is but I know he is confused. Number Two, if you can hear me... I know what happened two weeks ago and... and I’m still your friend. I’m not going to fight you... I’m here to *help* you! Make things right! As for you, Lord Nigel?

Slowly straightening up his posture, he absently puffs his chest out.

MV1:

The next time you show your face, expect to see mine. Err... expect to see this face wearing a mask, I mean. Yes. Expect to see this mask. That’s what I meant.

MV1 awkwardly smiles, nods, and bounds out of frame. Christie Zane steps back into it, equally awkward and is equally surprised by MV1 thrusting the microphone back to her.

MV1:

...sorry...

She takes it from him, slightly annoyed, as his arm disappears back out of frame.

Christie Zane:

sigh

LIVING LAVISHLY

Colcord Hotel, Oklahoma City.

The Day of DEFTV 170

RING RING RING.....

♪A Beautiful Morning by The Rascals♪

A hand touches the clock reading 8:00 am. Scrow sits up from his bed and stretches his arms as the radio continues to play The Rascals. He yawns for a moment then swings his legs over the bed. The camera pans up to Scrow smacking his lips and then with a huge smile across his face. He looks over to the dresser in front of his bed where the Southern Heritage Championship sits. Dressed in nothing but pajama pants. He stands up and walks over to the window and swings the curtains open, bathing in the bright shining sun beaming through the hotel room.

He walks over to his phone and dials a few numbers and orders his breakfast, before walking to the bathroom. Nothing right now can depress Scrow's mood at this moment. He takes his morning piss, washes his hands, and then proceeds to brush his teeth. As he finishes up his hygiene for the morning he walks over to the bed and sits on it just staring at the championship, with a look of absolute delight.

KNOCK KNOCK

???:

Room service.

Scrow:

Come in.

As the attendant rolls in a cart filled with what can only be the most expensive breakfast, you could buy. Scrow examines his food for a moment, then walks over to his dresser and pulls out a 50-dollar bill from his wallet, tipping the attendant. Overjoyed at the gracious tip he leaves Scrow to his meal. As he starts shoveling the food into his mouth he turns on the TV and enjoys some cartoons he enjoyed as a child. A few chuckles and there is another knock on the door. Scrow opens the door and it is Hive. He lets her in and goes back to his breakfast enjoying his television programming.

Minerva Hive:

We see you have made yourself comfortable.

Scrow just looks at her with a grinch-like smile, but not in an evil sort of way but more at peace. He continues eating and watching television.

Minerva Hive:

We have to say this has to be the most expensive hotel we have ever been in.

Scrow: *[talking with his mouth full]*

Careful we wouldn't want Crimson Lord to say The Haven is a 3-star hotel now, would we?

Minerva Hive:

True, so listen have you looked at the rundown sheet for tonight at*[pulls out a sheet of paper in her back pocket]*...Jim Norick Arena.

Scrow continues to enjoy his morning ignoring Hive while he does it.

Minerva Hive:

Scrow are you listening to us?

Scrow belches then stuffs more food in his mouth.

Minerva Hive:

Have you watched Keyes first title defense and his little promo after?

Scrow looks over at Hive and shoves a biscuit in his mouth without so much as a care in the world.

Minerva Hive:

You do realize he is The Favoured Saints Champion, and if he manages to defend that title four times you have your contender.

Scrow chuckles with food still in his mouth.

Scrow:

Really is that how it works?

Minerva Hive:

Scrow you need to prepare for him.

Scrow:

Ehhh...naaa Scrow will drop him if he manages to get his shot at his championship just like all the other Favoured Saints Champions.

Hive clearly agitated grabs the remote and turns it off.

Scrow:

What the hell are you doing?

Minerva Hive:

We are only going to say this once, Henry appears to not be the same man you once knew. You need to pay attention to that.

Scrow:

Remote....

Hive looks at the remote and tosses it at him.

Minerva Hive:

We will leave you to your meal, but make sure you show up tonight. He has another title defense against Rezin.

Scrow starts to laugh uncontrollably!

Minerva Hive:

We are serious BE THERE!

Scrow: *[waving her off]*

Yea....yea now leave.

Minerva Hive:

Do you need directions to the arena?

Scrow:

Naaa, Scrow has faith that these dimwitted farmers know where in Oklahoma it is.

The scene fades as Scrow continues to enjoy his morning.

*Hours later....*Minerva waits in the hallway looking at her watch as Henry once more manages to win his next title defense.

Minerva Hive:

Where the fuck is he?

She pulls out her cell.

Minerva Hive:

Scrow! Where are you? You said you were going to be here tonight....What? We don't care if you have no desire to be in an arena filled with dimwitted farmers.

The Faithful jeer as Hive continues her conversation.

Minerva Hive:

Scrow...don't you hang this phone up....Scrow....SCROW!

She angrily puts the phone away.

Minerva Hive:

What is he thinking? Why is he not taking this serious?

Hive walks off, as we return to the arena.

DDK:

It would seem Scrow would rather be somewhere else than right here in the Jim Novick Arena here in Oklahoma City.

Lance:

Scrow has not been one to show up to work every week. This is normal for him, but to cut himself off completely from the business. I don't think that is wise, if Henry continues his winning ways this new version of The Airship Pirate is going to make him pay for it.

DDK:

Scrow is a deranged, and dangerous man in that ring, but Keyes man I just do not know what to say about his new attitude, Corvo and Vargas changed him and I don't think it was for the good.

GULF COAST CONNECTION vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS AND JUSTIN SANE

DDK:

Welcome to the show, ladies and gentlemen! Coming up next, the team of The Gulf Coast Connection - "Wingman" Titus Campbell and The Crescent City Kid will be taking on the unlikely team of Butcher Victorious and... God help us... BRAZEN star Justin Sane.

Lance:

Didn't he quit some time ago?

DDK:

I believe so... but they keep welcoming him back for some reason. But on recent UNCUT shows, we've seen Butcher challenge members of the Gulf Coast Connection to... less than desired results, shall we say. Now, Butcher Victorious has enlisted the giant from BRAZEN to try and turn his fortune around against the never-ending party that is Gulf Coast Connection! Let's get to tag team action up next!

The camera cuts to the ring and Darren Quimbey for the intros of the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... From New Orleans, Louisiana, accompanied by Theodore Cain... at a combined weight of 460 pounds... "Wingman" Titus Campbell! The Crescent City Kid! **GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up... however, tonight in Oklahoma, they are wearing the Crimson and Cream colors of the Sooners!

DDK:

The Gulf Coast Connection paying tribute to the Oklahoma Sooners tonight!

Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few Sooner-themed jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents before they get to the ring. Campbell and CCK bump fists and get ready for their opponent.

GLASS SHATTERING...

♪ "Popsong Singalong by Flyscreen... horribly mixed with "Down With The Sickness" by Disturbed ♪

Lance:

Forgive me, but Lord Jesus, what is this? This sounds like ass!

DDK:

A little decorum, Lance... but what IS this noise diarrhea? They couldn't decide whose music this was?

The audible noise pollution plays as Butcher Victorious comes out first... accompanied by the 7'1" dynamo from BRAZEN that can apparently do all the high-flying and things... Justin Sane.. And he steps in front of Butcher because he wants all the spotlight. Butcher then does it to him, then vice-versa. Justin Sane has dyed blood red hair and matching gaudy-as-shit blood red contacts. Thankfully, the audible garbage stops playing.

Butcher Victorious:

As a superior TEXAN...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher Victorious:

I've been waiting to tell all you Oklahoma boners this for so long! So here we go... BUTCH VIC HAS THE ST...

But before he can drop his catchphrase, Justin Sane takes it out of hand! Butcher looks displeased, but Justin takes it.

Justin Sane:

Butch Vic... has the biggest badass in this place backing him up! They need to cover a guy like me in corner protectors cause I'm edgy as FUUCCCCCKKK.

A collective silence overtakes the arena. Even Butcher is in front of him because the line was that cringe and tries to hide his face in his hands.

Justin Sane:

And these three "HAPPY TO BE HERE" suckasses sucking up to the crowd with their little masks and beads? That's not hardcore! That's not Xtreme! That not even extreme WITH a regular e spelling it like a regular dumbass! What's hardcore is...

Titus Campbell:

OH, DEAR GOD, SHUT THE HELL UP, GET IN HERE AND WRESTLE!

The crowd cheer and show Titus their appreciation. .

THANK YOU, TITUS!

THANK YOU, TITUS!

THANK YOU, TITUS!

Justin rolls his eyes and drops the mic while still shouting "XTREME! WITH FOUR X'S!" while Butcher looks like he's regretting this partnership. Butcher starts the match with Crescent City Kid as the bell rings. Referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Thanks to Titus! And here we go! Butcher Victorious and CCK!

Butcher puts a boot in the stomach of Crescent City Kid and then whips him across the ring. Butch Vic comes at him with a right hand, but ducks and keeps running. CCK comes back with a wheelbarrow on Butcher, then a quick arm drag to snap him over! Butcher rolls to his feet, also a bit adept at lucha libre as well and then runs at CCK himself. CCK drops down and then when he comes back up, he leaps over Butcher on the way back. Victorious runs again and then gets snapped over with a hurricanrana this time!

DDK:

Quick work by Butcher and Crescent City Kid! The Kid takes him down twice with that wheelbarrow arm drag, then the hurricanrana! Then a quick dropkick by Butcher!

Butcher angrily gets sent back to the corner when Justin Sane tags in. The giant steps over the ropes and he's eager for a fight. He challenges the little CCK to make the tag, but instead, he moves over and tags big Titus Campbell!

Lance:

And here come the heavy hitters for either side!

Victorious yells at Justin Sane to do his job and end it quickly, but Justin doesn't listen and looks down at Titus, talking

some smack. Justin shoves him back a step, but the big Wingman shoves him right back and then hits a right hand! Justin takes the punch and smiles in return, but stops smiling when Titus throws more right and then pushes him back to a corner. He throws knee to Justin's chest and then a big right!

DDK:

Titus has him backed up! Now he's trying for Turbulence...

But before he can hit the airplane spin, Justin Sane clubs him over the back several times and then hits a massive body slam! Titus gets dropped and the powerhouse/hardcore/highflying technician gets in his face.

Justin Sane:

HARDKORRRRRRRRRRRRR~1111!!

Lance:

...wut?

Before Justin Sane can do anything else, a gleeful Butcher tags himself in! Justin Sane looks stunned when Butcher leaps to the ropes and hits a springboard moonsault on Titus! Then yells at him to cover.

ONE... TWO...NO!

The Wingman kicks out and Butcher yells at Jonny, telling him he thought he was the ref that counted fast. Butcher tries to grab Titus in a headlock to ground him, but The Wingman is cheered on by both of his partners as well as the crowd before Titus fights his way up! The big powerhouse lifts up and Butcher freaks out before he gets launched to the corner!

DDK:

Butcher now in their corner!

Titus crushes Butcher in their corner with a clothesline, then tags CCK! Titus stands with his arms folded with CCK behind him so he can climb the ropes, leap off his shoulders, then hit a leaping crossbody on Butcher! Right into a cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Great teamwork from the Gulf Coast Connection there off that big move! And now CCK has something in mind.

DDK:

Possibly the Hurricane Press?

He goes up top, but before he can hit the move, Justin Sane gets his attention by yelling that's he's a little masked bitch who also isn't hardcore. CCK shakes his head, but that's all Butcher needs to leap to the second rope, then hit him with a knee strike! It doubles over CCK who hangs over in the corner... then Butcher hits the Victory Landslide cannonball!

DDK:

Oooh! Modified version of Butcher's Victory Landslide! CCK gets knocked off the ropes!

Butcher pulls him away from the ropes and wants a cover... when Justin Sane reaches out and tags himself in again! The jaw of Butcher Victorious drops when he pleads with the ref, but Justin Sane climbs in and jerks a thumb at the corner, telling Butch to move it.

Lance:

Both of these guys are egomaniacs... and I think Butcher found something that rivals him in being annoying!

DDK:

You build something that is idiotproof, then a bigger idiot comes along.

Justin Sane picks up CCK and then presses him over his head... and THROWS him down! CCK crashes hard and Justin puts a boot on his chest for a rather weak cover...

ONE... TW...

The shoulder comes off the mat quickly... and Justin Sane tries to do something dumb. Even by his standards. He leaves his feet...

DDK:

Oh, God... he's going up top... he's rumored to have a move called the N/SANE Press... and it's a CORKSCREW shooting star press...

Lance:

Of course it is...

Justin very gingerly tries to climb... until CCK gets back up and leaps at the ropes to shake him, causing Sane to fall crotch-first on the top! He yells out, but tries not to because that's not hardcore and then Titus gets the tag! The crowd cheers when Titus runs over while Butcher watches on! Titus Campbell goes to the second rope with him on there...

DDK:

Uh-oh... Titus is The Wingman, but I think Justin Sane is about to fly... HUGE SUPERPLEX!

Both men crash-land on the mat with Justin Sane getting the worst of it! He flops around on the mat while Titus starts to slowly get up, then hits an elbow to knock Butcher off the apron. CCK is ready with a tag as the crowd cheers!

DDK:

HUGE SUPERPLEX! Titus goes to the middle rope... and hits Take Flight! The second rope headbutt leads to... HURRICANE PRESS FROM THE KID!

The Kid pins big Justin Sane! Butcher starts to slide into the ring... then doesn't want to break up the cover and deuces out on his own partner!

Lance:

CCK with the pin! Butcher is leaving...and for once, I don't blame him.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **GULF COAST CONNECTION!**

Titus Campbell and Crescent City Kid both have their arms raised tonight! Theodore Cain enters the ring with them and three men toss out what's left of their masquerade beads and masks to the crowd, celebrating a victory tonight. Meanwhile, Butcher Victorious angrily stomps off like a pouty child.

DDK:

It's back to the drawing board for Butcher, but another win tonight for Gulf Coast Connection!

Justin Sane crawls out of the ring and favors his rib cage... then mumbles something about quitting again. Nobody cares. We go to the next thing on the show because anything is better than Justin Sane.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2022

FIST of DEFIANCE

The Deacon © vs. Malak Garland

w/ Conor Fuse as the Special Guest Enforcer

****if Malak Garland leaves FIST of DEFIANCE, Conor Fuse is free of his Comments Section contract***

THE THREE AMIGOS AND THE DOWNFALL OF HOPE

Returning from commercial, we are met with our commencement professional commentary pairing, primed and prepared to perceptively progress the proceedings.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Faithful, watching worldwide on DEF on Demand ...Welcome back to DEFtv!

Lance:

Worldwide? *[chuckles]* ...

DDK:

The internet is global, Lance! Smart phones, televisions ... refrigerators! Far as I can tell you can watch all the DEFIANTLY amazing action of DEFIANCE programming from anywhere in the world ... let alone your home!

Lance:

Like the bathroom?

DDK:

First of all - save your Angus impression, it's not welcome. Secondly ... who am I to judge!? There is no wrong place to enjoy the incredible action and sport displayed on DEFIANCE TV and pay per view ... even if that is for some odd reason, the bathroom --

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

Lance:

Speaking of the toilet ...

Darren's face briefly shows confusion as he turns toward his broadcast colleague but somewhere along the way that confused or lack of approval to toilet humor turns to a nod of acceptance.

DDK:

... fair enough.

Cut from Darren and Lance to center stage.

The house lights come down as flames RISE UP on the stage. Through a mist, three hound heads appear, and moments later, the trio of terror consisting of RICK DICKULOUS, VICTOR VACIO, and GREEN REAPER emerge, wearing wolfskins. In formation, the Kabal's CERBERUS march to the ring.

DDK:

Whoever suggested that *any* amount of heads are better than one ... has yet to run the foul of The Cerebus.

The crowd boos verbosely as the three men reach the end of the rampway. Quickly, Green Reaper and Victo Vacio run to opposite sides of the ring - hopping onto the apron.

Lance:

Indeed, Keebs! In the Greek mythos, Cerberus devoured anyone who tried to escape the kingdom of Hades ...

Rick Dickulous moves forward and mounts the apron with a large step, pulling himself up by the top rope.

DDK:

... and will DEFIANCE become a hell of their own making!?

The three enter the ring in unison and meet in the middle with their fists raised as their music fades out and the

Faithful's booing takes over. Vacio and Green Reaper mount the corners riling the crowd up further as Rick bellows at a ringside tech for a mic before viciously snatching it from her hand with a growl before relishing in the jeers with a cocky smirk.

Rick Dickulous:

I'd just like to take this moment to welcome all of you toothless, trailer dwelling, Oklahoman shitbags to the ONLY show on earth where it's not looked upon poorly for the three of us...

The big man motions to Vacio, Green Reaper, and himself.

Rick Dickulous:

...to stomp a mudhole in a midget AND GET PAID FOR IT!

The crowd reacts poorly as the three lavish in the hate.

DDK:

That's despicable, Lance! Minute isn't a midget!

Lance:

Little Person. Minute isn't a little person. Come on, Keebs...we're inclusive here at DEFIANCE.

DDK:

If these three still have jobs here, we MUST be inclusive.

Rick Dickulous:

Now, of course you people wouldn't understand our M.O. - that means Modus Operandi, but again I'm using big words that are probably confusing. Vic, you wanna explain it so they understand?

Rick hands the mic to Vacio, but The Lost Cause just looks at it, then back to the big man with a thoughtful glance before shaking his head and holding up his hands. Vacio says something the mic doesn't catch over the crowd noise, but his lips can easily be read, mouthing "No me importa."

The Lumbergiant and Green Reaper laugh simultaneously.

Rick Dickulous:

Imagine that...he doesn't give a shit! None of us do! Not about you disgusting trailer trash in the audience....not about the State of Oklahoma....and MOST DEFINITELY not about your pathetic heroes, The Three Amigos.

With that reference, the crowd lets out a cheer.

Lance:

It's Los Tres Titanes, not the Three Amigos!

DDK:

They're definitely not Dusty Bottoms, Lucky Day, or Ned Nederlander, that's for sure.

Lance:

Wai-what? Who the heck are they?

DDK:

From the movie? The Three Amigos? Chevy Chase, Steve Martin, and Martin Short?

Lance audibly sighs, The Lumbergiant continues.

Rick Dickulous:

I mean, let's talk about them for a moment, since they seem to be near and dear to your hearts. Let's talk about how the afterschool special failed their little hombre not once....but TWICE. See, not only did Uriel and Titaness ALLOW the Lucky Sevens to destroy Minute by getting too wrapped up in their own bullshit at DEFCON, but they did it a second time when they decided to leave the weakest link all alone with wolves on the prowl two weeks ago. Us wolves, we're smart...we want to expend as little energy as possible to--"

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!

The crowd's reaction gets positive, which clues in the members of Cerberus that something's about to go down...

No music. No fanfare. Just one giant that's sticking up for his friends that got roughed up by Cerberus two weeks ago...

DDK:

URIEL CORTEZ! HE'S HEARD ENOUGH FROM CERBERUS!

Lance:

I get it... but... coming out here alone... even for his size?

Wearing black jeans and a black muscle shirt, Cortez pops the bones in his neck and starts heading for the ring! Reaper Green and Victor Vacio, both, brace themselves for whatever is about to come next. The Titan of Industry marches toward the ring with purpose as Rick Dickulous can't hide a smile like he wants a fight! Cortez rips the shirt off and then starts to run when Reaper Green tries to attack first with flying tope suicida through the ropes!

Problem?

Uriel CATCHES him out of mid-air and then HURLS him away!

DDK:

The fight is on!

The crowd cheers when Uriel climbs the ropes as Victor Vacio tries to attack him next, kicking the leg and then Uriel CHOPS his former rival across the chest! But that distraction is all that Rick Dickulous needs to charge at The Titan of Industry with a knee! Uriel fights back and soon, the two giants meet up in the ring trading shots!

Lance:

The Lumbergiant and The Titan of Industry mixing it up for the first time!

DDK:

And Uriel is sticking up for his best friend and Titaness!

The rowdy crowd watch the showdown between the giants! Rick throws a few clubbing blows and pummels him in the corner with a few knees and then elbows... but Uriel surges back and CRACKS Rick Dickulous with chops so hard, even The Lumbergiant gets stopped!

DDK:

Cortez is getting the better of The Lumbergiant! But he has to keep his eye out! Look!

Uriel hits a headbutt on Rick Dickulous and then tries to slam him down with the Industry Standard... but Reaper Green comes back and grabs the leg! Then Victor! He tries to shake them off and does, but leaves himself wide open for a MASSIVE headbutt of his own! Uriel is stunned before Rick grabs his arm, then DROPS him with a massive Misery Whip! The crowd jeers when Vacio, Reaper Green, and Rick now all begin stomping and pummeling away on the Los Tres Titanes figurehead!

DDK:

It's three-on-one! Minute's not here tonight and neither is Titaness... but Cerberus knew this! They've been singling out Los Tres Titanes!

Lance:

Cerberus have been a rising team over the past couple of months, but they're really trying to make an impact and what better way to do it than over one of the top teams of the division... especially lately when they have been seemingly frayed.

The assault continues! Rick Dickulous tells them both to move, then PULLS Uriel Cortez up again only to drop him with another massive Misery Whip! Cortez goes down and Rick holds him down so Reaper Green can go up top for a springboard double foot stomp to the chest! Cortez reels from the pain when Victor Vacio is now on top... CAUSA PERDIDA!

Lance:

Cerberus strike again!

Victor leaps off of Uriel Cortez while holding his ribs and the damage has been done. Cerberus have done the damage they sought to do and leave the ring, once again leaving a member of Los Tres Titanes, beaten and destroyed at their feet. They collectively raise their arms to jeer before they take their leave of Cortez... the giant now bleeding from his mouth after the numerous assaults from DEFIANCE's Dogs of War.

DDK:

Cerberus are out for blood and look at Uriel... they just got it.

The three headed beast leave the ring and head to the back, satisfied with the damage done while The Titan of Industry is still holding his ribs... casting a scornful, but pained look as they slink away into the darkness.

MEANWHILE... AT THE LEGION OF DOOM

Treated to a large sweeping dron-like shot of the exterior of an iconic venue, the words "New Orleans, Louisiana" fade in and out on the lower left of the screen in yellow letters. They are followed by the words: "WrestlePlex - LIVE".

The building is dark and dormant as we sweep around its dome and then past a row of offices. Just a month ago, on a night like tonight, this building would be pulsing with energy, lights and sounds. Not tonight. With the show on the road, all was calm. We are carried through an open access hatch on the roof and into the still, dimly lit and starkly empty arena. One lone spotlight falls on the empty ring and the camera speeds through its beam with a briefly blinding flash. Clipping up the aisle and breezing through the dark curtain, we wind through empty, dark halls and wide, muted corridors.

Soon, we are sweeping through tidy, dim locker rooms, across placid Olympic-sized swimming pools, and sleazy radio studios. Through a heavy black door with a BANG and down a dusty set of cinder block steps, the drone swings hard right through another heavy door and past a row of steaming boilers, finally to a plain non-descript wooden closet door.

The door slowly swings open on our approach and we zip forward into a blanket of unending darkness. The black lasts forever, embracing us in it's cold, uncertain arms before slowly, dimly, there is light.

It takes a long moment to see the light is fire. An old smoldering, ashy, unhealthy fire. Tired and weary, its last embers half-slumber, glowing gently but firmly. It takes another long moment to realize where the camera has taken us.

In the lower left of the screen, in yellow lettering: "The burnt-out husk of the Kabal Lair".

A man sits in the heap of ashes, seemingly unconcerned by our intrusion. The last glowing embers at his feet are the only light in his eyes.

Why is he here? He doesn't know. After Houston, he knows he ran. Lost, afraid, angry, and aimless, somehow he'd found himself here, at the DEFplex. But why *here*? Until he'd stumbled upon it in a frantic effort to hide, he hadn't known of this dark place's existence... Had he? Little was clear to him these days.

His thoughts take him to the man he hurt in Houston. The screams that called him to that lot. And what called him here? To the throne of the man he'd just broken? Perhaps to claim it as his own? He didn't know.

Taking a fistful of ashes in his hand, Corvo Alpha slowly and deliberately smears the ash across his eyes.

His thoughts take him to the man in the red mask. His friend? There are flashes of memory, more feeling than anything his mind's eye can form. All he could see in his mind's eye now was the yellow mask the red man had offered him at DEFCON. That mask was more than familiar. It felt right. And that terrified him.

Terror made him think of Lord Nigel. Bowing his head, Corvo shudders. He felt as if he was being pulled apart, slowly, by horses.

And so it was that the man you know as Corvo Alpha sat on his throne of ash, terrified of who he might be and horror-struck by what has to come next.

SPITTING FIRE

Backstage we go before the main event. Standing by at the interview set-up is Christie Zane ready to get a word with some of its participants!

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, just before we get to the main event... we have Better Future Talent Agency. Alvaro de Vargas, The Lucky Sevens and their manager... "Brighter" Tom Morrow!

Wheeling his way into view via his motorized wheelchair, "Brighter" Tom Morrow stops in front of Christie and almost keeps going... then has to back it up. Comically, "BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP" can be heard as he does so.

Tom Morrow:

Damn forward button gets stuck all the damn time...

He looks up and realizes where he is.

Tom Morrow:

You heard none of that. We're gonna cut that out in post, right?

Christie Zane:

No, this isn't a pre-tape. Your match is next and this is live.

Tom Morrow:

Hey, Christie... shutty.

Zane's eyes roll so hard, they almost fall out of her own skull. As she does so, the giants of Better Future Talent Agency step forward. Alvaro de Vargas bumping elbows with the twins Max and Mason Luck, all in their ring gear... though the two judging by their behavior, the Lucks look extra pissed off.

Christie Zane:

Tonight, Better Future takes on its rivals. The Lucky Sevens and Alvaro de Vargas will clash with the Unified Tag Team Champions the Saturday Night Specials and Jack Mace. How do you plan on dealing wit...

Mason puts his giant hand over the microphone of Christie.

Mason Luck:

Mic ... now.

She takes the message and she says nothing.

Mason Luck:

I'm going to ask *you* a question, Christie ... why are we having this match? Seriously? Why is this not a title match instead?

He waits for an answer.

Christie Zane:

That's not up to me I'm afraid.

Mason Luck:

I'll tell you why ... because the Saturday Night Special know that if they face us head-on again with the titles on the line, they will not walk out under their own power just like last time and we would be here with those belts right now. That's why we don't have the match. The title match that *we* never got because The Saturday Night Specials attacked *us* first and it was called off. Brock jumped Max with a monitor to the head, but I put Pat Cassidy's little ass through a wall.

They can run their mouths all they want like they did earlier, but they know this... physically, two-on-two... We! Own! Them! They have *NEVER* stood tall over us without having to use some bullshit roll-ups just to try and survive. In a fight, WE WIN every time! The tag team division is our world and until now, we've allowed them to breath in it ... now, we're charging for air and we're ready to collect a fucking debt.

Max wants to spit some venom as well so Mason gives him the microphone.

Max Luck:

Yeah, Christie, why isn't this a match? Because it's more bull-shit from upper management trying to protect SNS because they spout catchphrases and sell t-shirts to Bally-who Gives A Fuck. Then the ghosts of DEFIANCE past like Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes and Dan Ryan act like they can just get a match whenever they want on social media just cause they were big years ago. I say they can go fuck themselves. That title match to us isn't some fucking "dibs" to be called. Some of us are here trying to forge our careers and not whore out the little bit we have left like them so I'll say it again. *Fuck. Them.*

Max Luck isn't done.

Max Luck:

We were put at the back of the line even after we had that match won last year. We waited seven fucking months to have that title shot ... and for *SEVEN MONTHS* nobody beat us. And nobody has beaten us since then. We created five-star beatdown after five-star beatdown and destroyed our mentors all because we could. Some of the best tag teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling! PCP. Los Tres Titanes. All beaten! ... but does DEFIANCE Wrestling or the almighty Favoured Saints book a rematch at the Ace of DEFIANCE Special or tonight? No, they screw us with tonight's match instead. That's why we went and paid DEFIANCE Wrestling a visit. Go check that out on DEFonDEMAND where we destroyed some public property *proudly* to make a point. Tonight, we're going to destroy the Saturday Night Specials then we're going to squeeze a title match from their little chicken-shit bodies.

Mason Luck takes the microphone and stares Christie down.

Mason Luck:

All that has been done to us and everything we've been through ... this ends when *We* become the Unified Tag Team champions.

Max pushes the microphone back to Christie who looks taken aback by their comments.

Tom Morrow:

These are killers, Christie. Trained killers. They've been in this business only a couple short years and are already main eventing shows like nobody's business. And when they get that chance, they'll craft the finest five-star beatdown for the ages and they will be your next Unified Tag Team Champions! But now, let's talk about that hairy asshole turncoat, Jack Mace, yeah?

He looks up at Alvaro, ice-cold expression on his face.

Tom Morrow:

I meant everything I said. Mace got his first DEFCON win. Mace got his big moment no thanks to me. And I've washed my hands of him... but Alvaro here? He's not so easy to forgive like I am. Mace did this to me... put me in this chair. So we thought two weeks ago, we'd give him a warning. But my buddy here? He got screwed out of the ACE by that little snowflake Malak Garland, then got jumped backstage by Mace last week, so he's a little bit Wanna tell them what we do to little turncoats, Christie?

Christie turns up to ADV... who launches a fireball straight into the air, scaring Christie off! Fortunately for everyone around them, the fireball is out of reach of anything flammable and disappears in the air.

Tom Morrow:

What an unprofessional. We're still here doing an interview! Let's wrap this up, shall we, AI? Tell the fans what

happens to traitors.

Alvaro slowly picks up the microphone off the ground and turns right to the viewing audience.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Los traidores se queman. Traitors... BURN!

ADV heads off first with a fired-up Max and Mason Luck walking not far behind him. Morrow looks pleased as he's the last one with the microphone.

Tom Morrow:

Back to you, Commentation Station.

He tosses it out of the away and wheels off towards the guerilla position as the show moves to the main event.

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS & JACK MACE vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS & ALVARO DE VARGAS

After the tense interview from BFTA, we go to Darren Keebler and Lance Warner to give intros for this big main event.

DDK:

Wow... BFTA are fired up... pun not intended. We've got the big main event of Night Two coming up between feuds that have gotten incredibly personal. The Saturday Night Specials of Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy team up with former BFTA member Jack Mace, while having another former BFTA member, Ophelia Sykes, in their corner. They'll take on the current BFTA members Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens tonight! Got all that?

Lance:

I did, Keebs, and this one has a lot of stories. SNS and The Lucky Sevens were scheduled to meet in a long-awaited rematch from Acts of DEFIANCE last year for the Unified Tag Titles only to degenerate into a wild brawl all over this arena before things could begin! Elsewhere, Alvaro de Vargas not only savagely attacked Jack Mace with over half a dozen chair shots, but had the audacity to spit on his father and sister who were both in attendance.

DDK:

It just goes to show you when we think Better Future can't stoop to any more lows, they keep doing things week to week. SNS might not be sure if either Ophelia or Jack can fully be trusted, but the Unified Tag Team Champions will have to if they want to get the win tonight! Our six-man main event happens... now!

Before Darren Quimbey gets the chance to even start... Guess who's back? Back again? On the ramp, wheeling out on his motorized wheelchair, wearing a dark green suit (the color of MONEY), is Tom Morrow. The jeers are out and they are loud as he turns on his BFTA-branded bluetooth headset.

Tom Morrow:

Here's something you Oklahoma assholes are used to hearing at this point... Texas was better!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Morrow shrugs.

Tom Morrow:

And here's something that the Saturday Night Specials and Jack Mace are gonna get used to hearing at the end of this match... let me introduce to you the winners of this main event! First... he stands 6'8"! He weighs in at 274 pounds! He is the man that's going to be wiping Mace off of this Earth, but the man who introduced superior DNA to the Mace clan last week...

DDK:

Ugh!

Tom Morrow:

HE IS EL SOL DORADO... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

BOOM! Fire on both sides of the rampway. It can only mean one man... and that's El Sol Dorado making his way out to a chorus of boos. He looks cocky and ready to inflict punishment, but he is not done.

Tom Morrow:

Let me introduce to you next DEFIANCE Wrestling's *MAIN EVENT MONSTERS!* Not a Five-Star Beatdown tonight! Not a six-star Beatdown! But seven! Damn! Stars!!! They weigh in combined at six-hundred fifteen pounds! They stand at a combined weight of *fourteen* feet tall and without us, Ophelia Sykes is going to go right back to doing stupid comedy skits in a bar instead of at a Netflix office ... BIG MONEY MAX!!! BIG MONEY MASON!!! THE

LUUUUCCCKKKYYYYY SEEEEVVVEEENNNSSS!!!

♪ “Money” by Of Mice and Men ♪

777

The lights come back on and the twins stand at their full height with the “Winning Hand” claw taunt out ... but that is all they do. They both start walking to the ring at perhaps the fastest pace that a pair of seven foot twins could do and even go past Alvaro de Vargas to the ring. Mason and Max Luck both head to the ring in lock step first with Alvaro and then Morrow behind him.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have been stable like nitroglycerin since these issues with the Saturday Night Specials have been renewed. I have to say they were right that they didn't get the title match they were scheduled to have ... but attacking staff, injuring wrestlers and threatening to disrupt a major broadcast to get it?

DDK:

They have a grievance but the way they go about it is why staff have been hesitant to give them this match.

Mason, Max and Alvaro take their place in the ring. They were victorious over Los Tres Titanes as a group at DEFCON but tonight will be a new group. As the whole of BFTA are gathered, a chant starts to build over the speaker to the tune of an “Ole, Ole, Ole” soccer chant... Morrow looks like he’s having PTSD and slightly wheels back from the ring.

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 Roy Kent Kick...

POW!

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, first 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. The flat cap and the jersey come off quickly and he's in a fighting mood. Like the very animal he's named after, Mace looks like a bear ready to pounce as he waits outside the ring for his partners.

B000000000000000000000000000000!

Perhaps out of reflex, or perhaps because they still just don't care for her, but the Oklahoma crowd jeers as Ophelia Sykes steps onto the stage. She still has three of the championship belts with her, and she smirks in spite of the boos coming from the Oklahoma Faithful. She also has a mic, which she raises to her lips.

Ophelia Sykes:

Ladies and gentlemen... I'm going to show that jerkoff Tom Morrow how this is done right!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA. Okay, they liked that one.

Ophelia Sykes:

Introducing Jack Mace's tag team partners... they are a team like no other. A team that has captured your hearts... and mine.

She turns to give an exaggerated wink into the camera.

Ophelia Sykes:

And as of YESTERDAY... they are the LONGEST REIGNING UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS IN DEFIANCE HISTORY!

Another round of cheers. Sykes puts the mic down and pumps her arms, encouraging the fans to give it their all, and the cheers intensify.

DDK:

That's true! As of today, The Saturday Night Specials have been champions for three hundred and sixteen days, surpassing the former record of three hundred fifteen days held by The Pop Culture Phenoms!

Lance:

Well, there's a trivia question for you. How ironic given the events of last night.

Ophelia Sykes:

They've also surpassed the amount of days The Lucky Sevens have held these belts...

She looks into the camera with a sly wink.

Ophelia Sykes:

...zero.

Max and Mason both pull the ropes down and yell at Ophelia daring the SNS to come on down.

Ophelia Sykes:

Men: they ARE your drinking buddies and ladies: they ARE a pair of absolute studs. They are Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy... THE! SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPPPPPPPEICIALS!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The folks in attendance absolutely lose their shit as the champs make their way out from behind the curtain, raising their championship belts high. Ophelia takes position in the middle of them, gesturing to both men with each arm. At the bottom of the ramp, they both lock eyes with Jack Mace... nods all around... and SNS rush the ring! Mace joins them as they roll inside to meet BFTA and the fight is on to the roaring approval of The Faithful!

DDK:

And we have a pier-six to start!

Lance:

So much bad blood in that ring, Keebs. One has to hope that unlike the tag match two weeks ago, Hector Nevarro can regain some control!

Mace and ADV are exchanging blows in the center of the ring while in two of the corners, Pat has paired off with Max and Brock with Mason. Fights take place all over the ring and it looks like the fans of Oklahoma are about to get a repeat of what Texas got two weeks ago!

DDK:

They're breaking down! I think we may have to call another no contest pretty quickly!

Pat throws punches at Max Luck, but unlike the last time that the two teams fought with each other, Tom Morrow is there and he tries to wheel over and grab Pat's leg but Pat sees him and stamps a foot on his hand!

Lance:

Tom Morrow might need a cast on his hand after that!

Morrow peels away but Cassidy, taking his eye off the ball, allows Max Luck to kick him in the face with a big boot.

Lance:

Distraction right off the bat from Tom Morrow pays off for the Lucky Sevens! And now look at Max! He's helping his brother ... and nails Brock from behind!

Brock gets pummeled by the two brothers in the corner with Jack Mace and Alvaro De Vargas continuing their fight with right hands being exchanged. Max and Mason toss Brock from the ring and then that leaves a three-on-one to Jack Mace when they jump on him.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow learned from that incredible brawl! They're taking charge on the offensive tonight.

Lance:

Max and Mason have turned obsessive about being the ones to dethrone Saturday Night Specials. They have a match that should be rescheduled tonight, but if they don't win tonight that match could be in doubt!

Mace does what he can against the twins, but they stop him with double knees and then when they hit a double headbutt to Jack Mace! Mace falls to his knees, but he isn't there for long. The bell rings.

DING DING**DDK:**

Order being kind of restored here. At least the match is official! Ophelia Sykes is checking on Brock and Pat at ringside and Better Future has Jack Mace isolated!

Mace is in the corner. Alvaro hits a splash first. Max hits a splash second. Then Mason hits one of his own and Mace gets dropped to the mat. Alvaro climbs on Jack Mace and then strikes him with right hands when the twins are ordered to get back to their corner by the referee. Mason and Max go to the corner.

DDK:

This is what makes The Lucky Sevens and Alvaro so dangerous. They divided and conquered to win at DEFCON and that looks like they'll be doing that tonight as well.

Alvaro picks Mace up and then he makes the tag to Mason Luck. Mason comes in and they both sucker punch the Killer Bear with double punches to the gut. Another tag from Mason to Max. They both twist the arms of Mace around and then hit another pair of double clubbing shots to his chest and then knock him with a couple of kicks. Then he is sent to a corner.

Lance:

The Better Future boys are trying to end this fast while they can!

DDK:

Mason and Max are both giving Alvaro a running start.

Both of the Lucky Sevens grab an arm of Alvaro to aid him for another splash in the corner. When Alvaro gets whipped, Mace throws an uppercut and he knocks ADV out of his way. ADV is stuck on his feet. Max runs at him when he sees that does not work but Mace dodges the oncoming charge. Mason tries to help out but he is stopped when the

Saturday Night Specials both pull Mason out of the ring by his legs and double team the big man with a throw at the ringside barrier.

Lance:

The Unified Tag Team champions are back in action! They both take care of Mason and then go to the corner.

DDK:

And there is Mace. He's got Max speared into that corner. It wasn't long ago that Jack Mace and Max Luck mixed it up in singles action!

Mace grabs Max and the Killer Bear muscles the big man back into the corner of the willing and able SNS. Mace hits a palm strike on Max and then tags Cassidy. Pat climbs to the very top rope with Mace holding Max and then leaves the giant open for a leaping axe handle from the top. Max Luck is stunned but still not knocked off of his feet. Pat hits the seven-foot monster with jabs and then makes the tag to his partner. Cassidy and Pat both take the arms of Max and put him in their corner for Brock to hit a charging shoulder. Brock drops to his hands and knees then Pat jumps off of his partner to hit an assisted Splash of Jameson!

Lance:

That's the type of tag team wrestling that have made the Saturday Night Specials the talk of the town and what has made them so popular!

Cassidy and Brock are all fired up on adrenaline (and maybe some pre-gaming before the match?) but adrenaline for sure. It takes both of them to do it but they are able to hit a double suplex on Max Luck. Brock tries to cover that monster and hopefully make the Lucky Sevens go away for good.

One ...

Two ... no!!!

The power from the kick-out from Max pushes Brock upward! But Brock knows not to blow a sure thing and tags Pat before Max can get away. Brock grabs Max's arm and he pushes him away, but Pat jumps in and hits a snap headbutt that hits Max's chest. It stops Max in his tracks for a moment.

DDK:

The SNS really trying to keep Max from the corner as well. These teams know what the other can do.

Tom Morrow and the rest of BFTA watch the SNS go to work. The Specials fight with Max but he punches them both away before they can hit his next move. Ophelia Sykes is at ringside and the big man spits in her general direction!

Lance:

Not classy at all! What brought that on?

DDK:

That didn't sit well with Pat!

Sykes instinctively looks away from the incoming spittle as the furious Cassidy enters the ring to go after Max. She blindly reaches out for Max's leg under the bottom rope... but grabs the wrong leg!

Lance:

Big mistake from the champion's new manager and now Cassidy's in trouble!

Tripped up by his maybe girlfriend, Pat stumbles towards Max and the giant doesn't let the opportunity pass him by. Thrusting an arm forward, Max engulfs Cassidy's face with a massive hand and yanks him in...

DDK:

Make that BIG trouble, partner!

Letting out a roar, Max lifts Cassidy high up in the air, spins around, and SLAMS him into the mat with the Winning Hand Slam!

Lance:

Max Luck just planted Cassidy dead center in the middle of the ring and *here's the cover!*

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE...

Flying in out of nowhere, Brock Newbludd hits Max in the back with a Flying Elbow Drop from the top rope!

DDK:

Last second save courtesy of Brock's elbow off the top rope! This match continues with things firmly in BFTA's control!

Popping up to his feet, Brock is immediately turned inside out by an ADV clothesline. Mace hops over the top rope and tries to lend a hand but is blindsided by a running Yakuza kick from Mason! With Max just beginning to push himself up, his partners quickly clear the ring by tossing Brock and Mace to the outside.

Lance:

Brock and Mace are on the outside, leaving Cassidy to fend for himself against the three giants.

With Pat all to themselves, BFTA quickly takes advantage by group stomping him until the ref is finally able to get Mason and ADV back to their corner. Inside of the ring, Max locates Ophelia and grins at her as he continues to stomp on Pat. The beating continues for the co-proprietor of Ballyhoo Brew and he puts his foot down on Pat's throat, choking the life out of him before a tag goes to Mason Luck. Mason is in and the twins go to work by picking Pat up and holding him in a double delayed vertical suplex set-up... and as they do this, ADV checks an imaginary watch... Tom Morrow gleefully chuckles when Pat gets dumped on the mat!

DDK:

There's the Coin Toss by The Lucky Sevens! And a cover from Mason Luck!

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

Cassidy gets the shoulder up and Mason is infuriated! He yells at the referee, but then reaches out to tag from ADV.

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas in now and... yep, already back at taunting Mace.

ADV grits his teeth at the former BFTA member... and spits on him!

DDK:

ADV is scum of the Earth... and now spitting on Mace?

Brock Newbludd tries to get through to The Killer Bear to not take the bait, but Mace is seeing red and charges in, almost knocking Hector Navarro over in the process! As he does this, ADV gets in and El Sol Dorado paces around Pat, not wanting to go for a cover immediately, but instead stomping Pat like he was actually on fire and was trying to put it out... with Mason coming back in to join him! The boo birds are all out in the OKC as Navarro and Brock both try to keep the wild animal that is Jack Mace contained.

Lance:

ADV knows where to hit you. He spat on Mace's family and it's been vitriolic since.

DDK:

Now ADV has Pat up... but Pat slips out! Schoolboy!

ONE... TWO...

But ADV kicks out and when Pat tries to jump to his corner, he gets scooped up! Then ADV hits a huge Cuban Missile to the corner! Pat crumbles after the running snake eyes right back to the corner of BFTA!

DDK:

Ooh! Cuban Missile! Alvaro de Vargas sends him FLYING to the corner! The tag is made to Mason Luck!

Mason Luck tries to pick Pat up after being rammed into the corner... he turns and Pat starts swinging! He hits some punches to Mason and then swings at Max, but he fires back with a shot of his own! He clutches onto his face with the Winning Hand! Mason distracts the official and then when he's done, ADV gets in on it and chokes Pat with the tag rope!

DDK:

Oh, come on, Navarro!

ADV lets go when Hector finally is able to peek around Mason! Then Mason hits a kick to the gut, tags Max and then powers Pat up... pumphandle backbreaker! The Jackpot Drop and then leads to Max hitting the Box Car Elbow Drop! Mason and Max both talk an insane amount of trash over Pat's fallen body before Max covers. Ophelia Sykes looks worried at the cover, but

ONE...TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

Max's eyes almost bulge out of his head. He looks at Cassidy, then Hector and yells in his face that was a three-count!

Lance:

Pat barely... BARELY kicked out! I could almost see no space between that three-count!

DDK:

And he doesn't like that! But he needs to keep his cool If The Lucky Sevens want to maintain their contendership status, they have to avoid a DQ and keep their tempers in check.

Tom Morrow yells at Max to pay attention to Pat, who is almost crawling away! He almost get to Brock and Jack... but Max charges and knocks Brock off the apron first! Max shoots a glare at Mace, but Max pulls Pat back to the corner and locks in another Winning Hand! Pat tries to fight his way out, but Max bullies him right back to the BFTA corner where Alvaro gets the tag.

DDK:

BFTA look like they are ready to wrap this up!

Alvaro hits him with a running clothesline... and then another... and then pulls Pat out of the corner by his hair. He starts to set up Ardiendo. The piledriver position is set up... but when he has him, Jack Mace hocks a loogie of his own and hits Alvaro in the back! Mace yells at Alvaro to fight him and ADV turns around, all while still holding Pat!

Lance:

Mace with a receipt of his own... OH! WATCH PAT!

ADV gets surprised when Pat reverses the piledriver... into a HUGE Alabama Slam! He collapses to the mat after the huge slam and finally has the finish line in sight! Brock slaps the turnbuckle and gets The Faithful clapping while Jack Mace grits his teeth. Ophelia Sykes starts clapping along and The Bally Cat is paying dividends after her earlier faux pas.

DDK:

That distraction worked out by Jack Mace! Pat has the opening!

Lance:

And listen to this crowd! They want a tag! Pat Cassidy is about to make it...

JACK MACE TAKES THE TAG!

DEFIANCE's Wild Man gets a huge pop as he climbs into the ring! Alvaro tries to get up, only to get HOISTED on the shoulder of Mace and then rammed into a corner before he fires off with a STIFF series of palm strikes! He wails away on Alvaro with the Mauling! He runs at the opposite corner and hits a running shoulder thrust to Mason Luck, then a big European uppercut at Max before he launches himself at Alvaro with another shoulder!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas may be El Sol Dorado, but it's Mace on fire right now!

Mace throws him out of the corner, then climbs to the ring apron. Brock and Ophelia watch the big man take flight and then knock Alvaro onto his back with a huge flying shoulder tackle off the top rope!

Lance:

Flying Bear by Mace! He rams right through Alvaro!

Alvaro is all sorts of dazed and confused when Jack grabs the body and then DEADLIFTS his ex-partner... into a bridging German suplex!

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

DDK:

Alvaro kicks out! But Mace is feeling it! Listen to this crowd! They're behind SNS and The Killer Bear right now!

Alvaro tries to sit up, but has been roughed up badly. Mace stomps a foot and the crowd knows what's coming next... ADV sits up and goes for the running soccer kick known as the Roy Kent Kick... but Alvaro lays back at the last second!

Lance:

No! Roy Kent Kick misses!

Mace is up, then Alvaro RAKES the eyes! Mace grits his teeth before Alvaro hits the Abajo Vas knee strike! Mace topples over and then ADV hooks the legs!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The shoulder of The Killer Bear comes up! Alvaro tries a Garra Del Tigre, but Mace ducks the backfist and shoves ADV back. ADV makes the tag to Mason Luck and Mace reaches over and tags Brock Newbludd before Mace charges and takes ADV through the ropes with a HUGE spear, sending both to the floor!

DDK:

Oh, my God! ADV and Mace are trying to tear one another apart! They're not even the legal men at this point, but I don't think they care!

The Faithful go ape for Jack Mace when he pummels ADV with rights! As Brock and Mason exchange shots mid-ring, ADV throws Mace into the guardrail, but Mace throws him over into the crowd, then The Killer Bear goes after him!

Lance:

We're down to two! SNS and The Lucky Sevens! It's bedlam every time they meet and tonight has been no different!

In the ring, Brock and Mason are trading shots. But with the referee distracted by looking into the crowd at the Mace/ADV brawl, Max enters the ring and jumps Brock from behind. Both giants begin to hammer on Brock with big clubbing blows until they send him off and catch him on the rebound with a big double spinebuster! The crowd is letting The Sevens have it as they laugh at the downed Brock Newbludd. Hector Nevarro steps in to try to get Max to leave the ring, but the big man threatens him with a smack, causing him to scurry away to safety. With bad intentions in mind, The Lucky Sevens pick Newbludd up and send him off the ropes again... but this time he's able to hold on to the rope and stop his momentum before he comes back at The Sevens! At the same time, Cassidy comes into the frame... kicking Max Luck square in the nuts!!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy finding a way to neutralize the bigger opponent!

Nevarro admonishes Cassidy, but since neither he nor Max are legal, he doesn't call for the disqualification. Cassidy tells Nevarro to chill out before turning and getting dropped by a big Mason Luck lariat. Mason turns back to Brock...

DDK:

Brock going for the Facemelter...

Lance:

...no! Mason ducks!

Mason wraps his arms around Brock's waist before tossing him up and over with a big throw. Brock hits the mat and Mason gets back to his feet, heading for the Milwaukee Made Man... but he finds a tiny roadblock in his way named Ophelia Sykes.

DDK:

I don't know if this is a smart move, Ophelia.

Sykes walks up to Mason... with a smile? The fans begin to boo as her walk turns sultry, and she places her hands on Mason's chest. The Luck Brother glares down at her, unmoved by this display. Ophelia makes a pouty face... before she drops down and tries for the low blow!!

DDK:

NO! Mason saw it coming! He blocks... and he has her arm!

Mason begins her back to her feet by the arm before grabbing Bally Cat by the hair. She begins to beg for mercy as he stares in her face and threatens like he's about to hit her. Just as he rears back...

Lance:

Brock Newbludd from behind!! Roll-up!!

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!***DING DING DING**

The fans are on their feet as Mason kicks out just a second too late. Brock rolls under the bottom rope as Ophelia tends to Pat and they also escape the ring. Mason is back on his feet in utter disbelief and rage. Hector Nevarro wisely exits stage left as Mason begins stomping around, absolutely losing it.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

DDK:

A roll up by Brock Newbludd put The Lucky Sevens away... just like it did in their title match months ago. This is not going to sit well with The Luck Brothers...

Brock, Pat, and Ophelia are by the entrance way now, holding their hands high for the fans. Max has joined his brother, and both them are pointing, red-faced and screaming, toward their hated rivals. Brock and Pat take the occasion to tell them both exactly what they think about them with a double bird salute!

Lance:

This is not going to sit well with The Lucky Sevens... I shudder to think what they're going to do next.

DDK:

That's an answer that'll have to wait for another time, Lance, as we're almost out of time! What an action packed Night 2, ladies and gentlemen! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Goodnight everybody!

The DEFIANCE logo appears on the bottom of the screen as Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy, and Ophelia Sykes mock The Lucky Sevens in the ring! Tom Morrow is trying to calm them down, but the monster twins have lost their minds while Brock, Pat and Ophelia leave to go enjoy the win on this night!

TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES PLEASE STAND BY

Lance:

Wait a minute... folks, I'm getting word that we're going to stick with this. What has to be going through the minds of the Lucky Sevens right now? The SNS were only able to beat the twins by a roll-up months ago and it happens again here tonight!

DDK:

What does this mean for their claims as Number One Contenders to the Unified Tag Team titles? The Lucky Sevens have been obsessed since the lost at Acts of DEFIANCE last year. Destroying the House. Defeating the Pop Culture Phenoms. Defeating Los Tres Titanes at DEFCON. Everything they have done has led back here the champs and thanks to Ophelia Sykes, they've been denied a win!

The Saturday Night Specials have departed behind the curtains with the show about go off the air ... but The Lucky Sevens aren't leaving the ring. Max looks at Mason and then the twins both look at Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Mason! Max! We'll get em! Let's go! You've gotten in enough trouble as it is! You can't afford to ...

Mason Luck:

SHUT UP!!!

Mason's lashing out makes Morrow fall backwards right out of his wheelchair! He freaks out and starts to try and crawl away.

Lance:

This doesn't look good! I think even Morrow might be losing his grip on Mason and Max Luck.

Max steps out of the ring and starts power walking toward Darren Quimbey, then shoves the ring announcer down to the ground so he can give it over to Mason. Mason catches it in hand.

DDK:

Hey! Come on! Somebody get out here before they do something!

Mason Luck:

NO ... NO ... THIS WAS OUR WIN ... *THIS WAS OUR WIN!!!*

Morrow tries to scoot back in his wheelchair and then yells at Mason Luck to stop, but he's lost it.

Mason Luck:

NO!!! TONIGHT WAS *OUR* NIGHT, NOT THEIRS!!!

Mason is howling like he's on the verge of a complete breakdown!

Mason Luck:

YOU'VE MOCKED US ... YOU'VE TRIED TO LOOK PAST US WHEN YOU *KNOW* FOR THIS LAST YEAR, THOSE TITLES HAVE BEEN STOLEN PROPERTY!!! YOU HAD TO USE OPHELIA TO BEAT US TONIGHT!!! ALL BECAUSE WE ... OWN ... YOU!!!

Max commands the mic and Mason pushes it to his brother. Morrow tries again to get them to listen, but they aren't. And as this is happening, Mason begins to climb out of the ring and starts ripping off the ring apron clear off the ring itself!

DDK:

What are they doing? They've lost their minds!!!

Max Luck:

WE'VE BEEN SCREWED BY DEFIANCE WRESTLING LONG ENOUGH! WE'VE BEATEN EVERYONE WE'VE NEEDED TO BEAT ... WE INJURED OUR OWN MENTORS AND SENT THEM TO BRAZEN IN BODY BAGS! WE CRIPPLED GAGE BLACKWOOD AND PUT HIM OUT FOR A YEAR!!!

Morrow doesn't believe the secret is out. Apparently, this may have been supposed to have been a secret, but it's out there now. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are now booing at the top of their collective lungs!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

I don't know ... and from the look on Morrow's face, he might have been trying to keep that quiet. I can only guess it has to do with how erratic Mason and Max Luck have been with the titles! That they attacked a former FIST without provocation wasn't going to look good if they wanted a title shot ... but it's out there now!

Max Luck looks at Mason, who starts ripping the ring apart with his bare hands.

Max Luck:

DEFIANCE WRESTLING ... WHAT WE DID TO GAGE ... WE'RE GONNA DO THAT TO YOUR PROPERTY!!!

After the chilling statement, he drops the microphone and *crushes* it underneath his boot! The feedback rips through the arena speakers! Morrow watches in horror as Mason now strips another piece of ring away and then pulls out a hook! He grabs the hook and then grabs at the canvas with it! He peeling it off the ring and exposing the wooden frames!

DDK:

No! They're destroying the ring!

DEFIANCE Wrestling has finally had enough of what the twins are doing and then start sending DEFSec out of the ring, but Mason Luck snatches one of the cameras from a ringside camera man and then lobs it like a weapon! They scatter and it crashes on the ramp!

DDK:

No ... not again!!! We saw the footage released on defiancewrestling.com where Mason and Max Luck tried to commandeer the production truck just before the ACE of DEFIANCE show went on the air! They don't care who they hurt!

Lance:

If they're not the champs, nobody is safe!

Mason moves right through DEFSec and then pushes them aside to start ripping covers off the barricade and kicks parts of it right over, sending a crowd of people jumping!

DDK:

THE LUCKY SEVENS HAVE SPIRALED OUT OF CONTROL!!!

Morrow is still trying to yell but any screaming falls on the deaf ears of Max Luck who now grabs a second camera. He knocks the camera man over with DEFSec trying to stop them.

Max Luck:

NOW ... THIS SHOW ... IS OVER!!!

The last thing that anyone sees of the broadcast is the camera about to hit the ground.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.