

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Pittsburgh welcomes DEFIANCE as the Petersen Events Center is hyped for DEFtv 179! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance! SIGNS EVERYWHERE!

ADV GETS HIS CLOTHES FROM GUY FIERI'S CLOSET

CONOR FUSE IS THE THIRD MARIO BROTHER

THIS HOUR LONG SLOW MODE IS FOR THE BIRDS

DEX IS GONNA WREX CORVO ALPHA

DEAR LORD NIGEL: DON'T FORGET THAT EVERY KISS BEGINS WITH KAY

BUDDY THE ELF, WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR?

HOBBY LOBBY HATES WOMEN AND GAY FOLKS AND SMUGGLES STOLEN ARTIFACTS

DEAR DOCTOR REFORM: DOES THIS MOLE LOOK WEIRD?

THE GHOST OF DEFIANCE LIVES IN MY ATTIC

DEX'S NECK GOT WREXED, BUT CORVO'S WILL BE NEXT

TITANES VS REFORM AKA BRAWN BEATS BRAINS

MINUTE STILL TECHNICALLY IN THAT BATTLE ROYAL

JOYRIDES!

NEEDS MORE GRAPS AND LESS WHATEVER BURNS IS NOW DOING

LUCKY SEVENS LUCKY LOTTERY = ZERO DOLLARS

DID LORD NIGEL AND TERI DO IT OR SOMETHING?

I'M HERE FOR T & T - TERI & TOM

CLAY BYRD LIED TO CONOR FUSE AND NOW HE'S HERE IN DEFIANCE TO LIE TO CONOR FUSE ALL OVER AGAIN

CONOR OVER CLAY

NO COWBOY SHIT HERE, JUST GAMER STUFF

MALAK GARLAND TO THE GOOD SIDE LFG

I TRIED SWAPPING T-SHIRTS WITH MY BESTIE BUT IT DIDN'T FIT

STRONG AF IS DUMB AF

NEED THAT YOUNG TITAN PROTEIN POWDER IN MY NOSE

And finally...

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner at The Commentation Station.

DDK:

Welcome to Night Two of DEFtv 179! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler alongside Lance Warner! What a night we saw last night ending in a massive title change when Ned Reform -- thanks to an inadvertant assist from rival Uriel Cortez -- ended with Refrom defeating High Flyer IV for the Favoured Saints Title!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens retained their Unified Tag Team Titles over the unlikely team of Klein and Mushigihara... but The Lucky Sevens' attempts to drive a wedge between the Pop Culture Phenoms and The Dangerous Mix failed when they stole the Triple 7 Express! We also can't forget the return of DEACON last night! Deacon came back to attack Alvaro de Vargas after ADV put him out with a fireball a month ago!

DDK:

And we've got a PACKED show tonight! We will see the in-ring debut of Vae Victis' Cowboy Colossus, Clay Byrd, one-on-one against Conor Fuse! Dan Leo James looks to settle the score with Strong AF after weeks of insults lobbed at him by The Seattle Strongman! Vae Victis' Kerry Kuroyama will take on Elise Ares of The Pop Culture Phenoms, but first... we have Masked Violator #1 in action coming up shortly against Nicky Synz!

CHEERS

DEFtv opens after the fireworks and sign display to Conor Fuse entering the backstage of the Petersen Events Center. The Pittsburgh Faithful cheer wildly upon seeing the gamer and break out a loud !RANK chant. Fuse is soon joined, however, as the door opens up again revealing Malak Garland. The cheers change to heavy boos upon sight of The Snowflake Superstar before the duo make their way into the arena, duffle bags in hand. Garland trails behind the gamer, looking rather unsure of himself and his surroundings. But as Fuse and Garland make their way further into the building, an adjacent entrance door opens...

And in walks Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd.

Fuse immediately stops in his tracks before Cassidy realizes who's across from them and then nudges Newbludd, who was in mid-sentence about Ballyhoo Brew plans.

Brock Newbludd:

...I don't think it'd be illegal as long as we got some sort of waiver for people to sign. Avoid gettin' into a pickle with the law. Oh, that reminds me, I talked to my pickled egg guy up in Duluth. He said that it might be cheaper if we just did the picklin' ourselves. So I called my chicken guy, you know, for eggs, and he said...

Another nudge from Cassidy and Newbludd snaps to attention. He immediately flashes Conor a friendly smile before narrowing his eyes at Garland. The two parties are at a stand still until Fuse turns to see Malak Garland.

Malak Garland: *[whispering]*

I'm triggered. Let's get going...

Instead, The Ultimate Gamer shifts around and takes a step forward, towards the former Tag Team Champions.

Conor Fuse:

Ahoy there!

Brock likes it.

Brock Newbludd:

Shiver me timbers, if it isn't Conor Fuse!

Running with Conor's pirate-esque greeting, Brock sticks a hand out with his pointer curled like a hook. Shrugging his shoulders, Fuse makes his own hook and the two shake. Cassidy stands by politely, arms folded. Malak also has his arms crossed but sports a sour face.

Conor Fuse:

Look, guys, no hard feelings on our end about the battle royal. Right Mal?

Conor leans back to nudge Malak. In return, The Keyboard Warrior gives a quick disgruntled somewhat sarcastic/somewhat honest head nod.

Conor Fuse:

Both of you won, fare and square and will now move on to Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes.

Fuse shivers after saying both of their names.

Malak Garland: *[under his breath]*

Volvo driving soccer mom.

Conor Fuse: *[picking up on Malak's comments]*

AND guy who ripped off an NHL team name. Original. Yeah.

The former “Locker Room Leader” brings his attention back to Cassidy and Newbludd.

Conor Fuse:

Annnnyway, as much as we may have our differences, congratulations! Both Malak and I hope you win.

Conor pauses as Malak attempts to mouth the word “congratulations” but nothing comes out of his voice box. Pat Cassidy uses his pinky to pretend to clean his ear and he steps forward, cupping his hand around his ear.

Pat Cassidy:

What was that? Eh?

Newbludd leans in to whisper in his partner’s ear.

Brock Newbludd:

Dry throat. Common problem for mouth breathers.

Malak appears both angry and anxious at the same time somehow. Cassidy grins and pulls his hand away from his ear.

Pat Cassidy:

You’re a brave fuckin’ soul to try to rehab this guy, Fuse. But... yeah, thanks. The plan is to kick some Vae Victis ass. I’ll get in a shot for you.

Cassidy sneers at Malak.

Pat Cassidy:

But not for you, asshat.

The minor jab at Malak goes right over the gamer’s head as he nods along with passion and the two teams go their separate ways. The camera stays on Conor and Malak.

Conor Fuse:

I used to hate that guy, ya know? But he ain’t so bad.

Conor puts some deep thought into those who are currently bad.

Conor Fuse:

I really do hope they beat Lindsay and Henry. Now those two are legitimately #FakeFriends.

Garland still appears rattled but the scene changes as The Comments Section work towards their locker room.

MV1 vs. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Our first contest tonight features two singles competitors determined to climb up the ranks here in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Yes, one of them is a talented tag team specialist who got the wrestling world buzzing with his dazzling singles performance against JJ Dixon a few weeks ago... the other is trying to regain some momentum after a series of matches with Dixon also, a rising star in his own right!

DDK:

That's right! Let's get to the action!

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp, covered by Synister Sledge ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Our opening bout is scheduled for one fall... Introducing first...

In a blaze of hairspray and bitchin' air guitar, Nicky Synz spins onto the stage to a nice little, amused pop. He hits his knees at the top of the ramp and really leans into the air guitar, biting his lower lip and twisting his face up into an as-uncomfortable-to-look-at-as-it-is-to-make expression. The lights strobe white and bright to the wycked tunes as Synz springs back to his feet and hammers the faux-frets all down the aisle, feeling every imagined note along the way.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirteen pounds, he hails from Los Angeles, California and is the FRONTMAN for SYNISTER SLEDGE! **NICKY. SYYYYYYNNNNNNNZ!**

Nicky throws up the devil horns with his left fist as his right hand continues to furiously "strum", perched halfway up a corner's turnbuckle. Some fans rock-out along with him, most likely in a somewhat over-the-top, mocking fashion.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Streaking through the entryway with purpose, MV1 stops at one edge of the stage and points a single finger towards the furthest section of that side of the arena. The fans light up and the stage lights mimic them in vivid reds, yellows, and blues. MV1 sprints to the other side of the stage and levels that same single index finger towards the furthest upper section and then pivots and works to point out every screaming fan in the building.

Darren Quimbey:

From Parts Untold, he weighs two hundred and thirty pounds! He is **MASKED VIOLATORRRR NUMBER OOOOOOOONE!**

MV1 bounds down the aisle, slapping every outstretched hand and bumping every extended fist that he can, a big broad smile stretching his bright red wrestling mask wide. He slides into the ring and, from one knee, holds a single arm and single index finger sky high as the pulsing red, yellow and blue lights fade and the house lights come back up.

DDK:

MV1 enters this match following that electric technical wrestling win where he just edged out JJ Dixon as well as an appearance in last weeks battle royal where he and Dixon eliminated each other!

Lance:

His simmering issue with Dixon seems to have had fuel thrown on the fire with the recent revelation that Lord Nigel Trickelbush, a long time foil for MV1 for a million well-documented reasons, and Teri Melton had... a relationship some time ago.

DDK:

I really don't wanna see two old people make out, Lance.

Lance:

I'm certainly with you there.

DING DING

They circle for a moment before MV1 leans forward and extends a hand. Nicky fluffs his well-feathered hair before quickly shaking MV1's hand to a polite pop. A strong lock up follows and MV1 forces Synz back into a corner. MV1 offers a clean break and Synz accepts. They circle once more and this time it's Synz who arm drags MV1 over to a surprised applause from the Faithful. MV1 grins and nods before they circle each other again.

DDK:

Another lock-up, MV1 with a go-behind hammerlock!

Nicky works to find a maneuver out of it and finally opts to duck down and roll forward, sending MV1 rolling over top of him – and back to his feet. MV1 charges at Nicky Synz and Synz nails ANOTHER, deeper arm drag that sends MV1 sliding into the corner.

Lance:

Nicky Synz came into this contest with something to prove! He doesn't have the most... favorable win/loss record in DEFIANCE and it's clear he SAW that thriller between MV1 and JJ Dixon last month and came with a gameplan.

Still on one knee, MV1 offers another polite nod - this time with perhaps less of a grin. Synz meets him with another lockup and this time, MV1 wrenches Synz into a side headlock before being shot into the ropes.

DDK:

MV1 rolls through Synz back body drop and rebounds off the ropes—

Lance:

THUNDEROUS CLOTHESLINE!

DDK:

I believe it's pronounced "1derous"!

Lance:

Uh, no.

MV1 hits the far ropes – Synz springs up – and this back body drop drops MV1 up and OVER the top rope and onto the ring apron. MV1 blocks a swing from Synz. And another blocked blow. MV1 grabs Synz arm and walks up the turnbuckle with it before leaping up and off the middle turnbuckle and guillotining Synz's right arm across the top rope. MV1 slides back in the ring and capitalizes on Nicky being stunned, pulling him back to his feet by that right arm and quickly arm dragging him down – MV1 maintains control of that limb and grapevines it in the center of the ring.

Fastcountini leans over Synz, who is flailing in discomfort but not giving any indication he's ready to give. MV1 cinches the hold in a little closer, a little tighter – gritting his pearly white teeth.

Lance:

We've seen some early flashes from Nicky Synz thus far... can he mount some kind of offense in the face of Masked Violator #1's superior technical ability? That appears to be the question here.

DDK:

And now MV1 is exploiting that arm. Not good for Nicky.

The crowd starts rhythmically clapping. Nicky Synz makes the rock-and-roll devil horn hand gesture with his free hand and pumps it in the air to the beat as he starts fighting his way to his feet. MV1 lets him up and, with Synz's right arm still in tow, SPRINTS up the turnbuckle once more and FLIPS FORWARD TO HIS FEET, WRENCHING SYNZ ARM AND SENDING HIM FLIPPING OVER IN THE PROCESS!

Lance:

What a maneuver!

Synz grabs at his right arm/shoulder and rolls to a corner where Fastcountini checks in. The camera catches MV1 showing a bit of concern as well, asking Jonny if Synz is hurt. Fastcountini professionally gestures for MV1 to give them both space and #1 quickly obliges.

DDK:

Looks like Synz feels well enough to continue, shaking some feeling back into his arm–

Lance:

It wouldn't shock me if he had a little pinched nerve there.

DDK:

–and Synz comes storming out of the corner like a man possessed!

Synz clobbers a caught-off-guard MV1 with a stiff clothesline and instantly regrets it, favoring his right arm and shoulder immediately.

DDK:

That may have been ill advised!

Synz grimaces as he bounces off the ropes and lands a running leg drop across the throat of MV1. He quickly turns to hook a leg with his healthy left arm.

ONE

T–

Lance:

Kickout by MV1! Both men rise to their feet and–

There is an unexpected commotion up at the entryway as we see many of the fans on the floor crane their heads in that direction, a dissatisfied murmur rippling through the building.

Standing atop the ramp with a regal, satisfied smile and resplendent gown of purple and green sequins, is Teri Melton. A mixed response continues to sweep through the arena as Zoltan looms behind her in his dark suit, arms folded across his broad chest.

DDK:

What is Teri Melton doing here, exactly?

Lance:

Well, I think it's important to point out that Ms. Melton and Nicky Synz have a bit of a history–

DDK:

She put a cigarette out in his eye, Lance!

Lance:

And we've already referenced the history between MV1 and Teri's Uncut Gem, "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon!

Now that it appears she and Nigel Trickelbush are in bed together, for lack of a better term–

DDK:

Oh, that was clever.

Lance:

–who knows what her motives are being out here!?

Teri takes a brief moment to blow loving kisses to some of the nearby Faithful before turning her full attention towards the match in the ring. In that ring, MV1's eyes are narrowed at her, standing on the middle turnbuckle. It's clear she has his full attention.

DDK:

Whatever her intentions are, she is interrupting what has been up until now a pretty thrilling opening– WHA!?!

In that ring, Synz is back to his feet... he NAILS a Running Back (Left) Elbow into MV1's kidneys, sending the masked man stumbling down.

DDK:

Is this DOUBLE PLATINUM from Nicky Synz?!

Atop the ramp, Teri's eyes light up.

Nicky air guitars for a moment before charging back at the corner with a running corner spear – that MV1 leaps over, rolling Nicky Synz up in the process.

Lance:

Nicky's shoulders–!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

DDK:

MV1 got 'em!

DING DING DING

♪ “The Fixer” by Pearl Jam ♪

Zoltan takes a step forward and Teri clutches one of his arms, a look of mild concern crossing her stately, porcelain face.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout...

MV1 is immediately back to his feet, eyes trained back on Melton & Zoltan across the arena. He allows Fastcontini a moment to raise his arm. And, again, there is a disturbance somewhere in the building as whole swathes of Faithful are craning and turning to see–

Lance:

JJ Dixon! Coming through the crowd!

Dixon leaps the rail and slides into the ring in one smooth motion, behind MV1's back and well out of his view. We spy Nicky Synz bailing quickly out of the ring as well, still smarting over his shoulder and nearly bowling Darren Quimbey over in the process.

DDK:

What is the meaning of this?!

Dixon takes a step towards MV1. Masked Violator #1 feels the temperature in the arena shift and follows the eyes of the Faithful. Spinning in place, he and Dixon are eye to eye, fists raised – dazzling flashbulbs blitz the hardcam. The music sharply stops.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

Here we go again!

Warner strains to be heard over the fans. There is a long beat between them before JJ's lips move, the sound eaten by the crowd before it can reach anyone's ears but MV1's. MV1 says something back. There is something uncertain on JJ Dixon's face. Something stern on MV1's.

DDK:

Is this gonna happen now?!

Dixon steps back. Then steps one leg between the ropes to the apron. And the other. The crowd is disappointed as Dixon drops off the apron, eyes never leaving MV1 as he walks around the ring and up the ramp.

MV1's ♪music♪ starts again, mid-second-verse.

Lance:

I'm not sure what that was about, Keebs. But it looks like things have cooled off.

Dixon joins Teri atop the ramp before peering back over his shoulder at Masked Violator #1. Teri smiles like a fox as she cozies up against Dixon. She leaves Zoltan's arm for Dixon's and the three melt backstage.

DDK:

The mindgames from Teri Melton continue.

Lance:

It really is breathtaking to behold.

Eyes still tight towards the rampway, MV1 allows Jonny Fastcounini to raise his arm once more.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!

TEQUILA SUNRISE

Backstage Scrow is walking down the hallway coming to the exit. He stops when a figure dressed in black stands in front of him. The two share a stare at one another for a minute or so. The Figure crosses his arms.

CRACK!

Scrow hits the floor face-first after a chair slams into his back. Scrow cringes in pain and catches a glance at a pair of boots walking past him. He tries to push himself up to his hands and knees clenching his teeth while doing so he looks up and see's none other than Reaper the Grey. The Figure walks next to him, as Grey smirks down at Scrow.

Reaper the Grey:

Where are my manners little bird, I wanted to introduce you to my tag team partner for DEFIANCE Road.

The Figure:

Yow, it's been a while.

Scrow manages to get to his feet.

Scrow:

That voice...

Before Scrow can finish The Figure kicks him in the gut and Grey joins in as the two beat Scrow down. Grey picks up Scrow tying his arms behind him as The Figure unloads with blows to the gut and the forehead. Scrow tries to get a few kicks off but there is not much behind them. The Figure gets a gut-wrenching punch into Scrow's gut as Grey releases him and Scrow grabs his stomach. Reaper picks up Scrow and throws him head first into the exit door. Scrow stumbles backward falling face first. His pain is apparent by the grunts coming from him. The Figure kicks the door bar opening the door. Reaper grabs Scrow by the hair and throws him outside to the parking lot. Scrow tries to crawl away from the now two vultures just stalking their prey.

Reaper the Grey:

Ah, the little birdie looks like it has a broken wing. It's a shame that he has no friends.

Scrow pulls himself up with help from a car. Gasping for a bit of air and leaning over he puts his fists up. The two HoH members look at each other and laugh. The Figure moves in first and Scrow starts to throw punches wildly and actually puts The Figure on his heels before he is knocked down, but before he can turn his attention to Grey he is grabbed by the shoulders and lifted with ease and tossed right into the windshield of the car. Scrow shouts in pain. While The Figure gets up judging by his body language extremely angry. He hops on the hood of the car and pulls Scrow out of the windshield and throws his head between his legs and gets his footing powerbombs Scrow right on the roof of the car forcing the roof of the car to cave in.

Reaper the Grey:

Come here birdie!

Grey grabs a hand full of Scrow's hair and pulls him off the roof of the car. He quickly collapses to the cold concrete. The Figure sits on the hood of the damaged car. Grey pulls Scrow up to his feet and drags him over to some empty shipping crates and an empty palette. Grey proceeds to throw Scrow's head between his legs and gives Scrow his own powerbomb right through the empty palette. Scrow lies in the broken wood unconscious. Reaper takes a knee beside Scrow as the Figure walks up next to Grey. Grey and The Figure laugh at Scrow as Grey stands up. The show moves to the inside of the arena.

I [HEART] SNS

DEFTv returns from commercial break and the camera pans over the cheering members of The Faithful's Pittsburgh chapter. Moving slowly to let the rabid fans in attendance wave at those watching at home, the picture tilts up to focus on the large "DEFIANCE ROAD: 2023" banner hanging high above the ring.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFTv, everyone! Believe it or not, we're only one month away from putting 2022 behind us. Which means we're roughly two months away from the first big event of 2023, partner: DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:

DEFIANCE Road is the pay-per-view that sets the tone for the year, DDK. As much as I love the spectacle of DEFCON, I get just as excited for its prelude event.

DDK:

You aren't the only one, Lance. We're kicking the new year off in one of the most historic venues in the entire world, Madison Square Garden! Tickets went on presale today at MSG, and DEFIANCE sent two of their most distinguished ambassadors down to the big city to drum up some excitement. The Saturday Night Specials!

Lance:

I don't know about them being distinguished but The Faithful sure do like em'. Either way, I couldn't think of a better duo to send down to mingle with the people, as long as they had a designated driver.

DDK:

Good point. Well, I guess we'll find out! Let's take a look at how things went earlier today for Cassidy and Newbludd.

Cut away from the live arena to pre-taped footage. In the corner, the chyron reads "New Year City." A quick pan of a winter New York street, with the usual topos: streets full of bustling walkers, bumper-to-bumper traffic, and the lights and glamor of Christmas everywhere. This shifts into a shot of the front of the most famous arena in the world: Madison Square Garden.

DDK v/o:

New York City is about to get defiant!

The camera pans down a line of DEFIANCE fans dressed warmly but still sporting their DEFIANCE gear. We see shirts for Dex Joy, Conor Fuse, The Saturday Night Specials, Los Tres Titanes, Rezin, and MV1. The fans hoot and holler at the camera as it zips down the line.

DDK v/o:

New York City Faithful came out en masse and waited hours in the cold just to be among the first to purchase tickets to DEFIANCE's next Pay Per View event, DEFIANCE Road.

Cut to the front of the MSG box office. Standing above the people, sporting a pair of Santa hats and official DEFIANCE scarves, is Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy - the Saturday Night Specials. The audio cuts in time just to hear Newbludd proclaim:

Brock Newbludd:

DEFIANCE comes to New York!

A cheer rises up among The Faithful as SNS open the doors and the people begin to pour in to be among the first to purchase tickets. Cut to Pat Cassidy taking a selfie with a young fan. Cut to Brock smiling and chatting while signing autographs.

Cut to a talking head segment, with Pat Cassidy standing front in the center in the frame. Behind him, Brock is high fiving a group of fans. When Cassidy speaks, his breath is visible in the cool November air.

Pat Cassidy:

It was only a matter of time before DEFIANCE and The Saturday Night Specials took Madison Square Garden by storm.

Cassidy motions to the building behind him. Someone off camera catches his eye and he waves and gives a thumbs up.

Pat Cassidy:

This fuckin' guy knows what I'm talking about. What were we saying? Oh yeah: the world's biggest wrestling organization - and the world's greatest tag team - meets the world's greatest arena. It's gonna be a hell of a party, that's for damn sure.

Cut to Brock now taking center stage in the frame. In the background, Cassidy is throwing SNS shirts to eager fans.

Brock Newbludd:

The NYC chapter of Ballyhooligans showed up in full force today, baby. It's a great feeling to be out here with them and it'll be even better when we blow the roof of this place come DEFIANCE Road.

DDK v/o:

Madison Square Garden wasn't the only stop for the former tag champions as they made the most of their day in The Big Apple. After ticket sales concluded, Brock and Pat headed over to Rockefeller Center to take part in a pickup game of hockey with some lucky fans.

The footage moves away from MSG to show Newbludd and Cassidy skating on the iconic ice rink, sticks in hand. Both of them sport wide smiles as they move across the ice towards the goal. Brock passes the puck to Cassidy, who then passes it to an excited boy playing on their team. One slapshot later and the kid scores a goal. Letting out a cheer, Pat scoops the pint sized Ballyhooligan up off the ice and begins to celebrate like they just won the Stanley Cup.

Pat Cassidy:

You're the man! Hell yeah!

As the rest of the team joins in on the celebration, Newbludd zips past them with his stick raised above his head.

Brock Newbludd:

Alright! BALLYHooooSHIT!

Clearly a novice when it comes to skating, Brock attempts to slow himself down but completely fails. Letting out a yelp, he impacts the barrier and flips head over heels to land on the outside of the rink.

We then quick a series of quick cuts, montage style, showing The Saturday Night Special's exploits in The Big Apple: hocking loogies off the top of the Statue of Liberty, leading a group sing-along on the subway, Pat Cassidy attempting to re-create the pigeon lady scene from Home Alone in Central Park, and other shenanigans.

Finally, our last shot is the Specials posing for the camera with the George Washington Bridge in the background. Both they and the group of fans posing with them are wearing and showing off a new t-shirt: it's the "I [heart] NYC" shirt, but the "NYC" is crossed out and spray painted over by "SNS."

Cassidy, Newbludd, and the fans:

DEFIANCE comes to New York!

Back to the arena where The Faithful are having a laugh. We're at our commentation station.

DDK:

And there you have it folks, some of the biggest news that's come out of DEFIANCE hitting the road: DEFIANCE invades the world's most famous arena.

Lance:

I can't wait, Keebs. And think about this: depending on how the title matches go at the end of the year, Pat and Brock could be heading into MSG as the SOHer and FIST.

DDK:

The future sure looks interesting, Lance.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. ELISE ARES

The lights in the Petersen Events Center spin into violet and blue hues with golden accents as a voice echoes over the Pittsburgh Faithful.

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Cheers erupt from the Faithful as Elise Ares swaggers out into the Petersen Events Center to a rowdy ovation. The night after taking part in a heist of the Triple 7 Express, she's returned to the scene of the crime with LED sunglasses and a crop top purple leather jacket. Jangling what are presumably the keys to the luxury bus in one hand and an empty Triple 7 Whiskey bottle in the other, Elise Ares can't help but smirk ear to ear as she struts her way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds she represents the Pop Culture Phenoms. She is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. EEEEEEEEEELIIIIIISE AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

DDK:

Wow that was certainly an event last night between the Pop Culture Phenoms, Dangerous Mix, and the Lucky Sevens, Lance... however Elise Ares is in action tonight against a team she's no stranger to.

Lance:

That's right, on Lindsay Troy's way to becoming the new FIST of DEFIANCE, she had to get through Elise Ares in the tournament where she had some not-so-flattering things to say about our current champion.

DDK:

And you can't help but think when Vae Victis talks about the way DEFIANCE has lost its way, that they may be talking specifically about the influence of the Pop Culture Phenoms and the things they've done over the years to reshape the landscape of DEFIANCE into a more "Sports Entertainment Friendly" environment.

Lance:

Well there isn't anything friendly about the fight Elise Ares took to Lindsay Troy, that's for sure... and I'm sure there isn't anything friendly about the plans Kerry Kuroyama has tonight to try and "right" the wrongs she's been instrumental in causing.

The LED sunglasses flash "QUEEN" and "BITCH" as she walks across the apron, drops her leather jacket to the canvas and enters the ring as suggestively as possible before flashing a wink to the hard camera. Upon climbing the turnbuckle, Elise launches her sunglasses into the crowd and poses before she's rudely interrupted by the entrance of her opponent.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

No lights. No ensemble. Kerry Kuroyama throws the curtain aside and powerwalks to the ring. Beside him, Sonny Silver holds up the mic, but Kuroyama waves him off. No introductions either; we all know the drill at this point.

Lance:

Kerry is looking laser focused tonight. Ares should hope she's at the top of her game.

DDK:

Fortunately, she won't have to worry about any distractions from the Lucky Sevens. I've been told that Max and Mason Luck have been with the police on the matter of the stolen Lucky 7 Express... and going through the steps to file charges.

Upon stepping through the ropes, Kerry motions to official Rex Knox to get on with it by cranking his hand. Knox looks

at him reproachfully as he cues for the bell.

DING DING

Kerry is all business out of the gate, advancing on Elise and looking to grapple, but the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style dips around and goes behind into a waistlock. Kerry drops to his knees before she can sweep him off his feet, countering with a Fireman's Carry.

DDK:

These two are wasting no time getting into it! Kerry goes to take control with the chinlock... NO! The headscissor by Ares rolls him over onto his back instead!

Lance:

Quick thinking on the part of Ares, who can ill afford to lose the ground game to an experienced grappler like Kuroyama.

Elise squeezes her legs together to put further pressure on Kerry's head, until the Pacific Blitzkrieg rolls over and makes contact with the bottom rope for the break. Knox gets to three before Elise finally lets him loose. As soon as he's free, Kuroyama hurries to his feet.

DDK:

Break is made, and here comes Kerry... and he JUST narrowly evades a heel kick from Elise! One inch closer and it would have taken his nose off!

Lance:

It may not have found its mark, but it made Kuroyama think twice about rushing into things.

Kerry warily eyes Elise while the Leading Lady fearlessly gloats over her occupation of the center of the ring, drawing a supportive cheer from the Faithful. Kuroyama glares daggers back, but nonetheless resets himself as he circles around to a better angle and this time comes in with a bit more trepidation.

DDK:

Here comes Kerry again, a bit slower this time.

Lance:

He can't let his impatience cost him here. Let's not forget, the former SOHER Elise Ares is still one of DEFIANCE's prime wrestling stars, and should not be taken lightly.

DDK:

Especially when she's at the top of her game, and with the Lucky Sevens out of the arena Here comes the collar and--NO! Ares with a toe kick to the stomach!

Kerry immediately doubles over and finds himself trapped in a front facelock. Elise holds out her free arm to pump up the crowd again, but finds her own feet leaving the mat before she can commit to the DDT.

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER by Kuroyama to counter the DDT by Ares! Now Kuroyama flips over and hooks the legs for the pin!

One!

Two!

Ares kicks out!

Lance:

Still plenty of fight left in these two.

Kerry rolls out of the kickout with one of Ares' legs still in his grip. A quick, snapping dragon screw whips her hard against the mat again, keeping her dazed just long enough for the Pacific Blitzkrieg to interlock the legs.

DDK:

Kerry could be looking for the Cascadia Cloverleaf here... but NO! Elise gets a leg loose, and a swift kick right to the posterior sends the Pacific Blitzkrieg through the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

Kuroyama has been trying to put himself in a position to dominate this match-up, but Elise Ares has stopped his efforts at every turn.

The Faithful are roaring once again as Elise Ares stands tall in the ring. Outside, Kerry gets back to his feet, huffing and puffing in anger until Sonny Silver makes his way over and calms down his protege. Naturally, while they confer with each other and Knox begins the ten count, Elise hits the opposite ropes...

Lance:

Kerry is gradually losing his cool, and Sonny Silver can see it clearly.

DDK:

Well hopefully their pallaver doesn't last long, cause here comes ELISE--

Kuroyama and Silver recoil in surprise when they look up and see DEFIANCE's Leading Lady vaulting over the ropes... only to wrap herself up in the ropes with the ultimate fake out. The fans cackle as she smirks down on them while still suspended in the ropes. Kerry's face darkens even more.

DDK:

The Pacific Blitzkrieg's blood is no doubt boiling as the former SOHER adds insult to injury! Now Elise is holding open the ropes, beckoning him to return to the action!

Lance:

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is brimming with confidence as she holds her own in the ring against a strong and competitive athlete in Kuroyama, but it may not be wise to continue getting him riled up.

Kuroyama takes a deep breath to calm his nerves, and stoically walks up the steps back to the apron. He goes around the ringpost to the other set of ropes, rebuffing Ares as he reenters the ring his own way. Boldly, Elise raises her hand and calls for a test of strength, drawing another pop from the crowd. Kerry scoffs, but nevertheless raises his own hand, only--

DDK:

DISCUS PUNCH out of nowhere from the Pacific Blitzkrieg! Ares hits the mat like a ton of bricks!

"BOOOOOOO!!"

Lance:

The fans are letting Kerry hear it, as he more or less baited Elise into that strike while she was looking to lock up.

Knox admonishes Kuroyama for using the fist, but Kerry tells him to get his eyes checked as it was clearly the forearm that made contact. Nevertheless, he goes for the pin and again tells the official to shut up and do his damn job.

DDK:

Kerry hooking the leg for the cover!

One!

Two!

NO! Elise kicks out!

Lance:

Shaken up by that straight blow to the side of the head, but not out of this yet.

Kuroyama lays another forearm across the back of the head to leave Elise stunned, before grabbing ahold of her by the waist and flipping her up and over hard onto her back with a gutwrench suplex! She only has a moment to writhe in pain before Kerry pulls her up again.

DDK:

Kuroyama has her in his clutches now... BIG vertical suplex putting her back to the mat! Kerry floats over and hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

NO! Not enough! But now the Pacific Blitzkrieg pulls her up yet again!

Lance:

This is the kind of dominance Kerry was waiting on. Now his strategy is as basic as it comes: keeping picking her up and dropping her on the mat until she stops kicking out.

DDK:

And a man of his strength and skill would have no problem doing that to someone who is a hundred pounds lighter! Elise has to find a way out of this situation, but Kerry hooks her arms and overpowers her yet again... and CONNECTS with the BLACK MOUNTAIN BOMB!!

The devastating double-underhook bomb onto the point of Kerry's knee leaves Ares yelling in pain on the mat. Effective as it is once, Kuroyama says to himself "Fuck it, why not just do that again?", and hooks Elise's arms again as he pulls her off the mat.

DDK:

AND ANOTHER!! GOOD GOD, that nearly broke her in half... and Kerry rolls her onto her shoulders! Could THAT be it?!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!! Still not enough!

Lance:

Hand it to Elise for showing a lot of fight right now, but Kuroyama smells the blood in the water.

Ares is gassed, but Kuroyama is determined to end things as he again takes ahold of her legs and interlocks them together, twisting her over into the Cloverleaf and angling hard into her spine. Elise grabs at her head in a show of agony.

DDK:

CASCADIA CLOVERLEAF locked in! This could be over in a matter of moments!

Lance:

But Elise is fighting through it!

Urged on by the cheering Faithful, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE claws at the canvas and inches her way to the ropes. Kerry attempts to reposition his leg to pin down her head with his knee, but ends up giving her precious inches to reach the bottom rope.

DDK:

SHE'S GOT THE ROPES!

But Kerry doesn't release. Knox orders a break and begins counting... one... two... three... four..... and finally makes the break himself as he pulls Kerry off of Ares. Elise is left lying limp at the ring edge, arm draped down the apron, while Kuroyama spats with the official.

DDK:

Break is finally made, but now things are getting heated as Rex Knox had to go WELL past the count of four before intervening himself!

Lance:

Kerry and Rex have been locking horns throughout this entire match. I think Kuroyama would be wise not to test the official's patience, as Rex is one who can physically hold his own in that ring.

The argument is hot but brief, with Knox reasserting his authority and Kuroyama rebuffing him by going back to retrieve Ares. Then from ringside, a voice...

Sonny Silver:

HEY, you overpaid nosepick! Just count to three or look for the tap!

Already fired up, Knox turns his attention to the Vae Victis mouthpiece and threatens to send him to the back. While he's turned--

BONK.

DDK:

WAIT A SEC!! Ares just cracked Kerry across the skull with that EMPTY BOTTLE of TRIPLE 7 WHISKEY!

Lance:

She must have grabbed it from ringside!

The blow of the bottle goes right to Kuroyama's head, who wobbles around the ring on whiskey legs. Ares ditches the evidence before the official turns his attention back to the action, looking just in time to see Elise rally to her feet and take a bounce off the ropes.

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!! Kuroyama is OUT!!

The Superwoman Punch finishes the job the bottle started, rolling Kuroyama out flat on his back. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sprawls across his chest.

DDK:

PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ “Emperor’s New Clothes” by Panic! At The Disco ♪

The crowd pops hard as Ares rises up to her feet and allows Knox to raise her arm in victory, bruised but not broken. Kuroyama is groggy as he rolls to the floor, getting an earful from Sonny.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... the LEADING LADY of DEFIANCE... EEELLLIISSSE...
AAAAAAAAAAARRREEEEEEESSS!!!

DDK:

Strong win for Elise Ares tonight, adding to PCP’s momentum in their quest for the Unified Tag Team Titles!

Lance:

Time will tell what the fallout may be when Mason and Max retaliate over the Triple 7 Express fiasco, but tonight, Ares’ actions have paid off in more ways than one.

DDK:

I hope I’m not speaking too soon, but I almost feel that cracks are showing in the Vae Victis armor!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



MEDICAL UPDATE

DDK:

What we saw two weeks ago on DEF TV was vile. Dex Joy has been dealing with neck issues. But Lord Nigel knew as well as anyone that Dex Joy isn't the type of guy to back down from a fight no matter what.

Lance:

Two shows ago, Dex Joy was choked out by Corvo Alpha with the Alpha Clutch and Corvo won via referee stoppage ... but Dex wasn't going to sit by and let that loss stand. He has seen what Vae Victis has done lately and wanted to join in on that fight so he thought he'd fight Corvo in a rematch to put him in in the rear view ...

DDK:

But that isn't what happened at all. Let's take a look.

DEF TV 178

Lord Nigel steps over Dex Joy's unmoving body to a chorus of boos from the Wrecking Crew only to then walk up to the top of the steps. He retrieves a microphone from his jacket and the audible contempt only rises. DEFmed team members attempt to get in the ring but Alpha chases them all out, swinging wildly at them. Standing at the top of the ring steps in the center of the ring, with a bloody and seemingly unconscious Dex Joy at the bottom of them, his smarmy smile is at its smarmiest.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Your passion. Your courage. Your drive.

Nigel sweeps the hat off of his head melodramatically, ostensibly a cue to Corvo to pull Dex Joy up to his knees. He does so to rising tension in the building.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

Honestly, I expected so much more... of all of it. You're a disappointment, Dex Joy. And we are finished with you.

Standing on the second step, Alpha pulls Joy up and forces his head between his legs. The Faithful groan as he lifts him up and LEAPS-

DDK:

JUMPING PILEDRIVER ON THE STEPS!! NO!!! That man is hurt!

Lord Nigel is resplendent atop the steps, arms held high and wide.

The video recap stops and then returns to Lance and Darren on commentary.

DDK:

What we've learned is this: the injuries that Dex Joy are unknown at this time and that after some time convalescing at home, Dex will be undergoing an evaluation with a head-and-neck surgeon to determine the best course of treatment for his injuries.

Lance:

I hope that Lord Nigel and Corvo Alpha are proud of what they've done. Sorry to be a bit unbiased here, but Dex Joy is one of the hardest working men in this promotion. He literally came from nothing to make something of himself and to have his career stunted in any way thanks to these two is disgusting.

DDK:

We hope to hear more on the next DEF TV once the results of that evaluation have been reported. Until then, we wish Dex Joy a speedy recovery and a safe return to the squared circle.

Lance:

But next we're going to take a look at this video package from The Uncut Gems! JJ Dixon, Teri Melton and Zoltan!

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

The lights go completely out in the arena.

♪ *"In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins* ♪

The slow, drum-synths of the famous song start as the first guitar note blares with a dreamlike film effect as the lyrics start ("I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord... and I've been waiting for this moment all my life... all lord...") reveals JJ Dixon, shirtless and sweaty only wearing black bicycle shirts, counting as he quickly does perfect Hindu Squats.

JJ Dixon:

748... 749... 750...

JJ stands up and intently turns to the camera and points and starts to speak.

JJ Dixon:

What were my intentions earlier tonight, MV1? Well, I --

The screen pauses with JJ Dixon in this position, frozen. Out from the right wearing a silver tiara, blue emerald earrings and a sparkly blue shawl over her silver dress and carrying her cigarette holder is Teri Melton with her face that carries with it her mysterious nature.

Teri Metlon:

Do you like games, MV1? I like games a lot -- especially games that the other person doesn't even know they are playing! And by questioning my intentions, MV1, now means that you are a participant in this wicked game!

Teri walks off screen as the camera remains paused, before there is some rewinding and fast-forwarding, before moving back to where JJ was earlier in the segment.

JJ Dixon:

MV1, I am going to start by telling you what I don't want to be. I don't want to be the villain. I don't want to be the bad guy. And I especially don't want to be the villain or the bad guy in your story. I like you and respect you a lot, MV1. I truly do. Professional wrestling is not known for its nice guys... but you are the nicest. You are a class act. You are something that everyone should want to become! And, as the world is finding out, you are just as good in the ring as you are out of it! But you're involved in a melodrama involving your former tag partner and best friend MV2 --

The edit flashes to the Masked Violators in better times.

JJ Dixon:

Who is now Corvo Alpha!

The edit flashes to Corvo Alpha, reduced to his animalistic, snarling look as he sits at the side of Lord Nigel.

JJ Dixon:

It was not my intent to be involved in your saga. But here I am... now involved because Lord Nigel and my manager Teri Melton struck up a deal for me to take you out.

The edit flashes to Lord Nigel in his bowler hat, cackling, before turning around into 1950s film noir black and white wearing a fedora hat and raincoat, flicking away his cigarette dramatically as Teri Melton in her black bell-dress and elbow-length black gloves falls into his arms as he holds an umbrella over her head.

JJ Dixon:

And that's not who I want to become!

The edit flashes again to Lord Nigel cackling.

JJ Dixon:

Yes, Teri Melton is manipulative.

The edit flashes to a shot of her at ringside as DDK says the words: "The Mainpulative Madame of Olde Hollywood!"

JJ Dixon:

But six months ago, I was at my lowest, and I was ready to quit until she entered my life!

The edit shows a forlorn JJ Dixon alone in a locker room as Teri and Zoltan look on behind him without him noticing.

JJ Dixon:

And I did some bad things to people I like!

Cut to: Teri shoving a cigarette in Nicky Synz's eye, followed by JJ in a later match on Uncut dropping him with Sunset Boulevard through an unfolded chair.

JJ Dixon:

To people I even considered as family!

Cut to: JJ dropping Earl Lee Roberts through an unfolded chair via Sunset Boulevard.

JJ Dixon:

But I would not have broken my past ties unless Teri took drastic actions to make me change. But she never lied to me. And she picked me because she believed in me. She stressed that I am the best athlete in DEFIANCE. That's not a lie. That's facts. But I needed someone to hone my gifts, to evolve my skills. And now Teri Melton has me believing in me!

Cut to: JJ hoisting No Fun Dean in a press slam before flexing one bicep.

JJ Dixon:

Any she has a lot of people believe in us -- in The Uncut Gems!

Cut to: People in the stands at recent Uncut's and DefTV episodes all flashing the "DiamondHands" hand gesture from The Uncut Gems.

Cut to: Teri Melton before the camera, but the camera effect flashes every second of her wearing one of her many outfits of colorful sequins, pillbox hats, tiaras, etc. And she mouths the words to her famous catchphrase, but instead of her voice it is the crowd saying it from a recent event.

Teri Melton/The Audience:

Teri Melton... Is Ready... For Her Closeup!

Cut to: JJ Dixon, back in his gym clothes.

JJ Dixon:

And that gets us to what I want to become, MV1! "The Special Attraction" is not just a nickname based on our Hollywood aesthetic! It's a name I chose because I want to be in the main event! It's a name I chose because I want to be the guy who people pay to watch! I want to be THAT DUDE.

Cut To:

Oscar Burns outside the ring with a smug look on his face, with Butcher Victorious fan-boying behind him.

JJ Dixon:

I want the legacy of Oscar Burns!

Cut to: Ned Reform winning The Favoured Sons title from last night, Henry Keyes carrying his belt.

JJ Dixon:

And I want what Ned Reform and Henry Keyes get to strap around their waists. And, most of all, I want what Lindsay Troy possesses!

The camera shows Teri Melton at a previous DefTV coolly blowing on her fingernails before making a fist!

Teri Melton:

Rest assured, these well-manicured fingernails will one day rule DEFIANCE with an iron fist!

Cut back to JJ.

JJ Dixon:

And getting to that level means I have to move people out of my way. And if that's someone like Aaron King or Dr. Dickhead or anyone in Vae Victis, then I will not hesitate at all to spit in their face before I drive them down Sunset Boulevard.

Cut to: JJ dropping No Fun Dean, Cristiano Caballero and Gunther Adler with Sunset Boulevard.

JJ Dixon:

But what if someone I like and respect are in my path? What if it's someone like Connor Fuse or The Saturday Night Specials... or especially you, MV1? That's something I really had to think about today. And it's something I'm still about right this second!

The screen pauses again and does its fast-forward/rewind effect before pausing.

Then the jingle from "The Price Is Right" plays as the screen turns into a campy 1970s game show set ala Let's Make A Deal -- pink flamingos, sparkly decor, etc. There are three garage doors on the set. The first one are each numbered with a gaudy-colored piece of paper mache - "1" and "2." But the third door has a question mark.

From the left appears Teri Melton. She approaches the first door.

Teri Melton:

It's gametime, MV1!

The door opens and it's JJ Dixon, dressed in a fine tailored suit with perfectly coiffed hair, adjusting his tie.

JJ Dixon:

I did not ask to do the dirty work of Lord Nigel. But, MV1, you beat me in our first match. Ergo, you stand ahead of me in the food chain here in DEFIANCE, and that means you have to get swept aside. And rest assured, I will not hesitate one bit - not for one second - to slam your masked skull into the canvas of the ring, into a cement floor, into a parking lot or across an opened steel chair - if it means that I get one step closer to where I will head to one day! Tonight was one last warning shot!

Teri approaches the second door. And the sweaty JJ Dixon from the past several minutes appears. He looks over nervously at Teri Melton.

JJ Dixon:

MV1, I know what I have to do -- what I *MUST* do. And I'm going to tell Teri no. I'm going to tell her that I won't take you out. I'm going to tell her that I want a rematch with you, but I want one on my own terms where we can see who the better man is fair and square! Maybe she sees things my way. Or maybe she jettisons me from The Uncut Gems. Maybe she torments me with some kind of psychological ploy. But that's the price I'm willing to pay if it means I stay true to who I am... which is exactly what happened tonight!

Now Teri approaches the mystery door. And JJ comes coolly walking out in his “Special Attraction” blue sequined robe.

JJ Dixon:

Or maybe I know exactly what I’m going to do... only I’m not telling you! Because I like games, too, MV1. I like games when the other person does not know they are the one being played with. And that’s how The Uncut Gems like to play their games!

Cut to: JJ Dixon at Acts of DEFIANCE about to drop Earl Lee Roberts through a chair with Sunset Boulevard, only for Teri Melton to call him off. Then we see Teri Melton outside of JJ’s locker room at ACTS.

Teri Melton:

Like any good page-turner, you want to leave the audience guessing. Right when you start to predict what we would do, and right when you think that you understand what we’re capable of doing, is when we shift the narrative!

The screen pauses again, and it returns to JJ doing his Hindu Squats and counting - 751, 752, 753 - with Zoltan supervising Teri coolly walks in from the right hand of the screen, cigarette holder in hand as JJ continues in the background.

Teri Melton:

The cards have been dealt, MV1. The game is afoot. But your fate has already been sealed so our destination can be realized. And you and everyone else will find out this is true because...

Teri’s wardrobe, just like earlier, starts to change from outfit to outfit as she leans into the camera.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton...

She leans further down toward the camera.

Teri Melton:

Is ready...

Her face is in the camera.

Teri Melton:

For her closeup!

Now Teri straightens up and has a knowing grin and eyebrow raise at the camera as she starts to puff from her cigarette holder. Phil Collins’s voice can be heard again...

♪ So wipe off that grin/I know where you’ve been/It’s all been a pack of lies! ♪

Teri now exhales the smoke slowly from her mouth.

♪ And I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord/Well I’ve been waiting for this moment all my life, oh lord ♪

The screen goes to full static.

Then to black.

TALK YOUR TALK

Back to the Commentation Station with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

JJ Dixon and Masked Violator #1 is shaping up to be a rivalry to remember. And speaking of rivalries...Coming up next is a heavyweight battle between two men, both BRAZEN graduates, looking for a win tonight. We've seen recent issues between Titanes Familia member Dan Leo James and the former champion powerlifter, "Strong AF" Allen Fosters.

Lance:

Strong AF has told The Faithful that he doesn't like how Dan Leo James came up. He alleges that it was favoritism by Uriel Cortez, Minute and Titaness who helped him get on the main roster when that couldn't be further from the truth. Strong AF called out Dan Leo James after his Battle Royal play-in victory two weeks ago, but it was Dan Leo James who eliminated Strong from the Battle Royal itself, leading to tonight!

DDK:

Based on this animosity, it's going to be a one-on-one match between James and Strong, but before we do that... we've got a split screen where Jamie Sawyers will be speaking briefly with both men before the match tonight. Both men have some things they wanted to get off their chest, so now let's go to Jamie Sawyers backstage. Jamie?

Backstage we go with Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you, Darren and Lance. We're about to hear from our competitors for the next match. First, let me introduce from Titanes Familia... Dan Leo James.

In the left portion of the split screen, Dan Leo James is backstage, stretching his hands out with hand exercizers.

Dan Leo James:

What's good, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

Not much... I mean, damn it. Always trips me up.

When he realizes he's let out a swear, Jamie clears his throat.

Jamie Sawyers:

Sorry. And now, introducing his opponent... Strong AF.

In the right of the split screen, Strong AF can be seen lightly juggling an apple in his hand. He takes a bite out of it, followed by a swig of water.

Strong AF:

Jamie. (to Dan Leo James) Dickface.

Dan Leo James:

Dude, I'd rather have one of those for a face than have a tiny, shriveled-up ding-ding from all the roid abuse like you.

Strong AF:

Excuse me? This is all 100% muscle, you idiot. Everything you see on this screen! Bis, tris, quads, glutes, calfs, boulder-like shoulders. All this is from the work *I* put in. Nobody handed anything to me, unlike your spot in Titanes Familia and the main roster!

Dan Leo James:

Keep running your mouth, Allen, cause you're kooky-dukes if you think...

Jamie Sawyers:

GENTLEMEN!

Sawyers cuts in!

Jamie Sawyers:

You'll both get time to speak. Now... my first questions is for Strong AF.

Strong AF smirks. Danny does not.

Jamie Sawyers:

Two weeks ago, you alleged that Dan Leo James didn't work his way onto the main roster. But I have to say I disagree. He won his spot by winning BRAZEN's Ascension Battle Royal, which was open to BRAZEN's roster at large... a match you were also in. What do you say to that?

Dan smirks with an "oh, snap!" look while Strong AF isn't pleased by the question.

Strong AF:

Sure. You know what, Jamie? That's true. He won and I didn't... but let's not pretend this punkass wasn't already being prepped for a spot on the main roster long before that match. He just made it official with that win. Dan Leo Dickrider here spent the last year cozying up to the rest of Titanes Familia and wanted to get famous off them. I don't do that cause I'm not an ass-kisser. I show up. I throw people around. I kick ass. That's how a guy like me gets noticed. And in a few minutes, that's what I'm going to do to you, Danny. I'm going to show you that *I* should be spotlighted and featured in this company. Not you.

Strong AF chuckles.

Strong AF:

You eliminated me from that Battle Royal last week, but between us, I'm the better athlete. I'm stronger than you. I have a killer instinct that you don't. Hell, I've got a better chokeslam than you do. Anything you can do, I can do better, Danny. Facts!

Dan Leo James runs a hand over his jaw.

Jamie Sawyers:

Danny, you've listened to him say you aren't worthy of this spot you're in now. What do you say to him and any detractors that may be listening?

Dan Leo James:

Your name might be Strong AF, but bud, you sound whiny AF, you're sounding a little jealous AF and you're definitely DUMB AF if you think any of that is true!

The Faithful cheer him on as he continues.

Dan Leo James:

I haven't told a lot of people this, but I'll say it now so that everyone knows... My own family shut me out because I wanted to be a wrestler instead of taking handouts from the family business. They were willing to give me a six-figure job working for their software company, but that's not what I wanted to do. I want to do what we're doing now cause I don't want anything easy. I was a three-sport athlete in school and worked for all that. I'm six-foot seven, but I want to use these physical gifts for something greater than myself. I want to entertain people that pay to see us. I want to make sure they have a good time. I want to set a good example. I want to WRESTLE!

He presses on.

Dan Leo James:

I'm young, but I'm not stupid, Allen. I hear what people like you have to say. Sorry I started out in this business a lot earlier than you did. Sorry that yeah, I had two left feet and I'm working on that every day. I'm sorry that unlike you, I know how to make and KEEP friends. But the one thing you're gonna be REALLY sorry for... is underestimating me.

Danny starts to unstrap his microphone from his shirt...

Dan Leo James:

...and also, your chokeslam sucks balls.

He tosses the wiring aside before heading off set. After he leaves, Strong AF shakes his head and takes the apple in hand... CRUSHING it.

Strong AF:

That's gonna be your back, Danny.

The Seattle Strongman follows suit and rips off the mic strapped to his shirt. He chucks it to the floor as Jamie Sawyers is left all alone.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welp... guess that's over. Back to you, Darren and Lance.

DAN LEO JAMES vs. STRONG AF

After the previous back and forth between Dan Leo James and Strong AF, it's right to the entrances!

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights go dark and one white light pulses through the entrance with the opening riffs... then another... then Dan Leo James stands looking far more determined than he has in recent weeks. The drum beats blast loudly and the big protege of Los Tres Titanes regains his composure. He holds his massive hand out and gets cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The next singles match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 260 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia... he is **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Dan stomps a foot to the theme and even gets more cheers from the crowd as he jumps over to The Commentation Station and rocks out to his theme! The proprietor of Young Titan Protein Powder throws up his hands!

DDK:

Everything has been said between Dan Leo James and Strong AF! We're getting right to the action between two up-and-coming powerhouses among DEFIANCE's ranks!

Lance:

Strong AF has made this personal by targeting Dan Leo James and his connection to Titanes Familia and if he's not careful, he may regret that decision!

Once he arrives at the ring, The Young Titan leaps from arena floor to ring apron, then pumps a fist in the air! He steps in between the ropes and acknowledges the cheering crowd before he waits for his rival.

DDK:

Strong AF victorious in his debut last week over both Sho Nakazawa and Thomas Slaine in a triple threat! Meanwhile, Dan Leo James had the victory over Oliver Tarquin Monroe on UNCUT and Dan eliminated Strong AF from that Battle Royal two weeks ago!

Lance:

Strong AF hasn't forgotten that, I'm sure.

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The lights start to go dark and in moments, they give way to green lights flashing in tune with the drum beats of the music. Wearing a dark green towel over his broad shoulders, green thigh-length trunks with a white AF logo on the front, he marches with a golden plate on a pedestal at the entrance. He smirks, and then rubs his hands in the bowl full of weightlifting chalk before THROWING it up in the air in a cloud!

DDK:

Strong AF made his debut back at the UNCUT 125 Special and since then, hasn't lost a singles match. He's looking to keep that streak going against a very game Dan Leo James tonight.

Strong AF marches towards the ring. He sheds his green towel as he gets jeers from The Faithful. Once The Seattle Strongman enters the ring, he gets ready...

BUT JAMES IS ON HIM TO START!

DING DING

Lance:

Whoa! Dan Leo James exploding to start the match with a running knee lift!

DDK:

I don't think I've seen James riled up like this since he earned his spot on the main roster!

DLJ goes right to work attacking Strong AF in the corner with a barrage of big forearms to the chest and head of The Seattle Strongman! He tries to cover up quickly in the middle of the barrage, but out of nowhere, Dan gets pushed back...

THWACK!

A STIFF open handed chop cracks Strong AF against his chest. He tries to get out of the corner, but the taller DLJ boots him back to the corner. He shakes his hand and then gets ready again...

THWACK!

Strong AF is doubled over in pain now against the corner while Dan Leo James shakes his own hand in pain!

DDK:

Ouch! He must have picked up some lessons from "The Giant Dad" Uriel Cortez with those chops!

Lance:

Strong AF looked dominant in that triple threat two weeks ago, but right now, Dan is all over him!

Danny Three Sports waits for Strong AF to get out of the corner, then boots him in the chest. He tries a whip, but Strong AF is able to reverse it and when he comes back, he SMACKS right into James with a big shoulder block!

DDK:

Goodness! Strong AF knocked Dan Leo James off his feet in one shot! I don't think we've seen that happen to him since he's been promoted!

Strong AF kneels over.

Strong AF:

I told you! Strong! A! F!

The former powerlifter boots Dan in the chest and then hits an uppercut to rattle the big man. Strong AF gears up for a big running clothesline off the ropes, but doesn't expect for Dan Leo James to drop down! He certainly doesn't expect a big leapfrog off the rebound, nor a HUGE running bionic elbow by James off the rebound!

DDK:

James returning the favor with that elbow to the head!

When Strong AF grabs his neck, Danny boots him in the gut and then strikes him with another knee lift that knocks the powerhouse on his back! He goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Strong AF sits up after the kickout, checking his jaw! Dan Leo James takes the fight to The Seattle Strongman...

THWACK!

...And chops him across the back while he's seated! Strong AF flinches in pain, but Dan doesn't wait for a return. He

measures up his hand again...

THWACK!

DDK:

Fastball Chop by James! He just dropped Strong AF again! Cover!

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Strong AF with another kickout, but Dan Leo James came out the gate swinging tonight! He's fired up after weeks of inflammatory remarks made by Strong AF, no doubt looking to get ahead in his own right.

The Pittsburgh Faithful cheer on Danny as he pulls Strong AF up again and pelts him with another big forearm shot, followed by a big knee to the gut. The Seattle Strongman is stumbled over when Danny tries a whip... but much to his surprise...

WHOOOOOOAAA!

A collective gasp from the Pittsburgh Faithful erupts when Strong AF not only reverses it, but LIFTS DAN LEO JAMES OVER HIS HEAD! He holds him up for few moments before THROWING him forward with a big splat on the canvas!

DDK:

GOOD LORD! TWO-SIXTY OVER HIS HEAD WITH EASE!

Strong AF is still reeling from the opening barrage by Jaems with a few welts on his chest from earlier chops, but still has time to posture to the crowd.

Strong AF:

STRONG A! F! NOT JUST MY DAMN NAME!

Now with his swagger back, Strong AF pulls Danny up...

THWACK!

...and hits The Young Titan with a knife-edge chop of his own. He pushes him back to the corner...

THWACK!

Another big shot doubles Danny over! Strong AF then whips him cross-corner and follows James in with a big running clothesline to the chest! The blow rattles Danny and he slumps out of the corner. Strong AF then positions himself on the middle rope.

DDK:

Strong AF just took control in a hurry! This Allen Fosters guy is impressive, I have to give him that much!

Lance:

But where's he going?

He takes flight off the middle rope with a big flying shoulder tackle to knock James off his feet! The The crowd jeers him as Strong AF gets up to a knee rather than go for a cover. The Seattle Strongman boastfully smiles to The Faithful.

Strong AF:
WATCH THIS!

DDK:
I hear lots of trash talking when he should be going for a cover!

With Danny back up to his knees, Strong AF clubs him on the side of the head. He hooks Danny by the neck... AND DEADLIFTS HIM FROM THE GROUND RIGHT INTO A HUGE SUPLEX!

DDK:
Wow! Don't think I've seen a deadlift suplex from that level! Strong AF is living up to that self-bestowed moniker!

He finally chooses to roll over right into a cover on James.

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

DLJ gets the shoulder up and Strong AF is annoyed by the count.

DDK:
Another big cover here!

Strong AF picks up the 6'7" James and then drops him on the mat with a big slam! But he's not done so he points at the crowd and tells them he's gonna do one more. He tries to pick up Danny by the head... but Danny fights back! He throws a few elbows to the chest of Strong AF, but he counters back with a chop! Danny is left reeling when The Seattle Strongman drops him across his knee with a big rib breaker!

Lance:
Nothing fancy in those slams over than to show off that power and possibly soften up the back of James.

Strong AF then picks up James by the body and slaps on a bearhug. Even more so, he PULLS Danny up on his shoulder for a few moments while he's doing it!

DDK:
You called it, Lance! He's been hitting that back with a few big slams! Danny trying to fight out, but Fosters is just too... well, strong!

Lance:
Scary! Dan Leo James has a five-inch height advantage, but Strong AF has just overpowered him in this contest!

He continues to SHAKE away at James and then rams him into the corner to work over the lower back! He pulls him out and then slaps the bearhug back on, but Danny is now trying to fight out of it. He frees an arm and then strikes him with a big elbow smash to the face! Strong AF squeezes again, but DLJ fights back again, this time with an bionic elbow!

DDK:
Best way to do this! Fight your way out!

He continues fighting back with another elbow to the top of the dome! The former powerlifter is forced to let go! He tries to catch Danny off the ropes with a clothesline, but Danny sidesteps it and blazes off the ropes, they both connect a lariat and a lariat takedown respectfully!

Lance:
Danny breaks free! Both men are now down, but James has to be worse for wear.

DDK:

Can the Titanes Familia member make it back into this one or has Strong AF done too much damage to the back?

DANNY! DANNY! DANNY! DANNY!

The Young Titan hears The Faithful and tries to sit up, but his back is bothering him. He's slow to get to his feet while Strong AF is holding his neck after the dueling lariats have knocked both big men down.

DDK:

The Faithful are cheering on James, but it's Strong AF up first.

The brute starts to get up first and then waits as James gets up on the opposite end. Strong AF goes charging in... but Dan runs out of the way! Strong AF hits the corner as Dan Leo James keeps running off one side of ropes, then the other...

DDK:

DASH AND BASH!

Dan Leo James BOWLS Strong AF over with the high-impact shoulder tackle off the ropes and then goes for a cover.

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

The shoulder comes up first, but James seems more determined than ever to end the match! He gets up and holds his hand out!

DDK:

Dan Leo James looking for Titan's Orbit! Is this going to connect?

Lance:

Both men with an awful lot of pride in their respective chokeslam variations!

James tries the chokeslam first, but before he can lift him, Strong AF elbows his way free after several shots! He sneaks up behind James... then POWERS him up and over his head with a backbreaker rack setup! He moves to the center of the ring and DROPS James with a big slam first!

DDK:

What a counter! Strong AF calls that The Cool Down and he might have just ended this!

The Seattle Strongman hooks a leg.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

The crowd cheers when Danny's shoulder comes up! Strong AF is still shocked when James is able to kickout!

DDK:

Both men are really laying it on the line here tonight!

Lance:

They're both trying to find their footing here in DEFIANCE and a win tonight may do that! Strong AF has to put him

away, though!

Fosters picks up Danny and then tries hooking him for his chokeslam finisher now. He tries for the Deadly AF by applying the leg hook, but Danny fights his way out! He clocks him in the chest and then runs forward to hit a running shoulder tackle in the corner! He holds out a finger for The Faithful to tell signal for one more! He charges off the corner and then comes back again with another big running shoulder tackle! He pushes him out of the corner...

DDK:

HURRICANE, UTAH-PLEX! Spinning belly-to-belly out of the corner!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Strong AF gets the shoulder up, but Danny doesn't let that get to him! He grabs the ankle of his rival, but kicks him away with the other foot!

DDK:

Danny readying another charge!

Danny charges again, but Strong AF pulls Carla Ferrari in front of him! Danny stops! He moves Carla out of the way... but the trick knee of Strong AF acts up...

LOW BLOW BY STRONG AF!

Lance:

Hey! Hey! Danny saved Carla from getting run over... but she doesn't see the low blow!

The Faithful jeer as Strong AF hooks the legs, then hoists James right up and then back to the canvas with a chokeslam on the way down!

DDK:

He connects! Deadly AF chokeslam!

With gusto, he hooks both long legs of Dan Leo James and goes for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The Faithful jeer as Strong AF rolls up to his knees, laughing. He shakes his hand and tells Carla to raise it. She looks at him skeptically but does her job anyway.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **STRONG AF!**

After the win, he rolls out of the ring and then heads up the ramp while sipping a water on the way out before he pours

the rest over his head.

DDK:

A physical back and forth match here, but in the end, it was Strong AF who took advantage of Carla's placement!

Lance:

Earlier tonight, Dan Leo James said he cared for other people, and Allen Fosters took that to heart by putting Carla in harm's way when he was going for another Dash and Bash.

DDK:

Strong AF walks away with the win tonight... but there's no way this is over between these two.

Dan Leo James is still reeling, but manages to look up while seeing a very smug, confident Seattle Strongman pose on the ramp to loud jeers from The Faithful. James watches him leave as the show moves on.

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WRECKED

DDK:

Up next, it's our Main Event... Conor Fuse does battle with—

The lights abruptly dim around our confused announce team and around the arena to a murmuring of the fans. Red lights suddenly strobe throughout and the fans knee-jerk reaction is to boo. That reaction is immediately rewarded as a figure emerges through the curtain.

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

Lance:

Well... it appears that will have to wait as we are being joined by none other than Lord Nigel Trickelbush.

Nigel sweeps onto the stage with his typical forced grandeur, bathing in the disdain from the Faithful. He bows towards the spectators as the curtain behind him ripples and then is nearly torn off its supports.

DDK:

And he isn't alone. Corvo Alpha is here.

Slavering and spitting, Alpha is shirtless and wearing dark baggy shorts. A red streak is smeared across his chest where his heart should be, like a pulsing wound, and his face is once more paintless. Head hung low so his dark, wet hair obscures his face, Alpha comes to a rest before Lord Nigel, at the top of the rampway, and falls to his knees, facing the ring and the booing fans.

Lance:

We witnessed the outright destruction of Dex Joy at the hands of Corvo Alpha on two consecutive editions of DEFtv. We all saw how dominant and devastating—

Lance stops as the crowd groans louder. We now see why. Lord Nigel has produced a microphone from a jacket pocket. He politely taps it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Pittsburgh.

The word is like bile rising and spewing from his lips and the Pittsburgh Faithful can tell.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

What a putrid hole we find ourselves in. Of course, my boy and I were forced to come here... you all CHOOSE to be here. To produce ugly children and work meaningless jobs here. And that certainly is a choice, isn't it?

The crowd doesn't hear his question over the rising noise of each other. Nor does Nigel appear to expect a response.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And yet here we all are. Together. One man who has no chance and no choice... one man who is NOT here tonight is Dex Joy.

Somehow the boos are dialed up even higher.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes, your golden boy has been broken. His inimitable drive and passion and love for this sport and for all of you witless, graceless urchins has been sapped and drained. His story is over. While...

Nigel places a black gloved hand on the heaving shoulder of Corvo Alpha at his feet.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

My boy's story is only just beginning. I've been busy, you see... we both have. While he has been clearing obstacles in front of him, I have been hard at work... rekindling old flames... in an effort to clear away any doubt and every distraction.

Lord Nigel looks down at Corvo with heavy eyes.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And as I said before we broke Dex Joy and ended his career—

Nigel now finds a sickly sweet smile for the raging Faithful.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

—what was once his, will now belong to Corvo Alpha.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Do note, that includes your adoration! So mind yourself!

The Faithful aren't cooperating.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It seems before we snapped you all back to reality that Dex Joy was primed and ready for a “run at the top”, as the children seem to say. Every pundit from Tillington to Chickentenders seemed to eye Dex Joy as the heir apparent to the throne. And just as Corvo Alpha has stolen Dex Joy's momentum and snatched away his hope... Corvo Alpha desires his “spot” as well.

Lance:

Give me a break.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I don't know what the Favoured Saints had planned for Dex Joy at DEFIANCE Road... but feel free to slide Corvo Alpha's name in his stead. Because Corvo Alpha is coming... and he keeps coming... and he won't be stopped, he won't be denied and, as you'll see... At DEFIANCE Road, no matter who is in his path... they will be utterly, and definitively, WRECKED.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nigel mercifully tucks the microphone back in his suit jacket, offers one more sweeping bow, and heads back towards entryway.

♪ “Electric Funeral (Instrumental)” by Black Sabbath ♪

DDK:

It seems Lord Nigel Trickelbush is issuing an open challenge, in a way, to the Favoured Saints! After what Corvo has done to Dex—

Lance:

Hang on now! Let's not forget that there was a lot of damage done to Dex Joy's head and neck well before Corvo Alpha called his shot! He just picked the bones!

DDK:

Well, while that may be true, Lord Nigel feels that Corvo Alpha deserves a high profile match at DEFIANCE Road in a few short weeks and... and it may be hard to argue!

Lance:

(sigh) Can we move on?

RED DEAD REDEMPTION

Before the main event, the cameras catch up with Jamie Sawyers alongside Conor Fuse... and Malak Garland in the distant background.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, tonight in the main event it's you against Vae Victis' newest member, Clay Byrd. My understanding is you and Clay know each other well and have a history of issues between you two.

Conor nods along like everything is correct and cool. Once Jamie finishes his statement, The Ultimate Gamer looks behind him and waves Malak closer. However, The Snowflake Superstar doesn't budge. Fuse gives a "whatever" shrug before addressing the interviewer.

Conor Fuse:

That's right, Jamie! We *do* know each other... and he *has* issues with me. You wanna know what they are?

Jamie isn't sure how to answer. It was rhetorical anyway because of course Conor is going to explain.

Fuse adds a big, wide, mischievous grin.

Conor Fuse:

I beat him.

Conor pats Jamie on the back.

Conor Fuse:

Clay's a very bitter man, bro. I beat him in HOW and he got the sads. I also Head Stomped his ass outta the battle royal he wasn't in two weeks ago so huh, yeah, go me.

Conor taps his left index finger on his nose, seemingly in deep thought.

Conor Fuse:

But HEY! He's got a neat lil' cowboy hat so there's that fun fact. Good ol' burly, surly, Texan. Between a guy who thinks he's an airship pirate but in reality a simp, a totally overrated never-won-a-thing-but-still-waiting-for-that-breakthrough-moment-"strong"-style-n00b and a cosplaying *Shovel Knight*, Clay fits right in. Christ, Lindsay Troy's got a whole clown car in there.

Malak with the chime in "volvo driving soccer mom" from the peanut gallery.

Conor Fuse:

[To Malak] Great song, Mal. I know you referenced it earlier and I failed to acknowledge it. *[And back to Sawyers]* She's gotta be loving her *PRIME* Video binge nights 'cause Vae Victis straight up ripped off The Boys.

Malak with the chime in of "stunned cunt".

Conor Fuse:

[To Malak] Whoa, easy bud. Gage Blackwood can use that language but we're North American. *[Back to Jamie]* ANNNNNNYWAAY, it's time to power up! HOW, DEFIANCE, in the end it really doesn't matter what system we play on. Clay isn't skilled enough to beat me in a fair fight. He's a horrible button masher! But am I gonna get a fair fight with Clay tonight? This is the question.

Conor stops to think.

Conor Fuse:

Probably not. VV will be wAtChInG fRoM tHe StAgE so Malak is gonna watch from the other side of the stage -but also

keep his distance- because let's face it Jamie, it's a solid six-on-one otherwise. HOWEVER if you add the trolling keyboard warrior over there, this makes the match a six-on-TWO.

Fuse rolls up his white Comments Section branded shooting sleeve.

Conor Fuse:

I'm pretty sure that DOES give me 1/3 chance of winning.

Malak clears his throat, as if reminding Conor he's forgetting someone.

Conor Fuse:

Right, their manager Sonny Silver. Seven-on-two. Whatever. Either way the numbers don't lie and they spell disaster for Clay on DEFtv.

Fuse winks at the camera and walks off.

Jamie Sawyers:

Faithful, the main event is next!

CONOR FUSE vs. CLAY BYRD

Back from the commercial break, DEFtv is at ringside with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the main event! And it is for ONE FALL!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Plainview, Texas... weighing two-hundred-ninety-five pounds... CLAY BYRD!

♪ "Gunning For You" by Nick Nolan ♪

Transitioning into...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Boos roar in as The Monster From Plainview slowly emerges behind the FIST logo. Of course, as Conor Fuse called out, he isn't alone.

Butcher Victorious. Kerry Kuroyama. Oscar Burns. Sonny Silver. SOHER Henry Keyes. FIST Lindsay Troy.

Clay leaves the group at the top of the stage as he pounces down the rampway, fists locked together, making sure his wrestling tape is on tightly and looking like business is on his mind.

DDK:

As Conor mentioned in his previous interview, these two have a history. My understanding is Clay apologized to Conor for not fighting alongside him, as the two were on opposite battle fields for some time... only for Clay to ambush the gamer before a tournament round one match between the two of them. Clay pummeled Fuse with a cast, from a broken arm he suffered previously. However, Conor prevailed in the match and went on to win the tournament. The two fought six months later where Conor won again but it wasn't a clean victory. Others got involved in their match, costing Clay. Clay blamed Conor, thinking this was retribution and although Fuse had nothing to do with it, Clay never believed him. *[Pause]* Something like that, I'm told.

Lance:

Regardless, I think the bottom line here is Clay Byrd does not like Conor Fuse. And given the size difference between these two, it looks like Fuse will have his hands full.

Byrd enters the ring by stepping over the top rope, walking to the middle of the squared circle and raising his powerful fists in the air.

His theme song is replaced.

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

The crowd comes alive with MOAR !RANK chants as Conor Fuse sprints out from behind the FIST logo. Malak Garland is a few steps behind him, as The Keyboard Warrior scurries to the FAR right side of the stage, well away from Vae Victis. Lindsay leans in to Henry Keyes and the two of them eye The Mega Troll with a snicker.

Meanwhile, Conor power walks right past VV with a no fucks given attitude, knowing nothing will happen right now between him and Lindsay's squad. *Right now* being the key.

The Power-Up King winds his arms around as the scene switches to Clay Byrd who hasn't flinched a muscle. Instead, Clay is locked on his target. He's waited a long time for a fight like this.

Fuse jumps onto the apron but before he's able to leap over the top rope, Clay bursts towards Conor and knocks him off the apron with a forearm smash! Loud boos follow and Hector Navarro works on a heart attack by frothing at the mouth towards Clay Byrd.

Hector Navarro:

I DIDN'T RING THE BELL! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!?

Clay shrugs.

Clay Byrd:

Fuck off, I didn't know.

Jeers continue to reign down as Vae Victis enjoy what they see and Malak Garland tries to hide within himself but can't seem to do it.

DDK:

A gutless move by Clay.

Lance:

I hate to say it but it *was* a well scouted move. We know how Conor enters the ring by now. Clay was ready for him and took him down!

DDK:

Yeah, well... ain't going to work well if there's no match and Conor can't go.

Lance:

I'm not so sure winning and losing is on Clay's mind tonight.

Navarro exits the ring to check on Fuse. The Codebreaker rolls onto his chest and grabs his lower back as The Behemoth storms out of the ring, pushes Navarro aside and snatches Conor by the neck and tights.

WHAM!

Straight into the ring post.

DDK:

C'mon!

Lance:

I think I'm right.

Byrd quickly hoists Conor to his feet again and Irish whips the gamer into the steel stairs.

CRASH!

Vae Victis are having a fucking field day laughing it up and pointing at Fuse, who's already been destroyed. Don't worry, they also make sure to laugh at Malak Garland, too.

Clay tosses Conor into the ring. However, upon the first try Conor ends up hitting the bottom rope and falling back to the floor, directly at Byrd's feet. So Clay nonchalantly takes Fuse by his white Comments Section branded tights again and hurls him correctly under the bottom rope this time.

Clay takes his time walking up the steel stairs and then once again stepping over the top rope. Hector Navarro is back in the ring but has his arms in the air like he's not going to call for the bell...

Even though Clay's demeanor DEMANDS it.

The 6'7" giant eventually lets out a deep sigh and walks to a corner of the ring. Hector drops down on all fours to check on Conor Fuse.

Hector Navarro:

Can you go? If you can't, I'm going to waive this match off! No contest!

Fuse is struggling to arrive on all fours himself. He swats Navarro away, as if trying to say the referee can call for the bell. But Hector's a pro... and he needs *actual* confirmation.

Hector Navarro:

You have to be standing, Fuse! You have to say 'yes' if you want this match to begin, too!

Conor gets onto a knee but falls over. Clay removes his cowboy hat and trench coat, followed by shaking his head in disgust as he watches this pathetic attempt of Conor trying to make it upright.

Clay Byrd: *[quietly]*

And they called you HOW World Champion...

Navarro remains in direct contact with the gamer. Conor tries to stand again but falls over. It finally looks as though Hector is going to throw the match out when...

Fuse kips to his feet and screams a furious cry in Clay Byrd's direction.

Conor Fuse:

LET'S. FUCKING. GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Clay roars forward and annihilates Fuse with a big boot, flipping the fan favourite inside out twice before crashing to the mat!

DDK:

It was a great idea in spirit.

Clay slowly paces over to where Conor lies. With ease, he throws Fuse into a powerbomb position... and then delivers one of the ugliest, most painful looking jackknife powerbombs seen in some time.

SLAM.

On the rampway, Henry Keyes hangs his head in sarcastic shame at the "pathetic" fight Conor Fuse has shown. Inside the ring, Clay strolls around the canvas and then places a foot on top of the gamer for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

The crowd cheers but Clay isn't phased. He drags Conor to a corner and begins unloading with reckless elbow smashes.

DDK:

If I'm going to be honest here, it doesn't look like Clay was bothered at all from the kickout by Fuse. In fact, I think it just gave him further permission to do exactly THIS.

Lance:

Like I said, wins and losses are secondary.

Blow after blow after blow after blow. Conor's trying to cover up... Hector Navarro gets to a count of four before Byrd backs away, then Irish whips Conor into the turnbuckle adjacent. Fuse meets it flipping over upon impact, sitting upright on the top rope pad, before flipping back down and wobbling out the same way he was thrown in.

Clay winds up for his finisher, the massive Texas Lariat but decides to switch it up at the last second with another big boot to Conor's face.

Spit flies out of Conor's mouth as he crashes to the canvas. Clay bounces off the ropes and delivers a huge ring shaking leg drop with a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

Again, Clay is not phased. Byrd methodically peels Fuse off the canvas and hoists The Character Formerly Known as Player Two onto his shoulders for a running powerslam attempt...

Conor slides free! He's barely on his feet when Clay turns around, now looking for the Texas Lariat but at the very last second, Conor falls down and grabs the top rope with him. Clay stumbles out of the ring and to the floor below.

The Texan is furious! He slams his forearms against the ring and screams. Fuse is struggling mightily but nevertheless finds the ropes on the far end and sprints across the canvas...

Corkscrew suicide dive is caught!

SPINEBUSTER onto the floor!

DDK:

Amazing how Clay caught that corkscrew! Conor was spinning like crazy!

Clay rises and spits at the fallen DEFIANT before hurling Fuse into the ring. Once again, Clay collects himself and Vae Victis cheer from the stage. Well, Butcher Victorious cheers from the stage. Loudly. Obnoxiously. The rest of VV only display a sense of quiet confidence and arrogance.

Butcher, however, loves what he's seeing. Jumping up and down and pointing into the ring. From well across the other side of the stage, Malak Garland looks like he's going to puke.

Malak Garland: *[muttering]*

He's so annoying.

Byrd enters the ring and clasps his hands together. He calmly walks over to Conor Fuse- only to eat a punch into his stomach. Another punch. Another. Another.

DDK:

These shots from Conor are doing NOTHING.

Lance:

Look, Conor's two-hundred-pounds which isn't a lot but the man is fit and he can hit pretty hard himself. I'm stunned, seeing nothing is phasing this giant Texan.

DDK:

In fairness, Conor was ambushed getting into the ring. This is the 'cast attack' incident in HOW all over again!

Clay merely continues to shake his head at the awful attempted forearms from Conor. Finally sick of what he sees, Byrd plucks the gamer off the mat with both hands and chokes him in the air.

DDK:

We might witness a murder!

Lance:

You said these two don't like each other... but...

Fuse kicks, trying to wiggle his way free but Clay throws Fuse into the air and then grabs him for a powerslam.

WHAM.

...that misses!

DDK:

Conor escaped at the last second! Byrd falls into the mat with no one on his shoulders!

On roller skates, The Power-Up King's face is nearly purple but the crowd tries to rally him by beginning !RANK chants regardless. Fuse tilts his head back, trying to suck air into his lungs. He sees Clay is on his feet and races towards him. Conor flies through the air with a missile dropkick square in Clay's chest. It only stumbles Byrd back a step but then Conor finds a second wind and takes to the ropes again. Fuse ducks a forearm punch, bounces off the next set of ropes and springboards off with a crescent kick. Followed by a superkick. Followed by another bounce off the ropes and a spinning heel kick, sending Clay to the mat. The crowd cheers wildly!

DDK:

Conor's doing it!

Lance:

He's also spent, Keebs. Fuse is down and out just like Clay. I believe that's all Conor had left- oh no.

Clay shows he absorbed the blows and even though they hurt him... he's clearly got a lot left to finish Conor off. Byrd collects himself and kneels down in front of the gamer, popping Conor square in the face with a headbutt.

Byrd stomps Fuse into a corner, allowing Hector Navarro to interject but Clay just shoves Navarro away. The referee is having none of it, standing right up to the Texan, perhaps asking for a death wish... either by way of a heart attack (Hector is shouting like a maniac once again) or by way of murder from angry Clay Byrd, who doesn't look like he cares about a "legitimate" match at the moment.

Before anything further can happen, Conor springs into action, another last ditch effort. He superkicks Clay square under the jaw, shocking the giant and igniting The Faithful!

A second superkick. Fuse roars back and connects with the trifecta. Then he leaps onto the top rope... he's certainly wobbly...

Moonsault!

CAUGHT BY CLAY!

Powerslam by Clay!

NO!

DDK:

Conor breaks free again!

Barely knowing what end is up, The Ultimate Gamer falls into a corner of the ring. Clay charges but Fuse ducks and the giant eats the top turnbuckle pad. Suddenly, Vae Victis don't look so stoic...

Fuse hits the ropes and throws his entire body like a puck at the legs of Clay. He hammers into Byrd's right knee, stunning the behemoth as the Texan cries out and falls to his knees. Conor springs upright and drills a knee into the side of Clay's neck.

The crowd is roaring and Fuse stumbles into a corner of the ring. He smacks the top turnbuckle pad.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

And then he smacks it again.

Conor Fuse:

Power UP!!

And again and again and again, the crowd cheering along.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP POWER UP POWER UPPPP!!!

Conor runs at Clay but he's surprised with a sidewalk slam!! This pops Vae Victis!

DDK:

PIN!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Byrd bellows a furious cry as he slams the mat with his fists, staring at Hector Navarro, DEMANDING it was a three count! Hector, of course, stands by his statement.

This allows Conor *slight* time to recover. When Clay goes to fetch the gamer... Conor rolls Clay into a small package... or rather large package!

ONE.

TWO.

FORCEFUL KICKOUT AT THE LAST SECOND!

DDK:

Fuse surprised Byrd but only for a two count!

Conor and Clay arrive on their feet at the same time but for different reasons. Conor, being beaten down so it takes him a while and Clay, who's simply that much slower to maneuver in general.

Clay tries for a right forearm strike but Conor ducks it, leaps into the air and wraps his legs around Clay's neck, reigning down punches before head scissoring Vae Victis' newest member towards the ropes. Fuse connects with a roundhouse kick, followed by a spinning back elbow strike and striking Clay between the shoulders, tilting his head back.

Conor Fuse:
WEAPON GET!

The gamer bounces off the ropes and performs a perfectly placed I TRIGGER on Clay!

The fans are roaring... VV don't look happy. Butcher glances over at Malak, as if Conor taking Garland's move was The Snowflake's fault.

Clay isn't down, he's merely stunned. It's going to take MOAR to get Clay on the mat.

And yet Vae Victis aren't planning to find out. Sonny Silver power walks down the rampway and jumps onto the apron.

DDK:
You're going to have to try harder than that!

Hector Navarro screams at The Silver Lining, although the referee keeps his focus on the men in the match. Hector sees Silver from the corner of his eyes but refuses to give into VV's shenanigans.

Although this TRIGGERS The Snowflake of all people, who suddenly shows a sense of confidence as he marches right past Vae Victis and down the rampway.

DDK:
What's Malak doing!?

Lance:
I think Garland's coming to intervene!

Meanwhile inside the ring, Clay tries to shake off the knee smash and Conor is also recovering from the severe beating and subsequent exertion it took him to carry out the latest combo of moves. Although Fuse is slamming short-arm shots into Clay's temple.

Reaching the bottom of the ramp, Malak Garland takes a DEEEEP breath before jumping onto the apron and shoving Sonny Silver.

Malak Garland:
I hate you, too! Get out of here and leave my friend alone. YOU'RE TRIGGERING ME!

Sonny looks down at his impeccable suit, stunned that this little dweeb put his hands on him. Suddenly, Malak PUSHES Sonny off the apron, catching Vae Victis' mouthpiece by surprise and sending him for a tumble to the floor!

The crowd roars in support! Everyone's beside themselves-

And then Clay Byrd CRUSHES Malak Garland with a Texas Lariat!

Saliva spills from Clay's mouth as he mouths off in Malak's general direction. Then Byrd turns around and right into a Resolution DDT by Conor Fuse!

Now Butcher Victorious is making his way down to ringside. Fuse knows he needs to hurry so he collapses onto the turnbuckle padding. Unable to leap up directly, Conor climbs to the top rope to measure Clay Byrd.

Once Butcher arrives at the bottom of the rampway, he slides into the ring. And yet... Hector Navarro lowers himself so Butcher slides DIRECTLY into Hector's knee when he enters the ring. Butch Vic goes down like he's shot, an MDK blow, as Navarro pushes the Vae Victis lackey out of the ring. Conor is ready to strike from the top rope but sees Sonny is up and mouthing off in Conor's direction.

The crowd cheers again as a groggy Malak Garland rises from a heap! The Mega Troll walks over to Sonny and pushes him from behind!

But Silver stumbles into the apron, inadvertently smacking the ropes in the process and causing Conor to jump off them to save himself from falling. Fuse didn't hit an aerial shot. Instead, he turns around and sees Clay Byrd getting up.

DDK:

Hey hold on a second here!

During this kerfuffle, Hector Navarro's back was finally turned from the action.

...And no one saw Henry Keyes working his way down to ringside. Before Conor jumps off the top rope, Keyes slides Clay Byrd a lead pipe from under the ring. Clay holds it across his forearm as he bounces off the ropes...

TEXAS LARIAT.

DDK:

Damn.

Clay eyes Malak as he flips Conor around and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The crowd boos as Darren Quimbey gets on the microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... Clay Byrd!

AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

Immediately after the winner's announced, Keyes throws Garland into the ring and Sonny enters as well, drilling the snowflake with a clothesline himself.

Malak's discarded beside his "buddy" Conor Fuse as the jeers continue to reign down.

Finally, The Queen of the Ring emerges from her perch at the top of the ramp, alongside Oscar Burns and Kerry Kuroyama, the only three who didn't become involved in the match any further. Lindsay has a mic in hand and a look of enjoyment on her face.

Lindsay Troy:

Let's all give Andy Stitzer a round of applause for the valiant effort here tonight!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

While the Faithful make their displeasure known, Sonny, Oscar, Kerry, and Henry all clap sarcastically. Clay wipes the sweat from his brow and glowers at Conor, who is still on the mat. The FIST, the Pacific Blitzkrieg, and the Man Known as DEFIANCE approach the ring apron. Oscar makes a move like he's going to hit Malak, only for the Keyboard King to instinctively hit the deck and protect himself. Burns sneers and boots him in the stomach anyway.

Lindsay Troy:

Would someone please give Conor a hand up? We're not heathens here.

Clay picks The Power Up King off the canvas and flings him to the outside next to Malak Garland. Sonny holds open the ropes for Burns, Kuroyama and Troy to join their teammates. Lindsay gives The Texas Behemoth a pat on the back for a job well done before standing next to Keyes to address the crowd again.

Lindsay Troy:

Now then...we have some very important business to attend to, so I'm going to need all of you to pipe down for a few minutes while your better speaks.

Of course, the Faithful do just the opposite.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy: *(ignoring them)*

Two weeks ago, we all had the pleasure of witnessing a battle royal to name number one contenders to my and Henry's title. And, despite the fact that Oscar totally should have won and it's BS that he didn't, it was nonetheless a spirited contest! I speak for all of Vae Victis when I say that I'd like to ask our future opponents if they'd join us out here.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

As Lindsay Troy just alluded to, The Saturday Night Specials are on a collision course with Vae Victis. Thanks to the battle royal two weeks ago, on the the final DEFIANCE show of the year Pat Cassidy will be challenging Henry Keyes for the SOHer while Brock Newbludd will be gunning to become FIST of DEFIANCE against Troy.

The Saturday Night Specials appear from the back dressed in street clothes. While they do take a moment to acknowledge and play to the roaring Ballyhooligans, their demeanor quickly shifts to one of both caution and confusion. They walk to the ring without any of their usual fire and pomp, but instead standing shoulder to shoulder bracing themselves for a potential Vae Victis onslaught... but it never comes. Instead, the VV members all wait

patiently for the former tag team champions to join them.

Lindsay Troy:

C'mon boys, we're not going to bite. We just want to have a little chat.

Cassidy and Brock, who have stopped at the bottom of the ramp, look at each other with suspicion as their theme fades away. Instead of entering the ring, they break formation, with each member of the tag team walking around a different side of the ring. They continue to make sure their backs never face Vae Victis, but the stable remains in the ring as jovial as ever. The Saturday Night Specials meet up again on the other side of the ring by Darren Quimbey's table. They both help themselves to mics before slowly and cautiously climbing onto the ring apron and then entering the ring - all with their defenses still well up. The FIST of DEFIANCE smiles widely now they have finally joined her.

Lindsay Troy:

Now then. Let me congratulate you two on your efforts at DEFtv 178. I think we can all agree that the finish had us on the edge of our seats.

She looks back at Vae Victis for confirmation and they all nod their heads...except for Butcher Victorious who looks confused at what the Queen is saying. Next to her, Henry Keyes smiles knowingly.

Lindsay Troy:

And really, what better way for us to return to New Orleans and throw the doors open on the new Ballyhoo Brew than to face off against its two proprietors. That is, unless you both want to join us instead?

The crowd boos this proposition, but Cassidy and Newbludd again simply look at each other. Brock shrugs while Cassidy raises a questioning eyebrow.

Lindsay Troy:

You see, the boys and I are all in agreement that we need to add a tag team to our ranks. An established, proven, *winning* tag team that aren't a couple of dimwitted lugs with bad haircuts and a shitty catchphrase. Seriously..."Luck Around and Find Out?" That sounds like something Butcher came up with.

She shakes her head, disgusted. Meanwhile, in the background, Butcher's just happy to have gotten name-dropped. Despite himself, Cassidy cracks a smile at that one.

Lindsay Troy:

If you join up with us, you'll have the backing of the most dominant stable in DEFIANCE since the Blood Diamonds. You need help evening the odds against the Lucky Sevens? We'll be there. You want Tom Morrow's head on a platter? We can make it happen. I think Clay would get a kick out of decapitating him...you saw what he did to Conor a few minutes ago. And, let's face it, I *know* you guys don't really like the little nerd. He's like a fruit fly....persistent and annoying and refuses to die. The alternative, of course, is you saying no and Henry and I splitting your heads open like watermelons in a Gallagher act, may he rest in peace.

At the final threat, SNS' guard goes back up. Lindsay smiles sweetly, as if she never gave the warning.

Lindsay Troy:

So what do you say? Might even recapture some of that ol' Drunk and Disorderly magic from SHOOT Project, eh Pat?

Cassidy nods slightly before looking at Brock. They look at the crowd, who jeers and gives them a bunch of thumbs down. Cassidy turns to the FIST, raising his mic up.

Pat Cassidy:

Well, hell. That's... that's quite the sales pitch, wouldn't you say Newbludd?

Brock Newbludd:

It's mighty tempting, buddy.

Pat Cassidy:

I mean... not gonna lie. The idea of a bunch of people watching our back to counter Morrow's never ending parade of clown shoes isn't the worst idea in the world, you know?

Brock Newbludd:

Shit... maybe the original Ballyhoo would still be standing if we had an extra pair of eyes or four making sure nobody messed with us.

Cassidy nods. He begins to pace a little, really starting to work this out.

Pat Cassidy:

And shit... I mean, look at this talent pool!

He stops pacing and gestures to each member of Vae Victis as he begins to heap praise.

Pat Cassidy:

You've got Oscar Burns... the standard bearer. The guy who has bled this company for as long as I can remember. He *is* DEFIANCE, right?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Brock Newbludd:

Oh yeah. And what about Kerry? Dude, you're a machine in that ring. Bonafide beast. Badass, even.

Brock then gestures to Clay Byrd.

Brock Newbludd:

And what about this big hoss? Holy hell, I've seen bruisers, but I sure as shit wouldn't want to be on the opposite side of a bar fight from this guy.

Cassidy nods in agreement and then looks to Butcher Victorious.

Pat Cassidy:

And Butch Vic... is also here.

Despite this promo not heading in a direction they're enjoying, the fans get a laugh at that one. Butch Vic, bless his heart, just looks happy to be included. Oscar Burns gives him an encouraging tap on the shoulder. Cassidy turns to look into Henry Keyes'... eye.

Pat Cassidy:

And that leaves the man here, huh? From swashbuckling buckaroo to one-eyed killer, right? I've been in the ring with you... I know you're tough as shit. One of the toughest I've ever squared off with, to tell the truth. And you might be one of the few people on the roster that can see through Conor Fuse's nice guy act and see that he's a shitty guy to have in your corner when the chips are down. So as much as I was looking forward to our battle and walking away with that belt right there... maybe you're a guy I'd rather have watching my back instead?

The crowd boos. Newbludd nods and turns to look at Troy.

Brock Newbludd:

What about our FIST of DEFIANCE, buddy? The "Queen of the Ring"? That's not just a gimmicky tagline, is it? You've been topping Top 100 lists and winning titles since the Bush administration. Sure as shit you're a certifiable legend. And you've got the biggest prize in the whole game.

Brock looks to the FIST.

Brock Newbludd:

And there's a huge part of me that wants to step up to the plate at the end of the month and prove that I'M a certifiable legend. That I'M worthy of wearing the title that everyone wants. But is that the right play? Looking around this ring... you run a tight ship, lady. Cass told me what it's like playing for team Troy from his time in the SHOOT Project. I also gotta figure that with all these people in your corner, it's looking more and more like your time on top isn't coming to an end anytime soon.

The crowd boos.

Brock Newbludd:

And hell, we're not even talking about the biggest reason to join this group here...

Brock and Pat lock eyes.

Brock Newbludd & Pat Cassidy: *(at the same time)*

More people to pick up the tab!

The High Queen DEFIANT smirks at this.

Lindsay Troy:

Sure guys. Butch has got you.

In the background, the VV lackey starts shaking his head furiously until both Sonny and Oscar slap him a la Mark Harmon in NCIS. Butcher cries out with an "OW!" before finally nodding in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

So shit, dude, I guess we've got our answer. There's all these reasons to throw the VV shirt on, isn't there?

Pat Cassidy:

Sure as hell is.

Cassidy then snaps his fingers and his eyes go wide as if something just occurred to him.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh wait! We forgot the most important point about what would happen if we did join!

The Saturday Night Specials both turn to look their would-be stablemates in the eye.

Brock Newbludd:

We'd have to team up with a bunch of total assholes.

AND WITHOUT WARNING, THE MICS GET DROPPED AND THE SPECIALS ATTACK AND THE CROWD GOES WILD! Cassidy starts throwing right hands at a caught unawares Henry Keyes while Brock spears Lindsay to the ground and rains down forearms. The fan favorite tag team gets some really solid shots in until the rest of Vae Victis snaps into action. Brock gets pulled off by Clay and a huge meaty right hook dazes him. Cassidy gets a European uppercut from Burns that rocks his world. From there, it's all Vae Victis as the group just hammers on The Saturday Night Specials with kicks and punches as Butch Vic prances around the ring cheering his best buddies on.

DDK:

SNS has absolutely no chance of defending themselves here!

Lance:

You have to wonder if The Specials thought this offer was even legit or if this is the outcome they expected all along.

The continued stomping of SNS continues when...

RANK! RANK! RANK!

DDK:

Conor Fuse is stirring!

On the outside, the Power Up King has gotten to his feet... and he more or less drags Malak Garland up with him. Conor sees the SNS stomping going on in the ring, and he points for Malak to go help. Garland shutters in fear, so Conor grabs him up the scruff and rolls him under the bottom rope! Conor follows suit... and he begins to hammer away on Oscar Burns! Malak cries out in anxiety but he does decide to help out, throwing kicks and forearms at Butch Vic.

Lance:

Conor and Malak join the fray for the save... but the numbers are still too much, Keebs.

Conor has some success... until he turns into a Clay Byrd boot that nearly takes his head off. Fuse bounces off the ropes and stumbles right into a Hard Out Headbutt from Oscar Burns that drops him to the mat.

This leaves Malak Garland as the final man standing.

Against all of Vae Victis.

Will he run? Will he charge? We'll never know, because just as it dawns on him that he is surrounded, he gets hit from behind by a stiff Henry Keyes forearm, and when he doubles over, Keyes sweeps the legs causing him to fall forward... in perfect position for the big swing.

DDK:

The Airship Spin!

Vae Victis clears a circle in the center of the ring as the Snowflake Superstar goes for a wild ride. Keyes gets in at least twenty rotations before releasing and sending Malak to the mat in a heap of confusion. The fans continue to boo (and a few decide to hurl some of their garbage at the ring) as Clay Byrd lifts a hurting Pat Cassidy to his feet, only for Keyes to boot him in the gut and bring him down to his knees. Cassidy gets not one but two COINS and he crumbles to the canvas. Likewise, Brock Newbludd is stopped cold with Thy Kingdom Come.

DDK:

Conor Fuse and Malak Garland found themselves on the wrong side of Vae Victis tonight... and then after refusing to join the group, The Saturday Night Specials were victims of the same!

Lance:

Who can stop these guys, Keebs? They just tore through four of DEFIANCE's most popular wrestlers like they were made of cloth.

Our last image of the night is Vae Victis standing and relishing their total domination as Conor Fuse, Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy, and Malak Garland lay motionless on the mat.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.