

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "Enemies" by The Score ♪*](#)

BOOM!

Pyro explodes from the rampway and we are LIVE in Los Angeles, California at the Pauley Pavilion! Twelve-thousand Faithful are yelling and screaming, ready for ACTS of DEFIANCE. The rampway and stage is silver, with four silver LCD letters to walk out from the middle of, reading ACTS. There is the DEFIANCE FIST logo flanked on both sides of the stage, also silver.

Signs and excitement all around!

**TITANES ARE THE HEALTHIEST GROUP IN DEFIANCE
ARE WE SURE CORVO DIDN'T KILL JESSICA REEVES??**

AARDMARK SECTION vvv

CORTEZ COUNTRY

IT'S TITANES TIME!

IF LUCKY SEVENS WIN WE ANGRILY TWEET ABOUT IT

SCROW KNOWS KICKS

cOnOr FOREVER, MALAK NEVER

PCP, PLEASE! (THE TAG TEAM IS ALL RIGHT, TOO)

LUCK AROUND AND FIND OUT

CONOR, WHEN IS THIS YEAR'S CHOOSE-YOUR-OWN-ADVENTURE HALLOWEEN SPECIAL?

I DIDN'T THINK THINGS COULD GET MUCH WORSE...AND THEN THURSTON HUNTER WON A TITLE

NO MARSHMALLOWS

MALAK GARLAND SHOPS AT DOLLAR TREE

BOOK THURSTON HUNTER VS HENRY KEYES ON PPV, COWARDS

The scene goes to the announce table where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sit beside the left side of the stage.

DDK:

Hello and WELCOME to ACTS of DEFIANCE! This is night one and we have a hell of a card coming out!

Lance:

Hello everybody! Indeed we do! Let's take a look!

The match graphics roll through.

JJ DIXON vs. EARL LEE

SCROW vs. CORVO ALPHA

MALAK GARLAND & CONOR FUSE vs. PCP

OSCAR BURNS vs. REZIN

UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES: THE LUCKY SEVENS (C) vs. URIEL CORTEZ & TITANESS

DDK:

What a great main event with the Tag Titles on the line! Plus so much more.

Lance:

We're going to get started right away with a HOT OPENER!

The match graphic switches to...

FOR THE BALLYHOO PROPERTY: SNS vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY

The Faithful cheer as the announcers brace themselves for the upcoming contest.

A CAJUN, A TEENAGE GIRL, AND A GATOR WALK INTO A BAR...

DDK:

We're wasting no time, ladies and gentlemen! ACTS of DEFIANCE is off to a raucous start with a tag team match that is darn sure personal!

Lance:

Months ago, current Unified Tag Team Champions The Lucky Sevens burned down the brewery/bar of their arch rivals, The Saturday Night Specials.

DDK:

Allegedly.

Lance:

Allegedly.

DDK:

The combination of losing the bar, the betrayal of his long time girlfriend, and the loss of the tag team championship sent Brock Newbludd into a spiral that saw him walk away from DEFIANCE and his partner in crime, Pat Cassidy. Pat tried his damndest to hold things together, even petitioning the Favored Saints to partner with him to rebuild Ballyhoo... but Ned Reform pulled the rug out from under him.

As our announce duo speaks, the background noise shifts from generic crowd to a chorus of... boos?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

And so it all leads to this, a tag match that sees Reform and TA Cole, collectively known as The Honor Society, take on... what do we call them? The Saturday Night Specials 2.0? Davey LaRue steps up to partner with Cassidy to battle for the deed to the former Ballyhoo property.

DDK:

And I... wait. What's this? Lance, I'm getting word there is a disturbance at ringside.

The camera shifts to the front row of the Pauley Pavilion, where we see that the Los Angeles Faithful have parted to make way for someone. This person is apparently being booed and jeered heavily, and is being escorted by security. As the people shift, we see who this person is...

DDK:

It's Siobhan Cassidy!

Lance:

We haven't heard from her in months.

Siobhan sneers at the fans, brushing them off. The security force leads her to a front row seat that has the word "RESERVED" on it. She brushes the chair off before primly sitting down, crossing her legs and smirking. In her hand is a drink, and she sips at the straw deviously while winking into the camera. The fans continue to boo as she laughs and blows them kisses.

Lance:

In that special sit down interview I conducted with Siobhan, she revealed that she betrayed Brock Newbludd because she didn't feel appreciated... and she hinted at having a new man... one that the DEFIANCE Faithful are familiar with.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Siobhan is momentarily forgotten as we cut away to the entrance stage. The opening piano chords of Beethoven's classic echo throughout the arena as the house lights turn purple. The piano keys shift into guitar for the updated rock

version of the song as Ned Reform and TA Cole appear from the back. Reform wears his usual purple single with big white "R" in the center, and TA Cole's attire mirrors that of his mentor. Reform stops at the ramp, smiling and rubbing his chin as his gaze slowly moves from left to right, taking in the entire arena of jeering fans. TA Cole hops from foot to foot warming up and wringing out his hands in preparation for action.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is your opening contest for ACTS of DEFIANCE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... TA Cole and Ned Reform... THE HOOOOONOR SOCIETY!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I don't like this already, partner. Ned Reform looks damn sure of himself... we've got Siobhan at ringside... there's something in the air.

Lance:

While she may be out here to support her brother, I have my doubts. Ned Reform picked up the victory over Pat Cassidy at DEFtv 176 and it sure seemed like he had a bigger plan in the works.

Reform begins to slowly strut toward the ring with a twinkle in his eye as he waves to the fans. Cole lurks behind him menacingly, almost daring anyone to try anything. The duo reach the ring, and Cole leaps impressively from the ringside floor to the apron, smiling proudly at his feat of athleticism. Reform takes the longer route: he walks up the ring steps and hops up to the second turnbuckle. He rubs his chin thoughtfully as he gazes around the arena with the purple lights illuminating both him and The Faithful. He holds that pose for a while before hopping down to the apron, wiping his boots, and entering the ring. Reform and Cole begin to talk strategy as their theme dies out.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The lights suddenly blink out before immediately flashing back on as pyro fires off from both sides of the stage. The Faithful rise up out of their seats and cheer wildly as Mojo the alligator slithers onto the stage. Those cheers amplify when "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and "Ballyhoo" LaRue make their way out to join their mascot.

DDK:

Here they are! The Saturday Night Specials have arrived to kick Acts of DEFIANCE off!

Lance:

Tonight marks a new chapter for SNS. Brock Newbludd is gone, and now it's time to see what Davey "Ballyhoo" LaRue is going to bring to the table. He's got the fire in his belly but will it translate to success in the ring?

LaRue plays to the crowd while Mojo stays put at the top of the ramp. Cassidy, for his part, runs a finger down the bridge of nose roughly while looking toward the ring. And Mojo has the same idea: while it's hard to be sure, it seems like the gator's gaze is stuck on Dr. Ned Reform. This doesn't escape the good doctor who shakes his head in dismay and points to the animal as he paces around the ring. Cassidy and LaRue return to the middle of the stage and bump fists before joining Mojo. Together, the three of them begin to head down the ramp.

Only walking a couple of steps, LaRue yanks on Mojo's leash and the two come to a sudden stop while Cassidy continues on towards the ring. Narrowing his eyes, the burly cajun glares at his partner for a long second before swiping a hand over his throat to call for the music to stop.

Repeating the gesture with a look of annoyance, Ballyhoo LaRue gets his request granted and Alestorm stops blaring throughout the arena. The crowd begins to buzz anxiously as they focus on him. On the ramp, Cassidy turns around

and looks at LaRue in confusion.

DDK:

What's this about?

With all eyes on him, LaRue reaches inside his black leather SNS jacket and pulls out a microphone. Grinning at Cassidy, he raises it up with one hand while raising a middle finger up to Cassidy with his other.

Lance:

Hang on a second...

Davey LaRue:

Ooowee...I hate dat damn song! And ya know what else I hate...

LaRue points at Ballyhoo Brew's logo on his shirt.

Davey LaRue:

Dis' damn shithole bar! And de pieces of shit dat would frequent it!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

WHAT?

Davey LaRue:

But, what I tink' I hate de most...when it's all said and done...are the two ungrateful, good for nuttin', bozos who were runnin' de place! Brock Newbludd...

LaRue points a finger at Cassidy.

Davey LaRue:

And YOU, Pat Cassidy! Ya really tink I'm gonna let ya build dat place back up jus' so you can stick me behind de bar and forget about me!?

Cassidy's jaw drops in shock as revelation washes over him. His former employee isn't here to help. He's here to do the exact opposite of that.

Davey LaRue:

Not today, Cass-A-Frass! Davey LaRue's done being barback bitch for you! I'm makin' my own moves now, pretty boy! And de first move I've made is alignin' myself with someone who sees my true worth! Someone who wants ta make ME de FACE of what will be de most popular spot in ALL of New Orleans!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Ignoring the boos raining down on him, LaRue takes his leather jacket off and throws it to the ground. Then, he grabs the collar of his Ballyhoo Brew t-shirt and yanks down on it to rip it off and reveal another shirt underneath it.

Lance:

Oh man...

A shirt that has a picture of Ned Reform's smiling face plastered on it. Written in cursive writing right above Ned is the name of his potential coffee shop.

DDK:

THE SMUG MUG!? LaRue's sold out!?

Now the boos are nearly deafening as the crowd shows their disgust. Inside of the ring, Cole is cheering loudly and Reform has fallen to the mat, holding his sides in laughter. He's relishing this moment.

Davey LaRue:

Cassidy! Hate ta break it to ya, but dis the end of the road for you and Ballyhoo Brew! De final chapter in a pathetic story. I'm done bein' a simple bartenda! After tonight, I'm movin' on up and becomin' a distinguished and respected BARISTA!

Lance:

Isn't a barista just a bartender who serves coffee?

DDK:

Clearly Ned Reform has used his superior intelligence to coerce LaRue. The cajun has never been known as a thinker, partner.

LaRue waits a second for the booing to subside slightly before addressing Cassidy again.

Davey LaRue:

Before me and my new partners tear ya limb from limb in front of dese idiots dat ya love so much, I got somethin' ta share wit' ya, Cass. Somethin' dat I'm REAL proud of! Somethin' dat I've wanted ta do for YEARS, and tanks to de good doctor, I was finally able ta.

Lance:

What's he talking about now?

Davey LaRue:

Shift dem' beady lil' eyes of yours ta de screen behind me, Pattie...and lemme show ya how I finished off de biggest piece of shit of dem all...sad sack Brock Newbludd! News flash, dickhead! Brockie boy is gone because I MADE him gone!

Barking out a laugh, LaRue takes a bow to his cohorts in the ring and they return the gesture as Cassidy fumes on the ring.

DDK:

Is he saying what I think he's saying? Is he the reason Brock has been M.I.A!?

Flashing Cassidy a smug grin, LaRue directs everyone's attention to the DEFtron with a point of his finger. Above him, the huge screen comes to life and everyone's attention immediately turns to it as the arena lights dim. While Pat Cassidy and The Faithful look on nervously, The Honor Society and their saboteur watch with giddy excitement.

DDK:

Whatever we're about to see, something tells me it won't be a big hit with the people here tonight.

Lance:

Ya think?

A white border suddenly appears on the edges of it, along with the all too familiar red "REC" in the bottom right corner. The picture contained within the white lines slowly fades in and the arena explodes in roaring boos when things begin to focus in.

Lance:

I'll be damned, simply unbelievable.

DDK:

This is simply heinous.

In a dimly lit room of what appears to be a run-down shanty, Brock Newbludd sits tied to a wooden chair with a thick piece of duct tape covering his mouth. Fury burns in Newbludd's crystal blue eyes as he stares off-camera. Suddenly Davey's smiling face appears, nearly taking up all of the picture. Backing away, the cajun turncoat moves next to Brock's side and takes a knee.

Davey LaRue:

Clock's a tickin', mon ami. Ya know what today is? Today's de day I put dat piece of shit bar, and dat piece of shit Pat Cassidy's career, right where de belong. And dat's in de dirt. Exciting, no?

LaRue laughs and reaches up to grab onto one end of the duct tape. He gives his captor an exaggerated wink and then RIPS the tape off of Brock's face, taking a literal chunk of hair from his beard. Newbludd clenches his jaw and a pained groan slips out.

Davey LaRue:

Dat right dere. Dat's why I gotta do what I gotta do. Ya done and gone soft, Brock. Whimperin' like a lil' bitch from a lil' hair pull.

LaRue crumbles the tape up and throws it at Brock. The ball of tape bounces off his forehead while the snickering LaRue bends down close to him. Grabbing him by the jaw, Davey forces Brock to look directly into the camera.

Davey LaRue:

Ya see dat camera? It's recordin', mon ami. and I'm gonna play it for de whole world to see tonight. I'm tinkin' right before me and Docta Ned put an end to dat idiot Cassidy. So, whaddya say, Newbludd? Ya got any last words for him? Wanna tell him to kiss his ass goodbye for me?

Newbludd mutters something under his breath that the camera doesn't pick up. Davey smirks and gets close to Brock's face, cupping a hand around one of his ears as he does so.

Davey LaRue:

What's dat now? Ya gotta speak up, boy!

Brock's eyes snap away from the camera to look at LaRue.

Brock Newbludd:

I said...go fuck yourself. You and your idiot brother can't keep me here forever. I'm gonna get outta here and when I do...

SMACK!

Davey shuts Brock's mouth with a solid right hook to the jaw. Brock is literally rocked by the blow and his chair tips to one side. He's then sent down to the floor courtesy of Davey LaRue follow up kick to the head.

Davey LaRue:

Ya ain't goin' anywhere, boy! Ain't nuttin' ya can do bout' dat! Jus' like dere ain't nuttin' ya can do to stop me and Ned from tearin' Pat Cassidy apart. Tonight, Ballyhoo Brew dies once and for all!

With the glassy eyed Newbludd laying on his side, LaRue snaps his attention back towards the camera and grins before walking off screen. A second later, the DEFtron goes black and the arena's lighting brightens to show the triumphant Davey LaRue standing on the stage with his arms spread wide.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

I can't believe it! I refuse to! Davey LaRue has turned his back on his friends! On these people!

Lance:

All to hand out cups of coffee!? I can see why Brock and Pat never made him a manager. Sheesh!

Inside of the ring, Ned and Cole applaud their accomplice, with the Good Doctor even throwing in an exaggerated bow in appreciation of LaRue's efforts. Pat Cassidy stands, with his head down in stunned silence on the ramp. Without looking up, he sighs and shakes his head. His pale skin turning red, he brings his head up and looks to Davey with what can only be described as murderous intent. LaRue simply smiles in return, tugging on Mojo's leash as an implied warning that Cassidy had better not get too close. The crowd begins a fresh wave of boos as TA Cole and Ned Reform have exited the ring, taking point at the bottom of the ramp. Cassidy looks to them, looks to LaRue, and seems resigned to what is about to go down.

DDK:

This isn't going to be a tag match, folks. It's going to be a three-on-one massacre...

Lance:

Four on one if you count Mojo, partner. Cassidy is effectively boxed in on the ramp.

Cassidy notices THS closing in behind him and he stops. Standing his ground, Pat Cassidy readies himself for a fight.

Suddenly the entire arena goes dark, causing The Faithful to roar in surprise...

DDK:

What the!?

Lance:

I can't see a thing!

Without warning, the DEFTron fires up for a second time. On the screen, we return to Davey's cabin where Brock Newbludd is still tied up and lying on his side. The time signature on the bottom corner of the screen indicates that only a few minutes have passed since Davey knocked the defenseless Brock to the ground and made his proclamation of ending Ballyhoo Brew once and for all. Davey suddenly walks onto the screen with a duffle bag slung over his shoulder. He snickers at the still dazed Brock before turning his gaze off camera and pointing a finger.

Davey LaRue:

Remember de plan, bruddah. Make sure ya take dat tape straight to da production truck when ya get to de arena. I gotta go and meet wit' Ned to finalize de terms of our lil' arrangement.

Another man walks into the picture and slaps Davey on the back. Wearing only a pair of dirty jean shorts and combat boots, the newcomer looks like a younger, swamplier, version of LaRue.

Unknown Accomplice:

Ya can count on me, Davey.

Davey LaRue:

I know, Devereaux. Ya done good helpin' me out wit' all dis', lil' bruddah. Ned and I will make sure ya get proper payment for all your hard work.

The younger LaRue grins greedily as Davey walks off screen. The sound of a screen door opening and quickly slamming shut is heard in the background as Devereaux looks down at Brock. Stepping on Newbludd's fingers with one of his combat boots, he watches as his older brother drives off.

Devereaux LaRue:

Well, shit, Brockie boy, Davey didn't say nuttin' about me havin' a lil' fun wit' you too.

He glances at the camera and then down to Brock. Dropping down to a knee, he spits right in Newbludd's face.

Devereaux LaRue:

Ol' Davey wants me ta take ya back into de swamp and leave ya for de snakes and gators. He was real clear on dat. What he wasn't clear on was what condition I left ya in when I do...

With Devereaux's spit running down his face, Brock lifts his head up off the dirty floor and smiles.

Brock Newbludd:

Have at it...wouldn't be the first time an ugly woman's sucker punched me...

Devereaux laughs and grabs Brock by the back of the head with one hand as he cocks with his other one. The abrupt sound of the cabin's screen door opening and shutting again causes him to delay his attack.

With his fist still cocked back, Devereaux keeps his eyes glued on Brock and calls out over his shoulder...

Devereaux LaRue:

If ya came back to get a couple last second licks in, bruddah, ya gonna have to wait your turn...

Newbludd's focus shifts from Devereaux's cocked fist to behind it and his jaw immediately drops, causing the younger LaRue to look behind him. Just in time to see a shovel accelerating towards his face...

THUD!

Eating a faceful of steel, Devereaux hits the floor to lay motionless next to the flabbergasted Newbludd, while inside the dark arena The Faithful begin to buzz at this turn of events.

Brock Newbludd:

Holy shit! What!? DEBBIE!?

Buzzing turns to cheering when number one SNS Superfan, and self proclaimed Queen of the Ballyhooligans, Deb Warenstein appears on the screen with a shovel in her hand.

DDK and Lance:

DEB WARENSTEIN!?

Deb Warenstein:

Hiiiiiii it's meeeeeeee! And, oh my God, like, I can't believe that actually worked!

She hops up and down in glee, then quickly pulls out her cell phone and snaps a selfie next to the downed (and bleeding) Devereaux LaRue. Brock Newbludd just watches on in shock.

Deb Warenstein:

Ugh I should've taken a video for TikTok but I guess IG and Snapchat will do!

She drops down to a knee, releases the shovel and smiles at Brock.

Deb Warenstein:

Hiya handsome.

Brock Newbludd:

Wha...what are you...DEBBIE!?

Warenstein pushes a finger into Brock's lips to shush him. Then she starts to untie him from the chair.

Deb Warenstein:

So, like, that Chris Chickentenders dummy isn't the only one who can snoop around and do detective work. I saw that

uggo Davey coming out of Five Guys and thought to myself ew, why would he go there instead of Fuddruckers, the burgers are way better, don't argue, so I followed him and eventually he came out here and then I was like, ew, why would he be staying in this run-down shanty so I got out of the car and took a peek in the window and then I saw you! But I didn't know what to do so I left and drove around and then I figured oh, I can hit him with something so I went home and got a shovel and then I also got my mom's taser out of her purse because, like, you never know what can happen out there and you need to protect yourself, that's what she always says, and then I came back here and here I am!

She finally unties the last knot. Newbludd scrambles to his feet and immediately kicks Devereaux in the ribs. The semi-conscious hillbilly lets out a groan and Brock looks to his savior.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey, you got that taser on you?

Debbie smiles and pulls it out of her back pocket. She hands it to Newbludd and he immediately places it right on Devereaux's forehead.

TZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Davey's little brother flops like a fish out of water for a few seconds until Brock pulls the taser away. Tossing it back to her, Brock nods his head in gratitude as he stands back up.

Brock Newbludd:

Thanks, kid. What now?

Debbie smiles wide.

Debbie Warenstein:

You have to stop that uggo Davey from ruining everything! We need to save Pat!

Now The Faithful EXPLODE in cheers and the pitch black arena begins to rumble...

DDK:

What does that mean, Lance!?

Lance:

I don't know, partner. But, what I do know is I still can't see a thing inside of the arena.

The scene suddenly shifts on the DEFTron to show Debbie and Brock bursting through the front door of the backwoods cabins. The high school senior runs towards a Subaru Outback and Brock quickly follows. Reaching the car, Debbie frantically opens the driver's side door and Brock goes to open the passenger side.

Deb Warenstein:

No, you ride in the back!

Brock Newbludd:

What? Why? And when did you get a car?

Debbie reaches in and grabs a plastic trash bag from the passenger's seat. Popping back up she tosses it to the dumbfounded Brock.

Deb Warenstein:

It's my Dad's. I told him I was going to Corissa's to study.

She pauses.

Deb Warenstein:

Although if he's watching this at home I'm totally gonna be grounded... Whatever. Worth it. Now crawl in the back, we gotta go bb!

The rambunctious teenager slides into the driver's seat and a second later the back hatch opens up. Shaking his head, Brock races to it. Before hopping in, he peeks in the bag and realization hits him as he pulls out one of his tasseled ring boots.

Brock Newbludd:

Fuck yes, Debbie. Let's do this!

Brock throws the bag in the back and hops in right after it, closing the hatch as he does so. The scene shifts to show the cabin's dirt road and Mr. Warenstein's Subaru racing down it, rally car style. It quickly closes in on the camera until the whole screen is taken up by its grill and brightly shining headlights.

Then, the DEFTron abruptly shuts off...

DDK:

What...what is that?

Roars begin to swell as the sound of a car's engine is heard. Suddenly a pair of bright lights cut through the darkness to shine on Ballyhoo LaRue. Still standing at the top of the ramp, LaRue throws a hand up as the lights flicker and become even brighter.

Lance:

That would be a Subaru Outback, partner! I guess they really can go anywhere!

DDK:

Even to LA!

All at once, the Pauley Pavilion's lighting returns to reveal a mud-caked Subaru Outback parked on the stage. Deb Warenstein sits behind the wheel, glaring at the blinded LaRue as she pushes a button to open the back hatch.

DDK:

Special delivery for Ballyhoo LaRue!

Davey's eyes adjust just in time for him to see Brock Newbludd climb out of the back of the car and his eyes go wide in shock.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd has arrived! He's not gonna let Cassidy fight for Ballyhoo Brew alone!

The Faithful EXPLODE in cheers and Pat Cassidy pumps his fist at his REAL tag team partner's unexpected arrival!

"NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD!"

Standing on the bottom of the ramp, Ned Reform is losing his mind. He runs in circles, pointing and shaking his head in frustration. He kicks the guardrail in anger and immediately regrets it.

DDK:

The Good Doctor's scheme has just blown up in his face! He's losing it!

Up on the stage, Newbludd walks around to the front of the car and points a finger at LaRue as trash talk pours out of his mouth. Davey gives his escaped prisoner a middle finger and bends down to scoop Mojo up with both hands. A wicked smile flashes across the evil cajun's face as he lifts the alligator up over his head...

Lance:

Hang on now! What's LaRue doing with that reptile!?

Taking a quick step forward, Davey HURLS the gator at Brock! Hissing the whole way, Mojo flies like a scale covered cruise missile towards Newbludd.

DDK:

Incoming!

Spreading his feet wide, Brock catches Mojo out of the air! LaRue's desperation attack backfires on him when instead of viciously attacking Newbludd, Mojo nuzzles him under the chin. Brock returns the love by giving the alligator a kiss on the snout. The crowd cheers again while LaRue's jaw drops.

Lance:

Wait a second! On the ramp!

While all the alligator shenanigans are unfolding on the stage, Cassidy decides to use this distraction to charge head first into The Honor Society, guns a blazin! He unloads with big right hands on Levi Cole, The Faithful roaring along as each shot connects! With Cole dazed, Cassidy is able to block an attempted shot from Reform and light him up as well. Grabbing both members of the Honor Society's heads, he introduces them to each other the hard way!

DDK:

Brock's arrival has lit a fire under Pat Cassidy!

Up on the stage, Brock sets Mojo down and points a finger right at Reform. The gator gleefully thrashes his tail and lets out a hiss before charging down the ramp towards Ned!

Lance:

Apparently Mojo's real loyalty is to Newbludd and Cassidy!

With Cassidy working over Cole, a groggy Ned Reform catches a glimpse of Mojo rampaging down the ramp and his eyes go wide in terror as he slides to a stop. Turning on a heel, Ned races back to the safety of the ring and Cole quickly does the same upon seeing the angry reptile. Mojo pumps the brakes and pulls up next to the surprised Cassidy. The crowd lets out a cheer while Cassidy shrugs his shoulders. Dropping down to a knee, he gives Mojo a friendly pat on the side as he laughs at the scrambling Reform.

DDK:

Or maybe the gator hates Ned that much!

Meanwhile, back on the stage, Davey LaRue stands stunned and slack-jawed. His face turns redder by the second as he glares down at Mojo and Cassidy. With The Faithful roaring loudly all around him, Davey slowly turns his glare to Brock. Still standing in front of Mr. Warenstein's whip, Newbludd flashes his former friend/kidnapper a shit eating grin and LaRue's eyes flare in anger.

Lance:

LaRue's betrayal has been revealed and his dreams of becoming a barista have gone down the toilet. And on top of all that, Mojo's ditched him for SNS!

The raging LaRue pulls at his hair in anger and lets loose a flurry of cajun seasoned obscenities at Newbludd. Letting out a hate-filled roar, LaRue charges towards Newbludd!

DDK:

LaRue wants to hurt Brock one way or another! His plan might be foiled but he still has that hate!

Crouching low, Newbludd surges upwards into LaRue right as the charging cajun cocks a fist back and powers Davey

off his feet. Using Davey's momentum against him, Newbludd sends him soaring head over heels with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

Lance:

Suplex! Look out, Deb!

THUD! LaRue crashes back first onto the hood of the car! The Faithful erupt in cheers!

DDK:

Newbludd just made him pay the price and I don't think he's done, partner.

A wide eyed Deb watches from behind the steering wheel as the shellshocked LaRue rolls over onto his stomach after getting driven into the hood. The two lock eyes only for a second before Deb sprays him in the eyes with windshield washer fluid. LaRue cries out in pain from the fluid burning his eyes and he rolls off the hood of the car. He gets no respite though as he's instantly kicked in the side of the head by Brock, causing the side of his cranium to smack against the side of the Subaru.

Lance:

You could hear that impact. Davey's on dream street!

Grabbing Davey's head with one hand, Brock looks at Deb and points at the back hatch. A second later it begins to open and Newbludd gives a thumbs up to the teen. Hoisting the groggy Davey up to his feet, Brock hits him with a stiff headbutt and latches onto the back of his head and yanks it back. Taking a step forward, Newbludd smashes Davey's face into the passenger window! The glass instantly shatters from the impact and LaRue slumps to the ground as blood pours from more than a few fresh cuts on his face.

DDK:

Oh my! LaRue's a bloody mess!

Lance:

I sure hope Mr. Warenstein has full coverage on that ride!

Deb doesn't seem worried one bit as she cheers along with The Faithful from the driver's seat.

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

Newbludd throws a fist up to the masses before crouching down to gather up LaRue's motionless body. With more than a little effort, Brock manages to get Davey up onto his shoulders and he marches around to the open back hatch. Lining up with it, Newbludd roughly throws his former friend into the back and slams the hatch shut. With Davey taken care of, Brock slaps his hand on the top of the car and Deb throws it in reverse.

DDK:

That's all she wrote for Davey LaRue! The Saturday Night Specials are reunited thanks to their number one fan!

Reversing back off the stage the way she came, Deb stops briefly to stick her head out the driver's side window. First she blows a kiss to Newbludd, and then does the same to Cassidy down on the ramp. The boys both give her a wave goodbye as the Subaru completely exits the stage.

Lance:

Deb's taken out the trash for her boys and now it's time to finally kick thing off, folks!

Brushing some bits of broken glass off of his arms, Newbludd heads down the ramp. As he does so, he looks into the camera following him and reaches a hand out to pull it in close.

Brock Newbludd:

Fuck that wannabe! Everyone knows there's only one Saturday Night Specials, baby! Time to buckle up because your boys are back and we're gonna do it like only we can do! Now, LET'S FUCKIN' GOOOO!

Pushing the camera away from him, Brock reaches Pat and Mojo on the ramp. Shaking his head and chuckling, Cassidy turns to his partner and sticks a hand out. Brock stares at the hand for a brief second before slapping it away. Before Pat can even react, Newbludd lunges forward to give his friend a monster bro hug.

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

DDK:

SNS is back and now it's time for them to fight for Ballyhoo Brew.

Lance:

Reform thought he could steal it away from them but now he's going to have to earn it!

With the hissing Mojo leading the way, The Saturday Night Specials head down the ramp and slide into the ring.

Reunited and ready to fight.

FOR THE BALLYHOO PROPERTY: SNS vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY

DDK:

Alright, folks, it's time to find out what the future holds for 3212 Tulane Ave. Will it be shots of whiskey or shots of espresso?

Standing in the middle of the ring, Hector Navarro watches as the still irate Reform orders Cole to start things off. Eager to put a smile on his mentor's face, TA Cole confidently walks out of his team's corner. Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the ring, Newbludd and Cassidy perform their usual pre match ritual of paper, rock, scissors. In decisive fashion, Cassidy wins the starting spot by conquering his friend two times in a row.

Lance:

Looks like it'll be the technician, TA Cole, squaring off against The Scrapper from Southie' to start things out.

With each team's starting man ready to go, Navarro calls for the bell and The Faithful let out a cheer of anticipation - everyone on their feet to see the return of The Saturday Night Specials.

DING DING

At the sound of the bell, both men charge ahead to collide in the middle of the ring. Cole immediately tries to engage in a collar and elbow tie-up but Black Out isn't having any of that. Ducking low, Cassidy performs a go behind and smashes a forearm into the small of Cole's back. Cole throws an instinctive elbow back behind him, but Cassidy sees it coming and manages to duck it. Surging upwards, Cassidy lifts TA off his feet and sends him down onto the mat with a beauty of a back suplex.

Lance:

Cole got a little overzealous there off the bat and Cassidy made him pay the price with that suplex.

Bringing Cole up with him, Cassidy fires him towards The Specials' corner with a hard irish whip and Ned's assistant crashes into the turnbuckle chest first. As Cole stumbles backwards, Newbludd hops into the ring and cracks him in the jaw with a surprise superkick.

DDK:

Brock with the kick to the jaw and Cole's on his back for a second time!

Navarro is quick to jump on Newbludd and Brock is even quicker to slide out of the ring. While this is happening, Pat Cassidy sees Reform stepping between the ropes. Racing over, Cassidy clocks his bitter rival in the side of the head with a big right hand, causing the good doctor to fly off the apron and flop onto the outside floor.

Lance:

Reform's down on the outside after EATING that shot. Hang on a second, here comes Newbludd!

Racing around the outside of the ring, Brock does a running leap onto the ring steps by The Honor Society's corner. Milwaukee's Beast doesn't slow down a step as he vaults off the ring steps while the stunned Reform staggers up to his feet. Turning around, Ned is helpless as Brock crashes into him and plants him back to the floor with a Meteora!

DDK:

MY GOD! What a move! Brock's going after Ned on the outside now! Things are breaking down fast already as Hector tries to keep things under control.

Meanwhile, inside of the ring, Cassidy yanks Cole up to his feet and plants him right back down with a crisp snap suplex! Cole bounces a few times on the mat and rolls underneath the bottom rope to land right next to Reform.

Lance:

Cole's hit the floor after that slam and now Cassidy's going up top!

As Brock picks up Reform and Irish whips him into the barricade, Cassidy carefully climbs up to the top rope and slowly rises to a standing position. With Newbludd and the rest of The Faithful cheering him on, the Boston native takes a deep breath and zeros in on Cole as he pulls himself up to his feet. Raising both of his hands up, Black Out leaps off...

DDK:

Double axe-handle from high above and Cassidy connects! We know how he feels about heights, making it all the more impressive!

Lance:

Cassidy got all of that one and SNS is pouring it on now!

Giving Reform a knee shaking knife edge chop that sends the good doctor slumping down against the barricade, Brock races over and gives Cassidy a cracking high-five to celebrate his successful flight. Together, the former world champions pick Cole up off the ground and Newbludd gives him a chop of his own before Cassidy rolls him back into the ring.

DDK:

Cassidy and Cole are back in the ring now while Reform's still laid out on the outside. Not a good start for THS, but there's still time to turn things around.

Lance:

The reunited Specials' are feeding off this capacity crowd's energy. If Ned and Cole want to turn the tide, they're going to have to quiet The Faithful down too.

Cole pushes himself up to all fours, but Cassidy is already on him and literally hammers him back into the mat with a flurry of right hands. Cole tries to seek refuge in the ropes, but Cassidy simply uses the middle rope to choke him! Navarro scolds Pat until he pulls away, but with Cole in the prone position, the Boston native gets a head of steam off the opposite ropes and hits a big leapfrog body guillotine. Cole rolls to the mat in pain and Cassidy goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

No! Cole powers out.

Cassidy gets back to his feet, looking down at Reform's teaching assistant. He looks to the people. They stand in anticipation. He slowly, slowly, ever so slowly... points to Brock Newbludd.

THE PLACE COMES UNGLUED!**Lance:**

The people want it, Keebs!

Newbludd takes it in, making a big show of asking the fans whether or not they want to see him. They unanimously respond in the affirmative. Cassidy points to each side of the arena, encouraging them to roar louder. Ned Reform, on the apron, covers his ears in disgust and yells what surely is a scolding to The Faithful, but nobody is paying him any mind. Before he makes the tag, Cassidy walks over to the side of the ring and leans over the top rope... pointing out into the crowd. The crowd boos as we figure out what he's pointing to... his sister, Siobhan, still sitting in the front row. Her arms are folded and she appears unimpressed at the big return. Pat meets her gaze... and the place EXPLODES when he offers her up a one finger salute!

DDK:

That's... well, that's siblings for you!

Making sure his sister knows how he feels, Cassidy turns back into the ring... and slaps Brock Newbludd's outstretched hand!!

Lance:

The Faithful are on their feet!!

Brock sprints into the ring and cuts TA Cole off at the pass as he attempts to tag out. He hooks Cole from behind... BIG RELEASE GERMAN! Brock kips right back up, shaking the ropes and feeding off the energy of the people! Without warning, Newbludd bursts forward and nails Ned Reform, causing The Sage on the Stage to fall backwards and land head first on the guardrail. With Reform neutralized, Brock stalks Levi Cole as he rises to his feet... and catches him in the gut with a stiff boot and hooks him for a brainbuster. Brock holds Cole high into the air for several seconds before drilling him head first into the mat! Newbludd rolls off Cole and begins doing push ups on the canvas, drawing laughter from the fans.

Lance:

You think he's happy to be back?

Brock tags out to Cassidy, but before he leaves the ring, he again drops Cole with a DDT, allowing Cassidy to fly off the second rope with an elbow right into the mush! Cassidy covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

DDK:

Despite this punishment, there's still life in TA Cole!

Cassidy tags Brock back in, holding Cole in position as Brock also comes off the second rope - this time with an axehandle. Heeding Hector's count, Cassidy exits the ring as Brock takes some more time to rile up the people who surely missed him being in action. He brings Cole to his feet, and the Teaching Assistant goes flying ass over teakettle as Brock sends him across the ring with a release overhead belly-to-belly. With Cole down, Brock leaps up to the top rope. He points to his downed opponent before cupping his hands to his mouth...

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLLLLY...

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOO!

And Brock flies off the top with a picture perfect elbow drop right into Levi's heart!

DDK:

Look on the outside... what is Reform doing!?

It would appear he has decided that this isn't worth it... as Ned Reform has tumbled over the very guardrail where he smacked his head moments ago. As the people jeer and even slap him on the back a bit... The Good Doctor makes the "forget this" hand motion as he walks through The Faithful and away from the ring!

Lance:

I don't believe this! Ned Reform is leaving!!

DDK:

His plan blew up in his face, and maybe he's decided this is a lost cause.

Cole has no idea that Reform has bailed on him as he's lying prone on the mat after that elbow drop. Meanwhile, Pat Cassidy ignores Hector Nevarro's words of warning to enter the ring, and the two Saturday Night Specials send TA Cole off the ropes and on the rebound, they drop him with a hard hitting double spinebuster! Cassidy and Brock clasp arms in a manly handshake before both dropping down and planting two elbow's in Levi's heart!

DDK:

It's fair to say that The Saturday Night Specials are back!

Both of the former Unified Tag Team Champions are back up. They lock eyes, and it's clear they're having the same thought. They both break out into grins, and it seems to dawn on The Faithful what they're thinking. A chant begins... softly at first, but then picking up steam...

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Pat grabs Cole and hooks him in the piledriver position. Brock slips outside the ring on the apron, looking out into the fans and encouraging them to make some noise. Brock climbs to the top turnbuckle, once again standing tall. He looks around to The Faithful, and not a soul is sitting. Instead, the entire arena is up and chanting in unison...

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

If you look closely, you might see the faintest hint of a tear in Newbludd's eye. But there's no time for that, as he flies off the top, planting Cole with a spike piledriver!

DDK:

THE KEG STAND!

Cole is down and out. Cassidy motions for Brock to take it, and The Milwaukee Made Man (and also the legal man) obliges by covering Cole and hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

And The Saturday Night Specials are back... and so is Ballyhoo Brew!!

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNERS... AND STILL OWNERS OF 3212 TULANE AVENUE... THE! SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPECIALS!

Brock and Cassidy hug it out as the people go nuts around them. Pat is the first to break the hug, holding Brock's hand high into the air and pointing to his tag team partner.

Lance:

It's nice to have them back, Keebs.

DDK:

And you know they're gonna be watching tonight's main event very closely!

The fans continue to cheer as Ophelia Sykes bounds out from the back, jogging toward the ring with a big smile. She enters the ring and gives Cassidy a big hug before doing the same to a grinning Brock Newbludd. The Ballycat takes position in the middle of the pair, raising their hands high into the air.

DDK:

Well, folks, that was a heck of a way to start... oh wait. We're... we're not done.

Brock has exited the ring, hit the ringside floor... and walked directly up to Siobhan Cassidy! The former couple now stands face-to-face. Brock is stone faced while Siobhan smirks. The camera has followed Brock and his close enough that we can hear what she's saying...

Siobhan Cassidy:

Oh yeah? You gonna hit me? You a big man?

Siobhan's body language also dares him. Brock continues to stare with a cold gaze... before breaking out into a smile. He shakes his head and says something that we can't quite hear but sounds a hell of a lot like "you're not worth my time." The fans cheer as he turns away, seemingly forgetting she exists. Siobhan looks offended that she wasn't able to bait him... and then she turns downright nasty as Pat Cassidy takes Brock's place standing in front of her... and he again gives her the ol "you're number one" hand signal! Siobhan, having it with her brother's disrespect, rears back to slap him...

DDK:

...but the slap is blocked by Ophelia Sykes!!

Sykes answers Siobhan's attempted slap with a shot of her own! The people roar in approval as Sibohan goes down!! Satisfied with herself, Ophelia joins The Saturday Night Specials as they walk up the ramp. Siboban gets back to her feet, holding her cheek and incredibly embarrassed. She shrieks into the camera.

Siobhan Cassidy:

MY BOYFRIEND IS NOT GOING TO STAND FOR THIS!

She marches away, and the camera cuts to the trio at the top of the ramp with arms raised: "Ballycat" Ophelia Sykes, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, and "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd. The Saturday night Specials have returned!

JJ DIXON vs. EARL LEE

DDK:

Coming up next is a match that I certainly did not expect to see on a pay per view. But in just about two months, the relationship of two of the members of The Southern Basterds has disintegrated and exploded!

Lance:

JJ Dixon and Earl Lee Roberts were an incredibly close duo, if not exactly successful as a tag team. But JJ Dixon fell on some hard times financially, professionally and emotionally. He gave himself one last match to convince himself to stay as a wrestler... and that was when he was introduced to Teri Melton and her bodyguard Zoltan!

DDK:

Teri Melton was a highly successful manager and incredibly difficult personality during her prime over 20 years ago. She returned to the sport after being gone for decades looking to restore what she calls her lost dynasty. And she apparently targeted JJ Dixon to become the wrestler who would help her regain it!

Lance:

She clearly manipulated JJ right from the beginning, convincing him to essentially sign off all managerial considerations of his career in exchange for her financial support and assistance. And during her recruitment of JJ, she apparently pretended to be attacked by Earl Lee Roberts, which prompted Dixon to attack Earl Lee back and ram his face through a chair, causing her mentor to have a broken nose and damage to both eye orbitals!

DDK:

But the funny thing is -- since Teri Melton has taken JJ under her wing, he has quickly emerged as a rising star. We've always known about his immense athletic ability... but he is finally starting to put it all together, along with a new killer attitude, having rebranded himself as "The Special Attraction."

Lance:

And despite her machinations... Teri and JJ have quickly developed a cult following here in DEFIANCE! Now, I attribute a lot of that to JJ's spectacular performances of late. But there is also just a beguiling and seductive allure attached to the Manipulative Madame of Olde Hollywood... and between that, their flamboyant attire entrances, and that people do relate to underdog and redemption stories... well, you can see why some people are getting behind them and their weird, seemingly Oedipal relationship.

DDK:

But Earl Lee Roberts is certainly not one of those people. He said that the damage to his face, and the protective mask he has to wear, has scared his infant daughter - a young girl that JJ held in his arms just days after her birth!

♪ Freebird by Lynrd Skynyrd ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And now coming to the ring... from Roanoke, Virginia... this is Earl Lee Roberts!

The crowd pops as Earl Lee Roberts walks out, a very intent and borderline stern face. He's wearing a sleeveless shirt with a Harley Davidson pictured on it, along with jorts. He's also busy wrapping athletic tape around his wrists. And he has on a protective face mask.

DDK:

And here comes Earl Lee Roberts, the brawling veteran of the former Southern Basterds!

Lance:

And you can just tell not just by his facial expression but by him wrapping that athletic tape on his fists that he expects to do a lot of punching tonight. But that protective face mask can really hinder breathing. And it's also a huge bullseye for JJ Dixon to take advantage of.

The lights go out fully black and the DEFTron turns on. Leading the trio walking forward is Teri Melton, with Zoltan in

his black suit trailing behind her to the side. Teri has on a large silver tiara with a shiny blue sapphire in the middle of it, along with a blue sapphire sparking shawl over a shiny silver dress, along with dangling silver earrings with the same type of sapphire blue jewel and, of course, holding her ever-present cigarette holder! And behind her is "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon. He's wearing a sapphire blue floor-length robe, with white feather trim around the arms, with silver jewels along the cloth including spelling out "JJ" over his heart.

Teri Melton:

Professional wrestling is not an industry that welcomes sympathy nor sentimentality. Mr. Roberts, I know you are upset that your former protege Mr. Dixon took some very harsh actions as he broke free from your ranks. But you'll see in due time that he made the right decision as he has quickly gone from a journeyman tag team wrestler about to retire from this sport into the hottest young commodity DEFIANCE has seen in years. Leaving you behind does not make us the villains of the story. It makes us the heroes - people who are kicking down the doors to finally, after all these years, TAKE what they deserve by moving those who stand in their path out of the way.

JJ Dixon:

Maybe a few decades from now, Earl Lee, we might be able to go to your ranch and share some beers and put this behind us. But as of right now, I'm a rising star here in DEFIANCE. I used you as a stepping stone to get to this moment. Because this is my FIRST singles appearance on a pay-per-view, and I plan on showing everyone around the world why I am Professional Wrestling's Special Attraction! And sadly for you... this could very well be your ONLY appearance on a pay-per-view since it might be your last match. Fasten your seatbelt, Earl Lee... because it's going to be a bumpy night when I drive you down Sunset Boulevard!

The trio stops walking.

JJ Dixon:

Because The Special Attraction commands the spotlight!

Teri Melton:

And Teri Melton

She pauses and purses her lips so the crowd can say the rest with her.

Teri Melton:

Is ready...

She holds her hands high in the air and closes her eyes. Teri begins pantomiming conducting an orchestra. And more of the crowd joins in!

Teri Melton:

... For her close-up!

JJ quickly snaps his fingers and immediately a spotlight goes on as a large chunk of the crowd erupts in cheers! Teri blows a large puff of smoke high in the air, Zoltan's arms folded behind her, as JJ stands on the ring arpon to show off his robe as it says "THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION" in silver jewels. JJ artfully slides the robe off as Zoltan picks it up.

DDK:

And as we noted before, a certain segment of the audience has been taken by JJ Dixon and his manager Teri Melton!

Darren Quimbey:

And now making his residence in Hollywood -

DDK:

And Earl Lee doesn't wait! He runs after JJ! He's punching away on Dixon! Left! Right! Left! Right! One to the stomach! Uppercut! And now a big elbow! And another big elbow! And a third sends JJ to the mat and rolling out of the ring!

DING DING**Lance:**

A quick start for the brawler from Virginia!

DDK:

Earl Lee climbs between the ropes -- OH WOW! Dixon with a pinpoint accurate superkick right to that injured face stops Earl Lee right in his tracks. Now JJ swipes Earl Lee's legs from under him and he falls hard on his back on the edge of the apron!

Lance:

That was a wily move from JJ. We're starting to see some more of that from him, too, on top of his athleticism.

DDK:

And JJ does not stop! He smacks Earl Lee with an open hand chop hard on the chest! And again! And now he pushes the bigger man hard into the ringside railing! JJ now takes a few steps up... **RUNNING BIG BOOT TO THE FACE!** Earl Lee hunched over the railing... and JJ now tosses him into the crowd and is adjusting the ring railing!

Lance:

One thing I've noticed about JJ as of late is that he has an insanely high motor. He just does not stop in the ring!

DDK:

And that's the case right as JJ rolls into the ring and is gripping the top rope! JJ springboards and leaps into - **WIRE HANGER CLOTHESLINE INTO THE CROWD!!!**

The camera angle changes and shows Teri Melton with her back to the ring and her hands pointing upwards as JJ leaps directly over her.

DDK:

And this crowd is erupting!

J!J!J!J!J!J!J!

Lance:

And I can't really blame them! I have no idea of the distance from the floor to the apex of JJ's leap. But he connected with that shot fully!

DDK:

JJ and Earl Lee are in the now cleared out third row as JJ looks around and takes a quick bow and pushes Earl Lee back to inside! And referee Carla Ferrari is telling both men to get back in the ring!

Lance:

She's given these guys some lenience expecting this one to be a bit of a brawl!

DDK:

JJ into the ring and Earl Lee on his knees with a jab to JJ's midsection! And another! JJ instead picks Earl Lee up... and onto his shoulders showing considerable strength - **AND A DEATH VALLEY DRIVER WITH A CARTWHEEL!**

Lance:

The strength and agility needed to execute that move is just unreal. JJ's hit a new gear as a wrestler!

DDK:

He's looking around the arena as the crowd is cheering that fantastic move. It's like he can't believe what he was just able to do!

Lance:

But in doing so, he's giving Earl Lee a chance to get back up to his knees and now his feet! The inexperience and his looking for attention from the fans is something that could be a detriment.

DDK:

Right you are! Earl Lee back up again and JJ walks into a left jab! And a right jab! And another as he backs JJ into the corner!

Lance:

And remember - the athletic tape makes those punches more effective.

DDK:

Earl Lee with an elbow! And another! And - oh! JJ just tugged on that facemask! And he uses the opportunity to sneak behind - Full Nelson - SUNSET BOULEVARD! HE JUST DROPPED EARL LEE RIGHT ONTO HIS SKULL! JJ with the cover!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

And the winner of the match... "The Special Attraction" J! J! DIXON!!!

DDK:

Much of the crowd is giving JJ a deserved ovation for another dominant performance!

Lance:

He's quickly gone from an afterthought about to leave the sport for good into... well... a special attraction that people are starting to pay attention to!

DDK:

Aww, come on. JJ looks at Zoltan who has a chair and slides it into the ring! JJ sets the chair up! We've seen him do this once already to Earl Lee Roberts! JJ NOW RIPS THAT PROTECTIVE FACEMASK OFF FULLY!

Lance:

No! He's going to end Earl Lee's career!

DDK:

JJ has him up for another Sunset Boulevard! WAIT! JJ looks back over his shoulder as Teri Melton just snapped her fingers. She's smugly waving her 'come hither' finger like we've seen her do a few times recently. And JJ just drops Earl Lee to the mat, and whispers something in his ear and stares at him as he walks out of the ring!

Lance:

I'm so confused! Does this weird alliance have a heart? Or is this just some kind of mindgame?

DDK:

Teri Melton is once again leaving us with more questions than answers! But either way... The Special Attraction is victorious in his first singles match on a Pay Per View!

Teri Melton taps her cheek three times as JJ leans over and plants a kiss. She then clutches his arm and the trio walk off together.

THE HEROES JOURNEY

The broadcast feed goes to a closed door that reads "The Special Attraction." Standing in front of the door are Jamie Sawyers and a smirking Teri Melton, cigarette holder in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Teri, we just saw JJ Dixon with another dominant victory. But after the match, right when he was about to put Earl Lee Roberts' face through a chair for a second time, you seemingly called him off. Why? Was it out of respect for JJ's past relationship with his former mentor, to play some sort of mindgame with Earl Lee Roberts or some other reason?

Teri Melton:

I can assure you that any sort of sense of sympathy or pity Mr. Dixon may have for Earl Lee Roberts has been long eradicated. And I will also tell you that this was not a mindgame intended for Mr. Roberts, because that would mean I'd have to spend more than three minutes of my life thinking about that man. No, this was a message to everyone here in DEFIANCE!

Teri smiles menacingly at Jamie who just backs away as Melton snatches the microphone from her.

Teri Melton:

Act One of my masterpiece has been completed! But like any good page-turner, you want to leave the audience guessing. Right when you started to predict what we would do and think you know what you're capable of doing is when we shift the narrative! And I hope everyone on the DEFIANCE roster is paying attention to what we're doing. We strike when we want and we do so to climb the totem pole. The ascent of these unlikely protagonists has only just begun as we begin our heroes journey. And going forward, we know there will be a lot of characters we meet along the way who are going to meet a very untimely demise in ways they will not be able to guess. And why do I know all this will happen?

She pauses and leans forward into the camera.

Teri Melton:

Because Teri Melton...

She leans in even closer.

Teri Melton:

Is ready...

And she pauses and lets out a wolfish smile as the door opens behind her as a showered JJ Dixon in an expensive suit and suit-clad Zoltan walk out. And the crowd knows what to say next!

Teri Melton:

For her close up!

Teri takes a Broadway bow as JJ snaps his fingers and the lights go completely out in the scene.

SCROW vs. CORVO ALPHA

♪ "See you in...HELL" by Christopher Drake ♪

The Faithful jeer as The House of the Harvest is seen now in a skybox on the second floor overlooking the ring. All four members are dressed in business suits. Their music fades...

DDK:

That young woman, Minerva Hive's future is at stake here. If Scrow can defeat Corvo Alpha here tonight then she is free of her commitments to the House of The Harvest.

Lance:

If he can not defeat Alpha then she will remain a slave to The House of The Harvest. We have tried to get her response to this stipulation made on DEFTV 176 but she has refused to comment on it.

DDK:

Who knows what is going on in her head right now?

Darren Quimbey:

The next contest is scheduled for one fall...

♪ "Electric Funeral (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... being accompanied by Lord Nigel Tricklebush... from Parts Untold... weighing two-hundred-sixty-eight pounds... call him... CORVO ALPHA!!

Lord Nigel is out first, dressed in a business-style smoke-black suit with a bowler cap to match. Not far behind him is Corvo. The beast is in red trunks with black knee pads and boots. A black smudge across his forehead, dripping aggressively into his eyes... a red smear of paint emblazoned across his chest like an open wound, Corvo methodically stomps his way down the ramp as Lord Tricklebush weaves his hands together in anticipation of what he's about to witness.

With Alpha in the ring, his theme song comes to a close.

DDK:

Corvo and Nigel have had more than a few... "mysterious" moments in the last few months, but nothing was more clear than Ravanna enlisting Nigel's services to remove Scrow from the business.

Lance:

Scrow has been on the winning track as of late, but this is gonna be a big test to pass. Corvo has been in a foul mood since losing to Conor Fuse in the first round of The FIST Tournament. Now he seems to be put in the position of "Soldier for Hire", in a way! Doing the dirty work for the House of the Harvest! Lord Nigel Tricklebush is aiming his weapon square at Scrow... and I've gotta tell ya... I don't like his chances tonight.

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent! Weighing in at one hundred and eighty-nine pounds from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow's DEFTRON video plays as the Raven's Eye steps from behind the curtain about a couple of moments later. His wet black hair draped over his right eye, his monocle now with an etched Raven's eye in the glass. He is in green ring gear with purple trim and blackbirds on the shin pad and on the side of his trunks. His new logo is of a bird trying to escape a puddle of ooze on the front of his trunks. That same logo is on the back of his black leather coat.

Scrow heads to the ring, he doesn't pay much mind to The Faithful, but it does seem he has earned a bit of their favor. For the most part, it is mainly a mixed reaction. Scrow slides into the ring under the bottom rope and removes his jacket and monocle and drops them to the ring crew before turning to see the behemoth standing across the ring.

DING DING

Scrow just stares across the ring at Corvo, after a couple of seconds Alpha who is now being ordered by Nigel to attack finally moves in on Scrow. Without much hesitation, he charges with incredible speed for a man his size. Scrow barely is able to respond but manages to duck the attempt at a lariat. Scrow quickly, mule kicks the back of Corvo's knee dropping the monster to a knee. He quickly locks in a dragon sleeper and bends Corvo into a vertical bow and arrow type submission move.

DDK:

Scrow trying to end this quickly. It is a sound strategy.

Lance:

After seeing the brutality he unleashed on Conor I can see what this would be the course of action for him right now. You are not going to match his power and savagery but if you can manage to cut off the oxygen getting to his brain you have a chance.

The Faithful:

Go to sleep!.....Go to sleep!...Go to sleep!

Scrow tries to apply as much pressure on the submission as possible. So much so that Corvo's other leg kneels down on the mat making it a full-on bow and arrow vertical dragon sleeper combo move. Nigel is shocked, as his monster seems to be quickly falling.

DDK:

Scrow has managed to get Corvo to both knees now. Now he can apply even more pressure to this hold.

Lance:

It looks like it's working, Alpha looks to be fading here.

Scrow shouts as he tries to increase the pressure on the hold. The House of The Harvest looks on from the skybox. Corvo suddenly reaches back and digs his thumbs into both Scrow's eyes, quickly having Scrow shout in agony. Before he grabs the back of Scrow's head and flips Scrow over his shoulder and right into reverse chin lock by the monster.

DDK:

My GOD! Corvo was trying to rip Scrow's eyes out!

Lance:

It was effective as it allowed him to break the hold and manage to flip Scrow over his shoulder and now he is in firm control with that boa constrictor-like chin lock on the smaller of the two.

The Faithful cheer on Scrow to break the hold. Alpha whips the hair out of his wide, white, wild eyes. His black war paint mixes with his sweat, peeling in spots.

Scrow can not see anything and is flailing around in desperation. Without even knowing it somehow he gets his foot on the ropes leaving Corvo to be forced to break the hold.

ONE

The Faithful boo loudly

TWO

THREE

The boo birds continue...

FOUR

Finally, he breaks the hold! Scrow pulls himself up by once more finding the ropes. He continues to try and rub his eyes, and as he turns around...

DDK:

GOOD GOD! Corvo Alpha with a vicious tornado lariat!

Lance:

Scrow was turned inside out there!

Alpha picks up a prone Scrow his eyes squinting before Alpha throws him behind his head again with overhead the head belly to belly suplex! Alpha turns around in a superhero-like pose, poised for another strike. Scrow is slow to get to his feet trying to find the ropes to assist him. The House seems to delight in what they are seeing. Another angle cuts to a pleased Lord Nigel.

DDK:

This was not what Scrow wanted to happen. It's like trying to stop a locomotive without breaks!

Lance:

Not to mention Scrow is having trouble seeing. It makes things even worse for him.

Scrow manages to find the ropes and just as he turns around...SPEAR! The sheer velocity of the strike folds Scrow in half! Having enough ring awareness he manages to roll out of the ring. Corvo though ignores the warnings from Carla to go outside and exits the ring. Scrow is crawling outside till he reaches the steps. He manages to get to a vertical base but is quickly met with Corvo lifting The Raven's Eye up and slamming him on top of the steel steps Scrow's eyes spring open in agony as he rolls down the steps. He quickly favors his back and Nigel continues to bark more orders to Alpha.

The Faithful:

Turn Back!.....Turn Back!.....Turn Back!

DDK:

Scrow is in a lot of trouble here!

Lance:

Alpha, former Favoured Saints Champion, is just having his way with the former SOHER, Scrow!

Corvo picks up Scrow and throws him with a velocity that breaks the barricade the moment Scrow collides with it. Nigel hops on the apron, now distracting Ferrari from her ten count. Corvo stalks the prone Scrow lying in the rubble of what is left of the barricade surrounded by fans trying to encourage him to get back up. Corvo mounts Scrow and unloads with closed fist shots across the skull of the former SOHER! Blow after blow, the Faithful look on in horror.

DDK:

Nigel is making sure this won't be a count-out.

Lance:

Scrow is getting the bejesus kicked out of him!

The House continues to watch, Crimson has not shown much emotion, but Ravanna and Grey are enjoying the dismemberment of Scrow. Hive tries to conceal her emotion but a little comes out, but it's hard to tell if she is worried, or enjoying this. Alpha tosses Scrow back in the ring. The Raven's Eye is barely moving on the mat. Corvo pulls Scrow up off the mat from behind and throws him back with a release german suplex! Then again.....and again.....and one final time!

The Faithful:

Let's go Scrow...Corvo sucks!...Let's go Scrow...Corvo sucks!...Let's go Scrow...Corvo sucks!

DDK:

Scrow is being abused here!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha is just too much for him. He can barely move, after four release german suplexes!

Nigel is now wanting Corvo to end it. Corvo just stares at Nigel for a second, before pulling Scrow off the mat and throwing Scrow AGAIN to the mat in a t-bone suplex! The Faithful look on with a few concerned looks on their faces at least the ones that have started to become fans of Scrow over the past few weeks.

DDK:

Scrow is in a world of absolute pain. From the looks of it, he is ignoring his orders of Nigel and just enjoying the carnage he is causing.

Lance:

If Nigel can't find a way to control his guy, man who knows how far this man might go?

Alpha again continues to ignore Nigel about ending it, he picks up Scrow and throws him between his legs...POWERBOMB...holds on...again....and once more! Nigel continues to bark orders at Corvo and finally, his pet listens and he goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO

THRE..

The Faithful pop in excitement!

Scrow manages to somehow get his shoulder up off the mat just before the three count. Nigel has a look of shock which quickly turns to anger as he shouts at Carla Ferrari about the slow count. Corvo though doesn't seem to care about the count. He lifts Scrow off the mat and easily throws him onto his shoulder. Alpha tries a running power slam, but Scrow slides off the back and shoves Corvo into the turnbuckles. Alpha turns around in a fit of rage and Scrow quickly tries to hit Corvo with as many strikes as he can manage, some miss as he still is struggling to see. Enough of the strikes connect that Corvo is forced to cover up in the corner!

DDK:

Somehow Scrow has found his second wind here, he has the monster back in the corner with his striking.

Lance:

Yes, but you have to wonder just how much force is behind each one of those kicks and punches?

Nigel can't believe after all that Corvo is now on the defensive. His shock quickly turns to a huge smile as in one brief sudden explosion out of the corner Alpha once more turns Scrow inside out with another vicious lariat.

DDK:

Just like that Corvo Alpha silences Scrow's assault. He may not have the most varied move-set but he uses what he has to a most destructive end!

Alpha tries to shake off Scrow's barrage. Scrow meanwhile is trying to pull himself up to a vertical base in the corner. Just as he does Corvo, now enraged, turns around and rushes Scrow in the corner!

Lance:

Scrow jumped out of the way just in time!

The Faithful cheer!

Scrow turns Corvo around and unloads with knife edge chops in the corner....over and over...and over. Suddenly Alpha reverses it and Scrow is tossed into the corner he once was only to be shot nearly to the other side of the ring with beast-like power from Corvo Alpha! Nigel laughs outside the ring, fanning his face melodramatically with his bowler cap, as Scrow shouts in pain once more holding his lower back.

DDK:

Did you see the hang time Scrow had...my God!

Lance:

Scrow is trying but man, in one brief counterattack he quickly shuts down any sort of ongoing momentum Scrow tries to mount.

Corvo charges in, Scrow manages to get out of the way!

DDK:

Scrow with a school boy!

The Faithful shout in excitement!

O..

Lance:

Corvo doesn't even stay down for a one count.

Alpha gets up and Scrow dropkicks the knee of Corvo, it's enough to knock the monster off his feet. Alpha though looks up at Scrow who quickly delivers a kick across the jaw!

DDK:

Corvo is down finally, and Scrow is climbing the turnbuckles.

Lance:

I do not know if this is a good idea.

Nigel is shouting at Corvo, Scrow leaps off the turnbuckles in a moonsault, and in mid-air Corvo hops to his feet...

DDK:

Corvo caught Scrow in mid-air!

Lance:

The beastly power of this man...DOMINATOR!

The Faithful:

Holy Shit!....Holy Shit!...Holy Shit!

DDK:

Corvo looks like he is done having his fun he is just waiting for Scrow to try and get up!

Lance:

ALPHA CLUTCH! ALPHA CLUTCH!

DDK:

Scrow is in trouble here, he was put to sleep last time he was in this hold!

The House look on very pleased with the inevitable end of Scrow. Hive has a bit of a smile on her face.

DDK:

Scrow is trying to fight this submission but he has taken a beating all night.

Lance:

This is not looking good here, he is fading!

Scrow slumps over to the left side, but as he unconsciously does his right arm inadvertently falls onto the bottom rope. Carla Ferrari is quick to try and have Corvo break the hold. Nigel hops on the apron as Corvo releases the hold, bewildered and confused. Carla Ferrari though is trying to tell him Scrow has his arm on the bottom rope. Nigel is irate and is getting in Carla Ferrari's face. Corvo quickly corners Carla Ferrari ready to choke her out now Nigel is trying to calm Corvo down. Alpha only sees red and tries to take a swing at Carla only for Nigel to grab his arm just in time. Corvo looks at Nigel with his arm being held by his handler then looks at Nigel who is locked in abject fear.

The Faithful:

Corvo is gonna kill you!... Corvo is gonna kill you!

DDK:

It looks like there is trouble in Tricklebush land.

Lance:

Well, Nigel was able to take the attention from Carla Ferrari and avoid a disqualification, the only problem is it would seem he directed that rage toward HIM.

Nigel tries to calm Corvo down, The House looks on now a bit annoyed with the events happening at the moment. Suddenly Corvo crashes into Nigel, sending the dastardly well-dressed man to the floor, and shouting in pain as he lands wrong on his leg upon landing on the floor.

Lance:

Lord Nigel is DOWN! And look at the face of Corvo! Distress, regret, horror, all washing over the twisted, ugly face of Corvo Alpha!

Alpha leans between the ropes, eyes wide and concerned. He doesn't speak and doesn't have to. His compunction is palpable.

DDK:

I think Nigel came down wrong on a leg! He's trying to wave Corvo back to the match!

Corvo hesitates, then turns-

DDK:

RAVEN'S CALL! Corvo is down! Scrow has the cover hooking both legs!

The Faithful:

ONE ... TWO...

Lance:

Scrow has Alpha's legs practically over his head! He has every bit of the weight he can have to hold Corvo's shoulders to the mat!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

The Faithful loud cheers!

DDK:

Scrow managed to survive! Unbelievable! He not only did the unthinkable but has freed Minerva Hive from her contractual commitments to the House of the Harvest!

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match....."The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow slides out of the ring but doesn't make it very far as he collapses on the rampway, completely exhausted and in tremendous pain. The House looks on from the skybox, Crimson seems unphased, Ravanna is stoic, and Grey is irate. Lord looks over at Hive who is in absolute shock, which quickly turns to fear as she looks back at Lord.

Lance:

Scrow somehow found a way to get that Raven's Call in and made sure to hook both legs and add not only his weight but Corvo's as well. Say what you will about Scrow, the man is a savant in that ring.

DDK:

He not only took advantage of the moment... but he made a STATEMENT here in the City of Angels! And listen to these fans!! Another ascendant moment for Scrow here at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

As Scrow's music plays, we see Corvo Alpha carefully lift his master, Lord Nigel, off the ringside floor and just as carefully carry him backstage. An oddly tender moment for our overtly sadistic monster and his handler. Lord Nigel winces, pressing his head into Alpha's shoulder as they pass Scrow on the ramp, still recovering.

Lance:

I can safely say... I've never seen anything like this!

DDK:

You aren't kidding, buddy.

THE PENALTY OF TREACHERY

In the skybox, moments after the pinfall.

Reaper the Grey:

I do not believe he did it.

Lord looks over at RG, before returning his blank stare toward Scrow trying his hardest to climb up the ramp, like a wounded animal on its last legs. All the while the uncharacteristic Corvo Alpha carried Nigel away like he was a groom carrying his bride across the threshold.

Ravanna:

This is not what was planned Mr. Lord I hold myself responsible.

Lord then looks at Ravanna. His gaze is taken from her when someone grabs his arm. He looks at the hand then slowly up to who it is.

Minerva Hive:

Mr. Lord, we do not wish to leave your House. We beg you to allow us to continue to serve this House.

Lord gently takes her hand from his wrist. He turns away from the Faithful. He puts his hands behind his back.

Crimson Lord:

A deal was made, and I do not void my contracts.

Crimson extends his arm to the doorway.

Crimson Lord:

You are free to go my dear.

Hive looks at the door and then back at Crimson.

Minerva Hive:

We never wanted this deal, we should have had a choice in this matter!

As she stares at Ravanna.

Crimson Lord:

Mr. Grey, please let the young woman out. After all, I would not want anything bad to happen to her as she reunites with Scrow.

Reaper the Grey smirks.

Reaper the Grey:

Not a problem boss.

Hive looks at Grey then at Lord then back to Grey who has opened the door for her.

Minerva Hive:

Well, if we are going to be forced to do this then so be it.

Hive tries to hit Lord, and with not so much as a mere movement Crimson blocks her fist with his hand. His other hand is still behind his back.

Crimson Lord:

Ms. Hive, is that any way to say goodbye?

Hive realizes the error in her ways. Lord lets go of her fist, and Grey stands in front of Lord.

Reaper the Grey:

Come on sweet thang let's not make this any more difficult than it has to be.

Hive sneers at that comment and takes a deep breath. She looks out to the ring once more before following Grey out the door as it shuts. Ravanna walks up beside Lord.

Crimson Lord:

Scrow is becoming an issue, I want this dealt with.

Loud banging is heard on the other side of the door. Ravanna looks at the exit Grey and Hive took.

Ravanna:

Perhaps commencing Silver Protocol is required.

Lord looks down at Ravanna.

Crimson Lord:

Perhaps, Mr. Trickelbush has disappointed me. This should have been finished tonight. Why a mentally unstable m....

Lord stops mid-sentence, almost as though an idea popped into his head.

Ravanna:

Is something wrong?

Crimson Lord:

Perhaps I am approaching this all wrong.

He smiles for a moment.

Ravanna:

What is your plan?

Crimson Lord:

You will be informed when I want you to.

Ravanna:

As you wish. The loss of Ms. Hive has weakened our house.

The walls shake for a second and the sounds of broken glass, and broken wood continue to be heard from the other room.

Crimson Lord:

Fear was always one to force people to serve. Those that refuse to serve end up becoming treacherous. It is better to cut your losses. Ms. Hive served her purpose, but her emotions were always a liability. She cared too much for this Scrow. Even with her reconditioning from Mr. Hand still she showed sympathy for him.

The sounds stop suddenly.

Crimson Lord:

I want no emotional attachment in my House. Compassion is a weakness. I would rather remove the problem than let it fester in my house. I trust you have our transportation ready?

Ravanna:

Yes sir.

Crimson Lord:

Then let's leave this place.

Ravanna leads Lord to the door as she opens it, the room is an absolute disaster, with broken glass, wood, and holes in the drywall. The one thing prominent in the middle of the room is Hive, beaten and bloody unconscious in a glass table. Reaper the Grey leaning against a wall. His suit ripped to shreds nearly. He looks like he just went through a war.

Crimson Lord:

Mr. Grey clean yourself up. *[Ravanna tosses a wet rag at him]* After that; take that we are leaving this place.

RG nods. As Lord walks past Hive motionless on the floor.

Reaper the Grey has Hive over his shoulder. The House navigates through the corridors of the arena. The Faithful at the concession stand are quickly brushed to the side by security, lots of women have their hands over their mouths, while some cover their children's eyes. The men have a hard time not watching them walk by so close they could touch them. As they reach the parking lot. Ravanna points somewhere.

Ravanna:

That looks like a good spot, now be gentle Mr. Grey.

Grey walks over to where Ravanna pointed him to; a dumpster! He drops Hive into it. Lord enters his limo, and Ravanna grabs a bottle of purell out of her purse and squirts a few blobs of it in Grey's hands. She returns the item to her purse and follows Lord into the limo. Grey throws his suit coat next to the dumpster after rubbing his hands in the solution and joins them as they drive off into the night.

AND I WORK WITH FUCKING CHILDREN

The scene switches to an ACTS of DEFIANCE backdrop where Jamie Sawyers stands with a goofy, yet genuine smile on his face.

Jamie Sawyers:

Coming up momentarily is what's being called a "friendly".

The LA Faithful cheer, knowing where this is going.

Jamie Sawyers:

And beside me right now is one of the "friendly" teams! Conor Fuse...

Cheers.

Jamie Sawyers:

And Malak Garland!

Boos.

The camera pans to reveal Conor Fuse, followed by Malak Garland...

Then the rest of The Comments Section.

There's Percy Collins, MEE6 and ALEX, The Game Boy, new Favored Saints Champion and MEGA FUCKING BADASS Thurston Hunter. There's even Teresa Ames in the far, far distance, rubbing the side of the brick wall with her hands.

The cronies are rabid as they yell and scream for the upcoming tag match. Well, everyone other than The Game Boy who stands stoically staring straight ahead. Thurston whips his title around. One minute it's on his right shoulder, the next minute it's over his left shoulder. Then it's on the ground and he's waving into the camera for anyone to "come get some". Percy Collins is perhaps the most joyous, jumping up and down with happiness since he can't stop looking at his favourite person in the whole wide world, Malak Garland.

Finally, Jamie Sawyers collects himself amidst the chaos.

Jamie Sawyers:

Malak, tonight you and Conor Fuse, who have been two extremely successful Tag Team Champions, -albeit with other partners,- take on one of the most prolific tag teams of all time in PCP. Your thoughts on the friendly?

Garland looks behind him. He winks and points towards Hunter who's now flexing his very little muscular build into the camera. Garland is wearing a "Screw fWo" hoodie as he saunters towards the interviewer.

Malak Garland:

Yes, yes a friendly it will be! Nothing but an honest match with two honest guys...

Garland puts his arm over Conor's seemingly disgruntled shoulders.

Malak Garland:

A safe, wonderful, quaint little contest for me and my best friend to prove we are the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE!

The rest of The Comments Section screams "YAY!" in unison, while Conor Fuse carefully removes Malak's arm off of him. The Source of Envy doesn't seem to notice.

Malak Garland:

After tonight, The Comments Section will be THREE and O against the Pop Culture Phenoms... who are really only phenoms when they aren't facing, well... .. us!

The Comments Section:

YAY!

Garland grins from ear to ear.

Malak Garland:

Thurston is the Favored Saints Champion!

Hunter flexes again and starts drooling like a pitbull.

Thurston Hunter:

AARF AARF AARF MOTHAFUCKAAAA!

Malak Garland:

ALEX P. and MEE6 are the most YOLO management team going.

ALEX P. and MEE6 high five each other but miss.

Malak Garland:

I have the deadliest big man in the land!

Garland points to the ominous Game Boy.

Malak Garland:

The most amazingest personal therapist in Perc!

Collins jiggles with glee. Literally jiggles, his shirt is five times too small for a big man his size.

Malak Garland:

And. AAAAAANNNNDDDDDDDD!

Garland puts his arm around Conor again.

Malak Garland:

The next FIST of DEFIANCE [talking really quickly] after-the-stupid-Lindsay-Troy-vs.-Deacon-former-fWo-loser-match-happens-because-DEFIANCE-needs-NEW-HOMEGROWN-STARs!

The Comments Section:

YAY!

Everyone except Conor seems thrilled.

Malak Garland:

Jamie I feel like-

The Snowflake pauses.

Malak Garland:

Wait a second.

Pause again.

Malak Garland:

Jamie?

All of a sudden, MagnumG seems rattled.

Malak Garland:

I don't want you here! Get outta my face!

With a forceful blow, Garland pushes the interviewer as hard as he possibly can. Sawyers FLIES out of sight as the mic shoots up in the air!

The Comments Section:

YAY!

Percy Collins catches the mic and immediately steps into Jamie Sawyers' space as if the transition was seamless. Garland also goes back to groping Conor's shoulder.

Malak Garland:

Gosh goodness, thank you, Perc. I feel my FOMO is lower with you in front of me. My anxiety has been taken care of!

Hunter screams like an animal in the background.

Malak Garland:

I can continue. And AS I WAS SAYING... tonight, Conor Fuse and Malak Garland show the world we are the most important, long-term answers to DEFIANCE! In tag team bouts. In singles competition. In every fiber of this company. This friendly, while a safe space, will once again show The Comments Section is always the route to take!

The Comments Section:

YA-

Conor Fuse:

ENOUGH!

Silence.

The mood changes immediately. Conor Fuse stares a hole through The Snowflake's forehead. Malak's arm remains around Conor and Percy Collins is still holding the microphone to the leader's face. The Mega Troll gives a slight nod to Collins, as if telling the therapist he's allowed to move the mic in front of Conor. Once the mic is there, Fuse tilts his head, takes a deep breath and tries to keep it together.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sick of this nonsense. From each and every one of you!

Fuse looks at ALEX P. and MEE6.

Conor Fuse:

You two... the whole reason I got into this mess was to free you two! Because that's what I thought you wanted. But the two of you are just clowns!

The Ultimate Gamer eyes Percy Collins.

Conor Fuse:

You. Collins. God, it was delightful for the past few weeks when you **weren't** around. When **aren't** you enabling Malak with bad ideas? You don't need to coddle him.

Fuse stares at The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

I have nothing to say to you.

Then The Power-Up King finds Thurston Hunter.

Conor Fuse:

And this dipshit. The only reason you have that title around your waist is because of Malak Garland. You gonna take on Gunther Adler?

Thurston nods with waaay too much gusto.

Conor Fuse:

You gonna take on all Favored Saints comers?

Again, Hunter goes way too heavy with the head nod.

Conor Fuse:

You gonna take on HENRY KEYES?

Nothing.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, didn't think so.

Fuse stops for a moment, seemingly surprised he was allowed to continue for so long. Then his gaze finds the most important man.

Conor Fuse:

Malak Garland.

The Thirst Trapper is oblivious to any wrongdoings. He smiles and claps for himself like his FOMO is gone and he's been included.

Conor Fuse:

We're friends?

Garland nods.

Conor Fuse:

ACTUAL friends?

Garland nods for a second time, adding the word "righto".

Conor Fuse:

Well if you have honestly changed your mind about me and we ARE friends... I don't really feel like it. While I appreciate the FIST of DEFIANCE talk, I really don't give a flying fuck about what VV has going on ATM. I'm focused on what I can control, ya know? And I don't appreciate having my match against Klein ruined because you got involved.

Garland's a little unsure of what's going on. He shrugs his shoulders and points to himself with a question of "me?"

Conor Fuse:

So here's the deal, Mal. I'm part of The Comments Section, I get it. I mean, I'm littered in anti-fWo and anti-Lindsay

Troy hashtags all over my gear.

Fuse displays his black and green headband, arm sleeve and tights which have black printing on them, mostly slander hashtags against LT, Deacon and fWo.

Conor Fuse:

And that's a burden I'm willing to take on. If you want to be friends...

Conor pauses, looking like he's going to say something he'll regret.

Conor Fuse:

I'm game. We were friends once. What the hell... we can be friends again.

The Comments Section is about to burst into a "YAY" but Fuse powers through.

Conor Fuse:

BUT.

Everyone looks like they are listening intently.

Conor Fuse:

I need to see PROOF. Tonight, in our tag team match... I don't want to cheat. You've dubbed this a "friendly", right? Maybe PCP are my friends, maybe they aren't. They weren't there for me recently but I wasn't there for them, either. Regardless of my relationship with Elise Ares, The D and even Klein... I want a fair fight. I want the term friendly, the title YOU put on this match, to be an actual representation of OUR relationship, Malak. Me and you. If we're friends, if you REALLY mean it... you don't cheat tonight. No one else comes out with us. It's Malak Garland AND Conor Fuse. Only.

The gamer cracks his knuckles.

Conor Fuse:

You've got skills, Malak. Actual skills. You can be the FIST of DEFIANCE one day. I believe you can beat Deacon CLEAN, eventually. Maybe I can, too. Whatever happens, I'll trust you if you trust me. Clean match. No nonsense. Let's. Fucking. Go.

Fuse walks off leaving the entire Comments Section standing there, dumbfounded (except Game Boy who hasn't flinched).

Malak Garland:

Well... I... hmmm... huh... ehhhh...

And then as if nothing registered, Garland rubs his hands together, spins around and chases after his "best buddy".

Malak Garland:

Hey Conor, everyone else said they're going to watch on the monitor! Wait for me! We are about to have a blast!!!

The scene switches to the announce team.

MALAK GARLAND & CONOR FUSE vs. PCP

DDK:

Well that was... interesting.

Lance:

You're telling me!

The match graphic shows on the broadcast and in the arena as the crowd goes wild!

DDK:

Friendly or not? Guess we're going to find out!

A quick video package rolls. Footage of Malak Garland shouting and slamming the apron of the ring in front of him in desperation while Conor Fuse fights Lindsay Troy runs in slow motion as some poignant music plays in the background. Malak's voice overlays the video.

Malak Garland:

No, no I don't think we're swinging above our league, mister producer with the silly questions. Do you know who we are?

Troy comes flying across the ring with a forearm, nailing Conor in the face. The production value and camera cuts of the highly edited slow motion footage is top notch.

Malak Garland:

You see, it simply doesn't matter. Whether it's Deacon, Lindsay Troy, or PCP, it all doesn't matter. We - Conor and I - we both belong on their level. In fact, *they* are the ones that have a hard time reaching *our* LEVEL.

Koji clutch! The images show a deathly concerned Malak Garland, tearing at his silver hair as LT has the submission locked in. DDK's voice echoes from the television call.

DDK:

She's got him in the clutch! Conor is fading fast!

The sound of the bell climaxes with the crescendo of the music. The next thing you see is Malak Garland sitting on a couch, staring a hole through you.

Malak Garland:

We won't be outdone. The FIST Tournament was an aberration for both of us. Lindsay Troy got lucky. She goes off to the main event and is that supposed to leave cOnOr and I helpless? I think not. Let her go on to have her special fWo circle jerk with that control freak Deacon. Let them have that narrative, for now. Because we got something better. We got something grander. We're going to be living in a dream come ACTS.

A smile breaks across his face. More DEFIANT music than before drums up as more slow motion footage rolls of Malak and Conor standing across from PCP in the ring. Malak's highly agitated voice overlays the video feed once more.

Malak Garland:

THE D! ELISE ARES! TONIGHT! CONOR AND I MAKE EXAMPLES OUT OF YOU GAUCHE POP VULTURE PEONS! fWo you aren't and you know what else you won't be come ACTS?

The dramatic music comes to a rise as footage of Garland and Fuse spliced with The D and Elise is edited to perfection.

Malak Garland:

Winners.

funny business in matches and you'd have to think, with the recent Malak Garland issues in both of those previous bouts, his tolerance level is at an all-time low and his pride in his work has also been questioned.

Navarro spends the majority of his time talking to Malak Garland. The Snowflake simply redirects the referee towards PCP, saying they should hear the same things.

Finally, after Garland walks to his corner and D over to the PCP side, the referee calls for the bell.

DING DING

The match is official as Conor Fuse stands across from Elise Ares... and Malak shouts obscenities over to The D from the apron. Something about being too soft to start the match yet he doesn't notice the obvious. Conor can't help but turn his head and notice Malak shouting which gives an opening Elise capitalizes on.

Lance:

Ares starts things off hot with a running hurricanrana to a temporarily distracted Conor Fuse!

DDK:

It's because Malak wouldn't stop yelling over at The D. Lance, you have to wonder if Fuse and Garland will have any kind of chemistry because, let's face it, Garland isn't Conor's brother Tyler and I'm stating the obvious when I say brothers have natural in-ring chemistry together.

Ares bounces around the ring like a rubber ball. She jolts off the ropes and delivers a shotgun dropkick to Fuse's knees, then runs off the adjacent set of ropes and downs her opponent with a spinning heel kick! Fuse collects himself nicely though and tumble rolls into executing a standing switch with Ares, missing a jab from Elise in the process.

Malak Garland: *[Still Shouting]*

GET HER, CONOR! BEAT THE PISS OUT OF HER!

Fuse clenches in an S grip and German suplexes his foe to the mat. He holds on and continues to suplex Ares twice more before finally bridging for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ares thrusts her shoulder upward, breaking up the pinfall try. Both are quick to their feet but Elise is ever so slightly faster. She's able to barrage Fuse with a bunch of different kicks.

DDK:

The feet are flying in this one and why not? It's well documented how good of a striker Ares is with her feet so why not go to your strengths as soon as you can?

All Fuse can do is try to block them and in some respects, he is successful. In others, Conor takes direct kicks to his exposed ribs. Ares shoots off the ropes and plows through the gamer with a dropkick. With Fuse down for the moment, Ares tags in The D.

Malak looks cranky as The D jumps the ropes and enters the ring with as much gusto and energy as Ares. Fittingly, he follows up his tag partner's show of offense with kicks of his own to a kneeling Conor Fuse.

DDK:

Conor better be careful because this is vintage PCP right out the gate. I might regret saying it but Fuse should be wise to seek a tag from Malak if this pace keeps up. Don't want things getting too out of hand.

Lance:

Funny though, isn't it? This is what *Malak* wanted. He wanted the real PCP in a tag match and he's getting it although his partner is taking all the shots right now.

D tosses Fuse into the ropes and hits a back elbow. Into a quick moonwalk, then it's back to kicks as Conor sits up only to eat one to the face.

DDK:

One has to wonder if this might be a mismatch even considering both Malak's and Conor's tag team experience. PCP have been together for years and are as decorated as they come. Sure, Malak and Conor have tag titles to their names too but Elise and The D are some of the most fearsome competitors in DEFIANCE today.

Lance:

Key difference, PCP won the tag belts together. Twice. Conor and Malak won their respective titles, each with different partners.

Conor blocks kicks where he can before he thoughtfully catches a shin flying towards his head. Caught off balance, D is taken to the canvas where Conor shows some technical versatility.

DDK:

Just what the doctor ordered! A good counter to slow things down for Conor.

Malak is still fretting on the apron no matter what though as everyone watches on. Conor tries to wrestle a wriggly D on the mat. Fuse finally cinches in an armbar, where he wrenches it for all its worth.

Lance:

The D is trapped in the middle of the ring!

The fans are restless and divided as many cheer for Conor but there is and always will be that PCP loving contingency amongst the people. With tensions rising, D slowly crawls his way over to the bottom rope and snatches it. Conor respectfully releases the hold right away much to Malak's chagrin.

Malak Garland:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CONOR!?

The D holds the ropes as he walks over to his corner to avoid restarting the match. Conor, having to wait anyway, turns to look at Malak, who's fuming.

Malak Garland:

YOU HAVE UNTIL THE COUNT OF FIVE TO BREAK THE HOLD WHICH I DON'T THINK HECTOR CAN EVEN GET TO....

Hector notices and takes offense. He's in the PCP's corner, trying to get the D to let go of the ropes.

The D:

The shrillness.

Hector nods in agreement.

Elise Ares:

Should we just submit?

The D:

Nah.

Back to Malak yelling at Conor from the apron.

Malak Garland:

GOODNESS GRACIOUS. TAG ME IN. NOW. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.

The Ultimate Gamer shoots his eyes towards Garland, as if trying to jog his memory on the pep talk before. In response, Malak puts his hand out but Conor doesn't have a chance to decide as The D rolls him up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

That's the second near-fall in this match and one for each side now. I wonder if Conor would have tagged out?

By proxy, Fuse rises to his feet close enough to his corner so Malak can reach out and touch him. With his back turned, Fuse receives a gentle snowflake tag to his scapula.

For once, Malak is eager to jump into the ring. Conor takes a second before returning to the apron. Garland circles The D who is ready for a fight as the crowd throws some heat on things. They lock up. Garland almost immediately collapses, probably due to crippling anxiety. Hector goes to check on him but Malak does an excellent job of hiding his face and, therefore, his emotions. D stands there, scratching the side of his temple with one finger. He backs up into his corner as Elise leans in.

Elise Ares:

I know that cry. He's faking it. It's like, prom, all over again.

The D:

Probably, but wouldn't it be great if simply touching the D gave him a heart attack?

DDK:

The D isn't scared. He's heading towards Malak!

With Hector so close, probably too close to both men, Malak is able to deliver a thunderous low blow to The D without detection! Except, the entire arena saw this coming. D doubles over in pain and much to Hector's surprise, one half of PCP ends up weirdly rolling out of the ring. Before Hector can go check on The D, Malak grabs the ref by his collar and fakes tears running down his cheeks.

Malak Garland:

I am so riddled with anxiety right now. Don't pay attention to The D. Pay attention to me. I need your support even though you're supposed to be impartial!

Like the sportsman he is, Conor Fuse drops down from the apron to genuinely check on The D. Seeing this, the Keyboard King wipes away his tears and instantly replaces a look of sadness with one of viciousness on his face. Garland exits the ring and grabs Fuse by the shoulder.

Malak Garland:

Let's eff him up real nice. Curb stomp style. C'mon, it'll be fun. I promise.

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two merely stares at his nemesis/friend while Elise Ares gets that sinking feeling in her stomach so she takes the most direct path to them which is through the ring...

Except Hector Navarro is there to stop her and try to coerce The Pop Star back to her corner, leaving the ref's back

turned to Garland and Fuse.

DDK:

I don't like what's going on here.

Malak Garland:

Quick, now is our chance. Let's cheat! Lets fudge him up! Grab a chair, grab anything from under the ring and mangle his face so we can win!

Malak verbally dictates his desires to Conor who doesn't budge. Fuse flat out refuses.

Conor Fuse:

Jesus tap-dancing Christ, dude. Did you retain nothing from my rant before our match?

Garland blinks.

Malak Garland:

What talk?

If Conor was old enough and in terrible shape, he'd be nearing a heart attack.

Malak Garland: *[cluing in]*

Oh yeah, that one! Yeah, yeah, for sure. Let's cheat, okay?

Malak can feel he's losing his moment to assert some real damage to The D so he just shoves the bottom of his boot into D's gorgeous face as hard as he can before Fuse climbs back up on the apron. Elise goes back to her corner so Malak has no choice but to toss The D back into the ring to continue the match.

DDK:

If it wasn't clear to everyone before, after all those words he said, it's crystal clear now that Conor Fuse won't cheat. Not now, not ever. Doesn't matter if he's under the spell of The Comments Section or not.

Rattled and flustered, Malak tries his best to stay on the attack. He rolls into the ring after The D and locks in his version of the camel clutch he calls FOMO. With his fingers digging into D's face, Malak tries to turn and face his partner.

Malak Garland:

Conor! Don't you see? Cheating is the way to go but it's not because we're bad guys. PCP deserves a good ass kicking. You know, put them in their place. Make them see the light!

Malak forces D's eyelids to stay open so they both can't miss anything. That's FOMO after all. He cackles until finally, Elise has had enough. She climbs to the top rope and breaks up the hold with a swift drop kick to the back of Garland's head! Stunned, Malak retreats to his corner where he tags Fuse in.

Malak Garland:

See! They're cheating!

DDK:

Conor Fuse is getting back in the ring now as the illegal woman jumped into action.

Ares flies off the ropes and attempts a cross body but Conor catches her and nails a fall away slam. The 8-Bit Badass turns his attention to The D but The Green Gamer waits until his opponent recovers.

Lance:

Fuse wants to fight honorably. He didn't want to take advantage of The D after what Malak put him through.

Malak screams at Conor to get after it, however, the two competitors in the ring ignore any outside noise. The D and Conor lock up. D is quick to apply pressure but Fuse is able to get a hammerlock that transitions into a headlock takeover. From there, Conor side rolls and gets The D in a short arm scissors.

DDK:

They are moving at hyper speed!

D escapes and leg trips a rising Fuse before he can get to his feet. Both men slide around the canvas like gravity doesn't apply to them. One goes for a strike, the other blocks it and returns fire.

Lance:

Fast and furious for sure!

D comes rumbling off the ropes but misses with a clothesline. Instead of continuing to run to the next set of ropes, he stops and turns right into a super kick. Staggered, The D falls victim to a dragon sleeper neck breaker and then a reverse DDT.

Lance:

One of Conor's Resolution DDTs but flipped to a reverse DDT!

DDK:

And at least Malak looks happy at the flurry of moves his partner is pulling off!

Conor hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Ares comes in from out of frame to make the save before Hector Navarro sends her back to the corner. Garland shouts from his side of the ring.

Malak Garland:

AGAIN!?! THAT'S CHEATING!

Meanwhile, Conor pulls D up and whips him into Malak's corner.

DDK:

Cutting off the ring now. Vintage tag team tactic right there.

Instead of tagging, Conor lays in some STIFF chops to The D's pectorals.

CHOP!

WOO!

CHOP!

WOO!

CHOP!

WOO!

Conor goes for one more but D is lucky enough to duck it. Fuse stumbles into the turnbuckle and now it's The D's turn.

He unleashes some chops of his own which are both fiercer and faster!

CHOP! CHOP!

WOO! WOO!

CHOP! CHOP!

WOO! WOO!

D goes for one more but Malak pulls Conor out of the ring!

DDK:

Nice save there by Malak but this does give an opening for The D to finally tag out.

And tag out he does.

Elise Ares comes bursting into the ring with a head full of steam. She doesn't stop, gracefully jumping over the ropes and nailing both Conor Fuse and Malak Garland with a swan dive!

HOLY SHIT!

The fans look on intently as Elise pulls both men up. The D gets back in the ring and takes a run at things himself.

DDK:

It's a PCP momentum rush!

The D executes a straight splash of his own, hitting Malak and Conor respectively. PCP regroups on the outside before throwing Conor into the ring.

Ares enters the battle ground and snatches Conor. She connects with a snap suplex, floating over to another snap suplex and then finally a suplex with a bridge and a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Relief crosses Garland's face as he slowly finds his way back to the apron, continuing to complain to referee Hector Navarro about the illegal tandem double team PCP pulled on "the good guys". Navarro is having none of it (although he takes a moment to shout over to Garland that The Snowflake has no ground to stand on based on what took place the past two weeks). As this goes on, Ares throws Fuse into an empty corner and storms in with a stinger splash...

That misses when Conor ducks and rolls to the center of the ring. Fuse kips up, superkicks Ares and then roundhouse kicks her to the mat. Conor falls on all fours as he tries to take a deep breath and search his surroundings.

During the double down, The D starts stomping on the apron and slamming his hands on the top turnbuckle. He shouts.

The D:

MELT THE SNOW-FLAKE!

With a few stomps and a shout, The Faithful pick up the chant and direct it towards Malak. Garland is stunned, still shaking out the cobwebs as Conor looks over, hoping for a fresh tag to his partner. Fuse attempts to kip to his feet

once more but as he does, he fluently walks into a boot to the stomach and a diving DDT by Ares! The crowd cheers as the move looked extremely smooth, stopping their Malak chant. Ares rattles her shoulders around, pumping up the crowd before she bounces off the ropes and hits a moonsault splash with a hook of a leg!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Garland "weakly" claps on, like he's been put through the ringer and doesn't have any further energy. Inside the squared circle, Ares tosses Conor into the ropes and performs a headscissor takedown, leaping over to D with a tag.

But out of nowhere the clever and sly Malak Garland sprints across the canvas and levels Ares in the back of the head to a chorus of boos!

DDK:

Was Garland REALLY that hurt? I don't think so!

Navarro loses his shit on Garland, screaming at the top of his lungs and pointing over to the time keeper's table.

Lance:

Clearly, as we stated before, Hector's taken offense to Malak's recent antics. He's not going to put up with much more!

Unbeknownst to Conor Fuse, he has no idea of Garland's interference. Conor shoots to his feet and sees Ares is down. While Conor *can* put two and two together, The D comes in, pointing in Malak's direction and making the self clap motion. Conor dropkicks D right in the side of the head, takes hold of D's tights and connects with a Resolution DDT, flipping The D over and planting him on top of his head with a follow-up pin!

DDK:

I believe Conor thinks D was the legal man!

Lance:

Absolutely! He saw The D coming towards him, he didn't know what's going on.

Navarro leaves Garland alone to bellow at Conor Fuse regarding who the legal man... or in this case, woman, is.

Fuse nods and discards the pin. He looks over to where Elise Ares was laying before.

But she's not there.

DDK:

Look up, Conor!

Ares with a flying crossbody block from the top rope! She lands it but Conor rolls through on the mat and lifts Ares along with her. He slingshots her across his chest and connects with a Resolution DDT, planting Ares on her head, too!

The Faithful cheer as Conor leaps up and points to the top rope himself. He's up there quickly. He measures Elise...

And Malak Garland tags Conor in the back as The Power-Up King performs a perfectly placed 450 splash!

DDK:

That's all she wrote!

Lance:

Except Garland is the legal man!

Navarro tells Fuse... but Fuse doesn't need the information. He felt Malak tag him just as he jumped! Conor's eyes once again shoot lasers in The Mega Troll's direction. He waves him in the ring.

Conor Fuse:

I don't know why you did that but get the hell in here already!

Garland nods and giggles with excitement as he makes his way to the center of the ring. He looks down at Elise, then over to Conor.

The Source of Envy smacks Conor across the chest.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get!

DDK:

What the hell is he doing!?

Lance:

Ummmmmm...

The announcers are stunned. The crowd is stunned. Even Hector Navarro is stunned.

Malak Garland is going to the top rope!

DDK:

There's no way MALAK of all people can pull off a 450 splash, if that's his true intentions...

The second Garland is on the top buckle, his facial expressions suggest he's fucked up big time. Needless to say, Malak shoots an uneasy thumbs-up Conor before jumping off.

DDK:

OH MY GODDD!!!!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

MALAK GARLAND HIT A 450 SPLASH!

The crowd can't help but become unglued. Conor's beside himself and Malak hooks Elise's leg!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKE UP BY THE D!

Caught in the moment, The Faithful sigh!

DDK:

Conor Fuse was right there. He might have been able to stop The D but we're all at a loss for words!

Lance:

The only one who wasn't completely shell-shocked by that was The D!

Fuse snaps back to the real world, takes D by his tights and ejects him out of the ring! The Ultimate Gamer almost has a look on his face suggesting regret, that he fucked up by not putting a stop to an easy pin breakup. Regardless, Garland doesn't know what the hell happened, the splash threw him for a loop. While Malak *did* hit the maneuver, he's lucky to be in one piece.

Navarro screams at Conor to get out of the ring, showing how thin his patience is. Fuse obliges while Malak tries to pull himself together and Elise rolls onto her chest. Eventually, Garland is up first and realizes the match isn't over.

And he's not happy.

Seemingly okay with Conor Fuse, Garland is pissed off at Ares. He begins stomping her... stomping, stomping, stomping. Working The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style into a corner.

Lance:

These aren't the Happy Stomps of DOOM from Conor Fuse, that's for sure.

Navarro physically pulls Garland away, not even wanting to administer a five count once Ares is in the corner. MagnumG glances at Hector with wide eyes and then starts to shake.

Garland pushes Navarro aside and goes back to the stomps from hell. This time, the referee has no choice but to administer the five count!

Once it reaches four, Garland throws his hands in the air and takes three steps back.

Only to rush forward and punt Ares square in the head!

Garland drags a knocked out former SOHER Champion to the center of the ring and connects with a brutal looking brainbuster slam! He hooks a leg and grins in Conor's direction.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

For what might be the first time in his life, Garland isn't rattled. Instead, he drags Ares to her knees, bounces off the ropes and connects with his finisher.

I TRIGGER!

DDK:

I don't believe this! Malak's got the match won!

He pins.

ONE.

TWO.

BROKE UP BY THE D!

Conor Fuse races in, grabbing D by his tights once again, planning to eject him from the ring. But Derek Edwards is

the one who turns the tables on Fuse and throws the gamer out of the ring instead! Garland gets to his feet quickly, spins D around...

And Malak smacks D across the face.

Malak Garland:

MY FOMO! WHAT THE HELL, MAN!?

Garland points down to Ares, as if he was owed a clean, uninterrupted pinfall attempt. The D takes the moment to really sell the slap as if his jaw was dislocated.

Lance:

That's not how it works, Malak. Tag team matches see plenty of break-up pinfalls, no matter how *legal*.

The D:

Fuck your FOMO! You cost Klein the Favored Saints title!

Malak's beside himself. Even The Faithful are taken aback by D's aggressive demeanor.

Adding to the anger, D pushes Malak.

So Malak pushes D.

The two begin exchanging blows, hockey fight style, until D slips behind, grabbing Malak's wrist and Irish whipping him. The D follows right behind, giving no ground and clotheslining both of them up and out of the ring... right beside Conor Fuse. Conor is standing but as D and Garland also get on their feet, Malak tries to go for a low blow on Edwards...

The D closes his legs, catching Garland's arm before he can do damage. D smacks Garland's arm away, drags The Snowflake Superstar to his feet and attempts to have a conversation with Garland's cheating ways.

The D:

I thought this was a friendly, no?

You can see Malak is about to tell the truth, since there's some anger coursing through him now, too... but then he sees Conor Fuse and decides otherwise.

Malak Garland:

It IS a friendly.

D scratches his head.

The D:

Then I'm confused by your actions.

Malak Garland:

I'm confused by YOUR actions.

Navarro is going to have a stroke. He starts a ten count while the crowd in the front row gets to their feet.

...

...

Because someone in a camo gear jumpsuit hops over the guardrail.

DDK:

THAT'S GOTTA BE CYRUS!

Lance:

The Search Party is at it again!

Indeed it is! Search Party Cyrus, here for what is starting to become his common pay-per-view intervention on behalf of The Comments Section. With Elise Ares stirring inside the ring and the referee's back turned because he's trying to get Malak Garland into the ring, Bates loosens up, ready to take strike with a likely uranage.

DDK:

Ares doesn't see him!

Lance:

I don't think Elise sees anything!

SPC is just about to strike...

When Conor Fuse taps Bates on the shoulder and tells the former powerlifter to get the hell out of the ring!

A thunderous ovation follows, as Search Party Cyrus lowers his hoodie to reveal a look of puzzlement.

Fuse doesn't budge. His hand points outwards.

Conor Fuse:

Get out, dude.

Bates is rattled.

Conor Fuse:

GTFO, now.

Search Party Cyrus doesn't leave. But he also doesn't do anything, either.

Conor Fuse:

Whatever.

The Ultimate Gamer shrugs and walks out of the ring.

DDK:

Is Conor going to allow this to happen?

Lance:

I don't think so, Keebs! Look!

Elise Ares has gotten her act together. The Leading Lady is perched on the top rope and waiting for Bates to walk a little closer. Finally, when SPC notices Ares isn't where she was before, he looks up and sees her flying through the air.

DDK:

Double knees to Bates' head!

Search Party falls out of the ring, as Garland sees his plan backfired. The coy, clever look is gone (he was watching everything out of the corner of his eye while he and The D argued) and Malak scoots into the ring, right before Hector Navarro's ten count. Garland grabs Ares by the shoulders, spinning her around.

DDK:

Garland with a cutter! He pins!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

D was about to make the save but he didn't need to. Navarro gets in The D's face and tells him what corner to stand at. The crowd rumbles their feet... as Conor is in his corner and D also makes it back to his.

DDK:

Ares certainly needs to tag out. She's taken on a lot of offense...

Lance:

It would be a good idea for Malak to tag out, too.

Ares makes it to D, she tags!

Garland makes it to Conor, he tags!

Fuse slingblades into the ring, knocking D down. Conor jets to his feet and hits another slingblade, followed by throwing D into the ropes and leaping into the air for a Head Stomp-

That misses!

D catches Conor on the way down and lands a Canadian destroyer!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

D with a corkscrew vertical suplex. D with a springboard splash. D with an Irish whip, tossing Conor Fuse shoulder-first into the turnbuckle padding. When Fuse bounces off the buckle, The D hits the ropes and lands a flying crescent kick that echoes with a kickpad smack!

DDK:

He's done it! That has to be all!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A KICKOUT!

The crowd cheers the fast paced action between both men. Clearly feeling it by now, The D frames the shot, looking for Netflix Money, but out of nowhere Fuse leaps up and catches D under the jaw with a knee strike... followed by a snap dragon suplex. Conor kips to his feet.

One superkick. The D wobbles back.

Two superkick. The D falls to a knee, then fights back.

Three superkick. The D fails to his knee.

Four. The D's eyes roll back.

Conor Fuse:

Superkick COM-BO!

About to hit a fifth, D falls to the mat and rolls out of the way. Conor, thinking he's just stunned, doesn't have the reaction time to respond to The D springboarding to his feet and connecting with a double knee strike of his own.

DDK:

THE A-LISTER!

Lance:

D's done it!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKE UP BY MALAK GARLAND!

Garland is ejected out of the ring by Elise Ares.

Navarro is quick to make sure nothing else takes place but it's clear The D is planning to tag Elise Ares in the match. He drags Conor Fuse over to them and smacks her hand. The Leading Lady measures The Go-Gamer and is about to apply the Sunset Stretch.

Which is rolled into a small package by Conor!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse bursts forward and extends his arm. He tags Malak Garland. The crowd roars (only because of the fast paced action) as The Snowflake Superstar enters the ring, readying to take on Elise. The two go back and forth, dodging each other's moves.

DDK:

You know, when he's grounded... Malak Garland isn't a bad wrestler.

Lance:

I can't believe you said that.

DDK:

I can't believe I said that!

Finally, it's Garland who grabs the upper hand with a spinning heel kick coming off the ropes. He props Ares to her knees and finds the ropes again, looking for I TRIGGER...

NO! Ares moves. She takes Garland by his tribal tights and drops him right on his head! That gives The Sports Entertainment Style Star a moment to find her bearings and then connect with The Extreme Makeover.

DDK:

Can the curb stomp connect-

*WHAM!***DDK:**

NOPE! Garland with a cutter!!

Malak rolls Elise over and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY THE D!

Fuse enters the ring and clotheslines both himself The D up and over the top rope!

On the canvas, Malak rises. He cracks his neck and pulls Ares off the mat. She looks for a schoolboy pin...

ONE.

TW-

And Malak escapes! The YOLO Master charges at Ares with a shoulder block, sending both of them out of the ring and right beside Conor and Edwards!

Garland pushes D, D pushes Garland back. Navarro screams at them before Malak rolls into the ring and The D tries to enter but he's stopped by the referee. Navarro demands ONLY Elise Ares is allowed to re-enter.

Suddenly, it's clear Malak Garland has something up his sleeve. Garland sees no one is paying attention to him so he exits to the other side of the ring and quickly looks under the apron.

DDK:

HEY! Wait just a second!

Now going back into the squared circle, Garland has the same "box covered" foreign object he used against Klein in back-to-back matches! Matches where Klein lost to Conor Fuse and Thurston Hunter, all because of Malak and this object.

Malak snickers. He's jittery. He hides it behind his leg as he waits for the commotion with Hector Navarro to come to an end. Just as Elise slides into the ring... Garland notices Conor noticing *him*.

And Fuse realizes what's in Malak's hand.

Conor Fuse:

BUDDY! Don't...

The gamer shouts at Garland before The Keyboard King looks across at an unsuspecting Elise Ares entering between the top and middle rope.

Conor Fuse:

You don't NEED TO cheat!

Garland thinks about it but then Ares bursts into action, hitting Malak with a missile dropkick! The object goes FLYING

out of the ring. Elise bounces into the ropes...

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!

Fuse has an "oh shit" look on his face. He slides into the ring-

But The D, who's slipped into the ring, rushes and slides underneath Conor. He grabs his ankle mid-slide, tripping Fuse and using their combined momentum to pull them both out of the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this friendly... ELISE ARES AND THE D... THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS!

The crowd cheers as D enters the ring and celebrates with Elise. Meanwhile Conor Fuse is kneeling down beside the apron and gives a hard sigh.

DDK:

Garland didn't use the weapon!

Lance:

He didn't have time to, Keebs. I'm sure he was going to!

Ares and D have their hands raised as their theme song plays. Malak Garland rolls into a corner, clearly having no clue where he is. Finally, Conor enters the ring and stands across from PCP.

There's a standoff between them.

...

...

DDK:

A little awkward.

...

...

Then Fuse extends his hand.

Ares shakes it, followed by The D and a cheer from the crowd. Conor proceeds to slide over to his "frienemy" and checks on him.

DDK:

Incredible match but PCP prove they are the team to beat.

Lance:

Really no surprise there. The surprise was how well Malak and Conor, at times, were able to work together. And some of the actual wrestling Malak performed!

Fuse and Garland exit the ring as Malak asks for more medication attention with tears in his eyes. PCP celebrates as the pay-per-view goes to commercial.

OSCAR BURNS vs. REZIN

DDK:

Two matches left to go tonight including our main event for the Unified Tag Team Titles between defending champions The Lucky Sevens against Titanes Familia... but before we get to that, we have Vae Victis' newest member, Oscar Burns, taking on the man who made it to the finals of the ACTS Tournament, Rezin!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy won a very close match to end the ACTS Tournament over Rezin, then directly after the match, Oscar Burns seemed poised to confront Troy, promising to confront the winner of the tournament - shockingly, it was all a ruse. Burns helped Lindsay Troy and Sonny Silver attack Rezin and since then, he has a vendetta against The Escape Artist!

DDK:

Rezin has ridden a wave of massive popularity in recent months and remember back a few months ago, just Maximum DEFIANCE, it was Rezin who won Oscar Burns' Dig Down Deep Challenge to take away Burns' coveted Golden Shovel. Since then, Burns has turned his nose at a lot of the newer talent with Rezin in particular being singled out.

Lance:

Oscar Burns may have been the biggest addition yet to Vae Victis! He subbed out himself for Butcher Victorious in a tag team match with Henry Keyes against Matt LaCroix and Rezin. Rezin and LaCroix won, but Oscar once again attacked Rezin, dropped him with the Head-Drop-O-Matic and challenged him to a singles match for tonight!

DDK:

And so, with that introduction, let's get to the match! Rezin is looking for payback against the man that has twice left him laying in the last month... Oscar Burns!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in-ring for the introductions... nah, this is Vae Victis, son.

We go to their official advocate, spokesperson, unofficial autobiographer and drug deal.. Uh, keeper-awayer...

Sonny Silver on the ramp.

They start jeering, but he doesn't give a what.

Sonny Silver:

I'd like to personally use DEFIANCE's TV time to run out there tell you individually to go fuck yourselves, but since we only have a specific window of time that will greatly exceed the show for such a Herculean task, let me give all of you fake Hollywood fucks a collective "go fuck yourselves!"

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

I had this whole spiel ready about this guy's achievements, but... he makes my job easy. I don't NEED to give him an introduction because you KNOW who he is! Unlike any of your local bimbos with more plastic in them than a Honda... everything about this guy is REAL! And it doesn't matter how much you love that junkie burnout, Rezin, that's just like all of you because... HE... IS... DEFIANCE!

He quickly bows out into the darkness...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win and his recent SIXTIETH win DEFIANCE! More recently...

The two previous assaults of Rezin! Once when joining Vae Victis! The other after a tag team match on DEFtv 176!

DDK:

Staying classy, Burnsie.

But after the typical opening spiel to "Ultimate Battle," the music cuts... then...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Butcher Victorious comes out first, holding his hands out and trying to dance along awkwardly to the music. After a few more seconds of waiting...

Out comes Oscar Burns in a brand new look! His goatee is trimmed down. The mustache is gone. His former locks have been shaved down to blonde stubble. He shakes hands with Sonny Silver. Butcher tries to do the same, but Sonny dogs him and heads backstage to let Burns handle business.

For the first time in his entire career with DEFIANCE, he has traded typical wrestling trunks for black tights with BURNS down one leg and "DEFIANCE" on the other in the red DEFIANCE logo writing. Over that, a big red and white checkered robe and on the back...

"I!

AM!

DEFIANCE!"

Lance:

A new look for Oscar tonight!

DDK:

Indeed. I don't remember the last time that he ever wore longer trunks like this. It won't affect his wrestling ability, but a new appearance for Burns tonight!

Burnsie is all business tonight as he walks toward the ring. Butcher goes just ahead of him and then uses his free hands to wipe down the steel steps for him. He gives Oscar his seal of approval and then holds a hand out for Burns to walk up. The Man Called DEFIANCE goes up the steps, he sheds the coat and then throws it to Butcher to hold. Oscar wipes his feet on the ring apron and then climbs through the ropes. Once he's inside, he adjusts the wrist tape on his hands. Red on the left side, white on the right.

DDK:

Oscar Burns looks ready for tonight. He and Rezin have fought twice in previous matches with one win a piece in prior encounters including the match we talked about during the Dig Down Deep Challengers.

The high-hat New Zealander waits for his opponent to make his entrance.

The house lights dim. The DEFIatron lights up.

♪ "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" by Roy Rogers and the Sons of Pioneers ♪

The LA Faithful pop. If you know, then you know.

On the screen, we get a view of the desert stretching across the American west, and a lone ball of tumbleweed rolling through. The affable and heavy Southern drawl of a cowboy serves as our narrator.

The Strawnger:

Way out west, thurr was this fella. Fella I wanna tell ya about. Fella by the name of "Erik Black." Least that was the handle his unlovin' parent gave him. But he never had much use for it himself. This Erik Black, he called himself... "REZIN".

Pop from the crowd at the mention of the name.

The Strawnger:

Now, "Rezin"... that's a name no one would self apply whurr I come from. But then there was a lot about Rezin that didn't make a lot of sense to me. And a lot about the place he wrestled likewise. But, then again... maybe that's why I found the place so durned innerestin'.

The camera follows the progress of the tumbleweed until it reaches the edge of a cliff. It pans up to reveal an elevated view of Los Angeles. The crowd pops yet again.

The Strawnger:

They call DEFIANCE Wrestling the federation of pure wrestling. I didn't find it to be that exactly. Well, there are some nice folks there.

We have faded from the desert to the streets of LA, where the tumbleweed is continuing to roll through. Continuing to wander. Led by the breeze carrying it forth.

The Strawnger:

Course I can't say I seen London. And I never been to France. And I ain't never seen no Queen of the Ring in her dambled undies, as a fella says.

The tumbleweed eventually rolls itself outside of a large building. It's the Pauley Pavilion.

The Strawnger:

But I'll tell ya what... after seein' DEFIANCE, and this here match that's about to unfold... well, I guess I've seen somethin' erry bit as stupefyin' as you'd see in any of those other places. An' in English, too. So I can die with a smile on my face, with feelin' like Eric Dane gyped me.

Fade to backstage within the arena. Catering, specifically. Rezin wanders in around the corner (wearing a bathrobe for some reason), eliciting another pop from the crowd. He wanders down the row of foodstuffs looking for

The Strawnger:

Now this here match that's about to unfold took place in the early twenties. Just about the time of our conflict with Lindsay and the Vae Victies.

Rezin finally plucks up a burger. And sniffs it.

The Strawnger:

I only mention it cause sometimes there's a man... I won't say "a hero". Cause what's a hero? But sometimes there's a man... and I'm talkin' bout the Goat Bastard here. Sometimes there's a man... well... he's the man for his time and place. He fits right in there. And that's REZIN, in DEFIANCE.

He sniffs it again, a pensive expression stuck on his face. .

The Strawnger:

And even if he is a CRAZY man, and Rezin is certainly that, quite possibly the CRAZIEST in the sport of professional wrestling, which would put him high in the running for CRAZIEST worldwide. But sometimes, there's a man...

Another sniff, seemingly sampling this burger's level of "doomness"

The Strawnger:

Sometimes, there's a man...

A member of the ring crew approaches and quietly informs the Escape Artist that they're ready for him to head to the ring. Seemingly surprised by the reminder that he has a match tonight, Rezin packs the burger into his robe and heads to the ring.

The Strawnger:

Wow... lost my train of thought here. But... ah hell, I done introduced him enough.

Rezin wanders into the guerilla position, chomping on the burger and waiting on his cue. If he'd been more alert, he would've noticed Kerry Kuroyama standing in wait right next to the part in the curtain.

DDK:

Wait a second... look out, Rezin!

The Escape Artist, sensing something amiss, slowly turns his head to look behind him... but not before BUTCHER VICTORIOUS darts in out of nowhere, wrangles him from behind, and pushes him past the camera.

Rezin:

AAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

It's VAE VICTIS! They were lying in wait!

Lance:

Were they? Or is this still part of a movie reference? Cause if so, then they'd be headed for...

The LA Faithful erupt in jeers. Clearly, this wasn't part of the grand entrance. But before he can react or fight back, Kuroyama jumps into action and helps Butch shove the Goat Bastard into his intended destination: a portajohn, that happens to be situated nearby.

Lance:

Well, close enough.

They slam the door behind him and latch it shut. Immediately, we can hear Rezin pounding on the walls of the commode and angrily demanding to be let out. Kerry and Butch Vic exchange smirks and high fives, a job well done.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Don't worry, dipshit. We'll make sure you get all the way down the ramp this time.

Butcher and Kuroyama go around the portajohn and begin pushing it forward...

...and through the curtain!

DDK:

Heads up, Lance! I think they're headed this way!

Lance:

My nose is already plugged, Keebs.

With the two assailants pushing it from behind, the portable emerges through the curtain to an angry ovation from the crowd. In the ring, Oscar Burns cackles with delight. Butcher and Kerry push it to the edge of the rampway, and then...

DDK:

No! NO! Don't even--

They bury their shoulders into the wall and KNOCK IT OVER!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, THE HUMANITY! There's a HUMAN BEING in that... that thing!

The commode crashes, careens, and rolls chaotically down the rampway, no doubt splattering every corner of its inside with excremental fluid, until it finally comes to a halt back in the upright position at the base of the ramp at ringside.

Lance:

Well... at least the ride is over. I can't imagine the mess that's been made inside though.

Kuroyama and Butcher Victorious take their time coming down their ramp. Kerry goes around the barricade and joins the other members of Vae Victis, who have reserved an entire front row of seats to themselves.

DDK:

Look at the smug arrogance on the faces of Vae Victis, sitting in their front row seats with a good view of the action! It's like they enjoy picking on wrestlers they see as lesser than them!

Lance:

Like a bunch of regular high school jocks. Not surprising that Vae Victis are ribbing their favorite dog to kick, but... don't you think Oscar would want to hose him down a bit after this?

Burns gives the order to Butcher to open it up and let his opponent out for the match, holding a hand over his face in anticipation for the smell. Butch Vic likewise plugs his nose... unlatches the door... and opens it up.

Inside, as expected, is a visual disaster of human waste lining the walls of the portajohn...

...only there's no Rezin to be seen!

DDK:

What?!

Lance:

Where did he go?

Butch Vic looks questionably back to Burns, who is likewise stunned. The Kiwi insists he stick his head into the tank and check ALL possible nooks and crannies, but Butcher understandably shakes his head at this request. While all that is happening...

DDK:

Hang on... THERE'S Rezin! He's CLIMBING INTO THE RING from the other side! How did he get there?!

Lance:

He... escaped?!

DDK:

Burns doesn't see him!

From the front row, the rest of Vae Victis try to flag down Burns' attention. But they're too late.

RRRAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

Rezin with the DROPKICK from behind, sending Burns out of the ring! And now off the ropes...

RRRAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE INTO BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

Butch Vic gets knocked backward off the impact... and directly INTO the portajohn! Rezin slams the door after him and snatches the latch shut.

DDK:

I guess that takes care of Butcher Victorious, and whatever shenanigans he may bring with him!

Lance:

I can't think of a better prison for him.

The crowd is roaring as Rezin comes around to where Burns is recovering on the floor, but Oscar slips back into the ring before the Goat Bastard can get to him. Undeterred, Rezin hops to the apron, grabs the top rope, and launches himself into the ring...

DDK:

Rezin into the ring with Springboard Missile Dropkick!

Burns takes the impact to his back as he's getting to his feet, and bumps wildly across the ring. Rezin, meanwhile, motions for Knox that it's either now or never. Rex cues for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

And with that, the match is officially underway.

DDK:

But we're already off to a hot start!

Oscar is scrambling to his feet, still having no idea what hit him, but soon finds himself being flipped to the mat once again when Rezin comes running at him off the ropes.

DDK:

Running headscissor takedown by the Escape Artist! Rezin has come into this match like a house on fire!

Lance:

Definitely not what Oscar Burns was wanting, or expecting, to start this match off. The ever consummate ring general is having his entire gameplan upended by Rezin swinging out of the gate!

The Kiwi stumbles up in a daze and ends up in the corner. Rezin rushes at him and then takes Burns up and out of the corner with a big monkey flip! Rezin back to his feet as the LA Faithful go crazy! With a hint of that same craziness in his eyes, he waits as Burns starts to stand, only to nail him next with a big springboard moonsault press from the middle rope!

DDK:

I can't say I pictured this happening! Rezin going all-out early on Oscar Burns after several weeks of attacks and Butcher Victorious... locked in a portajohn.

Lance:

Ehh, I dunno, I could buy that second one.

Rezin isn't done with Oscar after hitting the middle rope moonsault press! He goes to the ropes from the other end and then hits a second springboard moonsault onto Burns while he's down! He hooks the leg and The Faithful count with him!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

The Man Called DEFIANCE makes a frantic kick-out and then rolls out of the ring quick to avoid further high-flying antics. The Faithful levy more booing at the newest Vae Victis member as he strolls along ringside trying to catch his breath.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-URNS!

After taunting the crowd, he turns to see Rezin jumping at him again! Oscar moves, but Rezin does a flip over the ropes and lands on the apron feet first. When Burns thinks that he's safe, the running flipping senton off the apron from Rezin proves him wrong! Rezin is all over Burns with punches on the floor!

DDK:

After all the antics that Rezin has put up with from the likes of Vae Victis, repeated attacks, he's had more than enough of them! He's not letting Burns off the hook tonight!

Rex Knox yells at both men to get back in the ring. Rezin hears him and he grabs the head of Burns.

Lance:

Where does Rezin think he's going to take Oscar?

He tries to slam Burns' head into the ring apron, only for Oscar to block and elbow Rezin in the chest to break free of his grip. He palms the back of Rezin's head and instead, he slams his head into the ring apron. Burns thinks that he's gotten himself a reprieve from any more damage but when he turns to see Rezin again, The Escape Artist is smiling with a mischievous glint in his eyes. He boots Burns in the gut and then slams his head into the ring apron.

DDK:

This is probably one of the few times Rezin has had a fire lit under him like this, unlike many, many, many types of drug paraphernalia that he's litten a fire under.

Lance:

It's just like you said, he's had it up to his neck with the elitist Vae Victis!

Rezin rolls back into the ring, and then back outside to restart Rex Knox's count so he can do whatever he wants to do. Burns is still loopy when Rezin gets another chance to hurt the former two-time FIST by grabbing the back of his head while Rezin is standing on the apron and Burns on the floor...

ONE-HANDED BULLDOG TO THE FLOOR!

The Escape Artist's back is tingling, but Burns gets the worst of the face plant on the floor and thrashes around in pain!

DDK:

What a spill by Rezin! He's taking some innovative risks tonight to make Burns pay for what he's done to him. He attacked Rezin after the finals of the ACTS Tournament, then did it again after subbing himself for Butcher Victorious in a match on DEFtv 176.

Lance:

And Rezin's getting him back in the ring. He wants to win tonight!

Rezin shoves Burns under the ropes and follows him in. When a punch-drunk Burns tries to get up, The Escape Artist hits a running somersault neckbreaker!

DDK:

Right on the money with the somersault neckbreaker!

Rezin goes into a jackknife pin on Burns after the landing.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Rezin slaps the mat after the failed pin attempt while Burns tries to get away again...

DDK:

Oscar, you started this fight! Go on and finish it then!

Burns tries to roll to the apron, but Rezin is on him like white on rice on a paper plate. He tries to get to Burns and attacks him in the ropes until Rex Knox has to intervene to keep the two separated.

Lance:

Can't blame Rezin one bit! He had a gameplan to keep Butcher out and so far it's worked! He wants this match one-on-one!

He keeps on going for the attack and yells at Rex Knox to get away. He goes towards Burns...

KICK TO THE KNEE!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Burns baits Rezin with the kick and then stands!

DDK:

The great savior of DEFIANCE having to resort to that cheap shot!

The Man Called DEFIANCE grabs Rezin's leg and then pulls him as he crawls out under the bottom rope. He lifts The Escape Artist's leg up and then slams it down into the ring apron! Rezin is left howling after that while Burns grabs the leg again. He tucks the ankle of Rezin underneath the ring apron and then proceeds to throw some 'bows to the joint!

Lance:

Oscar Burns is now turning up the viciousness!

DDK:

He's trying to dissect the leg of Rezin!

Rex Knox is yelling at Burns to stop. He's about to start another count until he quickly heads inside the ring. Oscar then STANDS on Rezin's leg and ankle area while in the ropes! Burns pulls down on the ropes as he keeps applying pressure.

Rex Knox:

Get off the ropes! Now! Get off! One! Two! Three! Four!

Burns gets done milking the most out of the mandatory five-count in the ropes and backs off. But by now, the damage has been done to Rezin's leg.

Lance:

All those attacks on the leg and ankle of Rezin will seriously compromise his ability to dart around the ring like he's been doing.

DDK:

That's very true. Burns did the same thing to a larger opponent in Deacon and he almost walked away with the FIST doing this same tactic!

Oscar Burns stands over Rezin and seems to be inviting The Escape Artist to get back to his feet. Rezin seethes under his breath and tries to get back up, but when he does, Oscar runs the penalty kick and kick his left leg out from under him, making Rezin flip around before crashing onto the mat!

DDK:

Ooh! That was a nasty fall Rezin just took!

Lance:

Burns has found his target! He has the leg picked out for an attack!

Oscar picks up Rezin again and tries to pull him by the arm and SLUGS him with an extra stiff elbow to the side of the head. Rezin stumbles back into the corner and that puts him in position for Oscar to charge forward and clock him with a running European Uppercut in the corner! Rezin twitches from the shot and almost collapses to a knee, but Oscar grabs him by the arm to keep him steady. He cracks Rezin in the mouth with another measured elbow smash.

DDK:

Stiff shots out of Burns, literally knocking Rezin from pillar to post in there!

Now that he's in control, Burns walks a circle around the ring and measures up The Escape Artist. A second running European Uppercut hits him a second time underneath the jaw. Rezin starts to stagger over, but before he falls, Oscar hooks him by the side and drops him with an exploder suplex!

DDK:

Suplex sends Rezin absolutely RAGDOLLING across the ring! And here goes Burns into the lateral press to put the shoulders down!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!!

The Escape Artist squeaks out, but almost immediately gets pulled back in when the Man called DEFIANCE traps his head with a legscissor, rolls him over, and positions himself perfectly to slap on a stepover toehold. Rezin wails in agony, reaching out for the ropes several feet away.

DDK:

Submission held in place in the center of the ring, and now the former FIST finally has Rezin right where he wants him!

Lance:

He's putting even more punishment on that targeted ankle. And there's no telling how long Rezin will take to drag himself to those ropes.

DDK:

If he can make it there to begin with!

Rezin claws at the canvas, but the Kiwi keeps him pinned down by stacking his weight right on the legs. He buries his head in his hands, fighting through the pain, looking to the ropes again.

DDK:

Those ropes might as well be miles away! And there's no telling how much damage that ankle will sustain if--wait, Rezin tucks his head in and ROLLS!

And Burns Rolls with him, being sent jaw-first into the mat and losing his hold on Rezin's leg! Rezin backrolls onto his feet, wincing slightly as his weight comes down again on the ankle.

Lance:

The Escape Artist slips free!

DDK:

But too slow to capitalize!

The moment's hesitation is all Oscar Burns needs to instinctively roll onto his back and catch the Goat Bastard with a sharp boot to the face to leave him reeling! Scrambling back to his feet, he shoots in low and hooks an ankle to take Rezin back to the mat and go right back to the ankle.

DDK:

Oscar Burns with the takedown to pick up right where he left off... no, Rezin knows what's coming this time, and pulls him into a SMALL PACKAGE!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

ONE...

TWO...

THR--ALMOST!!

Their bodies break apart. They scramble to their feet. Rezin, naturally, comes in HIGH with a hook kick, but unfortunately doesn't count on Oscar Burns going LOW with another sharp kick to the ankle, and the Goat Bastard collapses into a heap!

DDK:

Another comeback, swiftly cut off by former FIST, Oscar Burns!

Lance:

Now that he knows exactly what to target, this match has become that much easier for the ring veteran to maintain control.

Rezin writhes on the mat, clutching his leg. The Man who calls himself DEFIANCE slowly walks a circle around his quarry, wearing an arrogant smirk as he occasionally peppers him with the sole of his boot. In their front row seats, the other Vae Victis members applaud approvingly. Conversely, the fans filling every other seat of the arena are calling for

his head.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Blatant disrespect on display by the former FIST, and the man who arrogantly declares himself as the epitome of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

You just know he's been harboring this resentment since Rezin took away his coveted Golden Shovel a few months back.

DDK:

Who can honestly say it doesn't go further back? Oscar Burns has long carried himself as the definition of excellence and professionalism in this sport. Rezin, on the other hand...

Lance:

Arguably his polar opposite.

DDK:

And given the swelling popularity of The Escape Artist, I can't help but wonder if Oscar sees him as an affront to everything he's worked toward!

Rezin is still fighting back to his feet despite the damage done to his ankle. Oscar steps back and almost seems to be letting him get back up... only to turn and CRACK The Escape Artist with another low kick to the same leg! Rezin flips over and flops back to the canvas with Burns getting more jeers from the crowd for his blatant disrespect.

DDK:

Another cheap shot from Burns! He's just milking this!

Lance:

I get the feeling he thinks he could put this one away quick with a good heel hook. He's tapped out some of the absolute best in DEFIANCE and he could do it again here tonight.

Rezin once again tries to fight by using the ropes for aid, but the Kiwi is right behind him! He tries to pull him for a German Suplex, but Rezin clings onto the ropes for dear life to prevent another vicious suplex. Burns hits a few forearms to the back to get him to let go, but when he does... NO!

DDK:

Rezin slips behind him! Schoolboy!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Burns kicks out with Rezin trying to scramble back up to his feet! All that gets him, though...

THUNK!

He gets DROPPED from a thunderous Hard Out Headbutt by Burns! The newest Vae Victis member shakes his head and grabs it to make sure he's okay after such a vicious blow, but he is. The same can't be said for the former three-time Favoured Saints Champion down and out on the canvas.

DDK:

Ow! Hard Out Headbutt!

With Rezin not knowing where he is, Oscar sits him up and then applies a full nelson. The Escape Artist finds no escape from the former two-time FIST hoisting him up...

DDK:

Bridging Dragon Suplex! That has got to be all!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

RRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

Lance:

How the hell did Rezin kick out of that combination! The Hard Out Headbutt leveled him and the Bridging Dragon Suplex was perfect!

Rezin kicks out with his good leg and then flops over onto his stomach to the elation of the crowd! Oscar's head turns back to face Rex Knox.

Oscar Burns:

1, 2, 3, GC! I'm a better ref than you, too!

Rex Knox gets annoyed as Burnsie goes back to the leg. He grabs Rezin's leg and then falls back to the mat in a DDT-style fashion to jerk the leg back even more! Rezin howls again and clutches the leg.

DDK:

That leg can't take much more of this abuse! Rezin's walking out of here on crutches if this keeps up.

Lance:

The Escape Artist better find a way to escape this!

Oscar takes the leg and then applies a standing ankle lock! The pain is etched on the face of Hell's Favorite Hoosier as he tries to inch his way up to his knees! The other Vae Victis members in attendance watching all cheer their stablemate for the work he's putting on Rezin's ankle!

DDK:

Rezin has to get out of this hold! He's way more proficient in escape holds than he lets on, but he needs something big!

Rezin scurries to the ropes as best he can, trying to get to wherever he needs to go.

He claws his way towards the ropes...

Almost there...

Little more...

DDK:

NO! BURNS PULLS HIM BACK!

Oscar drags him back to the middle... but Rezin quickly uses his other leg and rolls Burns forward to the mat!

Lance:

He's almost out... no! Burns back to the ankle!

He tries again, but Rezin uses his other leg to kick him away! Burns comes back, but Rezin surprises him with a kick... no! Oscar grabs that limb and spins Rezin around... but he spins with it and CRACKS Burns upside the head from the other way with the Cloven Hoof Kick!

DDK:

YES! Cloven Hoof Kick! I don't know how Rezin pulled that off, but that's EXACTLY what he needed!

Lance:

It is, but can he even follow up? On one leg against Oscar Burns? That's the last place anyone here in DEFIANCE wants to be against a technician of his world-class calibur.

Rezin favors the leg heavily, but he sees Burns across from him still out of it and might have a chance to get back into the game. He rolls over to the corner and slowly hobble to his feet first with The Faithful cheering him on.

REZIN!

REZIN!

REZIN!

REZIN!

DDK:

Rezin back up in the corner... but Oscar isn't far behind!

Oscar finally shakes the cobwebs out after the Cloven Hoof Kick and locks eyes with Rezin before running at the corner with another European Uppercut in mind... but instead, Rezin bolts out of the way and Oscar only uppercuts air after crashing into the buckle. Rezin grabs the rope and nails him in the side of the face with a jumping enzuigiri!

Lance:

He nails Burns and falls to the canvas!

DDK:

Wait... where is he going?

Rezin decides to take a chance and starts going to the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

This statement has been uttered a lot where it concerns Rezin, but... has he lost his mind?!

On one bad wheel, he slowly hobbles up... but that may be a big mistake. Burns is back up and cuts him off just as he gets to the top turnbuckle. He tries to block Rezin from doing whatever he is about to do, but Rezin greets Oscar with right after right! He throws in a headbutt of his own for good measure! The blow seems to rattle both men!

DDK:

Rezin giving Burns a receipt from earlier...wait, what's he doing?

Rezin hooks the head of Burns, then lifts him up before he plants his face on the top turnbuckle padding with a modified DDT! The crowd cheers while Burns bounces back and falls to his knees on the canvas! The Faithful are buzzing and getting louder when Rezin starts to try and maintain his balance on one good leg...

Lance:

He got Burns off that top turnbuckle with that modified DDT... what does he want to do?

Rezin takes flight... and the crowd ROARS!

DDK:

REZINRANA! REZINRANA! RIGHT INTO THE COVER!

The Dragonrana off the top turnbuckle hits and he clings to the pin for dear life!

ONE...

TWO...

THRE-KICKOUT!

At the very last millisecond, Burns kicks out of the cover! The Vae Victis crew at ringside look collectively stunned but cheer amongst themselves while The Faithful drown them out with jeers!

DDK:

That was a close one by Rezin! ALMOST had him there!

Lance:

He's got Burns down and he knows it!

Rezin gets up and with one and a half good feet, he waits patiently. He charges next and lashes out at Oscar as he tries to stand, Burns pulls Rex Knox into the way! The crowd jeers as Burns tries to move! The Escape Artist stops in his tracks!

Lance:

No! Knox is down!

Burns tries to catch Rezin with another uppercut, but he inches out of the way and hits a right before leaping up off the nearby ropes using his good foot right into...

DDK:

INTO THE VOID! HE GOT IT! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

Lance:

HE DID... OH, WAIT!

Rezin is down! Burns is down! And ... so is Rex Knox! Rezin instinctively goes to hook the leg, but he sees Knox out on the floor immediately and looks angry at his lack of luck.

Lance:

Burns pulled the referee into Rezin's attack! That wasn't his fault!

Rezin has no choice but to get out of the ring while Oscar is still down. The Escape Artist starts to limp outside the ring. The Vae Victis crew watching on aren't taking their eyes off the action... all except Lindsay Troy, with her attention diverted somewhere else.

DDK:

Rex Knox gets helped back into the ring by Rezin! He's doing the right thing here while he's still got Burns on the back foot!

Lance:

He is... Wait.

After Rezin pushes Knox back inside, he climbs in after him. He gets upright...

DDK:

Wait... who is...

In a flash, a man slides into the ring and takes three enormous strides, absolutely decapitating Rezin with a neck shattering lariat. He flips through the air like a disabled helicopter before crashing to the mat.

DDK:

WHO IS THAT?!

Lance:

I've heard of him! That's... That's Clay Byrd! That monster is here in DEFIANCE! I've heard stories of the wars between he and... Oh, God... Lindsay Troy.

Sure enough, the crowd jeers as Lindsay Troy watches on with a smile on her face. The apparent fix is in! Rex Knox still hasn't seen the big man who pulls Rezin up to his feet by his skull. Rezin drops to his knees while The Behemoth backs up, bounces off the ropes and destroys Rezin with a diving lariat! Rezin snaps backwards and hits the mat with an audible thud just as Oscar Burns sees what's going on. He shakes Rex Knox's pant leg and yells at him to hurry and count! Clay Byrd leaves the ring before the ref is wise to what really happened.

DDK:

The great man who calls himself DEFIANCE... Oscar Burns needing HELP?!

Burns hooks the leg and refuses to turn down the free lunch.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Oscar rolls off of Rezin's unconscious body and heads to the floor to join his Vae Victis comrades in a quick exchange of high-fives while the rest of the Pauley Pavilion are up in arms!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Lance:

First time that I've seen Burns outright just take help for the win that he didn't earn. How he even has the gall to call himself... or Vae Victis... the best representation of this company is a joke.

Oscar walks out and turns his back to the ring, not even bothering to look back at the damage caused by the massive Clay Byrd in the ring while Rezin and Rex Knox are both being attended to by medical trainers at ringside. Oscar offers a hand and shakes the big man's hand. LT gives him the nod as Keyes and Kuroyama all follow suit and head to the back with VV's newest acquisition.

DDK:

Oscar Burns puts Vae Victis's first match in the win column, thanks to a major assist from this massive newcomer. The other members of the group are all in action tomorrow night... but I can't believe the firepower that Vae Victis has amassed.

Lance:

One of DEFIANCE's best main event stars... and now this heavy hitter, Clay Byrd. Unreal.

Vae Victis head to the back... but Butcher is still locked up in the portajohn.

Too bad.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES: THE LUCKY SEVENS (C) vs. URIEL CORTEZ & TITANESS

The camera moves to a graphic for tonight's very personal main event for the Unified Tag Team Titles. A moving graphic between the two teams starts to play as we move to intros for the match!

*UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES:
THE LUCKY SEVENS © vs. TITANES FAMILIA*

DDK:

After an entire night of unbelievable twists and incredible matches, we come to tonight's main event between The Lucky Sevens and Titanes Familia. It all started when The Lucky Sevens won the Unified Tag Team Titles back at MAXDEF 2022. The Saturday Night Specials demanded a match against the then-fired Mason and Max Luck for their part in allegedly burning down Ballyhoo Brew. To the shock of many, The Lucky Sevens won the titles. They forced DEFIANCE management's hand and got brought back.

Lance:

And not just that... they were hired back with new main event money contracts, bonuses for title defenses, and the Saturday Night Specials barred from title contention as long as they hold the titles, among other provisions we don't know about, as Morrow has teased. Titanes Familia have been friends with the SNS going back to last year at DEFCON 2021. They co-main evented with PCP for the first time ever for the Unified Tag Team Titles against SNS!

DDK:

Meanwhile, the issues between Titanes Familia and The Lucky Sevens have been so personal since the teams have crossed paths including betrayals, destruction, as well as The Lucky Sevens having a winning record over their challengers. The Lucky Sevens have been using this Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery to defeat random teams and challengers with Titaness being a victim of those challenges back on DEFtv 175. The Lucky Sevens promised to defend against two members of T. Familia... only to turn around and pick Sgt. Safety as her partner instead.

Now footage of DEFtv 176 plays of Titanes Familia against The Lucky Sevens, Aaron King and Aleczander The Great from DEFtv 176.

Lance:

And then Titanes Familia retaliated by Uriel Cortez destroying the Lucky Lottery tumbler! An eight-person tag team match was made that saw Cortez pin Mason Luck with the 218 Powerbomb. After they issued a challenge for ACTS of DEFIANCE, it was accepted by Tom Morrow under one condition... if Titanes Familia lose tonight's match, they will also be barred from contention along with SNS.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are powerful. They are dangerous. They are brutal. But Tom Morrow is doing anything and everything with their new contracts to eliminate competition. That's what tonight is... and to put these stipulations on Uriel Cortez in his own hometown tonight is just disgusting.

Lance:

But if it meant getting this title match, Cortez accepted. His normal partner, Minute, will be in action tomorrow night with Dan Leo James against fellow BFTA members Aaron King and Aleczander The Great. After what happened in Las Vegas on 175 with Titaness, Minute graciously stepped aside so Titaness could have an attempt tonight at payback.

DDK:

So now here we go. With all that out of the way, it's time for the introductions to the main event of tonight's match. Titanes Familia will attempt to wrestle the titles away from the deadly and dangerous Lucky Sevens in the main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE: Night One!

The camera now moves on to Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring as he is about to get ready to do the

introductions for tonight's show.

The lights go dark.

The hometown crowd slowly buzzes.

♪ *"Stare At The Sun" by Thrice* ♪

The camera shows black and white stills of DEFCON 2018 - Uriel Cortez's debut as a monster in a business suit trotted out by Thomas Keeling and Junior Keeling - now known as Tom Morrow.

Victories over Oscar Burns. Angel Trinidad. Various people that he was sicced on by The Family Keeling.

Then meeting the young luchador, Minute. Beating him in a match... then shaking his hand.

Teaming with Minute against The Fuse Bros in their very first match and winning in a shocking upset.

Winning the Unified Tag Team Titles in 2020 with Minute and forming The Sky High Titans.

Losing, then winning the titles a second time from The Pop Culture Phenoms.

Losing their Sky High Titans name.

Adding Titaness to the group.

Uriel and Titaness sharing moments between each other.

Their engagement.

Their brief separation.

"Second" engagement.

Adding Dan Leo James.

Now a collection of shots of Uriel Cortez, the hometown boy. Training. Working. Fighting. Training with Titaness.

Until finally.

The music stops. Then a new theme takes its place.

*This is everything
The Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive
It's BOBBY by the way
Let's get it*

♪ *"RISE (remix)" by Gitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY* ♪

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES!

Left side of the ramp: The silhouette of Titaness! Wearing a blue top with gold trim and pants of the same color held together by a gold belt design. Her hair is tied up in a small series of ponytails in a mohawk style.

Right side of the ramp: Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Wearing a brand new set of blue and gold thigh length trunks, kneepads and boots. Wrists taped in a golden color! He raises a hand in the air while Titaness backflips on the ramp,

sending blue and gold pyro shooting off in multiple directions!

DDK:

What an entrance! The growth of the Titans over the past several years has been great to see. They are tight knit. They are family.

Lance:

Listen to the ovation for Uriel Cortez! He resides just outside Los Angeles in the City of Industry, hence his nickname: The Titan of Industry! The original Titan to start what would become a successful collective in their own right.

DDK:

He was brought in by The Family Keeling to settle a grudge on their behalf against DEFIANCE, only to turn around and make something of himself without them! But tonight, it's a different story entirely. Uriel Cortez and his fiancée, Titaness, represent Titanes Familia! They have to win the Unified Tag Team Titles from The Lucky Sevens, otherwise the group will have no more title shots as long as The Lucky Sevens hold the titles.

Cortez is all fired up and bumps large fists with as many fans as he can going down the ramp while Titaness slaps a few hands herself. Once the titanic tandem make it to the ring, Cortez goes over to embrace a smaller elderly woman. He uses sign language to talk to her. Titaness walks over and gives her a hug as well.

DDK:

That's Uriel Cortez's mother, Carolina! She raised Cortez all her own and now he gets to perform in front of friends and family tonight.

Lance:

What a proud moment for her tonight! This is her first time attending a DEFIANCE show!

After they say their hellos, Uriel lifts Titaness up onto the ring apron. The powerful young dynamo looks out to the crowd and then climbs into the ring. Cortez then pulls up onto the ropes and then simply steps over them to make it inside. The Titan of Industry circles the ring once and raises a massive hand while Titaness poses with her hands up in front of him!

Lance:

Titanes Familia made tonight's challenge on behalf of The Saturday Night Specials and everyone else the Sevens have wronged.

DDK:

But will that cost them? Titanes Familia come in with major momentum after Uriel just pinned Mason Luck in an eight-man tag, but tonight they have to wrestle the perfect match! And compared to Uriel Cortez and Minute who have two Unified Tag Title reigns, Cortez and Titaness have teamed before, but they don't have the experience The Lucky Sevens do. Could this decision backfire?

Cortez seems to have no questions and seems to be fighting back a tear or two after getting to compete tonight where he was raised. Competing in the main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE for the Unified Tag Titles, Cortez and Titaness are showered with cheers.

Uriel Cortez:

LET'S FUCKING DO THIS! IT'S TITANES TIME!

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

With one last firing up of the LA Faithful, the music fades out. Cortez and Titaness show no trepidation. They hug and their foreheads touch as they get ready, come whatever may.

All the love and positivity gets chucked out a window when Tom Morrow walks out from the back and then gets loud

jeers from the fans.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies! Gentlemen! You idiotic, mouthbreathing, whining, window-licking numbnuts that support these losers in the ring. You will all now have to prepare for the letdown of a lifetime when Titanes Familia... Sky High Titans or whatever you're called this week... my boys had so much fun kicking the hell out of all you... especially that pretty little girl down there!

Titaness shakes her head and tries not to let Tom Morrow get to her.

Tom Morrow:

They had so much fun doing it in their hometown, they're going to do it now... here tonight, in YOUR hometown! From the guys who alerted the proper authorities when The Ballyhoo Brew got reduced to ashes.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

From the men who have handed out so many Five-Star Beatdowns, hospitals have to dedicate new wings in local hospitals just for their victims! From the men who innovated The Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery... until *that* stupid ogre in the ring broke it!

The LA Faithful cheer Cortez, but he doesn't respond to the noise. He's all business.

Tom Morrow:

Fortunately for you, The Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery is being rebuilt, stronger than ever after tonight! The challenges will resume after my boys body your favorites! Ladies... gentlemen...

The crowd JEERS when the sound of the jackpot clicks.

Tom Morrow:

THE ... LUCKY ... SEVENS!!!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

In brand new sparkling green capes, both Mason and Max hold them wide open to reveal all five titles between them! Three for Mason and two for Max tonight! The crowd is booing them out of the building as pyro goes off from all directions on the stage!

BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

And on either side of the new champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling more pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and claps like a seal! Mason focuses on the ring and Max holds out the titles. They wave two sets of the tag titles in their hands with the last title, the fifth title was around her neck. Mason has the belts and they wave them in the faces of jeering fans trying to incite a riot! Max Luck gets jeered out of the building when he takes one of his titles and yells at the fans.

Max Luck:

These titles belong to *us!!!*

Mason Luck:

Now and forever more!!!

The twin seven foot monsters both click the titles together like drinks and parade around ringside. They are milking the

reaction of the fans and very slowly take their time circling the vicinity of the ring taking in the hatred. They also wear brand new t-shirts. "LUCK AROUND AND FIND OUT!"

DDK:

These two are every bit the monsters that Tom Morrow sells them as. All they care about is their bank accounts. These titles mean something to the likes of Titanes Familia, to the Saturday Night Specials and everyone that has held them before. To The Lucky Sevens, they have been bargaining chips to get hired back in DEFIANCE Wrestling with big money main event contracts and other perks.

Lance:

That's what it's about at the end of the day to them. Money and power.

Mason Luck and Max Luck complete their slow walk among an extra hostile Los Angeles crowd. They tell the referee to get Uriel and Titaness back. They do and Mason and Max get inside the ring with stereo step overs. They meet in the middle and then walk to their corner. After their music stops Darren Quimbey is ready for big match introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall and is your main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE Night One! This match is for the Unified Tag Team Championship! By rules agreed to by both parties... if Titanes Familia lose, they are barred from title contention for the duration of The Lucky Sevens' current title reign!

The crowd jeer the proclamation. Tom Morrow stands in the corner of the champs.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challengers... at a combined weight of 539 pounds... they are the team of "The Show of Force" Titaness!

Titaness steps forward with a big pop from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

AND LOS ANGELES' OWN... "THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHH!

Cortez raises both fists in the air and ROARS in reciprocation of the ten-thousand plus in attendance. He points out to the crowd and then over towards The Lucky Sevens before bringing a thumb across his throat.

Darren Quimbey:

TITANES! FAMILIA!

The challengers look as ready as they possibly can be. On the other side, Tom Morrow prepares his best carnival barker voice.

Tom Morrow:

YOUR REIGNING AND DEFENDING CHAMPIONS!!! THEY WEIGHED IN THIS MORNING AT A COMBINED SIX-HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE POUNDS! THEY STAND AT A COMBINED HEIGHT OF FOURTEEN FEET TALL! THEY ARE "THE BEAST OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS" MAX LUCK! THE "BIG MONEY MONSTER" MASON LUCK! THEY ARE *YOUR* UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES NOW AND FOREVER MORE... THE!!! LUCKY!!!
SEEVVVVENNNSSSS!!!

Loud jeers while the champions hold out the Unified Tag Team Titles! They circle up and Max shoves the titles in the face of Uriel Cortez! He snaps back, but Titaness tries to keep the monster calm. He stares at Max Luck walking back. After the preening and posturing, Max and Mason give their titles to Hector Navarro. He holds the collection of five belts and then sends them to ringside. Cortez stretches and tugs the ropes to prepare himself as the legal man for his side. Max Luck is the legal man for his.

DDK:

Here we go ... for all the marbles! The main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE Night One begins ... now!

DING DING

The camera pans out and sees the jam-packed Pauley Pavilion with giants Uriel Cortez and Max Luck circling up carefully. When the two men get to lock up...

Max with a boot! He boots Cortez over quickly and then slaps on a tight headlock to keep the tallest man in DEFIANCE at bay.

DDK:

Max Luck trying to keep Uriel where he can see him... nope! That's out the window! Solid punch to the face!

Lance:

That might be the only technical move we see in this match! He only wanted the headlock so he could get a clean shot on Uriel!

The Titan of Industry stumbles back a step, and Max swings at him with a vicious series of punches to the giant. Cortez tries to block, so Max goes low with body shots. The Beast of the Bright Lights hits another boot to the gut and then smacks him with a giant uppercut! Cortez is stumbling back... but fires back with a HARD elbow smash to the face! Max gets a gob of spit smacked out of his mouth when he gets pushed back to the corner. Cortez runs forward with a chop...

But Max moves! Max then turns the tables on Cortez with another stiff uppercut and then steps back. A charge forward leads to a corner clothesline! Cortez is stunned in the corner when Max takes a second.

Max Luck:

Hey, Titaness! Want me on top again?

He is referring to when he pinned Titaness on DEFtv 175 in Las Vegas. She looks repulsed when he turns to charge at Cortez for a second clothesline...

HUGE SHOULDER TACKLE!

Cortez bulldozes right over Max Luck and in a rare feat, knocks over a member of The Lucky Sevens with one good shot! The crowd cheers as Cortez stands over Max and then lowers down enough to kick him in the back!

Uriel Cortez:

Had it with your fucking mouths!

Lance:

Cortez ain't playing around tonight! Not with these stakes!

DDK:

No, he's not! Cortez pulls up Max Luck... OOH!

THWACK! A STIFF chop from DEFIANCE's deadliest hands knocks Max back to the ropes where Mason quickly makes a tag to capitalize on his ring positioning.

DDK:

Mason appears to be taking this a lot more seriously than Max just now. The Lucky Sevens have had the number of the Titans in the past, but they have the proverbial hometown advantage tonight.

Mason goes right at Cortez, still stinging off that pinfall loss a couple weeks ago on 176. He pummels Cortez with a

number of rights, but Cortez fires back with a STIFF chop to Mason! Mason winces in pain from the shot and then Cortez CRACKS him with a second one! The crowd is cheering The Titan of Industry when he whips Mason away. He pins Mason to the corner and tags in Titaness for the first time.

DDK:

The Titans trying some double-team work... no! Mason powers out of the corner.

He pushes away from Uriel just as Titaness climbs into the ring. The crowd cheers when Titaness stares up at Mason Luck. She gives up a lot of size to either twin, but doesn't let herself get intimidated. Mason Luck looks down at Titaness, then at Uriel... then gets JEERED when he pats her on the head like a dog.

BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That's just tasteless. Scratch what I said about The Lucky Sevens taking this whole match seriously.

Mason Luck:

I don't want you... I want him.

He points at Uriel, but Titaness isn't budging.

Titaness:

You got *me* you giant sack of shit.

Cortez can't help but crack a smile in the face of her... for lack of a better word... DEFIANCE. Mason snaps his head back down at Titaness, then tries to catch her for a charging clothesline. He telegraphs the move a little too soon, allowing her to duck and hit the ropes. When she comes back, she goes low for a chop block to the leg! Mason gets tackled in the knee and it's enough to bring him down to one knee!

Lance:

There we go! She has power in her frame and if she can apply it to the right spots like that, she can chop them down!

Titaness is back to her feet, standing just level to Mason...

Then taps HIM on the head in a LOUD applause from the crowd.

This enrages the Big Money Monster as he stands up and then picks Titaness up in a show of his own force! He picks her up with a press and cheers... but before he can hit whatever he plans to do, she slips out and then applies a tight sleeper around his neck!

DDK:

Titaness fighting back! She's got that sleeper locked on!

She tries to stay out of reach of his grip, but he eventually grabs her. Titaness elbows him in the top of the head and then slips out to the corner. Titaness is backed into the Titanes Familia corner when Mason charges in. She gets both knees up to block the shot and hits him in the chest, allowing Uriel Cortez to get the tag. Titaness goes low with another chop block to stop him from the leg and then Cortez bowls him over with a charging clothesline off the ropes!

DDK:

Huge double team right here! And they aren't done!

Cortez stands over Mason Luck and when Titaness runs at her fiance, Uriel launches her high into the air where she comes down with a huge elbow drop to the chest!

DDK:

Great combo! They call it One Tall Elbow Drop! Lots of hangtime!

Lance:

This is going to be their best chance. Single out a giant. Work him over. Chop him down!

The Titan of Industry is the legal Titan when he bounces off the ropes and puts a huge elbow drop of his own right into his heart! Cortez lays across his chest for the first cover of the match...

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Barely a two-count there from Cortez, but you're right. The Lucky Sevens are so dangerous. It has been a long time since they have lost a traditional two-on-two tag team match because they are monsters that just rule that ring.

Lance:

Cortez trying to get Mason up... but he fights back!

Mason punches him in the chest a few times after Uriel pulls him up, but Cortez counters with a big elbow to the top of the head, then a headbutt to the face! Mason goes backwards to the Titanes Familia corner. Cortez holds his hands out, he tags Titaness... then CRACKS him with the two-handed Chop of Ages!

DDK:

Oooh! Chop of Ages from the corner! And now, here comes Titaness!

The Show of Force bounces off the adjacent ropes and then comes back with a jumping pump kick to the chest! Cortez milks the last of their double-team time by grabbing Mason out of the corner, allowing Titaness to climb the top rope and fly off with a diving shoulder attack on Mason Luck!

Lance:

More double-teaming by Cortez and Titaness!

She makes another cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

The Big Money Monster kicks out quickly! Mason sits up after the cover and looks angry at the fact that he's been attacked by Titanes Familia. Titaness hits another low pump kick to the face and stuns the monster so she can go up top a second time.

Lance:

Another quick kickout, but Titaness isn't giving up!

Cortez watches her go up for a second time when Mason scowls and starts to grab the referee. When that happens, Max Luck storms over...

WINNING HAND ON THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

Navarro! Come on! Turn around!

Max has The Winning Hand on Titaness! She cries out as she gets her skull squeezed by Max's massive mitts. He

then PUSHES her off the top rope where she falls to her side on the ring apron! He bounces off and then rolls to the floor as the crowd gasps!

DDK:

Come on! Max takes advantage of Navarro's attention being diverted by Mason!

Lance:

Jeez! Titaness tried to roll at the last second of that fall!

The replay shows Titaness being shoved off the top turnbuckle onto the ring apron, then rolls off to the floor! Cortez jumps out and yells for her safety. The Titan of Industry freaks out and yells at Hector Navarro, but he didn't see what happened so he can't do anything about it! Titaness has not moved as the LA Faithful are looking on in concern for The Show of Force and her disastrous plummet.

DDK:

And she's barely moving now! Navarro is starting the count!

Mason Luck doesn't seem to show any concern and leans back into the ropes. The welts from Cortez's massive chops are starting to show on his bare chest while Titaness is trying to get back up. Navarro starts a count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Titaness starts to get back to her feet slowly!

DDK:

Titaness needs to get up or this one is over!

SIX!

SEVEN!

The Show of Force finally pulls herself up with the ring apron.

Lance:

She's trying! She really is!

EIGHT!

The crowd roars!

NINE!

...Then Titaness slides into the ring, gaining applause from the LA Faithful while Morrow quietly curses under his breath and stomps a foot on the steps!

DDK:

That was close! That was so close! Titaness somehow got back into the ring in time after that fall!

Lance:

What condition is she in now though? Surely you don't walk away from that kind of fall without some kind of lasting damage.

Mason Luck towers right over Titaness who is using his pant leg to pull herself to a standing position again. Mason does not look concerned too much and he sets her up with a gorilla press. He holds Titaness up over his head and even walks around with her making her overpowering look super easy. There is total chill with Mason Luck when he lets her drop to the canvas.

DDK:

Ouch! Another fall courtesy of Mason Luck!

Lance:

Max Luck is dangerous enough on his own but Mason Luck is the stronger of these two twin monsters. He just showed why.

Morrow tells Mason and Max to wrap up the match. The Big Money Monster decides that's a great idea. Titaness is picked up from the mat and put into a corner. Max gets the tag and the twin giants do what they do best ... delivering their trademark Five-Star Beatdowns. A knee to her stomach sends the Show of Force in the corner. Max grabs the arm and then pulls Mason back from the corner and then whips his own brother into a big running corner splash.

Lance:

Splash in the corner! But that's not all!

Mason Luck grabs her arm and then Titaness gets chunked into a big boot from Max! They complete their hard hitting combo they call ...

Mason/Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Max goes with a simple lateral press on the Show of Force.

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

When that fails to get the job done, Max Luck makes a tag to Mason. Max goes back to his corner and Mason takes hold of Titaness into a tight bear hug! Mason holds her just so he can go face to face with Uriel Cortez.

Mason Luck:

This is what we do when you mess with us and our money ... we hurt your loved ones!!!

Titaness is yelling in pain with Mason Luck applying the tight bear hug! He squeezes her by the mid-section but she isn't giving in. Titaness tries to fight back using a wild swing or two to the head of Mason. Mason drops her with Titaness back to the ropes. But after she comes back, Mason uses a big move of all things ... a drop kick!!!

DDK:

What?!?! How did Mason do that?!

Lance:

I don't know! That's more of a Max type of move, but Mason did it!

Mason is to his knees after he shuts the comeback of Titaness down. He stands up and puts his foot on Titaness to make sure she doesn't go anywhere then tags Max Luck. Titaness tries to hit her way free but Mason moves just for Max to drop a flat elbow on her ribs. Max hits the elbow and stands up for the second time to complete a run off of the ropes. Max comes back and hits the big Box Cars elbow to the ribs!

DDK:

Max Luck doubles her over again! What a shot that was!

Lance:

I don't think he's even done!

Titaness rolls around the ground and she's in pain. Exactly where Tom Morrow and the Lucky Sevens want her to be. Cortez wants into the ring really bad but he can't do anything but watch what's happening to his betrothed. Max grabs her hand and twists it around so he can keep her in place.

Lance:

What does Max think he's doing?

Max twists the arm and then starts to climb the ropes step by steps until he's on the top rope. He smiles to the crowd and then laughs. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watch in stunned silence when he *walks the ropes* and then jumps off with a big sledgehammer shot to the back! Titaness is down on the mat again!

DDK:

Max Luck hits that move - Walking The Strip! It's disgusting that two men with such powerful gifts are the way they are.

Max pushes Titaness to the mat and covers with a boot.

ONE ...

TWO ...

Not going to sit there and be insulted, Titaness does her best to push the leg off of her, but Max quickly puts it back on her. Not to pin her this time but to walk over her!

DDK:

They're taking their time torturing Titaness!

Lance:

That was not only impressive alliteration, but the absolute truth. Titanes Familia defeated them on DEFtv 176 just a couple of weeks ago. The Lucky Sevens are the type of monsters that hate losing more than they love winning. Those losses to the Saturday Night Specials unleashed a personal vendetta that got them fired!

Titaness still down but another cover follows from Max Luck.

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

The Show of Force shows her force with the arm rising off the mat. Morrow screams at the referee's count being too slow but the referee holds up his two fingers in his direction.

Lance:

I can't believe that move didn't win! Max and Mason keep on punishing Titaness.

DDK:

But she is still fighting!

Titaness gets put into a bear hug by Max Luck just like what Mason used earlier. Max shakes her down and he's trying to wear her out with the deadly hold. Despite the constant attacks from The Lucky Sevens she keeps up the fight of her own. She boxes the ears of Max.

DDK:

Titaness is proving her nickname true! She's the Show of Force! She will not stop moving forward!

She boxes the ears of Max two more time until he finally drops her! She goes low to the leg with a shot and it doubles Max Luck over. She tries to grab the fireman carry on Max ...

Lance:

No way ... there is no way! No way she hits this move!

She tries ... but she cannot! Max stops her first with an elbow! The crowd boos when she gets dropped with a side slam. Max with a tag back to Mason Luck and the twin monsters get her back up.

DDK:

Where do the twins take her now?

They put Titaness in the ropes where she is picked off with a pair of back elbows by the monsters! They don't go for a pin and they both pose in the ring by flashing the Winning Hand taunts!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

They have slowed this match down completely. Titanes Familia started out well enough with some double teaming of their own, but since cutting off the ring Titaness might as well be alone on an island.

Lance:

And now where does Mason take her?

Mason struts across the ring with Titaness gripped from the side. He laughs at Cortez.

Mason Luck:

Come save her, you big dumb ass!

Cortez wants nothing more than to shut up Mason Luck but he has to watch Mason Luck drop Titaness with a release gut wrench slam. He doesn't stop looking at Uriel Cortez when he puts hands on her shoulders for a pin fall.

DDK:

A cover to retain the Unified Tag titles!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Titaness' decisions not to skip leg day pay off! She kicks out with her legs.

DDK:

Titaness kicks out again! Uriel Cortez needs to make that tag, though!

Max Luck gets a tag in the ring now after the cover fails. Both twins stand over Titaness ... but then spin around to drop the Titan of Industry off the ring apron using two shoulder blocks!

Lance:

Cheap shots there by the twins!

Cortez gets rammed off of the apron and he's down on the outside. Mason returns to the corner but it's a very short wait. Max picks up Titaness and then throws her outside of the ring. Then he tags Mason. The Los Angeles crowd boo them even more when they sense they are up to no good.

Lance:

I don't like the looks of this. Nothing good happens when the Lucky Sevens decide to take the fight outside the ring!

When Uriel Cortez tries to get up on one side of the ring, Max Luck runs from that side and then drops the big monster with a running cross body!

DDK:

Oooh! That was a shot!

Lance:

They are trying to make sure Uriel can't save! What is Mason doing?

Mason rips off the upper half of the steel steps and throws them away to reveal the bottom half. He pulls the bottom half from the post and then he locks eyes with Titaness.

Lance:

Oh God ... remember what they did to their own mentors, the House? Derrick Huber was power bombed onto those steps. He wasn't able to wrestle for months due to a back injury!

DDK:

You're right! They can't think this for Titaness ... can they?

Mason and Max enjoy the jeering and loud booing from Uriel Cortez's home crowd when they get ready to hurt Titaness. Max Luck picks her up first. He starts to indeed set her up for something ...

DDK:

No, no, no, no, no!

But ever the fighter, Titaness punches Max in the head! Frantically and many times until she shifts her weight and hits a jaw breaker!

Lance:

Yes! Titaness is free! She has to get to her corner!

Mason tries to stop her, but she sidesteps past him and then slides into the ring! She is limping at the ropes but Mason Luck grabs her by the leg. She lifts up her other leg when Mason gets up... but she slips behind him. With all the strength she can muster, she pushes him into the ropes... then SNATCHES HIM UP FOR A SNAP RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX OFF THE ROPES!

DDK:

NO DAMN WAY! GERMAN SUPLEX BY TITANESS ON ONE OF THE LUCKS!

Lance:

But that had to take EVERYTHING out of her! Does Titaness have anything left to make the tag?

Cortez has the hand out ... and Titaness is close! Tom Morrow yells at Max or Mason to do something and stop her, but Max is still too far away. Mason Luck is the legal man, but Max runs over outside the ring to try and stop Uriel. He has Uriel's leg outside, but the Titan of Industry kicks him away. Mason is inside ... but it is too late!!! Titaness *finally* makes the tag and the roof gets blown off the building!

DDK:

HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO! CORTEZ IS IN!

But the first thing Cortez does is go down to the floor and CRACK Max Luck across the chest with a chop so hard, it echoes loudly in the arena! Max doubles over when Cortez picks him up...

BODY SLAM ON THE FLOOR!

Lance:

Cortez isn't screwing around any more!

Mason Luck reaches over tries to pull Cortez up! Uriel climbs onto the ring apron, then NAILS him with a headbutt! Cortez steps over the ropes and then whips Mason to one side of the ring, then rocks him with a huge running back elbow in the corner! Mason is doubled over when The Titan of Industry whips him across the other side of the ring. He measures him up, then follows right behind him with another massive running back elbow! The crowd is roaring when Cortez runs out of the corner to hit the ropes! The 7'2" freight train runs off the tracks and crashes into Mason Luck with a massive flying shoulder tackle!

DDK:

Cortez doing an impression of a tomahawk missile! He just mowed right through Mason Luck!

The hometown fans are rabid right now as Cortez stands up and then points down at the ground to signal for his deadly 218 Powerbomb finisher!

DDK:

Cortez about to put away Mason Luck! Can he hit the 218 Powerbomb and become the first individual in DEFIANCE history to be Unified Tag Team Champion on three occasions?

The Titan of Industry boots the rising Mason in the gut and then tries to get the Luck over... but before he's able to, Mason starts to shake... then frees himself! He cracks Cortez with an uppercut, but Cortez returns fire with a big right forearm. When Mason is stunned, the mammoth Cortez hits the ropes...

TILT-A-WHIRL POWERSLAM BY MASON!

DDK:

NO WAY! MASON PICKED UP CORTEZ! WHAT A SLAM!

The Big Money Monster wows the crowd! Tom Morrow laughs maniacally from ringside when he covers Cortez!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

The hometown crowd roar when Cortez not only kicks out, but shoots up to a seated position, shocking Mason in the process!

DDK:

Not tonight! Not tonight, Uriel is saying! He knows the lack of success against The Lucky Sevens and he's out to change that tonight!

Mason still drills Cortez with a pair of rights, then sees Max Luck back in his corner ready to get the tag! Mason slaps the tag of his twin brother for the tag when both monsters get the chance to gang up on The Titan of Industry!

DDK:

No! Not where Cortez wants to be! Even as large as he is, the twins are in prime position to end this!

Both Mason and Max send Cortez to the ropes and await a double spinebuster on the return, but Cortez kicks Max in the chest first!

CHOP OF AGES TO MASON!

Lance:

No! No! Cortez fighting back with everything he has tonight! Chop of Ages to the chest of Mason!

He turns to the other brother...

CHOP OF AGES TO MAX!

With the other brother down, Cortez charges forward and then hits a big running clothesline that knocks The Beast of the Bright Lights over the ropes! Max lands on his feet somehow after the landing, but it's clear he's been rattled!

DDK:

I don't know how Max landed over those ropes like that... but look!

Lance:

Titaness is back!

Sure enough, One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass jumps back into the fray and runs the length of the apron to wipe out Max Luck with an unsuspecting rolling senton off the ring apron!

DDK:

Max is off his feet!

In the ring, Mason slams Cortez's head into the corner and stuns him with an uppercut before heading to the outside! Titaness is just getting up and feeds off the energy from the crowd...

But gets taken out with a big running clothesline by Mason Luck!

DDK:

Things are breaking down outside! Max just got leveled with that dive from Titaness! Now she goes down with a big shot by Mason Luck!

The Big Money Monster talks trash to Titaness while she's down and then threatens to end things. He has The Winning Hand raised for all to see...

Morrow warns him...

DDK:

Oh... NO...

Morrow yells at Mason to turn around...

He does...

THE BIGGEST DROPKICK IN DEFIANCE ON THE OUTSIDE!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Cortez PLANTS both feet into the chest of Mason Luck and then drops him on the outside with one of the very few moves that sees the Titan leave his feet! The crowd is going crazy!

URIEL! URIEL! URIEL! URIEL! URIEL! URIEL!

DDK:

THIS MATCH HAS JUST GONE COMPLETELY INSANE! GIANTS DOING THINGS GIANTS SHOULDN'T DO!

Cortez stands up... but the last thing he expects to see is over head...

NO-HANDS PLANCHA FROM MAX LUCK TO URIEL CORTEZ ON THE OUTSIDE!

Lance:

NO! NO! THE LUCKY SEVENS NOT BEING OUTDONE! MAX LUCK WITH THAT NO-HANDS PLANCHA OVER THE ROPES! HE WIPES OUT CORTEZ!

There are bodies every which way at ringside with everyone down now and the LA Faithful on their feet! The fans in the front row slam their hands on the barricade in unison at the action while even tag team expert Hector Navarro has lost complete control in the match!

DDK:

Who is left? I think Cortez and Max Luck are still the legal men, right?

Lance:

I believe so! But look!

Max gets up and picks up Titaness before driving her by the back into the ring apron! Once she's out of the picture, Max goes to focus on Uriel Cortez getting back up and into the ring! Tom Morrow laughs at all the carnage at ringside.

Tom Morrow:

GIVE EM THEIR MONEY'S WORTH! FIVE-STAR BEATDOWNS FOR ALL!

Mason Luck and Max Luck both high-five Morrow and then they collect the carcass of Cortez. Both twins crack him with a barrage of forearms and then toss his massive body back in the ring.

Lance:

This is insane! They're throwing everything they can at one another! No way Uriel can take much more!

Mason gets the tag. The twins each hook Cortez by the head and then lift him up... the crowd is in shock...

DDK:

COIN TOSS! COIN TOSS ON URIEL CORTEZ!

Lance:

Great call to have this ring enforced tonight for this main event!

The double release vertical suplex drops the big man on the ground when Mason covers.

ONE!

TWO!

RUNNING ELBOW BY TITANESS!

DDK:

So close! Titaness breaks it up in the nick of time!

Lance:

But she might only be delaying the inevitable!

Max Luck shoves Titaness through the ropes and she stumbles out to the apron. He tries to reach through, but she goes low and doubles him over with a shoulder to the gut and then drops the neck of Max down across the ropes in a stunner-like fashion! When he gets dealt with, Uriel rolls over and makes the tag to Titaness! Cortez rolls to the floor and stumbles back from the ropes, leaving Mason to do the same. Titaness jumps up and hits Mason with a forearm. She leaps through the ropes and tries a tornado DDT on the big man...

DDK:

No! No! Mason blocks the DDT! He's got her!

He hooks her up by the arm and puts Titaness back on her feet... both Max and Mason run in and she gets double body checked by the twins!

DDK:

NO! NO! PRESS YOUR LUCK! THAT'S IT!

Titaness collapses and then Mason goes for the win! He hooks the leg!

ONE...

TWO...

THWACK!

CHOP BY URIEL!

Reaching from outside the ring through the ropes, he NAILS Mason Luck with a chop to the chest and breaks up the cover! Mason rolls off the body of Titaness holding his chest!

DDK:

NO! NOT OVER! TITANES FAMILIA FIGHTING TO STAY ALIVE IN THIS! THEY KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE! IT'S WIN OR DIE! NO MORE TITLE SHOTS IF THEY FALL!

The crowd is at a fever pitch at this point! Carolina Cortez gets up from her seat in the front row and starts clapping her hands, getting the crowd to clap along. She keeps on doing it...

Until Tom Morrow gets in her face.

Tom Morrow:

Stop clapping! Sit the hell down! Now!

She may not be able to hear him all the way, but she can read lips...

SHE SLAPS TOM MORROW ACROSS HIS FACE!

DDK:

Apologies in advance for this clearly unbiased statement from me... but take THAT, you jackass!

Lance:

Yeah!

Morrow is reeling... but things go BAD when Max Luck rolls outside. He goes over and towers over her! She goes to slap him... But he catches her hand! The crowd is JEERING!

Lance:

LET HER GO, DAMN IT! LET HER GO!

But before Max Luck can do anything more...

SPEAR BY URIEL CORTEZ ON THE FLOOR!

RRRRRRRAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

MAX LUCK IS DOWN! YOU DON'T LAY YOUR HANDS ON FAMILY!

Hector Navarro yells at Uriel Cortez and Max Luck to break up their fight on the outside while Mason Luck grabs Titaness over the shoulder! Mason has her up on the shoulder for The Jackpot Drop... but Titaness fights her way free with punches to the top of The Big Money Monster's head! She slips out and goes to the mat, then to her corner...

Lance:

Tag to Cortez! He's back in!

Mason turns around and slugs Titaness with a knee lift that puts her back in the corner. Cortez tries to climb in, but he gets stopped by Mason with a big boot to the chest!

DDK:

Mason sees it coming! He's got Cortez on the ropes!

He slugs Cortez with a right, then charges at the ropes. He comes back, but Cortez moves and clutches the back of his head... DROPPING him with a huge chop to the chest onto his knee!

DDK:

BIG BUSINESS!

The tag goes to Titaness, then she slips back in! She goes to the top rope... but before she is able to do anything... Mason Luck rolls out of the ring to the floor and out of harm's way...

BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Mason Luck getting out of whatever Titaness had planned...

But The Show of Force looks out to the people. Her back is killing her and the next move probably won't be much better... but she steps off...

DIVING ELBOW DROP TO MASON LUCK ON THE OUTSIDE!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD!

Lance:

Mason Luck tried to get away, but Titaness dove off the top rope with that diving elbow drop!

Titaness is shaken up from the impact and Uriel Cortez goes to check on his fiancée, making sure she's okay! When she nods her head, Uriel helps her up and back into the ring... then the same by Mason!

DDK:

And now they get Mason! This has to be it! 218 coming up!

Cortez gets the tag from Titaness, then starts to limp back into the ring, ROARING for the crowd! He goes to set up Mason Luck, but before he can, Max Luck grabs his leg from the outside! The crowd jeers when he stops... then Mason grabs Cortez with the Winning Hand! Then DRILLS him mid-ring with the Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

NO! WINNING HAND SLAM! MASON HAS CORTEZ DOWN!

Morrow is still holding his face from the earlier slap, but laughs when Mason hooks the leg!

Lance:

This has to be done!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE....KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

That has to be... no! THEY'RE STILL IN THIS!

Mason angrily cries out and then rolls to the corner where he makes a tag back to Max and gets out of the ring. Tom Morrow starts yelling at the official about the slow count... but throwing something into the ring for Max...

Lance:

No... what's Morrow doing? Son of a... NO! NO! That's one of the title belts!

One of the Unified Tag Team Titles is placed in the ring with Cortez still down! Max grabs one of the title belts with Navarro still distracted! The crowd is JEERING when Max has hold of the title. He sees Cortez starting to stand...

BUT HE'S STOPPED FROM A LOW BLOW BY TITANESS!

DDK:

YES! YES! MAX LUCK TRIED THE BELT SHOT, BUT TITANESS NAILED HIM BELOW THE BELT FIRST!

Titaness gets back up and then sees Mason Luck trying to get back up, only to fly through the ropes with a HUGE elbow suicida! The crowd EXPLODES while Uriel stands up... then CRACKS Max across the throat with the Chop of Ages MAX!

DDK:

CHOP OF AGES MAX! HE'S DONE!

But Cortez stops when he sees Max down on the ground... then looks up to the top rope. He looks out to the LA Faithful who have lost their minds... then makes the climb up the buckles...

DDK:No way... NO WAY... **NO WAY!**

Cortez is CAREFULLY perched between second and top rope. He takes the final climb with the crowd going insane... He looks up to the heavens...

TOP ROPE SPLASH TO MAX LUCK!

DDK:

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY! TOP ROPE SPLASH FROM THE 7'2" CORTEZ! THAT'S IT!

Lance:

THAT HAS TO BE IT! HAS TO BE!

Cortez makes the cover! Tom Morrow is pleading with to kick out after Mason Luck was incapacitated!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!**DING DING DING**

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Gitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

Cortez rolls off of Max Luck and can't believe it himself as LA Faithful lose it! He scoots back from Max, absolutely unsure of the referee's call... but it's official! Titaness jumps up and there's not a single person in attendance sitting down! She runs over and hugs her fiancé in the ring! Uriel is up to a knee and his body is killing him, but they embrace in the moment regardless!

Darren Quimbey:Here are your winners... and the **NEW** Unified Tag Team Champions... Titaness... Uriel Cortez... **TITANES FAMILIA!****DDK:**

THEY'VE DONE IT! TITANES FAMILIA WINS OUR MAIN EVENT AND WALK OUT WITH THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens dominated a lot of this match-up... but fueled by revenge, fueled by his friends, and fueled by family... Titanes Familia were not going to be stopped! Not with everything they had on the line tonight!

Lance:

Tom Morrow looks like he's about to go into cardiac arrest! Look at him!

Morrow is in complete stunned silence. Soon after, both Dan Leo James and Minute rush out to the ring in street clothes, running in to greet the new champions! Minute almost tackles Titaness to the ground with a hug while Dan Leo James rushes over to Cortez! The foursome celebrate and embrace!

Lance:

This is amazing! They did it! Until this point, Titanes Familia had never defeated The Lucky Sevens in a traditional two-

on-two match-up!

DDK:

Titanes Familia would get no more title shots if they lost tonight... but the support of the hometown Faithful powered them through! Despite everything The Lucky Sevens could throw at their challengers... We have NEW Unified Tag Team Champions!

Lance:

This is Titaness' first main event and first title win with DEFIANCE! Not to mention Uriel Cortez becomes the first person to win the Unified Tag Titles on three occasions! Two reigns previously with Minute and now here tonight with his future wife!

After the four hug, Hector Navarro hands Cortez and Titaness the five titles! They drape the belts on each shoulder with Titaness holding two and Uriel holding three. After being draped in the gold, Cortez taps a foot on the mat, bows to the crowd and mouths "thank you" to the Faithful that supported him tonight while he tries his best (and fails) to fight back tears.

Meanwhile on the outside, Mason boots over the steel steps, but Tom Morrow tries to calm him down. He points at the ring and tells him something away from the cameras. Max olls out of the ring and holds his chest.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow have no choice but to regroup, but for tonight, we enjoy new Unified Tag Team Titles!

Cortez and Titaness pose in the ring next to both Minute and Dan Leo James pops open a bottle of champagne! The cork EXPLODES! Minute goes over to help Carolina Cortez enter the ring so she can celebrate with the family! She signs "I'm proud of you" to her son and he gives her a hug to another huge pop from the crowd!

DDK:

We still have all of Night Two to go, but this action-packed main event ends on a big heartfelt note for the hometown Uriel Cortez and Titanes Familia! For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler and we'll see you tomorrow for Night Two of ACTS of DEFIANCE with the ACTS Tournament winner Lindsay Troy takes her shot at the FIST against the defending champion Deacon and so much more! Good night, everyone!

Cortez and Titaness each pose with the Unified Tag Team Titles and hold them out for all to see on top of the stage. The couple share a kiss before the credits hit. Minute, Dan Leo James and Carolina Cortez celebrate with them in the ring as the show goes to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

Uriel Cortez:

Wait! Wait! Cut the music... cut the music... please.

After a moment, the party stops and the music goes out as Uriel now has mic in hand. Titaness, Dan Leo James and Titaness all look up at Uriel Cortez. After what has been a hectic match... He's trying to keep a title on each shoulder and one in his free arm on top of the ramp.

Uriel Cortez:

Here, hold these.

Cortez hands his titles to James and Minute to hold while the crowd starts to hush to allow him to speak. He takes a second to think over what he's going to say among the cheers.

Uriel Cortez:

What Titaness and I just did in this ring here tonight...

He tries to catch his breath.

Uriel Cortez:

This didn't happen.. without any of you and your support. Titanes Familia isn't just the four of us... and it's going to sound cliché as shit and I'm holding back vomit a little just trying to get this out, but...

Cortez mimics a little vomit and the crowd laughs a little. He manages to get out what he needs to say.

Uriel Cortez:

I don't have what I have today... none of us do... not without any of you here or you watching at home.

More applause from the crowd. Cortez seems visibly moved by the response but tries to hold it together.

Uriel Cortez:

I came from right here just outside Los Angeles as some useless lunkhead bouncer throwing people out of bars for beer money. Sure, Thomas and Junior Keeling might have brought me to DEFIANCE...

He looks at the other Titanes Familia members.

Uriel Cortez:

But I stayed because of friends and family...

He gestures to Dan and Minute. Then looks over at his tag partner/fellow Unified Tag Champion.

Uriel Cortez:

And you...

Titaness offers a smile back, then The Titan of Industry looks out to the crowd.

Uriel Cortez:

There is something that we talked about doing before this match if we won... and...

He looks at the titles they hold now.

Uriel Cortez:

...Now that we did... I guess there's nothing left but to do it.

She has a microphone while the crowd wonders aloud what this is about.

Titaness:

I haven't been wrestling for too long. Just a few years... and it's been an adventure that I wouldn't trade for anything. For better or for worse. There's one thing they say you should never do because assholes like to come out and interrupt them when they happen but...

Titaness points to the outside.

Titaness:

We just beat the biggest assholes we know, so...

The Faithful laugh at the joke.

Titaness:

We're getting married. Right here. Right now.

An audible gasp is heard from The Faithful!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD!

Applause rings out from the crowd as Cortez smiles.

Uriel Cortez:

Dan... got the rings?

Dan Leo James snaps a finger, then checks his jacket pocket... after much fumbling with nothing to show for it, he looks up.

Dan Leo James:

Uh... um... uh... there's a ring down there!

Cortez gives Dan a death glare. He sheepishly fumbles with his pocket until he pulls out rings.

Dan Leo James:

Kidding, kidding, kidding, don't chop me!

He shakes a hand and has a box with the rings. Cortez snatches the box out of his hand.

Uriel Cortez:

And we just need to run down a checklist. Ring bearer Dan. Minute... my best man. Mami. Maid of honor...

Carolina Cortez smiles at Titaness and holds her arm.

Uriel Cortez:

Oh... and someone to do the talky bit for this. The ordainamajig. Minute... we got a guy, right?

Minute:

Si. He came to wish us luck earlier today. Come on out...

Minute waits... and the crowd pops for the appearance of a familiar face close to the Titans! Out in a silver suit and salt and pepper hair, the crowd cheers him on!

DDK:

Hey! Thomas Keeling Sr! The business manager for the Titans and something he'd like to be known less for... Tom Morrow's dad.

Keeling gets cheers from the crowd as he shakes hands with everyone in attendance. He has a microphone.

Thomas Keeling:

Hey, everyone. So... who wants to see a wrestling wedding not get ruined?

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

Lance:

Has someone found a way to circumvent the whole wrestling wedding curse?

DDK:

Me, too! Bold strategy, Cotton... er, Lance. Let's see if this pays off.

Uriel Cortez and Titaness stand to face one another. Minute on his right, Dan Leo James to the side. Carolina Cortez on Titaness' right. Thomas Keeling.

Uriel Cortez:

We're gonna make this quick cause we've all been here long enough tonight. We dress up and come out to music like 364 days of the year, so give us this one, okay?

More laughter from the crowd as Thomas Keeling Sr. gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:

Dearly beloved friends, family and ticketholders... we are gathered here tonight to do wrestling's first-ever wrestling elopement and quickly join Uriel Ramirez Cortez and Holly "Titaness" Aldaine in holy matrimony. Who gives this woman away?

Carolina Cortez raises a hand.

Carolina Cortez:

Me. Carolina Cortez gives her away.

Thomas Keeling:

And who has the rings?

Dan Leo James jumps up and gives Titaness and Uriel their respective rings.

Thomas Keeling:

Before this ceremony takes place, if there is anyone here that believes these two cannot be lawfully wed in holy matrimony, may they speak now or forever hold their peace.

At that moment, everyone on the stage braces themselves by getting ready to scrap. Cortez and Titaness both have one of the Unified Tag Titles as a weapon while Minute and Dan Leo James get ready. After a few moments of careful, careful silence, they ease off as Thomas Keeling moves on.

Thomas Keeling:

All right... almost there. Titaness... will you please share your vows?

Titaness nods as Thomas brings the microphone over.

Titaness:

Yes... (taking a deep breath) Okay... Uri... I'm excited to not just be Unified Tag Team Champions... but that we are becoming a tag team for life. End of vows.

Cortez is trying not to lose his composure, but he's failed. The smile off his face won't leave. He's giggling along with Dan and Minute.

Thomas Keeling:

All right, there it is. And Uriel... will you please share your vows?

The microphone goes to Uriel.

Uriel Cortez:

I can do that. Here we go... ahem... Lovely group. Lovely wife. Unified Tag Team Champs...And tag partners for life.

The crowd cheers as they then place the rings on one another's fingers.

Thomas Keeling:

All right, the final questions! Titaness, do you take this giant man, Uriel Cortez, to be your lawfully wedded husband? To have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health to love and to cherish until death do you part?

She smiles.

Titaness:

I do.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHH!

Thomas Keeling:

And Uriel Cortez, do you take this giant woman, Titaness, to be your lawfully wedded wife? To have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health to love and to cherish until death do you part?

Uriel Cortez:

I do.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHH!

Thomas Keeling laughs. Minute, Dan Leo James and Carolina Cortez all applaud.

Thomas Keeling:

Then by the powers vested in me by the State of California via freeonlineordainment.com for a nominal fee... I now pronounce you, the new Unified Tag Team Champions... as husband and wife. You may kiss the bride!

The new champions do just that and the hometown crowd goes nuts! Dan, Minute, Carolina and Thomas Keeling all clap for the new married couple as a chant breaks out!

WED FOREVER! Clap clap clapclapclap

WED FOREVER! Clap clap clapclapclap

WED FOREVER! Clap clap clapclapclap

WED FOREVER! Clap clap clapclapclap

The chants continues from the crowd when Uriel raises Titaness' arm! They both take turns hugging Thomas Keeling on the stage and celebrate with the cheering crowd.

DDK:

Well... this is not how I pictured us ending tonight's show.. at all... but here we go! Uriel Cortez and Titaness make history tonight! Married AS the Unified Tag Team Champions!

Titanes Familia celebrate on the stage for the first time as husband and wife.

Lance:

What a great night full of great moments... and tomorrow, Night Two!

DDK:

We do indeed! Southern Heritage Title on the line! FIST on the line! All that and so much more. We'll see you tomorrow for Night Two of ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Cortez and Titaness share one more kiss as now husband and wife with the crowd relishing the moment.

JUST.

MARRIED.